

The Whipping Boy

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The Whipping Boy

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Summary

17 year old Dean Winchester has been trying not to fuck his 10 year old brother Sammy for years now. He finds a solution in Castiel Novak, the already damaged little boy who moves in next door. Very much AU and OOC, no supernatural stuff, very dark and disturbing and explicit. You've been warned.

Notes

I don't know how else to trigger warn you - definitive rape of tiny minors, sexual abuse. Depraved Dean in this world only cares about his own pleasure and he's into everything, including little boys. Nothing cute about this fic. This is my first piece on here, so be kind if you can (despite the subject matter - I know, this is fucked up).

Chapter 1



Image by ThefangirlingBread

At 17, Dean knows his 10 year old brother Sammy doesn't want to fuck him. He's not an idiot; he doesn't believe the tiny prepubescent would happily jump on his dick, or mistake it for an ice cream pop, no matter how much the porn he reads on Ao3 tries to convince him otherwise. No, his brother is a smart boy and he hasn't gone through puberty yet, so he's not a particularly horny boy. Even if he is, there's no way he dreams about his brother's much bigger, much stronger body coercing feelings from him that he isn't ready to understand. He doesn't want a big sloppy dick pushing into any tiny holes where it absolutely has no business being either.

Dean knows this.

He also knows, obviously, he could just start raping him. The image has its appeal. Sammy is tiny, and in Dean's care almost all the time. No matter how smart he is, Dean believes he could convince him that he has no choice in the matter, that he had better keep his mouth shut about it and do every nasty thing that Dean can think up with a fucking smile and a lick of the lips. Sometimes, lately, that's Dean's favorite fantasy. He thinks that having a little Slave Sammy all his own would make him want to fuck his brother long after his body loses the baby-perfect appeal that Dean likes best. The most perfect adult, groomed as a baby to give up everything he has for his big brother, instantly dropping to his knees, saying all the right things that Dean likes to hear.

Dean thinks that he'll probably rape Sammy eventually. He wants him so badly and he can't keep holding out forever. So, why try?

The thing is that Sammy LOVES Dean--swears that Dean hung the moon and the sun shines out of his ass. He loves him more than his books, more than school, more than their 90% absentee father, which Dean thinks is still saying something. Plus, he really is an amazing

kid, when Dean isn't horny and can think straight. He's smart and sweet and he laughs at all Dean's jokes. He has lots of little friends that all adore him. Last summer Dean painstakingly built him a tree house, sturdy and strong, with a hatch in the bottom and a real rope ladder and swing underneath. Sam had been so overwhelmingly grateful, hugging Dean and pressing fat, noisy kisses to his face like he used to when he was a baby, and even Dean's black heart had been touched, never mind his twitching dick. Never mind he built it imagining raping his crying little brother inside, where his Dad wouldn't hear inside the house if he happened to be home. And hey, he hadn't done it. Yet.

Dean is not a good man but he's not an idiot, and he knows that he can't guarantee that Sammy will still love him after he does it. That bothers him. He is manipulative and he would plan it even more carefully than the tree house, but his brother is bright, and his brother would get smarter with time. There just was no way that Dean could be sure that his brother wouldn't stone cold hate him. Sure, he'd *make* him say differently, but he's not entirely sure he can force him to feel it. So far he wants Sammy to keep loving him wholeheartedly, in perfect brotherly innocence, more than he wants to fuck him. But it's wearing thin.

It used to be enough to touch Sammy all over in the bath, rubbing suds lovingly over every inch of shiny pink skin. He was careful never to linger; he never pressed any kisses that weren't on cheeks or lips, maybe a daring raspberry to the sweet protruding belly. But Sammy got too old for that, and Dean let go without a fuss.

He is very careful. He tries to wait for natural opportunities, like a Sammy that is so tired after a day at the county fair that he needs Dean to slowly undress him, put him in his pjs. God, how Dean loves the way his brother sleeps so hard, his body light and pose-able in his arms. Even then, his hands never touch longer than they should. Maybe a few pats on the bottom.

He got lucky when his Dad started leaving Sammy more and more in his care. He remembers the first time he spanked Sammy, his dick rock hard in his jeans. He loved the way Sammy had whined and cried, begging so beautifully. Even though he hadn't pulled down Sammy's pants the way he really wanted, he was still so scared that he'd finally overplayed his hand, since his Dad never said anything about Dean stepping in to apply corporal punishment. But his Dad had simply taken crying Sammy up on his lap and explained that when Dad isn't in the house, Dean is the parent. That since Dad had to work two jobs just to make ends meet, it was Sammy's responsibility to obey his brother. Then he'd made Sam apologize to Dean for being naughty, and Dean's lap was suddenly full of squirming, kissing, repentant baby brother.

It was all Dean could do to make it to the bathroom (and not drag his brother in there with him). He would spank Sammy many times after that-- bare bottomed, too, *Jesus*--but never unless he knew Dad would agree that the punishment fit the crime (much as he would've liked to invent his own reasons). Careful, careful, careful, until he decides not to be. If he decides not to be.

In order to stave off this (probably?) inevitability, Dean fucks almost anything that moves. Of course he does; he's not just hot or handsome, he's fucking beautiful. Hasn't he been told

this on a constant basis his entire life? Doesn't the entire world smile when he walks by? His own virginity was obliterated long ago, much earlier than ordinary looking kids did, he's willing to bet. Everybody wants to fuck Dean. So he seduces college girls and married women in town. He convinces nerdy girls to let him go down on them in the school library, and watches them fall apart second guessing themselves when it's done. He fucked a freshman boy on Orientation Day when he was assigned to show him around the school, bending him over in a bathroom stall (totally consensual, after a little convincing). He gets his father's friends, who are supposedly super homophobic and married, to suck his dick in the bathroom while his father plays cards in the basement. They don't get to fuck him though. 17 and he knows his bottom days are over for good. The last guy who told him his mouth would look good wrapped around his dick wound up in the hospital. Dean says it to others, though. That's different.

Fucking other teens, fucking adults: it's fun, it makes him feel amazing, but it's not what he really wants. That's so much closer to home. And his ability to be careful is finally starting to slip dangerously.

Like this new game he came up with, whenever Sammy gets a cold, or has trouble sleeping (which could just mean a nightmare that he would easily fall back asleep from on his own), or any other reason that Dean can get away with giving his brother Nyquil. That shit knocks his baby the fuck out, and the temptation to paw, and rape, and own is severe. The first time he did it, it was enough to strip his brother completely and touch him...everywhere. The way he always wants. Kneading, posing, squeezing...twisting and turning him to try to get him to make soft little sleep noises. He only put his fingers in Sam's mouth (though disappointingly he did not automatically start to suckle). He left his little hole alone. He didn't want him waking up and feeling different. He still thinks he's being kind of careful.

The second time he was mouthy as well as handsy. He kissed (only the lightest sucking, no biting, no marks left behind) the tiny bow mouth, barely there nipples, and round, tiny ass. Then he took Sam's little boy dick in his mouth, balls and all, lifting his tiny bottom off the bed. He sucked and kissed to his heart's content, watching Sam's sleeping face for any little distressed/confused noises, seeing his tiny hands open and close in his sleep, until Sam's hips jolted slightly forward and Dean came untouched in his jeans like a fucking middle schooler.

Last time he took his dick out, and it was a very close thing. He was shaking as he put his brother's perfect, tiny hand on it, rubbing precome into those delicious little fingers. He popped the head, just the head, mind you, into the smallest mouth in the world and had to grip the base of his dick to keep from coming inside it, taking the chance that his brother would choke, might even vomit. So he shut his eyes and waited and then he rolled his brother on his stomach and pressed worshipful, open-mouthed kisses to an ass that can still fit in one hand. He did not put his tongue inside the hole though. Just on it. And around it. So that doesn't count.

Then he took his dick, which looked red and wet and obscene next to the pale perfection of his brother's tiny body and he slid it between the spit-wet cheeks and rubbed. Grinding, really, pushing tiny somebody into his little twin mattress. He wanted it to last, but he's coming apart before he knows it, covering his baby from neck to thighs in jizz, spreading it,

leaning down to breathe him in like this, a fucked up mix of baby shampoo and sex. His bottom was red inside the cheeks, but Dean thought that'd go away by morning. Or maybe it wouldn't, and Sam would complain, want Dean to take a look. He could put cream. *Fuck.*

He cleaned him carefully, lovingly, without a stray thought of guilt. He loves what he did. He wishes he could do more; he wants to do it with a participating Sam. But he likes this Sam, too, who doesn't get a fucking say. He dressed him in his jammies, and it's only during the day, playing Mario Kart with Sam in one of those funny non-horny moments that he feels a pang of regret for what he knows he's going to do soon.

But the world loves Dean, and things always work out his way. So God sends him an angel.

His name is Castiel.

Chapter 2

Castiel Novak is a little boy who moves in to the small, crappy house next door with his single mom, and Dean knows right away what's wrong with him. He's doing that thing he does so well, watching so nobody can tell he's watching. He can see that the kid is beautiful: messy hair so dark that it looks black against fair skin, big blue eyes with a fringe of dark lashes like a girl's, and—and that fucking mouth (fucking being the operative word, Dean hopes, *haha*). He has these wide pink lips that he's always chewing on (*what's stressing you out, baby, so little to be so worried*). He's tiny like Sammy, maybe even smaller, but he's so different from that happy puppy ball of energy, and Dean can tell right away exactly what it is. It's in the way his little shoulders curl inwards, the haunted cast to his crystal blue eyes. It's in the way his mother acts around him, simultaneously hovering and guilty and tense, like she thinks she should smother him half the time, and the other half she can't stand to look at him, like it kills her. Aw, lady, what did you do?

Dean knows, but he's not a halfway kind of guy. So he waits for night, when all the good little boys are tucked up in bed, and he takes himself next door to (*stick it in her*) introduce himself. Amelia Novak is a skinny, washed out looking, 30-something blond who Dean can tell was probably pretty hot once, before she got all broken (a look Dean might actually prefer on her, he thinks). She seems like the kind of woman who takes something to wake up and something else just to go to sleep—desperate and strung out. Dean likes desperate. He bets she could use somebody to talk to...probably been a while since she's been held.

He lets her believe that he's older, Sammy's guardian in fact (she guesses and he doesn't contradict—he thinks it'll be funny when she discovers she fucked the high school kid next door). He finds out that Castiel is turning 10 this year and will be entering Sam's class on Monday. Oh, amazing! They share a fun suburbanite laugh over the coincidence, and Dean, good neighbor, promises that Sam will watch out for her son (it's not a lie, either; that's the kind of kid Sammy is, but Dean has no problem taking credit). And she is falling over herself in gratitude, *oh thank you, Mr. Winchester, it's just that my son, you see, he's so smart, he's so wonderful, he's just, he isn't, he's been having such a hard time...*

Dean has to turn away, shut his eyes, take a deep breath, so he won't smile, so his eyes won't show the flash of predatory triumph--a lion finding a limping baby gazelle. And he plies her with drinks (actually they're at her house; she plies herself with them while he pretends to keep up) and multiple orgasms, because he's so excited about her son that he's practically making love to her. Except for his hand over her mouth, because the last thing he wants is for Castiel to meet him this way and bitch is noisy (is her son noisy, will he moan and whine and plead, *fuck*). Then once her tongue is loosened up (from liquor, from coming, from his dick jammed down her throat), the story comes out at last: the live-in boyfriend who pretended to love Amelia, who seemed so close to her son. And he was, just so close that he climbed into Castiel's little bed almost every night for 2 years.

And Dean is clutching at her desperately, pressing kisses to the top of her head, and he's sure she thinks it's because his heart is breaking for her, but holy shit, was it 2 years ago now, when Cas was 7, or had this happened earlier, was he even younger, smaller, so defenseless

and little and oh *shit*, Dean should have done it, oh God, beautiful baby Sammy. He's trembling and she's fucking comforting *him* now (hilarious), but 2 years is such a long time, what does the kid know, how much has he done?

But Amelia is crying, because how could she let it go on so long, how could she not have known? And Dean thinks that's a great question, you stupid bitch. After all, Dean kept Sammy safe—(*Dean's dick in his tiny sleeping mouth, Dean's tongue lapping at his little hole*)—reasonably safe, and he was the one who wanted to fuck him. What a shit mother. Where did she think the guy went every night? How did she not notice her son falling apart? Dean manages to offer solace, like *that poor angel, can't imagine, I'd want to die and must be so hard, knowing what he's been through, so terrible, you couldn't stop it and of course, you did your best, how could you know?* All peppered with sweet touches and squeezes, commiserating sounds in his throat, and perfect sympathy in his gorgeous green eyes, so she doesn't know he's calling her a miserable fuck up who should kill herself.

He's rewarded with fresh tears, and when he can, he fucks her in her self-hatred. He wants to hurt her this time, but her pussy is so sloppy by then, it's like butter from every angle. He thinks about sticking it in her ass, except he knows it would give him away. That he's punishing her for what that boyfriend did. For what he will definitely do. He thinks about fucking her jaw apart and realizes he should probably go home. She will find someone to punish her; women like her always do. He just hopes it isn't someone who wants the same prize he does.

* * *

Amelia avoids him after that night of sharing and caring, trying to return to a proper neighborly relationship. So she only speaks to him if she needs to about Castiel spending time with Sam, or school-related questions. Dean is polite and respectful of her terms, in all but his eyes, where he looks at her like he knows how her pussy tastes and how much she likes having her hair pulled. He likes her flustered, dying to escape him. He likes it even better the few times his Dad is around, and he grins at her like a shark because he can't fucking help it.

He's sure that she'd love nothing more than to cut every tie to her new neighbors, except for the small miracle (have we not said the world smiles on Dean Winchester, can he get an Amen?) of Sam and Castiel's beautiful, flourishing friendship. Dean swears he didn't have a hand in it, but he sure as shit predicted it. Castiel showed up in class and was immediately the weirdo who never talks, who doesn't laugh or play, who looks around sometimes like he doesn't know where he is or how he got there. Sam took one look at that damaged baby bird, picked him up, cradled in his sweet hands, and placed him carefully in his boyish, true-blue heart. Affection-starved Cas looked wonderingly on his small hero, the popular boy who could love such damaged goods, and it was obvious he would crawl over broken glass for a smile. And just like that, Dean has his angle.

Of course, these things take time, if you're a careful man.

A month goes by, and the boys have become a single unit, Sam-and-Castiel; where you find one, you find the other. They do homework together and have weekly sleepovers (*I'd really rather they stay here, Dad, you know that his mom drinks a lot*), Sam shows him his PlayStation games and they bond over nerdy books and Harry Potter movies. Castiel is talking more, standing up straighter when he's around his Sam. Dean's Sammy.

You're thinking Dean is there humping the walls, but with a worthy prize in sight, Dean is calm and patient. He's playing the first and foremost role of his lifetime: cool older brother/sort-of-Dad. Castiel is initially cripplingly shy around Dean; he can't hold eye contact and never speaks unless spoken to first. But Dean is gentle with him, draws him into teasing Sam (something Castiel has no experience with, such a normal child activity), lets him feel like an ally, as though big, strong, captivating Dean would ever need such a tiny, fluttery thing. It helps that Cas takes his cues from Sam, who (*I raped you, Sammy, my dick was in your fucking baby mouth*) still looks at Dean like he's everything good the world has to offer. So when they're on the couch watching a Power Rangers movie and Sam is pressed to Dean's side, Cas is there, too, always as close to Sam as he can get. It just makes sense to put his arm around two sets of bony little shoulders. Nobody pulls away.

Then it gets even better.

Sam loves Castiel; he loves him first and best after Dean and his Dad, but he still has a lot of other friends. Ever since Sammy got a *real live* tree house, the Winchester home is the place to be for every 3rd to 6th grader on the block (Dean is a fucking genius, you must admit this, the world loves him). Plus, Sam is the fun kid who never gets tired, who likes pranks and has giant water gun fights, and has a cool older brother who organizes baseball games and Manhunt and Ghosts in the Graveyard. Parents love Sam Winchester, who is kind and helps his friends with their homework, and they're so impressed with the saintly big brother, who sacrifices so much to look after him. (Sometimes they fuck him, and you can't blame them for that, but it's okay because they think he's the baby and *they're* the predators. Too funny.)

But when other kids come around, Castiel is lost again. The more kids surround Sam, the more Castiel tries to cling to him, pressing almost too close to his side, like he would climb into his pocket and hide there. It makes the other kids want to sneer and snicker, and even Sam (he loves him, he really does) gets impatient, finally saying, *You stand too close; it's like we're gay*. And it hurts so badly, he's so embarrassed and ashamed. Was he being gay, was he acting like he needed, like he wanted Sam for...for doing it? Because he hadn't meant it that way but that's what Jimmy told him, so many times, *oh God, baby, you need this, don't you, want it so bad, tell me, say it, like I taught you, c'mon baby*.

Castiel stays home for a few days, and he's different when he comes back. Sam feels bad about hurting his feelings and goes out of his way to make time for just the two of them, but when Sam's other friends come back, Castiel...wanders off.

To Dean.

The Big Marv Incident (or How Dean Got Cas to Trust Him)

Castiel is never sure if he really likes or really hates school. Sometimes he wakes up and thinks *Today's the day me and Sam always trade lunch* or *Today me and Sam get our science project back*, and he jumps out of bed to get dressed. Okay, that's easy, he always can't wait to see Sam, and he still can't believe how excited Sam always is to see him, too. Like even when Sam has his popular friends around him and they're doing something cool, like digging up worms to bring to class, and Sam will call him over as if it's no big deal. As if Castiel belongs there. Cas knows he doesn't belong, so he usually just waves and keeps walking, but it's nice to be asked.

Cas doesn't mind school work either. He likes learning; he likes English and Science best. Math and Social Studies are not his favorites but he still likes them. Like Sam, he doesn't mind being what Dean calls a "nerd". He finds it calming when he can put his mind on things that are not himself, his family, his life. He struggles sometimes with paying attention, but now he has Sam to nudge him when he gets a little lost. So that part is good, too.

Stuff that Cas hates about school make up a much bigger list. Like his stupid teacher, Mrs. Lind, who always looks at him like he's weird, like something's really wrong with him. He knows it's because his Mom and her big mouth (he feels bad even thinking it), telling people about his *problems*, about the *incident*. He knows it isn't right, but he wishes she'd shut up. He really wishes she'd stop being sad all the time and then he wishes maybe she slept a little lighter, maybe she could hold him when he wakes up in a cold sweat thinking every shadow is a looming figure. But no, he's not a baby, and that way she doesn't even know when he changes his sheets and pjs himself. Otherwise, she'd probably tell everyone about that, too.

The worst part about school is the bullies. Castiel is small and quiet and lots of time his mind drifts really far away. So they call him Sleepy Head, which he hates. He is tired, but it's not their business. They make fun of his clothes and the way he talks, or the way he doesn't talk. They don't do it when Sam is around, but he can't always be right next to Cas. Sam tells him to ignore them, and he tries, he tries really hard, but they make him feel so bad, and he already feels bad so much of the time. Worse is when Mrs. Lind catches them, and stops them with this gloomy voice, like don't pick on that kid, don't you know he's doomed? Cas really hates her when she does that.

Then the worst of the worst part of school is Big Marv and his buddies. Big Marv is the biggest kid in school, and he shouldn't even be there because he stayed back *two whole times*. Everyone is scared of him and his goon friends, Gordon and Alistair. Cas is terrified of Big Marv, who looms over him when he laughs in his face, and likes to bend his skinny arm up behind his back until he screams. And Big Marv doesn't like Sam either, although he doesn't pick on him. Cas is afraid that being popular, good-looking Sam Winchester's timid little best friend is actually what got him on Marv's bad side. Marv is in 6th grade, though, so Cas can usually avoid him.

Until one day when Cas is walking home alone for a change. Sam is still at the playground, playing Off the Wall with his friends, but Cas doesn't feel like waiting this time. It gets lonely, and sometimes he just feels so out of place, listening to the other kids laugh and play. So he gives Sam his best 'Everything's Fine' smile and starts walking home. He's a block away and out of shouting range when he gets shoved to the ground from behind. He wishes he didn't cry, he really hates being a big dumb baby, but his knees hit the concrete and they're bleeding now.

Then Big Marv is hauling him to his feet, *Aw, look at the little cry baby, you gonna cry, little baby? Did you wet your diaper, baby?* And Marv is twisting his arm again, and it hurts so much, and Marv's friends are laughing, too. *Where's your scrawny little boyfriend, baby? Where's Winchester? C'mon, I bet you can cry loud enough for him to hear you!*

"I'm right here." And they all turn around and look UP, because it isn't Sam Winchester, it's Dean. He's standing right behind them in a tight black t-shirt and jeans and he looks tall and muscular and grown-up and PISSED. "Take your fucking hands off him, you fat little piece of shit."

Miracle of miracles, Marv (who no longer seems like anybody's idea of a "Big" Marv) releases him. Dean holds out a hand to Cas, but his violent green eyes are all for Marv. Cas hesitates, then watches his little hand get swallowed up in Dean's. The older boy pulls Cas behind him, keeping his body between him and the bullies. Who suddenly all look like little kids, like Cas. And it's all over, and Cas should feel safe and relieved, but he doesn't, he feels terrified, frozen in fear to stand this close to Dean's pent up rage.

Sure enough, Marv moves, *to step back*, Cas thinks, *he was leaving*, and Dean's on him like a wild dog, wrestling him to the ground, pinning his arms behind him. Then there's a snick sound and it's a knife, Dean has a knife to a 6th grader's throat. Marv whimpers, "Please, please, don't--"

"Shut...your fucking mouth. You talk when I ask you a question," Dean interrupts almost sweetly, but his teeth are gritted and his voice is a growl. "Why'd I hear my brother's name in your fucking fat mouth?"

"I...I...." Marv can't seem to articulate. "Please...don't..."

Marv can't breathe and neither can Cas, because Dean's big BODY is holding, it's pushing Marv DOWN, is he, oh God, that's so bad, he's pushing him, holding him DOWN, he's saying PLEASE, he's saying DON'T, but *that won't work, Marv, that doesn't work...* Cas closes his eyes shut tight, tight, it'll be over soon, he knows it will.

"You don't talk about Sam Winchester. You don't talk about Castiel Novak. You don't lay a hand on either of them, isn't that right? C'mon, Fatty, you were talkin' so good when I got here." A quick flick of his wrist and a line of blood forms on Marv's cheek. It's just a scratch, but Marv screams, tears slipping down his face. "Now who's cryin', bitch?"

Dean stands with athletic grace, but Marv is still down, afraid to move. His friends are frozen still behind them and Dean looks at them and smiles like the Devil. "You fuck with

my brother...you fuck with his friend...I find you. And you can get to know all the other knives I got.” He waits for them to nod. “Run,” he suggests, and they do.

“Cas...Cas it’s okay, they’re gone, you’re okay.” Dean is facing Cas, but Cas is shaking and crying like a 3 year old, looking up at Dean with no words coming out. Dean sighs, and he’s lifting Cas, and Cas feels his skinny legs wrap around Dean’s waist, and he knows he shouldn’t, he’s not a baby, but his head tucks into where Dean’s neck meets his shoulder and he weeps. And Dean is sliding his calloused fingers through Cas’s hair, the other arm tucked under his bottom. “Shh, I got you, baby...shh...nobody can see, you just cry. I got you.” And Cas clings tighter, liking the way Dean’s arms wrap tighter in response, feeling safe and protected.

Dean holds him a long time, until Cas starts to remember that he’s big boy 10 and he’d die if Sam or another boy from school saw him like this. He pulls back and looks at Dean’s bottomless green eyes. “I’m okay now, Dean, I...thank you for making those boys go away.”

Dean lets him slide down his body until his feet touch the ground and Cas scrambles back, heart suddenly pumping. “What is it, Cas?” Dean looks curious and calm and Cas forces a smile, hiding his tiny clenched fists behind his back, because he *didn’t* feel anything and if he *did*, he *doesn’t know what it is*, but he *didn’t*. *Nothing* touched him just now. Dean is his friend. Dean saved him from the monsters; nobody *ever* does that.

“Nothing I...I better get home. Homework and stuff,” he shrugs and goes to pick up his book bag, and in his head he’s listing the subjects he has homework for that night in the order he likes, *English, Science, Social Studies, Math, English, Science, Social Studies, Math...*

Dean reaches out and takes his shoulder, steering him back around. “C’mon, kid, let’s go get Sammy and I’ll drive you both home. Should really get some antiseptic on those knees.”

Cas smiles and leans into Dean a little as they walk. “Okay, Dean, thanks. Sam’s so lucky to have a big brother like you.”

Dean laughs. “Well, now, you’ve got me, too, Cas. What’s Sammy’s is yours, right?”

“That means I get his Playstation,” Cas sucks at telling jokes, but Dean seems to like it when he tries.

“And his comic books,” Dean adds. They list everything they can think of, and they’re up to his stinky socks when Sam joins them, making what Dean calls his “bitch face”. But he links arms with Cas, who gets to be the middle of the Winchester sandwich for once, even though he is smallest and least of them. He feels protected there. Like he belongs.

* * *

Dean credits this incident with driving Castiel closer to him. Up until this point, Cas liked Dean, sure, but he was still pretty shy around him, especially physically. The funniest thing to Dean is that he didn't even plan it. He saw the fat little fuck putting hands on Castiel, breaking his perfect skin...he was moving before he really thought it through. The nail on the kid's coffin was Sammy's name in his dumb shit mouth. He hopes they don't test his threat. He does have knives. He meant every word.

He doesn't ever ask himself about the contradiction between feeling entitled to violently rape his baby brother (his friend, now...pretty sure Sammy is safe), while also feeling equally violently protective over them. It isn't something he worries about. He feels it, he acts on it, end of story.

He doesn't wonder how it is he accidentally walked in on the perfect situation to make Castiel start trusting him, either. Doesn't the world just adore Dean Winchester?

Time is Up, Cas

Chapter Summary

Dean is done waiting and gives Cas a choice: it's you or Sammy.

Or how Cas's shitty little life gets exponentially worse.

Chapter Notes

This chapter shows Dean "grooming" Cas, and then revealing that he's going to sexually abuse him in a way that makes Cas feel like he has no other choice. It's...it's messed up.

Dean has a new tail, and its name is Castiel. He does not seek him out; he doesn't need to. He keeps himself busy around the house: working on his (well, soon to be his) car, fixing the stubborn leaky sink, mowing the grass (shirtless—*yeah, seen you lookin', Mrs. Winslow. Your husband likes lookin', too*). He'll see Sam and a bunch of kids biking up and down the block, or swarming around the tree house, and before long, he has a dark-haired little shadow. He doesn't grab him and stuff his tongue in his tiny mouth, though. He knows he'll make his move soon, but his instincts tell him not quite yet. A Venus fly trap does not waste its energy by closing as soon as it feels the first contact (Fucking Sam and his nature shows, but still.) It waits until the prey makes contact more than once.

And Castiel does.

It starts off with Cas just following him around. He seems content with Dean's company--Dean will do most of the talking, knowing Cas is too shy. But he makes him laugh, being purposely just this side of outrageous, making fun of the neighbors and Cas's teacher. Cas can't believe it when he makes fun of Cas's mom, and even Sam, sometimes! He knows he should be loyal, but it feels just the littlest bit good, snickering at them. His mom, who makes Cas feel like he ruined her life. Sam, who doesn't need Cas as much as Cas needs him. But he has Dean now, who is cool and a little mean, but never (unlike the rest of the world) unkind to Cas. Cas gets to be the mean guy this time and it's a heady feeling...like Dean thinks the two of them are better than everyone else. He still loves Sam the best, but he starts to really like hanging around Dean.

Dean can feel the bond he's creating tightening between them (some might call it profound; Dean doesn't), but he knows he can take it a step further before he pushes Cas over the edge. Because Castiel and Sam have something important in common, and nobody knows it but Dean. No, not that. They're both touch-starved. Sammy is such a seemingly well-adjusted

kid, making friends and doing well in school. Yet there's a reason his very *best* friend is the most broken kid in town. Dean had a Mom for seven years, with all the kisses and cuddles and softness that such a person comes with, if you're lucky (or the world loves you). Sammy is practically an orphan, between losing his Mom while he was still a baby and their father's distant parenting style. Dean is all he has, all he knows.

Naturally, Sam is ashamed of his need to cuddle his brother, so he never lets his father or his friends see. But when they're alone, he will curl up in Dean's lap and rest his head on his big brother's chest. He lets Dean pick up him and carry him around more than he should. He cuddles on the couch, or crawls into Dean's bed after a nightmare. He likes Dean to tickle his back or his arms, or rub his tummy when he's sick. He likes Dean's fingers in his hair, his lips on his forehead. These are gestures perhaps for a smaller boy, but Sam just...he just needs it. He expects Dean to tease him, but he never has, not even one time. Unfortunately, Dean (still not an idiot) knows that Sam doesn't mean anything sexual by the contact. When his dick gets hard, innocent Sammy doesn't seem to notice. Not like he grinds his brother down on it. The way he wants to.

Dean can tell that Cas needs somebody to hold and cuddle him, too (even if he probably doesn't want the kind Dean is going to offer). His Mom was more comfortable being affectionate with him before "the incident". He has no idea who his Dad is; they never met. Safe to say, boyfriend Jimmy is the only model Cas has for male affection.

Except...well, now there's Dean. Who protects Cas from the monsters. Who Sam loves and trusts (*Sam, the hero he takes all his cues from*).

It isn't long before Sam lets his guard down in front of Castiel, even if it is a first for him to trust anybody that way. Cas is his secret keeper; he knows his hopes and dreams. Dean hears them, sees them, when he creeps near their living room pillow fort and listens to tiny whispers and giggles in the night. Even Dean thinks there is something touching and sweet about it, though he'd prefer if they started kissing.

Castiel wants it, but Dean has to start it. Cuddling, that is (Dean *will* start other things that Cas does *not* want...patience, patience...*caaarefuul*). Cas will never touch someone first for fear of rejection. So, not long after 'The Marv Incident', he and Sam invite Cas over for a Cars marathon, where Dean will make burgers and fries (FINE, and a salad, Jesus, Sammy) and then they'll all head for the couch. Dean will not imagine them both naked--he's in full Cool Brother/Dad Mode. A tap on Sam's shoulder has him sliding into Dean's lap, where Dean turns him so he's on his left thigh. He gives Cas time to feel the cold line of his arm, where Sam usually leans against him; he waits for swift blue-eyed glances and lonely sighs. He's about to invite him when Sam says, "Cas, sit with us!"

As if it were coordinated, Dean opens his right arm and Sam leans across Dean to tug his little friend up on Dean's other leg. It's a squeeze that wouldn't work if each boy weren't so...fucking...*small*. He just has to pull them close, breathe them in and fuck, it's a mistake, *grass, and hamburger grease and two different baby shampoos, oh, shit, two tiny bodies, so close, so perfect*. He can feel his dick filling, lengthening under Sam. He clears his throat (not a groan, you can't say it was) and adjusts the boys carefully without taking his eyes from

the screen. He's really hoping Cas doesn't know what he's doing—Cas sure as shit knows what a hard-on under his butt feels like. It wasn't an accident, putting Sammy on the left.

Shit, shit, fucking idiot, not careful, think of baseball. Of Dad taking a shit. Of Captain Stottlemeyer, and his fucking gross mustache, and prickly ass beard, and his face in a pillow and he can't breathe...

“Ow, Dean, too tight,” Sam whines and Dean relaxes his arms instantly, *fuck*. At least he's not hard now. “Stop shaking your knee!”

“Sorry! Bossy little shit,” he jokes, and Sam pokes his side, relaxing against him again. He touches lips to the top of Sam's head and Sam smiles without looking away from the movie. Castiel is watching his face and he brushes his lips against the poor, neglected forehead, feather light. Blue eyes turn back to the screen, a tiny fist held near his mouth.

And that's one more door opened. The last one Dean needs.

* * *

So Castiel starts hanging out with Dean when Sam isn't around, and then he starts hanging on him. And Dean starts picking quiet things to do that Cas likes. Crosswords. Board games. Sam catches them reading the Hobbit together and is honestly a little jealous. Weeks of this go by and Dean is finished being careful. He wants his prize. Cas is going to give it up.

He waits for a day that Cas shouldn't even be there. Sam has Little League practice; something Castiel wanted no part of, no matter how much his mother wanted him to join. Cas is waiting with Dean so they can pick Sam up together. They're in Dean's kitchen doing a jigsaw puzzle and Cas is on Dean's lap when Dean sighs. “Cas...we've gotta talk about something. Man to man.” And he lifts Cas and sits him on the table in front of him, right on the puzzle, and his chair is close enough that Cas's skinny legs automatically spread on either side of his shoulders.

“What's wrong, Dean?” Blue eyes so earnest...he bites his lip and Dean's dick twitches; he's half hard already, even if he's not sure how far he'll take this today.

Hiding his inner turmoil, he gazes placidly at Cas. “I know what you are. What you've done. What you've been doing.”

Cas's dark little brows furrow. “what I....what?”

Dean sighs and touches Cas's hair, tugs a curl off his forehead. “I know you're a slut.”

Cas's eyes go wide, he tries to slam his legs closed but Dean puts a large hand on each small leg: stopped. “N-no, I...that's a girl...who...”

“Fucks a lot of guys, yeah, that’s one kind of slut,” Dean interrupts casually, and watches Cas wince at the tone; adults don’t talk to little boys like this. “But another kind of slut...” he slides his hands up and down Cas’s legs over his little corduroy pants, and *God*, his thumbs are running up his chunky inner thighs, “is when a boy as little as you already had sex so many times. You did, didn’t you? I know you did.”

Cas's lower lip starts to tremble and his blue eyes glisten. His voice is soft and his eyes slide to the side, like Sam’s when he’s lying even though he already knows he’s caught. “Noo...”

Dean’s hands stop, his voice is stern. “Don’t lie, Cas, it’s wrong to lie. You had sex with a grown-up man, many times. Didn’t you.”

Cas snuffles, tears spilling down his red cheeks. “I did, but I...”

“See, I knew you did,” Dean smiles at him like he did something good, rubbing again. “It’s not your fault, Cassy Baby. It’s just...you know the stuff that came out of your boyfriend’s penis?”

“He wasn’t my...” his voice is shaky and squeaking, wanting to insist; Dean gives another hard look and it becomes a bare whisper. “y-yeah, I...I know it.”

“Well, once a man puts that in here...” he touches Cas’s little mouth “or in here” he reaches around to rub the top of Cas's small bottom with his fingers “or even just on your skin” he rubs up and down Cas’s skinny arms “it changes you, Cas, and forever after that, any grown-up can look at you and know that you’ll have sex with them. That you know how, and you like it.”

“But I dooon’t like it, Dean!” Cas wails, really crying now.

Dean sits back and crosses his arms, looking cold and disbelieving. He says in his best Dad voice, “I don’t like this lying, Castiel. You’re telling me he never made your privates feel good? That whole time you two were together?”

Cas snuffles and his brows draw together again, looking confused and wretched with his little arms across his stomach. “I...I don’t know!”

“You do know. It felt good and you liked it. Then you got mad because there was other stuff that hurt a little bit. Did you get your boyfriend in trouble?”

“N-noo, I told my Mommy...my mom and she...we moved far away.” Castiel cries, twisting his fingers in his shirt. “But I didn’t want—“

“And now you keep touching me all the time, sitting on my lap, when you know what happens when you put your bottom on my penis. You’re not like Sam, who doesn’t know any better.” Dean shakes his head regretfully. “Castiel, it made me want you, and you knew it would. Now I want to have sex with you. I want to be your new boyfriend.”

Cas is bawling so hard it's choking him, his words are mush. “But I didn’t mean...”

“But you did it, and you know when grown-ups want to have sex with you, you have to, right? Now it’s too late.”

Cas clenches his little fists and he won't look at Dean. “Nuh-oooooh, M-mom says I don’t have tooooo!” he howls, and fuck if he doesn't sound like a six year old; Dean shudders and adjusts himself in his jeans.

“Listen, Cas...Castiel! Stop crying and listen like a big boy!” He waits, gives it a few gasps and sobs, and continues, “You know I always tell you the truth.” He tugs him down into his lap and cradles him to his chest like a baby, smoothing kisses onto his brow, brushing tears away with his fingers. He waits again until Cas is between crying jags, gulping breaths, blinking hurt blue eyes at him. “Even if you make me go away, another grown-up is going to see you and make you do this.” Cas starts crying harder. “Aww, baby, shh, Cassy, Castiel, you're so beautiful,” he croons, bouncing and shushing Cas like he's a toddler, rubbing his back and bottom, “Any grown-up can see that you’re made for this. Just like me, Cas. C’mon, I’ll show you.”

He carries his crying charge upstairs to his room. Cas is limp in his arms, as though arguing with Dean is taking every bit of energy that he has. He already knows he’s going to lose; they both do. Dean sits Cas on the top of his bed, where he notices the little boy starts to shake to the point where Dean hears his baby teeth chattering, looking at Dean with sheer, raw panic. He ignores it, picking up a picture. “This was me, even younger than you are, Cas. I was so beautiful and...Castiel, *look at the fucking picture.*” Cas looks and Dean calms down. “That’s it. See, you can’t tell because you’re not old enough, but I was a slut, too. No matter where I went, somebody needed me to fuck them.”

Cas wipes his eyes with his fists, fearfully looks at the picture again. His tears are slowing and now he just wishes he could breathe, but his nose is all stuffy and his chest keeps hitching. “Somebody did...somebody made you...”

“Fuck, Cas, yes. A beautiful slut gets fucked all his life, Castiel,” *until he's big enough to fuck back*, Dean thinks but doesn't say. “That’s me and that’s you, too. You can send me away, but don’t you like me?” Cas looks like the question hurts, because he *did* like Dean, he liked him so much, but *he didn't mean, he doesn't want...*he can't say it, though, Dean gets mad when he does.

“Don't you like the way I look?” Dean puts Cas’s tiny hands on his rock hard chest, forcing him to rub and Cas shuts his eyes, like that can make it not be happening. “At least I’m young, right, still in school like you. Your last boyfriend was so old, maybe that’s why he hurt you so much.” He stops rubbing and Cas immediately takes his hands back. Dean sighs, tries another tack, “If I’m your boyfriend I can protect you, Cas. Even if your mom meets someone new, you know I’ll hurt him to keep him from you. Right?” Cas shrugs, frightened eyes looking at his shoes hanging off the side of the bed and Dean exhales again.

“Okay, Castiel. I’m not gonna make you be my boyfriend.” Cas looks up sharply, breathing hard, *I can go, I can go home, I don't have to—*

“But I need somebody to be my boyfriend. If it isn’t you, I’m gonna make Sammy do it.”

“S-sam?” His voice is pure terror, little heart breaking. “But he’s your...”

“I know he’s my brother, Castiel, don’t be a fuckin’ idiot.” Cas flinches, Dean is never nasty to him like this. “But I need a boyfriend and I need it now. Sam owes me, I guess, for taking care of him so much. So, instead of doing things sometimes with you, I’ll get in his bed every night and I’ll put my penis inside him where it’s never been.” Cas moans in protest, shaking his head. “Yes. He’s beautiful, too, maybe he needs to be a slut. I’ll teach him how to fuck and then he can be some other grown-up’s boyfriend.” He says it thoughtfully but he’s watching Cas in the corner of his eye. “It happens one time and then they just keep finding you, Cas.”

"Please," his little chest heaves, he's in agony. “Noo...Sam...”

“Yeah, Sam. I already looked at him naked, Cas, and he’s so pretty. I touched all over his body and he doesn’t know, because I really don’t want to hurt him,” Dean takes Cas’s hands earnestly. “Please, Cas, help me not hurt Sam. He loves you so much. I’m the only family he has, really, and I’ll be hurting him. Even...even if you tell, they’ll send me away and...I bet my Dad won’t keep Sammy if he has to look after him. He’ll be sent away, too. You’ll never see him again.”

Cas's chin drops to his chest and two new tears slip down. The little bit of fight is leaving him and he hates it, *why does he have to...* “He...he might f-find o-out. If I’m...your...”

Dean sighs and gives his winning line: “What if I’m hurting him and he finds out you could’ve saved him? I...I don’t think he’ll love you after that, Cas. But maybe you don’t need Sam. You can just go wait at your Mom’s for her next boyfriend, or another neighbor, or the babysitter she gets when you can’t come here anymore. Right?”

Cas clutches his stomach and bends in half, like Dean’s words are killing him. “Nooo, I...I need...don’t take...”

Dean leans back on his bed, next to Cas but not touching him. “Up to you, Cas,” he whispers.

Cas lets out a heartbreaking sob (not Dean's heart...but somebody's) and nods. It’s all he can do.

“Okay, baby, okay. Come here sweetie. Let’s calm down. Let’s breathe.” Dean gathers him up the same way he would’ve before he told him he was going to force him into a sexual relationship. He grabs some tissues off his end table, puts one in front of Cas’s face, as fatherly and pure as can be. “Blow,” he directs, and Cas obeys. He wipes at his tears and Cas is utterly pliant, blue eyes dull and wet.

Dean smiles and lightly touches the back of Cas’s neck. “Let’s start with a grown-up kiss.”

A Promise Made and Kept (After Dean Almost Loses His Shit)

Chapter Summary

Graphic abuse for this entire chapter. This is a terrible life for Castiel. Once again, you've been warned.

It's midnight on a Saturday, and Dean is lying on his bed wearing boxer briefs and an undershirt. John Winchester is in the wind. Sam is asleep. No, Sam is doped up on his sleepy time cough syrup, but he's still in his pjs, tucked sweetly under the blankets in his room. All doped up and no brother's dick on his tongue. Who'da thunk it?

Castiel is supposed to be tucked in there, too, but he's not. The fifth grader is lying next to Dean wearing Sam's Batman pajamas, the ones he borrows since he comes over so often. It's amazing because it's like Sam is here, too, and Dean can breathe him in every time he presses close. Even his hair and skin smell kind of like Sam, because Dean made him take a shower here. *You don't need to bring anything; you can use my stuff, Cas.* Sammy is always so helpful. It's so good, and Dean is so hard.

Right now he's asking about school. Not because he cares, but because it's fun interrupting nearly every word by dipping his too-large tongue past Cas's petal pink lips. (For the record, Cas doesn't want to talk about school either, but sometimes Dean won't let him just stare off into space.) Dean likes Cas's sweet little voice muffled in his mouth, he likes the wet kissing sounds they make together. He likes to see baby spit attaching their lips when he pulls back. This is kissing the way he'd wanted it with Sam, eye contact and (even though he has to remind him to do it) tiny angel lips trying to cooperate, wet and uncoordinated against his. Now Dean's mouth is trailing down Cas's throat, licking at the fluttering pulse. He kisses up towards Cas's ear and tugs a lobe smaller than his pinky nail into his mouth. Cas is squirming a little on the bed; Dean knows how he likes his neck and ears kissed.

He starts to tug Cas's shirt up and gets a whimper in response, a ghost of a protest. He pulls at the shirt anyway, baring a pale, skinny tummy. "C'mon...be a good boy...wanna see you, baby." He licks the words into Cas's ear and Cas whines, making Dean's cock jerk in his shorts. He gives Cas room to sit up and lift his arms (*fuck, still so innocent*) and he tugs the shirt over his head and tosses it, leaving it crumpled on the floor. Then he lets Cas lay back again, hovering over him without actually putting his weight on him. "Beautiful, baby, want you so bad," he whispers and mouths Cas's collarbone while Cas stares at the wall, small fist curled to his lips like he can keep the little sighs in there. But Dean can make him squirm again when he thumbs the pink little dots that pass for nipples, sucking one and then the other into his mouth. He kisses his way down skinny, pale ribs and hooks his hands in the pants. "Lift up?" Cas hesitates, another soft noise of protest, and Dean is instantly sitting up. He grabs Castiel and yanks the pants off hard, scratching delicate little legs as he does it. He

balls them up and throws them on the floor, glaring at the little boy now cowering in his underpants. Spider-Man briefs, Dean notices.

“S-sorry, Dean...don’t be m-mad okay, please don’t be mad?” he cringes at the top of the bed, Dean near his feet. Even kneeling he towers over Cas.

“Then stop acting like you don't *want* it," he growls. "What do you think you should do now, Castiel?”

Cas swallows hard and tucks his fingers into the underpants. Dean’s eyes are locked on Spider-Man as he slides them off, helping only when he gets to his ankles. He wants to stay mad at Cas, but fuck if his dick isn’t tinier than Sam’s; he wonders if anything will come out when he comes. “I wasn’t gonna make you take them off yet, Cas, but I’m glad you did. You’re so beautiful, baby...like a little baby angel.” He reaches trembling hands to Cas’s silken inner thighs, pushing his legs apart. “Put your thumb in your mouth,” he tells him, and his voice is shaking now, too. “Suck your thumb, baby, that’s it. *Fuck*, Cas, look at you...” He wants to fall on top of him, feel how much smaller he is under him, but he won’t. He can’t do it. He promised.

But this is too far ahead.

So, Cas agreed to be Dean’s “boyfriend” and everything’s coming up Dean. His intention was to take Cas’s first kiss and then back off, go pick up Sammy together as planned, or let him go home to rest if he wanted. He figured the kid would be surprised, would see that he’s different than old, hairy Jimmy slithering into his bed and pushing too much too fast. He thought maybe he could convince Cas that while he might not want a dick up his ass, at least he’s happier when it’s Dean putting it there. Like, sure, he’s raping me, but he’s so much more considerate than my last rapist.

Only things kind of...got out of hand. He took the kiss. It was wet and salty, and tasted like tears and peanut butter. Dean thrilled to the wrongness of it, kissing a mouth barely developed, much too small for this, assaulted by his 17 year old lips and tongue.

His intentions started falling away, because he’s *kissing his baby boy’s best friend*, a grade-school kid who still gets spankings and bed time stories and sometimes wets the bed and Dean is holding him, tasting him. And after a little coaxing, when he felt the tiny lips twitch and a little velvet tongue poke out, just the barest attempt at a response, Dean’s dick went from semi to fuck-hard in his pants. Groaning, he cradled the tiny, tear-stained face and kissed him like a lover, softly biting at barely-there lips, licking inside crooked little baby teeth. He was breathing hard and losing himself. He pushed Cas down into the bed like he would any slut: pinning and tasting him; touching his hair and pushing at clothes in a quest for bare skin. But Cas panicked, tiny legs kicking, weak little arms pushing against Dean’s chest, and he screamed under Dean’s mouth. Dean held him easily, frail little bird bones trapped under steel. He laughed and forced his mouth back down, swallowing Cas’s screams, moaning back at him as if this was the most romantic kiss of his life, gagging the muffled shrieks to an abrupt, choking stop with his tongue too far down a narrow little throat. He reached for the buttons of Cas’s hand-me-down corduroys, but as his fingers touched little underpants, he remembered he needed to think.

Dean pulled back a fraction of an inch and stilled. Their lips were barely apart and the tips of his fingers on his right hand were dipping into Cas's pants. He was a knife's edge pressed to Cas's throat. He could feel the fluttery heartbeat against his chest, little puffs of frightened breaths touching his mouth, each one ending in a whimper, and the small body under him vibrating with sheer terror. Cas was the only noise in the room; Dean was void space. All his pretenses were slipping away (*which feels soo good*) and he can be what he is: savagery and rage and a burning, endless hunger; an unending need to corrupt, to possess, and to ruin. And it's amazing, so fucking sexy and wild, like the whispers in his brain are lapping directly at his weeping cock, tonguing the hole with merciless thoughts, sending bolts of pleasure through him.

He could do this.

He wanted to do this. He was staring at Cas's lips and he *wanted*. Rip his clothes off and spank him hard, smack his little baby face. Force him and fuck him and scare him to death. *Shred him, tear him, bad fucking boy, think you can say no, to me?* Cas will be so beautiful in his terror, in his pain, so fucking helpless, he'll cry like an infant. And when Sam comes home, (because he won't wait forever, that dumb shit will walk home where anybody could grab him) he'll see Dean raping tiny, bleeding Cas, he'll see who Dean really *is*, and Dean will finally, fucking *finally*...

No.

No, he...he doesn't want to have Cas only once. And Amelia is not mother of the year but surely even she'll pull her head out of her ass if he sends Cas back to her with his little asshole ripped and bleeding (*break something in his whiny throat, too... Mommy's little boy in a fucking hospital after my dick gets through with him*). He shuddered, but but he's drawing himself back, turning from the abyss. Dean was winning, he always wins this fight. He won't do it today. Would've been great, but there are other things he wants more.

Mostly.

"Cas," he whispered, sounding pretty shocked, and fairly appalled while he's at it, looking down with sorrowful, soulful, bewitching green eyes. He pulled himself off, sliding off the bed onto his knees. "I'm so sorry, Cas. Oh, baby, I didn't mean to scare you, did I hurt you?"

Cas was shaking and wild-eyed at first, and Dean had to wonder if he was going to be able to put him back together again. But Dean always manages; this ain't his first rodeo. He lifted and carried him into Sam's room, knowing it's Cas's safe place, even over his room at home. He grabbed Sam's favorite blanket and tucked it around the still-trembling child. Then he sat on the rocking chair where he still holds Sam when he's sick, where he has held both boys on his knees and made up stories about knights who fight monsters and listen to Led Zeppelin. Dean tucks Cas's head into his neck and rocks, making soothing sounds until he feels Cas finally sag against him. He knows he has to be exhausted by now. He pulls him back slightly to see if he's sleeping but he's met with pleading blue eyes. "You heard me say sorry, Cas. Do you forgive me? You can say if you don't; I won't be mad." (He might be.)

"Y-yeah," Cas nods, eyes red, nose still stuffed from crying. "But Dean...don't you still like me? You always liked me before, you said. You said it so many times."

Dean looks back as though his heart will break, smoothing Cas's wavy dark hair away from his sweaty forehead, presses a kiss there. "I like you so much, Cas...we have so much fun together, don't we? I love having you around, even when it's just you and me, right?"

Cas nods and looks down, his voice soft and tentative. "But you're so scary today, Dean. You never..." he trails off, afraid to finish..

Dean sighs, strokes Cas's face lightly. "I didn't mean to scare you with the kissing stuff. I know you've done a lot of big boy stuff, so I thought...but I don't want to be a bad boyfriend like Jimmy. We can take it a little slower."

Cas nods slowly but he's still staring down at his lap. "But you promise you still like me, Dean? You looked like you didn't. On the, on the b-bed, you looked like you didn't like me! I can't...I'm scared if you don't like me, Dean!"

And Dean rocks him slowly, smoothing a hand over his back. "Shh, I do like you, Cas, I like you so much. And if you're my boyfriend, maybe someday we'll be in love. And just because a person gets mad, even looks a little scary when they're mad, that doesn't mean they stop liking you. You've seen me yell at Sammy lots of times, you know he gets spankings, right? Well, just because I punish him when he's a bad boy doesn't mean I stop loving my baby brother."

Cas pulled back and clutches at Dean's arms, suddenly fearful and urgent. "I can...I can do it, Dean, I'll be good. You won't...you don't need to push me down, Dean, I promise, okay? Okay, Dean? No more pushing down, okay? Please?" And then he surged up and pressed sloppy kisses to Dean's mouth, fast and desperate, all saliva and no technique, trying to press his little tongue between Dean's closed lips. He puts some on his throat, his chin. "See, Dean? I'm good, Dean, see? Please don't get mad again, okay Dean? You don't have to m-make me, okay?"

And Dean tucked the child back under his chin, to soothe him to sleep, but he has to laugh. Honestly, why does the world love Dean so much?

* * *

So Dean promised Cas then that they'd take it slow, as long as Cas was a good boy. He shouldn't ever pretend that he doesn't like the things they do together. That way Dean won't need to hold him down again. (Yeah, Dean knows that's not what happened, so what? He can go along or Dean can make him. End of options.) But Dean knows he almost fucked up this whole deal just when it was getting good. True to his word, he finds outside outlets again, so that he won't push Cas too hard too fast. (He found that freshman from Orientation Day and got a nice, sloppy blowie while he practiced his fingering technique. A 14 year old asshole isn't quite 10 year old small, but it's something.) As for Cas, Dean tries not to make out with him every single time Sam leaves the room. He gives him entire days off

sometimes. And when he wants to kiss more places, Cas is the only one who has to take off his clothes. Dean will decide when Cas is ready to see him naked.

So it's midnight on a Saturday, and Sam will not wake up tonight, but neither will he be molested. Dean is kissing his way down a narrow throat, and he palms the softest skin he's ever touched (same as Sammy's, but sooo itty bitty small!) His own dick is leaking, pressing against his boxer briefs and Cas is looking anywhere but there. "Can I let it out, Cas? It hurts me...you don't have to look at it though, not yet." He's stroking Cas so gently, baby soft, hairless little prick hardening against his fingers, and Cas's legs open even further, *so slutty*. He keeps his eyes on Dean's, his little mouth slips open as he starts to pant, delicate hips squirming on the bed. Dean stops stroking and rubs his pinky over the head, watching Cas's back arch like a \$2 whore. "Let me take mine out, Cas, I want to feel good too." He moves his hand away and Cas bucks for it, looking for the contact, *fuck, baby slut wants to fuck my hand*. "Tell me yes, Cas. Say, yes, Dean."

Cas squirms, bites his lower lip. "Yes, Dean," he whines, and Dean moans, freeing his throbbing dick, stroking twice before squeezing the base; he can't come, not yet. Cas is sneaking frightened looks at the angry red length and his own baby hard-on disappears. Dean wants that little boy cock; he wants to slip it, delicate little balls and all into his mouth like he did with Sam but that isn't the plan. "Show me how you touch yourself, baby." And Dean bites his lip, watching this beautiful naked baby rub his tiny palm against his special place.

Still working his own dick, he leans over to lick into Cas's panting mouth, wanting so badly to hump against that perfect skin. Cas's hand flutters away and he whimpers, unable to kiss and rub at once, overwhelmed. "I got you, baby...here..." He takes his hand off his cock and moves so he's kneeling close to Cas's dick...his own dick was soaking, and now he slides his precum on Cas's powdery skin, wetting his little prick, making it slippery. "Now touch it, Cas...isn't that nice? How does that feel, baby?"

"F-feels...good, Dean," Cas chokes out, panting and rubbing himself like he doesn't even know how to do it, of course not, didn't even hit puberty yet, little fuckslut baby...Dean's groaning, he might be saying some of this stuff out loud, he's so lost watching Cas degrade himself.

Then Cas is moaning Dean??? like it's a scary question, and his little hips are jerking up and the tiniest clearest bit of wet slips from his little softening cock. Dean wants...he wants so many things. He slides two trembling fingers (that's all it takes to catch every drop) over Cas's sensitive little dick and brings them to Cas's mouth. "Open", he says softly and the obedient little boy does as he's told. Dean lets it drip from his fingers onto a velvety bit of pink. Which he just has to lean forward and capture in his mouth. He wants to taste this every day forever. "Close your eyes, Cas. Gotta make you mine, now. You still got all Jimmy's stuff on you and in you. Need to..." he doesn't even know what the fuck he's saying, he's stroking his dick over Cas. He covers Cas's mouth with his other hand, causing blue eyes to startle open. "Shut your fucking eyes, baby." And he takes little hand and wraps it around his swollen cock but if there's a protest this time, it's lost against his hand. Together he makes them stroke once, twice, and he's done for. He moves his hand from Cas's mouth and shoots ropes of come over his face and hair, down his neck, onto his chest, there's so damn much and he paints his baby with it, groaning as he does. He pushes some from Cas's cheek into his tiny mouth; he has to smile at the face he makes. Yeah, it ain't ice cream.

"Swallow. That'll help, baby. Rub it into your skin, too. Gotta be mine, now. Gotta be all mine."

Just One Good Day

Chapter Summary

Cas is struggling, and Sam gives him a day of freedom.

Chapter Notes

(Slight smidge of Sastiel? The most innocent of smidges.)

It's been weeks since he...since Dean...since this...

Castiel is falling apart. He's so tired all the time and he so can't sleep. He misses a lot of school and his Mom (*doesn't want to deal with him*) lets him. He doesn't mean to miss school, he hates to fall behind, but sometimes when it's daytime and his room isn't dark, he can sleep a little better. His nightmares, already harrowing before, are razor sharp mash-ups now: Jimmy's hairy sweaty body pressing him down, Dean's cold, cold green eyes that sometimes say different things than what his mouth says, and Cas wakes up shivering and soaking wet. Sweat this time? Pee and sweat? He just knows he has to turn on all the lights and go far away from the bed. He takes out the picture he keeps of him and Sam, a selfie that Sam made him take, but where Sam just said the craziest thing and Cas is laughing, really laughing. Dean is the one who printed it for him, as a present. He holds it in his shaking fingers and lists their favorite things until he can breathe. Today it's TV shows: *Spongebob*, *Scooby Doo*, *Teen Titans*, *Young Justice*...

Saying the words brings flashes of memories that replace the jagged ones: Cas and Sam on the couch, laughing, Cas and Sam eating popcorn and seeing who can stuff the biggest handful in his mouth, Cas and Sam in their pillow fort, when they made a little pillow window so they could see the TV from inside. Dean's in some of those memories, but he's never hurting Cas in there. He's the Dean that likes Cas, treats him gently, takes part in pillow fights, tells stories that are so funny that Cas and Sam have tears in their eyes.

That Dean doesn't stick his hand down Cas's pants, or worse put Cas's hand down his and say, *you know what to do*. (He does know. He's known almost as long as he can remember what to do when a man puts his hand on that pulsing, wet thing.) That Dean doesn't make him grind in his lap and say dirty words, call himself names, tell lies like 'I want this' and 'I love that'. Never stuff Cas really wants or loves. Even the parts that feel good just make Cas more confused and upset. Like maybe Dean's right, and he's all the bad words. And he'll never get out of this.

Cas rubs at his achy eyes. If only he could think but his brain is all mushy. Why are there two Deans? (Or more than two, since even the Dean that makes him do stuff can be so different, gentle and calling Cas baby angel one time, smirking and threatening him the next.) Cas tries so hard but he doesn't know how to be the Castiel that makes the good Dean come out. He only knows the best Dean only comes out when Sam is there, but Cas isn't supposed to cling too much, he remembers. That's gay. And Dean would get mad if he thinks Cas is trying to hide behind Sam.

His head hurts.

Sam tries to help him, tries to take care of him. He gets really mad at Mrs. Lind when she doesn't care that Cas is falling behind (of course he is, doomed little ruined child), so Sam sits with Cas and their schoolwork and is so patient when Cas loses track of the subject, of Sam's voice, of where they are. If Cas won't leave his house, Sam comes over and pretends it doesn't smell like mildew and neglect. He's polite to Cas's faded mother, and she seems to stir herself when he's around, remembering to make dinner and fuss a little over Cas.

Sam is magic...Cas is convinced. The one truly good thing in the world.

And Sam notices that Cas is uncomfortable in either house lots of times, so he drags him outside. He makes him climb up in the tree house, he takes him tromping through the woods. And when they're down in the mud looking for frogs and tadpoles, Cas feels almost real. Like any boy. More and more Sam sends his other friends away to stay with Cas, draw him out, make him smile. He's trying so hard to save Cas, when all the time Cas is the one saving him. Even though it's ripping him apart.

* * *

Sleepover day comes, and Cas is already at the Winchesters'. In a rare showing, all three Winchesters are home, but it won't last. Mr. Winchester (call me John, kid. *No, thank you, big scary man.*) doesn't spend that much time home, even when he's not working. This weekend it's a fishing trip with a man called Bobby who has a grumpy face and kind eyes.

The best Dean is making an appearance, of course, with all these people around, but Cas is still all frayed nerves and chewed lips. Dean is being so kind and friendly and charming, and Cas thinks *tonight he will make me, tonight he will make me put my mouth on his thing, and I'm not allowed to say it but he can't hear it in my mind, I don't want to, I don't want to, I don't want to...*

"You boys be good for Dean, now," John Winchester is drawling on his way out. "Have fun."

"Actually we're gonna stay at Cas's house tonight," Sam interjects and every face swivels to his in surprise. "Cas got a new game on his PC, and we're gonna play it there."

There's an oddly heavy pause and Dean says, "Cas doesn't have a laptop?"

“It’s a desktop,” Cas says, his voice a bare whisper. Dean doesn’t look at him; he’s still looking at Sam.

Sam smiles at him, “C’mon, bestest big brother, just think, you could go out or something. You’re always stuck with me and Cas.”

Dean frowns a little. “I thought Cas prefers when you guys stay—“

“It’s his idea. Cas wants a change,” Sam lies sweetly, and Cas feels a wave of dizziness; he doesn’t even know how he’s still standing. He stifles a whimper when cool green eyes flick to his, brows raised lightly. “That so, Cas?”

But Sam turns so only Cas can see him and he’s giving the pleading puppy eyes, *Please, go along, say yes, Cas!* So he forces himself to look back at Dean. “Y-yes, I...I just thought...j-just once...”

John Winchester is watching Dean worriedly, and he clears his throat. “Look, no offense to Cas, Sammy, but Dean would rather...”

“No, no, Dad, it’s good, they’ll be fine.” Dean hasn’t moved his gaze from Cas’s face and Cas feels like an injured bunny at the feet of a wolf, frozen and doomed. He wants to look at the floor, but maybe that’s wrong, maybe he’ll get madder. Sometimes he’s not allowed to look away. But now Dean is shrugging, turning away, leaving to walk his father out and it sounds like he’s actually convincing John that it’s okay to let them stay at Cas’s. Is it though? Is it really okay? Cas rubs a shaking small hand over his forehead as he tries to guess.

Then Sam is in front of him, nearly dancing with excitement. “C’mon, I already packed us a bunch of stuff, let’s go!” And he’s steering Cas, thrusting a bag in his arms, pushing him to the door. Dean is on his way back in and Sam drops his duffel bag and jumps in his arms, hugging tightly. “You’re not mad, are you Dean? We love being with you, we just wanna do something different. And you get the night off, right?”

Dean holds him and pats his bottom, then puts him back down. “Don’t be such a girl, Samantha, it’s fine. Think I don’t appreciate a night without you two nerds?”

Sam tries to punch his shoulder but he can’t land it; Dean’s too quick and agile. He looks at Cas and his smile is devilish and just a bit sharp—Cas would do well to be careful, or he’ll get cut up. “What about you? Gonna miss me?”

There is only one answer that’s allowed and Cas flings himself into Dean’s arms, pressing as tight as he can, letting their bodies rub together when Dean lifts him. He presses an open mouthed kiss to Dean’s throat where Sam can’t see his face, carefully so there’s no wet sound. “I’ll miss you too Dean...I’ll miss you most.”

There are still hours of daylight left when the boys take off. Cas starts towards his house but Sam is pulling him away towards the woods, eyes lit with mischief. “We’re not staying there,

Cas, I just lied. Your mom thinks we're at my house, Dean thinks we're at your house. Perfect chance to go on an adventure, don't you think?!"

Cas glances back at the Winchester house, worried. "How do you know nobody is seeing us right now, going the wrong way."

Sam scoffs. "I never lie, what reason do they have not to trust us? C'mon Cas, don't be all worried and gloomy like you are in our houses! I'm taking you where Fun Cas lives!"

It's hard not to worry, but he really longs to be Fun Cas. He forces Sam to jog so they can be in the woods faster. Sam takes him on a trail he doesn't know, one that's choked with weeds that tug at his jeans and hooded jacket. Then suddenly they are spilling into a clearing where there's a small meadow. Cas feels his mouth fall open; it's so pretty and peaceful here, sunlit and open and private. Sam nudges his shoulder. "Nice, right? I found it and I knew I had to bring you here. This place just says Cas." He's already turning away, so he doesn't see Cas's confused, hopeful face, like Sam knows a Cas who gets a fresh, clean place like this.

"C'mon, dopey, help me unload our stuff. I brought everything we need to stay the night!" And he has. Cas sees the small green snap-up tent that they usually use in the back yard in the summer, two thick sleeping bags, flashlights, walkie talkies, sandwiches and snacks for days. Sam tosses a bag of puffy marshmallows at Cas's head and laughs. "I thought we could build a fire, toast marshmallows and make s'mores."

And Cas feels something open up in his chest and he realizes he's excited. He helps Sam pitch the tent and set up their things and he's even smiling when he turns to his friend. "This...this is the best, Sam!"

Sam hugs him and then gets a wicked look on his face. "That's not all. The final surprise, Cas...look what I brought."

He takes out two cans of warm beer and Cas gasps. "Where'd you get those?!"

Sam giggles. "There's always beer in my fridge. I doubt my Dad really counts it, and he'll probably think Dean took it if he does. He lets Dean drink if he wants, cuz he's so grown up and responsible." He rolls his eyes.

Cas looks at him, blue eyes huge and impressed. "Did you ever drink before?"

"Dean let me sip his beer a few times but that's it. It's kinda gross, but I thought we could try it later, after we eat. We're already breaking all the rules!" Sam's own eyes are big, too. "I bet we'll get really drunk."

But the day is still young, and Sam is in full happy puppy mode. He is irresistible when he gets like that, and Cas feels freer every second they spend together. They take Sam's compass and pretend to be explorers. They climb rocks and trees and inspect bugs and crawly things. They have a contest to find the biggest stick, and then an impromptu sword fight breaks out. They are loud and gross and immature and Cas can't believe how many times he hears his own rusty laugh. By the time the sun starts going down, they're both dusty and sweaty and more relaxed than Cas can remember being, since before they even met.

It's getting chilly and Sam builds a fire like he's been doing it since he was born. Cas only has a single pang of anxiety when he realizes Sam has swiped Dean's favorite fancy lighter; he wishes he could tell Sam to please stop messing with Dean.

It passes though. They eat pb&j sandwiches and try to toast marshmallows, although Cas keeps dropping his in the fire, which Sam finds hysterical. Then Sam passes Cas his can of beer and takes his own, that same wicked smile on his face.

Cas opens his and sips, making a face, but he goes back for more. He knows this stuff is supposed to relax you, and he wants some of that.

Time passes and Cas does start to feel a warmth in his chest, a fun sort of lazy buzzing in his head and all of Sam's jokes seem a lot funnier. The boys are lying on top of their sleeping bags, talking and giggling about the kids in school when Sam turns to him, suddenly serious. "How come you're doing so bad in school now, Cas? You love school. Is it the other kids?"

Cas frowns; he doesn't wanna think about this stuff. "Nobody bothers me anymore, you know that." It's true, too, if only because Cas keeps wearing Sam's clothes these days. He's not even sure how he wound up with so many, but apparently t-shirts, flannels, and jeans make a person better liked than corduroys and vests and printed button down shirts that his Mom picks. Suddenly girls giggle when he walks by and he doesn't always get picked last in gym. It's a shame he could care less about it.

He realizes Sam is trying to get his attention and he looks over. He guesses he zoned out again. Sam is apologetic. "We don't have to talk about it now, Cas. I just...I just want you to do well. Someday we'll get out of this town, Cas."

Cas struggles to focus on him. "Where would we go?"

"College, silly," Sam laughs then his brows draw together. "Dean won't ever leave here, but...but he'll be okay. And you're like me, Cas. We like school, we wanna get out there and do things." Sam turns to him, lovely in the firelight, Cas can't help but notice. "We could go together. Be grown-up best friends."

And Cas's heart hurts a little, it does, will he ever, can he ever go where he wants? It's so hard to imagine any life other than the one he's stuck in now. But tonight he is far away, and nobody is telling him what to say and do. "I'd go with you, Sam. I hope we're always best friends."

There's an awkward pause and Sam struggles to fill it. "Hey, did you see Jessica Moore's got boobs now?"

Cas giggles and blushes a little; he's glad it's too dark to tell. "Yeah, it's all anybody talks about. That time she spilled her water down her shirt."

There's a quiet moment and Sam says, "Cas, you ever kissed a girl?"

Cas shakes his head. "Have you?"

Sam ducks and Cas guesses he's blushing, now, too. "Not yet. Wouldn't mind kissing Jessica, though."

"Yeah," Cas agrees, though he hasn't thought of it. Kissing, for him, is stressful and unhappy. But just tonight he lets himself, just for a moment, imagine Jessica's delicate lips. Smaller than his, probably. *Maybe it could be nice...*

There's another, longer pause. "Dean kisses guys and girls."

Cas stares up at the stars, wishing himself up there with them. "I know."

"Did you...ever kiss a guy?"

Cas sits up, hands over his stomach because the beer is suddenly lurching, threatening to come up. But he doesn't like to lie, not to Sam, even if he can't look at him while he says it. "Yes...but I...I didn't want to."

Sam puts a hand on his shoulder, concerned. "Because it was a guy?"

"Because it was a grown-up!" He tugs hard, pulling his shoulder away from Sam's hand. "Gross, right? A big gross man and he said now that's your first kiss forever, you'll always think of me, Cas!"

And he's crying, his perfect day and he's crying. But Sam is just there, holding him, and it's nice because Sam is skinny and small like he is, he doesn't feel squeezed or stuck. "Cas, Cas, I'm so sorry, I didn't know, please don't cry," though his voice is shaky, like he might cry himself.

Cas wipes at his eyes roughly, holding Sam, too. "Sam, don't cry, let's not cry. Let's not spoil it, okay? This day is my best day in so long! I-I need it!"

"Okay, Cas, okay. You're right. We're okay," Sam lets go but then puts his hands on Cas's shoulders. He's just that tiny smidge taller, and his eyes look aquamarine in the firelight. "Look, Cas, I just...that guy was wrong. It doesn't count as a first kiss if you don't want it. It just doesn't."

"It doesn't?" Cas whispers back, and something painful loosens slightly in his chest, that bit of hope from earlier, like the Cas Sam sees could be the real one, instead of the dirty, used up one he thinks he is.

"No," Sam answers quietly, looking at Cas's lips. "Maybe...maybe we should kiss each other, Cas. Then we both know our first kiss is someone we love, right?"

Cas is trembling and he finds that he wants this, not because he thinks he wants Sam that way, or he thinks Sam really wants him. But Sam is someone he loves, and this one time, far away from fear and pain and debasement, Cas gets to decide. "Okay, Sam."

They both start forward and stop, giggling nervously. Then Sam leans down and kisses Cas, and he finds to his wonderment that it is a first. He never ever had a kiss so pure and sweet, just a slightly wet brush of lips against his. Their bodies do not even touch. His mouth is not

large and sloppy and invasive, but small and neat like Cas's own. Cas feels transcendent, like light is coming out of his fingers. A kiss that he chose, and it is good. "Can I try one on you?"

"Sure," Sam tells him, and Cas likes how nervous he sounds. Cas timidly touches Sam's face. It's smooth and small like his own, and he marvels at it, the way his hands look proportionate instead of endlessly diminutive. Cas leans up and opens his mouth slightly before closing over Sam's; a light brush and he's gone. He sees Sam's eyes open wide and he smiles. "Try that."

Eagerly, Sam does, and he gets it right on the second try. They look at each other.

"Well...that's a lot gayer than standing too close to each other, Sam," Cas jokes and Sam shoves him, and then they are giggling and making fun of each other. It's starting to be pretty cold, and Sam suggests they make one bed out of both sleeping bags, huddling together for warmth. And Cas falls asleep snuggled close in the skinny arms of his very best friend, succumbing to bone-deep exhaustion that holds him under until morning for once.

He doesn't dream at all.

* * *

All too soon, they're hiking their way back home. Cas trails behind Sam, feeling layers of anxiety settling back on his fragile shoulders with each step closer to the Winchester house. Maybe Dean will want to wait until they have time to draw it out. *Maybe he will grab him and shove him in the bathroom.* Sam is quiet, too, but he falls back and drags Cas into his side. And Cas draws a tiny bit of strength from it. Someday he'll be the Cas who gets out. Sam is so sure of it, and who is smarter than him?

And maybe he can use this little memory to help himself through. Like if...(he can't articulate it, *if he grabs me*, any minute now, *if he takes me and says...*)...if the worst happens, maybe Cas can go away in his mind and just be a boy with his friend in the woods.

Dean is sprawled on the couch when the boys walk in, and Cas watches how happy Sam is to see his brother. When it's his turn, he pretends he is, too. Dean asks a little bit about their night, and Sam is an impressively smooth criminal, Cas thinks; not too many details, not too much enthusiasm. Dean isn't even that interested; computer games are for losers, he states categorically.

"I-I'd better get going," Cas says suddenly as Sam sprawls in the love seat across from Dean. "I...I have extra work to catch up on, still."

"Okay...message me later," Sam tells him, his eyes glinting with their secret.

"What, no hug, Cas?," Dean says, even though his eyes are still on the TV. "I'm hurt."

Obediently, Cas leans down, putting his arms around Dean's neck. Dean slides his hand into Cas's hair...grips...pulls him so his ear is next to Dean's plush lips. "How'd you like your first beer?"

Crime, and Punishment (Don't Ever Say No)

Chapter Summary

Rough stuff ahead. For both boys.

Cas is in Dean's room, sitting on the bed. He barely takes up a small corner on the bottom. It's Monday after school, and he can hear Sam and other normal kids out back where they're shouting and playing. It sounds like a game of Manhunt, Sam's very favorite. He is a great team captain: he always gets his man. Cas can hear them because Dean has the window open. He likes to keep a weather eye and ear out for Sam.

Even when he's busy with other things.

Dean is standing, moving around his room as he talks (stalking really, Cas thinks it's terrifying). He looks so tall, as if he could touch the ceiling if he stretches his arms up—arms that are muscled and thick under his green t-shirt. It's like he gets bigger and stronger all the time. And even more beautiful, can't forget that. Everything about him serves to make Cas feel small. Insignificant. Threatened.

Both boys are fully dressed, which is unusual. Cas is crying, which is not. They are not noisy tears. They slip from his blue eyes unconsciously, with only the occasional snuffle or hitching breath to accompany them.

"You know, you're the reason I knew I needed to follow you," Dean is saying, "Too bad for Sam, right? Poor baby brother," he shakes his head, "Kid did a really good job. Came up with a story, made it believable, took a few risks," Dean actually does sound proud, impressed. "He's a real Winchester under all that nerdy, bookworm crap." He laughs and shakes his head, takes Cas's face in his big strong hand. "And you go and fuck it all up for him. My stuttering, shaking little baby."

Dean caresses his face, strokes his hair, whispers lovingly, "You should know, he's gonna move on from you, Cas." Cas lets out a sob, turning his face and Dean lets him, tsking sympathetically. "I know, baby. But he's growing up, and he'll need a best friend that's not some weak little pussy. You are, aren't you? Yeah. I mean he can't just keep carrying you forever. Constantly taking care of you, all that whining and sniveling and emo shit." Dean laughs, moves to the window to look out. "Sam's gonna be The Man in high school, like me. You think he'll let you follow him around then? Clinging to his arm like a sniveling little bitch? Because I don't. Once he gets that testosterone flowing, once he's a man... you'll be lucky if he doesn't hunt you down, make you his bitch like that little fat kid did that time."

Cas bites his lower lip hard and lets out a tiny moan of protest, shutting his eyes against the image: Sam, grown beautiful and terrible like Dean. Sam, looking at him with condescension and disgust.

He opens his eyes and Dean is in front of him, looking at his lip between his teeth. "Speaking of pussy..." he murmurs, and steps closer, nudging Cas's knees apart. Cas's despair drops away, makes room for freezing terror. "Take me out, Cas." Dean's voice is almost gentle except for a low growl of lust. Cas fumbles a bit, opening Dean's belt, popping the top button, pulling down the fly. It's an odd angle (because he's so small, sitting, and Dean's so tall, standing) but he doesn't want to move to his knees or stand to make it easier. He doesn't want to put his face anywhere near it. He manages with some difficulty, reaching in Dean's underwear to free his dick. Cas will not look, but in the corner of his eye it is purple and wet and veiny. He uses two hands (he knows Dean likes how it looks, when he needs both hands to wrap around his cock).

"No, no. Mouth, Cas. Today I want your naughty, lying mouth."

Cas looks up at him in horror (*no, no, not yet*), hands stilling around Dean's dick, squeezing slightly by accident and Dean lets out a groan, fucks into them a little. "Feels so good, baby, but that's not what I asked. Open up," he sharpens his tone and Cas whimpers, looking reluctantly at the dick in his hands, knowing it'll be salty, knowing it'll choke him and hurt him, make tears come out of his eyes, make his stomach heave.

He tries to beg, "Dean, ple--"

Dean puts a hand lightly over Cas's mouth. "Cas...if you speak...if you say anything right now...I think I might start hitting you. I think I might just start hitting you over and over and I won't be able to stop." Cas's body is wracked with a sudden tremor as he meets Dean's earnest green eyes; he doesn't even look mad, he just looks very, very honest. "So by all means, baby...unless I ask you a question right now, do. Not. Speak."

Cas nods and he's shaking from head to toe now, and his lips are dry but he clamps them shut; licking them would be the worst idea.

Dean sighs. "I didn't want it to be this way, Cas. Our first time doing this." He's fucking into Cas's hands so slowly, Cas is responding automatically the way he thinks Dean will want. He feels distant from his hands, in shock, but he can't zone out, because this Dean will hurt him, this Dean might (he thinks for the first time) this Dean might kill him. "I was gonna talk to you real nice, make sure you were relaxed and ready. I was even gonna suck your baby dick first, let you see how good it can be, how nice it feels." He strokes his fingers into Cas's hair, then grips, pulling painfully tight, bending Cas's head back almost all the way, making him whimper behind his closed lips. "But you were a backstabbing piece of shit." He lets go of his hair and smacks Cas's hands away from him. "Scared? Don't wanna? I don't care about *your* fucking feelings, same as you don't care about mine. So wrap that whiny little hole around my dick before I pick another one to put it in."

Cas is breathing hard, as best as he can through his stuffed nose. He moans in pure fear, shakes his head once. His jaw is clenched shut, and it's frozen this way, because he can't let this Dean in there, he just *can't*, he's going to kill him with it, he's going to...

"I can't fucking believe you, Cas," Dean laughs angrily, incredulously. "Don't you get it? How stupid this all was? All you had to do was come to me...even if Sam wouldn't, you should have come to me! Do you know I would've said yes? And you could've gone on your homo nerdy-ass camping trip, and Sam could've thought he got away with a lie. But no, you...you fucking lie, you make me punish you...and now you say no? What the fuck did I tell you about saying no to me, Cas? What the fuck are you here for?"

He shoves even closer and grabs the back of Cas's head, pushing his face against his dick, forcing his lips to rub against it. "This, Cas. This is what you're here for." Cas lets out a muffled, terrified scream, his eyes and mouth shut tightly, his poor little nose struggling for oxygen. He's trying to pull his head back, but of course he can't. Dean slides his dick over cheeks, eyes, mouth; watching the precome make glistening tracks over his little face. His voice is laced with menace, with promise, growling, "Now you open that lying...boy-cunt mouth...and put it on this dick. Last chance."

Cas keens behind his closed mouth, trying to make Dean understand *he can't, he's too scared, he can't, he can't, he can't*.

Then Dean is picking him up by his throat and slamming him down on the bed. He's on top before Cas can react, pushing down, grinding his dick painfully against Cas's jeans, pinning his arms under him. "Time to give you what you really want then, huh?" Cas can't even scream, Dean's hand claps over his mouth hard, covering both mouth and nose just because it's bigger than his face and he isn't being particularly careful. Frenzied, useless panic clamors in Cas, he can't move, he can't breathe, he can't scream, but he tries, useless, helpless.

Dean crushes him, suffocating; if he puts more weight he'll hear tiny snapping sounds. He grips Cas's face hard enough to hurt, and looks into panicked blue eyes. "If you can't be a good boy then I don't need you."

In one violent move, he shoves off of Cas, who immediately curls on his side, wheezing and whimpering, shaking and crumpled. Dean tucks himself back in his pants and unlocks the door, swinging it open. He turns in the doorway and sneers at pathetic little Cas. "Guess I need to find something better."

And he's gone and Cas should follow, he knows he's supposed to, but his limbs won't work, they feel limp and bloodless and he's still re-learning how to breathe. His brain starts to go misty and he wants to let it. Won't matter what Dean does to his body if he's not in it. He hears the back door slam open violently. "*Sam!* Get in this house! Right *fucking* now, Sam, do *not* play with me!"

Castiel finds he can move after all; he's stumbling downstairs in time to see a bewildered Sam come through the door. "Dean, what's wrong, you—"

Dean backhands him hard enough to make Sam stumble back; Cas winces at the sound of it. Sam touches his face in shock, blue-hazel eyes filling instantly. "What...?"

"Like lying to me, huh? Like stealing Dad's beer? I guess you can just do whatever the fuck you want, is that it?" Sam starts to protest but Dean cuts him off, "Don't, Sam, Don't you fucking lie to me again. Castiel told me all about it."

And Cas will never forget the look on Sam's face when he swings his gaze to Cas, eyes wide and wet and shocked, *why would you, how could you...*

But Dean heaves a dining room chair over to the middle of the floor and Sam knows what it means. His voice is tinier than Cas has ever heard it. "Please, don't, Dean, I didn't mean..."

Dean looks at him and stops his words cold. "Get over here. Get your fucking pants down. And get over my knee. You do not want me to make you."

Sam barely hesitates; *it's not fair*, Cas thinks, Dean didn't even give him a chance to obey before he's grabbing one skinny arm and dragging him to the chair, violently stripping his pants and underwear down, shoving him into his lap. The spanking is merciless and constant: Dean is swinging his arm as hard as he can, over and over. There's no way to keep count, and the sound of flesh on flesh is sharp and loud every time.

Sam is screaming and crying, wildly squirming and begging in his lap, trying to hard to protect himself with his small hands. "Please, please, Dean, stop, Dean!!!"

And Dean does stop, to pin Sam's arms to his back. He looks like he doesn't love Sam, like he's never loved anything. Because he's taking his belt off and folding it into a strap in his hand. "Like lying to me, you little shit?" CRACK CRACK CRACK. "Think it's fun to steal DRINKS?!" CRACK CRACK CRACK.

Cas's hands are two fists pressed to his mouth, he's horrified and frozen and hysterical himself. And he knows he's supposed to be seeing this; Dean hasn't looked at him once but this is all for Cas, *all his fault*.

Dean finally stops and Sam is sobbing, "Deeeaan, pleeeeeease...I'm soooooorry....Deee..."

Dean stands, yanking Sam up with him. He tips Sam's face up, making sure he sees the disgust in his eyes. He shakes his head. "Everything I fucking do for you and you lie to my face. You steal and you fucking lie." Carelessly, he throws Sam to the floor where he lands on all fours, a sobbing sniveling mess with his pants still puddled around his knees. Dean doesn't even spare him a glance, stalking out of the room (although Cas doesn't think he goes very far).

The strength goes out of Cas in one instant, bringing him to his knees. He crawls to his friend, wanting to help the poor, broken figure. "Sam," he whimpers, aching to see his loved one brought so low. *His fault, all his fault, should have done it, bad friend, bad Cas...*

Sam lifts his face from the ground, a mess of tears and confusion. His voice is hoarse and unsteady. "Why, Castiel? Why?"

Cas sobs, reaching for Sam's face, wanting to push his hair from his eyes. "I didn't...I didn't..."

Sam's reddened eyes harden and his teeth clench shut. "You were jealous again, weren't you. Y-you didn't want my friends here. That's why you told, why you...you w-watched me..." Cas's mouth falls open in shock, he can't even begin to deny it and Sam curls his lip

in derision. "Get out of here. Leave me alone. I...I never want to see you again." He puts his head back down to the floor, face turned away, and his shoulders wrack with fresh crying.

"Sam, no, please!" Cas wails, heart breaking in his fragile chest.

"Get out!" Sam yells brokenly. "I hate you!" And Cas flees.

* * *

As soon as Cas is gone, Dean returns. Wordlessly, he puts one arm under Sam's chest and the other under his thighs and lifts him as is, knowing his brother can't pull his pants up and probably can't move for pain. He carries his crying brother upstairs as if he weighs no more than a bag of flour and is less interesting. He doesn't let his eyes linger on the damage to his brother's bottom and thighs, though he will. He will look at length at all that beautiful angry red.

But not now. He places his brother on the bed and ignores the whimpering apologies, closing the door behind him on his way out (he doesn't slam the door; his temper is cooled as though he never lost it now that Cas isn't here to see). He gives it a half hour before he goes back in and pulls the rocking chair next to the bed. Sam is mostly cried out by now, still in the same position on top of his comforter where Dean left him. The occasional snuffle is the only sound until Dean sighs. "Hey, Sammy. Let's talk now, okay?"

Sam turns his wet face to Dean's, the picture of bereft remorse. He is so beautiful, even with his jewel eyes all swollen and red and chestnut bangs sweaty and mussed. His hand is near his face and Dean is reminded of when he was small enough to put his thumb in his mouth for comfort in times like these. He flicks his eyes to the dark red marks across such a tiny, delicate ass.

Maybe not quite like these.

"You know what you did wrong, right Sammy?" He brushes Sam's bangs back, the way Cas had wanted to, and Sam moves into the touch, grateful.

"I l-lied to you. I snu-uck out when I didn't have permission. I-I took beers from Dad and drank one." His breathing still hitches, a slow tear or two leaks out while he talks.

Dean nods. "Good, that's a good boy. Are you sorry, Sam?"

Sam nods fervently. "I'm really sorry, Dean! I'm really, really sorry!"

Dean hushes him, wiping at his tears with a heavy thumb. "I know you are. Listen, Sammy, I'm sorry, too, okay? What I did to you, losing my temper like that..." He strokes Sam's back, shaking his head regretfully. "I shouldn't have punished you while I was that angry."

"Y-you didn't mean it, Dean."

“No, Sammy, that’s no excuse. I just...I’m just not used to you not trusting me, I guess.” He pulls away and looks at his hands. “Did you really think I wouldn’t let you and Cas spend a night in the woods? I mean sure, he’s useless out there” Sam frowns, then remembers he’s mad at Cas. “But you, Sammy, I trust you to take care of yourself. Hell, do you really think I wouldn’t let you have your first beer if you asked? You’re treating me like I’m Dad!”

Sam reaches for his hand desperately and Dean takes it, feeling the small hand squeeze, looking into fervent turquoise eyes. “I do trust you, Dean, I was just...I was stupid!”

Dean looks down, asks softly, “Do you...do you still love me most, Sammy? I’d hate it if you didn’t. You’re...you’re all I got, you know?” A single tear slides down his face, he doesn’t bother to wipe it.

And Sam is off the bed and in Dean’s lap on his knees (he’s desperate to reassure Dean but that bottom can’t tolerate any surface), draping himself on Dean’s chest. “Love you most, always love you most, Dean. You’re my big brother. Don’t need no one like I need you!”

And Dean is telling him he loves him, too, kissing his wet cheeks and stroking his back, (earnestly playing the role of the brother who does not love his baby brother’s dick pressed against his stomach) only dipping close enough to just feel the heat from his little tormented ass. Then he helps him out of his shoes, socks, and pants and lays him back on his bed face down. “Nothing for it, Sammy, gotta let it heal.” He comes back with the cream that Sam likes, the kind that heals and also numbs the pain. He wants to do it himself but Dean playfully slaps his hand away. “Don’t be a bitch about it.”

Gently, as clinically as he can make himself, he applies the cream, marveling at the heat, the dark pink color, crisscrossed with angry purple-red stripes where the belt licked against already damaged skin. He didn’t break it though. No blood. Sam is brave, but Dean can hear the delicious little pain sounds he’s trying to stifle. He bites back a groan and stops before he wants to. He shakes himself and leaves to put the cream away (and give himself a moment). He comes back and hands Sam a stack of comics from his desk.

“I’m not grounded, Dean?”

Dean ruffles his hair, smiling when Sam knocks his hand away. “I think we can agree you learned your lesson.” He gets serious again. “Look, Sammy, I get it, man, sometimes you wanna rebel. But you’re still only ten and...I just gotta know where you are, okay? If something happened and I couldn’t get to you...Ain’t no me without you, little brother.”

Sam gives him a watery smile. “I understand, Dean. Other brothers...they don’t need each other like we do, huh?”

Dean stares at him oddly, looking for something in his eyes. “No,” he whispers, “not like we do.”

He leaves Sam with his comics and comes back later with a cheese sandwich and some carrot sticks. He has Sam lift up on his elbows since there’s no way he can sit to eat. When he’s finished, he hands him a plastic cup of water and two blue pills. “These are for the pain, Sammy, and they’ll help you sleep, too. I think you should call it a night.”

Sam frowns and Dean smooths his forehead, hushes him. “C’mon, we’ll both stay home from school tomorrow, how’s that? We’ll hang out, have some brother time.”

He sees the protest melt out of Sam’s eyes, replaced with love. He turns off the lights except for a small lamp, and reads from *The Fellowship of the Ring* until Sam is fast asleep. Even then he gives it another 30 minutes. Watching Sam sleep.

Then he stands and starts to undress.

While Beauty Sleeps (Cas Sells His Soul)

Chapter Summary

More graphic abuse. Bad for Sam. VERY bad for Cas. This is gonna change him. :(

Plenty of neighborhood kids were there to witness Sam Winchester get called inside by his brother. They'd all be talking on Instant Messenger that night about how he was in *deep trouble*, and how scary his big brother looked when the door had burst open (*he's so handsome, though; when I grow up I'm gonna marry Dean Winchester*). But not one kid who saw the look on Dean's face had felt much like sticking around to see what happened next. So, when Castiel flies out of the back door not long after with his face a red mess of tears and snot, there is no one left to observe and wonder.

He doesn't remember the escape; he's just suddenly in his room, out of his mind. He's shrieking with rage and pain, throwing everything he can get his hands on: shoes, books, toys. He tries to smash his mirror but it doesn't *break*, he's too *weak*. He tears posters and comics; he kicks his desk chair over and flips his keyboard and mouse on the floor. He sweeps his arm across his dresser and sends everything crashing and tumbling down.

"Cas, what's going on back there?!" his mom calls. He stops, breathing hard and making little desperate sounds, trying to listen, aching to hear footsteps.

The TV gets louder.

His chin drops to his chest and he admits defeat. He looks around at the mess he made; one he will feel compelled to clean up. He sees his picture is on the ground, mixed in the mess of clothes and papers and toys and he cries out, dropping to his knees to pick it up. The picture is fine; it didn't get ruined.

"Sam," he whimpers painfully to the one in the picture, his fingers shaking on the edges. "I didn't tell him, Sam, I didn't. He followed us, that's how he knew, I would never tell him. Sam, Sam, don't hate me! Please, Sam!" And somehow he has tears left for this, pressing the picture against his heart. His chest is aching so bad, his head hurts, too and his eyes and his everything. But he is only a little boy after all, and his body can only take so much before it has to shut down. He curls up there on the floor in the middle of the mess because he has no strength to even crawl to bed. But he can hold his picture and look at Sam and tell him the most important thing that he realizes. "You can hate me, Sam, and I'll still love you. It's okay. I'll still love you forever, I promise."

He looks until his lids drift shut. His small body begins to calm, hitching breaths smoothing out. His sniffles and sobs grow quiet, less frequent. Exhaustion wins out, and he drifts into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Hours later, he wakes up with a start and his heart is already pounding. He sits up quickly but he doesn't know what it is. His bedside clock is on the floor upside down; 7:00 in big red numbers. He closes his eyes again, feeling achy all over, still very tired, but no, he can't, he opens them again. His stomach is all in knots.

Something is very wrong.

It doesn't feel like after his nightmares; he knows where and when he is. His light is still on, so there's no confusion over unidentifiable shadows. But he's standing up, he's moving to the window without really thinking of it; maybe he wants some air. He looks over at the Winchester house and feels a sharp ache in his chest as it comes flooding back at once: *Sam*, who hates him. Who thinks he betrayed him.

"Guess I need to find something better."

Cas feels an icy chill run through him and he clenches his hands into fists, hard enough to make the little crescent marks. Why is he thinking about it, he hates that! If he does he'll start thinking of Dean, when he was...when he...on top...

He squeezes his eyes shut and tries to calm himself, but the lists don't work; he feels the anxiety growing instead. He has to...there's something he needs to remember. Something really bad.

"If it isn't you, I'm gonna make Sammy do it."

"No," Cas whispers to the empty room, but he's looking and Sam's light is on, and that's okay, Sam's bedtime isn't for another couple of hours...

"I already looked at him naked, Cas, and he's so pretty. I touched all over his body and he doesn't know"

Except now that's he's looking, the window isn't that bright. So Sam must be reading, he's just using his bedside lamp; Cas knows he loves to read. Funny, though, how the rest of the house is dark...not even flickering lights in the living room to show that Dean is watching TV.

"I'll get in his bed every night and I'll put my penis inside him where it's never been."

And Cas is running. He's running back outside and across the two yards. He's running into a dark house, where a scary monster lives. A monster that wants to eat him up.

* * *

For his part, Dean is expecting that Cas might show. Sam's spanking, after all, was for Cas's benefit (and partly because he has always wanted to beat the shit out of Sam--no, *not* because

he deserves it, he already said: Sam is a really good, sweet kid. It's just so fucking hot, hitting him that hard, feeling him struggle and cry and beg, marking his little body).

Oops...sidetracked.

This, what he's doing now, is for Cas, too; an important lesson in 'Dean means what he fucking says'. Or it started out that way. He even made sure the door was unlocked before he came back up here to sit with Sam. To drug him. If Cas really did decide to try and stop this, Dean didn't want him to have to use the doorbell or anything. And if he didn't try...Dean has an amazing night with his naughty, naked little brother. Win/win for Dean either way. His fucking favorite.

Only now Dean is naked in bed with Sammy, and he's not thinking about Cas anymore. He's decided that Sam's ass will hurt so much tomorrow that there's no way he'll know if Dean eats him out tonight. And puts one finger in. He'll even use his pinky. And lube.

And since he made that decision, maybe he's gotten a little...carried away. He knows the pills are stronger than the cough medicine (especially with the adult dose he gave him). So he's been...playing with him a little more than usual.

Like he just had to pull him off the bed and onto his lap on the rocking chair, knees bent the way he'd been before, so he can do all the touching he wanted to do then. Fucking innocent baby, thrusting his half naked body on his brother's lap, so trusting and small. Sammy is prone against his chest, and Dean puts his lips against his ear. "What would you have done if I touched you then, Sammy? Felt big brother's hand sliding between your little legs, just like this? Would you cry for me? Would you let me?", he sighs, licking his brother's ear, and closes his eyes, trying to rub their cocks together. It's difficult though, since Sammy's baby cock is so small. He tries kissing him, too, but he must admit there's nothing to kissing a slack mouth when compared to kissing little Cas, awake and reluctantly participating. Still, it's amazing to feel his baby brother bare against him like this, skin to skin the way he's always wanted. He has to stop because he doesn't want to come yet. There are so many things he wants to do.

He gets up and lays Sammy on his bed again, but on his back. He pushes his legs up so that his reddened bottom doesn't touch the bed, bending him almost completely in half. He sucks Sammy's everything into his mouth, the way he loves, feeling it harden, listening to his little sighs and sleepy moans. He licks the bit of skin between balls and baby brother asshole and tongues his way down past the lightest divot. He groans, loving how there's no give at all.

He rolls him onto his stomach, thinking to start working his tongue on it but he...he's just not touching him enough, naked Sammy is too good to pass up. On sudden inspiration, he pulls him up against his bare chest so he can see his dick between Sammy's skinny legs. He grinds him gently that way, and pretends the pain sounds Sammy makes are groans and gasps of pleasure, whispers back to him, "Big brother's here...big brother's got you." He kisses his neck and sucks and nibbles lightly. He reaches down and palms the little dick and imagines fucking into his baby boy like this, inside this tiny body. His head only comes up to Dean's chin, and he would hurt and cry for Dean, but Dean would make it all better. *You'll see, Sammy...*Shit, shit, he doesn't want to come yet!

That time it's a close save, he has to push Sammy back on his stomach and squeeze his aching dick almost too hard. He could come a bunch of times with Sammy; he's freaking 17, of course he can. But he likes this, teasing himself, drawing it out. When he finally blows his load, Sammy will be covered in it. The way he fucking should be. He can't wait to see it.

Briefly, he wonders if he could bring Sam in the bath with him (a favorite fantasy from Sammy's childhood bath times) or if the water would stir him. But he needs to stay in the moment. He pushes Sam's knees up under him again, so his face is down on the bedspread and his little ass is nice and pushed up for Dean. "Want this, don't you, Sammy. Gonna taste so good."

"Please, don't, Dean! *Please* let him go!"

Dean glances back disinterestedly at the petrified child in the doorway. Of course he heard him come in, tripping up the stairs as fast as his little legs can carry him; you can't live the way Dean does without being fairly hyper-aware of your surroundings. It just doesn't seem to matter much, now.

"Go home, Cas." He bends and kisses one strap mark on his brother's little ass, tonguing it lightly; Sam lets out a muffled hurt cry.

"Nooo," Cas whines desperately, little hands clenched near his mouth like he does when he's really upset. "Please don't hurt him! I'm sorry, Dean, please!"

"Not gonna hurt him," Dean says against his brother's skin, kissing and licking each mark that he made. "Go home." He spreads Sam's ass open with his thumbs and laughs softly. "It's a school night."

"I'll do what you want, I'll-I'll lick your thing! Please!" And Dean lifts his eyes long enough to enjoy the frantic little squirming Cas is doing in the doorway. *No, so close...my Sammy.* He looks back down at his beloved and licks a stripe over a pink little star that doesn't look capable of opening. Surely not a hole. "Go, stay. I don't care. Got what I really want." He circles the star with his tongue in a point, feeling it flinch away every time his tongue tries to dip. "*God*, baby boy," he breathes and palms his own neglected dick, wet and needy.

"Want...want you so bad, Dean." Cas's voice is thin and reedy with terror, but it stills Dean's tongue. "Want...want y-your big dick in..." Cas gasps, his little chest heaving with this effort. "...in m-my mouth. Want to...to taste your..."

Dean turns his head from his brother's gorgeous, pliant ass and stares. Because Cas is... stripping. His shirt is off, and he's pushing his jeans down with shaking hands, kicking them away with his shoes. He takes off mismatched socks. "Taste your...co-ome...W-want you s-so b-bad, Dean..." and the kid is actually rubbing his hand over the front of his underpants, looking right into Dean's eyes. "D-don't you...don't y-you want y-your..." Cas swallows and looks down, one tear drips out. It looks like it takes everything he has to lift his eyes to Dean's again. "y-your baby-s-slut?"

Holy. Fuck. Dean stands and turns in one fluid movement, stroking his dick slowly, not taking his eyes from Cas. “Take your panties off for me, baby. Slow down. Tell me what you want.”

And Cas obeys, pushing the little cartoon underwear down his skinny, pale legs, and if another few tears slip down, it sure as fuck doesn’t bother Dean. “Want...” he can see Cas thinking, trying to remember the things Dean makes him say. “Want...y-your tongue...on m-, on me. I-in my m-mouth. W-want to kiss...to kiss I-like a big boy. Want t-to be your....y-your...slu-slutty little b-baby.”

Dean steps forward and Cas scrambles back; his green eyes harden.

“I-I...can y-you put S-sam back f-first?” And Dean is shocked when he drops to his knees and puts his little palms together, like Sam used to when he wanted Dean to take him to the community pool. “Please, p-please, Dean, I...I promise...I-I’ll be a g-good boy! I’ll do everything you w-want, I w-won’t say no, please! We can...” a sob wracks him, he has to put a hand on the floor to steady himself...two deep breaths and he masters it, back on his knees “We can have, have sex. Put, put it in me, Dean. When you...when you want.”

Dean has to wet his lips and swallow before he can speak. “You’ll have to prove it, Cas,” he tells him, his voice low and thick. “Crawl to me, baby.”

Cas glances towards Sam’s vulnerable form on the bed and crawls quickly to stop at Dean’s feet. It’s not that sexy, but Dean is so fucking turned on right now that it doesn’t matter. And he can always teach him to crawl slow another time. Right now there’s a naked little boy kneeling in front of his weeping, straining dick. Cas’s gaze slides to Sam and back up to Dean, blue eyes pleading. And Dean is happy to touch his brother’s naked body again, even if it is to gently move him back the way he started, with his head to the side on his pillow. Cas opens his mouth to object but Dean cuts him off. “He gets his shirt back when I know you’ll do what you say.”

And Cas has to stand, because he’s not tall enough to reach it on his knees. Dean still towers over him. He takes a moment to appreciate their first time naked together; he loves how light and fragile Cas looks next to him, all bony immature limbs and bits of baby fat. He can see that Cas is as frightened as ever, but there’s no hesitation anymore. He puts two small hands on the hard shaft of Dean’s dick and slowly covers the head with his miniature pink mouth. Immediately he starts to gag, but he pulls back, coughing, takes a few breaths, and tries again. He looks up at Dean, who is already making breathy, less than manly sounds, and slurps back in a kiss...taking his mouth off and pressing that velvet bit of tongue across the hole. He’s sort of cheating, moving his bitty fingers up and down the soaking wet shaft and basically making out with the head of Dean’s cock. But looking at those gorgeous baby lips wet and shiny with precome, seeing how far he has to stretch them just to get that much, and feeling small, slutty bit of warm wet, Dean is too fucking close to give a damn. “Fuck, yes, Cas...feels so fucking good...lick the hole, baby, that’s it fuck... baby, ungh...” After all the teasing with Sam, watching a 10 year old boy make out with his dick like a baby prostitute is more than he can take. Everything ceases to exist except the amazing feelings in his dick, releasing spasms of ecstasy.

As he expected, there's a lot of come for Cas to deal with, and only a bit of it gets into Cas's mouth (not a lot of room, after all) before he's choking and sputtering, pulling back. "Shh, swallow, try to swallow, Cas" and he pokes at Cas's cheeks, opening his little mouth to aim some more inside. The rest is on his chin, his cheeks, his neck and chest, even his hands and forearms. It's the hottest Dean's ever seen him, even when he chokes and gags, pulling back a second time. He reaches down and thumbs some more into a subdued-looking Cas's mouth, feeling his spent dick twitch when Cas holds him in there, sucks his thumb. *Well that's fucking new.*

"That's a good boy, Cas. Such a good, good boy." He strokes his hair lovingly as he catches his breath. Cas is looking at him with something newly broken in his eyes (trust Dean when he tells you; he's a bit of an expert at spotting these things). Some fresh despair, some novel self-hatred, but he doesn't blush or whine or turn away. "Go clean up in the bathroom, okay? If you think your mom will miss you, you can get dressed and go home," he holds up a hand when Cas's mouth opens (*kid's gonna argue while he's still covered in come; adorable*), "I'll make sure Sammy is all cleaned up and put back the way he was, nothing else. You got my word."

He sees Cas's grim, troubled face and hides a smile. *Yeah, you can't trust me, but it's the best you're gonna get, baby-doll.*

He does keep his word though; he's barely thinking about Sam for probably the first time since the kid was born. If he's honest, Cas impressed him tonight--shocked him, and he's not easily shocked. He thought if he had the courage to show up at all, he might beg and cry and promise. But watching him strip of his own volition, forcing those words past his baby lips without Dean making him...suddenly he's convinced that well-behaved Cas means the possibilities for degradation are nearly limitless. Anything he can think up, this kid will do.

And he's hungry to start.

When Cas leaves the bathroom, Dean is waiting. Cas yelps as Dean snatches him up, presses him against the door so their faces are level. "Kiss me," he orders. Cas's blue eyes don't even flicker, he takes Dean's face in his hands (either trusting Dean to hold his entire weight or not giving a shit if he falls) and licks into Dean's much bigger mouth. It cannot be skilled; their mouths are too mismatched, but it is filthy as fuck and Dean loves it. "Your mom won't miss you, will she."

Cas shrugs passively. His eyes are red, his cheeks wet, but there aren't any more tears. His gaze is flat and placid. He leans against the door behind him as though it's too much to hold his own weight up anymore. That's okay; Dean will lay him down soon enough. "Wanna come lay in bed with me, Cas? I won't keep you long. You still have so much making up to do, though, don't you, baby?"

Cas nods and pushes himself onto Dean's chest. "Want to go to your bed, Dean. Was bad." And Dean feels tiny kisses at his throat.

His dick is already half hard again as he carries his baby slut into his room. It's good being 17. It's better being Dean Winchester.

For What it's Worth

Chapter Summary

Sam comes around, and Dean takes his time. No, he hasn't fucked him yet.

Cas is sitting on the swing that hangs under the tree house, perfectly and lovingly made with smooth, sturdy wood for the bottom and thick ropes for him to wrap his hands around. He's twisting the swing around as far as it will go and then letting himself spin. He's been doing it a while now; he likes the way the landscape swirls, even if his stomach lurches a little. He guesses this is a stupid game to play on a day where he's already puked three times. But that was different. It's not like he has a stomach virus. He...he won't throw up again. He's pretty sure he has it under control now.

He's sort of numb right now, which is nice. His limbs feel light and distant. It's been drizzling off and on and the air has a really clean smell that he appreciates. He hates the indoors, always so stale, so that when there's a smell you just stay stuck in it until someone cleans it...until someone finally lets you clean it. He frowns, touching his spinning, fuzzy head. What is he...what is he thinking about?

He swallows hard and concentrates on his toes in the dirt, twisting the swing again.

"Castiel!"

He blinks and sees Sam, who must've been calling him for a while. He's walking slowly, stiffly, obviously still in pain, but he's nearly reached the swing. Cas stumbles off as fast as he can, dizzy and unsteady. "Sorry, I...I shouldn't be here. I'll go." He turns toward his house, ducking his head.

"Cas, wait a sec!" Sam's hand touches his shoulder and he stops but doesn't turn. His emotions are slowly coming back online with Sam here, and it's a lot to process. "Cas, please. I...I just wanted to say sorry."

Cas turns back; he can't help it, he's so shocked. As soon as he sees Sam's face, he has to look away again. He can't forget how he saw him last. *He took your clothes off, Sam, he was touching you, hurting you.* But Dean took his time yesterday, while they lay naked together, explaining in between nefarious kisses exactly what would happen if Cas told Sam. All different possibilities, each one worse than the one before it. And Cas believes him. He keeps his gaze on the ground. "Why...why would you say sorry to me?" he asks softly. He's still afraid; he's waiting for Sam to say something hurtful.

"Look, I...I was...it was..." Sam clears his throat, and Cas sneaks a peek at his face, catches a blush creeping across his cheeks. Sam is looking at the ground, too. "It's embarrassing, all

right? Just...I didn't mean what I said. I don't hate you and we're still best friends. I mean, if you wanna be."

Strange, that funny feeling again in his chest (*like in the meadow*) and it brings his eyes up to look at Sam cautiously. "Why...why would you ever..." he thinks of something and frowns, his head lowers again. "Did Dean tell you to forgive me?" he asks tonelessly.

"What? No, I—I mean, yeah he did, but that's not—hey, Cas, look at me for a second!" He wouldn't but Sam punches his arm kind of playfully, and that feeling starts again. He looks almost shyly at Sam. "I'm not saying this because Dean told me to, okay, come on! I wanted to make up as soon as I woke up today! You're my *best* friend! I know you, Cas. You'd never, ever get me in trouble for...for those things I said yesterday." It's Sam's turn to look ashamed. "That was really mean, I swear don't think that way about you."

And Cas puts his hand on Sam's arm. "I wouldn't! Never, ever, Sam!"

Sam smiles ruefully. "I know. It's my fault, Cas. I shouldn't have made you lie to Dean when you didn't even want to; I think that's how he figured it out. I know you've always been a little scared of him." Sam glances toward his house; he doesn't see Cas's reaction to *that*. "Of course he made you tell. I love my brother, but he can be..." he trails off, like he doesn't know how to finish or maybe it feels disloyal. "Anyway, I should've just told him what I wanted to do." Sam looks troubled, and Cas bets he's thinking about how he let his brother down. Then he turns back to Cas. "So? Forgive me?"

On impulse, Cas moves to hug him. He goes slowly, giving Sam a chance to reject it, and also because he knows his friend is in a lot of pain. But Sam hugs him tightly, and he relaxes into it as much as he can. "Can't believe I said that to you, Cas," Sam murmurs in his ear. "Not after we already decided we'll be best friends forever, right? Can't let a stupid fight ruin our plan."

Cas digs his fingers into Sam's shirt. "No, nothing will," he tells Sam. Not because he believes, but because he wishes...and he wants Sam to believe, at least.

"We should stop hugging," Sam tells him. "Dean will make fun of us if he sees. Hey, you know, we could go camping again sometime. I mean when I'm feeling better anyway." He blushes again.

"Yeah," Cas is looking towards the woods with a distant expression. He doesn't ever want to go there feeling like he feels now...being who he is now. But if he can get a night away, he'll take it. "But maybe...in a new spot. That way that place is just for that one day...you know?"

Sam doesn't, but he squeezes Cas's shoulder. "Sure, I'll find us someplace new. Maybe every time, so we can explore it."

Cas forces a smile. "Yeah, that'll be great...hey, you should really go lie down. You look all fucked up."

“*What?!*” Sam’s cat-tilted eyes go big and round, he looks around them in case anybody has popped out of nowhere to witness this, and then bursts out laughing. Sam curses sometimes with his other friends, with Dean, too, within reason, but never his sweet, quiet best friend. It sounds weird, like hearing a teacher curse, or a priest. “What’d you just—since when do you curse, Cas?!”

Castiel doesn’t smile; he just looks sort of detached. “I’ve been practicing.”

“Okay,” Sam’s smile fades into confusion.

Cas pushes him lightly, “Go, Sam, go lay down...I’ll...I’ll see you tomorrow.” Sam is still standing there, so Cas turns to leave; he doesn’t want to do this anymore today. He could use a rest himself and wonders if there’s someplace outside he could sleep.

“Cas?” Sam pulls him back...glances at the house behind him. “I just wanted to say...even with everything that happened...” he fidgets a little, then leans close, putting his lips to Cas’s ear. “It was worth it.”

He winks at Cas, dimples showing as he gives a ghost of his wicked smile. Cas doesn’t respond outwardly. But somewhere in his most secret, put-away heart, a tiny light glows.

* * *

People are starting to talk about Dean Winchester.

After all, he’s definitely something of a “Favored Son” in those parts. He’s no choir boy for sure, but he’s the kind of kid who’ll mow your lawn for a sandwich and a piece of pie, or stop to change a tire if you’re stuck on the road. He’s charming and friendly (and just a bit easy on the eyes). He might have a little bit of a rebellious air, maybe his humor is a little edgy, but people enjoy him. So mature for his age (*practically raising that brother of his, don’t you know*). Such an air of easy confidence in one so young.

Dean is, at heart, a people person. He likes getting to know someone, likes having conversations. He’s a good listener, too, gazing at you the whole time with those dreamy emerald eyes. And he is equal-opportunity about it: young or old, gorgeous or ugly as sin, if you want his attention, you will get it. If you want more attention than he’s willing to give you, you’ll get that, too. And by the time that’s done you’ll be really busy dealing with a lot of problems that are completely your own fault. You may not want to be around him after that, but you’ll be utterly aware that the failing is yours. Do you understand? No, that’s okay if you don’t. It’s kind of hard to follow.

Dean touches as many people as he can; at this point it is a muscle he flexes without thought. He touches them without their permission, he touches them perversely, intimately, in a way that they would not agree to (if he gave them a chance, and he never will, because he doesn’t fucking care). Doesn’t matter who the person is, he’s going to get inside them. He gets

inside their heads and then he takes the words, the thoughts that they have, and he...adjusts them. Even if it's only slightly, and not even necessarily in a way that hurts. In this situation, you're the Sammy, and he's the cough syrup. You're being lulled what's in front of you and he's slipping into your mind. (Except you ain't Sammy, so he'll go ahead and fuck it).

Maybe he puts something there that wasn't before, maybe he...he reaches into the dark parts and tugs something forward. Maybe it makes you like someone you don't, or hate someone. Maybe you finally try that thing you wanted...the thing you don't tell anybody about. Or maybe he found you really interesting...and things are probably pretty bad for you by now.

The point is, it's easy to get Dean's attention, and most people (*that is some goood cough syrup*) enjoy it. Except lately he's been different, and everybody's noticing. Staring off into space, smiling a sexy little half-smile to himself. He doesn't show up at parties, he doesn't have time for long conversations at the check-out line. He's still sweet as candy, polite as you please with his 'Sir's' and 'Ma'am's' (*raised right, that one—old fashioned values, no matter who says he's a little queer!*) But for the first time the boy has his head in the clouds and neighbors can't help but speculate. Maybe he's finally in love.

Dean is not in love (are you fucking kidding) but he can say for certain that he has never felt this way before (okay, fine, apart from his little brother...which means this "replacement" thing is working out really well, thank you very much). His mind is utterly consumed with his 10 year old neighbor. So instead of walking around looking for new and exciting opportunities to fuck with the people around him (so that he won't fuck Sam), he's lost in thought, imagining the things he wants to do to Cas. Things he wants to make him do. *Is there more of you to break, Cas? Are you all mine, yet?* The only limit is Dean's imagination, and he spends his days spinning filthy scenarios.

In truth, Cas isn't all his yet, because Dean still hasn't fucked him. That might sound crazy, just ignoring that delicious little ass offered up so willingly. But every layer of his resistance, every sexual first between them, has to be drawn out and savored. For example, if he'd been fucked by now, he wouldn't be walking around every day (going to school, doing his homework, brushing his teeth) wondering when it's going to happen. Every day, Dean tells him, "Gonna fuck you today, Cas. You ready baby?" And Cas will look him in the eye and say, in his sweet little voice, "Yes, Dean, can't wait for you to fuck me." He will say it when Sam is in the kitchen getting popcorn out of the microwave, he will say it when he's naked and writhing in Dean's lap. It is astronomically hot. Nobody knows more than that kid how much it's gonna hurt. How it won't fit, can't possibly fit, how likely it is that his delicate skin will tear and burn. And he's there saying he wants it. No, he's saying he wants Dean to give it to him. And that cannot possibly be true.

He is so beautifully fucked up, and it's all for Dean. Forgive him, but he's gonna take his time.

He fingers him for the first time when Sam is in the room. Doesn't seem very careful, he knows, but it was very, very fucking hot. They're in the living room in the dark, and Dean has put on *The Princess Bride*, a movie that Sam loves but Cas has never seen. (He...he might need to watch it again after this. Or maybe he won't want to.) Sam is lying on his left side with his head on Dean's lap, and he's drifting in and out of sleep. Cas is lying on Dean's

right, but facing the other way, so that his head is resting on the arm of the couch, and his knees are tucked up to the side. Dean has (thoughtfully) draped each boy in a fuzzy little throw blanket (Batman for Sam, Cars for Cas), so Sam can't see that Dean has worked Cas's pajama pants and underwear down to his thighs. He did that part while Sam was awake, still chatting about the movie with Cas. Who was helpfully lifting his hips, pushing the cloth down. When Sam's eyes drift shut, Dean sends his fingers into Cas's warm wet mouth. He is already hard; he can't help but love how close Sam's face is to his erection, the hot little breaths through his pajama pants.

He's only going to use his pinky on Cas, but he makes him suck each one. In turn he takes Cas's little hand and is lovingly kissing it, sucking at the fingers, kissing and licking the little palm. He puts Cas's hand (limp, waiting for his direction like a doll) back under his blanket and nudges Cas's legs apart slightly, so he can place it on his soft little dick. He helps at first, showing Cas what he wants, touching him until he feels the itty-bitty hard-on. Cas's eyes are somewhere above the TV as he jerks himself for Dean; he'll cover his mouth with the blanket when he starts to breathe harder.

Dean takes his hand back and works a bottle of lube out of his pocket. Sam makes a sexy little grunt of protest, stirring in his lap, and Dean strokes his hair until he stills. His fingers are spit-wet, but he'll do better for his baby. He uncaps the lube, watching Sam for movement, and liberally coats his pinky, getting it on his other fingers, too. He slides under Cas's blanket and up the back of his naked thighs, pushing between small, chubby cheeks to rub up and down. The space is small, with Cas on his side that way, but he manages. He finds the object of his desire, and spends time circling it with his index finger.

When the outside of Cas's hole is well slicked, he changes to his pinky and begins to dip in between circles. He feels his hand get pressed in and realizes that Cas is clenching. He moves his hand to stroke Cas's little bottom, giving a gentle squeeze, climbs up his body to tap his shoulder. When Cas looks he shakes his head, mouths the word *Relax*. He slides his hand back down Cas's body, stopping to caress his tiny sack, liking the way the little body squirms in response. He slips his hand over his bare hip and back down the little crevice. Circling, dipping, and slowly starting to press. And then it happens...suddenly there is a slick little rim around just the tip of his finger. Dean has to close his eyes; he wishes he could grind against Sammy's sleeping face but he'd probably explode if he did.

Immediately it clenches, pushing him back out, but Dean is nothing if not persistent. Eventually he's up to the first knuckle. He hears the softest of muffled squeaks from Cas and he stills, watching Sam. He checks on Cas's face and realizes he's stopped jerking himself and has both hands pressed against his mouth, eyes squinched shut. He takes his finger out and pulls one of Cas's hands back, pressing it between his legs. Cas gives him a look that is both plea and apology, and he strokes his face, pushes his hair back. *Relax*, he tells him again, and tickles his back for a bit with his blunt nails. He tickles down over his small ass and this time he's able to start sawing his pinky in and out slowly. Then he pushes to the hilt and leaves it, hoping Cas will jerk himself to completion if he doesn't distract him. He wishes he could whisper encouragements, help him, but he can't with Sam there. Nevertheless, his patience is rewarded when he feels the muscle around his finger clenching and unclenching, little hips jerking, actually fucking his finger with the movement.

Such a good boy.

Dean is quick to grip Cas's wrist, making sure he doesn't wipe any baby come on his blanket. He could make Cas clean it, but he's greedy; he wants it for himself. Still, he has to be silent about his work, mindful of Sam. Sure enough, Sam is sitting up and Dean slyly returns Cas's hand where it belongs, not letting Cas jerk away in a panic that might draw more notice.

"Aw, you let me miss Inigo's best part!"

"Oh yeah, what part's that?" he asks casually then grabs Sam and tickles him, growling in a terrible accent, "'Hello! My name is Inigo Montoya..." Sam chimes in, giggling, for the rest. "'You killed my father...prepare to die!'"

And then Sam is trying to wrestle free while Dean tickles him and messes his hair. "Gross, your hand is greasy, what'd you eat?!" He squirms free while Dean's still processing the question. "Hey, Cas!" Dean widens his eyes when Sam jumps on top of Cas, sitting on him and giggling. "Did you like it? It's great, right?"

"Get off me, Sam," Cas mutters and Sam immediately slips off. He seems to realize that Sam is still looking at him expectantly, "What? Oh...it was great...really..." he trails off distractedly, not seeming to realize and Sam is frowning.

He opens his mouth to say something but Dean interrupts. "All right, I'm out of here. Make sure you brush your teeth after all that crap you ate."

"You were the one who ate it all, Dean," Sam quips and Dean gives the back of his head a playful shove on his way out.

He only has to wait 5 minutes before Cas meets him in the bathroom. Takes his dick out. Begins to suck and lick and stroke. "That's my boy...oh, God, that's my good boy..."

He will fuck this good boy, his so-called crush, but you can't rush these things. You take your time, draw it out, enjoy all the nuances. That way when the time finally comes (ha) you will look back and say...

It was worth it.

When Cas Socializes (He Needs Help)

Chapter Summary

Cas acts a little strange at school, and Sam asks Dean to help.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is at least partly because of a comment by sylvia24, who wanted to know more about Dean's threats. Hope it's satisfactory ;)

Castiel is at school and it's lunch time. He's sitting by himself on a small, grassy incline under a tree, as far away from the other kids as he can get. He can look down on a good portion of the playground from here if he wants. He sees kids climbing on the colorful jungle gym, or running around doing Cas doesn't know what. It's not something he has any memory of ever being a part of, not a big group like that anyway. He thinks about the few friends he had before moving here (Balthazar, Uriel), but stops right away. Not safe to think about that time (*Mommy, please don't say I told--*).

It's a pretty day out, though. The sky is blue and the air is crisp. Cas is having an off day, and it's making him uneasy. He thought he could sit here in the shade, close his eyes, and try to rest. His lunch is untouched in the brown paper bag beside him. If Sam comes by and sees it, he'll make Cas eat. Which is fine by Cas, it's just that on his own when he eats sometimes he thinks of things his stomach doesn't like (*harsh, bitter taste in his mouth, sliminess on his tongue...no, no, don't*) But it's an off day; he's already thinking about how he threw up that first time, when Dean let him go to the bathroom, and brushed his teeth so Dean wouldn't know. He threw up in front of Dean once, too. He was...pretty mad...he grabbed Cas, said...

No, NO, not HERE...favorite comics: Ultimate Spiderman, Fantastic Four, Silver Surfer, Superman... He shuts his eyes and concentrates and after a bit of repetition, his breathing starts to slow, his shaking subsiding. Now the tears want to come, but he swallows hard and focuses on sending his mind someplace safe. Sam, Sam in the meadow, he has his compass, he's saying, 'C'mon, Cas, this way!' and Cas is running, Cas is laughing...

"Hey, Castiel...can I sit with you?" It's April Kelly, a pretty little red-headed girl, and one of the most popular girls in their grade. Several yards away, a group of girls watches her progress with undisguised interest. She glances back, throws her friends a self-assured smile over her shoulder and gives a little hair toss. All of which is wasted on Cas.

She's right in front of him but he doesn't hear her. He's very, very far away, and, in fact, he's busy. He's with Sam...there's this really tall tree at the edge of the meadow and it shocks both of them when Cas is the better climber. He's at least three branches higher than Sam, who is determinedly trying to catch up, and Cas is laughing, telling Sam to go climb a bush or something more his level, and then Sam looks up and says...

April shakes his shoulder. "Castiel, are you sleeping? I asked if I could sit with you. You look so lonely."

He opens his blue eyes and looks at her with the piercing, alien gaze he's becoming known for. This, girls approaching him, is happening more and more. There is something about Castiel now, and it's more than Sam's clothes (Dean was the one behind that phenomenon; he used to replace Cas's clothes in his overnight bag with Sam's, but now he just gives Cas what he wants him to wear.) It's the way Cas carries himself, which is different than all the other boys, distant and mysterious. Even the flat way he looks at the other kids, like inside he's older than ten and knows things they can't know. He was spacey and uncertain at the start of the school year; now it's like the other kids don't exist for all he cares, like everything about them is beneath his concern.

"So...so can I?" April asks, and while she was pretty confident when she first approached, she sounds nervous now. "I...I notice you haven't eaten yet. I brought food, too." She holds out a pink lunch bag, one of the kinds that's silver inside and keeps things cold.

Cas continues to stare, letting his gaze travel over her red hair, her white blouse (*no boobs yet*), and denim skirt. "Sure, you can stay."

She beams a smile with more than a little triumph in it, and sits demurely, legs to the side. She starts to open her lunch bag. "Thanks! Tracey said you would say no, but I told her—"

"Why don't you open your legs so I can see up your skirt?" Cas asks her, looking unblinking into her eyes.

April pauses, she's still kind of smiling but her brow wrinkles in confusion. "I...what? What did you say?"

"If you sit with your back to the playground, no one will see," Cas explains patiently, still watching her closely; her smile is gone. "Just pull your underwear to the side, you don't have to take them off. Do you want me to do it? I can do it so they can't tell."

April's lower lip starts to tremble, her face turns red and she looks at her lap. "Stop it."

"But you like me. Right?" Cas tilts his head to the side, frowning a little. "I want to see your pussy. I'll touch it if you want."

April starts to cry. "Stop it, Castiel! I'm...I'm telling!"

And she's running away and Cas is pretty confused. If she liked him, she shouldn't mind showing him her privates, and she should want him to touch her and make her feel good. But April is running to her friends and she's still crying and they're crowding around her. He

sees Sam approach them, and April is yelling something. Then Sam is hugging her, and Cas wonders if she likes Sam now. Maybe Sam can explain this. He's already looking at Cas and his face is all worried. He always looks at Cas like that now.

Sam runs over and Cas takes out his tuna sandwich. He knows that's what Sam'll want him to do.

"Cas, what the heck?! What did you do to April?" Sam is standing over him but he doesn't look mad, he looks...freaked out.

"I asked her to show me her pussy, Sam. I thought she liked me, so..."

"Her pus..." Sam can't even finish he's so shocked (though later he might be a little impressed that Cas used that word). "Cas, are you crazy? You can't talk to girls like that. You scared April. You scared her really bad!"

"I...scared her?" Cas looks...interested is the best word. He sends a curious gaze over to where April is now crying in front of a lunch lady (who is looking grimly in Cas's direction). "*I* scared her?"

"Cas, stop it, Cas, look at me, please!" Sam kneels in front of him, cups his face, and his aquamarine eyes look pained. Cas frowns, feels a pang from somewhere deep. "What's wrong, Cas, this isn't you...it's like...you're so different, you don't like anything anymore, you don't care. What's happening to you?"

He pulls gently out of Sam's grasp and looks away in case his eyes have clues in them (*When you see Sam again you might feel like telling him what you saw, Cas...do you know what I'd do then?*) "Nothing, Sam. I won't say that to girls anymore. I...I didn't mean to."

"Castiel Novak! Young man, you are in deep trouble!"

Sam glances behind him at the approaching angry woman (Miss Hester is her name; prim and proper and not a big fan of boys to begin with) and back at Cas. "It's gonna be okay, Cas. We'll talk later, okay? I'll help you."

On impulse, Cas hugs his friend and stands up to face Miss Hester. He doesn't look worried to be in trouble. He doesn't look anything.

"I'm fine, Sam. Everything's fine."

* * *

"He's not fine, Dean."

It's after school and Sam is cuddled in Dean's lap on the couch, where Dean put him when he came home so upset. "He seems okay to me..."

“No, he’s not!” Sam says impatiently, and Dean reminds himself that if he doesn’t want a total pussy for a brother, he has to let some sass go. “He doesn’t wanna eat...he used to be tired a lot but now he falls asleep at school, even in class sometimes! And if I didn’t go make him, he wouldn’t do his homework at all! That’s—that’s not like him!” Sam looks at Dean and his blue-hazel eyes swim with tears. “What’s happening to him, Dean?”

“Look, Sammy, that’s not really...I mean he does have a mom, and his teacher will probably...”

“No!” Sam pushes out of his lap impatiently and Dean forces himself to let him. “Nobody cares but me and you, Dean. Mrs. Lind always acts like he’s supposed to fail and his Mom... sh-she forgets him a lot. I went there last week, she forgot to make dinner and he didn’t tell her! I made him mac and cheese and I made him eat it!”

“You know how to make mac and cheese?” Sam glares at Dean and he sighs, watching his little brother pace. “Look, kid, you know I love Cas”...*his ass, anyway...love that thing...*“but what do you want me to do? I’m not his parent, I’m not a counselor. I kinda have my hands full bringin’ you up.”

Sam’s look softens and he throws himself back on Dean. “But you’re my big brother. You fix everything, Dean. Can’t you help him? Please, he’s...he’s my best friend, and I...” Sam tucks his face in Dean’s shoulder so he won’t see the tears drop, but Dean can feel them through his shirt. “I don’t know what to do.”

Dean presses a kiss to his head, rubbing his back soothingly. “Okay, little brother, I got you. I’ll talk to him, all right? C’mon, wipe your sissy tears and go get him, have him over for dinner. That way we’ll make sure he eats.”

“Shut up, I’m not a sissy!” Sam says gruffly, but he presses a loud kiss to Dean’s cheek and hugs tight. “Thanks, Dean. I know you can help him. If he had a big brother like you, he’d be okay. That’s what he needs.”

Dean smiles. “Yeah, maybe.” He smacks Sam lightly on the ass and pushes him off his lap. Sam runs to get his beleaguered friend, hope in his worried little heart.

“You’re doing a really bad job, Cas.”

Dinner with Cas was yesterday: Dean made hotdogs, beans, and the frozen vegetables that Sam insisted he include and under his watchful eye, Cas had eaten plenty. But Cas is suspended from school today (*told a girl to show him her pussy, fucking awesome*), so Dean suggested that he stop by for a chat. Amelia would probably actually object this time (that was a pretty shocking call she received from Miss Hester...wait until she gets the one from April’s mom). But she’s at work and doesn’t know.

They’re in Dean’s room, and this time Dean is sitting on the bed with a fully clothed Cas in his lap. “I’m really disappointed.” Dean’s eyes are hooded and dark, his face expressionless.

Cas feels terror spike through his ordinary numbness. "I...I'm..."

"I'll tell you what you're doing. You're fucking up at school. You're not eating, so you're getting too skinny when you should be healthy, like Sam. You're acting weird around him. And I just have a question for you, Cas." Dean shoves him onto the bed on his hands and knees and stands behind him. Cas lets out a whimper of fear, scrumptious little sound that Dean hasn't heard in a while. "What the fuck did I say would happen if you told Sam?"

"I didn't tell Sam, I didnt!!" Cas's voice is shrill with panic. Dean helps by undoing Cas's pants, pulling them and his underwear down to his knees, getting that little whimper again. Cas bites his lips so he won't beg. *Not allowed to say no, have to want this...relax, relax...* "Dean, pleeeaaase, I didn't telll," he moans in fear.

Dean smacks his ass once, but good and hard, gets the hurt cry he was looking for. He sucks his middle finger (he thought of going in dry but he thinks his finger would slide right off. Still, this lesson requires no lube). He finds Cas's asshole and wriggles until he can get past the rim, shoving in roughly. Cas yelps in pain and Dean smiles. If he's honest, he really missed this. He puts a knee on the bed and spits on his hand, starts working a second finger in (somewhat slowly; he has no intention of tearing flesh today). He bends and puts his lips next to Cas's ear, two fingers officially moving in and out now. "Now...what...the fuck...did I say?"

Cas is red-faced and straining, his eyes shut tightly against the burning ache, so much worse without the stuff Dean uses, breathing hard and whining. "Y-you...s-said..." He can't, though, he can't speak and endure this at the same time, he whines louder and tears slip down his face.

Dean stops sawing, but leaves his fingers in. "Try again, Cas," he says gently.

It takes a minute and a few more helpless noises but he starts. "Y-you would..."

"Will," Dean corrects.

Cas gasps, shoulders shaking with effort, his front half falls to the bed, bottom still lifted. "You..will...beat, beat a-and f-fuck us both and...and m-make..." he trails off, makes a hopeless little sound.

"And make...?" Dean says softly...he strokes his fingers once, twice, can't help it. He loves how they look stuffed in that tiny baby ass.

"A-and make...us..." he starts crying harder. "...make us have sex...t-together, together."

Dean takes his fingers out, wipes against Cas's pants and pulls the boy up again on his knees. "That's right, beat and fuck you both and make you have sex together," he says tenderly. He pulls up Cas's underpants and pants, buttoning him up. Then he scoops Cas into his arms and sits. "And that was only one thing I said, right? I said a lot of things I could...or will do if Sam finds out. Isn't that right?"

Cas snuffles and nods, shuddering. He's thinking of the one where he doesn't live, and Dean takes Sam away with him.

"So, why are you being such a bad boy then, Cas?" He rocks Cas like a baby, one arm hooked under his knees, the other behind his back. "You promised you'd be so good."

"Dean, I'm tryyyyyyyyyying," Cas whines, bursting into fresh tears, and he presses against Dean's chest, clinging to him desperately. "I tryyy and I tryyy to be good, Dean, I don't...I dunno know what to dooo...pleeeaaase don't...don't want...I didn't tell..."

"Shhhh, my baby, little baby angel, you're so scared, huh? Scared so bad, huh, baby?" Dean rocks him, soothes him, "I know, I know. Shh. You didn't mean it, right? You want to be my good little angel, right?"

Cas pulls back, sniffing and nodding, looking desperate. "Wanna be good, Dean! Want so bad..."

"Shh, that's a good boy. How about I help you, okay? How about I give you a few rules to follow? It's not your fault, is it, baby? You didn't know any better how to act so Sam doesn't find out, huh? You need my help."

Cas nods some more, still catching his breath. "Please help, Dean...don't *want* him to know...I..I promise." He coughs a little and Dean pats and strokes his back. He reaches for the bottled water he keeps at his bedside and sits Cas up enough to help him take a sip.

"That's my good baby," Dean presses gentle kisses to wet cheeks, ignores the impulse to lick. He puts the water back and takes a tissue from his night table (*gonna have to buy those in bulk*). He wipes lightly at Cas's eyes, holds the tissue for him to blow his nose. "Okay, little angel, you ready? The first rule is you have to take good care of this body so I can use it, right? So that means you have to eat, breakfast, lunch, and dinner at least, baby. And if the school has a snack for you, you eat that, too. I know they give out milk, I want you to drink it. Okay? Can you remember that one?"

"Yes, Dean," Cas says softly, still pressed against Dean. He can't help but lean into these cuddles, this gentle treatment, so rare, like balm on all his fear and pain.

"Sure, you can, my smart little angel," he presses a kiss to his hair. "Another rule is you have to do your homework every day. You can come do it with Sam, or you can have Sam at your house, but you have to do it. No more forgetting. You do it because I say so. If you have a hard time concentrating, you find Sam or you can come sit with me and do it. Okay?" he jostles him lightly. "Still with me, baby?"

Cas had his eyes closed, but he opens them now and Dean sees how alert he is; he doesn't dare zone out on these rules. "Yes, sorry, yes, Dean. I'll do my homework."

Dean kisses his lips, but closed mouth at least, and hugs him. "Good, baby, very good. Sam says you're really tired, huh? You're so tired, baby? Why don't you sleep at night time when you're supposed to?"

Cas's eyes slide sideways, his lips tighten...this is a tough one and he has to be careful. "I... it's scary in the n-night."

Dean clicks his tongue sympathetically. "Because of your mean ex-boyfriend, that's right. Hmm. I can help you with that, baby. How about I give you Sam's special medicine? If your bedtime is 9, you take it at 8:30. It doesn't taste very good, but it'll make you so sleepy, baby, and you won't even have dreams." (Dean has no idea if that's true, but fuck it. This is a good idea.) "I'll teach you how to take it, Cas, and then you have to promise you'll never, ever take more than I tell you."

Cas looks at him, wanting to prolong this part where Dean is being nice. "What happens if you take too much?"

Dean frowns, caressing Cas's face. "You'd get really, really sick and your head will hurt and you'll throw up a lot. Don't break that rule, Castiel. If you hurt yourself...I'd think you were trying to get away from me. We know I wouldn't like that, huh?"

Cas presses closer, Dean feels another shudder run through him. "I won't, Dean."

"Mmm, I know, baby," Dean kisses his temple and rocks him some more, thinking. "Cas, you know how you like to play pretend with Sam? Well, I need you to play a big long game of pretend around everybody but me. It's hard, I know, but it's one of the rules, so I want you to do it."

"What...what do I pretend to be?" Cas asks him fearfully, tensing up again; this rule sounds really hard.

"Pretend you're not a slut, baby. Pretend you're not my boyfriend, and you're the way you were before."

Cas stares at him, eyes shining with raw anguish. "But Dean--!"

Dean tightens his fingers warningly, digging slightly, and Cas cuts off. "I'm not saying it's easy, Cas. But you have to. And if you don't, you're gonna get in big fucking trouble."

Cas whimpers, ready to start crying again, and Dean hushes him, gentling his touch, pressing kisses over closed eyes. "It's not that bad, Cas, the rules I already gave you are going to help you pretend. Right? No more being too skinny, no more falling asleep at school or forgetting to do your work. That's pretending, too."

"It is?" Cas whispers, looking so worried and young.

"Sure, sweetness, it is," Dean hugs him close, breathing in his scent, baby sweat and tears.

"And when you're with Sam..." Dean thinks a moment, kissing the top of Cas's head.

"How about when you're with Sam, that can be your safe time?"

Cas blinks at Dean and there's a spark of hope in his eyes. "Safe?" It's tiny, though; Dean could snuff it with a look.

He chooses not to, for the moment. “Yeah. No more boyfriend stuff when you’re with Sam, except after he goes to bed on Sleepover Night. Would you like that baby?”

It’s a trick question and Cas is young, not stupid. “No, Dean, always wanna do boyfriend things with you.”

Dean laughs (this shit does *not* get old). “I know you do, my baby angel. I do, too. But we’ll still have lots of times together, when Sam’s other friends come by, and we have our special nights.” He kisses Cas long and lingering; Cas opens up immediately. Satisfied, he pulls back. “But I think if you’re always safe when Sam is near you, you’ll be able to pretend around him.”

“Okay, Dean,” Cas says softly; he wants Dean to be right, he wants some time to feel safe... he remembers feeling safe with Sam, feeling good with him. *Still gross, still bad, still wrong, how do I...?*

“Do you think you can remember all your new rules, baby? I really need you to do a lot better now. Why don’t you say them back for me.”

“Eat all my meals and snacks at school,” Cas recites obediently, voice still a little hoarse. “Do my homework every day. Take Sam’s medicine before I go to bed the way you tell me to. Pretend I’m not a slut.”

No hesitation anymore for that, Dean’s impressed. “Good boy. What do you say for the gift I gave you? No more boyfriend time when you’re with my Sammy?”

“Thank you, Dean,” Cas says, and tries to sit up. Dean lets him, so he can hug Dean, kiss him on the lips. He hugs him a second time as tight as he can, and Dean can feel his need, his longing...feeling magnanimous, he hushes him some more, rubbing his back. “That’s my good boy...baby angel.”

When he ends it (gently), Cas pulls back. “Should I take my clothes off now, Dean?” he touches the bottom of his shirt.

“Actually, sweetheart, why don’t you take a nap in Sammy’s bed, okay? He’ll be home in a few hours. If you’re still asleep, he can wake you up. Would you like that?”

“Yes, thank you, Dean.” Although Dean has a little trouble letting him go, and they kiss and touch for a while.

A Little Boy, His Mommy, and a Man

Chapter Summary

The story of Cas and Jimmy, (and what happens when Dean misses Cas)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Once there was a Little Boy who had a Mommy but no Daddy. The Mommy was nice, but she worked hard and was sad, so the Boy tried his best to be good for her. Then the Mommy met a Man, and she was happy all the time. And the Man was nice, so the Boy was happy, too. The Man said, *'How can you be only seven?! You seem so grown up, the way you take care of your mom!'* And the Boy was proud, because he always tried to be a good, big boy for his Mommy.

Then the Man came to live with the Boy and his Mommy and they were even happier. The Mommy was still busy and tired, but the Man didn't work and he spent lots of time with the Boy. They played Trouble and Twister endlessly, and the Man never got bored. They got up early and watched Saturday morning cartoons and the Man made him waffles. They took showers and brushed teeth and hair together, and when the Man trimmed his scruffy beard, the Little Boy pretended to shave, too. And whenever the Man took the Boy places (and he was *always* taking him places), when someone would say *'what a beautiful boy you have'* or *'your son is so polite'*, the Man never said, *'Oh, that's not my son.'* He always said *'Why, thank you'*, and hugged the Boy up as if he was really his Daddy. And the Little Boy would glow.

The Little Boy thought he loved the Man very much.

The Mommy couldn't always tuck the Little Boy into bed, because she was a waitress and sometimes that means working late. It used to be a little sad, but then it was okay, because the Man always did it. And the Boy would never say it, but the Man was better at it than the Mommy, because when he read a story he always did all the voices. Then he would rub and tickle the Boy's back until he fell asleep.

Except one time he woke up cold, and the Man was taking his pajamas off. The Boy was confused, but the Man said he had an accident and it was okay. The Boy realized his pajamas were wet and sticky, and he got really embarrassed. He was a big boy and those things didn't happen anymore. But the Man comforted him, took him to the bathroom and cleaned him up. It took so long that the Boy fell asleep standing. And when the Man put him back to bed, he promised the accident could be their secret. The Boy was grateful.

Then the Man started to tickle more than his back after stories. If the Mommy was home, the Man came back later to do it, even if he woke the Little Boy. The Boy knew what 'bad touching' was and told him so, but the Man said that it wasn't bad if it felt good and if the two people really loved each other. The Man said he really loved the Little Boy, and he looked so sad. He said he always wanted to have a son. And the Boy said okay because he wanted the Man to smile again, and it was his most secret wish to have a Daddy. The Man was so happy with the Little Boy. He said these things are between men, and the Little Boy should never tell his mother about it, because she would be sad and feel left out. The Little Boy agreed, because he remembered when the Mommy was sad and he hated it. The Man said he should call him Daddy, but only when the Mommy wasn't around.

It started with the Man touching under the Boy's pajamas, but soon he was only happy if he could take them all the way off. Sometimes the Little Boy got cold, but the Man was pretty sure his touching could warm him enough. It didn't always, but the Boy had the feeling the Man didn't want to hear about it. Then came a day when the Man opened his own pants, too, and took his thing out. He was touching it and he wanted the Little Boy to touch it. But the Little Boy was really scared, and this time he said No.

The Man acted really disappointed in the Boy, and he got really sad again. He said it wasn't fair if only one person got all the good feelings and the other person didn't. And when the Boy said he didn't want any more good feelings, the Man said it was too late, and he owed him. The Man told him this is how Daddies and sons show they love each other and he guessed the Little Boy would never have a Daddy. And when he started to cry, the Man said, *'you can cry, but cry quiet like a big boy.'* And so he started touching the Man, who made funny noises and then sprayed white sticky stuff all over the Little Boy.

The Man really liked that and he made the Boy do it a lot. Sometimes even in the day time, if the Mommy wasn't around, or in the car. The Man was always talking about how pretty the Boy was, how much he loved the Little Boy, but he was saying it weird. He started giving the Boy the same kisses he gave the Boy's Mommy. Then he started kissing the Mommy less and the Little Boy more. The Little Boy started trying to make the Mommy stay with them, or make up reasons not to go places with the Man. But the Mommy didn't understand, and she would get upset with the Boy. And the Man kept saying, *'you can't tell her...you'll make her so sad, she'll die.'* And the Boy remembered her sad, and he didn't tell.

Then the Man wanted the Little Boy to put his mouth where his pee comes out and the Little Boy said No again, and meant it. But the Man got really mad, which the Boy had never seen before. He grabbed the Little Boy and forced his thing in the Boy's mouth. The Little Boy choked and tried to scream but the thing filled up his whole mouth and he couldn't breathe. The Man was saying this was what he got for being a bad Boy, and that if he didn't start doing what he was told, the Man would do it this way every time. But the Boy got sick all over the Man's thing, and neither the Man nor his thing seemed to like that too much. He waited a few weeks and tried again, but the Boy got sick a second time.

So the Man said he would put his thing in a different place. He said it was gonna hurt, but it was the Boy's fault because he wouldn't use his mouth. The Man didn't seem sad though, he seemed really excited. He made the Boy lie down with his knees on his chest and he put Vaseline on his bottom. The Man put some on his fingers and started really hurting the Boy.

The Little Boy started to scream and cry, but the Man took a stuffed bear and jammed the arm in the Boy's mouth, far enough to make him gag. He held it there with one hand while the other kept up the torment. The Boy tried to struggle, but the Man used his weight to hold him still. Then the Man flipped him on his stomach, held him down, and he felt his body rip apart. The next thing the Boy knew, he was still on his bed but the bear and the man were gone. He was in the worst pain of his life and there was thick wetness coming out of him.

The Man was really scared, and when he snatched the Boy off the bed to bring him to the bathroom, the Boy almost passed out again from the pain. The Man pressed a towel against the Boy's bottom while he filled the tub. He put the Little Boy in the water, which turned cloudy red almost immediately. The Boy was howling, but his Mommy wasn't home. Nobody could hear him but the Man, who kept yelling at him to ***Shut Up!*** The Man was gathering up the Boy's sheets and rolling them into a ball. By the time the Man had the Boy out of the tub and was alternating between pressing gauze pads and an ice pack wrapped in a towel, the Boy wasn't making any more sounds. The pain faded to a dull, constant ache. The Man left the Boy alone on his bed wrapped in a blanket, and when the Boy heard his car leave, he wondered if he was ever coming back. When he did, he had cream that he said would help him get better and a pack of those diapers that get pulled up like underwear. Normally the Boy would've argued against baby diapers, but he let the Man dress him and didn't say or do anything at all. Then the Man held him and cried and said that if the Boy promised not to tell, he would never touch him again.

'Okay, Daddy,' said the Boy, and the Man even kept his promise for a while. He was so gentle and loving while the Boy's bottom healed, even though he fibbed to the Mommy about taking the Boy to the doctor. All the Mommy knew was that the Little Boy was having trouble going to the bathroom, and she was so happy to see the Little Boy wanting to be around the Man again. The Man took care of the Boy and his bottom got all better.

When it started up again, the Man was different. He would talk so very nice to the Boy, and he never got mad anymore. But no matter what, he would put the stuffed animal or pillow corner in the Boy's mouth, hold him down, and do what he wanted. He did it differently; he used greasier stuff, and he didn't go in as far, so the Boy didn't bleed as openly. But it hurt every single time, splitting him open, burning like there was acid inside his bottom. He couldn't play very much anymore, and it still hurt to go to the bathroom. The Man didn't care; he just made him drink something that made the stuff come out through the sore, raw little tunnel.

The Boy turned 8, and then 9, with the Man still climbing in his bed. The Man still acted nice, so the Boy still begged sometimes, but mostly he just put the stuffed animal or pillow in his mouth and cried. By then the Mommy was pretty sad, too. She and the Man were always arguing, because he didn't want to *be* with her anymore; she thought he wasn't in *love* with her anymore. He said he was and he was thinking of her because she was always so tired. He wanted her to take '*those pills the doctor gave you to help you sleep*'. But later he would tell the Boy that he was in love with the Boy and not his mother. And the Boy was really confused, because the Man still made him call him Daddy.

When Mommy was really unhappy, she kept telling the Man maybe he should leave and the Boy was so hopeful. But the Man tried to make up by taking her out and leaving the Boy

with a sitter. They came back late and went in the Mommy's room, making the weird noises like they used to. But the Man still came to see the Little Boy later. He smelled really bad, and was talking funny, like he couldn't get his words right. And he did it to the Little Boy almost as bad as the first time.

The next day the Man slept late and the Mommy heard the Little Boy on the toilet. She saw the blood and the Boy was forced at last to tell. The Mommy cried and held him and promised it wouldn't happen ever again. She cleaned him up and got the bleeding to stop, then set him in his room. She gave him the iPod Shuffle that he got for his 8th birthday and told him to put his music really loud. She said not to come out until she came to get him. And the Boy started to cry, because he was really scared for her.

But when she came back to get the Boy, the Man was gone from the house. She took the Boy to the doctor and the doctor called some nice policemen. The Man didn't live with them after that, but the Little Boy wasn't happy anymore. The Mommy was sadder than the Little Boy had ever seen her, and when the school year was over, she said, '*We need a fresh start.*' So the Little Boy and his Mommy moved away to a nice small town in Kansas. The Little Boy started a new school, where he met another sweet Little Boy, named Sam.

Who lived with his big brother, Dean.

* * *

So, it's been a couple of days, and Dean is really fucking horny. He had to back off Cas a bit with the new 'Not Around Sam' rule, and it's actually pissing him off a little. Oh, he'll stick to it; he still thinks it's a good idea. But don't you know that little shit is taking advantage?

The first problem is that he doesn't always sit on Dean's lap or even next to Dean when he's with Sam now. Even if Sam does, Cas will ignore them and sit on the love seat. Or wherever they're not. It makes Sam a little uncomfortable, as though Cas is growing out of cuddling Dean, while Sam is not. So then Sam will sometimes move off of Dean. This makes Dean want to spank Cas every time Sam leaves the room. Cas seems to know that this is iffy behavior, so he switches it up. But Dean isn't a big believer in behaving some of the time.

Problem number 2 is that Cas made another friend.

His new friend is a younger boy named Kevin Tran that Sam hangs out with sometimes; a little Asian kid who somehow manages to be even fucking nerdier than the other two. It's mindboggling. Like Dean can't with this kid; he looks at his face and is instantly fucking bored. (He does imagine fucking his extra tiny body though...kid's in their grade but he's like 8. Fucking delicious. What? He's not gonna do it. Fairly sure he's not.)

Having a second friend means that Cas is now outside sometimes when Sam has his little crowd over. Cas and Kevin don't mix with the rest, but wander off and do math or read old books, or stick light sabers up each other's asses (okay, that one he'd kind of like to see.)

That's what he's doing during time that should belong to Dean. He doesn't say a word about it, but he'll punish him just the fucking same. Don't you worry about that.

It's just that Dean believes a punishment works best when one's guard is down. When one is congratulating one's stupid shit self on getting something over. Especially on *somebody* that *one* should know by now *never* to fuck with. It's fine, though, it's great. Dean does not mind driving this point home as many times as it takes.

So he fades a little to the back. And waits.

Sure enough, the three dorks come up with the shittiest way to spend a Saturday in the history of man, and they're just super excited about it. Mrs. Tran is going to pick Sam and Cas up at the Winchesters', and drive them to the Natural History Museum. For fun! I mean, yeah, sure, Dean went there as a kid with his class, and he liked all the fossils and whatnot. But what kind of geeks go on their own time? He makes fun of Sam relentlessly, and must admit that Sam is kind of charming in his enthusiasm. He gives him some money (Sam's allowance is small compared to his, which is supposed to make up for the fact that he isn't allowed to get a job) because he wants him to come back all decked out in dinosaur stuff. Sam is probably too mature for that, but Dean likes the image.

Cas is excited about it, too. Well, for Cas. So, slightly less mopey, with the occasional half-smile, when he remembers where he is and who he's talking to and what they're talking about. Honestly, he could be a little less gloomy given how often he gets his dick sucked by Dean. Lots of people would kill to be him, yet Dean saves his lips for sweet little Cas. That fuck.

So Sam is waiting wriggly little puppy style by the front windows in the hall, watching for Mrs. Tran. Dean is helpfully waiting on the back steps. He has a machete (as one does sometimes) and he's sharpening it with a field sharpening stone. He likes the sound it makes. He does not look up as Cas approaches, but Cas stops anyway expectantly, eyes on Dean, body already tense. He should probably relax that shit. "Hello, beautiful."

Cas reddens and looks around quickly, as though to hint to Dean that there's a good reason he can't kiss him right now. "Hello, Dean."

"Excited for today, baby angel?"

Cas swallows and looks at his shoes. He already knows. "I...no, Dean," his lower lip trembles, "I was hoping I could stay with you."

Dean grins like the devil, lifts his lashes to look at Cas. "Then go tell 'em you ain't feelin' good, baby."

He nods and brushes past Dean on his way into the house. Dean holds the door open to listen, but all he hears is Sam's best kicked puppy voice. A horn beeps out front and Sam calls his good-bye, probably giving it an extra minute just in case Dean is coming for a hug and a kiss. But Dean's already in an entirely different mode. He sheathes his machete and tosses it to himself, catching the handle every time. He hangs it on a hook (needs his hands free) and strolls in to the front of the house.

Cas is standing at the front hall in front of an entryway table. He's just standing there, watching his friends and Mrs. Tran chatting and laughing in the car, but his body tenses as Dean enters the room. Dean walks up behind him and slides his arms around him, trapping his arms against his sides. He leans down (kid is so short!) and presses his lips against Cas's ear. "It's a good thing, baby," he grinds Cas into the table, letting him feel how hard and ready he is. "I know you've missed this, huh? And today's a special day, after all...gonna fuck you today Cas. You've been wanting this big dick so long, and today's the day, right?"

"Yes, Dean," Cas says, and his voice only shakes a little. "Can't wait for you to fuck me."

"Mmm," he moves his hands down to Cas's hips. The car is still in front of the house; if any of them look over, there is only a sheer white curtain between them, Cas, and the looming figure of Dean behind him. But they don't turn. "Wave good-bye to your fucking friends, Cas," Dean growls, and slams Cas down onto the table.

Chapter End Notes

I realize the second half doesn't have much going on; but Dean is ready to fuck Cas, and I wasn't going to rush it. I wanted to show Cas's sexual history, such as it is (brutal, kid barely got a break), so that you might get an idea where his head could be right now, with this about to happen. Hope you enjoyed ;)

Eat You All Up (So There's Nothing Left)

Chapter Summary

Dean thinks Cas could stand to be a little less Cas. And he rapes him.

(There is no Cas in this chapter. Only Dean and what he does to him.)

Dean strokes his hands up over Cas's back, under his t-shirt. He still loves how soft the skin is, how delicate the bones, how his large calloused hands cover so much of the boy. Cas is bent over the table making helpless little sounds, and Dean is grinding against him, just using him like that. He leans over him and loves how the little body just irradiates fear. Fear of *him*, Dean Winchester, fear of the power he has over someone so young and defenseless. And he should be afraid.

Today he will be taken.

They're still in front of the window. If he lifts his eyes from the shaking little body, he can see the row of neat if slightly run-down homes. His neighbors are out in full weekend warrior mode, mowing lawns, staining decks, tending gardens, etc. All that ordinary suburban bullshit and he's here so close to them, molesting a terrified child. Their neighbor's child, in fact. *No, wait...* he sends a hand around, slides it down Cas's pants and underwear and cups his little boy parts, palming them, stroking...*now* he's molesting a child. *That's right, Mrs. Winslow, got a handful of baby dick right now.* Fact is, the Neighborhood Watch around here is a joke. It's always been that way. For as long as Dean can remember.

Dean is having an off day, but his version is nothing like Cas's. He's all keyed up and edgy; he can't distinguish his lust from his rage. When he looks at Cas he simultaneously sees something that he wants to steal for himself and something that already belongs to him; something that should fucking know that by now and *give it up*. You'd think he'd be used to this; he's been all over every inch of Cas in the last couple of months. Truth is it isn't enough. He needs to fuck this kid. He needs this, to own, to ruin and he's more than done waiting. He chose Cas because he'd already been fucked; he knew he'd break faster. But now he's obsessed with obliterating Jimmy's influence on Cas. Cas will think of Dean first in all things, even this. Especially this. Jimmy will be *nothing* to him and Dean will be *everything*.

He realizes he's growling as he runs his hands over the trembling boy, who no doubt thinks Dean is going to fuck right through his little body. For no real reason at all, he pulls Cas back and shoves him sideways to the floor, just this side of too hard, gets the childlike cry he wanted. "Take your fucking clothes off. Then get over here and suck my dick. Be quick about it, I wanna fuck your whiny mouth so you don't forget what that mouth is for." He unzips, takes his achingly hard dick out and strokes, keeping his eyes on the gorgeously

terrified boy. He has so little control when it comes to Cas, but if he comes, Cas'll just get him hard again. As many times as it takes.

Cas is shaking so badly he can barely get his clothes off, but then he's putting his flower pink lips around Dean's cock and Dean has to groan for him. He can get about two inches in now. He still gags all the time, has to stop and start again, but he's fucking ten, so Dean forgives him. His face is smaller than Dean's hand. So when Dean puts his hands in Cas's dark waves and fucks into his warm, wet little mouth, he curbs his rage, keeps to the space that Cas can mostly handle, even though it leaves most of his dick neglected. He wants Cas to get good at this, grow up sucking Dean's dick to perfection. That takes encouragement, not a damaged esophagus.

"Put your hands on it...ah...that's it. Fuck, gettin' good at this," his voice is dark, guttural. He tugs back a little and pushes Cas's head, his way of saying he wants that mouth licking and sucking down the shaft, pushing his face slowly down to his balls. "Lick my sack...oh *fuck*, baby...that's it, get it in that little mouth, 'swhat you're good for, right? Fucking babyslut..."

He's back in Cas's mouth in time to come, watching him choke, white come spurting out of the sides of his pretty lips, and down his chin, to his skinny chest. He grabs Cas by the hair while he's still sputtering. "Swallow," he growls, and Cas does, timidly swiping it from his own cheeks on tiny fingers into his pink little mouth, the way he knows Dean likes. Dean helps him, but the boy still has come on his neck and chest when Dean drops to his knees in front of him, still taller this way. He covers the boy's chest with one hand, rubbing the sticky come into his skin. "Cas, I'm gettin' real tired of the bullshit. I know you're just a kid, but I need you to start catchin' on to what we're doing here."

He crawls over Cas's small form like a predator over meat, forcing him down and back. He nips small, biting kisses to Cas's lips, neck, and chest, hearing frightened little gasps. He tastes himself all over the boy, just the way he should taste. Cas puts his little hands on Dean's firm chest, but he doesn't try to push, just looks pleadingly into Dean's eyes. "Dean???" he whines tearfully.

Sorry, Dean isn't taking requests. "I'm so fucking tired of you thinking about things that aren't me. Don't you understand yet?" His voice is low and he puts one hand around Cas's throat, slowly tightening his grip. The little boy starts to choke and kick and squirm, tiny fingers digging uselessly at Dean's hand, but Dean is implacable against him. "I *own* you. Everything about you is for me, and you will *never* get away. You could tell your Mommy and the police and the whole world, and it wouldn't stop me. Because. You're. Mine." He kisses Cas's lips while he's still choking him, loving the frantic struggles beneath him. He opens his hand and the kid gasps into his mouth. With impressive prowess, Dean is just suddenly standing. Cas curls on his side, choking, gulping in air, and Dean watches, looking more impassive than he actually feels. His heart is pounding; he knows he is losing his shit, and that isn't what he wants with Cas. The orgasm helped, took the edge off, but he needs more than that or he's going to do something he'll regret. *This fucking kid.*

"Kneel and wait for me," Dean tells him without looking back to see if he obeys. He heads to the living room to his father's liquor cabinet and grabs a half-finished bottle of whiskey.

His Dad won't say a word about it, pretty much stays out of Dean's way so long as Dean raises his younger son for him, he guesses. Dean takes a swig straight from the bottle and closes his eyes, letting it burn through him. Bottle in hand he stalks over and yanks the boy up by one skinny arm, making him cry out.

"Maybe you're just not mine enough, huh Cas? Fuckin' fix that right now." Drink in one hand, Fucktoy in the other, Dean literally drags Cas up the stairs to his room.

He flings Cas inside, slams and locks the door behind him. Sweeps green eyes, gone dark with hunger and fury, over the pale, delicate body of his trembling angel. He sees a red mark where he grabbed Cas's arm, realizes it will probably bruise. He's being careless but he can't deny he loves seeing it. If he could, he would bite and mark every inch of pale skin. Cas isn't crying, exactly; more like tears are seeping out that he isn't aware of; his baby teeth are actually chattering, and he seems to be having a hard time getting a decent breath.

Dean steps up close, invading his space, backing him until his bottom hits the bed and he gives a startled little cry. He flinches and whimpers when Dean's hand moves, but Dean just strokes his hair, tipping his head back lightly. "Need you to know something, Cas. I know you got fucked for a long time and you got away. But that's because that guy was a bitch, or you'd still be his. Understand? A real man would never..." he strokes Cas's face, "ever," runs a finger over his sweet lips, "let you go. Until he was done with you. Was he done with you, Cas?"

Cas swallows hard, his voice breathy, sounding even younger, "N-no, Dean."

"Didn't think so. Tired of lyin' to you, Cas. Let me tell you how it is, and you just gotta be a big boy and understand. Use some of those book-nerd smarts, 'kay?" Cas nods, sobbing a little; Dean takes that to mean he's taking it in. "I don't give a shit you're a little boy. I know you don't wanna do these things and I don't care. You're gonna do them or you're gonna get fucked up." He cups Cas's face in his hand. "Don't matter what you want anymore. Don't matter what anyone else thinks. All that matters to you is what I want. Every time you take a piss, you think about if that's what I want you to do. Everything you say, everywhere you go, you think about what I want from you. You do something I don't like, you tell me yourself and take your fucking punishment. Best assume I'm always followin' you, always watchin', just like that day in the woods." He tightens his grip; he'll leave marks here, too, if he doesn't let go fast enough. "Understand?"

"Y-yes," Cas sobs. "Please..." Dean lets go, caresses the little face, so beautiful and scared, forces a kiss into his mouth that Cas can't even begin to respond to.

"Time to fuck. Get on the bed." Dean tips the bottle to his lips and watches that naked little ass crawl; someone's improving.

Cas lies on the bed, bottom up, and tucks Dean's pillow into his mouth. His shoulders are shaking; Dean guesses he's crying.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Dean is momentarily nonplussed and then his green eyes narrow. He snatches the boy back up, hearing him yelp, and grabs him by the shoulders, digging in his fingers so the boy squirms in pain. He puts his face close to Cas's, grits out,

“That what you do for Jimmy, Cas?” Cas whimpers in fear. “You think he’s here with you? I’ll fucking see him *dead*, I’ll see you *both* dead first. *I’m* fucking you now, you got that?” He smacks Cas’s ass hard, squeezes, yanks his hand off in a way that leaves scratches. This kid is leaving with all kinds of marks today.

“Dean, yours, please, yours!!!” Cas begs incoherently, and it soothes something in Dean. He realizes he has to calm down, has to calm Cas down, or he really will rip him apart. And he doesn’t want to. He mostly doesn’t want to. Today.

Dean steps back, picks up the whiskey and drinks. On impulse, he tugs Cas over and pours whiskey into his mouth, pressing a hand over it to keep him from spitting it out as much as he can. “Uh-uh, swallow. That’s it...I know it burns.” He likes watching this baby drink hard liquor, likes seeing him cough and sputter. He likes seeing it spill down his naked body, where Dean can lick it up.

It’s so sexy that it calms him towards Cas for the first time today. He doesn’t give him much, and given how much he spits out, he probably got a shot’s worth. He’s not trying to get him sick (Cas doesn’t need any help in that department). “That’s gonna relax you, give it a minute. We gotta calm down, you and me, huh, baby?” He kisses him, gentler this time, letting Cas participate, open on his own. Both boys taste like come and whiskey and Dean loves it. Cas leans into the kiss almost desperately, as though he can convince Dean by that alone to please stop hurting and scaring him. “Here, Cas, a little more...good boy...gonna feel good, baby, you’ll see.” He licks the whiskey off Cas’s face, kissing down his neck to the hollow of his throat, and Cas sends tentative little arms up around Dean, making him hum into Cas’s neck, tickling him a bit.

He needs skin to skin, and starts to undress. He stands the boy up on the bed and draws him close. “Look, Cas, touch here...you’ll get muscles like this someday if you want.” He runs Cas’s hands over his abs, and this time when he lets go, Cas keeps touching, lightly, timidly running over each firm ridge. He still has tear tracks on his face but he’s not crying, and he looks at Dean for approval. Once again: How it Fucking Should Be 101.

“That’s it,” Dean tells him and gently pulls in his hips, sliding to knead the little bottom. “See how this works, baby? You do what I like, and I can be sweet to you.” With Cas standing on the bed, his little dick is pressed into Dean’s stomach. It isn’t hard, but Dean can fix that...he licks his palm and strokes; he’ll never get tired of how small Cas is, how fragile. He kisses the side of Cas’s neck, up to the tiny shell of his ear. “Such a pretty little dick, baby...gettin’ so hard for me.” Cas’s breathing gets unsteady for a different reason now, he lets out a little uncertain moan. “That’s it, baby...’s okay to like the parts that feel real good. ‘S’just us here, nobody’s gonna know but me.”

He stops to take the rest of his clothes off, climbs onto the bed with Cas, and turns them so Cas is on top. He pulls him down for kisses, stroking over his body, and before long he sees Cas’s movements become languid. “Grind your cock against me, baby...gonna feel so good.” And the boy scoots back on Dean’s body, until he’s sitting with Dean’s cock between his legs. He braces his hands on Dean’s hips and starts humping against him. Dean lifts up on his forearms to watch; it is the most wanton, fucked up thing he’s ever seen. With alcohol fogging up his brain, Cas is fucking against Dean like he never has, small face red with

effort, cute little furrow in his brow, letting out tiny kittenish sounds. Dean has to pull him off his dick or he'll lose it.

He tugs the boy up next to him and they full on make out; Cas tastes like whiskey, tears, come, and under that still the perfect clean taste of innocent little boy. Dean moans into his mouth and puts him on his back; he needs him. Cas lies pliant with his little legs spread, cheeks pink and flush, blue eyes glassy, looking beautifully corrupt. Dean takes out the lube and slicks up his hand. "Cas...wanna show you something..." He works a finger in the boy, and it's easier this time than ever. He kisses the baby-smooth skin of Cas's chest, his sweet throat, his tiny lips, and works a second finger inside. Gently, he curls his practiced fingers in just the right place and Cas lets out a sweet cry, eyes going wide, lips parting. "Deeaan??"

"Feels good, right?" He curls again and Cas squirms, baby prick looking impossibly hard against his little tummy. Cas's hand slides tentatively toward it and away, uncertain. "You can touch, baby, it's okay...here, make it wet." He greases Cas's little hand, biting his lip when Cas starts stroking his tiny length, more skilled than a 5th grader has any right to be. Dean slides his fingers back inside and works the little gland. Cas writhes and pants, looking so beautiful and pink and debauched, and Dean is aching for him. He comes after only a minute or two, mewling and arching his back.

Dean starts to scissor his fingers, trying to stretch this little baby. Cas is as open as he can be for Dean, if oversensitive. His eyes are closed but his brows furrow at the stretching, and Dean loves the pretty little whines he makes. "Shh, baby, gotta get you ready...need to be mine now...right, baby?"

"Yours, Dean," Cas says sleepily, whiskey doing its job. Dean sends in a third finger and Cas whimpers a bit but doesn't even pull away. Dean feels like he must be drunk, too, seeing Cas stuffed so impossibly full. He has to be careful, or the rim will stick to his fingers and turn out (which would look so fucking hot...no, no, he won't). When Cas is as loose as he can make a fifth grade asshole, he moans and slides his fingers out ever so slowly. "Gonna fuck you now....oh God, gonna fuck this tight baby ass now..." Dean is talking to himself, but Cas whispers, "Fuck me, Dean..." and Dean stills or he's not gonna make it. He presses his head against the puffy pink baby hole and groans as it starts to sink inside.

Nothing in his life has felt this good; he doesn't know how it can feel so soft and wet around him and still squeeze him like a fucking vice. Pushing into this little body where no dick belongs, looking down at this child while he forces him to be a cockslut. Dean's cockslut. It's so goddamn wrong, Dean almost whimpers. God, he could just start fucking into it, force a space around his dick, but he leans down and bites at Cas's shoulder instead, controlling his violence. *Mine, you fucking little bitch. Mine.*

Cas's pain sounds aren't even right, all moaning and lethargic, his squirms more sexy than anything else. "Ohh, hurts, Deeaan," he whimpers, and Dean hushes him.

"Shh, take this for me...gotta ah...gotta take it..." he leans down to take the little mouth, eat up the pretty, hurt little noises.

He pushes forward another inch, "Oh, fuck, Cas, yes...doin' so good, baby", gritting his teeth, trying not to come, wiping sweat off his forehead from sheer effort. He's not gonna be

able to bottom out, but maybe...he takes another inch...little over half his dick is inside the tiny body. Cas keens, wriggling under him, tears spilling, and he stills when he feels the painful clench, whispers little encouragements, curses, he doesn't know what the fuck he says. Cas slowly relaxes again and he can do this. *Fuck...tight, sweet, boy-pussy.* He thinks he may never want anything else. Slowly he starts to move; it's at once agonizing and the best moment of his life. He fucks into his fifth grade slut and groans, pressing Cas's hips into the bed. "Never gonna let you go, Cas. Mine," he growls, picking up his pace a little and Cas whimpers. "Say it, Cas. Tell me you're mine."

"I'm...ungh! 'M y-yours...Deeeaan..." Cas's pretty lips are parted, his undeveloped body bouncing on the bed with Dean's thrusts, looking more innocent and desecrated at the end of a dick than anything Dean's ever seen.

"Fuck, yeah, Cas, mine, you fuckin'...*fuck!* Own you, Cas, own this fuckin' ass...tell me to fuck you, say it, God, please, baby, tell me..."

Cas gasps, so flushed and gorgeous, unable to do anything but take it. "F-fuck...hmmm! Fuck...m-me...Deeeaan!"

And Dean is spilling into Cas, marking him where he needed it most. "Mine," he growls, still sliding in and out, letting Cas's tight ass milk the last of his come from his cock. "Mine, always..."

His dick softens and he takes his time sliding back out. Cas is clearly hurting, and Dean whispers, "Almost done, baby...my angel, took that dick so good, huh?" He pulls the head carefully out and his come spills thickly behind it. His little boy looks beyond fucked out, just ruined on the bed, hair in sweaty dark curls, tiny dick still wet, little hole swollen and red looking, leaking Dean's come. Dean can't help but dip down to flatten his tongue against the hurt baby hole, liking Cas's worn-out little noises, the tiny flinch away from contact. He still wants him; can't believe this baby is his to fuck now. To some degree he feels sated and calm, but part of Dean is just pure hunger, and it'll never be enough.

When he has his breath back, Dean scoops the wrecked little angel into his arms, and hushes the tiny, sleepy protests. He balances him with one arm while he unlocks the door, and carries him to the bathroom. "Wanna get you all cleaned up, baby. Clean us both up."

And because he's Dean, he gets that fantasy fulfilled, too, sitting in the tub in soothing hot water surrounded by Sam's sweet smelling bubbles, with a slippery, naked little boy in his arms. Cas is cuddled to his chest, nearly asleep as Dean washes his hair. "Castiel," he says, and likes the way Cas instantly responds, opening sleepy blue eyes, tilting his head back. "Did you understand what I told you today? I need you to, baby. Need you to understand it."

Cas looks slightly troubled, shrugs his wet little shoulders a little, "How come it's different now, Dean? I dunno...how do I be different?"

Dean frowns, sighs. "Do you know what it means if I say you're all mine?" Cas shakes his head slowly, watching Dean carefully, as though the admission will get him hurt. It's a good start, Dean thinks. "Did you ever have a pet before?"

Cas shakes his head, eyes wide. "But my friend Balthazar had a dog an' he let me pretend it was mine."

Dean kisses him for being so fucking cute. "Okay, well you're like my little doggy. You're not your mom's, or your teacher's, or anybody else's anymore, and like how Balthazar let you borrow his dog, I decide who gets to play with you. And a doggy always watches his owner and tries to do all the things he's taught, so the owner won't get mad and punish him. And when the owner punishes the doggy, the doggy takes it and is sad to disappoint his owner. His owner is the most important person in the whole world, and the doggy always tries to make him happy."

"But..." Cas licks his lips and swallows, looking both earnest and afraid. "But, Dean, I'm... I'm *not* a dog. I'm a boy!"

Dean laughs; he could argue that but he doesn't. "No, baby, but you're little...and weak...and I'm making you. You don't want me to hurt you...or your Mom...or Sammy...you saved him, didn't you? Took my dick so Sammy doesn't have to, right?"

Cas cuddles closer, looking upset; unconsciously taking comfort from the person hurting and threatening him. "Yeah..." he says uncertainly, and Dean holds him close, kissing the wet skin at his neck and chin. He has Cas tilt his head back and close his eyes so he can rinse his hair. He looks adorable with his hair slicked back and soaked through. Dean kisses him and strokes his small face. "It's a good thing, baby. No more worrying about anything except behaving for me. You think about that all the time."

Cas whimpers, "But Dean I already—"

Dean shuts him up with a kiss, probing and invasive. He feels a layer of tension come back, slightly impatient with Cas. "No. No, if you did you would..." He runs a hand over his own face, trying to word it so Cas will understand. "You still think about yourself, Cas. You think about not liking this, not wanting it--" Cas fearfully tries to protest, Dean presses his hand over his mouth, "--you think about what Sam would think, or you think about fucking Jimmy and what you fucking went through before, when that shit is over, it's been over, and all you *need* to be scared of now is *me*." He's getting angrier with every word; he takes Cas's skinny shoulders, shakes him, narrows green eyes dangerously. "This is all there is for you. Me and you. What I want. If you don't get that, if you try to stop me..." Dean closes his eyes, a tremor goes through him. His voice is softer when he speaks again, "I don't know Jimmy, Cas, but I'm nothin' like him. Nothin'. You'd don't know what I'd do." Dean's voice is low, mumbling now. "Don't find out, baby. Be good and don't find out."

His eyes are still closed when he feels Cas shift on top of him, pressing tiny frantic kisses to Dean's face. His voice is breathy with fear, "I-I'll be good...d-don't get mad, okay, Dean? I'll be y-your doggy, I'll be good. Promise, okay?!"

And it's working. Dean feels himself calm, his muscles relaxing again, and he opens his eyes to touch Cas's face gently, smoothing some of the worry there. "Good boy, Cas, see? You made it all better." Cas presses close and Dean strokes his back until he feels the fluttery little heart calm somewhat. His strokes lengthen, slide over wet chubby cheeks.

"The stuff we do, some of it feels really good, right?" Cas looks troubled again and Dean hugs him close. "It's okay, Cas, it is. I'm making you, right? You might as well let yourself like it. Like when I kiss you here..." he presses warm kisses to Cas's sweet, clean throat. "Or here..." sucking a tiny wet ear, tasting a bit of soap. Cas pants a little and Dean slides a hand into the water, starts to pull at his little dick. "Feels good, right, baby? It's okay to like this, Cas. Some of it hurts a lot, right, so the parts that feel good...you need those. Want me to suck your dick, baby?"

Cas moans, fucking his little hips forward, pushing into Dean's hand. He bites his lower lip, looking torn, unsure.

"Shh, it's okay, I promise. Tell me, baby. Tell me what you want." Dean slows his stroking, knowing Cas is so young, he'll come quickly if he keeps it up. He lightly fondles, sending two fingers to rub the tiny, tight little balls.

"Want..." Cas struggles, pants, trying to grind Dean's hand. He shakes his head, frustrated.

Dean stops fondling and tips Cas's little chin. "Uh uh. Look at me...and say what you want. It's okay, baby, nobody but me and you will know." He tugs the tiny balls gently forward and Cas lets out a long whine.

"Want you to suck me, Dean, please!" his cheeks redden sweetly, he looks down, but Dean doesn't hesitate; it's nothing to hold Cas's weight up so he can let him straddle his face. He holds him at first, licking and sucking at the little prick and balls, then lowers in the tub so Cas can support himself. "Fuck my mouth, Cas, just like you see me do." Tentative, tiny fingers slide into Dean's spikey wet hair and the tiny cock is gliding over his tongue...he tightens around him and hums, and it isn't long before Cas is full on rutting into his face. When he comes, Dean gets just the lightest bit of wet flavor on his tongue, and then his arms are full of spent, sated little boy. He kisses the side of his head, down his face. "See baby? No more worrying...take the good stuff, because I'm gonna make you either way. Because I can."

Of course he's hard again. While Cas is resting, he arranges his body and fucks into his closed thighs, not wanting to irritate the sore little bottom or overstimulated little baby dick too much. Cas just lays limp, letting Dean use him until he comes for the third time that day.

When Dean finally takes them out of the bath, he dries his sweet-smelling baby, and makes him bend over the sink so he can apply some numbing, healing cream to the red little hole, hushing him and holding him still when he would flinch away from the contact. He wraps him in a faded towel and sits him on the sink, applying ointment and a bandage to the bite mark on his shoulder (*That's my mark, Cas, don't let anybody see it but me. Got it?*) He knows Sam will be back in a few hours, and he probably needs to get Cas's clothes out of the front hall at the very least. But he carries Cas back to his bed and tucks him under the sheets. He still feels unsatisfied (just his mind; his body is very fucking satisfied. 10/10, would recommend.) He can't let Cas leave here unless he understands what Dean needs.

Cas is exhausted, though, so Dean lets him sleep. He dresses again, not bothering with a shirt or socks. He leaves Cas to collect his clothes, glad now that he didn't rip them off his body. He goes out front to get the mail while he's at it, throwing a wink and a wave to Mrs.

Winslow. "Afternoon, Ma'am. Need me to come cut that lawn for ya? Been missin' your sweet apple pie." He is the picture of innocence, and butter wouldn't melt in that lovely mouth.

"You are too precious for words, Dean Winchester! Why, every boy should be just like you!"

Up and Coming (Prey to Predator)

Chapter Summary

Cas tries to think the way Dean wants him to (with varying, horrible success), and somebody has a big birthday coming up.

Chapter Notes

(Abuse, right out of the gate. I don't still have to warn you guys, right? By now you know what you're getting into. I sincerely hope nobody's here expecting fluff and cupcakes.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Cas bites his lower lip against the pain but he can't help the sounds that escape his closed mouth. His skin feels hot, and the still developing muscles in his arms are shaking with effort. He's trying to lower himself on Dean's dick, but it hurts so much more this way. Dean's cock, always way more than he can handle, feels enormous inside him, even with the time he spent opening Cas for just this occasion.

Which Cas appreciates. He's so grateful Dean spends time opening him. He knows he's so lucky.

It just feels so much bigger this way. He's trying to take his time, but his arms want to give out already. He knows it'll be a disaster if gravity does the work for him. The fear of what that would do to him does not help him relax and open, so he might get torn up whether he falls or not. He wishes Dean gave him that burning stuff again to drink. It tastes gross and hurts going down, but at least after that the pain goes pretty far away and the good parts are the ones that stand out.

They're in the living room and Dean is sitting in an arm chair just for this. He's decided today Cas is going to ride his dick with his back to Dean's chest. So far all Dean is doing is whispering little encouragements, but he's keeping his hands to himself. He wants Cas to do this on his own, at least for a few strokes.

He tucks his tongue in the corner of his mouth, concentrating. His hands braced on Dean's naked muscled thighs are sweaty though and he slips; the massive pulsing dick instantly takes another two inches. Cas squeals in pain, catches himself and holds there, panting and whimpering as he tries to get used to it. That hurt a lot, but he's pretty sure it stayed on track at least...he'd be in a world of pain if it took him at a different angle.

“Crying, baby?” Dean’s fingers touch his cheeks; he guesses they are wet. It’s hard to focus on anything but the burning heat piercing his body. “Mmm, my dick is way too big for that little boy hole, isn’t it. But you’ll take it anyway, right baby?”

A sob escapes him (*he guesses he is crying after all*), he feels so overwhelmed. He closes his eyes tight, but he knows Dean’s questions tend to require answers. “Y-yes, Dean.” Dean slips his hands around Cas, sliding up his chest, two fingers circling and rubbing his nipples. Cas wishes one of those hands would go lower. He still isn’t taking any of Cas’s weight though. Cas knows he will, either to control the strokes, or, if he’s really feeling kind, to change positions, let Cas take it from behind, or at least on his back. But Cas has to really try first, prove to Dean he’s doing everything he can to do what he was told. He lets himself moan in pain as he sinks further, feeling himself stretch intolerably wider. Dean’s dick is touching against the good place inside him, but the good feelings become too much sensation when he’s stuffed like this. His bottom keeps trying to clench, force Dean out, but it is just as helpless against Dean as the rest of him.

Dean groans and kisses the sweat at the back of Cas’s neck. “Feel so good like this baby... look at you, tryin’ so hard to get my dick, such a good boy for me. Can’t wait for you to jump on my dick like this all the time. C’mon, Cas, you can do it...lift your hips if you can’t go down any further. You can fuck what you’ve already got.”

Cas nods, wishing he could give his arms a break. He starts to lift his hips, and it’s a little less painful going out, but almost twice as agonizing pushing back down just when he found slight relief. He decides the best thing he can do is just hurry and try to get this over with... he shoves himself back down this time. *Bad plan, bad plan!!* He keens in agony and stills again, panting until it fades...he realizes Dean has a hold of his hips, steadying him, so he lets go of Dean’s thighs and gives his arms a much-needed rest.

“That’s too much, Cas,” Dean chides gently, but Cas’s heart skips, *he didn’t mean to mess up*. “You could hurt both of us like that, baby. You don’t want to hurt me, do you, angel?”

Cas looks over his shoulder, blue eyes huge, lips parted in shock. “No! Dean...please, I promise, I n-never—“

“Shh,” Dean presses a kiss to his temple and starts to move Cas’s hips for him. It’s still too tight; he feels dangerously full inside. With Dean doing all the work, Cas’s head drops back and he lets all the noises come out the way Dean likes, his small chest heaving and flushed, little legs open and bouncing wantonly. It’s okay if the noises are from pain, and Cas is always allowed to cry, because he is Dean’s baby, and that’s what babies do (*not a baby, I’m not*). Dean always tells him someday he’ll be a big boy who can take Dean’s cock without crying; but for now it’s okay. Then he watches Cas real, real close to see if Cas reacts to the news that he’ll still be doing this even after he gets bigger.

Cas will never react. This is not news. The sky is blue, water is wet, and he is Dean’s for however long Dean wants him.

Dean can always tell when Cas’s attention wanders, and he bites Cas’s ear, making him yip in pain. “That pretty little baby dick is only half hard for me, angel. You don’t want me thinking you ain’t havin’ a good time, right, baby?”

Cas is already stroking before he finishes the sentence and his prick stiffens proud and wet against his stomach. "Need your...ahhh...need your cock De-eaan...", he moans. He's not supposed to lie, so he can't say he wants it, but this part he can say. He knows he needs it. Taking Dean's dick keeps him safe.

"Mmm, yeah, baby?" Dean's voice is low and vibrating into Cas's ear on impossibly soft wet lips, followed by a sucking, lapping tongue, and Cas arches a bit in Dean's lap, sinful little sounds coming from his panting mouth. "Tell me."

Cas squirms, feeling so...*much*. "Need...ah!...need you, your...hmm!...y-your come in, in me...ple-ease!"

Dean mouths at his neck, scraping his teeth along sweaty skin; he's out of breath, too. "Ohh, that's it, good boy...", (*Cas spills into his hand*) "...good fucking boy....tell me where...where you need my dick..."

Cas tries to focus, and lets out a pitiful moan; Dean slows slightly in response. Cas knows this is a gift, and he'd better not squander it. "M-my...my mouth, my....m-my asshole..." Dean shudders under him; Cas knows which words he likes best. "All,all of me Dean..."

"Beg," Dean growls, but Cas knows it's the good growl, the one that means it's almost over. He leans back, tilting up his head, and puts a sloppy open-mouthed kiss to Dean's chin and throat. "Pleeeeeease, Dean...", he whines against the prickly stubble, "Pleeeeeeease, pleeeeeeease!"

And it's too good a job, because Dean is growling and thrusting up into him, taking more than he had before, making Cas arch and scream and squirm helplessly, as though he can move his hips an inch where Dean doesn't want them to be. He can feel the hot come spurting up inside him, but Dean mercifully slows his thrusts, allowing Cas to sob quietly on his softening dick.

He stays inside Cas even after he finishes and Cas wonders tiredly if this is the start of a punishment or just where Dean wants to be. "You done anything you need to be punished for?" Dean is still gripping his hips, strokes his thumbs a little over Cas's hot skin.

Cas snuffles, slows his tears now that the burn of friction is subsiding. He really hates being a baby about this. "No..." Dean's fingers tighten and Cas's head lowers. "I mean...m not sure, Dean."

Dean presses a kiss to Cas's shoulder. "Kinda feel like spanking you anyway, Cas."

Cas leans back, letting Dean nuzzle him. His blue eyes are big and worried, his kiss-plump lips poking out just a bit. "Do I hafta have a spanking, Dean? Can't I have it tomorrow instead?" His voice is small and soft; there is no whine of protest, just a little wistful request. He puts tiny apologetic kisses to the side of Dean's throat; he knows he's not supposed to ask for things unless it's really necessary. But Dean is usually lenient if Cas goes about it the right way. He likes to know what Cas is thinking, even if it doesn't affect his decisions.

“Hmm.” He feels the dick inside of him twitching, but then Dean is pulling Cas up and off, slowly and gently. He helps Cas to stand; he has to lean almost all his weight on Dean because his legs are all rubbery. He shuts his eyes against the clenching of his bottom as it tries to reshape itself, trying to ignore the wet come/lube mix spilling down his legs. Dean is rubbing his bottom while Cas leans halfway over his lap; though it occurs to him that this isn’t the best way to convince Dean not to spank him. Cas keeps his eyes on Dean’s face, watching for minute changes in expression. Right now, Dean only looks thoughtful. “I could give you options, baby. Would you like that?”

Dean pets Cas’s hair, and Cas leans into it, ignoring how uncomfortable he feels with a sore hole and sticky thighs. “Yes, please, Dean.” He blushes; it’s such a weird time to be using the manners his mother taught him.

Dean touches his fingers over Cas’s cheeks, his lips; he never seems to tire of Cas’s face, always pressing kisses there, or tracing his features almost reverently. Cas doesn’t know how to feel about it. It’s a big complement, he figures, if someone like Dean thinks he’s pretty. He has even implied that Cas is beautiful the way that Dean is, which Cas knows isn’t true. But if Cas was ugly... (*I wouldn’t have to, I wouldn’t be...*)

He lowers his head and schools his face, feeling a sudden stab of fear. Maybe he should just take the spanking. The more he tries to conceal stuff from Dean, the angrier Dean will be, and the worse the punishment. It gets...it gets really bad. It’s stupid of him to ever try.

He feels Dean’s fingers under his chin and his heart skips a little; he hopes Dean didn’t feel it. “Naughty thoughts, Cas?” Dean doesn’t look particularly mad; he knows Cas is still learning to think right.

Cas nods and blushes, “Sorry, Dean. I...I’m bad again.”

“Who do you belong—“

He looks fervently into Dean’s eyes, holding tighter to Dean’s legs. “Yours, Dean, I’m yours. I promise! I-I know that one. I never think I’m not yours.”

Dean pauses, watches Cas. “Okay, baby. You’ll get there. Poor little puppy brain...too little to get it right sometimes.” He runs his fingers through Cas’s hair, always sticking in all directions after Dean fucks him.

Cas blinks, hurt. Nobody ever called him stupid before; but Dean does it a lot now. Other times he calls him smart, but Cas believes him more when he says mean things. He always looks like he really means it, whereas when he’s being nice, Cas...he just isn’t sure. He lowers his head shamefully. “Yes, Dean. S-sorry.”

Dean strokes his back soothingly. “Okay...so...either you can take 5 spanks today, right now. 10 spanks tomorrow. Or...you can work on learning to clean my cock with your mouth after I fuck you, and then you don’t have to get spanked.”

Cas frowns, lips pouting again as he thinks. This is a real problem for him; luckily Dean acknowledges it. It took him so long to suck Dean’s dick and swallow his come without

throwing up after. He really doesn't want to try it after it's been inside his bottom where he poops from.

Dean laughs the way he does when he thinks Cas is being cute. "You know, I have kissed you before after licking you down there."

Cas can feel his face get all hot again. "But...but your tongue doesn't g-go that far, Dean. "

Dean is getting hard again, his dick still wet from being inside Cas. "Sounds like a challenge, Cas. Maybe I should eat you out, huh? Lick your little boy-pussy and feed you what's inside from my tongue? You can get used to the taste that way first."

A slight twitch of Cas's dark lashes shows what he thinks of the term 'boy-pussy' being applied to his bottom. *Not a girl*, he thinks, eyes slid down and away. Dean tips his face up again, and this time there's a shadow in his expression that freezes Cas's insides. "You know I don't have to do anything for you, right Cas?"

Cas swallows; feels the color drain from his face. His voice is almost non-existent, yet the apology is there. "Yes, Dean."

"Mmm," Dean agrees, sliding a thumb across Cas's cheek, into his hair, touching the back of his head...squeezing. "I can push your face...down on my cock..." he starts to push and Cas lets him, even though his muscles are screaming at him to resist. "Make you get me all nice and clean...and if you throw up...I can beat you, Cas. I can take my belt off and beat your fucked little ass...and probably that'll make me horny, won't it...my stupid, stubborn little baby crying on the floor." Dean stops his face close enough that if Cas breathes, his lips will be on Dean's sloppy dick. He can smell the mix of his and Dean's sweat and Dean's come, a scent as familiar to him as his own at this point.

Dean puts his lips against Cas's ear and his voice is low and dangerous. "And I can rape you on the floor. Every hole you have. As hard as I want. Wanna bleed today, baby?"

And Cas is shaking and terrified and Dean is right, he's so fucking stupid. *Why can't he just do what he has to, why does he have to make Dean so mad all the time?*

He's not allowed to say no, but he can beg. "Dean, please...please...I'm stupid and bad, I know it. Please, please, I'll be good!" He sticks out his tongue and laps the shaft of Dean's dick, the part that's closest to his face. It does taste different, but he's too scared to slow down. He licks and swallows, almost trying not to breathe, hoping that will help him hold it together. He can feel it getting on his face; he is too desperate for control, and he wishes he could just wipe it off, but that's suicide. Then Dean is lifting him onto his lap on his knees and holding him, and Cas burrows into his chest, whimpering, "Sorry, Dean, sorry, sorry!"

Dean holds and hushes him until the shaking stops, then tugs him back. "Gotta try harder, Cas. Not gonna say anything else about it." He smacks his ass hard while they're looking at each other, watches the pain play across Cas's face. Cas cries out and braces against Dean, shutting his eyes. The skin of his bottom stings but it's his used-up insides that hurt more from being jostled (along with the odd jolt of pleasure from there; Cas doesn't even know how to process it.) Dean hits him again, harder, and Cas whines. He knew this would

happen; Dean *loves* spanking him. If Cas looks up, he'll see Dean's eyes all dark and hungry on him, or he could just go by the half-hard cock pressing against him.

Cas tries to take it and at least cry quietly, but he thinks even a grown-up would scream and squirm at how hard Dean hits, how big his hands are. Dean gives him only 5 though and Cas thanks him for being so nice. He didn't even make Cas count them out and thank him for each one, which he likes sometimes.

"Tell me who you belong to."

"I belong to you, Dean."

"Why are you alive, Cas?"

"To do what you want me to do and so you can use me any way you want."

"What happens if you're not a good boy?"

(whispered) "I get punished."

"What happens if you try to escape me or tell?"

"Dean, please, won't ever--"

SMACK.

"What happens if you try to escape me or tell?"

(sniffles) "My mom or Sam get h-hurt. People get h-hurt if they get in your w-way. You take me and I...I get h-hurt bad or...or y-you ki-ill me."

"Good boy." Dean helps him stand, his hands under Cas's arms like he is going to pick him up. "Bath or shower, angel?"

"Whichever one you want me to have, Dean."

Dean smiles and pecks Cas's kiss swollen lips. "Bath it is." He scoops Cas up, holding him on his hip and Cas curls against him, tucking his head on Dean's shoulder. Dean kisses his head, carrying him up the stairs. "So glad you didn't go to school today, Cas. I really needed you."

"Needed you more, Dean. Needed you so bad," Cas says zealously.

He says it so perfectly even he believes it.

* * *

It's a new year, and Dean has a big birthday coming up. Dean is turning 18, and will officially no longer be jail-bait. From prey to full-fledged predator, and all the dirty old men (*and women*) in town will weep at the loss and cast their eyes on younger flesh. The funniest part is how he's already better at it than any of them. This isn't quick fondling in a bathroom stall, or even the more respectable molestation-to-rape over time. He full on owns Cas.

Dean has done a lot of wicked, fucked up things to a lot of different people. But he's never owned a person before, body and soul (*wanted to, though, Sammy, wanted so bad to make you mine*). And after almost three weeks of owning the second sweetest ass at Lawrence Elementary School, Dean is here to tell you:

He's hooked for life.

He was born for this. Cas was good before but once Dean (*fucked him*) convinced him that his only hope for long-term survival was to submit completely, he became nearly perfect. He does almost nothing without checking in with Dean first. So when little Kevin shows up, Cas is like, *sure, I'd love to go look at that bug over there and see if we can find it in the pages of your boring-ass book* (as if that's what a person does outside), *but be right back, I gotta offer to suck Dean's dick first*.

And of course (*yes, Cas, take it, suck it, fuckin' bitch, fuck, yes, mine*) that's not an offer Dean passes up very often. So sorry, Kevin. Get Sam to look at it.

Cas is hyper aware of Dean, too. (Sam thinks he has a crush, and ain't *that* some shit.) All Dean has to do is frown slightly and he sees the little body tense, the dark brow furrow as Cas tries to figure out A: if he did anything wrong, and 2: how he can make the situation better for Dean. He also tells on himself for the most insignificant, crazy shit and Dean is more than happy to punish the living daylights out of him for it (*'I had a nightmare about Jimmy again, Dean!'*... 'Well, that means you still think about him too much. Better get over my knee!') It's so, so good. It's a heady feeling, an intoxicating feeling, holding that kind of sway over Cas. He has to restrain himself or he'd want to do nothing other than spank and fuck him into oblivion.

And because it must be said...*that ass*.

Drawn out over three weeks, Dean has fucked him in every room in his house, including (maybe especially) Sam's. He was iffy about taking away Cas's safe place (he wants him obedient, not deranged), but he couldn't help suggesting it and Cas was only too eager to please. They fucked on Sam's bed, on his rocking chair, over his desk. Sam's spot at the kitchen table, in the shower covered in Sammy's baby shampoo (the kind that doubles as body wash and smells like nothing an adult would ever use—yeah, Dean made sure Cas has his own at home now).

Sam knows Dean gives Cas his clothes to wear; he thinks it's Dean's way of helping Cas fit in better at school. Sam *doesn't* know that Dean makes him wear clothes directly from Sam's hamper, so that Dean can fuck into Cas while breathing in the delicious, familiar scent of Sam's sweat.

It...might be fair to say he still thinks about Sam a lot.

And okay, watches him sleep sometimes. Like maybe a few times (*per week*). He gave Cas the cough syrup but he bought another one just in case. He hasn't used it though, not even for one stray kiss or touch. He just dresses up his little Sam doll and makes do.

No need to point it out, he knows Cas looks nothing like Sam except in how small they both are compared to other boys their age (Dean has added Cas to the hand-made growth chart he keeps on Sam's doorframe...that way he can always look back and see just how small Cas was when he started taking Dean's dick). Sam is all shades of gold and brown compared to Cas's ivory skin and near-black hair. Sam's hair is fine, spun silk against Dean's rough fingers, where Cas's is thick and soft as cat's fur. And there is nothing similar to compare the happy, mischievous tilt of his brother's eyes to the wide, broken blue of Cas's.

He can't mistake Cas for Sam no matter how he layers their scents, but that isn't what he wants. Cas is a beautiful child on his own; he will grow up lovely for Dean (if Dean still wants him...if Cas stays compliant). It just makes him feel that Sam is part of this. It is a small way that he can refuse to do this without him. He can come on his clothes or his sheets, the way he did on his small body. He can claim him this way, and Sam won't know to hate him. He'll just belong to Dean without realizing it and love him even so. It works.

For now, it works.

So it's a week before his birthday, but he already has everything he wants, with the exception of Sam's sweet ass and his Dad's sweet ride.

Oh, wait. Except his dad decided not to wait until June, and he's giving Dean the Impala for his birthday instead. Dean being such a great son, and all. Everyone approves: Dean deserves it, long time coming. And doesn't he look amazing in that sinfully gorgeous car? Wouldn't you just love for him to show you the backseat?

Not going to say it again; said it enough already. But, seriously.

Fucking Recognize.

Even for Dean, this is a new level of personal best, and he feels like celebrating. For the first time in a long time, he's having a bunch of people at the Winchester house. John knows about it and was told to clear out, though he doesn't usually have to be told. In a rare moment of actual parenting, he told Dean he doesn't want Sam or Cas to be there, and they actually argued over it.

"Now, Dean, I may be an old man in your eyes, but I know how it's gonna go. A bunch of teenagers drinking and doing God knows what, and ten year old boys got no business in the middle of it."

"Dad! Me and Cas are responsible, we won't..."

"Stay out of this, Sammy," both elder Winchesters said without looking at the boy, who did not stomp his foot, even if the impulse was there.

“Dad, you worry too much. I can look after Sam. It’s kind of my thing,” Dean smiled. They were at the kitchen table, cleaning some of his father’s guns, something they did together every once in a while. His father had a decent-sized collection, more to do with his being an ex-military man than any interest in hunting animals. But he believed his sons should both know how to wield and care for a weapon, and it can be said that most of what little quality bonding time with Daddy that Sam can remember involves shooting at bottles and cans in the yard or cleaning guns at the kitchen table. So far Sam is only versed in pistols, but Dean can shoot anything.

“Think I don’t know that, Dean? You’re more a Dad to him than I am. Whole town knows that,” John doesn’t look up as he says it, still focused on his task, but both Dean and Sam are momentarily taken aback. He’s never said it out loud before. Sam unconsciously moves a little closer to Dean, who reaches out without looking to grasp and knead his shoulder.

“Sammy, put your .45 in the safe and go outside, let me talk to Dad,” Dean says, watching John. Sam opens his mouth but Dean won’t let him. “Go on, Sammy.” Dean flicks his gaze to Sam in time to enjoy a spectacular bitch face, but his brother obeys.

“Dad—“

“Dean, I’m serious about this. It’s your goddamn 18th birthday! You’re not gonna spend it sober, I know that, I accept that. I don’t mind you lettin’ loose with your friends, being young for once in your life. But you can’t watch out for him that way.”

Dean bristles. “I’m not some fucking frat boy, Dad; I know how to handle myself. Especially when I got my brother with me.”

“I know that, Dean, ‘course I know that. But at one point in time I thought I had everything handled, too, and look what happened to you!” John leans across the table, tries to put his hand over Dean’s but Dean yanks out of reach. Sorrowed, John pulls back. “I wasn’t a frat boy either, now was I, and what he did to you on my watch—“

“Shut up,” Dean growls, and John is suddenly aware that his son is holding a pistol. It isn’t pointed, hell, it isn’t loaded, but he looks dangerous all the same. “We don’t talk about that. Ain’t nothing like that ever happened to Sammy, ain’t nothing like that ever will,” he slams the pistol on the table in front of his father and snarls, “‘cause I ain’t you.”

He stalks out of the room and as far as he’s concerned that’s the end of the discussion. Sammy will be there because he goes where Dean goes. John Winchester, at this point, ain’t got shit to say about it. All he needs to worry about is the usual: just how far away from home he’ll be.

But the conversation makes him itchy, uneasy, and he does something strange. He takes Cas and the Impala and goes to see someone. Someone who is not a friend, but an important part of Dean’s life all the same.

The chapters will be coming slower now, so that I can actually sleep at night (oops) but know this:

I know how it ends.

It won't please everybody, but it pleases the ever-loving fuck out of me. ;) ;) ;)

You Think it's Bad? (I'll Show You Worse)

Chapter Summary

Cas meets someone from Dean's past; and Dean makes sure his birthday will be his kind of fun

Chapter Notes

Umm, so I know I said slower chapters and now you get two in as many days, but this chapter just flew, especially the first part. The second part is just expository filler, sorry, but the stuff that happens next is long, and it couldn't overshadow Dean and Cas's visit here.

Cas is in the backseat of the Impala, but he doesn't know where he's going. He wants to ask, but sometimes Dean prefers him to just go without question. Something about the grim line of Dean's full lips and the tightness of his shoulders makes Cas keep quiet. Sam had seen them leave together, and Cas saw his confusion, but Cas looked away. He thinks Sam would be even more confused if he knew Cas didn't know what was going on either. He wonders if Dean knows he'll have to come up with a reason why he would ever go somewhere with only Cas and not Sam.

Another question he isn't going to ask Dean right now.

When they finally come to a stop, they are on a pretty street with houses much nicer than the ones in their own neighborhood. Cas unbuckles his seatbelt and lets Dean help him out of the car, even though he's perfectly capable of getting out on his own. The neighborhood is pristine and quiet, without the kids riding bikes or neighbors chatting over fences that Cas is used to. He looks wonderingly at the big white house and perfect lawn as Dean leads him by the hand to the door. He thinks Dean looks really out of place here in his big leather jacket and combat boots. He's sure he does, too, a scrawny little boy in his hand-me-down coat.

The door opens and an older blond man with a mustache and beard steps out. He matches the neighborhood in his neatly pressed slacks and crisp white button down shirt, a big shiny watch at his wrist that catches Cas's eye. At first glance he seems friendly, happy to see Dean, expressing surprise and pleasure (*And who's this handsome young man with you?*), but Cas has gotten good at reading faces.

He sees the oily way the man's faded blue eyes travel over Dean, and then Cas, too. As though Cas is a piece of candy and the man is imagining what he tastes like without his

wrapper. Cas feels dread in the pit of his stomach, and he steps closer to Dean, pressing against his leg. *Please, Dean, wanna go home...*

But Dean goes inside and Cas has no choice but to follow.

“So good to see you, Dean. I can’t *wait* to hear what this is about.” The man laughs, and it looks like the sound makes Dean grit his teeth. But he walks familiarly into the huge house, tugging open-mouthed Cas behind him. He brings him into a large fancy living room that looks like the kind his Mom watches on that home improvement channel, unused and perfect in shades of grey and white. Cas winces as Dean drops heavily onto a stiff looking arm chair and puts his feet up on a somewhat delicate coffee table, one heavy boot crossing the other. The man loses his smile, his eyes narrowing, and Dean grins at him.

“How’s the wife, Stottlemeyer? Need me to stick it to her, so you can stop pretending you like adult pussy?” Dean holds out his hand to Cas, and he hurries over, feeling the man’s eyes on his body as he moves in a way that makes his stomach turn. He’s surprised when Dean scoops him onto his lap. This isn’t something Dean does in front of people. Part of Cas is glad, since he’s so frightened and uncertain that he would climb inside Dean’s coat like a nervous cat if he could. But the dread in his stomach...*why are we here, why am I...*

The man looks like he’s the one gritting his teeth now, but his eyes are all hunger, running over their young faces, the places on Cas where Dean’s hands touch. His voice is nasty though, cutting back at Dean. “Seems to me you don’t want it any more than I do, judging by your lovely companion. I know that’s not Sam.”

“Keep his name out of your mouth,” Dean says evenly, his eyes lowered. He looks up at the man through his lashes, and even Cas has to hold his breath at how pretty Dean looks like that. “Castiel, this is my father’s good friend Captain Stottlemeyer.”

“It’s Chief, now,” the man corrects, but his greedy gaze is on Cas’s lips. “Nice to meet you, Castiel. Aren’t you...lovely.”

“Nice to meet you, Sir,” Cas’s voice is barely above a whisper, but it’s all he can manage. He feels frozen and he isn’t cuddling into Dean like he normally would be. He’s afraid to move at all, as though any movement or sound that comes from him might make something bad happen. This room feels like it has all the potential for bad. He can barely breathe.

“He’s beautiful, Dean. Yours?”

Dean smiles, looking at Cas in a proprietary way, sliding his fingers over Cas’s face. “You have no idea.”

The man licks his lips; he’s trying for casual and failing. “May I...take a closer look?” The man stands eagerly and Dean warns, “Not too close.”

“Of course, naturally, wouldn’t want to overstep,” the man says it funny; the words are correct but the tone makes it rude. So strange the way they talk to each other; hate between them, but other things, too (*history*.) Cas doesn’t understand it; he just knows he wishes the man weren’t coming closer.

Dean lowers his feet to the floor, making room between them and the table and the man kneels in front of Cas, who is pure ice.

“How old is he? Can’t be more than 8...so tiny.” He reaches out a shaking hand.

“He’s ten, actually. Cas, stay still.” Cas didn’t know he had moved, but he’s closer to Dean. He stops breathing and the man’s hand slowly pushes his curls away from his forehead.

“Open your eyes, Cas, you’re being rude.”

Cas forces a shallow breath and opens his eyes, looking reluctantly at the man, knowing what he’ll see. The man’s mouth is wet and he keeps swallowing. His eyes on Cas aren’t hungry, they’re ravenous and terrifying.

“Jesus, look at that fear,” the man whispers, and his fingers slide down to trace Cas’s lips. Cas wants to move away so badly, but Dean’s hand on his hip is tight, warning. He wants to cry but he won’t do that either, he can do it later when he’s safe. *Please, let it get to later...*

The man starts pushing at his lips and Cas parts, but Dean’s hand is suddenly on the man’s wrist in what looks like a punishing grip. “No.”

The man glances at Dean’s hand as if he’s furious, but he forces out a laugh, tries to cover. “Fingers in the mouth don’t count as penetration; you know that, Dean-o.”

Dean smiles sweetly. “Counts to me. Watch yourself or don’t fucking touch him, how’s that?”

“All right, all right,” The man’s hand is back, on Cas’s chin, sliding down his neck to play with the collar of his t-shirt. “He’s very obedient, I see. Lot more than you ever were, if I recall. I hope you’re not going to make him as foul mouthed and disrespectful as you turned out to be.”

Dean laughs, showing his perfect teeth, and licks his lips. “Can’t say anyone’s ever complained about my mouth before.”

As if he can’t help it, the man looks at Dean’s mouth and Cas can breathe slightly better without his attention. “Yes...” the man says lowly, “I remember that mouth well. Still beautiful, Dean. How are you still so pretty?”

“It’s a gift,” Dean answers but his smile is gone and there’s some kind of warning in his tone. The man sighs as if Dean is a wayward child and not the big scary man that Cas sees. Then his eyes are on Cas again and Cas tries staring at the wall behind him; maybe Dean won’t mind.

“Don’t suppose you’re here to sell him? Looking for a trade?”

“Enough touching, back off. Can’t breathe with your fucking aftershave all over the place,” Dean tugs Cas back against him and the man sighs again, obviously irritated with Dean’s blatant insolence. Dean waits until he’s back in his chair. “You really think I’d give this up? Cas, kiss me.”

And Cas does. Even though his mouth feels numb and strange and there's a fine tremor coming from all his skin. *Sell me, what's that, what does that mean, trade, Dean, what does he mean, want to go home, please, please, take me home, want my Mom...* and when he pulls back he keeps his eyes wide, because the tears want to fall and he can't let them, he bets the man likes tears as much as Dean does. The man makes a funny sound and when Cas and Dean look, he's adjusting his pants. He looks enchanted by both boys, almost worshipful. "You could make a fortune, Dean. One live stream of him kissing you, just like that, but no clothes...both of you so beautiful...he's so small next to you, but you're still so young yourself..."

"Careful, now, don't come in your pants. You know I don't need all that."

"Dean—"

"Seriously, fuck off," he glances at Cas, making eye contact. "Not right now, anyway." He looks back at the Chief. "I just brought Cas here because I thought he'd like to meet my friend the Police Captain—sorry, Police *Chief*."

The man nods and there's a brief expression of understanding between them. He looks at Cas and (*because Dean is watching*) Cas looks reluctantly back. The man strokes his mustache. "Yes, I've known Dean a long time, and I've helped him out in the past. He would've gotten in big, big trouble with the law if not for me." His look becomes a little devious; Cas gets the impression he's trying to annoy Dean again. "I know he can be a little rough around the edges though...Castiel, was it? What a lovely name. In any case, he might be a bit much for a delicate thing like you...should you ever want a change, I feel sure that I could..."

"Yeah, like you could protect him from me if it came to that," Dean shoves Cas to his feet and stands. "Don't misrepresent our...relationship. I own you almost as much as I own him. Lucky I don't *wanna* fuck you or I'd own you that way, too, wouldn't I."

The man is on his feet, too, and he's opening a drawer on an end table. "Maybe we'll see who owns—"

It happens so fast, Cas can barely understand what he sees. The man had a gun, was turning, was lifting it, but Dean was somehow already there with a long, wicked-looking blade to his throat. "Uh-uh," Dean was smiling, his body tight and tensed against the man. "Hand it over. Nothin' to me if you die today."

"You wouldn't," the man grits out, but something about him tells Cas he believes every word. "I'd be dead, who'd save your ass from jail? Kill the police chief, they'll lock you up and throw away the key. Too pretty for jail, Honeypie." He gasps, because Dean sawed the blade slightly, there's a line of blood dripping freely onto the man's white collar now. Cas presses his fists to his mouth in pure horror.

"Don't call me that, you know better," Dean's smile is more of a baring of teeth than anything else now; his jaw twitches. "And don't kid yourself. I'd love to be the one to kill you. Give me a fucking reason."

The man meekly hands over the gun. Dean takes it with his other hand and steps back. He levels it at the man, who raises his hands, licks his lips and smiles. "Should have frisked you when you came in."

"Yeah, probably," Dean agrees. "But I'd never come around you unarmed, you should know that. And now I know you'd draw down on me." Dean grins and steps forward, presses the gun to the man's forehead, finger on the trigger. "What was the plan? Rape Cas? Make us fuck each other for one of your photo shoots? Would've thought you'd learned your lesson there."

The man licks his lips again and swallows. Cas doesn't know what passes between them but Dean laughs, pulling back slightly. "You still wanna fuck me! Grown up as I am, you still think about my sweet ass, oh, that's priceless. Good to know, Lenny. All information I needed." He releases the clip and hands it to the Chief; opens the chamber and takes out the bullet. "Wow, live round. You live dangerously." He looks at the bullet, then back at the man, who now looks more livid than scared. "I'll keep this one. Maybe for you someday, huh? For now, just watch your fucking back. You got punishment coming."

Dean stalks out, forgetting about the frightened boy in the corner. Cas doesn't move immediately, his brain all foggy and cold. "Cas!" He tries to leave and the man grabs his arm, and puts his wet, disgusting mouth on Cas's ear, making the boy whine and try to pull away. "Dean!" he screams.

"Be careful with him, boy," the man whispers, and Cas is squirming, Dean is already stomping toward them. "He's dangerous, capable of any—"

Dean yanks Cas free and shoves him toward the door so hard he falls. Cas turns in time to see him punch the older man in the face. The man hits the ground, looking more stunned than when he had a gun against his head; Cas guesses he's not a man who gets punched. Dean crouches and looks almost sympathetic. "Now, now, don't be upset. You have to admit you had that one coming." He stands and shakes his head and points at the man. "Told you a long time ago never to touch what's mine. Now I gotta wash him."

The man laughs, touching the blood at his mouth, but Cas thinks he sounds shaken. "I suppose you're right, Dean-o. I apologize." He struggles to get up, having to use the coffee table for support when Dean just watches impassively. "You know, I believe I was overcome by seeing you after all this time...and your fine-looking companion. I may have let things get a bit out of hand."

Dean rolls his eyes, huffs a laugh. He goes to pick up Cas, which is good, because Cas doesn't know if his legs work. Dean presses his head into his neck and Cas welcomes the darkness there, breathing in a scent that is terror and pain but at least familiar, and for the moment that means good. "Yeah, pulling a gun is pretty out of hand," Cas can feel Dean walking towards the door; he hears the man follow. "It's okay, how many times did you tell me about learning from mistakes? Punishments make us better men, isn't that how it went? You told me I'd understand when I was a big boy and guess what?"

Dean opens the front door and turns; Cas can hear the smile in his voice, and it isn't the nice one. "Now I do."

Dean puts Cas in the car and this time he has to buckle the seatbelt, because Cas's hands are shaking too hard to be useful. Dean runs his eyes over him thoughtfully and then gets in the driver's seat, pulling out. He keeps glancing back at Cas, who is still trembling, tears slipping quietly down his face. He doesn't drive far before he pulls over next to a park that's mostly empty. He gets out and kneels next to Cas's seat. He unbuckles him and turns him to face Dean, putting his arms on either side of Cas. "Do you know why I wanted you to meet him?"

Cas just looks at him, and Dean slaps him across the face. It helps though, for some reason Cas can talk now. "Dunno why, Dean, he was s-so scary! I-I thought..." *you were going to let him...* Cas can't finish it, not even in his mind.

"Yeah, he is scary, and he also ain't shit. If I died tomorrow and he got his hands on you, he still isn't the worst that's out there. Do you understand? You don't, do you?" Dean punches the door of his beloved car and Cas jumps; he doesn't know why Dean is so angry with him. He grips Cas tightly and looks intensely into his eyes, and when Cas thinks back later, he'll realize Dean was trembling, too. "You think it's bad I like to spank you? There are people who would break your bones for fun. People who would cut you and starve you, feed you medicine that makes you sick. Not just men, Cas, women, too. Disgusting, ugly, fat, old people, all trying to get inside you, and you..." Dean cuts off, looking down. Cas thinks about reaching for him; sometimes he can calm him. But Dean looks at him again and Cas stills, because he is in danger. Dean crawls forward, looking like pure violence barely contained. "...you...you sit there like some scared fucking princess. Got it so bad, huh? I'm so fucking scary. *Kiss. Me.*"

It's the last thing Cas wants to do, but he has no choice. Moving slowly, putting one ice cold hand after the other on Dean's burning skin, touching that snarling, threatening face, Cas kisses him, lightly, tentatively. He's expecting violence, but he gets nothing, so he keeps going. Dean starts kissing back and then seems to remember himself; they are, after all, in a public place. And just like that, he's calm; he smirks at Cas and pushes him so he faces forward again. "In any case, I guess you know now what would happen if your Mommy goes to the police. You'd get to fuck your third man." He stands and slams the door.

The threat hurts, fresh hopelessness, and suddenly Cas is frustrated, angry, and he's tired of being so fucking scared. It's supposed to be that he gets punished when he's bad, but he does what he's supposed to and he gets punished anyway! "I won't tell! I say it and say it! You keep *scaring* me and I already say I won't tell!" Cas starts crying; he's still really scared but he's angry, too. He looks at Dean fearfully but a little defiantly. Dean turns, watching him, but when he doesn't move, Cas looks down, all the fear from the last hour, the hopelessness he feels making him weep. "It's not fair! I'm yours! You--you don't hafta—"

"I don't have to do anything, Cas," Dean interrupts, but he's driving now. "I wanted you to know and now you do. Stop fucking crying or you'll piss me off again. Nothing happened to you. You're fine."

Cas whines in frustration and wipes at his eyes. In that moment he decides he hates Dean Winchester (*shh, shh, don't think that, he'll know!*), even if he knows better than to say it. He wants to kick something, punch something, so he finds a bit of skin on his arm and pinches it

hard. It helps a little. “Sam saw us leave,” he says sullenly, thinking *your fault, Dean, you messed up, not me*. Dean’s gaze finds him in the rear view mirror and Cas can’t hold it, but his voice is defensive. “I’m just tellin’ you. He—“

“That’s enough. I’ll handle Sam. What you need to handle right now is your fucking tone.”

Cas finds he doesn’t have anything else to say.

* * *

If Dean felt like admitting anything—which he doesn’t—he might admit that he was a little volatile that day. Taking Cas when Sam could see them (could’ve waited for a time when Sam wasn’t around; that wasn’t very careful), attacking the police chief to the point of blood (although that was mostly self-defense—and also, fuck that guy), and worst of all, kissing Cas in public. He has no defense for that one. Anyone could have, might have seen, and that would be all on him. Everything would come crumbling down.

But no. Nobody saw. Cops hadn’t been called, right? At the very least, his Dad should’ve gotten some kind of call if a person saw his teenaged son kissing a small child like that. Nothing happens, so Dean has to assume it’s just another example of how everything goes his way. And he moves on to bigger and better things.

Dean likes parties, in general. He likes to see the dark things that occur when people purposely lower their inhibitions, likes to cause them even better. He never thought he’d want them in his house, necessarily, but because he wants Sam and Cas to be there, he’ll make an exception. He always prefers fucking with Cas on his own turf.

He doesn’t necessarily invite people so much as humbly suggest that he might like it if some people showed up on the weekend for his birthday, and let the word spread on its own. Dean doesn’t really adhere to high school social constructs; he’s sort of welcome wherever he goes. And teens are just begging him to fuck with them (literally, sometimes). It’s a smorgasbord of easy pain and ruin, and they’re so innocent and hormonal, so no matter how he hurts them, they keep coming back for more.

Good times.

There *are* some other teens that he considers more than sheep for the slaughter. Meg Masters is a girl from a good family who has a somewhat...odd reputation. It’s bad, but it’s not normal high school girl bad (though she does drink, smoke, and fuck pretty openly). It’s the kind of bad that Dean likes. The kind that leaves scars, that threatens lives. Where kids change schools, attempt suicide, or wind up in jail, and somehow sexy, sarcastic little Meg is at the center of it all.

It’s always something that can’t actually be proven, but the circumstantial evidence is compelling. Like a girl that makes fun of Meg’s reputation, who then happens to get roofied

on the wrong side of town, at a party she wouldn't normally have gone to, but one where Meg's crowd is likely to be. Meg definitely didn't put the pictures online because that kid got caught and arrested. She didn't make the girl's boyfriend dump her, or kick her off the cheerleading squad when her grades tragically started to slip either. But everyone blames her just the same (Dean's just impressed she apparently has a rohypnol connection).

This is one rumor of many, but like Dean, the girl is Teflon: she gets in trouble but nothing sticks. Something to do with her big-shot lawyer father. She's not as good as Dean, though, or she wouldn't have a reputation at all. (Girl doesn't know a thing about being careful.) Still, she might not have a lot of friends, but she has a certain healthy respect. She's not somebody to cross.

Dean likes her just fine (bitch knows how to have a good time, in his opinion). She's also hot, with her matching dark brown waves and eyes, and tiny but curvy body. The two of them flirt because it's axiomatic, but he doesn't think they'll ever fuck. Neither is what the other is looking for. Everyone else assumes they hook up and they both refuse to confirm or deny, united in cheshire-cat mystery. Obviously the adults in town are concerned (*girl ain't right, good boy, mixed up, likes of her, blah, blah*) and he just flashes a devil-may-care smile and smothers them in charm.

If he'd listened to the adults, he'd have heard the hint of something even darker about the girl. As it is, it's pure serendipity when he finds out. Just another break in the clouds, heaven shining down on him.

Hes walking to his car after school and deep in thought, when he hears Gordon Walker calling his name.

"What's up, man, how you been?" Dean gives him one of those hand shake, half hug deals, complete with pat on the back. Gordon is another one of those teens that Dean likes to be around. Tall, strong black guy on the varsity wrestling team, Gordon can handle his drinks and is just really unstable. It's as though he walks around in a constant state of rage, which he can only satiate with fists and blood. Dean can relate; and he likes the way they make each other...worse, really. He's the one to pull Gordon off just before he kills someone, if only so he can go on to fight another day.

"It's all good," Gordon said, looking around, licking his lips. "Listen, man, I know you been hanging out with Meg Masters sometimes."

Dean flashes a smile. "Yeah, man, what of it?"

"You wanna..." Gordon frowns, looks kind of pensive. "You wanna watch her around your brother."

Dean keeps his eyes averted so Gordon won't see the sudden light in them. "What's that now?"

Gordon sighs impatiently. "Look, she's hot and all and I like a crazy bitch as much as anybody, right? We hooked up a lot for a while; she used to hang at my house. One time I left to go get us more drinks and when I got back..."

“Yeah,” Dean encourages when Gordon trails off.

“I came in the back, I was gonna scare her...would’ve been funny, ‘cause that girl don’t scare easy. Except I couldn’t find her at first. She was in my 13 year old brother’s room.”

Dean lifts his eyebrows. “What’d you see?”

“I didn’t see shit, and she’s lucky because she’d be dead if I had. They were both sitting on the bed. Said they were just hanging out but I...you know how many times she was alone with him? I just...I can’t prove nothin’ and he says nothin’ happened. But I don’t fuck with her no more.”

“Maybe he’s telling the truth?” Dean suggests, but he doesn’t believe it. He trusts Gordon’s instincts. Besides, in his experience, it looks like the thing because it is the thing.

“Yeah, maybe,” Gordon says, getting pissed. “Look, I’m just warning you. Do what the fuck you want, Winchester, I just heard you protect the kid. Thought you’d wanna know.”

“All right, settle down, don’t start cryin’. Good lookin’ out, Gordon,” Dean tells him, mind already racing. Gordon’s right, this is information he really does need. “You comin’ Saturday? She’ll be there, I warn you.”

Gordon’s leaving but he looks back at him darkly. “I told you, do what the fuck you want. I’ll be there for the free drinks, and let’s just say she should stay outta my face.”

“I’m an extra large in shirts!” Dean calls after him. “If you were wondering!”

Gordon flashes him back a smile, “I was gonna bring you a new knife, but sure, I’ll get you a shirt.”

“Green brings out my eyes!” Dean calls, giving him a thumbs-up.

It’s gonna be a really good party.

Too Much, Too Soon (And Way Too Careless)

Castiel has never been to a party before but he...he's looking forward to it. It's Dean's birthday, and he'll be surrounded by people, so Cas hopes "Nice Dean" will make an appearance all night. And maybe he'll want Cas to play "Regular Kid", which means he gets to just hang out with Sam. He gets to drink, too, which he thinks he's really starting to like. And that way...if Dean wants him...but no, he won't. Too many people around for sure.

And if Cas is looking forward to the party, Sam is losing his mind over it. Not that he's showing it; in true Winchester style, he's playing it cool to everyone but Cas. Only Cas gets to see all the puppy excitement. "Kids at school are freaking that we get to go," he's telling Cas; and if he said it five times already, Cas won't point it out. "Anyone who has a high school sister or brother tried to get invited and couldn't. Dean doesn't want anyone but us," he says proudly, and today his shining, tilted eyes look more hazel than blue. "Mick Davies thinks we're gonna start hanging out with 9th graders after this."

Cas smiles, because he can't help it when Sam's around. "You never know. Are you going to drink?"

"Yeah, obviously. Well, let's see what Dean says."

What Dean had to say was, "One beer each, and make it last." And when Sam would protest, "Suck it up buttercup, or go wait this out at Cas's. You're ten and you're tiny; I'm not having you get sick, or somebody take advantage because you're drunk and stupid. You told Dad you'd be on your game tonight, Sammy, and I promised him you'd be good to stay. Don't make me a liar. Got your knife?"

Sam pulls out a steel folding knife from his pocket, rolling his eyes. "We're in our house. *You're* here. Who's gonna hurt me, Dean?"

"On your game, Sammy," Dean insists, holding onto Sam's small shoulders. Sam pushes into Dean's arms, eyes closing, smiling a little, and Dean hugs back. Cas has to look away; Sam loves his brother so much. *If you knew, you wouldn't love him. You'd run from him.*

"I'll be careful, Dean, I promise. You want your present Dean? I...I made you something."

Dean pulls back, and Cas peers curiously into his eyes. Even he thinks Dean might actually be touched, but he...he can't be. Yet his sea green eyes are so light and clear when he looks at his brother, his smile so affectionate. "You didn't have to do that, little brother. But yeah! Hand it over!" Cas chews his fingernails that are already bitten to the quick.

Sam hands him a lump that's vaguely box-shaped and wrapped in old newspaper, with probably a thousand pieces of scotch tape. When Dean opens it, it's an old wooden box that that says 'Emergency Car Kit' in big childish lettering on the side. In the box is a small first aid kit, a flashlight, batteries, jumper cables, protein bars, a window scraper, and a folded up emergency blanket. "It's for the Impala...for your Baby!" Sam is smiling shyly, but his eyes

are all lit up. "I...I mean I took some of it from the car already. Some from the house. I found the box in the garage, but..."

Dean smiles down at him, still looking genuinely moved, pleased with his gift, charmed by his brother. It makes Cas feel like maybe he's crazy, imagining things. "It's great, Sammy. It's awesome, I love it. C'mere." He puts the box down and picks Sam up, squeezing him tightly. "Love you, Sammy. Love you so goddamn much. You're the best thing in the world, you know that?" Cas chews his lips, though he knows Dean will complain if they get chapped, because that's what *he* thinks about Sam. Dean can't love Sam. He can't.

"Love you, too, Dean! Happy birthday, old man!" Dean ruffles his hair and kisses his cheek and Sammy presses one to the corner of his mouth.

"All right, enough chick flick moments," Dean puts him down and Cas becomes extremely preoccupied with the pattern of Sam's rug. "Was my gift too big to carry, Cas?" Dean says lightly and Cas looks up.

"I...I don't have..."

"Cas, he's teasing you, Dean doesn't care about that stuff," Sam tries to aim a kick at the back of Dean's knee, hoping he'll stumble.

Dean effortlessly yanks him forward in a headlock and messes up his hair, only letting go when he begs for mercy. He looks at Cas. "Could use a birthday hug, Cas."

Cas sort of slides upwards into his arms and Dean lifts him. Cas doesn't have to sneak kisses anymore; Sam time is still free time. "Happy Birthday, Dean. Thank you for everything," he says automatically.

"It's all good," Dean says for Sam's ears, then presses his lips to Cas's ear and whispers hotly, "already gave me my present, didn't you baby."

When Cas is set back down, his face is red and Sam smiles knowingly. At least he waits until they're alone to tease him. "Why didn't you give Dean a birthday kiss, Cas? You know you wanted to!"

"Shut up! I don't like him!" Cas says and shoves Sam, but he forces a laugh. Anything that keeps Sam in the dark.

When Dean's friends start showing up, Sam and Cas keep a low profile at first, spying on the party instead of being a part of it. The party seems to flow in and out of the house, just a bunch of teens holding beers, standing around or sitting on random mismatched lawn furniture. The boys are up in the tree house with a pair of binoculars, giggling and passing them back and forth and talking about the disappointing lack of 9th graders of either sex. Cas feels like he really likes that part, being able to watch without being watched. He feels safe and relaxed. He even watches Dean, fascinated by being able to observe him without any danger. He sees the easy magnetism, how he draws everyone in, and doesn't seem to be trying. Sam has some of that, too, Cas decides. But he sees the things only he can recognize,

too. The way he watches the people around him, the dark thoughts Cas imagines he can see in his eyes.

The way he's looking for Cas.

When Dean goes inside, Cas turns to Sam, feeling tense; he's not where Dean wants him to be. "W-we should go, right? C-can't tell Mick we stayed all night in the tree house, even if there aren't any 9th graders. He'll say we're pussies."

"He never even kissed anybody yet, at least we have," Sam grumbles and Cas feels a flush of pleasure from Sam bringing it up. "Cas, you okay? You seem nervous all the sudden. Maybe we should stay a little longer," Sam suggests, putting a hand on his arm.

Cas feels himself redden. It happens sometimes, and he hates when Sam notices. "N-no," he pauses, digs his bitten nails into his palms. He tries again, slower this time. "No...I'm just...cold."

"Okay, Cas," Sam says kindly, but not like he believes him all the way. But he's slipping easily down the rope ladder and Cas follows. He tugs Sam into the house, looking for Dean. They spill into the living room and every female on the first floor loses her mind. "Dean, oh my God! Is this your little brother, oh my God, he's so cute! Oh, look at his little friend, what's your name, sweetie?" And they're instantly surrounded by pretty high school girls and a cloud of warring cheap perfumes.

Cas lets Sam take the lead, even though he's honestly not doing much better. He's pretty shy with all the attention and he blushes and stutters, but that almost makes them like him even more. Cas tries to stay in the background, and he's embarrassed when a girl he doesn't know tugs him into her lap. "I'll watch you, baby," she tells him drunkenly, but he wiggles free easily enough. *No thanks.*

Cas is too edgy, and Sam is too shy, but Cas knows what they need. He sneaks away (with a glance at Dean first; *not sneaking from you, Dean, promise*) and slips outside to find a cooler, grabbing a wet, icy can for himself and another for Sam. He wonders if it'll be different because it isn't warm and flat like the ones in the forest. He smiles to himself, remembering.

"Hey, pretty."

He looks up and of course it's another girl. Unlike most of Dean's friends, she doesn't tower over him though. She has rich brown hair and eyes and the reddest lips he's ever seen. She's wearing a low cut purple tank top under a short leather jacket and jeans and looks...sexy. Even the way she's leaning against the door. She's smiling at him like she knows him, but he's never seen her before. "Hello," he says shyly, shifting the cold cans in his arms.

"You supposed to be drinking? You don't look 21."

Cas feels his face get hot. "I...Dean said..."

"Kidding, Angel. I had my first drink in the womb. No big deal." She's still smiling. Even her voice is sexy, Cas decides, low and purring almost, but not the fake way when girls do it

on purpose. “What’s your name?”

“Castiel,” he says, as though he isn’t sure. He glances at the door behind her. The cans are painfully cold even through his flannel, and he wants to get back to Sam. Plus, Dean will be looking for him. He steps forward, thinking she’ll step back politely, but she doesn’t move.

“I’m Dean’s good friend Meg,” she tells him, pressing her arms against the door behind her. Cas blinks; is she keeping him out here on purpose? Something about her smile... “He told me a lot about you, Castiel.”

Cas’s heart rate picks up. “I gotta get back to my friend, please.”

She looks at him for a moment and he’s thinking about walking around to the front of the house when she steps aside. “Sure thing, Angel. Talk to you later, okay? You go ahead and enjoy that beer.”

She pushes the door open but the way she stands, he has to squeeze past her to get by. He blushes, turning his face so he won’t touch her breasts. She laughs at his discomfort and he hurries back to the living room, thinking he doesn’t really like that girl.

He feels Dean’s eyes on him when he comes in, and then he’s looking past him at the girl. Meg shrugs and makes her way over to him, and Cas doesn’t think he likes the whispering that goes on between them. He looks for Sam who is on the loveseat, sandwiched in by two girls Dean’s age, with three more sitting at his feet. Cas has to laugh at how awkward he looks. He comes over and gives him his beer, much to the distress of the teenaged mother hens around him.

“He’s fine. He’s my brother, ain’t he? Winchesters are made of stronger stuff,” Dean assures them with a wink, and of course they defer to him meltingly while Sam tries not to preen at the compliment. Dean’s in an armchair with a glass of brown liquid; Cas thinks maybe it’s the same stuff he made him drink sometimes. He could go over, ask for some. Dean would let him have it, too, though probably not in front of Sam. Cas bet he wouldn’t be able to say no; he loves watching him drink it. The trick is whether or not Dean would be able to keep his hands off of Cas afterwards.

“What about Emo boy?,” Meg asks, still with that smile; Cas looks at her, stung, feeling his cheeks flush red. She’s perched on the arm of Dean’s chair, looking sultry and confident.

“He doesn’t look particularly strong.”

“Cas is strong. He’s not emo, and he’s not your boy either,” Sam says sharply, looking at her with dislike.

“Sam,” Dean warns, but Sam glances at Cas, who opens his beer and sips, looking back at Meg. His face is blank, there is none of the wince that Sam saw in the woods (*this stuff tastes like nothing compared to what Dean gives him*). Sam hides a smirk of his own.

Meg looks amused by the little show. “I stand corrected. Maybe he is a big boy after all. Still looks like he could use a lot more happy juice.”

“Cas, come sit with Sam,” a girl with short, straight dark hair and tanned skin speaks up, making room for Cas next to Sam on the couch. Cas obeys, because something in her face seems like she’s as uncomfortable with that Meg girl as he is. In fact, all the girls near Sam look ill-at-ease, looking down at their drinks or off to the side.

“Looks awful cozy over there,” Meg says slyly. “Think you have room for one more?”

Cas can feel the tension in the girl to his left, but Sam doesn’t hesitate. “Nah, we’re all full up.”

“Sammy, don’t be rude.”

“Not bein’ rude, Dean, there’s no room,” Sam shoots back, and there is a moment of brother vs. brother battle of the stares.

"What a surprise, Meg Masters causing problems with some little boys."

Cas looks and it's another boy who spoke, a boy who is dark-skinned and big and strong like Dean. He's standing in the doorway, crushing a beer can in his hand and looking like he wishes it were the girl Meg instead.

"Don't worry, Gordon, they'll come around. I've got a way with kids," Meg winks at him and Gordon is instantly wading roughly through teens to get to her, teeth bared in a snarl.

Dean is suddenly between them, and more boys rise on either side. "Gordon, chill, she's fucking with you. Told you she'd be here, man; you can't handle it, get the fuck out and see you Monday."

Cas feels the girls on the couch tense even more, and the dark-haired girl is putting her hands on Cas and Sam, like she wants to push them behind her.

There's a moment of silence and then Gordon shakes his head. "You've always had my back, Winchester. Wish you'd trust me on this one." He looks around Dean at Meg. "One day he won't be here to stop me. Let's see you run your mouth then, you sick, twisted bitch." He leaves the way he came, and the path he made stays clear.

Meg opens her mouth as he's leaving, but Dean interrupts her. “Come on, Meg, let’s get some air.”

And Cas doesn’t see either of them for a while.

Then it’s late, and Cas is drifting upstairs by himself. Sam is outside playing beer pong (although he’s using Gatorade—his one beer is long gone). Cas is on his third, (he's pretty sure) but he knows Dean won’t mind. Dean likes it when Cas drinks; the rules were for Sam’s benefit, not his. His head is spinning, but he likes it. He keeps tripping over people and giggling, and it's fun to giggle and think everything's funny. He'd been with Sam all night, even cheering him on for Beer Pong, though he hadn't had the courage to try to play, too. Dean’s friends are all so nice to him; the girls want to baby him, which can be annoying, but the boys get a kick out of seeing him walk around with a beer and call him 'Little Dude',

which he likes. But he got a little sleepy. He told Sam he was going to go lie down in his room, but when he gets there, there's a couple in the dark, having sex on Sam's bed. They don't notice Cas and he stops to watch. He can't help it.

It's a guy and a girl. She has a dress on, but it's up to her waist. The top is pushed down, but the guy on top of her is covering her, so he can't see much except the guy's butt (*smaller, not as nice as Dean's*, Cas hates himself for noticing.) What he also sees is how much the girl likes what the guy is doing. The moans can be faked; he knows that. But her breathing... she's panting, lifting to meet his thrusts. She's not in pain. The boy on top of her isn't saying "bitch" or "slut". Just her name, Lisa, how much he wants her, how much he likes being inside her. He guesses it's the girl from earlier, the nice girl on the couch who didn't like Meg.

"Like what you see, Angel?"

Cas jumps, and of course it's Meg. He feels a little embarrassed, but not as much as he would before the beers. Meg's not looking at him; she's looking into the room. "Didn't know she had it in her...well I guess she does now." She slides a cell phone out of her pocket, lifts it as though she's going to take a picture. "Hmm. Bad angle and the lighting's all wrong. Come on; let's go talk, sweet cheeks." She reaches for him but he steps back, frowning, spilling his beer a little. She gives him a look that's not completely mocking for once. "Hey, I won't bite, unless you ask me to. You're the most interesting person at this party. Everyone else is so...", she looks at the couple on Sam's twin bed, "generic."

Cas looks at Meg and tilts his head curiously. He's used to being called odd, but she called him interesting. Not weird, or bad (*'cause she doesn't know what's wrong with you*). She reaches for his hand and this time he takes it. Lets her lead him to Dean's room, feels the familiar mix of terror, arousal, and shame. He hesitates in the dark doorway, but the alcohol helps, and she tugs him over the threshold.

It also helps that Dean isn't there. He knows she wants to lead him to the bed, but he shakes off her hand and beelines for Dean's desk chair instead. He doesn't usually get a chance to choose, but she's not Dean. She smiles and starts to close the door but he jumps up. "No, please!" He wants to run past her, but he feels dizzy from jumping up too fast.

She holds out a hand, and pushes the door back open. "Hey, hey, it's okay, Angel. We can leave it open, just thought the party's a little loud. She comes and sits on the desk, and not too close either. Cas sits again, though poised to leave. "It's okay, relax. Drink your beer." She tips hers, a bottle instead of a can, to her lips, and he likes the way it draws attention to her red mouth. He doesn't think he really needs more but he takes a small sip.

"Dean told me a funny story about you," She says, watching him and he frowns, looking at her, because that doesn't make sense. All the stuff between Dean and him is secret and none of it is funny. What would he have said? *Does she know...* "Something about you asking a girl at school to flip up her skirt?"

He blushes and looks at his lap. Weird and wrong, he knows now.

“Hey, it’s okay, what a bitch, right? I mean all she had to say was no, she didn’t have to rat you out,” Meg says peeling at the label on her bottle and Cas blinks in surprise. Everyone acted like Cas did something really bad, really shocking that day. Nobody has ever said April did anything wrong.

“I...I scared her,” Cas tells Meg, trying to explain it. “I made her cry.”

She looks at him and smiles. “I guess you did come on a little strong. Most girls prefer you to work up to looking at their pussies.” His face is hot again and she laughs, but it’s okay. She’s mocking him but she likes him, he thinks. “There’s usually an order to these things you know. First base...,” she touches her finger lightly to her red mouth, sucks her finger in a little, “Second base...,” she runs her finger down her neck, down the vee of her tank top, and Cas’s eyes follow almost helplessly, “Third...,” her hand slides down her middle, over her jeans, between her legs...

Cas looks away uncertainly...he does want this, doesn’t he? “I...I should...”

“You should do...,” she says slowly, touching the curls on his forehead, “whatever you want to do. That’s what I do, anyway. All the time, whatever...,” she runs her fingers to his neck, “I...,” they play with the collar of his flannel, pushing it aside, “want.”

Cas looks at her reluctantly, but sort of interested, too. He’s feeling so good and warm and buzzed and she’s...different. She puts a gentle hand on his face (*not as small as Sam’s but so soft*), “Nothing wrong with being curious about girls, Castiel. Have you kissed a girl, yet?”

He hates how he keeps blushing; he shrugs and looks down again. He’s not sure if this is right. She’s so pretty, but she’s still a grown-up, or almost. He bets she’s stronger than him, even if she’s a girl. What if he wanted to stop and she wouldn’t? She shouldn’t be his first kiss from a girl...

Except that gets him thinking about his kiss with Sam, the way a first kiss should be. Remembering Sam’s mouth on his makes him feel...sort of the way he feels when the good parts happen. Like maybe he’s getting hard, a little. He guesses she caused that, too. Probably better to get hard for her than his best friend. On impulse, he leans toward her and she meets him in the middle. Her lips are smaller than Dean’s but her mouth is bigger than his. He’s used to that. She breaks the kiss slightly. “Pretty good at this, Angel.” He looks at her and smiles shyly at the compliment, and she wipes at his mouth with her thumb, laughing softly. “Look kinda cute in red lipstick, too.” She kisses him again, and before he knows it, she’s taking his hand and putting it over her shirt, on her left breast. He tries to tug away, embarrassed, but she hushes him. “It’s okay. Really.”

“What’s this, Cas?” Dean asks gently from the hall, and Cas flies from the chair, stumbling in his haste. He stops in the middle of the room, staring at Dean, because he’s not sure what to do. Looking at Dean’s inscrutable green eyes, Cas suddenly can’t believe he’s in this room on purpose; a fat, stupid lamb playing games in a wolf’s den. He feels like he’s sweating, like he woke up from a nightmare.

Except the nightmare is there in the doorway, and Cas hates the way he can’t just be scared, can’t just hate. He has to notice the beauty, the strength that gets used mercilessly against

him, has to anticipate the feelings those lips and hands can coax from his traitorous body. Because he's weak. Because he's stupid and fucked up and dirty and slutty. That's what this girl wants, too. *You don't see her hitting on Sam.* She knows what Cas is, after all.

Dean watches him, and Cas thinks he reads every thought as it crosses his mind.

"Hey, don't be mean to him," Meg speaks up, and unlike Cas, she doesn't seem at all perturbed to be caught. "He's at a big boy party, I'm just giving him the tour."

"Well, don't let me stop you," Dean starts to close the door.

"No, don't...I told him he could keep it open," Meg says and winks at Cas.

Dean stops mid-motion, leaving the door about halfway and gives her a doubtful look. "Your funeral."

Meg rolls her eyes and smiles. "Who knew you were so uptight, Winchester. If you're gonna stay, quit killin' the mood. You scared the shit out of my date, that's a bad start."

"I'll fix it. Cas, c'mere, let me talk to you for a sec, man-to-man."

"Ooh, I'll try not to worry my poor pretty head about what the big strong men talk about. Got anything I can sew, or clean?"

He ignores her and tugs Cas over to the bed. Cas tenses a little; most times things get really serious when Dean moves him to the bed, and he's not sure he wants an audience for what Dean makes him do. But aside from the initial jolt of fear, Cas tries to resign himself. This is nothing new, other than the girl. Maybe it won't hurt with her there. Plus, as always, he does better with this stuff if his brain is fuzzy; and he thinks this is the fuzziest it's ever felt.

Dean sits on the bottom edge of his bed and pulls Cas in front of him between his legs, turning him to face Meg. Cas sort of falls back on his hard chest, not bothering to sit back up. He's looking at Meg, who's looking back and doesn't seem at all weirded out by how familiar Dean and Cas are with each other. Dean rubs Cas's sides and whispers into his ear (and if he licks there, tugs with his teeth, who can see in the dark?) "Wanna watch you learn about girls, baby. Wanna watch you touch her and make her feel good...let her touch you. Fuck her if she wants, and you think you can do it." He turns Cas back around, so his back is to Meg, and she can't see Dean sliding his hand down between Cas's legs. He's rubbing, and Cas puts his mouth on Dean's shoulder to hide a gasp. Dean's plush mouth goes back to his ear. "Be a good boy for me."

Cas is half hard again when he turns to look at Meg, but he hesitates against Dean shyly. This is new territory on every level, and he's not sure he can—

Dean gives him a light push between his shoulder blades (*oh yeah...no choice*) and he walks back to her. Dean stays where he is on the bed. Meg looks Cas up and down. "Wow, good job, Coach. He's all ready to go."

He looks at her and swallows and she smiles. “Hey, remember? I’m not gonna bite.” She tugs him up into her lap, which would be humiliating, but it’s kind of what he’s used to now for sex. “Can I have a kiss?” she asks, and he smiles a little. It’s nice to be asked. He leans up and kisses the red mouth again, trying to push his smaller tongue to play with hers. She moans and it’s not long before she takes it over, putting her hands on his small face and becoming a bit forceful. When he pulls back she follows him, so sometimes he can’t breathe until she lets him. He’s leaning back in her arms, gasping for air.

“Touch her, Cas...she wants you to.”

Cas jumps because Dean’s voice is at his elbow, much closer than he left him. He swivels his head and blinks in surprise, turning to see Dean in his desk chair, sucking on a beer and watching Cas with green eyes glimmering in the light from his window. Cas’s heart pounds with the knowledge that he hadn’t seen Dean move; he’s usually aware of every move he makes. *Too much to drink...sorry, Dean.*

“C’mon, Angel...remember what I told you? What comes after first base?”

Cas looks at her, then down at her breasts. “Second base,” he says and his voice sounds so small and young, even to him. He puts his hands at her flat stomach and slowly pushes up. He can feel her heart pounding, and she makes a little gasping sound when his hands finally cover the small swell of her breasts. Her nipples are hard and he can feel them under his palms. He lets his curiosity take over and gently squeezes, looking at her face to make sure it doesn’t hurt. “That’s it...feels so good, Angel. Do you want to see?” He nods solemnly. He’s never seen boobs in real life before and he almost wishes Sam could see them, too. Like if he could switch out Dean for Sam. He giggles, thinking of it.

“Castiel,” Dean warns, and the giggles dry up. He blushes, getting scolded in front of Meg. “It’s not nice to laugh when a girl is showing you her body. Act like a big boy.”

“Aw, don’t be mean, he’s just having fun, right, Angel?” Meg hugs him, pushing his head against her chest. “Ignore him.” (*yeah, nu-uh.*) “now where were we...”

Dean leans forward and puts his mouth to Cas’s ear, licking and sucking slightly before saying, “Ask her to show you her tits, Cas.”

Dean’s mouth on Cas’s ear always feels good, makes his mouth pant open, makes his dick want Dean’s hand. He finds he’s breathing hard; they all are, and Meg is staring at his lips. “C-can I see...will you show me...your...tits.” The word is unfamiliar on his tongue, but he thinks he likes it.

“All you gotta do is ask the right girl,” Meg murmurs, and then she’s putting Cas’s hands on her tank top, tugging it down. She isn’t wearing a bra, so his hands are immediately filled with her small, perfectly round tits. He rubs his little palms over her pebble-hard, pink-brown nipples, stroking his hands up and down on her boobs (tits!) She moans and looks at Dean over his head. “God, his hands are so tiny!”

He does like touching her there. Her breasts are not much bigger than his hands, and he likes the way they’re so firm and soft at the same time. Dean sips his beer; he’s looking Meg in

the eye. "Know what feels really good for her, Cas...why don't you suck her tits. Just like a baby drinking milk. It's hot, trust me. She'll love it."

Cas isn't sure, but he knows that just because Dean is pretending these are suggestions, doesn't mean they are. That's for Meg's benefit. So he watches Meg's face carefully and licks over her left nipple. He hears her breathing change, just like the girl in the room, and he gets more confident, sucking the nipple into his mouth. "God, Angel!" she cries out. He moves to the right one when Dean suggests it, still touching and exploring with his hands. Meg puts a hand to the back of his head, holding him there. Cas looks and Meg's eyes are closed, her head fallen back. He starts to get lazy in his movements, leaning against her while he sucks, rubbing his hand over her other one. His eyes drift shut.

"Aww, Angel, getting sleepy? You should lie down." She moves so she can lay Cas on the desk; but it's large and she's small, so it works. Lying down makes Cas realize that the ceiling is sparkling and spinning. Dean stands to get a better look and Cas gets a weird desire to touch his face.

Meg barely gives him a glance; she only has eyes for the little boy in front of her. Cas recognizes the look on her face from when Dean first started doing things with him. Like she can't believe she has him there, doing these things. Like she wants to eat him up. He whimpers in sudden fear and she bites her lip. "It's okay, Angel, shh...you'll like it. All boys do." She straddles Cas, starts grinding against him. It hurts more than feels good though, her weight is too much against his hard little dick. He squirms a bit, trying to free himself, or at least turn sideways, so she won't be against him like that, but somehow it's not working.

"Huuuurts," he whines and she moans, but she lifts up.

"Okay, Angel, okay, shh, you're okay," she says, breathing hard. "Still want this, right?" She unbuckles her chunky belt, tugging at the buttons with shaking hands.

Suddenly, Dean is there, stopping her hands. "Wait." Meg looks daggers at him but stops. "Listen, he can't exactly wear a condom. You clean?"

Cas blinks, not understanding, but Meg's face clears and she digs a cell phone out of her pocket. It takes some doing, but after a moment or two she hands Dean the phone. "It's current."

Cas closes his eyes and loses some time. Then Dean is shaking his shoulder and Meg is climbing back on the desk, straddling him without leaning her weight down. Her jeans are gone now. Cas's sleepy eyes widen when he sees her purple lace panties, a grown up kind that he can see through in places. He looks toward the door and sees that one of them closed it; probably locked it. Doesn't matter; he was never under the impression that he could leave. He struggles to sit up, so he can see her panties better and Dean helps him. "That's it baby...here, touch, it's okay." She puts his right hand on the top of her panties and he marvels at the silky feel, the texture of the lace. She pushes his hand lower and the panties are wet there, startling him, but she keeps his hand. "Don't you wanna see what's under here, Angel?"

He does. He leans forward even more and she uses his hand to push the panties aside. His mouth falls open as he begins to touch. Her skin is soft and wet and she only has a little hair down there, a line at the top like she did it on purpose. “Yeees, good boy, touch me...” she moans. Cas pushes his fingers into her folds, but he doesn’t really know what he’s feeling for. It’s wetter here, reminds him of how wet Dean’s dick gets; he can feel it on his fingers. He finds a warm, wet hole and pushes his finger inside, watching Meg’s face for pain, but she seems to like it. It’s easy for him to put another finger because it’s so slippery and his fingers are nice and small. He doesn’t know what to do so he just feels around inside. Then he thinks of what Dean does to his hole, so he starts fucking in and out. She seems to like that a lot.

“Taste your fingers, Cas,” Dean tells him and Cas’s head turns at the sound of his voice. He takes his hand out of her panties, causing her to moan in disappointment. He watches Dean and holds up a wet finger. He assumes he’s not going to like the taste, so he barely touches his tongue to it. He thinks tasting bad things is probably not a good idea right now.

Dean takes his hand. “Open,” he commands, and shoves the two wettest fingers into his mouth, pushing them onto his tongue and it tastes...weird. “That’s how you taste something, Cas.”

“You think he can fuck me?” Meg asks, seemingly not offended at the faces Cas is making.

Dean looks at her and shrugs. “He’s kinda young. Don’t know how much there is for you to fuck.” Cas blushes, looking away (*as if Dean doesn’t know how much he has*). “Cas, take your dick out for her. Bet you can’t wait to show her.”

Cas bites his lower lip and tries to think. He’s really not sure he wants to show this grown girl his privates; he bets she’s used to seeing big ones like Dean’s. She’ll make fun of it; call it small, especially after what Dean said. “I...I don’t...” He stops and slumps forward a little. Stupid beer is making him forget he doesn’t get to say no. Dean won’t spank him in front of Meg, but punishments can always come later.

“Aw, no fair, Angel, I showed you mine. Don’t you know how that other half of that saying goes?” Meg smiles sardonically. “Don’t worry about it, sweet thing, here; you just need a little more courage.”

She picks up her own beer and tips it to Cas’s lips. He doesn’t want anymore, but he doesn’t bother to say so. He tries to swallow fast enough but she has it tipped too far, he ends up choking, letting some spill down his chin. Same thing Dean likes doing, he realizes, and both Meg and Dean are looking at his wet mouth as he wipes the back of his hand over his dripping face.

Then Dean is pushing him gently down on his back again and Meg is undoing his jeans. He looks at the ceiling, telling himself it’s just like all the other stuff Dean makes him do, except at least it won’t hurt. But he’s not really feeling turned on anymore. That beer that went so fast into his belly isn’t sitting very well; it’s like he can feel it moving around. And he keeps thinking how it’s different for a girl to see him than a boy, who knows penises are supposed to be small at his age. She pulls his pants down to his knees, taking his underwear with them, so he’s just suddenly bare and cold in front of her.

And having her look makes him not hard at all, and that makes him want to cry. He won't though; this is just something that's happening to him. It's just another thing. He closes his eyes, but it turns out his dizziness gets a lot worse with his eyes closed and his stomach starts to churn. He whispers, "Dean," and shifts uncomfortably, feeling the hard desk under his bare bottom. Dean hushes him, putting a cool hand on his forehead that helps a little.

"Ohh," Meg breathes, "Lookit you...don't worry, Angel, I can fix this." He wishes she wouldn't, until she starts touching him. Her hand is gentle and soft, unlike any he's felt there, and she's skilled, stroking him hard for her easily. He still doesn't feel so good, but his body is going on without him. Then suddenly she leans down and takes him in her mouth, sucking and licking the tiny head before lowering to engulf him. Her mouth is like Dean's and he knows what to do. He moans and pushes up his hips, fucking into her mouth.

Dean tugs Meg up by her hair and she glares at him. "He can't last like that, he's too young. Up to you, but you said you wanted to fuck him."

"Like I couldn't get it back up. I wanted to see if anything comes out."

For his part, their voices are starting to sound a little muffled and he isn't feeling so hot. "Dean...don't feel so good."

Meg rubs his stomach under his shirt and that helps a little. "Shh, you can do this, this is even better than my mouth, Angel...you'll love it."

Cas tries to sit up. "Noo, I...I think I..."

Meg pushes him back down.

"Maybe you should give him a minute. If he drank too much, he will get sick. Guaranteed," Dean tells her, stroking the hair on Cas's forehead and Cas looks at him, a mix of gratitude and shame. Dean doesn't have to do anything for Cas.

Meg hushes. "You're okay, aren't you baby...still nice and hard for me. Gonna feel so good." And then she's lowering herself on him, guiding him inside her, and it does feel good, silky and wet, like her mouth but hotter, but it's far away, and his head is hurting. He tries to sit up and she pushes him down again, holding him lightly as she moves her hips, squeezing to try to keep his little bit inside her. "Stop it, Angel, just...just lie still...let me...let me..."

"Noooo, wanna...wanna stop...don't feel good..."

"It's okay, Cas, it's okay, shhh, relax, come inside her and you're all done, just let go," Dean whispers soothingly in his ear, dropping kisses that would normally soothe and arouse him, but the way she's pushing moves his small body, makes him feel worse.

"Noo, noooooo...", he whimpers helplessly, his voice jolting with her thrusts, trying to tell them, but all that comes out are more 'No's that get ignored.

"Castiel, is that you? Cas, hang on!" It's Sam's voice, muffled because he's on the other side of the door.

Dean and Meg look at each other in shock, and then they're both moving; Meg to jump off Cas and slip back into her jeans, Dean to pull Cas's pants and underwear back up. He's pulling at Cas, making him sit up too quickly, trying to force him to stand on the desk and it's too much. Cas turns sideways and throws up on the desk. His stomach feels instantly better, but he looks at Dean in pure horror.

Of course Dean had locked the door, but he is Sam Winchester, and he picks it with no trouble. Meg is still fixing her pants with her back turned and Dean barely steps away from Cas toward the door when Sam is through, easily sidestepping his brother to get to his friend. Cas slumps against the wall and blinks at him. "Cas, are you okay?" Sam slides a skinny arm under Cas's shoulders, supporting him.

"Threw up. So sorry, Dean...all on the, all on the desk," Cas tells him, leaning on Sam's shoulder.

"Got you, Cas, I got you," Sam tells him, then says sharply to Meg. "What were you doing to him?"

"Just a little kissing," Meg says, still smiling, but it's kind of tight. With her lipstick all over Cas's mouth, that part would be hard to deny. (Cas wonders if it's on his dick, too, and he giggles. Lipstick dick.) Her clothes are rumpled, but she at least appears fully dressed, with the exception of shoes. "He wanted to hang with the big kids."

"He just drank a little too much. It hit him all at once; told him to stick to one. He's fine, Sam."

"His pants are open, Dean! He's not fine!" Sam yells, and Cas is suddenly so ashamed. He fumbles to fix his pants and Sam pushes his hands away, buttoning him properly.

"Sammy, lower your voice, it's no big deal."

"No big deal?" Sam says shrilly. "Okay, can she touch me then, Dean? I want to play with her, too." He leaves Cas leaning against the wall, and steps towards Meg, looking at Dean.

Meg smiles, amused, and reaches a hand out to Sam's fringe of brown bangs. "I'm sure we could work something out, Sugarpants. Awfully pretty yourself, aren't you."

"Meg," Dean warns.

"See? It's not okay, you know it isn't."

"He was having fun, weren't you Angel?" Meg reaches for Cas and Sam steps between them, blocking her.

"You don't touch him," Sam says fiercely. "I heard him...he was saying no. You...you better never let me see you near him again. You'd get in trouble, I know that. You're not *allowed* to touch him."

Meg's eyes narrow, her lip curls in a sneer, but Dean interrupts. "Sammy, that's enough."

"No!" Sam rounds on Dean, and now his eyes shine with tears. "What were you doing, Dean? Why are you in here with the door locked, letting her..." his voice wavers. "You don't come near him either! You stay away!" And he's helping Cas to his feet, tugging him toward the door.

"Sam, 'm fine," Cas slurs. He's going to be sick again any minute now, but he still knows this is bad, Sam seeing this. "Don't be...don't be ma-mad. Wanted it. Saw pussy, Sam. Saw boobs—tits. Wish you'd seen 'em. Wanted you to see 'em."

"Shh, Cas, getting you out of here, okay?" Sam brushes angrily at his eyes.

"Come back here and sit down," Dean says sharply, the tone that usually checks Sam. "We'll talk about this."

"No! We're going to Cas's, you stay here and do perverted stuff with your skank friend!" Sam snaps nastily, and his tears spill over at last.

"Sam!" Dean starts forward angrily.

But Sam stands stone cold, though tears are leaking steadily, and looks him in the eye. "**Don't.** If you try to stop us, if you try to spank me, I'll tell! I'll tell Dad!"

* * *

Much to Meg's consternation, Dean lets them go.

He can't stop seeing Sam's tearful, disillusioned face. Hearing those words. Impossible words; because Sammy isn't telling anyone. Least of all a man who is barely involved in Sam's life. It's Dean who keeps Sam safe. Dean who raised him, really. He has no higher authority than Dean, and he should...he should recognize that, he should *respect* it.

All true, but this isn't Sam's fault. It isn't even Cas's fault, much as he'd like to lay the blame solidly on the boy, and all the punishment and grief that comes with it.

This is Dean's fault. He wasn't careful. He wasn't even slightly careful this time, unless you count the fact that he kept his clothes on and his hands (mostly) to himself, knowing how much better it would be if he hadn't. He hadn't even stroked it; his dick is still half-hard, the raging erection only semi wilted after being caught by Sam.

The truth is, he heard about this sexy girl pedo and all he could think about was watching Cas try to fuck a woman; watch him be *molested* by her. See if he liked girls (a successful experiment, it turns out), see if he's capable of fucking into any of her holes (inconclusive...well, her mouth, for sure.) So he wasn't careful and now he's exposed, and stuck with a pretty crappy co-conspirator with a reputation for getting caught.

But it's going to be okay. He sighs and cleans up Cas's vomit. Even that was his fault. Cas told him he was sick and he hadn't listened, had wanted too badly to watch her ride him into the desk. Apparently turning 18 had just made him stupid and reckless.

"Are you fucking crazy, Winchester, how could you not go after them?!" Meg is putting her shoes on, looking furious, all that languid, sexy energy suddenly gone. Dean thinks Sam just made himself a formidable enemy, but it's okay because she'd have to go through Dean first. And she ain't up to it, no matter who her Daddy is.

"It's fine, relax," Dean tells her, though he's not exactly relaxed himself. It really does bother him, thinking of Sam over at Cas's, what must be going through his mind. He honestly does wish he could go follow him right now and force him to get over it. But he (*not an idiot*) knows that would be a mistake. He has to let Sam win this one, so he won't feel forced into making a move they'll all (*Dean will make them all*) regret.

Besides, he has a drunk little ace in the hole. Meg is his biggest problem now, and he has to focus on her, no matter how he feels about Sam.

"Right, I get it, he's *your* brother, that's *your* brother's best friend, so naturally *you* won't be the one getting in trouble right?" She turns, gets in his face, snarls, "I won't go down for this alone, Dean. Surely you've heard that about me."

She turns to leave and he grabs her, slams her up against the wall and smiles. "You must be fucking joking," she snaps, slapping his hands away and trying again for the door. This time he grabs her and pushes her back, sending her stumbling. He kicks his door shut and turns to her.

She licks her lips and smiles. "Thinking of raping me, Winchester? Wouldn't recommend it."

"Why would I want to do that?" he says, but he crowds up against her, backing her against the wall. She lets him, then tries to knee him in the balls, but he was ready and easily blocks her, getting a knee between her legs and pushing them apart.. He catches her wrists and pins them behind her back. It does feel rapey, and he likes it, likes the way she struggles and curses and finally stills, eyes spitting hate and promising vengeance. "Relax. I'm not the one you want, remember? But if you ever want another shot at him, I'm the one you need."

She laughs mockingly, "Oh really? Did you not hear your boyscout little brother? I don't think that's in the cards." But her eyes are curious, less hateful, and her body relaxes slightly.

He holds her wrists easily with one hand, trails the other down her face. "Hmm, you'd think," He says softly, and puts his hand lightly around her neck, not holding at all. Her eyes light up and he smiles; he so loves a bad girl. "But you kind of suck at this. You're right, I've heard about you, and why is that? You don't know how to get away with things." He lets go of her wrists, but keeps her throat.

"Oh, please," Meg pushes lightly against him, and he shoves her back against the wall because he knows she wants him to. "Like you don't have a rep for fucking around. Only

difference is, you're a man, so you get a pat on the back."

"Officially, today," his lips are inches from hers. He doesn't tell her he wasn't talking about fucking rand-o's, or not exactly.

She sighs. "You really don't care that your brother caught us molesting his friend and just ran off threatening to tell?"

Dean touches her hair, tugs it. "You don't know Cas like I do. Once he sobers up, he'll take care of it. He'll tell Sam he wanted to mess around with you, get him to promise not to tell."

She looks disbelievingly at him. "Why would he do that? Sure, he liked some of it, but that last part...I can admit I got kinda carried away," she drawls, looking chagrined if not sorry. Like a cheater who's only sorry she got caught.

"You don't need to know why, just ask yourself why *I'm* not worried?" He puts his lips to her ear. "I can get you what you really want."

She swallows. "Oh, and what's that? Why would I take a chance, even if we did get away with it tonight?"

"Because you didn't get to take all his clothes off," Dean whispers, and she licks her lips. Dean slides a hand to the front of her jeans and opens them effortlessly...shoves his hand roughly in her panties. "See that little body naked against yours...touch him while he whimpers and squirms...kiss him all over...look down between your legs, see a fifth grader licking this little clit..." She cries out, and he teases her, as good with his fingers as he is with his tongue. "Make him fuck you, feel his tiny dick inside you." Her legs start shaking, she's coming apart in his arms. "Think he'd beg you, Meg? Think he'd beg you to stop? But next time no one will hear him...you could use him. Force him." He knows when she comes, and he takes her mouth, kissing her. Grateful, she drops to her knees, and it turns out he was wrong; they do end up fucking. They fuck hard and rough and desperate, all the time telling each other about Cas, how it would be, with his small naked body helplessly fucking them both.

It's Cas who finds him first the next day and Meg is thankfully long gone (not the staying over type). The house and yard look like a bomb went off, but Dean isn't worried. There are still a few kids who stayed over, promising to help clean up. Cas comes in without Sam, and for a moment Dean just looks at him. He looks like shit, pale as death, and Dean bets he did end up getting sick again last night. He guesses he'll have to be more careful when it comes to Cas and alcohol, and he sighs again. More careless mistakes. "Where's Sam?"

"He's sleeping. I was sick, he was...helping me. I-I wanted to come talk to you, he...he wouldn't let me, so I waited..." Cas looks shaken. He looks around, but they aren't alone. He nods at Dean to follow him and walks upstairs without saying anything, going into Dean's room and closing the door behind them. Dean lifts his brows; he's never done that before. Cas drops to his knees, looking miserable and afraid. "Dean don't be mad okay? I-I'm s-so s-sorry, he heard me, I...I know better than to say no! Just punish me, okay?! I'll fix it! I told him I was doing stuff with her, I said I...I just wanted to try it and then my stomach and head hurt so I was gonna stop and—"

"Shh, that's a good boy, that's just what I want you to do," Dean tells him, pulling him up and helping him sit on the bed. He strokes his hair and lets him lean against him. "Don't worry about what you said, okay? I just need you to focus on Sam like you're doing. Your only job right now is making him believe you."

Cas pulls back fearfully. "You're not m-mad? You...you won't hurt Sam?"

Dean pulls Cas up, so they're eye to eye. "Make no mistake. He's getting over this one way or another. But we'll try to fix it first."

"He...", Cas speaks reluctantly, swallowing his fear. "He asked me if...if you touched me, Dean. I said no!"

Dean blinks, shocked. He looks grimly out his window, towards Cas's house. He had hoped it wouldn't even occur to Sam to ask...that was sobering in itself. "Definitely gonna have to be careful for a while."

And he really means it. But the cost is a bit higher than he thought.

* * *

"You promise you didn't touch him, Dean?"

"I already promised!"

"I...I know, Dean."

"C'mon, man, I hooked up with a high school girl when I was around his age!"

"...yeah..."

"You know I told you I started this stuff early. I just figured he's an early bloomer, too, like me."

"I remember, Dean. I know you did."

"It's not the same for you, that's all. You don't understand."

"It hurts him, Dean. That stuff hurts him."

"If you say so."

"Why were you there, Dean? Did you...did you want to do stuff with him, too? And he said he wanted it?"

"Sam, don't ask again."

"Sorry, sorry."

"We good?"

"...yeah. No more high school stuff with him, Dean, okay? Even if he asks? For me?"

"Sam, goddammit, I'm not the one who--"

"I know! Don't get mad, I just...I just need to look out for him. Okay, Dean?"

"You're crazy. I didn't hurt him. I didn't think she was hurting him."

"Yeah, I know...okay, though? For me? Please?"

"Sure, Sammy. Whatever you want."

So Dean stops touching Castiel. For a while.

Three Boys, Four Months

Chapter Summary

Sam tries to keep Dean and Cas apart, but they team up against his efforts and Dean finds a way to break him down.

The first few weeks are the hardest (no pun intended—don't go there.) Sam keeps Cas away from Dean as much as possible and Dean pretends this doesn't affect him in the slightest. It does, though, and not only because he's lost his favorite toy (slave? He's gotta come up with a word he likes for Cas.) He's lost Sam, to some degree. Sam claims to have forgiven Dean but it's obvious he hasn't. He goes through the house like a ghost of himself; he can barely drum up a smile for Dean. But then he's barely home. Sam is attending to Cas (even if Cas keeps insisting that nothing bad happened to him), and because he keeps his word that Dean will not come near him, that means he does it at the Novak house. Dean could force him to stay at home; it's his decision when and where Sam is permitted to go.

He doesn't.

It's infuriating, of course. He wants to shake Sam; no that's the *least* he wants to do to him. He wants to tie him up and make him scream, so he's sorry he hurt Dean, so he'd realize how wrong he is to deny himself to Dean. Because it does hurt, or at least it's a constant irritation, like an itch he can't scratch, somewhere under his skin. When he isn't furious, gritting his teeth and dreaming up punishments, it turns out he's capable of missing his brother. How his smile takes up his whole face, the way he rolls his eyes and tries to hide a little smile when he's pretending he doesn't think Dean's jokes are funny, and the goofy laugh when he finally gives in. The open and endless love that he readily pours into Dean, sweet little brother hero-worship with a good healthy dose of stubborn, willful pain in the ass (so like Dean). He is like this one precious thing that the world would tear apart if Dean let it. He needs Dean. He belongs to Dean. And Dean...well he needs...no, he doesn't need anything, anybody, but...he's used to...that's it, he's used to, and...

It's a difficult month.

Cas is the one who tells Sam he's being ridiculous. That he's tired of being cooped up in his much smaller, too-depressing house with his desktop and his not much else. Especially when he could be at Sam's with his Playstation, his treehouse, and yes, his brother, Dean. Because, Cas says, he misses him. And, Cas insists, so does Sam. Sam doesn't agree at first, but after a few tries (he really does miss his brother) Sam gives in.

So Sam stays home more and Cas starts coming around.

The second month is trickier, but Dean almost enjoys it, pitting himself against his brother. He's a fifth grade child, more innocent than Dean can ever remember being, but he won't underestimate him. He bets Sam is good at watching so nobody can tell he's watching, too. He bets it's a hereditary skill. So the trick is to go through the exact motions as before (minus fucking/fingering/kissing/touching/blowing Cas.)

It would still mean cuddling him and even spending time together alone, but Sam is not having it. At first he tries to forbid it completely, but Dean and Cas both act really hurt and offended.

"Right, because now I'm going to touch him in front of you, Sam. I'm that crazy," Dean gives Sam his most remote, disappointed expression and shakes his head. He tries to lower Cas to the couch, but Cas clings to him, refusing to go. "He sits on my lap in the first place because you told him to do it."

Sam's expression clouds with confusion for a moment, but he shakes his head. "I just think ____"

"You think I'm so stupid, Sam. I know it. I'm so stupid I need you to tell me not to sit with Dean, even if he'd hurt me the way you think," Cas looks at Sam, his small face a mix of misery and shame. Dean presses him close, drops a kiss on his head, and actually tries his best to comfort him. He's being *such* a good boy, and he's obviously tormenting himself to do it. Because of course Sam is exactly right about this, about all of it.

"Cas, no, you're not...I'm not saying...I just..." Concerned, Sam steps over and reaches for him, but Cas curls away, hiding his face in Dean's shoulder.

Dean feels the slight body tremor and he rubs a hand over his back. He's glad he isn't hard right now; he wants to be as non-threatening as possible for Cas to help him pull this off. He gives Sam a look of pure reprimand and the boy looks down. "Sam doesn't think you're stupid, Cas. Sam loves you; he thinks he's keeping you safe."

Cas turns and looks Sam full in the face and his eyes are wet. "You don't need to keep me safe from Dean. I told you a hundred times. Please stop making me say it."

Sam looks distraught, like he's dying to say more but he just can't say it again in front of Dean. It doesn't matter since all three of them know what it is (*you were sick, should have made her leave you alone, why were you locked in, why didn't he stop it.*) Dean feels instant fury that he must swallow; he can't even dig his fingers into Cas, knowing the boy will misinterpret the gesture. It doesn't matter because it's obvious Sam has lost this first battle. Somehow, out of a desire to help, Sam ends up feeling like he's hurting both Dean *and* Cas and that's not what he means to do at all. He stops trying to forbid Dean from holding Cas, but he's still too stubborn to just give up.

So he just invents any reason to keep them apart. Sometimes he needs Cas's help in the kitchen to get snacks, or he's suddenly tired of watching movies and wants to go play cards in his room. He chooses activities Dean won't like, shows and games that would never interest him, and when his friends come around, he sends them away. It's always completely transparent, since all three of them know that Sam should be joining them in Dean's lap, not

trying to leave or make Dean leave. Both Dean and Cas roll their eyes at him but go along with it each time, which serves to make Sam feel both relieved and slightly guilty. Then Dean finally thinks up a punishment for Sam, because he is really getting sick of his shit.

Sam initially avoids Dean, and is less affectionate (only out of hurt and anger, not any belief that Dean would ever touch him inappropriately), but Dean knows he can't hold out forever. So when Sam finally does try climbing into Dean's lap one night when they're hanging out alone, Dean stops him, gently keeping him in his own seat. Sam looks wide-eyed and his pretty face heats up red, but Dean shakes his head sadly and tells him, "Sammy, you're kind of accusing me of wanting to molest Cas or something. I ever catch you in somebody's lap when you think he touches kids, you wouldn't sit for a month."

Sam looks so shocked, his mouth falling open, and Dean sees the pain he was looking for in those gorgeous tilted eyes. "But...we're brothers. You love me."

"I do love you," Dean tells him. He reaches for him then stops himself, acting embarrassed. "Always will. Guess I'm just a little hurt, Sammy. And a little uncomfortable, to be honest. Nothing worse a guy can be accused of in this world, is there? Especially a guy like me, who looks after a little guy like you."

"Oh," Sammy whispers, looking so dejected. "But you still hold Cas--"

"Cas trusts me."

"Oh," Sam whispers again and settles on the couch. He tries to sit close enough that his arm is against Dean, but Dean moves to the armchair.

This is a surprisingly satisfying and effective punishment.

It's also especially cruel. He doesn't just stop holding Sam in his lap, he barely touches him. Cuddling Dean is something Sam needs, because if it isn't Dean, it's nobody. He can count the times John Winchester holds him per year using the fingers of both hands. Dean normally obliges in spades; Sam can never be close enough for him. Never mind the smaller touches that are just part of the relationship neither even thinks about. A passing squeeze of a shoulder, or a half hug, a kiss on the forehead, or smoothing fingers through Sam's silken hair. Little thoughtless touches, but each one says 'you're safe', 'you're loved', and (because it's Dean) 'you're mine.'

Losing those takes an immediate toll on Sam. Oh, he tries to accept Dean's new boundaries; Dean is actually pretty proud of how stoically he handles himself. He still meets his responsibilities at school and at home. Yet it's obvious he grieves the loss. More importantly he becomes distracted in his efforts to protect Cas from Dean, a Cas who keeps insisting he doesn't want to be protected. He finds it painful to watch his brother shower affection on his best friend while ignoring him, and so when Cas refuses to leave Dean, Sam takes starts to take refuge in his other friends...if only occasionally.

When Dean has alone time with Cas, he still has to be careful. He doesn't take it for granted that Sam is as preoccupied as he seems. He falls into a routine that feels familiar, because it's basically everything he was doing right before he called Cas a slut for the first time. He

wonders how it makes Cas feel, sitting at the table doing puzzles in his lap. The last time they did this, Cas was so happy, so content. Dean thinks of that day often, how small Cas was sitting on the table, how beautiful his tears. He doesn't whisper the memory in Cas's ear the way he wants, though, just to feel him tremble, see his eyes fill up, the way the blue gets so bright and wet.

Cas is so beautiful when he's scared and sad, but this isn't the time. He needs his broken little baby to be a teammate, and he really has been trying so hard. He needs Dean to help him through. So instead, he asks about school. Tells funny stories. Makes fun of Sam. When he can, he offers little encouragements and praises. And above all else, he stays chaste. Only on occasion, when he's very, very certain that Sam isn't around, Dean will introduce a new game to Cas. Like passing notes in class, he writes and lets Cas respond, except it's always the same:

Who do you belong to?

I am yours

Why are you alive?

And so on. Sometimes it's just the first question and once he even brought out crayons and made a little art project out of it, getting Cas to pretty up the word 'Yours' with bright colors and little moons and stars. He praises a job well done, even wishes he could keep it, but he won't. He burns it like all the rest.

If you're wondering how Cas is pulling it off, all of this "acting" he has to do for Sam, he isn't. Or at the very least, he's not doing any better of a job than he did before the Meg incident. That's okay; Dean thinks the important part is that their relationship looks the same as it did in the past. The only difference is that now Cas shows a genuine impatience with Sam sometimes (I told you I don't *want* to go outside, you go!) even if he always feels guilty about it immediately after.

Dean knows why Cas is irritable with Sam; it's not his fault. Spending all this time together, wondering when Dean will start fucking him again puts him under a tremendous amount of strain, and Dean can tell that the wait is killing him. It's amusing to Dean because Cas has practically become a wanton thing, often trying to tempt Dean into breaking their fast. At first, Dean figures it's just habit. His mind is a little broken, so Dean forgives him when he doesn't really understand that good behavior before (checking in with Dean and offering him sexual favors on a constant basis) is bad behavior now. So Dean has to lift him off his small knees and send him back outside to Kevin, or stop him from climbing in his bed on Sleepover Nights and walk him back to Sam's room with a drink of water and some cough syrup if he thinks he can't sleep. Turning him down when he'd much rather turn him out is a testament to how far Dean will go to get his brother back.

Two months without touching him and Cas is the one who is coming apart at the seams. It turns out this could have passed for one of Dean's best torments yet. He's so certain that Dean is walking around in need, so sure that Dean will eventually get tired of waiting and fuck him bloody. Dean doesn't really think he deserves the distrust (though he enjoys the shit out of the fear.) He has never fucked Cas without proper preparation. He threatens it

sometimes, but that's for Cas to understand that he *could* do it. That preparation is something to be grateful for every single time. Both Dean and Cas have learned this the hard way, and Dean just doesn't want Cas to forget how good he has it.

By the third month, Sam stops trying to make excuses for Castiel to get out of Dean's lap. Figuring this means the time is near makes Cas even more anxious, and he starts trying to ask about it. Tries to whisper in his ear when Sam leaves the room. "Is it soon, Dean? Will it happen soon?" he'll ask in a shaky voice, and Dean refuses to say anything, won't move his hands. He just looks at him and thinks about how much he wants that tight hole. All the things he wants to do to that little body. He'll cup his chin gently and smolder at him with all the violent need he can muster, while drinking in the panicked response. "W-when it happens, I'll be—," Cas tries, but Dean never lets him, tapping his mouth with a finger and looking at him pointedly enough for it to be an order. *No more*. And Cas will squirm on his lap and bite his chapped lips (sigh) and wait until the next time to try again.

By the fourth month, Sam is wilting at the edges. He clings to Cas almost desperately (Dean makes note of how much Cas enjoys their closeness and files it away for another time.) It isn't enough, though, he needs Dean. Finally, instead of trying to get Cas out of Dean's lap, Sam starts trying to get himself back in. Dean wants him back, too, but he makes him work for it. He has to, he decides, for the lesson to be effective. He doesn't know when he started thinking this way towards Sam, but he likes it a lot.

"I want to hold you, Sam, I just can't," Dean tells him regretfully. He is, though, because his hands are on Sam's arms, which is a lot more than Sam has gotten in quite a while. As soon as he put them there, Sam's eyes tear up and Dean realizes how needy he really is. Dean is actually dying to hold him, but he won't. Not until Sam makes it right.

"But I do trust you, Dean! I know you'd never hurt me!" Sam whines desperately. "I...I... but...Cas..."

Dean lets go of him roughly and stands up straight, hearing the little whimper Sam makes. "Right, right, why was I in there, why was the door locked, why didn't I *"save"* him. Listen up: you'll get this one more time and never again. And if you can't accept it, we'll just have to figure out how to be around each other now that you think I'm some kind of fucking freak." Sam opens his mouth and Dean rushes on, "No, you sit down and you listen; you'll get your turn to talk. Here it is, last time, accept it or don't: I came back to my room and Cas was kissing and touching Meg, *not* the other way around. I stayed because it's my fucking room and I locked the door because I thought they were crazy to make out with the door open. I didn't stop it because I didn't think there was anything wrong with it. Told you again and again, I've done that myself when I was around his age. And like as not, Sammy, once again, *Cas isn't like you*. He's a guy who asks girls at school to show him what they got. Would you ever do that on your worst fucking day, Sam? No, no you wouldn't." Sam looks away at that part like he always does; like he knows it's true, but he makes excuses for Cas.

Dean is worked up, talking fast as he flies through the familiar points. He runs a hand back through his hair. "And yeah, I knew he was too drunk, but ask him if I gave him a single sip of beer. Ask him, Sam! I told you both one beer each, but he's not you, he doesn't have to listen to me. I figured he was gonna learn a good lesson with his hangover the next day, and

the damage was already done. I told her to let him up when he said he was feeling sick and she didn't—and yeah, if it was you, I'd react differently, but I can't help it. Lookin' out for you is just my thing."

And here Dean kneels down in front of his brother and takes him by the shoulders, gently but firmly. He adds a new part to a very tired discussion. "Hear me, Sam. You want me to be as morally good as you are and I'm not. You know I'm not. I do a lot of things you'll never do when you grow up, and I'm glad. I love that you're better than me; no, you are, Sam, it's okay. Just...I can't be like you. I'll never think like you. I'm different, I'm...I'm so different," Dean stops finally, surprised at himself.

Sam is out of his seat and throwing his arms around Dean as soon as he stops talking. Dean doesn't hug back and Sam squirms, tries to get closer. "I don't want you to be different than you are, Dean! I didn't think about it. That you think different than me. I'm sorry I've been so mean," Sam is still pressed against Dean. Only when Dean feels the wetness against his shirt does he allow his arms to wrap around his brother. He picks him up and sits himself on the loveseat so Sam is in his lap. He holds him while he cries and presses kisses in his hair.

"Okay, Sammy. And before you ask, yes, I'll still keep my promise to you: if I see Cas trying to do high school things, I'll stop him for his own good. But he might not want to be stopped, little brother. Some kids are just...different like that. Like I was," he tells him, while for the first time in months, he gives in to the pleasure of holding his small brother.

Sam snuffles and wraps his arms around one of Dean's, his head on his older brother's chest. "Th-thanks, De," and Dean closes his eyes; he loves the nickname Sam gave him as a baby, loves the rare occasions he still uses it. "I just..." Sam struggles to explain without giving away Cas's secrets that Dean already knows. "I don't want him hurt," he says finally.

"Can't save him, Sam," Dean tells him, pressing his lips against Sam's forehead, breathing in the world's best scent. "Not if he won't let you."

"Can we not talk about Cas right now?" Sam asks, and Dean thinks it's because he still doesn't agree but is too afraid to argue and lose this closeness.

"Sure, baby boy," Dean revels in using his own most secret, most private nickname; the one Sam would hate even Cas to hear. "Missed this so much."

And that night when Sam asks if he can sleep in Dean's bed, he's more than happy to allow it.

So four months in, and Dean gets both his boys back in his lap. The only funny part is how these days when he holds them both, he always puts Cas on his dick. Cas is a good boy and doesn't squirm too much (even though sometimes Dean kind of wants him to.) Dean's more than ready to start fucking him again, he just needs the right time.

Then Cas goes missing for a few days.

Cold tile under his cheek. Sam lifting him up, touching his face with a chilled, wet washcloth, so gently. “It’s okay, Cas...I got you...you gotta throw up again?”

“Don’t think so, Sam.”

“Okay. Just rinse your mouth and we can go to bed.”

Bedroom so far away, but Sam, so good to lean on Sam. Who helps him put on pajamas. Who doesn’t mind when Cas curls up against him under the sheets, who rubs his back and says, “I’ll keep you safe, Cas. You’ll be okay.”

Does he sound tearful? Cas doesn’t check, can’t pry open his eyes. “Don’t need saving, Sam. Just got too sick is all, told you.” He presses reassuring kisses to Sam, whatever part he reaches. He was aiming for cheek but he gets neck. Sam smells so good there, and Cas does something he’s thought about before, giving Sam the kind of kiss there that he normally saves for Dean. *Yum*; Sam tastes even better than he smells.

Feels Sam gasp a little; knows that means it’s working. Cas has a hand on Sam, but he could move it. So many things Sam doesn’t know that Cas could show him. He wouldn’t hurt him even a little bit; he’d only make him feel so good. Make the tears go away.

“Cas...Cas, s-stop,” Sam is saying, and Cas stops right away, even though he’s not sure that’s right. Maybe you’re supposed to keep going if you know better than him that he’s going to like what you’re doing. His eyes open as he tries to puzzle it out. He checks and his hand is still on Sam’s chest; he didn’t move down, he only *imagined* moving it. He tries to remember what he’s supposed to be doing, feels the anxiety try to squeeze up his chest again, flip his abused stomach. But Sam is turning, facing him, and their faces are close, and Sam just smiles sadly. “You’re drunk, Cas. Just try to sleep, okay?”

Cas does, until he remembers what he’s supposed to be doing. Then he sneaks off to see Dean.

~

Dean needs me, Dean wants me, I have to go, Sam, please...

“We can’t keep just hanging out here all the time, Sam, it’s dumb. My...my mom always uses the TV, and...I only have the few games on my computer. I...this is stupid, Sam, let’s...let’s hang out at your house again.”

But Sam puts an arm over Cas’s shoulders and squeezes (feels amazing; nothing better than a Sam hug.) “No, Cas, let’s stay here. Since when do we need “stuff” to have fun?”

Sam doesn’t really want to have fun. He wants to talk about that night. He tries so many times, but Cas is a robot. He repeats the words he knows Dean wants him to say and never says anything else. Never tells Sam the parts where he was afraid. The parts that hurt. Can’t

tell Sam how extraordinary he looked, barging in like that, getting past Dean without any trouble. Yelling at Meg, yelling at *Dean*. He'd looked fearless and so beautiful that when Cas thinks back, his heart aches. He plays it over and over in his mind. Somehow this boy, who is everything good and pure, thinks Cas is worth saving, thinks Dean is wrong about Cas. He thinks Cas *doesn't* deserve this kind of life.

He's wrong, Cas knows that (*don't worry, Dean, I know it.*) But Cas loves that he believes it.

~

It's Sleepover Night and Sam is trying to stay awake but Cas knows he will lose the fight. It's true he's not the same as he was before, when he would slip into deep, dreamless sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. Too many troubles in his life now (all of them Cas's fault.) Cas regrets causing Sam pain; but it'd be worse if Sam didn't care about him. He needs Sam to care.

Sam falls asleep and Cas mumbles about the bathroom, just in case he's half-awake or pretending. But he isn't going to the bathroom. He's going to Dean. He knows Dean said they're not supposed to touch; they have to stay apart until Sam stops being upset. But Dean also said that Cas is supposed to always offer himself to Dean, especially on Sleepover Night. And whenever Cas didn't do it, Dean got really angry and scary. Cas feels like he just can't take a chance that this isn't some kind of trick. Like when Dean tries to make him say he doesn't want things, knowing he'll get in trouble if he does.

Dean is still awake when he gets there, sitting up on his bed wearing sweats and a tight t-shirt. "Cas, what's wrong?"

Cas crawls onto the bed. "Need you to fuck me, Dean..."

Dean looks swiftly toward the door; he jumps up to look in the hall, and Cas kneels on the bed, waiting. He looks relieved when it's empty and when he turns and looks at Cas, his emerald eyes darken. Not angry, but like he likes what he sees. Cas can always tell the difference, even when it's both mixed together. "Baby, remember what I said, okay? We can't do this stuff right now."

Cas frowns. "It's Sleepover Night though, Dean. Should I...should I suck you first?"

Dean walks to the bed and touches Cas's face, his eyes on Cas's lips. Cas tries to catch his fingers, suck them into his mouth the way he knows Dean likes. Dean lets him, pushing a finger in, pushing down on his bottom teeth gently so Cas will open wider. Cas can see him getting hard in his sweats and he's about to reach out when Dean groans and takes his hand away. "No, Cas. I know you don't mean to, but you're being bad. Try to remember, we can't be together until I say so. I'll tell you when it's time, and until then, I need you to remember your new rules. It's okay, no punishment, don't cry. I'll help you."

But he does cry, because he's still sure he's going to get punished for not doing things on Sleepover Night. Dean helps him stop. Then gets him a glass of water.

~

It's been months, and Cas understands that he's not supposed to offer himself to Dean. He's supposed to wait. He knows he should be enjoying this time, the way his bottom is never sore (either outside or inside). He does enjoy Sam, who seems to need Cas almost as much as he needs Sam. He doesn't think other guy best friends at school cuddle up as much as they do together, but he doesn't care. He'll take everything Sam has to offer. He'd take more.

Dean is nice to him, too, and it's so tempting to pretend that Dean cares about him. The way he thought when they first met. Even when Cas made mistakes and tried to go by the old rules, Dean was kind and understanding. He keeps praising him, telling him what a good job he's doing with Sam, how convincing he's being. And when Cas accidentally treats Sam badly (and wants to die from guilt), Dean is the one to calm him.

"It's okay, Cas, you didn't mean to snap at him," Dean will say, holding him close the way he used to, and even though Cas knows the way that turned out, he's upset enough that he needs the comfort. "This is hard on you, I know. But you're doing so great. I'm really proud of you, Cas. Why don't you go find Sam, okay? You'll feel better if you say sorry."

Cas does feel better. He feels grateful.

~

Sam doesn't ask about that night anymore and Cas knows how he longs to be back in Dean's good graces. It's a relief in a way, but he took too long, and Cas is really worried. Dean looks, feels so...Cas doesn't have a word for it. Like he's barely holding back. Any moment feels like it could be the one where Dean is pushing into him again.

Is there any way he can make it so Dean won't hurt him too much? He tries to ask about it and he's not allowed. But if only he could talk to Dean. He's been a good boy, hasn't he? He's done everything Dean has asked. He'll let Cas ease back into it, right? His bottom isn't used to it again; he knows it's all small now because when he tests it, even his smallest finger doesn't want to go in. Should he...should he try to stretch it himself? He doesn't have the greasy stuff that Dean uses though. He wants to ask, but Dean never lets him. He wouldn't even know how to get some, and he's not crazy enough to try to steal Dean's. He wishes he was, though. He wishes so bad that he was.

~

"Hello?"

"Cas, it's Sam, you...you didn't go to school today and we haven't seen you. Are you—"

"Fine, Sam, but...I can't come over for a while. And don't come here."

Sam pauses, and when he speaks again he sounds wistful, maybe a little hurt. "Okay, Cas. When...when do you—"

"Cas, who's on the phone?" his Mom asks, and even frowning she looks happier than he's seen her in at least a year. Her blond hair is curled, she has makeup on, and clothes that are flattering, clean, and pressed. Something she hasn't managed in a very long time.

“It’s Sam...I was just telling him—“

“Well, hang up. It’s family time, you know that.” She touches his face lovingly and he stares at her. “Winchesters can do without you for a few days at least, can’t they? I’d really like you to give this a chance, Cas. We’ve been so unhappy, don’t you remember the good times?”

“I’ve got to go, Sam,” he hangs up while Sam is talking, still staring at his mother.

“Oh, don’t look like that. Hear him out. It’s a miracle! He’s been cured; Jesus has saved him! We can be a family again!”

The Prince in the Tower (Choose Your Dragon)

Chapter Summary

Cas is trapped with Jimmy and Amelia, but things are different this time.

Chapter Notes

Time for some warnings.

If you're having a hard time with just how severely shitty Cas's life is, you might want to skip this chapter. You can either skip to Dean's part, or skip straight to the end, and I'll put a synopsis in the bottom notes so that you won't miss any plot points. This is a tough one, mostly because of how his mother behaves.

Also, the first paragraph is one that was originally included in the chapter, A Little Boy, His Mommy, and a Man. I took it out so nobody would guess that Jimmy was coming back, but it explains why he's free. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

...but the Mommy made him promise that whatever they asked him, he would say he didn't know who hurt him. And he was still her good, big boy, who had made her lose her boyfriend and cry. So even when the police woman was so kind, he lied and lied and lied.

The Mommy pretended she didn't know for sure either, but the police still thought the man did it. They came to the house and made the Little Boy's room all messy, but his sheets and pajamas were already gone. And they couldn't find the Man.

Then one night the Man tried to come inside the house. The Mommy wouldn't let him and he didn't have a key anymore. The Man was crying and begging, and she was crying, too. The Man said, 'I'm sick, I need help' and 'you're all I have, Amelia, the only one who loves me'. And the Little Boy got really scared because his Mommy was turning, she had her hand on the doorknob. The Little Boy held her tight and begged her not to. She picked him up at last and told the Man she would call the police. He left and she promises the Boy, "He'll never come near you again." And he forces any doubts from his mind. The Little Boy needs to believe her...

Cas doesn't notice anything strange that Friday after school. As usual, he's preoccupied (Sam would say his head is in the clouds). That's not true. His mind is where it always is, Sam and (where it's supposed to be) Dean. But even if he looks, he won't recognize the car that doesn't belong. The Novaks don't have a driveway either, so if he sees a car that doesn't belong to anyone he knows, he would never guess that it concerns him. His mom never has anyone over.

His first clue that something is wrong is inside his house. He steps in and it smells different but still familiar; lemon-scented cleaning agents mingled with spaghetti sauce. He stays in the doorway, touching his book bag strap at his shoulder, and looks around as if maybe he's stepped into the wrong house. Except he remembers a time when his home did smell like this. Just not since they'd moved. An odd mix of hope and fear moves through him and he drops his book bag at last. *Maybe...maybe she's feeling better...maybe she decided to go to the doctor again.* "Mom?"

"Cassie!" His mom descends upon him looking lovely, smelling sweet, and envelopes him in a hug. He's dazed but he's hugging back desperately. In that moment he loves her. He has always loved her. He has always regretted that he couldn't be whatever it is she needed so she wouldn't be endlessly sad. So she'd find a little joy, even when it's just them. He would've been fine with just them.

He feels an odd tension in her, underneath the happiness, and she's the one to extricate herself from the hug first. "What is it, Mom? Did you...have you tried a new doctor?"

"What? No!" she exclaims, reddening a little, glancing toward the kitchen. "Listen, sweetheart, come with me, we've...we've got something important to talk about."

Cas frowns, licks his lips nervously, follows her gaze toward the kitchen. "Is...is someone here, Mom?"

"Couldn't keep it in the bag, Amelia, he's too smart."

Panic explodes in Cas and he claws at his mother, clinging to her desperately, "No, make him leave! Mommy, make him go, please!!"

"Cassie, Cas, calm down, shh, Cas, listen, okay, listen!" His mom is trying to hold him, then trying to pry his fingers off her shoulders.

Chills are sweeping his body, because the Man is walking in the room, with his dark hair, and blue eyes, and scruffy face and he's in his house, this house, the safe one, where she promised he'd never go and he guesses he's saying it out loud now, "You promised, you said he'd never, please please no no no no no—"

Jimmy stops in the doorway and his expression is utter sadness, and Cas gags, remembering that face, how he used it when he wanted something bad to happen, and stupid Cas would fall for it. He guesses his mother is the stupid one now. Jimmy kneels down, still far away, and tries to look non-threatening and sorrowful (as if Castiel could ever look at him and not see what's really there ever again.) "It's okay, Cas...I don't blame you for wanting me out of

here. What I did to you was evil...Satan's power had a hold of me, making me want terrible things."

Cas's mom is stroking his hair, nodding along, a tear or two slips down her face and Cas realizes what's off about her, what's been wrong since she first walked in. She's holding him, going through the correct motions, but she's not looking in his eyes. Seeing him without really *seeing* him...because she doesn't want to. She wants to pretend this is okay, that he'll be okay. He reaches up and tries to turn her face down to him. "Mom, please!"

His mom reluctantly looks but her eyes skip away immediately; his stomach drops. "Jimmy, why don't you go sit at the table, let me talk to Cas, okay? Remember, we agreed."

Jimmy puts his hands up in surrender, smiles his charming, regretful smile (*oops, I goofed, silly me*), and stands. "Sorry, you're right. I got overeager. I'll be in the kitchen." He stays for a moment, trying to catch Cas's eye, but Cas refuses to look at his face, watching his legs to make sure he doesn't move closer. He doesn't want to see what's in those eyes. He already knows what's there.

Cas is trembling and he shoves himself closer in his mom's arms. "Please, Mom, please make him go away, please, I-I c-can't—"

"Cas, shh, listen, he's not gonna hurt you. Jimmy, what he did to you, it's a sickness, an evil sickness that makes him do those things. But when we kicked him out, he got help for it. He's better now. Wouldn't you want him back, if you thought he was better? I remember how you loved him—"She seems to notice the agony on Cas's face at the words, even though she's gone back to not looking at him straight. She sighs and takes his shoulders in her hands.

Cas shakes his head frantically. "I don't care, Mom, I don't care if he's better, I don't want him h-here, p-please Mom!"

She rubs his shoulders, "He's only going to stay for a few days; he has a job to get back to and a place of his own this time! Let's just try, okay? I won't leave you alone with him. I won't let him out of my sight, I promise. Do you promise to try?"

"N-no, I *can't*," he clings to her, willing her to understand, willing her to remember and to care, the way she did when she found him bleeding. How can she forget how it was?

She sighs and shakes him a little and smiles almost desperately. "Cas, please, what difference does it make as long as he's better now, right? Try to understand, I love him. I'm lost without him but I let him go, for you, because of what he did! Only now I don't have to because he fixed it! You have your little friends, you run off all the time and all I have is work...I make a lot of sacrifices for you—"

He puts his face by her ear and whispers, terrified of being overheard, "Mom, he's lying! He'll hurt me. He's here to hurt me again."

She stiffens at first, but then she's pushing him back, shaking her head fervently. The smile looks painful now, like a mask. "No! He won't hurt you. You...you just don't understand

because I haven't brought you up religious! I was, you know, but I...I've made mistakes with you. But that can all change now! Cas, you—you just need to hear him out! I-it really is a miracle!” and her voice is loud and he cringes, knowing Jimmy is listening to everything.

He doesn't know how she gets him there, but somehow he's at the kitchen table. Jimmy is talking but the words buzz uselessly around Cas's brain. How he'd found refuge in some church where he begged for help, how he'd been sent on something called a 'retreat', where he'd been away from civilization for a whole month. There he'd confessed and been absolved, and eventually had been born again. His soul was saved, and now he's going back to school to become a pastor. And Amelia is practically glowing next to him, holding his hand, saying things she's never said in Cas's life, like 'Praise Jesus,' and 'Amen.'

Bullshit. Cas jumps; it's Dean's voice in his head, so clear and sharp, as if he'd whispered it in his ear, leaving his heart thumping. He frowns at his plate, refusing to look at either of them. "Aren't the police looking for you?"

He hadn't meant to say it; he's sort of shocked at himself. Both adults freeze, and the only sound is his fork as he pushes the noodles around his plate.

"I...I answer to a much higher authority, Castiel. And I've been absolved by God. The only forgiveness I need now is yours, son," Jimmy finally manages, then looks at Amelia and gives a smile that's supposed to be humble, reaches out his hand, which she takes instantly. "And your mother's."

Cas hears it, but doesn't respond; in fact starts tuning them out. He's looking at the spaghetti on his plate, which might as well be snakes for all that he wants it. But he has to eat. Dean says so. Dazed, he picks up his fork and obeys his owner. He eats slowly, pausing to drink his water every now and then, because it's hard to eat when his stomach is churning and it won't do if he throws it all up. He's supposed to keep himself healthy. Amelia and Jimmy exchange looks; they seem to assume this is a good sign. Mindlessly following Dean's orders steadies him somehow. He remembers that no matter what's going on for him, he's supposed to think of what Dean wants first. Between Dean and Jimmy, Dean is the one to fear most. Dean told him that and he believes it.

If I'm your boyfriend I can protect you, Cas. Even if your mom meets someone new, you know I'll hurt him to keep him from you. Right?

Cas doesn't know why he thinks of it. He usually hates to think of that day, almost never thinks of it now. He's not Dean's boyfriend; Dean is long past playing that game. He is Dean's slut, his slave, his toy. But maybe the protecting part is still true. All he knows for sure is that Dean won't like this at all. *I'll fucking see him dead, I'll see you both dead first. I'm fucking you now, you got that?*

Cas flinches, startling his mother. He can't let Jimmy touch him. He can't, no matter what.

"May I be excused," he asks softly when he's finished as much of his meal as he can stomach. He sees a flash of annoyance on Jimmy's face; he was mid-description of some experience he had, where Jesus showed up and told him he wouldn't want to fuck little boys anymore or something. Cas isn't sure, but his mother nods and he rises to rinse his plate in

the sink. Jimmy tries to approach him and his body clenches tight, but Amelia puts a restraining hand on Jimmy's arm, shakes her head slightly. Cas waits until they aren't looking and slips a small steak knife into his pocket.

As soon as he's done, he goes back to the front door and picks up his book bag, but Amelia and Jimmy have followed him close behind, forced smiles on their faces. "Where are you going, Sweetie?" she asks, and Cas thinks she sounds nervous.

He blinks; he feels so odd and distant, he doesn't even know how he's doing this, walking, talking. "It's Friday...me and Sam are going to—"

"Actually, I think you should stay in for a while, Cas," his mom says, frowning. She's looking at Jimmy, who nods his approval, then she steers Cas away from the door. "Come on, I always let you have all the time with Sam that you want, but right now...we just really need to focus on our family."

Since then, they don't let him outside even to get the paper from the lawn. He tries to call Sam, at least tell him he's going to miss Sleepover Night, but Amelia says she will call for him (she doesn't.) They don't like Cas answering the phone either. They don't forbid it, it just always seems that Amelia gets to the phone first. He only manages the one time and isn't surprised that it's Sam, but his Mom won't even let him explain. He's glad he got to talk to him, though, or Sam would have come looking. He can't stand the idea of Jimmy seeing Sam. He wonders if Dean has seen him but he thinks not. He feels like he'll know the moment Dean finds out.

On Sunday, the three of them go to some new church, and then Jimmy takes them for pancakes (new Jimmy actually has a job, although he'd have to quit if he comes to live with them...not that that's on the table right now, *hey, of course kiddo, we're taking it slow...*but seriously, he will have to.) Cas is not hungry for pancakes. He makes a bowl of cereal at home, though, because he does have to eat something. Cas is sure that Dean would probably rather he not take anything from Jimmy. He thinks Jimmy is irritated by the cereal and trying to cover it up for his mother's sake. It makes him smile a little.

The nights are terrible. Cas rigs his desk chair under the doorknob the way he sees people do it on TV, even though he already locked the door. He sits on his bed and stares at the door all night, gripping the steak knife so hard that his hand aches in the morning. He knows he's supposed to sleep, he's supposed to take his medicine if he can't, but he'll take the punishment. He'll confess to Dean and take any punishment he gives. He's exhausted, but every time he falls asleep he jolts awake. He starts finding odd hiding places in the house, small, tight corners in closets or under furniture where he can steal some sleep. He sleeps with the knife always near him and hopes he won't accidentally stab himself.

On Monday he thinks he'll finally be free, but his mother has called him out of school. He tries to convince her that he's missed too much school already, but she just forces a smile. "No, Cas, this...this is too important. It's going really well, I think." 'It's going really well' must mean Castiel trying to stay barricaded in his room as much as they'll allow, and hearing them have sex almost constantly. "You just need more time." But he feels like she's just saying the words Jimmy wants her to say. He gets the impression his mom kind of wishes it was just the two of them; that if it were up to her, Cas would be staying at Sam's for a while.

She does keep her word not to leave Jimmy's side; she actually calls out of work for the first time Cas can ever remember. He would want to stay as close to her as possible, knowing Jimmy won't touch him while she's there, but she's clinging to Jimmy. He's painting a picture for her, a future as a Pastor's wife, a life in the church, where she won't have to work as hard and the two of them can spend more time together. "That was part of it, too, honey. I truly believe that. Idle hands and all, right?" His charming smiles are sickening to Cas, but Amelia eats them up. He's still refusing to look Jimmy in the face, knowing he'll be giving him the same meaningful looks that he used to give (*you're the one I really love, you're the one I want*). He can feel the impatience; the disgusting longing even without seeing it. It's like being in the same house as a ticking time bomb, but Cas can't see the clock.

The first time Jimmy tries something, Cas is coming out of the bathroom. He opens the door and Jimmy is suddenly shoving his way inside, blue eyes burning and dark. "Castiel—"

"Mommy!! Mom!! Help me!!!" Cas screams, backing up so he falls over the tub. He scrambles back to his feet, fumbling in his pocket for the knife. To her credit, his mother is there in a flash, white faced, but Jimmy has already backed into the hall.

"I...I was just walking by, sweetheart, I think he...he had some kind of flashback," Jimmy tells her. He looks genuinely shocked, even a bit shaken, as though he never expected Cas to cry out. Cas's mother is frowning suspiciously; she looks from Jimmy to Cas, standing in the tub.

"N-n-no, h-he came in, h-he said my n-name."

Amelia comes forward and takes him in her arms, looks at Jimmy. He sighs. "Okay, I did do that. He's right. But I just wanted to talk to him." Cue sad face, pouring it on really thick. Cas digs his fingers into his mother and she winces, but her hands rubbing his arms have already slowed, her eyes on Jimmy have softened. "He won't even talk to me, Amelia. He won't let me say how sorry I am, tell him about the penance I do...every day..." Jimmy chokes up, blue eyes going misty. "I know it'll never be enough, son—"

"I'm not your son," Cas mumbles against his mother; he can barely force the words out he's so afraid, but he wants him to know.

His mother hushes him.

"It'll never work, Amelia. He's...he can't forgive me. And I don't blame him," Jimmy tells her brokenly, and tears actually fall. "I should...I'll leave now. I'm so very sorry, Castiel. I committed evil acts on you and forgiveness is too much to ask." He looks at Amelia longingly. "I'd say to call me some time, but maybe...maybe it's just better if we...if we part ways." Castiel closes his eyes and tries to hold his mother even tighter, but it won't matter. He knows what she's going to do.

"No, wait! It...it was going so well! You just...you came on a little too strong, that's all! I told you not to approach him alone, it's just...it's too soon! Right, Cassie?" She looks at him pleadingly.

"Please make him go," he whimpers hopelessly, seeing the disappointment in her face, the way she closes herself off from him. "Please, Mom."

"I will go, Cas. I will. You'll never have to see me again," Jimmy tells him and heads to his mother's bedroom.

Within 20 minutes they're having sex in there and Cas can hear it loud and clear from his room across from hers. He barricades himself in his room again and curls up with his iPod, trying to calm down. He doesn't cry or think about his Mom. He selects a playlist that Sam made for him (even if it is mostly songs that Dean likes). *Miss you Sam...wish so bad I was with you.*

She makes him miss school again the next day. Because he just needs more time to adjust. That's the day she breaks her promise and it happens.

He's in his room and it's early evening, just starting to get dark, shadows getting long on the ground. Cas is at his window watching the kids outside, hoping for glimpses of Sam. He knows soon they'll all be called inside for the night, but the days are longer now. Most kids get to stay out a bit later even though it's a school night.

He hears the lock on his door turn and spins. "Mom?" he calls shakily, but he takes out the knife. His mother would never enter his room without making herself known first. She'd never just turn the lock. "Mom!" he shouts.

"She's not here, Cas, she won't hear you," Jimmy tells him. He tries the door and finds it blocked by the chair. "Told her I had a migraine and there's only one type of medicine that'll work. Your mom is so good to me, she just ran out to get it! She'll be back soon, but I bought us some time together."

Cas backs up to the window, trembling, holding the knife at his side. "S-stay away." He guesses he didn't do the chair thing right, because Jimmy is able open the door enough to slip his hand in, grab the chair and push it sideways. Cas holds the knife out in front of him. "D-don't!!"

Jimmy widens his eyes at the knife. "Little boys shouldn't play with knives, Castiel. Put it down before you get hurt."

Cas doesn't answer, breathing hard. He has to get out, but Jimmy is blocking his door now. He's stepping closer with his hands up and Cas whimpers. "S-stop."

"I've missed you, Castiel. I've missed you so much," Jimmy tells him and he has that same lovesick face he always made when his Mom wasn't around. "My love, my little boy. Your Mommy's going to be back soon, but Daddy needs you so badly." He takes another step. "C'mon, little boy, let Daddy take what he needs, just like you used to...I brought the nice stuff, I promise I won't hurt you. Aren't you still my good little boy?" Another step. If he steps again, he can grab Cas. He starts to sound irritated. "Now, Castiel. We don't have a lot of time. Get on that bed and put that pillow in your mouth. Daddy will take your pants off for you."

"N-no," Cas shakes his head, fighting the part of him that obeyed this Man for so long, that is so afraid, that believes it'll be better if he just gives in. He forces the words out that Dean would want him to say because he knows they are true. He's glad they are true. "N-not your boy. Not yours."

Pissed, Jimmy lunges for him and Cas sweeps the knife in a panicked arc, thinking to push Jimmy away. Jimmy hisses in pain and jumps back, enough for Cas to duck down and run past him. "You cut me! Get *back* here, Castiel! Your mom will just make you come back, you hear me! We'll just drag you back!"

But Cas is running; he didn't know he could be this fast. He flies past the few neighbor kids still outside; he doesn't even look for Sam. The back door to the Winchester house is open as usual and Cas is through it, not stopping until he finds Dean in the living room on the couch. He lands at his feet in a trembling, whimpering heap.

* * *

Dean didn't know that Cas was in trouble, and it's a point that's going to bother him. If things had gone differently (*if Jimmy had fucked him again*), he would know it was something he could've prevented. He will decide, after this incident, that he was letting his toy have too much freedom. Dean should always know where he is and what's going on with him.

But he doesn't know all that yet. Up until Cas shows up at his feet, Dean doesn't think much of his absence. It's odd for him to miss a Sleepover Night, but he's a kid. He gets sick. It wouldn't surprise Dean at all, with all the stress he's been under. Sam is more worried, insisting that Cas would've called if he couldn't make it. Sam tries calling there, but Cas's mother answers each time and seems really impatient. She tells him Cas can't come to the phone and hangs up before he can ask any more questions or even leave a message. It's unusual, but Sam doesn't think to question a friend's parent. He reluctantly decides Dean's right.

When Sam finally talks to Cas and is told that he can't come out and Sam can't come over, Dean still isn't that worried. He feels like it's one of two things. Either Cas is sick, and he doesn't want Sam catching it (Sam did say his voice sounded odd on the phone), or Cas is avoiding Dean now that it's down to the wire. Now that Dean wants him again. That's why he made the decision to wait it out a bit more. If Cas is sick, no harm done. If Cas is avoiding Dean...let's just say he's spent some time with his dick in his hand, dreaming up all kinds of ways to remind Cas of his place. Specifically, writhing naked under Dean and begging to be fucked.

Dean is just thinking of getting up to call Sam in for the night when a boy speeds inside and lands at his feet. He's surprised when the hair isn't brown fringe but raven dark messy curls. "Cas..." he starts, then notices the hysterics. He frowns a little but he's still not particularly

worried. Cas gets like this with Dean sometimes. Belonging to Dean isn't easy on him. "Where've you been, Beautiful?"

Cas doesn't answer, but he's saying something. Dean starts to bend closer, realizes he's gasping and whimpering the word 'yours' over and over. No, he isn't saying it. He's asking. As in, *am I yours?*

Dean tips his chin up and looks into terrified blue eyes. "You are mine. I didn't tell you to be anything else, right? You belong to me."

Cas whimpers again and clings to Dean's legs, burying his face there. Dean can feel how he's shaking against him. Again, nothing he hasn't seen before. "What is it, Cas? Have you been bad? Gotta tell me if you have."

Another helpless sound, and Cas is shaking his head, bright blue eyes meet Dean's, screaming with urgency. He points over his shoulder at the window. Dean sighs and frowns, getting a little impatient with the theatrics. "Use your words, Cas. What is it?"

Instead, Cas grabs the remote off the end table and turns where he is, flinging it hard at the window so it bounces off and the batteries go flying. Dean is on his feet and he grabs Cas's arm, pulling him up roughly, though he just sags. "Cas, what the hell?! Are you crazy?" He stomps forward to the window, dragging the boy with him. "Heaven help you if you cracked the—" He stops, looking outside, tensing at what he sees.

There's a guy talking to Sam and his friends, and he doesn't know him. Dean instantly gentles his grip on Cas, tugging him against his hip, sliding his arm around the boy's shoulders. His other hand pulls the window up and he leans forward, trying to get a better look. A tall man, with dark hair. Smiling at Sam. "Stay here, Cas." He turns but Cas whimpers and grips his waist. Not wanting to waste time, he scoops him up and tells him, "Not a sound. Press your mouth to my shoulder." Wanting to sneak up on the man for reasons unknown even to him, just going on pure instinct, Dean slips out the front door instead and moves in the shadows on the side of the house. It's not as close as he'd like, but close enough to hear and dark enough that he can see without being seen. Even Sam doesn't notice them there.

"...haven't seen him?" the man is saying.

Sam is standing maybe three feet from the guy, his face polite but distant, guarded. He has a few friends with him but they're standing behind him, letting him do the talking. "I don't know you. Who are you to Castiel?"

"Just a family friend," the guy is saying in this oddly gruff voice, and he's got his hands in his pockets, wearing a sheepish, goofy smile. He's a good looking but geeky guy, wearing cheap pants and a wrinkled button down shirt, with his hair parted to the side and brushed way too flat. Everything about him screams "harmless", like the cute, frumpy teacher that all the kids trust. Dean notes with pride that Sam isn't buying what he's obviously selling. His friends seem wary, too, following Sam's lead.

The way Cas has gone rigid in his arms tells him everything he needs to know about his identity, but Dean can't help but notice a certain resemblance between the man and Cas. He could've sworn Cas said Jimmy was just a boyfriend...maybe it's a coincidence. *Maybe it isn't, and they just never told Cas.* "I'm supposed to be looking after Cassie, but he...well he up and ran off on me. Say, I bet you're the best friend—Sam Something, right? Cas never stops talking about you. Wow, you're some beautiful kid—bet you're gonna be a real heartbreaker when you grow up, just like my Cassie."

And Dean is feeling it. The exquisite rage that makes up the core of his fucking being: color all his days red, but save some for *black*. His heart pounds, he breathes hard through his nose, trying to keep it quiet, and he's sure his grip on Cas hurts. If anyone looked in his eyes now, they probably wouldn't be able to tell that they're supposed to be green. He knows now why he didn't just walk up to Sam in the light, order him inside, handle the man that way. He knows what he's going to do, and it's going to be so *fucking* good. He's hard, thinking about it. Better than sex, better than anything, what he's going to do. And it's been so long.

"I don't know you. You'll have to ask Cas's mom where he is," Sam says shortly and he's about to leave but he pauses. "You're bleeding, by the way." The words are kind, but Sam's voice is hard, suspicious, and the man (Jimmy) looks down quickly, tugs at his shirt. He's sputtering excuses, but Sam doesn't wait for a reply, loudly telling his friends he'll walk them home. Jimmy watches Sam's lithe little figure disappear. Now without witnesses, he looks deeply worried, lifting his shirt and cursing at what Dean guesses must be a wound, but he can't see from where they stand. He runs a hand through the flat hair, making it almost as messy as Cas's, muttering and starting back towards Cas's house.

Dean taps Cas's cheek, and when he would resist, he presses, forcing Cas to lift his face from his shoulder and give him eye contact. "Did he..." Dean grits out, then shuts his eyes, he can barely stand to ask because if he did...if he fucking did..."Did he...touch you?"

Cas shakes his head urgently and his voice sounds strangled, but at least he's talking again. "H-he tried to...tried to make m-me...he s-said I was his...told him I wasn't, Dean! I-I didn't let him! I cut him!" He thrusts his fist out for Dean to see, and Dean blinks at the steak knife. He hadn't seen it. Cas could have rid himself of two rapists tonight. Dean adjusts Cas so he can hold out his hand, and Cas puts the knife in his palm without hesitation.

Dean feels it pulse inside him, the sheer violent need, and he hugs Cas painfully tight, wanting to bite, to suck his skin. "Mine," his voice is guttural, animalistic. Beads of sweat appear at his temples as he fights for control. *It's going to be worth it, it's going to be so, so good.*

"Yours, Dean," Cas agrees and presses his face against Dean's, shuddering. Dean sighs and turns them, facing Cas's house where Jimmy disappeared.

"Gonna take care of that for you, Cas," Dean says, and he sounds almost like himself this time. "Would you like that, baby angel?"

Cas moves so he can look at Dean straight on, his eyes wet and afraid. "H-he might come b-back again."

And Dean smiles, kisses Cas's forehead when he really wants to kiss his lips. "Not this time."

Chapter End Notes

For those who skipped:

The part of the memory that I left out: Amelia made Cas lie and refuse to say who attacked him. The police still suspect Jimmy but they can't find him. He shows up one night and tries to get Amelia to let him in. She almost gives in, but Cas begs her and she finally tells Jimmy to leave, that the police know he did it and if he ever shows up again, she'll call them on him. Cas blocks this part out, because he can't cope with the fact that his mother almost let him in.

Now:

Jimmy and Amelia won't let Cas leave or use the phone for almost 5 days; they act nervous and guilty. Amelia promises not to let Jimmy out of her sight. Jimmy is trying to convince Amelia that he's changed and that he'll be able to take care of them once he becomes a pastor now that he's "born again". It's pretty flimsy but of course she eats it up. On the 5th day she breaks her promise and leaves to run an errand, and he immediately tries to attack Cas. Cas (since he feels like he is Dean's, and must protect what is Dean's) swipes at him with a knife, lands it but we don't know how well. He runs to Dean and tells him. Dean sees Jimmy talking to Sam and promises Cas he'll take care of the "problem". Jimmy never sees Dean watching him.

Torture and Reward

Chapter Summary

Jimmy wakes up in a strange place at Dean's mercy. Dean talks about his past and takes revenge for Cas.

Chapter Notes

Graphic torture scene; knives, blood, pliers. It could be worse? :)

Jimmy doesn't know where he is or how he got there. The last thing he remembers is being at Amelia's house, trying to pretend he isn't panicked by the fact that Cas has run off to the Winchesters' and is refusing to come home now. Amelia was torn; worried that Cas was telling someone who would then call the police on Jimmy (thus finding out about his outstanding warrant), and worried that Cas ran away because Jimmy (despite all his charming protests) attacked him again. Jimmy knows she hates to admit to herself that it's a possibility; he's impressed with her capability for denial. She really is so perfect for this, malleable and weak and god-awful fucking desperate.

She was really panicking though and secretly so was he. Cas hadn't been home in over a day, without any word. That's when he decided to go looking for Cas again. The Winchesters had stonewalled Amelia (and of course she backed down even though Jimmy berated her for it—it's her fucking son for Christ's sake! Who were they to tell her he didn't want to come home and they weren't going to make him?!) But maybe...Amelia usually had a way of putting people off, her social skills were non-existent. Whereas, most people were pretty susceptible to his brand of absentminded lovable charm. He had just set out to go next door and that's all he remembers.

His head hurts a lot, and there's some kind of wet on the back of his neck. Jimmy blinks and tries to make the room make sense but it's too dark, he doubts he could see a hand in front of his face. He's so dizzy (concussed?) He's freezing, lying on unforgiving concrete, and he hurts everywhere. It's when he tries to put a hand on his head that he realizes his wrists are handcuffed behind his back. His ankles are tied together with rope and attached to the cuffs somehow.

And he's naked.

He starts panicking, squirming and screaming, but the noises are muffled because he's gagged. He can feel tape on his mouth, but there's also some kind of fuzzy thing under the

tape that fills his whole mouth, the texture dry and uncomfortable on his tongue.

“Shhhhh,” a voice he doesn’t know, a male voice, hushing him gently, rough fingers in his hair. “Not gonna help to struggle, you know that. I’m sure you said the same thing to Cas...”

He goes quiet, heart thumping hard enough he thinks he’ll have a heart attack and end this whole thing. Nobody knows about that, who is this guy? Amelia would never have told anyone, he’s sure of it, and Castiel...they’d been together for two years without the kid saying a word, even to his mother. Who would he tell? The family has no one...

A light comes on. He blinks at the harsh light above him, just one naked bulb. He hears the sound of a metal door closing behind him.

“Hurts at first, after the dark, right? You know what sucks most about this room; the light switch is outside the door. So if somebody were to lock you in here and turn it off...complete darkness until they come back,” the voice says and sighs regretfully. “Really fucks with you, I can tell you that.”

Jimmy can see what he means. The room is small and made of concrete without even a single window. There’s a ratty twin mattress in one corner that looks old and dirty. There are two buckets in another corner and a roll of toilet paper that’s nearly turned to powder. There are stains on the floor, and he doesn’t want to think about them.

“You’re trembling. He does that a lot, too...my Castiel. That’s right, *mine*. You know, that’s why he did this to you,” the voice tells him and there’s a hand touching the cut at his stomach. It’s not bleeding anymore, but the fingers scrape at it painfully and he flinches. His hair is grabbed, his head pulled back roughly, and wet lips touch his ear, the voice turns to a growl. “He did it because *I* fuck him now. Because he’s mine and he knows it. And that’s why you’re *here*, because you tried to take him back.”

Jimmy mumbles into his gag, tries to speak.

“What’s that? Sorry, I’m like you tonight; I don’t wanna hear shit while I take what I want. I guess I should introduce myself, though, right?” The hands are on his shoulders, moving him so that he’s on his knees. The position hurts immediately and he has a hard time maintaining it. He’s becoming more and more certain that he has a concussion, some kind of head wound. He ends up propped against a wall. Then his attacker moves around in front of him. “I’m Dean Winchester. I’m Sammy’s big brother and I own Castiel Novak now, body and soul.”

Jimmy’s shocked, because he isn’t a man, he’s just a boy. Strong, yes, muscular and hard looking, but his face...this is a high school kid, tops. And he’s the most beautiful boy he’s ever seen. He’s shirtless and there’s not one hair on his sculpted chest, just the lightest trail at the top of his open jeans only slightly darker than the short, dark blond hair on his head. His face is heartrendingly lovely; those wide green eyes, long lashes, the light spray of freckles across his perfect nose and cheekbones, and the gorgeous, sinful mouth, girl-pretty except for the masculine jawline. He smiles now, almost flirtatious. “I can see what you’re thinking. Still doesn’t do it for you, I get it. I mean, you could probably get it up for me if you tried,”

he gestures toward Jimmy's limp dick, bared and vulnerable and Jimmy shudders in fear. "But I'm not what you want. Still, imagine these eyes, these lips when I was Cas's age, right?" He steps forward, lowering his voice, and Jimmy swallows hard at the image he paints. "Or younger? Bet you'd have liked me a lot, huh? Here, let's see. You don't have to imagine, I'll show you."

Then he's taking out pictures. He's laying them out one by one and Jimmy can't help but look (he probably could but even now, even now there's nothing more that he wants than to see those pictures.) And he groans into the gag, the jolt of desire to his dick is almost painful, so unwelcome in the middle of this terror. But those pictures...that boy...

It's him, his attacker, but he's a baby. Six years old, maybe seven? All the baby skin bared, photographed. Lashes starred with tears, giant, limpid green eyes, but just as fierce as they are now, a born fighter. Jimmy feels his saliva soaking the fuzzy, uncomfortable gag, but oh, God. Cas had said no but he'd never fought. Whoever the lucky son of a bitch was had held this beautiful baby down, had forced him, shown him that all the fight in the world wasn't going to help. Pictures of his beautifully ruined hole, pictures of a dick being shoved inside him, pictures of his mouth wrapped around a tip that barely fit, hate and resentment in those eyes. Bruises on his lovely skin, finger prints and bites, dried blood.

"See...I knew it," Dean says, and Jimmy jumps; he'd almost forgotten about his current situation. His eyes still drift back to the pictures, and then he feels a gloved hand on his dick. "Nice and hard now, look at that. They're pretty hot, right? I mean, I didn't like it, but whatever. Beautiful and weak gets fucked, every time, just like I told him. I didn't lie about that."

Jimmy groans, because Dean is lightly jerking him. "You'll notice the pictures have different backgrounds. Different dicks, too. Some of them come from the camera phone of a certain police chief who shall remain nameless and under my fucking thumb, ever since I got my hands on said phone. Fuckin' idiot, right? Fucked me for years so he trusted me. Now I own his ass. I had to, though. Sammy was gettin' older...saw him lookin'. Fuckin' father didn't notice; it was up to me, right? I took care of it."

"Those ones," he points to the ones where he looks youngest, the most roughed up. "They're from here. Not this room, exactly—this is the punishment room. But if I took you out of here, there's a room next door. Creepiest shit you'll ever see, or I don't know, maybe *you'd* like it. It's all set up to look like a little boy's room. Train wallpaper, big boy bed, teddy bears and whatever other shit. And cameras," his voice drifts, sounding far away, his hand comes away from Jimmy. He looks at him again, coming back to himself. "I'm gonna tell you a story. It's a long one, but I want you to understand. This house was owned by a friend of my father's. You'd like him; he's even more religious than you pretend to be," he says mockingly and Jimmy shifts uncomfortably. "He managed the con that you were just starting to set up for yourself. He'd be a real hero to a shitbag like you if he wasn't dead."

He moves, dragging over a duffel bag. Jimmy's eyes bounce back and forth between him and the pictures, endlessly drawn back despite everything. "Guy's name was Pastor Jim Murphy, and nobody knew about this place except the people who were in on it. Miles from

civilization, and inside a bunker. Paranoid son of a bitch, right? That guy knew how to be careful. But he had to be. You and me, we ain't shit compared to what he had going on."

Dean takes out some kind of canvas carrier that's rolled up, like maybe it has a painting in it or something. He unties the straps holding it closed and slowly unrolls it. He suddenly has Jimmy's undivided attention as an array of knives is revealed. Jimmy whimpers fearfully and the boy smiles without looking at him. He takes out more supplies; some things like rubbing alcohol and sanitizing wipes, Jimmy can see, others are wrapped in cloth and he can't identify the shapes. "See, my mom died when I was almost 7 and my Dad was fucking... useless. He had this new baby and this first grader to deal with, and a house that's barely begun to be paid off. He's drinking all the time, you can imagine, or maybe you can't—guy actually loved his wife. He can't afford the bills because his two income household just went down to one. Got no family to help, his in-laws hate him *and* us. What does he do? Starts pawning us off on his friends. He's got lots of those."

He chooses a knife, one with a brown leather handle and a seven inch black blade. He squats down in front of Jimmy and looks at the blade thoughtfully. "This was my Dad's. It's a Marine Corps Fighting Knife. He gave it to me when I was 12. One of my favorite gifts, I've...used it a lot since then. You can't tell though. You take care of your blade and you can keep it forever."

He smiles fondly, and flattens it against Jimmy's face, making him whimper and close his eyes, breathing hard through his nose. "Where was I...right. So we had this neighbor, and she wants little Sammy, but not his rough and tumble older brother. She's older, out of shape, can't handle it. No problem. Neighbor takes Sammy, and he sends his older son to one of his best buddies. Local pastor. Nicest guy in town, loves kids, great reputation," the boy laughs, and it startles Jimmy because it's wild and beautiful and wrong, like everything about this kid. He tickles the blade against Jimmy's face. "Don't know why I'm so pissed he didn't figure it out. They never do, right? You and I know that much. They look away, they make excuses—buy into the fuckin' con. Even when I tried to tell him, he wouldn't let me, beat me for complaining. Thought I was just whining, fucking around again. Told me be a man: make sacrifices for the family, tough out the stuff I didn't like. I was fuckin' six."

He laughs and slides the knife down to Jimmy's throat. "Already told you, you and me, we're small potatoes compared to the good Pastor. Guy was part of a pedophile ring. He musta wanted me even when my mother was alive. Musta been so happy when she died." Sudden rage in his eyes, and he's dragging the blade across Jimmy's chest, making him cry out. Slashes twice, opening up his arms at both biceps. Two shallow cuts, the third somewhat deeper. Jimmy is breathing hard, shaking, so afraid. This kid is nuts and he's thinking he's not getting out of here. He closes his eyes, tries to imagine Cas's beautiful face, and screams when the blade slashes down his face, opening his cheek.

"None of that...stay with me, eyes open the whole time...unless you want me to take 'em out. Got no problem blinding these blue eyes, so like my pretty boy's." Dean touches the knife to the delicate skin under Jimmy's right eye, making the man flinch and whimper, blinking frantically, pressing his head back against the wall but he can't get away. "Hate everything you have that's like his, anything that makes you think he's yours. Make it so you can't ever look at him again, how would that be?" Jimmy whimpers desperately, but he can't even shake

his head, so afraid that the knife will plunge into his eye. “Story ain’t over, that’s just fuckin’ rude, James. Is it James, or is your name as a grown fucking man really ‘Jimmy’?”

He pulls the knife away and Jimmy tries to answer, shakes his head helplessly. The boy nods understandingly; he seems in control of himself again, or as much as he ever was. “I get it; you can’t answer without your voice. I forgive you but stay focused. Be a good boy. I might not kill you, you know. Not everyone who comes in this room dies.” He slashes across the cut on his chest almost nonchalantly, watches the body shudder, the blood drip.

“So, the good Pastor gets to keep me, sometimes for weeks at a time, so my Dad can work his 16 hour days, pay his mortgage, whatnot. He should have just sold me himself. There he is busting his ass to make a blue collar living and his best friend is fucking and selling his elder son’s ass, making fat bank. Fucked up, right? I hate that shit. I’ll never do that to Cas. Keep him all to myself. Can’t imagine another guy even fuckin’...touchin’ him, I...” He shakes his head, wipes a trembling hand over his face. “Just seeing you, knowing you fuckin’...”

He turns, and Jimmy barely has time to recognize the rage on that perfectly straight face before the kid is hauling back, punching his face hard.

Again.

Again.

Again.

~

He comes to and Dean is wiping his face with a wet wipe, almost gently, and each one comes away red. His face is a solid mask of pain, and he can barely breathe through his blood-caked nose. “I’m not sorry,” Dean tells him. “You had that comin’. I know I said I might not kill you, but it’s gonna be hard for me to let you outta this room, knowin’ where that dick’s been. Kind of wanna rip that shit off. You’ll have to be a really good boy.”

Jimmy whines and Dean laughs lightly. “Funny how you make those high pitched squeals when you got such a low voice. Let me finish my story, then we’re gonna talk about you. It’s okay, I’m almost done. So, you know how Cas starts fuckin’ up at school when he’s gettin’ it at home, right? Sure, ya do. Me, too. Except of course my thing was violence. Breakin’ things, hurtin’ other kids, goin’ after teachers and shit. Pastor tries to beat it out of me, gets my Dad to try to beat it out of me. That just don’t work too well on me cuz I don’t give a shit about pain. But I start realizin’ that teachers, neighbors, whatnot, all of ‘em sing a whole different tune as soon as I start actin’ sweet. Saw how this face really works on ‘em. Pretty face, good enough story, pay some attention to ‘em, and you get anything you want. Or I do, anyway.”

Dean’s quiet for almost five whole minutes. Jimmy breathes shallowly, not sure what to do, just kneeling there bleeding. His knees are agony, but there’s so much pain to compete, the stinging of each cut on his body, the wound on the back of his head, his rapidly swelling face.

Dean blinks at him as if he's the one who's disoriented, licks his lips. "Sidetracked," he manages, and then clears his throat. "I'm telling it wrong. Shit."

He covers his eyes with his hands, shakes his head. "How did it go? He fucks me, at some point starts selling me...I'm nothin' like Cas, though, I always fight back, even as a baby, even when it don't do anything except make 'em more excited. Then my Dad makes me spend a whole summer with him. Almost the entire summer I was down here, in that room or this one. You know how long summer feels like to a kid?"

He laughs and it's an oddly broken sound this time. "Be good to the johns, I get to come home with him, eat like a normal person, use a bathroom. Be bad...get put in this room." He looks around at the walls. "No light, no window, no bathroom, no blanket. Nothin' but water bottles. If he gave me food, he threw it on the floor and I ate like an animal. And if I wanna leave, I'm supposed to beg him, let him fuck me into that mattress. Like I gave a shit, like that brought me down. Just made me stronger, stupid fuck." Angry again, he slams his knife into Jimmy's shoulder, looking in his eyes while he screams, leaving the knife in this time. "I mean he broke me, sure. Everybody breaks, right? Look at you, now. I've only had you down here, what, a half hour? Bet you'd promise me anything to get out of here. A blowjob? Huh? Wanna suck my dick for me, Jimmy?"

He plays with the knife handle and Jimmy screams again and nods fervently. "Yeah, bet you do. Bet you'd take it all the way in, swallow me up, like a good boy. If I said I'd let you go. Let's leave that there for a while, huh? Kind of stupid, bringing so many knives and then just use one, right?" He pokes the handle a few times, flicks it and smiles as Jimmy screams.

He moves back to the travel case, looks over his options. He pulls out what looks like a weird pair of steel pliers and Jimmy tries to plead wordlessly, shaking his head. Dean comes over to him and touches the knife at his shoulder. "Shut the fuck up," he suggests, and Jimmy masters himself, bringing it down to whimpers. "This thing is cool, you should appreciate it. Instead of a Swiss army knife, where the blade gets ruined, the pliers are the main tool and the knives are in the handle parts. They stay nice and sharp that way. Also has a wire cutter, scissors, bottle opener, all that shit. Nice, right? I carry this one around with me a lot."

"So where was I...", he asks, thinking, looking over Jimmy's naked body. Whatever hard-on Jimmy had is long gone and the dark hair on his pale chest is matted with blood. He taps Jimmy's nipple with the pliers and the man makes a shrill panicky sound. "You're right, that's it, thanks. That last summer," he closes the pliers lightly around the nipple. "Summer starts to come to a close. Good Pastor starts keeping me at his house, trying to get me 'back to normal' for my Dad. Threatening me. My brother's turning two; he's saying he bets he can convince my Dad to give us both to him from now on if I don't behave. Telling me how many clients he has for kids still in diapers." Dean twists hard, gritting his teeth, thinking about those threats, how helpless he'd felt, how angry. He keeps twisting, wondering when flesh will break. Jimmy's screams are a balm on all that fury. He releases the nipple and listens to the guy try to catch his breath, grunting and groaning. He smiles and moves to the other nipple, places the pliers around it.

“My Dad picks me up and I’m his good, helpful son. Upbeat, normal. Going along with all the stories the Pastor makes up about this awesome summer I had, making up some of my own. I know he was impressed. Maybe a little worried at how good I was after I spent that whole summer bein’ bad.” He starts to twist but so slowly this time, letting the pain build a little bit at a time. “My Dad takes me home. Puts Sammy to bed. Puts me to bed and I pretend to sleep. When my Dad’s been asleep a while, I go to our safe, take out a gun, a .22 pistol, perfect for my little hand. I don’t even know why he has that little shit. Wasn’t really trained on it yet, not then, but I knew how it worked, where the safety was, how to load it. Son of a marine, what can I say?” He takes a moment to enjoy Jimmy’s muffled screams of agony.

He lets him go, lets him catch his breath again while he pulls open the handle, tugging out some blades. He chooses a serrated one. “I get on my bike. It’s dark out, nobody’s around. I know where the Pastor lives, been going there since my Mom was still alive. Ride to his house, all the lights are off but his car’s there. Find a little basement window, nothin’ a grown up could get through but easy for me.” Dean takes the blade and starts carving swirling, shallow lines across Jimmy’s chest, stomach, and thighs dreamily while he talks, while Jimmy shrieks into his gag. “Basement’s dark, but it has windows, right? So that’s not too dark for me to see, not with what I’m used to at that point. Start makin’ noise, get him to come down there.” Dean starts laughing and Jimmy flinches hard, making the knife go deeper by accident. “You’re...you’re not gonna believe me when I tell you but I...I swear I wasn’t tryin’, wasn’t aimin’ for it...I shot him...in...” Dean’s laughing so hard, he stops cutting, leaning on Jimmy’s stabbed shoulder as if they’re friends enjoying a particularly good joke. “I shot him in his dick! No, really, I did! It’s a fuckin’ coincidence, that’s just the best I could do! I was so small, and I didn’t know how the kickback would be. I’m lucky I hit him at all, but the world loves me, man. It does, everything works out for me.”

He calms down and sits on the floor, leaning against Jimmy, getting his blood on his gorgeous bare skin. “Anyway, he’s on the ground, bleedin’...screamin’...it felt so good, but he wasn’t dead yet. He’s even tryin’ to get away. I didn’t know if he’d bleed to death or survive it, what the fuck did I know? I didn’t wanna shoot him again, it felt too loud. Guy had neighbors, I thought maybe they’d hear it. Ran to his kitchen, got a big steak knife...hey, that’s what Cas used on you! Told you, he’s mine, in every sense.”

Dean smiles fondly, drags his knife along the outside of the bare leg closest to him, liking the red line that appears in its wake. “Come back and he’s dragged himself up the steps but no farther, blood everywhere, man. And I just...stab the shit out of him. None of the cute shit you and I are doing either. I just wanted him dead. But I fuckin’...here’s the thing, I fuckin’ *loved* it. Been so angry for so long, you know? It’s like when someone teases you but won’t let you come, and then when you finally get to, you know? Like that, but *better*.”

Jimmy starts crying and Dean sighs. “I know; you wanna know what the hell I did next. A seven year old murderer, a dead pillar of society. I didn’t know I could’ve just called the police. I didn’t know they’d be able to tell I was raped; they’d investigate and find his fuckin’ hidey hole, all kinds of evidence,” he shakes his head. “I thought I had to get myself out of it. Call my Dad. Tell him where I am, to come get me. I let him in the house, tell him what happened. Tell him why. He’s on my side fuckin’ finally, cryin’ and shit; it’s all his fault. He’s gonna call the police but I convince him to call his friend instead. That Chief I

told you about, just a Captain back then. Friend of my Dad's, and one of the Pastor's clients. Knew he had a thing for me. Guy shows up, tells us to get the hell out of there. Next thing we know, the whole thing goes down as a robbery gone bad, and that Captain starts hanging out with my Dad more and more so he can fuck his beautiful son. Who owes him. Who thinks he owes him." He shakes his head. "Beautiful and stupid gets fucked every time, too. But at least my Dad let me stay home by myself from then on, and as soon as Sammy was old enough, he gave him over to me to protect. He gave him to me," he repeats, like it's the most important fact in existence.

He blinks and looks at Jimmy, like he just remembered him again. He uses the knife to turn Jimmy's face toward him, forcing eye contact with the crying older man. "Captain had an older boy he fucked, too. Put us together a lot. He's the one who taught me how to like it. How to make others like what I did. Poor kid fell in love, and it was so fun making him my bitch. Captain liked it, too, he let me do it. Guess I fucked with him too much and he went and killed himself. Captain was all broken up, but not me. Kinda liked it, pushing his weak ass over the edge."

Dean's silent for a while and Jimmy whines, trying to say 'please let me go', though it comes out unintelligible. Dean winks and smiles, knows what he's saying of course. "Don't worry, almost time for your real punishment." Jimmy begs into the gag, but Dean is pushing him down, letting him hit his injured face and chest on the unforgiving concrete, driving the knife in deeper to his shoulder, making him move to try not to lean on it. "Hmm, you're right, that won't do," Dean mutters, lifts him a bit, and then yanks the knife from his shoulder in one swift movement.

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He comes to for a third time and his face and chest are on the ground. His legs are folded under him so that his ass is propped up on them, his ankles no longer connected to his wrists at least. He starts shaking again, figuring he's going to be raped. And he's right.

"Glad you're awake. Gettin' bored," Dean tells him, taking his hard dick out of his boxers, his jeans already open. Jimmy can't help but look. The boy isn't monstrous but proportionate to his tall frame and kind of thick. He would wonder how Cas handles it if he weren't so worried for himself. "Time for that blowjob you promised. If you use teeth, just remember those pliers. Meth addicts will have more teeth than you when I'm finished."

Dean grabs his hair and yanks his head back. He pulls the tape off and tugs out something soft and brown and soaked from his saliva. Dean shows it to him, and it's the arm from a stuffed animal.

Jimmy feels his whole face redden, feeling so exposed. "Yeah, I know. I know everything you did. Cas didn't want to talk about it, but I made him. I wanted to make sure I get this just right. Our time together. You see, there's a lot of differences between you and me. I mean, you're obviously a total fuckin' pussy who's only tough when he's up against a little boy." He gestures derisively at the sniveling, broken man. "Typical pedophile. You're a shit rapist, not careful in the slightest, just begging to get caught. And you don't know what it feels like...the rough, careless shit you do to Cas." Dean leans down, looking earnestly into his eyes. "See, I do. Everything I do to him, I know it. I've had it happen, I've had worse. I

know how hard to push him, I know what'll make him bleed. At least everything I do is thought out. He'll never bleed or cry unless it's what I want him to do, and I'll know what he's going through every time."

He pulls Jimmy higher by his hair, making him scream in pain as he feels some of the roots separate. "Whereas you, you piece of shit...you just rape your way into a seven year old's mouth, his ass, and you don't even know what the fuck you're doing! It's...it's bullshit! Vaseline, are you fucking kidding me?" Pissed, he grabs his knife and slashes some x's across the unmarked skin of his back. The older man screams and he stops, catching his breath. "So I'll show you. Tonight I'll show you how...he...felt."

With that he's grabbing Jimmy's head and lifting it, shoving into Jimmy's mouth. Jimmy's sucked adult dick before, but not in so long and this isn't sucking. This is brute force; Dean's dick slamming inside over and over, seeming to get deeper each time, making him gag and choke around it, tears streaming down his face. Dean tilts his head and pushes farther, til his balls touch Jimmy's chin and his tip hits something that could be an esophagus for all he knows. Jimmy struggles uselessly, his body in oxygen-starved panic. Dean stares lustfully down at his face. "How's that feel, huh? There's Cas's first time, that's what you did to him because he was a bad boy," he pulls out and shoves in again, closing his eyes as he feels the man's throat convulse around him, moaning his pleasure as he thrusts. Over and over, he fucks mercilessly, the meanest he's ever been to a throat until he feels himself coming. He slows down, fucking his come down the man's throat, liking the swallowing sensation on his dick, wanting him to keep it all. When he pulls out, he's gratified to see blood on his dick, mixed with saliva and pus. Jimmy hits the floor, gagging and spitting a disgusting mix of fluids.

"Clean it up." He tells the crying, coughing man. "Let's go, hurry up." Jimmy can't lift himself again, so Dean does it, making sure to use the stabbed shoulder, digging his thumb into the open wound. He stops (so the screaming will) and Jimmy starts lapping sloppily at his dick. "The floor, too," he tells him nastily, dropping him back down and watching his pathetic efforts, listening to him gag. "Nicely done. Good thing you didn't recreate Cas's vomiting on your dick. I'd have straight killed you for that."

Dean tucks himself back in, but looking at his bleeding victim has him twitching already. He gets behind him and Jimmy starts begging, his voice completely ruined by now. "Shut up or I'll rape you with a knife, instead of what I have planned. That's what it really feels like, you know. Your dick in his tiny baby asshole, ripping him apart. Feels like a dildo wrapped in barbed wire. But if I use that, I definitely have to kill you. And I'm not sure yet."

"Please don't kill me," Jimmy croaks out, coughs up a little more blood...pauses...licks it up. "I-I'll...be good."

Dean laughs. "Good boy. You want out of here, you take what the fuck I give you." With that, he reaches over to one of his covered objects. He unwraps it slowly and Jimmy tries to whine but the sound doesn't even work; he thinks there's some real damage there. Dean is holding a 14 inch dildo that is at least 3 inches wide. He's looking at Jimmy and there is no compassion in his face, nothing human to appeal to, just eager sadistic glee. He rubs the dildo against Jimmy's face. "Want me to push it in your throat first, or are we done with

that?” Jimmy tries begging and Dean laughs. “All right but you might want to lick the head. That’s all the lube you’re gonna get.” Jimmy whimpers, starts crying again, but he opens his ruined mouth, licking at as much of the dildo as he can manage before Dean takes it back. It’s not enough, he knows, not nearly enough.

“Okay. I think this is the closest we’re gonna come to your dick verses his virgin ass. Still not the same, but since I’m not even using your bullshit Vaseline, it’ll work. See, I’m lookin’ for blood. I want the kind of blood that pours, that could fill up a bathtub, if you catch my drift. And if I don’t get it...I’ll just get more creative until I do.” Jimmy starts begging again, actually trying to wiggle away. Dean grabs up his knife and slams it hard into the back of his other shoulder. “Bad move, asshole. And I love the screams, but I’m tired of the begging.” He reaches into his bag and pulls out the rest of a torn up teddy bear, shoving as much of it as he can into Jimmy’s abused mouth. “Keep that there or else. Remember the rules. Good boys who want to live take whatever Daddy gives them.”

Jimmy cringes, thinking it’s going to slam in him the way Dean’s dick slammed into his mouth, but nothing happens. Dean comes back around to the front and pulls the bear out, dripping with saliva. Jimmy swallows reflexively even though it hurts, licking at his bloody lips. Dean uses his foot to tip up his face from the floor. “That reminds me. Cas looks an awful lot like you. Kind of funny, you both lookin’ so much alike...you makin’ him call you Daddy. Could just be a Daddy kink, I know all about that. But still.”

Jimmy moans and twitches in a way that could be construed as a shrug, trying to pull his face away so he can huddle in his misery. He doesn’t see how it matters.

Dean sighs and bends forward, digging his thumb into his shoulder wound again, making him try to scream. “You are, aren’t you. You’re his Dad. Tell me...right fucking now. Still got a lot more knives there to try.”

Jimmy twists and writhes in pain, gasping when Dean finally lets up. “Yes,” he groans miserably. “had...had a job back then,” he gasps, his voice gravelly and pained. “Didn’t...want...to pay.”

“What a fuckin’ surprise. Showed back up in his life just in time to fuck him. How’d you convince Amelia not to tell him the truth? He doesn’t know, I know that much.”

“Told her...he couldn’t...handle it...told her...we’d...tell him...when...he’s grown.”

Dean is silent for a moment. “Ready to bleed you now.”

Jimmy clenches in fear, the exact wrong thing to do. What Dean doesn’t know is that he’s never even been fucked before; always been kind of afraid to have sex with adult men. He begs and gets the bear shoved back in his mouth as a result, hating the dry, spongy thing more than ever against his raw throat. He whimpers, feeling Dean start pushing against his virgin hole immediately. The monster dildo isn’t getting inside him at all, but Dean isn’t discouraged. He uses a gloved finger to shove inside then pull at his rim, forcing it around the ridge of the head. Jimmy squirms and tries to pull away but Dean holds him down mercilessly, stronger than he looks, certainly stronger than Jimmy, who by this point has lost a good amount of blood.

The dildo is dry, doesn't want to move in Jimmy's tight anus. Dean shoves, forcing it with brutal strength, and delicate flesh shreds inside to make way. Jimmy screams around the gag until there's no more sound and even after, but after some agonizing strokes, Dean sighs, yanks it out roughly. "The blood is acting as lube. That's not fair, is it." He takes a small towel out of his bag, dries the dildo and rams it back in, dragging in and out and savagely pounding when the blood slicks it again. He doesn't know how long it goes on, hours, days, before he rips it out of him and dries it a second time. It's when he shoves back in, catching his insides at a harrowing new angle that Jimmy finally blacks out for the last time.

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The next time he wakes up he's been moved. He's in a car, still naked, still cuffed, trussed up in the backseat. It's his car, he realizes, and Dean is driving it. The pain is overwhelming and he drifts in and out of consciousness. Then Dean is shaking him, sitting next to him in the backseat. He flinches away from him, trying to whimper but nothing comes out. He looks around, disoriented. He's on a deserted highway with only trees on either side. He has no way of knowing where he is, but he's alive. Dean is letting him live, he thinks. If he was going to die, he'd never have left that room. He starts to cry with relief.

"Oh my God stop with the water works. What's pretty on your son is disgusting on you," Dean snarls and Jimmy tries to stop. "I'm letting you go. Letting you live. Got you your car, Cas got all your shit out of his house, he better never see any of it again. You take this highway straight, you'll get back to where you came from. Hope you can drive, but let's face it...if you crash, nobody's gonna give a shit."

Jimmy stares at him; he can't believe this is happening, he's so grateful, but why? Why would he ever...

"I'm letting you go in case Cas is more like me than I think, and he wants to kill you someday. I can't take that from him, not when it was so good for me. That'll be his right. We both know I don't have to worry about you going to the police...I'd be surprised if you even take your sorry ass to a hospital. Warrant out for your arrest, isn't there? Amelia really did get the cops on you last time, and that shit doesn't just go away." He laughs, caressing Jimmy's cheek. "That's the best thing I found out about common kid fuckers like you. I can do anything to you and you can't go to the law 'cause all of you got too much shit to hide. Fuckin' priceless. Vengeance all the time, so easy."

"Of course, this is the first time I ever did it for someone else, but I never owned anyone before." He trails off, thoughtful, before swinging his intense green eyes back to Jimmy's. He grips his chin. "Castiel isn't your son. He isn't your anything. You come near him again, in any way, you even pick up the phone to call his cunt of a mother...", Dean tightens his grip on Jimmy's face, lets him see the sheer depth of his savage fury. "I'll fucking kill you. No hesitation, no torture, no games, just dead. Got it?"

Jimmy nods, tears slipping down.

"Cas is mine. Repeat it so I know you understand."

“Castiel is yours,” a ruined whisper that takes him three tries, but the terror in his eyes speaks volumes.

Dean smiles, and his face is lovely. He’s fully dressed now and his face, neck, and hands are clean of blood, though Jimmy is still caked and covered in it. “Good job. Your clothes are on the passenger seat, I’ll leave the keys in the ignition. Gonna uncuff you but leave your feet tied. My suggestion is you get your shit in order before a cop finds you. We both know you don’t want that.” He shoves Jimmy down on his face and finally the cuffs are released but Jimmy makes no move to get up, still terrified that Dean will change his mind. “Remember what I said,” Dean tells him and slams the door.

Jimmy has no idea how he gets home from there. All he knows is that when he finally finds the courage to sit up, the boy is long gone.

* * *

Dean is exhausted when he finally gets home (he rode a bike that he had put in Jimmy’s trunk by taking the front wheel off; undignified as fuck and he’s so glad no one sees him, but he wasn’t about to walk.) It’s a good tired, though. He’ll even still go to school tomorrow, because he’s so elated. The energy will carry him through the day. Those kinds of nights feel so good, the best release of his life, and now he’s all stretched and relaxed, the cat who ate the cream. He drags himself to his room and kicks off his boots, opens his jeans. He’ll have to burn them but he wants Cas to see them, see the blood on them. They’ll burn them together. A sound makes him turn, and it’s Cas in the doorway, wide awake though it’s way past his and Sam’s bedtime.

Dean watches him as he timidly steps closer, his eyes on Dean’s pants. He touches the red splashes and looks up, wide eyed and afraid. Dean stares down at him impassively. “He’s gone, Castiel. Not dead, but if he comes back I’ll kill him. Punished him real good for you, baby.”

Cas swallows and nods. His small hand pushes up slowly...touches the waistband of his underwear and starts to tug down. By the time Dean’s dick springs free, it’s plenty hard for him. Cas puts both hands on the base, looking in Dean’s eyes questioningly, wanting the approval. Dean nods, glad he took the time to clean Jimmy’s fluids off his body, and Cas puts his small lips against the head of Dean’s cock. “Thank you, Dean,” he whispers against the sensitive flesh. His small mouth wraps around the head. Sweetly, he kisses, sucks, his small cheeks hollowing, little tongue lapping at the slit, the ridge of the head. He takes as much as he can, still not much, still needing those little breaks to cough and struggle. One hand slips low to cup his balls, just the way he was taught.

Dean bites his lower lip, allowing himself to breathe hard, trying not to make any other sounds. At any moment Sam could wake, notice his friend missing. But this, Cas’s fucking mouth, offered up so sweetly. He’s coming before he means to, still too much for his baby to swallow, claiming him from the inside out. The come spills on his pajama shirt and Dean

knows he'll have to change it, that Sam might notice and wonder, but he loves seeing it. He picks him up and sits him on the dresser and kisses him soundly. "Mine, Castiel. All mine."

"Y-" One kiss, another. "Yours," Kissing, again, again. "D-dean."

Loose Ends

Chapter Summary

Dean makes Cas see Meg; then makes it so he'll never see her again.



Image by ThefangirlingBread

When Dean tells Cas they're going to meet Meg at a hotel to have sex, he tries to pretend he doesn't mind. Dean sees through it, of course, and sits him down to talk about it. He really does insist on always knowing what Cas is thinking. Even if he never acts on those thoughts.

They're at Dean's house of course, even though Sam isn't even home. It's funny how lax they've become with the rules again. Sam knows about Jimmy, knows what he tried to do, although not why he suddenly disappeared. He believes that Cas is hanging out with Dean more than ever since it was Dean who shielded him when Amelia tried to drag him back after the attack. Dean, fierce and unyielding at the door, while Sam held his shaking friend within earshot and promised him, "No, Cas, they can't make you go anywhere, not while we're around."

This is how they've won the freedom to lie cuddled on the couch the way they are, with Dean on his back and Cas on top of him, sprawled over his chest. They've already fucked and showered once today, and now Dean just has his hand lazily down the back of Cas's pants and underwear, circling his puffy, fucked out hole. It stings but his finger also slides down his perineum, pressing there so nicely, so the stinging is mixed with pleasure and Cas is half hard in his jeans. If he sometimes humps his hard-on against Dean's stomach, well, Dean doesn't mind at all.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about seeing Meg again,” Dean tells him, and Cas shimmies higher on Dean so his face is at the bare skin of Dean’s neck. He’s always more comfortable sharing thoughts Dean won’t like if he can kiss him while he tells them. His thumb plays with Dean’s nipple as he talks.

“Sam doesn’t like her. He’d think I was so gross and bad for doing stuff with her again,” Cas says lightly, licking a stripe up the side of Dean’s neck.

Dean taps a finger at his hole thoughtfully. “Sam would think what you’re doing right now is gross and bad, baby angel. He would never understand about you being my little slut, now would he?”

Cas flushes pretty pink. “No...”

“What else about Meg?” Dean’s finger leaves his hole, plays with the delicate taint skin, and Cas pushes his hips back, trying to get Dean’s finger to curl further between his legs, where his little package is. Dean smiles and lightly touches the tiny sack.

Cas gasps a little and Dean stops so he can concentrate, tapping his hole again in reminder. “S-she didn’t stop when I was sick. She’s kinda scary.”

“Hmm,” Dean hums in understanding and Cas likes the way it rumbles under him, making Dean’s chest vibrate. “Well, that’s my responsibility now to make sure you don’t get drunk enough to get sick, right? My baby’s too little to know how to take care of himself. Gotta look after you better, that’s all,” Dean turns his face down to Cas and Cas readily responds, taking the kiss that’s offered.

“Thank you, Dean,” he tells him, blushing at having to be babied. He wants to impress Dean, drink like a man.

“As to her being scary...baby that’s your way of saying you didn’t like it when you said no and she didn’t stop,” Dean looks a little skeptical, and scrapes his finger painfully against Cas’s rim, getting the tiniest whimper. His boy is so responsive. “But angel baby, you’re not allowed to say no, remember? You just do everything I want you to do, even if that’s fuck Meg when you don’t want to.” Dean looks at Cas. “I know I didn’t punish you for saying no that night, maybe that’s why you’re confused? Do you need a spanking so you’ll remember that you don’t get a say?”

Cas feels his little hard-on wilt and he looks pitifully at Dean. “But you said I didn’t hafta...”

“Shhh, just five spanks, how about that, and if you take them like a good boy, I’ll let you fuck into my hand until you come again today. But if you try to squirm away like last time or hide your little bottom, it’s gonna get worse for you.”

Cas pouts his pretty pink lips in a way that makes Dean want to slide his dick between them. “Can you put your mouth instead of your hand?” he whines and Dean laughs. He’s been spoiling Cas a bit and it makes him bolder, asking for the little favors that he knows Dean will indulge. “Okay, I’ll put my mouth. No fucking into my mouth, though. You move your hips, I stop and you get nothing, not even to touch yourself.”

Cas nods. “Okay, Dean.” He opens his jeans and Dean watches hungrily, as though he hadn’t had him naked only a half hour before. He pushes down his pants and underwear and climbs over Dean’s lap.

“Count for me, baby. It’s gonna hurt so you remember, okay?”

Cas shudders, his voice whisper soft. “Yes, Dean.”

Dean can’t help but tug the cheeks apart, looking at his favorite puffy little hole, still irritated from being fucked out. Crazy, the way he never gets enough of this kid. He slams his hand down on the small bottom, easily hitting both cheeks in one shot, feeling Cas’s little body jerk on his lap.

“One,” Cas yelps, biting his lower lip. His eyes are already stinging from that one slap, his bottom feels like fire. But he digs his hands into Dean’s thigh, determined not to cover up this time. He wants that reward.

SMACK.

Dean’s hand is merciless and Cas has to whimper for a second at the pain, but Dean comes down again before he can even count.

“Two, Th-three—“

“No, no, Cas,” Dean admonishes, rubbing his hand over the reddening bottom. “You’ve gotta keep up or it doesn’t count. That’s only two.”

“Yes, Dean,” he says shakily.

“It’s okay to cry, sweetie. My beautiful boy. You know I love your tears.”

Cas stops trying to blink his tears away and lets them slip down his cheeks. He glances up at Dean, who immediately wants to lick them away. “That’s my good little angel, three more, baby, here we go.”

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

Cas manages to count fast enough this time, and is genuinely crying by the time Dean’s done. He earned his reward but can’t imagine wanting it now. He knows Dean’ll change his mind though. Dean’s so good at that.

~

The hotel is small and dingy, one of those kinds where the rooms are in a single row outside. Meg already procured it before they get there, and Cas holds tight to Dean’s hand as he leads him to the last room on the block. Inside it smells stale and the curtains block out most of the light. His heart is pounding with nerves and he clings to Dean, who offers reassuring touches and half hugs.

“Wow, he’s so attached to you...guess he doesn’t hold it against you, what happened last time.” Meg comments. Cas admits she looks pretty in a low cut grey tank top and tight jeans, similar to the outfit she’d worn at Dean’s. Her eyes on Cas are hungry. “Hey there, Angel. Got you a present, something to help you relax. If Dean says it’s okay.” She holds out her hand and has three pills. “One for each of us. It’s a mild form of Molly, trust me, it’s gonna make this amazing.”

Dean looks interested if skeptical. “You first. He can have half of one.”

She rolls her eyes and pops one in her mouth and holds the other two out to Dean. “Give your boy whatever you think is best,” she says, and the words are right even if the tone is mocking. Cas thinks that’s just how Meg talks.

Dean takes his and cuts the other one with his fingernail. “Open,” he tells Cas, and puts it on his tongue. “You’ll like this stuff, baby, it’ll make all the touches feel good, even the ones that hurt.” Meg hands him a water bottle and he drinks, eyes stubbornly on Dean’s.

~

The three of them are naked, covered in salty sweat and other fluids, including the water that they keep pouring on each other’s hot skin and licking away, endlessly thirsty. Meg and Dean are worshipping Cas, it feels like a thousand mouths and hands on his body, caressing, licking, and sucking. He feels like he must’ve come a bunch of times already, most of them dry, but his dick is hard against his tummy once more.

Meg wants him to fuck her again but Dean is stopping her. “Let him fuck you in the ass,” his voice is low and suggestive, licking along her jawline, her throat.

She moans, laughs a little. “You know I don’t have a prostate, right?”

But her eyes on Dean’s are intrigued and he smiles wickedly. “Come on, that’s the only way you’re gonna feel anything from him. I’ll take care of you while he does it.”

Cas watches them kiss above him, his small, sweaty body pressed between theirs. He touches them, too, no hesitation or shame or fear, all curiosity, using his mouth, his little fingers to explore, all of them groaning together. Cas doesn’t know what “Molly” is, but he wants to use it every time he’s with Dean for the rest of his life.

Then Meg is on the bed on all fours and Dean is positioning Cas behind her. “Do it like I do for you, baby angel...open her up with your fingers. Here, bought you a new lube, cherry flavored.” He drips it onto Cas’s fingers. He starts to finger her ass, thinking about what he sees Dean do between his legs and trying to copy it. Her hole is tight but not as tight as his own. Dean’s hand is between Meg’s legs as he watches, and she’s moaning, rocking back onto Cas’s hand. He doesn’t do much before Dean is pulling him up behind her, hands on Cas’s hips, mouthing at his neck. “Go ahead, baby...put it in. You’ll love this, gonna feel so good.”

Cas moans as he slips in easily; her hole so tight and wet around him, better than Dean’s mouth, better than anything. Lacking any sort of control, he starts rutting against her wildly,

making her squeal and let out shocked laughter at the sensation. Cas can't believe he gets to fuck somebody, and he knows he can't last. "Dean," he whines as he comes inside her and Dean is there, licking into his mouth. "So fucking hot, baby...fucking that ass like a big boy."

Meg rolls over onto her back. "Hey...thought you were gonna take care of me," she murmurs, her hands running over her body. They're all doing it, touching themselves or each other constantly, needing the sensation.

"We're so sorry, Meg," Dean says lowly, putting on a show between her legs, making out with Cas while they both touch her. "Cas is gonna make it up to you right now, aren't you, baby angel? Gonna learn to go down on a girl now. Here, watch my tongue." Dean does it like a porn star would, leaving room so Cas can bring his face close, watching Dean's tongue flick and slip around Meg's engorged little clit, sucking it between his plush lips, humming. He shoves his middle finger inside her roughly and she's bucking up against him. He pushes her hips down forcefully enough to leave bruises and she moans in appreciation. "Hey...none of that for him. Be nice to the baby, no smothering him."

"Yes, Dean," she simpers, mocking the way Cas does it and he slaps her thigh as hard as he can, giving her a wicked grin as his handprint appears.

"Watch yourself. You want me to dominate you, I will."

Cas nudges Dean and takes a kiss, hating to be forgotten. Dean gives him a filthy kiss back and hands him the cherry lube. "Why don't you use this on Meg? She's already wet, but I know how you are about...flavor. I'm gonna let you figure it out and then I'm gonna fuck you. Want that? Want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, Dean, please fuck me," Cas whines, coming back for another kiss. He can't seem to get enough of them and Dean is happy to oblige.

Meg comes up on her elbows, her face shocked. "You're not seriously gonna fuck him...no way he can take that dick."

Cas frowns and crawls up her body aggressively, making Dean's eyebrows lift. High Cas is amazing. "I can take his dick, I take it all the time," he growls through gritted teeth. He kisses her, trying to play roughly with her tits, but she loves it, arching into his touches. Unable to help himself, Dean pushes on top of them, though he keeps his weight on his hands and knees and they become a mass of tangled kisses and touches again for an unknown amount of lost time. Dean manages to finger Cas open while they play, and he wants his prize. He moves backward, dragging Cas by his hips down Meg's body, both of them moaning at the sensation. Cas dumps way too much of the cherry lube on Meg and loses himself for a while, playing randomly with the greasy substance, taking Meg apart with his clumsy attempts. Dean has to push his head down to remind him and he starts to lick.

"Wait," Meg moans, pulling herself away slightly. "Can I see you put your dick in him? I gotta see it."

Dean nods, smirking at her as he lifts Cas's hips, leaving his head down against the mattress. She sits up and moves forward to where she can see, Cas's whole upper body in her lap. Dean takes his time as he almost always does when Cas is a good boy, letting Cas get used to each inch that he manages. The boy is still too small to take all of it, managing little more than half. Dean groans at that tight heat around him, feeling Cas clench and release as he tries to get used to the feeling. He's not crying, though, the drug induced haze protecting him, making the pain feel as amazing as all the rest. It's not long before Dean starts to move, and it's easier than it's ever been. "Fuck, Cas, baby...so fuckin' good for me..."

"Oh, God, look at that," Meg breathes, touching herself. "How is that fitting...shit! Oh, God, Angel...need that little mouth now."

She slides back under him, doing all the work since all he can do at this point is gasp and moan and bounce as Dean's dick is hitting the special place inside him, dragging mercilessly against it, sawing back and forth. But he tries to lick and suck at her clit the way Dean showed him, tasting the super sweet cherry against her muskier flavor. He decides sucking is the easiest and wraps his lips around her, moaning around her clit, feeling her clawing at his skinny shoulders. She starts to push the back of his head and Dean stops fucking long enough to smack her. "Told you, none of that. Be nice."

"Tell him to use teeth then, dammit!"

Cas obeys, sucking her between his teeth but not biting down. He doesn't think anyone would want that. She moans and cants her hips up, so he figures he's doing a good job. She comes hard, bucking under him and he collapses on her pussy, so relieved to not have to focus anymore. He already came against the rough bedspread and now his insides that Dean is relentlessly moving against are oversensitive enough that he's crying. But even that feels good, the release of his tears, Dean's hands on his hips, pulling him back onto his huge cock. His body moves without him, and he's happy he doesn't have to do anything else. Unable to take anymore, he passes out with Dean still fucking into him.

~

Cas wakes up still naked on the bed, in Dean's arms. He's mid cry when he wakes and Dean is hushing him. He feels funny, kind of sad. The good feelings are still there but so much less and he hates that they're going away. "Dean?" he whimpers, wanting to cry. His breath hitches and Dean hushes him, strokes his face.

"He's coming down," Meg says and Dean rolls his eyes.

"No shit," he mutters, tucking Cas against his chest like he's just a tiny baby. Cas tries to get closer, as though he could climb inside him. The sadness seems to come and go; all he knows is he needs Dean. "There, there, baby, it's gonna be okay. You did such a good job today, did you have fun? Did you like it this time?"

Cas opens his eyes with effort and looks adoringly at Dean. "Yes, Dean...doesn't even hurt this time. Maybe you fit in me now?"

Dean chuckles and kisses the tip of his nose. “Not quite, baby angel. That’s the drug still. You’ll probably be sore later or tomorrow, but we’ve got cream for that, right?”

“He really likes you,” Meg marvels, seeming fascinated by them. “It’s like he’s in love with you, how did you manage that?”

Dean laughs, chagrined. “Pretty sure it’s the drugs, mostly. But he is mine now. He’ll tell you that himself.”

Meg takes a shower while Dean cuddles and kisses Cas, getting him to drink water and snack on a protein bar. They talk quietly, and when Cas dozes, Dean lets him. Meg comes back dressed in the same clothes as before and Cas is sleeping again in Dean’s arms. Dean slips out from under him so he can clean up, too. He was going to take Cas with him but wants to let him sleep. He can bathe him after at leisure.

As he’s leaving he sees Meg taking out her cell phone and aiming it at Cas. He grabs her wrist painfully and she frowns at him, trying unsuccessfully to pull away. “No. No pictures.”

She huffs impatiently. “Are you kidding? You know how much money they’d be worth?”

His eyes darken and she stills, licks her lips. “No pictures. Your phone isn’t all I’ll break, get me? He’s mine and I forbid it.”

“Got it,” she says, letting genuine fear show in her eyes. She didn't understand what she saw in his eyes just then; she doesn't want to. “Hey, don’t look like that, all right? How am I not Team Winchester, when we've committed felonies together twice now? Trust me.”

He stares at her silently for another minute and flings her wrist away. “Don’t fuck with me, Meg. Not on this.”

“I said okay!” she rolls her eyes and crosses her arms over her chest. “Go! I’ll watch him. You can take my phone with you if you don’t trust me.”

He does, smirking at her as he goes.

Cas blinks awake, feeling the blanket slipping away from him. His throat is dry; he needs more water, but he’s feeling a little more himself. “Shh,” Meg hushes. “You don’t have to get up yet if you don’t want to. Just gonna get some pictures, Angel. You look too pretty like this!” She shows him a small purple digital camera.

Cas comes awake fast, uneasy. “I...I don’t think...”

“It’s okay,” she snaps one and he blushes, lowering his head. He puts his hands between his legs, trying to cover himself and she stops. “Move your hands, Angel.” It’s an order and he remembers what Dean said about not getting a say. Maybe this is part of it. He moves his hands and she snaps another. “Such a beautiful boy, huh? Put your hands under your knees and pull back...that’s it, just like that.”

Cas starts to cry, feeling so ashamed and afraid, still coming down from the drug, too. She puts the camera close to his hole, his spent little cock, the sticky places where come has dried up on his skin. "Touch yourself, baby...that's it. Now put a finger in your little hole for me. Nice."

He doesn't know how long it goes on, maybe only ten minutes, maybe an hour. She moves and poses him and never acknowledges that he's crying the whole time until she hears the shower cut off. She grabs a rough tissue from the bedside table and wipes at his face. "Shh, all done, baby, you did such a good job. Better not tell Dean, though, okay? He'd get really mad at both of us, but especially you. Because you're his and you didn't ask his permission first." She hands him a water bottle and he takes it, needing it so badly.

Cas nods but secretly he knows she isn't telling the truth. He knows he's always supposed to tell on himself, especially if it's something Dean will really get mad about. She stuffs the camera in the side of her bra; it's compact enough that you can only see the shape of it if you're looking closely.

Dean slips out of the bathroom in just a towel, his eyes finding Cas immediately. Meg wolf whistles at him and steps forward, holding out her hand. "C'mon, I got places to be. Can't just fuck around with you two all day, much as I might—"

"She took pictures of me," Cas tells him and Meg sighs, rolling her eyes heavenward. "She said you'll be mad at me. Will I get punished, Dean?"

There isn't even time for her to turn away before Dean has her in a punishing grip. "Where is it?" he grits out, body taut against hers, rage in every muscle.

"All right, all right...come on you can't be that surprised, of course I tried," Meg tries to act calm but Cas can tell she's afraid. He is, too; he doesn't want that rage to turn on him. She reaches in her bra and hands him the camera. "Please don't break it, just delete his and I'll go."

Dean shoves her hard enough that she falls back on the bed. "Asshole," she mutters, but she sounds shaken.

Cas squirms away from her, tugging the blanket over himself. The tension in the room has him breathing hard, wishing he could disappear.

Dean's playing with the camera, presumably deleting things. After a moment, Meg tries to get up, reach for the camera. "Come on! You have to have deleted them all by now, I didn't take that many." Dean shoves her back just as hard the second time, not sparing her a look, and she mutters curses at him. Then suddenly the tension is gone from him. He smiles and flips the camera back at her, making her fumble to catch it. "Fuck you, Winchester." Meg looks suspicious, going through the camera, but seems to find everything in order.

"Already did that. Here's your phone and now you can fuck off. Say good bye to Cas. Don't know if you'll ever see him again, after the shit you just pulled."

“Don’t be such a spoil sport. You’ve got a huge opportunity there. You’re missing out.” She smirks at him and grabs her purse to leave, a new animosity between the two that wasn’t there before. “Bye, Angel. Hope I see you around. I can always come by your house, come see you without Dean,” she teases and Cas crawls to the end of the bed, reaching for Dean. “No, thank you,” he whispers and she laughs and shuts the door at last.

Dean tilts his chin up gently and Cas pouts. “Am I in trouble? I didn’t know if I was allowed to say—“

“You’re not in trouble, baby, you handled it perfectly. Nobody gets your pictures, Cas. Nobody ever. Anybody tries, you tell me right away, just like you did.” Dean leans down and kisses him on the forehead. “Give you a nice reward for being such a good boy today, how’s that? Take you and Sammy out for ice cream later? Or a movie...you pick.”

Cas smiles and hugs Dean tightly, getting himself all wet. “Maybe we can do both.”

Dean laughs and kisses the top of his head. He likes Spoiled Cas, testing his influence on Dean, asking for his sweet little favors. “I guess so. Let’s get you cleaned up and take you home. Whenever you want, go by my house, and play with Sammy til I get back. You guys pick what movie you wanna see.”

Cas nods and lifts his arms so Dean can pick him up to take him in the bathroom (he could clean himself obviously, but Dean prefers to do it). “Will you be there, too, Dean?”

"Not for a while, baby," Dean tells him, putting a kiss on his lips. "Got an errand to run."

* * *

Dean's glad he and Cas fucked Meg; he had a great time doing it. It was honestly one of his top ten experiences, which for him is really saying something. But the truth is, even if she hadn't taken the pictures of Cas, he'd be getting rid of her. There's just no way he could let someone he doesn't trust walk around knowing he fucks a ten year old. It's not possible. The fact that she handed the keys to her destruction on a silver platter the moment she'd handed over the camera is just things working out in his favor the way they always do.

Dean drops off a somewhat subdued Cas and drives to a house he’s been to plenty of times. Gordon lives on the same shitty side of town as he does, though in a somewhat nicer home. He wasn’t home when Dean called, but he rushed to meet him when he said it was important. That it had to do with Meg and his brother.

They’re sitting out back with a couple of beers and Dean gives it to him straight. “I’m so sorry, man, but you were right. I don’t know what made me look, but...she had this camera. Who even has a camera anymore if you already have a phone, right? I grabbed it from her, fucking around, whatever. Saw...,” he stops, looking uncomfortable.

Gordon is tense, facing the other way, gripping his beer bottle. "Say it."

"Your brother's on there," Dean looks at the ground, jaw tight. "And he ain't...he ain't dressed. Fucked up shit, man. Feel like I gotta scrub my brain or something." The kid hadn't looked like he minded having his picture taken, actually, but Dean knew that's because he didn't know what would happen with them. Pretty sure Meg hadn't spelled it out. Beautiful and stupid, every time.

He startles slightly when he hears glass break. Gordon has crushed the bottle in his hand, shards embedded in his skin, blood beginning to drip. He's looking at it like it's someone else's hand, then starts pulling at the glass, not even wincing. "Yo, dude, you—"

"It's fine." Gordon says distantly.

Dean is standing, frowning. "I'm sorry, man. I should've. I don't know, called the cops or something. Thought I should tell you first. Look, that might need stitches—"

Gordon turns to look at him and his eyes are empty pools of nothingness, his own version of the void space that Dean gets sometimes. Dean feels a pang of regret; Meg he was finished with, but this guy he'll miss. "Nah, man, you did good. Just forget about it, okay? All of it. You never saw a thing. Get outta here."

Dean hesitates and then nods. "So sorry, dude."

He leaves by the side gate and Gordon calls after him. "You're a good friend, Winchester. I won't forget this."

He nods and salutes. The next time he sees Gordon, he's wearing an orange jumpsuit.

~

"Brain damage," Mr. Masters tells him tearfully. "Not reversible."

Dean puts a hand on his shoulder. "I'm so sorry, Sir."

Mr. Masters nods jerkily, sniffs. "Those for her?" He gestures to the flowers, 11 white roses and one red, for Cas's virginity that she took. Dean likes poetry, even if she never did. Dean nods and puts them on the bare window ledge. There are no other flowers, no cards. He's not surprised. Her reputation is finally and officially wrecked beyond repair. If she could be cured, she'd be going to jail.

"Thank you. She...she hasn't had any visitors. I suppose everyone's heard about what was on that camera. I don't know what possessed her. I knew she was a wild thing, but... kids..." The man starts to cry and Dean thinks it's lucky he isn't ordinary or he might feel uncomfortable. As it is he pats the man's shoulder and moves to Meg's bedside.

"She was a good friend," Dean tells him, touching her bandaged hand. A doctor comes and the father excuses himself. Dean leans down and kisses her discolored forehead, puts his lips to her ear.

“Told you not to fuck with me.”

Sometimes and Once

Chapter Summary

Make no mistake, Dean is still...fucking...brutal.

Sometimes Dean looks at Cas like he's pretty and precious and perfect for him (Cas can pretend, it's close enough that he can pretend.) He showers him with affection, and if it's often sexual, if it's mostly the kind of touches that a ten year old shouldn't experience, Cas doesn't spend a lot of time thinking about that anymore (it doesn't help; it's going to happen no matter what). What he notices is the way Dean's green eyes light when he enters a room, the way Dean's gaze constantly finds him, delves into him. The way he wants to know every thought, every feeling that Cas ever has, like he wants to own them, rearrange them to his liking. And Cas wants to give them up, will give all of it up if Dean will keep him forever. Dean always wants him around, so...so he's attached, right?

And you don't know...maybe it is real. He saved him from Jimmy, didn't he? Why else would he hold him and kiss him, dry his tears, let him sleep in his arms, in his bed? Why would he spend so much time touching his face, telling him how beautiful he is, how pretty? Why would he touch him and make him feel good, even using his mouth, putting his tongue everywhere as if no parts of Cas are dirty, claiming every part of his body tastes delicious? He doesn't have to take his time fingering Cas open the way he does, telling him how good he takes it, how good he feels around Dean's dick, what a good boy he is for Dean, Dean's good little boy.

That's secretly his favorite. Jimmy used to say it, too, but it's different when Dean does, something about him. Belonging to Dean is, has always been from the start, an emotional roller coaster, intense highs and lows and constant adrenaline rushes, whether from fear, pain, pleasure, or even all of them at once. Maybe that's why his nerve endings ignite every time Dean says it. Even if he's in pain, with Dean's cock burning its way through him, if he's sweating and shaking with tears falling down, if Dean says he's his good little boy, he suddenly wants it, wants all of it. He wants to be good for him. His dick likes it, too, when Dean says that. Lots of times Cas can come from those words, though he doesn't know if Dean has noticed or not. It's not like that much comes out of him.

Sometimes Dean likes hurting him. Okay, most times. Being cruel with his hands, mouth, and cock, even if he's sweet with his words. It's not just having to take a spanking when he's good or fucking himself on Dean's cock anymore. It's the scarier things Dean has started wanting. Like tying him to the bed (which is a little too close to being held down, but Dean talks him through it, keeps him present) or fucking him with a belt tied around his neck. Putting a blindfold on him so he waits in darkness for pain, pleasure, or both, while Dean walks around him saying alternately terrifying or electrifying things.

He likes weird things, too, like making Cas wait until Dean gives him permission to go to the bathroom, even if he's dancing uncomfortably by the time he says it's okay. Sometimes that's all, but sometimes Dean makes it worse, forcing him to drink when he's already past the point, or pressing on his bladder to try and make him have an accident. Then he likes to get mad at him, shame him and punish him for having the accident. And Heaven help Cas if he points out the unfairness of being punished for something Dean forced him to do. That's how he discovers there are two different punishing Deans, the one who's having fun messing with Cas and the one who is truly pissed because his slut is talking back.

Sometimes Dean makes him cancel plans with the few friends he has to spend hours on his knees, tonguing Dean's balls or noisily suckling the head of his cock while he watches football. It's really not so bad. Dean lets him take water breaks and makes sure he uses lip balm to keep his mouth moist. He pets his hair the whole time, and if his knees start to hurt, he can hum around Dean's cock (or balls, depending) and Dean will either let him have a pillow to kneel on or, even better, let him stretch out between his legs on the couch instead. And by the time he finally fucks him after, he never lasts that long.

He still likes making Cas talk filthy and put himself down, but Cas is getting used to that now, too. He *is* a slut, there to be used and abused, but at least he's only Dean's slut. Dean is saving him from having to fuck other adults, he's sure of it. He hasn't had to fuck anybody else since Meg and Cas is hoping it'll stay that way (even though he knows he's not supposed to have an opinion on it—his brain is still a little rebellious, he guesses). Doesn't it mean something? That Dean won't share him?

Dean makes him think it does. After Cas endures these things, when he really tries his best and maintains his rules, when he recites the answers to Dean's favorite questions (***Who do you belong to?...I am yours***), Dean is there to pet and coddle him, kiss and soothe away the fears, aches, and pains, whisper the sweetest praises Cas has ever heard in his life (some of the only praises, really, but Cas can't tell the difference.) He cares for his skin (after he bruises it, breaks it) with lotions and massages, tells Cas how cute he looks when he curls into every touch, says he purrs like a little cat for him. It's the kind of compliment that he'd be insulted if a friend at school said it, but when Dean says it, he wants to rub up against him and meow. He'd be Dean's pet if he wanted. Isn't that better than slut or slave? He wants to ask but he's afraid of the answer (*not good enough to be a pet, Cas, just a slut...Say it, tell me why you're alive...*).

Sometimes...

Sometimes Dean's eyes get really dark and empty, pupils so big, the green nearly lost. Cas knows when that's going to happen, is attuned to the change in atmosphere, every subtle shift in Dean's mood that leads to this. Leads to Cas pressed against the wall in the bathroom with Dean's big hand over his mouth and tears streaming silently down his face. Dean holding his leg up with the other hand, fucking roughly into a hole that would barely be prepped (if Cas couldn't tell when this is going to happen; if he hadn't kept that cherry lube for emergencies so he can take himself aside and finger his hole as best as he can.) When Dean is like this, there are no favors or rewards. Cas doesn't speak, not even to plead, because that's a good way to get hit. He doesn't meet Dean's eyes, keeps his gaze on the floor. He doesn't tense or pull away even though his every instinct is to fight, to scream, to run. This is the Dean that

attacked him the first time they kissed; this is the one who would leave him bleeding and broken, who wants to fuck him apart and leave nothing behind but ruin. But he won't as long as Cas just lets him take. So Cas lets him take everything.

He can't really be quiet during these times, though it's important that he tries. He's terrified and the pain is intense, even for him. That's why Dean covers his mouth. This is the one time that he doesn't enjoy Cas's sounds. Just his tears. He likes doing it in the bathroom so he can watch Cas in the mirror, but Cas avoids looking as much as he can. It can happen just about anywhere, though. He even made him meet him in the treehouse once and had him down on his stomach. "Scream," Dean told him that time, "Beg me to stop." (A neighbor was using his riding mower; Cas guesses Dean felt confident it would drown him out). That was pretty close to holding him down, but he didn't lean on Cas's back at least, only pinning his hips in place. Cas thinks it would be pretty catastrophic if he had a panic attack under this Dean.

When this Dean is done with him, sometimes he will come back to himself. He'll lift Cas off whatever surface and help him. He usually can't talk right away, but he will definitely find something to clean him off, help him put himself back together. But Cas can't lie, that's rare. Most times it's like this one. Where Dean is fucking him against the tiles in the bathroom and he's crying so hard and his dick is soft and Dean doesn't care that he's not into it. Then Dean will come, either inside him or, a lot of times, just pull out and spurt all over Cas. When he's done, he wipes his dick off on Cas (his clothes, his skin, whatever) and drops him. Cas always hits the ground hard because his shaking legs won't support him. Sometimes Dean throws him down. Maybe just shoves him into whatever wall is closest.

Sometimes he'll leave before Cas can even turn around. It's a relief, actually, when he does. So Cas can curl up and weep on the floor (into his arm; can't let anyone hear.) So he can crawl to the toilet paper and try to clean himself up, wincing at any drops of red he might see (his fault, didn't prep good enough). So he can pull his clothes back on with shaking hands. Sometimes his jeans are torn and he has to hold them together when he limps out of here, make sure nobody sees until he can change into another pair of Sam's. Sometimes his underwear are completely ripped from his body, which leaves burning red lines on his hips, or his ass, or one time his taint. Later in life he'll see porn where panties get ripped off to the delight of the wearer and he will look on in disbelief. Because in his experience, it really hurts.

It's worse when Dean watches Cas try to pull himself together. Cas is usually shaking so hard, but Dean will get impatient if he stays on the ground. He'll admonish him if he tries to pull his pants up and Dean doesn't think he's clean enough. He'll get angry and call him overdramatic if he falls in his attempts (or worse, he'll sneer and make fun of him.) And if he keeps crying...Dean will say, "It's over. Stop that fucking crying or go in my room for a beating."

Sometimes he really can't stop crying.

Hopefully, he can go home afterward, but not always. If anyone else is around, it's automatic. He's supposed to sneak away if he can, and let Dean make excuses for him. If it's just them...sometimes he can go, but sometimes...

“I didn’t say you could leave.”

“Sorry, Dean.” (He’s supposed to talk again at this point; which isn’t saying he definitely won’t get hit for it. But he’s supposed to talk.)

What happens next lets him know how much longer this mood will last. If Dean banishes him to his room, it’s almost over. He can curl up under his blankets and Dean will be there soon. He’ll take care of him. He’ll make it better. He’ll let Cas cry his eyes out, all the fear and pain and self-hatred, and Dean will hold him through it.

If he makes him kneel in the corner, it’s still going and the next part hurts, too. Where Dean tells him he’s not sorry. How much he loves doing this to him. How much Cas deserves it. Then Cas has to say it, too. “I deserve this. This is all I’m good for. I like it. I want it.” He can cry for this part as long as it’s quiet. Because Dean likes to see that it hurts. Then Dean will drag him to the door and kiss him until he’s dizzy. Cas isn’t supposed to participate (which is good; he absolutely can’t). He’s just supposed to cry and try to breathe. “See ya later, Cas,” Dean will say when he’s finished, laughing, and shove him out on the steps. “Thanks for the fuck.”

Sometimes Cas wants so badly just to die. But he can’t kill himself because he’s too scared he would survive it. Dean wouldn’t like him to try to escape. Dean wouldn’t like him to take his property away. So he prays to a God he doesn’t believe in, *please just let me die, please just let me die*. He doesn’t believe anyway, so he’ll take his cough medicine and sleep. When he wakes he’ll go find Dean again, because he can’t stand it. Because only Dean can fix this, only Dean can help, and he will, he always does.

Just watch his green eyes light up.

* * *

Once, Dean gave Sam his cough medicine but it didn’t quite work the way it used to.

The problem is (he thinks) he gives it to him to the point where the kid had built a tolerance to it. Besides, he was still giving him children’s strength and he’s almost 11. Dean doesn’t think it should be a problem anyway. Sam is usually such a deep sleeper, even without the medicine. It’s so unlikely that he should wake.

Sam is asleep and Cas is in Dean’s bed. It’s one of those good nights, pure sex, no extras, because tonight Dean wants Cas to just be into it. So he’s all over him but slowly, licking and sucking his most sensitive places, sharing slow kisses, using his skillful fingers to take his baby angel apart. Cas is right with him, kissing back, grinding his baby cock against Dean’s lower abs, leaving a trail of wet there. He reaches to play with the head of Dean’s dick, licking the pre-come off his palm while looking Dean in the eyes through his dark lashes like a high class baby whore.

No name calling tonight though.

Just gasping into each other's mouths, and soft, sweet nothings that Dean can't hold back. "Baby Angel...such a good boy for me...feel so good, taste so good baby....love the way you taste...my baby, my good boy...want you so bad, Cas, so pretty like this..." Cas can't communicate on his own when he gets this way, overwhelmed and flushed and beautifully debauched, he can only make pretty little noises. Ever the good boy, he muffles his sounds against Dean's skin. Dean knows he loves that Dean never makes him use a pillow or a stuffed animal, he can press himself close, make his noises while he tastes Dean's sweat and breathes in his scent.

They are kissing, tongues fully engaged, Dean's hands cupping Cas's small ass and pulling him against him when there's a knock at the door.

They freeze for only a second before Dean is moving, sliding into his boxers. It's not good, his dick is tenting them obviously. Cas is moving too, and to his credit he's fast, pulling on his pajama top and bottoms at lightning speed. His hard-on is already gone, stark fear sending it away painfully quickly. Dean opens the door, keeping his crotch hidden behind it.

Sleepy Sam is in the hallway, his hair adorably tousled, cheeks pink with sleep. "'s Cas in there with you?"

Dean opens the door wider to show Cas tucked under his blankets, facing away from the door. He doesn't blame Cas; easier to pretend to sleep. "Cas had a nightmare. He tried to wake you but you were knocked out."

Sam is instantly worried. "Was it about Jimmy? Or..."

"I think so," Dean tells him and shakes his head. His dick is calming down now, he's about half-mast in his shorts. "You know he can't talk about the details."

Sam shifts uncomfortably and bites his lower lip. "Can I...can I sleep with you, too?"

Dean gives a slow blink, he can't help it. His dick wants his mind to go down a dangerous path but he clamps down firmly on those thoughts, adjusts himself slightly with the hand that Sam can't see. "Yeah, buddy, get in." He pulls the door open slightly wider and Sam slips past him, climbing carefully on the bed. Dean watches as Sam pushes Cas's curls back from his forehead, lightly so as not to wake him.

"Poor guy," he says, compassion in his voice, love in his eyes, his touch. "He's all sweaty still. Do you think he's having another one?"

Dean swallows. "No...he'd be thrashing and stuff. Don't know how you can sleep through it. Then again, you could fall asleep on a picket fence." He starts to climb in next to Sam, who stops him with a hand on his arm.

"You be the peanut butter," he tells him, scooching over to leave the middle of the bed for Dean. "We're the bread."

Dean is the peanut butter.

He faces Sam at first, intending to hold him until he falls asleep. Being Sam, he'll drop off in no time at all, nestled as he is in his big brother's arms. When he feels Cas tentatively brush against his back, he tugs him close, all the encouragement Cas needs to cling to him. When Sam is asleep, Dean turns, finding Cas still awake, as though he was waiting for Dean's permission to sleep. Daringly, because he can't help himself, he taps his lips. He can't move without Sam feeling it, but Cas can. The kiss has to be slow, so it can be silent. With Cas's face so close, Dean can kiss along his chin, his throat, get the little sigh that he wants.

He pushes Cas's head lightly.

Ever obedient, ever responsive, Cas flows like water, barely making noise on the sheet as he slips under the blanket. He takes Dean's immediately fuck hard cock out of the opening in his boxer briefs and sucks and plays with him as only Cas can.

And Dean is so fucked. This is so amazing. He can feel his beautiful little brother's warm body, his small ass tucked against his lower back. If he were to wake, if he were to turn and reach his arm around Dean's waist, he would touch Cas's hair. He wants to rub a hand back over Sam's hip, so he's touching him with Cas's mouth around his dick, but he doesn't quite dare. It's still so hot he can't stand it, and he can't make a sound, breathing out of his nose when he can and pushing his face into his pillow when he can't take it anymore. He comes silently, glad that he already came a few times that day so it won't be an overwhelming amount for Cas to handle. Cas slips back up and sticks his tongue out so Dean can see the white before he swallows, a new trick that Dean taught him. Dean smiles and touches his face, silently telling him how grateful he is, what a good job he did. He reaches out and strokes his face, his hair, thinking about how to repay the boy, who deserves an orgasm, who deserves a blowjob, really, but Dean doesn't think they can pull it off.

He gently puts Cas on his back and rubs his stomach, letting his fingertips slip under the waistband of his pajama pants. He raises his eyebrows in question. This time, he will let Cas say yes or no.

Cas's mouth falls open, his blue eyes alight with the realization. A gift.

He takes Dean's hand, presses the back to his cheek. Kisses it, looking adoringly at Dean. He nods. Mouths the word, please, looking shyly through his lashes. Dean is moved, despite himself. Castiel is undeniably beautiful...and all his. Again, he feels a pang that all the kid is getting is a hand job. He'll make it up to him, he decides. He'll give him a good day. A full good day without a single torment.

For now he puts his palm against Cas's mouth, getting the cute, sexy kitten licks that he wanted. He pushes his fingers in because he loves doing it, loves seeing Cas's cheeks hollow as he sucks. He tickles his fingers down Cas's body, slipping his hand down his pants. Cas's cock is still so small, not much to hold, but he wraps his fingers gently, sliding around him, fingering an itty bitty slit, palming the tight little sack. When Cas starts rutting into his hand he has to put a warning hand on his hip. Cas is immediately chastised, and Dean smiles, not wanting him to think he's upset. Cas is probably thinking that a regular handjob won't be as good, but Dean can fix it for him. Because he knows. Of course he knows.

He leans forward slowly, and licks and kisses the tiny shell of Cas's ear. "Come for me, my good little boy."

~

Cas falls asleep soon after but Dean stays awake. He doesn't need much sleep as it is and he'd much rather lie here and enjoy having both his boys in his bed. So rare and beautiful, he allows himself to imagine them naked, collared, well fucked and sleeping. His Sammy and his slave, gorgeous and perfect and his. He turns to face Sam, who is still lying with his back to Dean, his sweet little ass pushed out invitingly. Dean tugs him against his lap, even though his dick is hard, reasoning that if Sammy wakes, he'll pretend he's asleep. God, all this time with Castiel, and he still wants Sam. His little body is so right in his arms, he breathes in the scent that's been home to him for most of his life. Sam, who loves him. Sam, whom he protects.

A whimper behind him.

Dean is turning as soon as he hears it, dislodging his painfully hard dick from between his brother's pajama clad thighs. Ironically, Cas is now actually having a nightmare. His whimpers turn to groans, his little brow furrowed and sweating. He tosses and turns, clenching his small fists, sliding his small bare feet against the mattress. "Please...don't..." he groans, but doesn't wake. His shaking vibrates the bed.

Dean whispers to him, tries to gather him against him, but Cas goes rigid, his cries stronger, tears slipping from closed lids. Dean thinks somewhat helplessly that the nightmare is probably about him. Chagrined, he's just about to shake him, force him awake, when a skinny arm slips over Dean's waist, little hand fluttering over Cas's body. Dean stills, watching Sam touch Cas's side, his shoulder, finally finding his face. "Shh, Cas, got you..." Sam mutters. Dean's not even sure he's fully awake, when he checks Sam's eyes are still closed, though his body is turned so his front is pressed against his brother's ass.

More amazing is the response. Cas's breathing starts to slow almost immediately, turning to little whimpers, and he stops thrashing. Sam's hand moves clumsily but gently over Cas's face and Cas turns into it, breathing deeply. Dean watches the tension melt from him. Still asleep, Cas puts a hand over Sam's, keeping it against his cheek.

The boys don't wake again, but Dean stays watching them. Wondering how something on this filthy earth could be so beautiful. Wanting so badly to keep it all to himself, both of them, everything they share.

Forever.

Moving on...

Chapter Summary

Time Jump: the boys are 12 and 19. Cas is hiding his feelings for Sam from Dean, and Dean is planning for an indeterminate future

Chapter Notes

(Not much going on in this chapter, I'm afraid. This is mostly set-up.)

It's almost Halloween, just a few weeks after Cas turns 12. The boys are in seventh grade together at Lawrence Middle School, and a lot has changed (even if the one most important thing is still the same.)

Both boys take most of the same Honors classes together (thanks to Sam never letting Cas fall behind back when it counted). Sam is also still effortlessly popular in school, due to his innate kindness more than his deep dimples and bright tilted eyes (though they sure don't hurt.) Both boys have gotten taller, though they're still the shortest in their grade, with Sam still edging Cas out by an inch or so. Sam is still tanned and slender, but now he's getting lean, coltish muscles from all the sports he plays and the sparring he does with Dean at home.

It's no surprise he has a girlfriend now.

Cas sighs. Sam's first girlfriend is Jessica Moore, whose tits are even more perfect now. Not that shy Sam's seen them yet (Cas likes to tease him about it because his face heats up so pretty). They've only been dating a few weeks but they're already the school's 'it' couple. He wants to hate her, especially when he sees them kissing outside on the bleachers or holding hands walking down the hall. He wants to be jealous and pissy whenever she's around (which is...a lot now).

Except she's always so happy to see him. He's not exactly the most popular boy in school, what with all his quirks, all the fights he's always getting into. But even if Sam's not with him and they pass in the hall, she'll break into a smile, tug on his arm, and fill his ear with bright, lively chatter. She's not just some airhead either, but smart and funny enough that she can usually coax him to smile. If he's being standoffish, sitting alone and staring at nothing as he still does sometimes, she'll sit near him and just...be there.

Damn.

Cas would tell himself that she's just using him to impress Sam (it happens), but he doesn't have the heart. The truth is, like Sam, she's a genuinely good person. For some reason, she sees something in Cas.

It makes it so much worse.

She's only just started "going with" Sam, but Cas has to assume she's in love with him or will be. How could she help it? The thing is, Cas is in love with Sam, like...really in love with him, just...painfully fucking.... He's never felt this way about anyone before (it's different from whatever the fuck he feels for Dean; he'd ask you not to make him define that...ever). He sometimes thinks he always was, but that's not quite true. He remembers loving him, and now he's in love with him. It's different. It's also completely stupid, the most masochistic thing he does (and considering that he is a 24/7 slave, that's saying a lot). Yet how could he help but love Sam? As noble as he is, as kind, as fun...

As hot. As gorgeous.

Things are changing for Cas. Along with a gratifyingly bigger dick (while still so much smaller than Dean's of course, but Dean says it's still pretty and perfect for him) came light fuzzy hair on his balls and under his arms (he'd been terrified Dean wouldn't like it, wouldn't want him anymore when it started to sprout, but Dean swears he does, pets and kisses and sucks the same as ever...*Still my good little boy, baby...still so pretty for me.*) But these days he can get hard from a stiff breeze, never mind sharing a twin bed with his unwittingly sexy best friend.

It isn't just nightmares that wake him now and it isn't pee soaking his pajama pants. He dreams of being in that same bed, but without clothes, touching and being touched the way he's wanted for so long, moaning into each other's mouths. Then Sam climbs on top of him, and he looks so shy and nervous but sultry, too, like he can't wait for this, and he's pushing Cas's legs apart, and Cas begs him, "Please, Sam!" He doesn't need prep because in his dreams he fits perfectly, sliding into him smoothly, and he can put all his weight on Cas and it doesn't scare him at all. He's inside him and they move together, and "I love you, Sam," he'll say, and Sam will kiss him, not sweet or innocent this time, but hot and wet and needy. Cas feels so close, and Sam is staring down at him, and he's going to say it back, because he does, he always has...

"That's right, Baby Angel," Dean is next to him, stroking the hair off his forehead, and it's Dean's bed they're in, room for all three. Sam is still fucking him, doesn't seem to notice the change of scenery. "Show him what a whore you are...tighten up that loose hole for my brother's cock...let him use you, baby, show him what you're good for...all you've ever been good for..."

That's usually when he jolts awake.

When Cas tells Dean about the dreams, he does something crazy. He pretends he dreams of Dean fucking him, and it isn't a total lie, since he's there, right? It's dangerous, he knows, keeping a secret from his Master (he's supposed to call him Master now that Dean trusts him not to say it by accident in front of anyone). It isn't something he's tried in years, because if there's one thing Dean has thoroughly beaten out of him, it's disobedience. Cas chews his

stubby nails and wonders if he'll give in and tell, take his punishment. Can't he just keep it to himself though? It's not hurting anybody. He's not going to act on it. Sam hasn't brought up the kiss they shared in years, and he never mentioned being attracted to any other boys at school. So...he's straight, Cas figures.

Cas is very not.

Despite everything. He doesn't think being forced to take dick your whole life makes you like it or want it; if anything it should be the opposite. Not that Dean forces him. He figures you can't call it force when you beg as much as Cas does (*please, Master, please, want, need...*). And it isn't as if he's never attracted to girls, or can't admire them (and he definitely knows how to take them apart; it's not something he can forget.) He just likes boys best.

So what's the big deal if he doesn't tell Dean about some dreams that he can't even help? Or, you know...the times he touches himself thinking about Sam while he's awake. That shouldn't count either.

He doesn't do it that often, since mostly he feels so guilty about it. Like maybe it would mess up their friendship or something if Sam found out. He might feel uncomfortable that Cas...wants him that way. It's just that sometimes he wakes up and he's still hard, his mind full of scorching hot images: Sam, sweating, naked, lips parted, driving into Cas like a pro. Sleepy, horny Cas's hand finds his cock, already wet with pre-come and he strokes himself. "Sam," he whispers and immediately blushes, as if Dean can hear him from his house, or maybe he'll just read his mind the way he seems to sometimes. The thrill of doing something naughty has him arching even if there's no one to see, and he sucks two fingers into his mouth and pushes them into his hole. "F-fuck me, S-sam....please...please..." He's coming, then, imagining Sam's dick inside him, Sam's hand around his cock. Habit has him catching his come on his hand and bringing it to his mouth. He hesitates; Dean isn't here. He could wipe it on a tissue, throw it away. He blushes at his naughty thoughts and licks at his hand. He will tell Dean about that later and take his punishment.

But not about Sam. Or not yet. *Please, Master, let me keep Sam...*

Sam also has a new best friend (he doesn't call him that, but Cas does, especially when he's feeling bitchy about it.) Brady (that's his last name that he goes by, but Cas calls him Tyson just to be rude) is Sam's "straight guy" best friend, or that's how Cas sees it anyway. The guy that's into sports and burping the alphabet and snapping girls' bras in the hall. Tall, blond, and blue-eyed, Brady thinks he's some kind of young god. He thinks Sam should act the same way, that they should rule the school together. He doesn't like Cas any more than Cas likes him, and often makes snide comments that he tries to pass off as jokes.

They're hanging out at Sam's house and Cas slips out to (*check in with Dean*) use the bathroom. When he comes back, he hears Brady talking about him. Cas stops just beyond the doorway to listen.

"—gay, isn't he?"

“What’s your point, Brady? If you want a date, you’re not his type,” Sam grits out, and Cas’s chest squeezes just a little.

“Don’t get pissed, man, I’m not the only one saying it. Doesn’t he like...stay over all the time? He might try some of that fag stuff—Ah! Okay, man, chill! Fuck!” Cas hears scuffling; Sam is short but capable and the puppy has grown teeth. Cas smiles, thinking Sam probably just took Brady down in his defense.

“Told you before, don’t talk shit about Cas. Anybody else has anything to say, you send them to me.”

“Dude, I’m just trying to help you out!”

“Don’t need your help; Cas is family. By the way, my brother fucks guys sometimes. You should go call *him* a fag.”

“I...I didn’t know—I mean, I...I didn’t mean nothin’ by it, Sam.” Cas comes back in the room just in time to see how white Brady’s face is...funny how all the adults in town think Dean is an apple pie angel come to earth, while young people are instinctively intimidated.

“Tyson wants to talk to Dean? I think he’s in the garage, working on his car,” Cas says malevolently and Sam rolls his eyes the way he always does when Cas snaps at Brady. He thinks it’s stupid of Cas to be jealous.

Brady glares at Cas, running fingers through his disheveled blond hair. Cas maintains eye contact, thinking, *Go ahead, call me a fag...know you’re thinking it.*

Brady smirks back. “Awfully long time in the bathroom. Fixing your makeup?”

“Nah, your Dad stopped by, begged me to let him blow me.”

Sam lets out an explosive little laugh; he still finds it really funny when Cas says random explicit things. He stops laughing when he sees how pissed Brady is, but his smile is wide.

Brady scowls. “That’s it, I’m out. Call me Sunday if you wanna come watch the game.”

“Probably gonna watch it here with Dean,” Sam calls after him. “You can always come watch with us...you can call him a fag then if you want.”

Brady leaves faster.

“He’s such an asshole,” Cas tells Sam, but he looks down when he says it. He knows Brady meets some kind of need for Sam that he can’t.

“You’re an asshole, too,” Sam says fondly and shoves the back of Cas’s head. Cas tries to give him a Charlie horse in his upper thigh but Sam evades him as easily as Dean evades Sam. He’s getting faster, more agile. They wrestle a bit, and Cas loses in record time, winding up with Sam pinning him on his stomach. He swallows, feeling his dick twitch under him. “You win, dammit, let me up!”

Sam laughs and his hot breath tickles the side of Cas's neck. Yup. He's hard now. Fuck.

"Gotta keep you pinned, you might try some fag stuff on me," Sam jokes and Cas swallows again, trying to will away his hard-on when this is one of his exact fantasies, minus clothes.

"You're the one pressing his dick to my ass, but okay," Cas reasons gruffly and Sam releases him, laughing and red-faced.

Cas is relieved even if his body is disappointed. He stays on his stomach, lifting up on his elbows like he's just too comfortable on the floor to get up yet. "You still thinking of having a Halloween party here?"

Sam flops down next to Cas. "Yeah, it'll be fun. I'm probably the only one who can pull off a party without any real supervision."

Cas flicks his eyes toward the kitchen (where the door to the garage is) and frowns. "You sure you wanna have it here? Get Brady to do it."

Sam nudges him, getting his attention back. "If Brady has it, you won't come. Why would I wanna go if you don't?"

Touched, Cas nudges him back.

"Besides, I want Jess to meet Dean," Sam says, and Cas bites his lower lip. He knows Sam figures Dean will be impressed, proud of him because of how pretty she is. Cas just isn't sure that's all he'll be.

He knows Dean still wants his brother. How could he not, trained as he is to anticipate all of Dean's sexual desires? It just makes him work extra hard to keep Dean satisfied. "Maybe Dean has plans that night," Cas says hopefully. "You know he has that fake ID—"

"He already said yes," Sam tells him, touching his shoulder. "Hey...is this about...you know..." It's Sam's turn to look uncomfortable, to glance toward the kitchen and Cas stiffens, knowing what he's going to say. "what happened that time...Dean's birthday—"

Cas sits up; nothing down there to hide anymore so it's fine. He tucks his knees to his chest and plays with his shoelace. How to play it? On one hand, that's a perfect excuse, and if he uses it, Sam will definitely not throw a party. On the other...he sighs, trying to sound impatient. "Nothing bad happened that night, Sam, you know that."

"That girl molested other—"

"I'm gonna go see what Dean's doing," Cas is on his feet and headed for the garage. He spends the rest of the day pretending he gives a shit about cars so he can ignore Sam's sad puppy eyes and apologetic looks.

He guesses there's going to be another party at the Winchesters'.

Dean life has changed, too, if not as drastically as Cas's. For one thing, he can bury himself just about to the hilt in Cas's tight little ass now.

Oh, that's not...okay.

Dean's 19 and he has a job at his Dad's friend Caleb's garage (an all right guy, nobody that ever fucked with Dean, and Dean never messed with him either.) He'd had offers from more than one place, as well he should have, because he's worth his weight in gold. Dean is passionate about cars in a way that he is about little else (at least as far as non-deviant behavior goes.) He doesn't mind working hard, as long as he also gets enough time off to be there for Sammy. When he starts he's content to be an oil change guy, keeping his head down and doing grunt work for not much money while he learns more under the master mechanics there. But he's a quick learner, and Caleb isn't an idiot. He recognizes Dean's people skills, and thinks his pretty face and hard body could drum up plenty of business. It isn't long before he moves up the ranks to service manager, charming the pants off all their customers (only sometimes literally; not like they can compete with what he's got at home).

He's making decent money, especially since his Dad still doesn't expect him to kick in any of it towards the house bills. He opened a bank account for Sam, and he grits his teeth every time he puts money in it. It's probably going to end up as a college fund, he knows that. His kid brother is going to get a full ride anywhere he wants to go (kid's never gotten less than an A in anything, and fills his schedule with extracurricular activities—it would take something drastic to fuck that up in the next 5 years.) But he'll need money nevertheless, and Dean doesn't kid himself that John is putting anything away for him.

To be clear, Dean already doesn't want to let Sam go to college (maybe if he chose a local school but with someone as gifted as Sam, that would be a waste). He wants to keep him home where he belongs, or better still, take him somewhere nobody knows they're brothers so he can fuck him openly. He loves the idea of making out with Sam in public, knowing how embarrassed and ashamed his brother would be even if he would consent to fuck Dean. Sam thinks he'd never leave Lawrence (his favorite hunting ground) but he's wrong; to have Sam, he'd go anywhere. If he ever got caught in this town, that's what he'd do: take Sam and run, run forever if he has to. Ultimately he fantasizes about a house somewhere with no close neighbors and two beautiful, well-trained boys waiting for him inside. Dean would support them and they'd never need to deal with anybody but him.

It's a surprisingly domestic picture (for him), but he doesn't give a shit. He'd still be out there, causing mayhem and taking what he wants, breaking down the innocent and weak for his own pleasure. But his two boys...they'd have nothing but him. *Nothing* but him.

He's trying not to do that to Sam. He found a way to stop raping him, hadn't he? He'd protected him all this time, gave him an (almost) normal childhood. Sam is a 12 year old virgin; that's conventional to the rest of the world but somewhat amazing to Dean. And if that was only to make sure that Sam still loves him, letting him go to college might mean the same thing. Even if he waits for Sam to be an adult (*does not want*), that doesn't mean he'll

be down for incest. Not to mention accepting Dean's complete control over him. Dean sighs. Yeah, he probably wouldn't love him for that. He's keeping Cas, though; he's decided that much. His little consolation prize, and he'll drag him around wherever Sam goes (even if he doesn't ever fuck him, Sam doesn't get to leave Dean behind.) Cas can go to school online if he really wants. If he behaves well enough. Plenty of time to see about that.

It's okay; Dean only has that moment when he puts the money in Sam's account, and it passes. The way he sees it, the money can just as well go towards living on the run if he ever gets caught, or getting a place that two boys can't escape from. Or college expenses for Sam. The important thing is that the money's there.

A hard-working, responsible man such as himself needs to blow off steam at the end of his day. Lucky he's got a little bitch who knows just how to take care of him. Cas stays over more than ever (now that Amelia found a new asshole to worship; this one doesn't want Cas, he just wants Cas gone), to the point where John is starting to talk about replacing Sam's twin bed with a trundle bed, and looking at Dean like he expected him to have already seen to it. Yeah, not really. Dean's pretty happy with the two of them sharing one tiny bed at this point, especially now that they're going through puberty. He figures it's only a matter of time before one wakes up being humped by the other. Especially with the way Cas feels about Sam.

Of course he knows.

And he has something planned for him. Something so hot he wants to try. Just not yet. The same can be said for Sam's little Halloween party. It won't be like his party; that's ridiculous. These kids will be in the 11-13 range; any girls that show up will have to be home by a certain time no matter what bullshit they tell their parents. Still, he's got a job for Cas, and he better fucking perform it.

Sam doesn't need a girlfriend. Way too young to be tied down like that.

Halloween Cat, Halloween Cat, Why Do You Meow and Meow Like That?

Chapter Summary

Dean makes Cas dress up for Halloween and Cas isn't thrilled with his costume; Cas regresses sometimes after sex.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, no party in this chapter. Fell in love with Kitty Cas and the shit got away from me.

I tried to include the panties, collar, and tail that inspired Cas's outfit, but I think it got taken off as sharing commercial stuff? I don't know. But if you google (NSFW images for sure) leather collar with bell (you will also see the kinds Dean showed him that he didn't want), faux fur cat tail butt plug, and sexy midnight bow-tie panties (I changed the material to satin, give our poor boy an upgrade), you'll find all three easily. The collar is kind of plain, but think starter collar ;)



Image by ThefangirlingBread

Halloween falls on a Friday, but the party isn't until tomorrow.

It's late afternoon, just edging into early evening at the Winchester house. Sam isn't home; he and Jess have volunteered to take her 6-year-old brother and his friends around her

neighborhood. She lives across town, where the houses are big and pretty and parents make six figures each. Jess's parents might not have been sure when they heard about her boyfriend from the wrong side of the tracks or saw him with his worn, hand-me-down jeans and one of Dean's old Metallica t-shirts, but he wins them over with his polite, intelligent demeanor.

Her mother likes the way he immediately jumps to help clear the table after dinner; both parents are impressed by his ability to expound on current events, his scope clearly beyond that of an ordinary 12-year-old. Yet he blushes at compliments and stammers when he's embarrassed, innocence clear in the blue hazel swirl of his eyes. So by the time Halloween comes, he's welcome in their home, and they've invited him to their own adult Halloween party once they finish trick-or-treating (Dean checks them out but agrees they're okay; he still makes Sam take a knife and his new cell phone just in case.)

So Sam won't be home until late. Cas is there, though. He's with Dean and he's sulking, but not because Sam isn't around.

Dean has dressed him as a black cat.

Nestled in his dark wavy hair is a headband with two fuzzy black ears. On his hands are black fuzzy mittens shaped like paws that are making his hands sweat. Because Dean is (arguably) not completely without mercy, he has given him black jeans and a black t-shirt, instead of the bodysuit and tights that Cas had been afraid of when Dean first showed him the plastic package. You know, the one with the picture of a little *girl* on it? It came with a fur-trimmed skirt, too, and Cas is really dreading what's going to happen when this little game gets to the next level. As it will.

As it always does.

There are other pieces that he does have to wear right now, and he would strongly object to them if that was an option. Suffice it to say, he has bigger problems than a skirt.

The first part he hates is the collar (which Dean is really excited to see on him). It's simple black leather with a silver ring in the front, from which hangs a little bell that rings merrily every time he moves. Dean shows him a matching black and silver leash, but he hasn't clipped it on yet. Once again, merciful Master that he is. (Also once again: *yet*.) The collar is a bit feminine for Cas's taste, and when he whined as much, Dean showed him enough pictures of what he could have chosen (things with lace and bits of pink or purple, ones with giant bows or the word Kitten in rhinestones), that Cas petulantly thanks him for the beautiful collar. "You love it, don't you, baby angel?"

"Yes, Master," Cas had growled and Dean smacked his ass lightly, causing him to cry out and bite his lip, closing his mittens into fists. Because of the second piece to his costume that he hates.

Cas has a long black furry tail sticking out of the back of his jeans, through a small hole that Dean so helpfully made just for the occasion. It's really soft, so that Cas pets it a little when he thinks Dean isn't looking. It's attached to a butt plug, 3" black silicone, maybe 2" wide, that Dean has pushed inside of him. Dean hadn't prepped him with much lube either,

because, "That'll make it fall out, baby. Kitty cats never just lose their tails, do they?" It isn't big and goes in fairly easily, though. He smirked and kissed Cas's pouting pink lips, clearly enjoying his discomfort.

The only thing that could make a butt plug tail more undignified is the third and most unfathomable part of his costume that he hates: a pair of women's panties. He sighs, the way he did when he first saw the black satin and lace configuration. The front is comfortably similar to briefs in shape and coverage, if not in the black satin material or the inch wide black lace trim that looks so fetching with his pale skin peeking through. If he had a bigger dick like Dean, the crotch would bulge at the sides, but his little cock fits humiliatingly nicely in the small women's panties. He'd be lying if he said the luxurious satin didn't feel wonderful against his sensitive skin, but he feels like lying anyway just so he won't give Dean the satisfaction.

Then there's the matter of the back of the panties. From the front, he can pretend they are briefs (with a lot of imagination.) The back, however...Dean calls them "keyhole" panties, but Cas thinks you can fit a lot more than a key with all the missing material back there. The inch wide lace goes around his waist as it should, with maybe another inch or so of black satin, but there is a vaguely heart-shaped lace trimmed hole that leaves most of his small cheeks bare. Insult to injury, in the very center at the top of his ass, there is a black satin bow, with ribbons that hang down to touch his bare cheeks.

Cas flushed when he first saw the panties, feeling his whole face get hot (he didn't even know about the tail yet). *Just because I like guys doesn't mean I wear girl's clothes*, he wanted to say, knowing it'll get him punished. But the words dried up when he saw the look in Dean's eyes, olive dark and heavy lidded, pupils blown with lust. "Put 'em on for me, Cas. Wanna check the fit."

Licking his lips, Cas had nodded and turned his back on Dean, taking off his pants and then his underwear, acting like he wasn't thinking about Dean even though his movements were deliberate, leisurely. When he was bare from the waist down, he took the panties and slid them on slowly (more seductive than any 12-year-old has a right to be, but he doesn't know that), enjoying Dean's excited gaze following them up his legs. "You teasin' me, baby angel?" Dean asked, barely a whisper, unable to tear his eyes away from the lace against Cas's ivory, nearly hairless skin.

"A little, Master," Cas told him, surprised his own voice sounds a little hoarse. Dean's lust does weird things to him, makes him feel weak and wanting, makes him forget unimportant things like not wanting to wear women's underwear. He straightens and turns, and Dean gasps a little at the view.

Suddenly Dean's hands are just on him, cupping his dick through the satin, slipping back to squeeze his tiny ass lightly. He turns him, puts him on the bed on his hands and knees, Cas pliantly moving with every direction. "So pretty...fuck, Cas, you should see yourself right now....such a sexy little kitty for me, my little babyslut...", he whispered, moving his huge, calloused hands over Cas's skin, over the lace, getting his cock to stand up and start leaking into the satin. Cas cries out softly when Dean's hands part his cheeks, his tongue slipping

inside him. Between Dean's expert ministrations and the slippery silk feel of the satin pressing the length of his cock, Cas is close in a matter of minutes.

"Master, please!! Gonna come...", is all Cas has to say for Dean to back off, breathing hard when he does.

"No, no, no, no," he murmurs, tugging Cas back so he's up on his knees, his back pressed against Dean's chest, and he slips a hand in Cas's panties and grips his cock at the base, making him whine in protest. "Sorry, baby, can't have you mess your panties. Trick-or-treaters coming soon; gotta...gotta get you dressed up."

That's around when he showed Cas the tail.

So, to recap, he dressed him in the t-shirt and panties, then the plug, then made him step into the tight jeans he's chosen so he can carefully pull the furry tail through the hole in the back. He pushed Cas's hair back, made it kind of spiky, the way he likes it best and placed the headband on him. He turned him around, closing the collar at his throat, pausing to kiss and lick the nape of his neck before he clasped it. Cas allowed it all, just Dean's sulky little china doll. He only protested when Dean went to put kohl eyeliner on him, insisting he can do a better job himself, which Dean had to agree.

Cas doesn't know how to do it, but he can follow a youtube video as well as anyone else. He lines his blue eyes in black, marveling at how the liner makes the color pop even as his cheeks pink up in shame. If Brady stops at the Winchester house tonight, Cas will commit murder-suicide. Sighing, he adds black whiskers to his cheeks and wants to leave it at that, but Dean takes the liner from him. "You forgot the kitty nose," he admonishes, coloring in a little triangle. He steps back to admire his work and breaks into a smile. "You're the cutest thing I've ever seen, Castiel."

Cas shrugs and stares at the ground, refusing to be mollified. Dean puts a finger to his chin, tipping it back up. "Kitties are allowed to be grumpy, aren't they? Otherwise I'd smack that look right off your face."

Cas swallows, his face going blank. "Yes, Master."

"What do we say when Master gives his slut a compliment?"

"Thank you, Master," Cas says softly and pushes against Dean lightly, rubbing his head on Dean's shoulder. "Sorry, Master...forgive your kitty?"

Dean pets his hair and kisses his lips lightly. "Good kitty. Let's go downstairs...gonna need you to man the door tonight. Kids will be coming soon." Cas pouts again, thinking about kids from school who might be trick or treating or taking younger siblings around. *Thanks, Dean, really need to take more shit from those homophobic assholes.*

He walks gingerly downstairs (mindful of the plug filling his ass) and runs smack into John Winchester, who stares at him with his mouth open for almost a whole minute. Cas blushes furiously and Dean hides a laugh behind him. "Goin' out, Dad?"

“I...yeah,” John answers, turning away finally, shaking his head with a kind of rueful ‘*kids today*’ expression on his face. “Road trip with Bobby and Rufus, gonna hit up some casinos, make some money. You got that party thing tomorrow, yeah?”

“I got it,” Dean sounds bored, the way he always does when John asks questions about whether or not Dean will handle something for Sam. Because, obviously. Cas passes Dean and rubs against his side like a cat, trying to cheer him up and he gets a small smile in reply.

John is staring at him again but he smiles this time, laughs a little. “You do look pretty cute, Castiel. You ain’t worried the kids will make fun of you or something?”

Cas fumes; if he had fur on his back it would bristle. “Yeah, probably. But that’s me: wearing things that get me beat up.”

Dean eyes Cas warningly and he pretends not to see, startled when John’s big hand comes down to scratch between his fake cat ears. Cas blinks up in shock and John smiles at him fondly. “My boys won’t let you get beat up, Cas, you know that. Pretty much a Winchester at this point, aren’t you?”

Dean and Cas share an equally surprised look, but John’s already on his way out, calling back instructions to Dean. “Watch out for Sammy...and our kitty cat over there, too. Be back Sunday night probably, unless we get lucky.”

He leaves and Cas follows Dean around, trying to act cat-like while simultaneously protesting the whole thing. He watches Dean spill bags of individually wrapped candy into a giant plastic bowl and then kneels at his feet when he sits. Dean puts on a slasher marathon that Cas would rather ignore (he hates jump-scares). First he presses to Dean’s knee, but then tries climbing up onto his lap. Dean pushes him off and he’s about to obey, when he realizes if he’s a cat he can ignore the order. It takes two more tries before Dean lets him, and Cas can cuddle close, concentrating on licking and sucking Dean’s neck (Dean doesn’t mind if he marks it a little; something he loves doing.) He’s just starting to think it’s not so bad when the doorbell starts ringing.

Cas is non-stop up and down, jostling the plug inside him in ways that get more uncomfortable as the night goes on. His dick is overstimulated, too, half-hard and constantly rubbing against the slippery satin as he moves. It’s a very surly cat that answers the door, startling parents and especially small children who try to pet his ears or tail. He growls and hisses, even swatting at Dean with a paw when he laughs.

Dean smacks his bottom lightly and Cas cries out, holding tightly to Dean’s arm. “Really like you like this, Cas. How are those panties doing?” he asks and unbuttons Cas’s jeans, thrusting a hand in to rub over his satin-covered cock. Cas makes kittenish sounds and pushes against Dean’s hand. “Please, Master...wanna come.”

Dean takes his hand back out and kisses Cas’s temple when he mewls at the loss. “You will, baby, but don’t you want me to fuck you, kitty cat? Don’t you want to come on my dick in your pretty panties?” Cas nods, still making little sounds. Dean’s hand is down the back of his pants now, fucking the plug in and out of him. “Gonna be nice and open, kitty cat...make lots of pretty little sounds for me...”

Cas moans, squirming in Dean's lap, digging his fur covered fingers into Dean's arm, thrusting his hips to try and make his needy cock rub against the satin, but it's not enough friction. "Master, please...please, don't wanna be bad for you...gonna...gonna come..."

Miracle of miracles, Dean stops (most times he lets Cas mess himself and then the punishment can start.) Cas is still squirming, whimpering a little as he tries to calm down, but every movement affects the butt plug, pushes the satin against him in different ways. The doorbell rings again and Dean zips and buttons him. Cas snarls, making Dean laugh, and wishes he could stomp to the door. It's going to be a long night.

Hours later, the candy bowl is finally empty (and if Dean helped it along by feeding himself and Cas little pieces, all the better for Cas.) Cas is a needy mess from the plug, the panties, and all Dean's teasing, but he doesn't think his Master is much better off. He turns so he's straddling Dean's lap.

Dean's green eyes are hooded and sultry when he looks at him. "That's not a very cat-like way to sit, kitty cat."

Cas curls his hips inward, making both of them moan. "Please fuck me, Master. Kitty wants Master's cock so bad."

Dean pushes his own hips up under him, licks a sweet kiss into his mouth. "Tell me how much you want it..."

Cas licks his lips and pouts, grinding slowly on Dean's lap. He knows he has to be careful or he'll come like this, and Dean obviously doesn't want him messing his panties until just the right time. "Please, Master? Want your big cock in me, Master, want...want you to fill me up...fuck your little baby kitty cat...fuck your kitten whore. Please? Want you to show me I'm your kitty, wanna know who my hole belongs—," Cas yelps as Dean grabs him roughly, forcing a kiss on his mouth that's all tongue and teeth and aggression, taking his mouth, his throat, kissing and biting. He pushes him off his lap and Cas wavers breathlessly in front of him. "Take off your clothes."

Cas tries but his kitty paws make it impossible, and he whines at Dean. It's okay, Dean likes undressing him just as much, careful not to disturb his tail or ears. Cas blushes and looks down, suddenly unsure of himself, a 12 year old boy in women's panties and a butt plug, but Dean tips his chin up, brushes a kiss over his mouth. "So fuckin' hot baby...look so beautiful like this, just for me."

Cas looks at Dean's gorgeous face, those enigmatic green eyes, hopeful but still unconvinced and Dean picks him up. Cas guesses he should object to being carried at 12, but as long as he's not in trouble, he loves when Dean holds him like this, he feels safe and secure.

Dean carries him to the full length mirror in the front hall and stands him in front of it. Cas tries to turn, hide his face in Dean's shoulder but Dean holds him firmly. "Look, Cas, it's okay...really look. You're beautiful. Look at that face, that body, so fucking hot," he insists, kissing at the bend of his neck, his shoulders, sliding his hands up his sides, and Cas looks, blushing all the way to his bare chest.

But Dean is in the mirror, too, that perfect face, the firm, amazing body enveloped around his much smaller form. He can see the way his glimmering emerald eyes eat up his little figure, the way he can't keep his hands and mouth off of him. In his grasp, Cas looks delicate and wanton, squirming and needy under his attention. His lined blue eyes are exotic and secretive, a boy who knows a lot more than he should. "Those motherfuckers at your school...they just want this..." Dean reaches down to cup Cas's dick, making him moan; he's still painfully hard and the panties show it. "Can't have it though, right baby? All mine."

Sam flashes through Cas's mind, but he turns in Dean's arms and Dean lets him this time, so he can practically climb the front of his body, wanting Dean's plush mouth on his, putting his skinny arms around Dean's neck to pull closer. He is Dean's hot and sexy little kitty, and anybody would want him, but only Dean (*and Sam...shh, don't think it, he'll know*) can have him.

"Ready to go upstairs? Get on all fours on my bed for me like a good kitty?" Dean's hands slide down his bare back, fingers gently tracing the lace on his ass.

"Yes, Master, please," Cas says desperately, and he means it, wants it. Dean releases him, has to gently but firmly push him away. Cas gives him a mostly fake pout and starts for the stairs.

"Stop."

He freezes, looks over one bare shoulder.

Dean's eyes lift from his ass and he tsks, shaking his head. "That's not how a kitty walks with his Master." He takes out the leash and looks expectantly at Cas, who blushes, but he's going to do it. He'll do it for Dean.

Cas kneels and crawls back to his Master, feeling gratified when he sees Dean swallow at the pretty picture he must make. Deciding to embrace being as cat-like as possible, he wiggles his ass a little so the tail will swish, and pushes in between Dean's legs, rubbing his face against his inner thigh.

"Jesus Christ, Cas," Dean whispers, and Cas hides a smile, proud he can make his Master want him so badly.

He mouths at Dean's dick through his jeans. "Kitty wants to go upstairs, Master," the words are muffled against the cotton, and Cas knows Dean can feel his hot breath through the material.

Dean groans and clips the leash to the ring at his throat. "Time for a walk, little kitty."

Cas bites his lip, knowing it'll be a challenge, with the plug inside him. Dean starts moving, a little too fast just so he can yank on the leash, have the satisfaction of hearing Cas choke a little. Cas tries to scurry next to him on hands and knees, keeping up as best he can, but the plug rubbing against his prostate (he knows what his special place is called now; he looked it up) makes it impossible.

Lucky for him, Dean can't take it and snatches him up about halfway there, carrying him into his bedroom and putting him on the bed. Cas crawls to the top with the leash still dangling from his neck and wiggles his ass at Dean, watching him shed clothes in record time. Then he's grabbing lube from his bedside table, because he's still gonna be thicker and longer than the plug.

He crawls up naked behind Cas, slicking the lube perfunctorily (Cas can't help but notice) over his dick. "Think you're all ready for me, just like this, Cas. Bet I'll slide right in."

Cas has his doubts and a flash of fear runs through him, but it won't help to tense. "But Master...you're so much bigger than the plug," Cas murmurs, looking wide-eyed back at him.

"Am I?" Dean asks, amused, and tugs Cas up on his knees, drawing his face close for a kiss. "Tell me about it..."

Cas turns slowly on the bed in case Dean wants to stop him. "Master's dick is so big for my little hole...hurts me so bad sometimes, even though I want it..." Cas is looking down at Dean's dick, stroking him as best he can with the paws, and Dean seems to enjoy the furry sensation there, moaning encouragingly.

"Think you can," Dean gasps as Cas rubs a paw over his balls. "Think you can fit it in your mouth, baby?"

Cas pouts and shakes his head, playing along. "Won't fit, Master, look..." He bends, feeling Dean's hands take advantage, sliding over his bared ass, playing with the plug distractingly. Cas mewls a little and licks at the head of Dean's cock, teasing kitten licks that make their way down to the base, down to his balls. Dean is coming apart above him, breathing irregular as he squeezes Cas's small ass cheeks.

"Thought you...fuck damn it, Cas...fit it in your mouth, come on, show me..."

Cas looks up at him now, tongue extended, licks a slow stripe back up to his slit. He comes up and smacks his lips a few times noisily. "Okay, Master, but you'll see, it won't go...I'm too small."

Dean groans.

Cas usually teases his way over the head, but this time he puts his mouth straight over Dean's dick. It is too big, it fills his still-small mouth too much to where there's no way Dean can completely avoid his teeth, much as Cas tries to open wide. Something else he would never do, Cas just shoves down, choking himself with it, coughing and gagging. He tries to come off but Dean's hand is at the back of his head, fingers twisting in his curls, keeping him there. Tears slide down his face, he squirms, struggling because he can't help it, trying to breathe but oxygen can't get past Dean's dick in his throat. Finally Dean lets him go and he falls back on his knees, coughing and gasping, shaking a little.

"Good kitty," Dean grits out, voice low and turned on, and he's already moving him, putting him back on all fours without letting him fully recover. "Such a good kitty for me...need you

right now, can't wait."

"Can I...," Cas gasps from his abused throat. "Can I have a little more lube, please, Master?"

Dean kisses his neck. "A little more, because you're such a good kitty, still too small for me, hmm?"

Relieved, Cas presses his ass back against Dean's hard, wet dick. "Yes, Master, thank you Master."

"I'd make you do it, but I love seeing those little paws," Dean tells him, and then Cas cries out as the plug is finally removed, replaced immediately by two thick fingers that Cas knows as well as his own. Grateful for his Master's mercy, Cas fucks back onto them, acting slutty the way Dean likes best.

"Want you, Master," he whispers and gasps when Dean scissors, adds a third finger, "want you to fuck your babyslut..."

The fingers are gone and Dean's dick is pushing into him, still bigger than what he had in him all night, but sloppy enough to slide home without much drag, before Dean pulls back again, leaving only the tip inside him. Cas whimpers but stills, waiting. "Fuck yourself, slut. Show me what you need."

Cas moans and shoves himself back, letting his mouth drop open. There is still pain that comes with Dean's dick, but Cas has taught himself that it's part of the pleasure, and he welcomes the burn, the stretch. "Master, please!" He moans desperately, his dick is so hard, the panties constricting around him.

Dean grabs his hips and forces him back on his dick, making him scream. He takes over, fucking hard to make up for the extra lube, and Cas can't hold himself anymore, letting his shoulders drop, letting Dean fuck him down into the mattress. "Uh-uh, no way, get up here," Dean growls and grabs the leash, yanking him back. Cas has no choice, his neck bending painfully, he lifts back up on weak, shaking arms, trying to breathe. The little bell on his collar jingles with every thrust.

"You mess up those panties yet, bitch? Do it, show me how much you like this, greedy little slut," Dean demands darkly. Cas is making little choked noises and gasps, all that he can do right now, but Dean's voice is everything, even his dick obeys. He lets go, feeling the liquid warmth in his panties, coating his cock.

Dean slams him through his orgasm. Now he's a ragdoll, limp and useless under Dean, hanging against the leash and Dean has to let go or he'll choke himself out. "W-want you...I-like i-it," he croaks, his voice so soft and hoarse, responding automatically to the last thing Dean said, trying to give him what he wants, "W-want it." His head is fuzzy, no, his whole body, even the pain is fuzzy and warm and good. Dean can do anything to him, he'll take it.

"Fuck, fuck, that's it...ungh, good boy, good little boy...take this shit...turn over, wanna come on you," Dean pulls out, jerking himself.

Cas curls in on himself and flips to his back, spreads his legs for Dean, showing his soaked panties. His thumb makes its way to his mouth and he sucks, the way Dean used to make him.

Dean cries out and then he's coming, rope after rope decorating Cas in his kitty costume, getting his lips, his throat, but mostly aimed at his panties. He breathes hard, staying on his knees and looking down at Cas expectantly. Cas obediently starts scooping the come into his mouth, licking it off his hand, looking up at Dean. Thinking his body is still all warm and fuzzy except for the wet panties. He shifts and frowns.

* * *

Dean looks down at his fucked out little kitty and wonders if Cas has ever looked this beautiful, this sexy to him. He's pouting and when he speaks his voice is younger than 12. "I'm too messy. I'm all wet!" His blue eyes are accusing and sulky on Dean's.

Cas loves to be babied after they fuck, and Dean loves doing it. He likes hearing his voice get so high and small, the way he'll whine and use smaller words. Sometimes when they fuck, especially if Dean fucks him extra hard from behind, Cas actually regresses and Dean has to cosset and cuddle him, treat him gently until he slowly comes back to himself. "What happened, baby, did you mess your panties?"

Cas nods, pushing his kiss-swollen lips out. "You made me!"

Dean tsks. "Naughty baby, blaming me for your mess. Come on, it's time for pj's anyway." Dean picks him up and carries him to Sam's room, bride style, Cas's paws around his neck.

"I don't wanna put on pj's," Cas whines and Dean's dick twitches. If Cas is feeling babyish *and* defiant, that means a spanking, albeit a light one. "It's Halloween and I'm a cat!"

"Hey," Dean warns lightly, laying Cas on Sam's bed. "Watch your tone. Your costume's all messy, you can't leave it on."

Cas huffs and kicks his foot in Dean's direction.

"Hey!" Dean snaps (not meaning it; this Cas could never make him mad). He takes Cas's knees and pushes them back with one hand, smacking his bare ass lightly (for him) with the other. "Knock off the attitude."

Cas sits up and tugs on Dean's arm. "But Deeeaaan," he whines, and Dean strokes the hair away from his forehead. Sometimes when Cas is like this, he forgets to call Dean 'Master', but that doesn't bother Dean either. He gets it. "I'm your kitty...wanna be your kitty still." Cas tries to crawl in his lap but Dean gently pushes him down on his back again. "Do you want to stay in your mess, baby?"

Cas shakes his head, sulking again.

“Okay, then. The panties have to go.” He pulls them down, pretending to be shocked and dismayed by the sticky mess and Cas blushes, tears up.

“It’s okay, baby, no tears,” Dean tells him, thumbing them away. He takes out some hand wipes that he keeps in Sam’s end table and cleans his pretty little dick and balls, makes him hold his knees back so he can clean his puffy hole. Because he can’t resist, he leans down and tastes him and Cas arches on Sam’s bed. Dean leans forward to kiss him, forcing his tongue inside, making the kiss heated, adult, and Cas struggles lightly, acting far less practiced than he really is. Dean’s dick twitches again; he’s half hard already and Cas is, too.

“You still wanna be my kitty, Cas?” He looks down at the wide blue eyes from an inch away. He looms over him, still so much larger than Cas’s petite body, and he loves it.

“Yeah,” Cas tells him softly, moving so his little bell jingles. “Wanna be your kitty cat.”

Dean leans back and looks him over, pale and naked on the little bed, except for ears, paws, and the collar Dean made him wear. That Dean thinks he might have to keep wearing. *So fucking hot.* “Okay. You can stay like this in my room with me, until Sammy gets home. Then you have to be a little boy again.”

Cas frowns slightly, eyes a little unfocused. The change in his face is drastic, and Dean quickly realizes Sam’s name might have snapped him out of it. *Shit.*

“Look how little your soft baby dick is,” Dean tells him lightly, starts stroking him and Cas’s legs fall open immediately, head going back. “Bet I know how to fix that.” Dean sucks on the head, tonguing Cas’s little slit, watching him squirm. He lifts off and reminds him, “No fucking or I’ll stop.”

“Yes, Master,” Cas whines and Dean sighs with Cas still deep in his mouth. After all, 12 year old Cas is still plenty young and hot.

Eventually he takes him back to his room and they lazily fuck and suck for the next couple of hours until the poor little kitty ass is too raw for more. He’s glad he has the presence of mind to send his naked cat downstairs to fetch his clothes, because even innocent Sam would wonder why he’d left them in the living room.

When Sam texts Dean that he’s on his way, Cas asks sweetly if he can get dressed in his clothes again so he doesn’t look like he’s ready for bed when Sam is still dressed. Dean chuckles and strokes his hair. “You can, if you wear your ears, paws, and tail.”

Cas looks alarmed. “I can’t! What if he pulls it or asks about it?! He’ll see it’s not attached to my pants!”

Dean laughs, imagining it, but he guesses Cas has a point. “Fine. Don’t want Sammy knowing what a little whore you are, I know.”

Cas blushes and looks at the ground; Dean can see the way he tenses. It’s so cute when he tries to keep something from him.

Cas puts on the jeans and t-shirt, over boxers this time with Dean's approval. They're on the couch with the slasher movies back on, Cas pressed as close to Dean as he can when Sam gets home. Sam bounds into the room, not even tired compared to Dean and Cas, and stops short when he sees his best friend. He breaks into a smile.

"Shut up," Cas glowers and Sam's eyes widen.

"Oh, my God, Cas," he giggles. "Look at you!"

Dean laughs, too, and Cas stands up. He stomps toward the kitchen, hissing in pain as he goes and they laugh harder.

Sam follows, looking him over, taking in the whole outfit. "When did you get skinny jeans?"

Cas looks helplessly back at Dean, who is trying not to laugh again, green eyes bright and wicked. "I...I felt like trying them out, okay? Everything you wear is too fucking baggy on me. God forbid you wear jeans that fit you!"

"Oh my fucking God," Sam laughs again and stops when Cas whirls, scowling at him. Sam puts his hands up in surrender, blue hazel eyes looking almost green today with mischief. "Don't kill me, Grumpy Cat. I just...I don't know how to tell you but...your new jeans...you have a hole...in a really bad place."

Cas turns bright red and flees up the stairs as fast as he can manage with his sore, fucked out hole. Sam is half laughing, half guiltily calling his name but he ignores him. Dean hears him stomping around upstairs and gets up when Sam starts to follow. "I got it. I made fun of him all night; he's a little sensitive, that's all."

Sam frowns, such a sensitive little thing himself, and Dean chucks him under the chin. "He's fine, Samantha. Let me talk to him; he'll be right down." Sam rolls his eyes at the nickname and Dean grabs him in a half hug, kissing the top of his head (*mine*) before he goes after Cas. "Make us some popcorn, okay?" He calls back to Sam, making sure he'll be busy downstairs for at least a few minutes.

He finds Cas in the bathroom, earless and pawless, scrubbing mercilessly at his nose and cheeks, making them scarlet. Dean lowers his hands and shuts off the water and Cas glares at the sink rather than his Master. Point for him. "You got it off, baby, see? No more."

Cas looks at himself and scowls again, reaching back to fumble with the clasp. Dean puts a hand over his, stopping him.

"That's your new collar, baby. Shows you belong to me. Why would you ever take it off?"

Cas's eyes widen in horror. "De—Master, please. It...it..."

Dean looks back at him, implacable until his head lowers in acquiescence. "But...the bell..." Cas mumbles and Dean smiles in triumph.

"Bring it to me before bed, I'll take the bell off. Better start convincing Sam you like it, though. That's practice for when you wear it to school," Dean watches him closely, enjoying

all the pitiful emotions in his worried blue eyes. Because no matter what he's thinking, he's going to say the only thing he can say.

“Yes, Master.”

Do or Die (But How Can I?)

Chapter Summary

The party. Dean asks the impossible and Cas struggles to obey; Cas needs reminding of his place.

Chapter Notes

This is the longest chapter I've ever done, but I just didn't feel an organic stopping place. It was actually even longer but I cut off some of the party's...consequences...for the next chapter. So...you know...as Lucifer says, settle in there, buddy. ;)



Image by ThefangirlingBread

A Halloween party after Halloween is over. Cas thinks it's stupid.

Aside from this fucking, fucking collar, Cas will not be wearing a costume tonight, thank you very much. He's had enough of that (*Dean's hands on him, his plush mouth, "So fuckin' hot baby...look so beautiful like this, just for me."*) He blushes and finishes dressing quickly, hissing when certain movements hurt. He's sore, as he always is the day after Dean fucks the hell out of him, aching in places he doesn't remember hurting, but it's mild compared to a lot of nights, especially punishment nights. There are bruises on his hips and a dark shadowy line on the front of his neck (that the fucking, fucking collar covers nicely—it should, he guesses, since it caused the mark). His throat was sore earlier, but Dean gave him a lozenge and he made some tea, so now he's okay. He's wearing regular dark blue jeans and a grey AC/DC shirt (Dean's) with red lettering under a red zip up hoodie.

He stares at himself in the bathroom mirror and shakes his head. To him the collar stands out, screaming for attention. How can he possibly explain his sudden interest in wearing it? He doesn't know what to do.

He jumps as the door bangs; his mother's current loser boyfriend Roscoe Stein is impatient with him, as always. "Yo. Fuck you doin' in there, get out! Need to use the can!"

"Can't you just go in the yard?" Cas mutters, washing his hands.

“Whassat?”

Cas opens the door and tries to slip past him but he puts his arm across the door. “Somethin’ to say, brat?”

“I said all yours,” Cas snaps, but doesn’t quite make eye contact, heart thumping a little. Roscoe is a big, thick man (a bouncer at one of the bars where his mother waits tables), nothing at all like tall, slender Jimmy Novak. He has short red hair, small brown eyes, and a constant five o’clock shadow. Cas hates him but he doesn’t exactly want to tangle with him either.

Just now he’s staring at Cas with dislike. “Don’t like smartmouth kids. Ain’t you got somewhere to be?”

Cas sighs. “If you’ll move, I can get there.”

“Cassie, don’t be rude,” Amelia has poked her head out of her bedroom, not quite making eye contact with Cas. He tries to remember the last time she did and figures he’ll speak to her whenever she does again. Since Roscoe doesn’t seem to be moving, Cas ducks under his arm and heads for his room.

“Raisin’ a real little shit there, Amelia. Needs discipline.”

Cas smirks and tunes them out. He’s got all the discipline he can handle, and he’s sure if Roscoe lays a hand on him, Dean will make him pay in blood. He changes the t-shirt for a black one, the hoodie for a blue flannel (and not because both Winchesters commented on his eyes when he wore it.) He looks in his own mirror and sighs. The collar of the flannel covers part of it, from the back. Maybe if he turns it around, the ring at least won’t show. Then it’ll just look like he’s wearing a fucking black choker for no reason...still better than a dog collar, he guesses, if only marginally.

He has to talk to Dean about it; has to risk pissing him off. He’d wear it for Dean any time he wants, he’d wear the leash with it and never get off his knees if that’s what his Master wants to see, but why, why does he have to wear it when they’re apart? He has never questioned Dean’s ownership in two years. Not one time. He’s got to see reason! By Monday, preferably.

Cas heads out without saying anything to anyone, as usual. When he leaves, Roscoe is still bitching about him and his mother is simpering, trying to calm him. “He always stays out tonight; you know that...maybe he’ll stay the whole weekend again.”

It doesn’t hurt. It *doesn’t*. He doesn’t care. He has Sam and Dean; even their Dad said so. Dean would *never* want to go two days without seeing him, unless he knew for sure where he was and approved of it first. He needs him, all the time. And Sam...Sam needs him, too (*wouldn’t if he knew what you are, what you do*); says he’s family. That’s how he makes him feel, anyway.

Sam is going to be in costume, and it makes Cas smile, looking forward to seeing his friend. Two years ago, they’d been pirates together, wearing costumes that were mostly homemade,

with one or two accessories that Dean found for them. They'd done their own block and then Dean had put them in the backseat of the Impala and taken them to the fancy side of town, so they could marvel at giant, professional decorations and collect full sized candy bars.

Last year Dean had gotten his job, and even though he didn't make much, he told them they could pick out store bought costumes if they wanted. So they'd been comic superheroes: Cas had been the Flash and Sam had been Nightwing, two of their favorites. They'd gone trick or treating on their own, and hadn't stopped until their feet were aching and they had pillowcases full of candy to show off for Dean's approval (letting him pick out the pieces he wanted of course).

Cas wondered how Dean felt about spending \$80 on two costumes neither of them would ever be able to wear again. He guessed he didn't mind, since he'd forked over the money for Sam's costume this year without a word of protest. This time Sam had gone costume shopping with Jess so that they could pick matching costumes. She's going as an angel and Sam will be the devil.

Cas isn't jealous. You are.

Cas uses his key and goes inside, smiling and rolling his eyes at the half-ass decorations. If they'd asked him for help, he'd have done it better.

"What?" Dean asks flatly, watching his reaction, but his eyes are sparkling; Cas can tell he's just teasing.

Then Cas is in his arms, needing the super-hard squeeze that only Dean gives. "You guys suck at decorating. Like really bad. Did you put up three whole pumpkins and some fake spider web?"

"You clearly missed the sexy nurse blow up doll out front." Dean takes his shoulders and pushes him back a little, eyeing the collar. "Looks good. Miss the kitty ears though," he teases wickedly.

If he'd said it any other time, when Cas wasn't feeling so abandoned, so needy, he'd have sulked, rolled his eyes, something. Instead he leans up on tiptoes and whispers in Dean's ear, "Can always wear them just for you, Master." He tries to pull back but Dean holds him there easily. They are close enough to kiss, staring at each other, when Cas hears Sam taking the stairs two at a time, and he steps back.

"Is that Cas?" Sam calls but then he's already bounding in the room. Sam is much more mature these days but Cas thinks he'll always be part Happy Puppy. "I know you owe me, but don't make fun of me," Sam warns, red-faced. "Getting enough shit from Dean."

"You look...awesome," Cas says honestly, then he's the one blushing as Sam blinks in surprise. He does, though. He has on black jeans and a deep, wonderfully red button down shirt with a black satin tie. He's also wearing a shiny red cape and red plastic horns clipped into his soft brown hair just above his temples. "It's just...y-you wear a lot of plaid," Cas stammers lamely. Sam looks embarrassed, too.

“Wow, you two are just so adorable,” Dean quips with his signature half-smile. “Why don’t you just kiss already, get it over with?”

Sam gives him bitch face #347 and pokes him with his plastic pitchfork. “Shut up, Jerk.”

“Bitch.” Dean barely glances at him but manages to disarm him, holding the pitchfork above his head as he sifts through his cassette tape collection with his other hand. Apparently their Halloween playlist was going to be a bunch of classic rock that none of Sam’s friends would recognize. Sam notices and whines, “Nobody wants Dad’s old ass music, Dean. I thought we could use Cas’s iPod.”

Cas blushes; a lot of Dean’s music is on there, too. “S-sure,” he hands it over, thinking he needs to pull himself together, all this blushing and stammering, like when he was little. It makes him look at Dean, who seems to be thinking along the same lines, his gaze heated and meaningful. Cas licks over his lips nervously, lowers his eyes.

Kids from school start showing up, along with a few friends of Dean’s, who bring a couple of cases of beer. Sam’s friends light up at the sight of the beer but Dean is quick to shut them down. “These are ours, and nobody touches them who doesn’t want to lose a hand. These,” he holds up some 12 ounce wine coolers, pink, red, yellow, and orange in color, “are for you guys, along with all the soda and Gatorade you can ever drink. Four percent alcohol content and you get to share it among all of you. Don’t say I never gave you nothin’.”

There is general groaning that Dean and his friends laugh at, heading out back (Cas can’t help but notice girls among the group, wonders which one will be throwing herself at Dean this time.) But he feels relief, too. Dean’s eyes are off him and he doesn’t seem to need anything. Cas snags a beer from the fridge and pours it in a red plastic cup, knowing nobody will check. He pours another one and goes off looking for Sam.

When he finds him, he’s talking to an angel, and Cas falters, uncertain. Jess notices him over Sam’s shoulder and smiles. “Cas! C’mere!” Cas smiles reluctantly at her and when he gets there she hugs him. He can’t really hug back since he has a cup in each hand, but he tries, closing his arm around her slender back. Sam takes the cup from him, knowing it’s his.

“You look beautiful,” he tells her, meaning it. Her long blond hair is in perfect ringlets under a headband with a black fuzzy halo. The dress is white and silver, with small ruffles and cap sleeves on top and a white tutu skirt threaded with silver ribbon, so that it looks like a shirt and skirt combo until you get close up. She has on white tights that sparkle, black boots, and lovely black feathered wings. Cas touches the wings and smiles. “I thought they’d be white.”

She winks at him. “I’m a fallen angel, thanks to Sam.” She nods at Sam and he quirks a small smile at her.

“Do you want a little wine cooler?” Sam asks her, blushing. Cas has to smile at how shy Sam still is with her. “Dean only gave us a few to share, so they’ll probably be gone soon.”

“I’ll get it,” Cas offers quickly, already turning.

“Coming with you. You’re not getting rid of us that easily, Mister Shy.” She hooks her arm through his and Cas is smiling against his will.

The party is centered in the living room, where the music and snacks are, but they take their drinks to the bottom of the steps and squeeze together there. Cas knows they’re being antisocial for his sake, trying to give him a chance to ease into things. None of them acknowledge it, but he is grateful. Half a beer later (with Sam sharing sips of his with Jess), Cas takes Sam’s cell phone so he can get pictures of them together.

“Okay, me and Cas now,” Jess says and frowns at him. “Why didn’t you dress up, you’re so cute. You could’ve been a devil like Sam, or an angel...”

“Cas was a Sexy Cat for Halloween yesterday,” Sam says mischievously and Cas glares at him, making him snicker. “He was such a cute kitty, too...kinda grumpy though.”

“You really are the devil, you know,” he growls, trying for authoritative and severe. It just makes Sam laugh harder and, insult to injury, mess up his hair.

“Ohh, Cas, I wanted to see you as a kitty! Did you bring the costume? You can run and put it on...,” Jess tugs at his flannel, blue eyes pleading but before he can answer she’s distracted. “Hey, what’s that...that’s cute, what are you wearing, is that a...a...” she trails off, touching his collar and he yanks back, flushing. Sam crowds over to see and smirks.

“That was part of his costume yesterday. Now he likes it. He’s gonna go goth soon, change his name to like...Thorn or something.”

“No I’m not,” Cas looks away, embarrassed. “Thought it...was cool that’s all. I-it...it’s different. Just something I’m trying.”

Jess gives Sam a warning look and squeezes Cas’s hand. “Ignore the devil. I like it. Come on, let’s take a picture. Here, look, we’ll be angels together, I’ll wear the halo, you wear the wings. He looks at her with every intention of saying no, but somehow he’s slipping the elastic over his arms. He stands awkwardly but she hugs him and smiles bright enough for both of them. Sam snaps a few until Cas gets too embarrassed and says he thinks they got it.

Before he can give back the wings, she’s shoving Sam at him. He just shoves him back. “I’m not taking a picture with this abomination,” he insists and turns away but Sam grabs him around his middle, making him squeak indignantly.

“Take it, take it!” Sam is laughing as he holds the struggling angel, who turns to give Sam a sharp look but ends up smiling when he sees Sam’s face (Dean’s future favorite photo of them, one he will keep in his small collection in his end table.) Cas just hopes she got the one where he elbowed Sam in his stomach. He realizes he’s having fun. They take a bunch more, trying to do a selfie with all three faces, taking turns in the middle.

“Sammy, your guests are wondering where you are, and they’re outside bugging me,” Dean pokes his head around, into the hall. “Go actually hang out with the people you invited here or send ‘em home. Whatever.”

Sam rolls his eyes but gets up. “Hey, Dean, wait—“

But Dean is already turning back. He strolls into the hall, suddenly all charm, eyes on Jess. “Well, now...this can’t be your girlfriend. I gotta tell you, you are completely out of my brother's league,” he winks and smiles and Sam levels another bitch face at him, cheeks burning.

Jess blushes a little, too, but doesn’t seem as phased as most girls when they meet Dean for the first time. “Nice to meet you—you must be the best big brother in the world,” She says, smiling and when Dean lifts his brows. “Sam talks about you all the time, how ‘awesome’ you are.”

“In that case, it’s all true,” he tells her, reaching out to ruffle Sam’s hair.

“Quit it, you’ll mess up my horns!”

“You coming, Cas?” Jess asks but his eyes are all for Dean. The way they have been ever since he looked into the hall.

“In a few.”

“My room,” Dean tells him when they’re gone, and walks out. Cas turns to climb the stairs, heart pounding. He doesn’t even realize he’s still wearing the wings.

~

Cas lies on Dean’s bed on his stomach and waits, leafing curiously through an old copy of Busty Asian Beauties that Dean keeps under his mattress. He wishes he’d taken a second beer, but it’s okay because Dean doesn’t make him wait long. When he gets there, he makes Cas tip his head back so he can feed him sips of whiskey. Cas is on his knees on the bed, his hands on his knees as he laps at the whiskey, letting it dribble down his chin the way Dean likes to see. Dean licks it off his chin, his neck, making him giggle, then his mouth closes over Cas’s.

“Gonna fuck me, Dean?” Cas asks prettily, looking at Dean through dark lashes and Dean smiles.

“Look so cute, baby. Wanna fuck you naked except for the wings, my little baby angel,” Dean is leaning over him on the bed, touching his face, eating Cas up with hungry eyes. “God I fucking want you. Always want you, Cas.”

Cas blushes and shivers, accepting another kiss. Dean moves and when Cas looks, he’s holding out a pill. Cas feels his heart jump in his chest and he reaches eagerly but Dean pulls back. “Not for you baby. Gonna let you go play with your friends in a minute, but I got a job for you tonight.”

Cas pulls his hand back, instantly fearful, even if he doesn’t know why. “A...job?”

Dean sits on the bed and tugs Cas sideways on his lap. He touches Cas’s face gently. “I don’t want Sammy to have a girlfriend yet.”

Cas feels his stomach drop.

Dean ignores him, continues. “See, it’s fine for him to experiment. Kiss girls, kiss guys, kiss you.” Cas’s heart skips again, and he feels guilty for it. “Touch some titties, try to find out what’s up a girl’s skirt. All that good stuff. But of course Samantha’s such a girl, he had to go make a relationship out of it. If it bugs me, I know it’s gotta be killin’ you, baby.”

Cas feels like his internal organs have been dipped in ice. “N-nomf—“ Dean cuts him off, a hand over his mouth, lovely green eyes hard as gems.

“No lies,” he says softly and Cas nods, lowering his eyes. He curls closer to Dean, afraid, and Dean strokes his hair. “So, I thought...I could rape her tonight.”

Cas jolts, shaking his head, and Dean grabs him against his chest, the hand tightening over his mouth, holding his struggling body against him effortlessly. “Sh-hh-hh...shut up, Cas. No opinions, you just listen. I could rape her and threaten her...pretty sure I’m scary enough that she won’t say anything, I’m sure you agree.” Cas moans fearfully; he’s sure Dean can feel his heart pounding against him.

“Mmm, good baby, always agreeing with your Master. But there’s a more subtle way we could go, too.” Still holding Cas against him with one hand covering his mouth, he shows Cas the pill again and Cas starts crying helplessly thinking of the little blond who has shown him nothing but pure kindness, a rarity in his life. “This is similar to what you tried, Cas, remember how much you liked it? Little Jessica is gonna feel *really* good and just a *little* sleepy...she’s gonna want to be touched so bad. Then all you—stop fucking crying, Castiel, need you to listen—all you have to do is get her to hook up with somebody. Could be you, could be someone else. I honestly could not give a fuck. You wanna fuck her, show her what you know, you go right ahead. I’ll let you, for this one night, this one girl. If not you just keep Sam away from her...she’ll be all over anyone who looks at her twice.”

Cas is still crying, still shaking his head desperately and Dean’s arms tighten around him again until he can’t move. “I don’t like what I’m feeling in my arms right now, all this defiance. Who do you think you’re saying no to?” Dean stands suddenly and throws him down on the floor; he lands hard on his hands and knees.

“Please, Master...please, I—“ Cas cries out as Dean grabs a handful of his hair and pulls his head back.

“Someone’s forgotten his place. On the bed, show me that ass, NOW.” Dean locks his door and shoves a chair under it; Cas assumes he did it properly. He grabs a tape at random and puts it in his obsolete stereo; Highway to Hell blares out. Obviously, this time Dean isn’t taking any chances.

Cas climbs back on the bed, taking his pants and underwear down as he goes. He’s still crying and he guesses he might as well keep doing it since what’s about to happen is going to hurt anyway. “Dean, please, she’s...she’s a...m-my f-friend, can’t you--,” he yelps in pain when Dean yanks his head back again.

“And what the fuck do you matter?” Dean practically spits the words in his face.

“I don’t, I don’t matter!” Cas cries out and Dean lets go.

“That’s right, you don’t,” Dean snarls, taking his belt off and Cas shuts his eyes. “You’re nothing but mine, you do what I say when I fucking say it, and you don’t have opinions about it. Gonna give you a few reminders right here and now, bitch. Because you need this, don’t you? You want it.”

“Yes, Master,” Cas cries and Dean shoves his head down.

“You scream into the mattress, but you answer my questions so I can hear you. Who do you belong to, Castiel?”

CRACK. The belt is fire across the right side of his ass and he sobs into the bed before lifting his face slightly. “I a-am yours, Mas-ter,” he whimpers.

CRACK. Left side.

“Damn right you are. Now answer this one and think about it Cas, think about what it means...why the fuck are you alive?”

CRACK. Dead center.

Cas is writhing in pain, digging his fingers into Dean’s bedspread...but he has to answer. “To...do what you...w-want me to do and s-so...you can use me any w-way you wa-ant.”

Dean scrapes his fingers over the welts that must be forming on Cas’s ass, making him squeal and squirm in pain. “That’s it, bitch, that’s the only reason you fucking exist now.” He yanks Cas around onto his back and smacks his face hard; Cas yelps and cowers. “Tell me fucking no...who your fucking friend is...who the fuck are you talking to?!” Dean yanks Cas’s arms away from his face and raises the back of his hand over Cas, who whimpers, flinching. But the blow doesn’t come; Dean steps away and Cas tries to quiet his whimpers and cries, not wanting to draw his rage again. He huddles on the bed in his pain.

“Look at me,” he says after a moment and Cas peeks at him, terrified and shaking in a way he hasn’t been in a long time. Dean stays where he is, eyes dark and full of threat. “I’m leaving before I tear you to fucking shreds. You have one chance. You do what I told you to do, they break up...we’ll do a punishment week, make you mine again...completely, the way you need to be, and we won’t talk about this again.”

Cas nods, closing his eyes and letting tears drop before opening them again. He wants that, he so wants to be that, not the thing he is that Dean hates. Dean sees it and calms slightly. “You want that, don’t you...you need it.”

“Yes, Dean, please...I’ll be the way you want, I swear.”

Dean steps closer but not all the way; his fists are clenched at his sides. Cas can see he’s still enraged, doesn’t trust himself not to start hitting again. He steps wide around him and puts the pill on his end table. “Get yourself together. Clean your face, have a drink, whatever. And go take care of it. Or don’t and see what happens to you.”

Dean flings the chair as if it's weightless, letting it crash to the floor and he leaves, face still tight with anger. Cas takes a few minutes to cry before the shakes stop. His ass hurts but he's had worse, honestly, 3 isn't that many. The whole left side of his face aches, too, he hopes it doesn't swell. He gets up with his pants still down and takes the cream Dean uses to treat his wounds. He hisses and whimpers, reaching back as best he can to rub over both cheeks. His hands come away greasy but clean so at least his skin isn't broken. It isn't about the pain, though...he feels weak the way you do after a long bout with the flu; he gets so scared when Dean is like this, and Dean's disgusted looks make him feel like the most worthless human ever born. He can't take it.

Pulling his boxers and jeans back up is awful; the skin doesn't want contact yet, and it's uncomfortable the way the boxers stick to the cream, but he has no choice. He walks stiffly and takes a shot of Dean's whiskey that he left in his hurry. He looks at the pill and knows he's going to do it. He has to do it.

The truth is, it doesn't even matter. Not how Jess treats him or the friendly feelings he has for her, not even his feelings for Sam. All of that is irrelevant because Dean is right: his feelings don't affect anything. If he had choices...but he doesn't. It's just unlucky that Sam and Jess trusted someone like him, that they didn't know what he really is. Maybe he—he should do it to her, so Sam can hate him, so Sam will know not to trust him.

Cas doesn't realize he's crying again until tears drip from his chin and he feels it. Angrily, he wipes at his face. *Fucking pussy, fucking stupid, stupid bitch.* He turns the collar so the ring comes back to the front. Imagine thinking it matters what people think of him wearing it. They should see a bitch when they look at him. They should see what Dean sees.

"Fuck! Dammit!" he swears and puts his hands over his face. He feels like he sounds; shaky, childish, and helpless. He has to get himself together so he can get this over with. But the whiskey does start to warm his belly, make his thoughts fuzzy and slow. He tucks the pill in his pocket and peeks out into the hall. There's a line at the bathroom, but it's nobody that gives a shit about him so nobody says anything about his tearstained face or the hitching, sniffing breaths he takes. When his turn comes, he sees a handprint over the whole side of his face, but it's starting to fade. He washes his face with ice cold water and it helps the red go away. His blue eyes look glassy and red but that could easily be the alcohol. It's helping the pain on his ass feel a bit more distant, his movements less stiff, if more wobbly as he leaves.

He goes back downstairs and slips unnoticed into the living room. He realizes that he feels like he's been gone forever but it's only about a half hour, 45 minutes tops. Kids are split in groups around the room, stuffing their faces and having a great time to Cas's iPod on shuffle. Brady is here, he notices, dressed as a fucking football player (which is lame because he is one...like you can be anything, and you pick something you already do...*Brady would probably do it to her...*) Jess and Sam are in the group with Brady; he's trying to convince them all to play truth or dare, getting other small groups to turn with interest.

Cas sits on the floor near the door, not even flinching at the pain. He watches all these happy kids, feeling distant and surreal, a cup of beer magically in his hand again that he pretends to

sip. He spills it on himself and barely feels it. *How is he supposed to do this, how is he supposed to...*

“Castiel, you’ll play won’t you?” Brady is saying with his signature nasty smile and Cas tries to focus on him.

“Play?” He blinks blearily at him.

“Dude’s wasted from wine coolers, oh my God,” Brady mocks and Sam frowns at Cas.

Jess gets up and helps Cas to his feet, tucking her arm in his and leading him to the couch where Sam is. “Of course Cas is gonna play Truth or Dare.” Cas stares at her and nods. Trust Jess to help him stay close to her, so he can do this to her.

So it starts. There are a lot of kids there for the truths and dares to go around, and for a while Cas just sits and half watches. Half watches, because his eyes keep straying to Jess’s cup of lemon lime soda mixed with super sweet wine cooler, pink and bubbling and disgustingly sweet (he knows; she made him taste it.) Some dares are supposed to be funny, like a girl getting dared to eat a hot pepper or a boy who had to go out front and moon the first car to drive by. Some are just plain stupid, like the boy who is dared to steal a beer from Dean and his friends. That ends with the boy being carried back in by the seat of his pants and deposited on the floor by a very large, smiling man named Benny.

But let’s face it, it’s middle school truth or dare with no adults present and most of it is sex-related. Kids are paired off to spend minutes in Sam’s room or the hall closet. Kids who choose Truth get asked about crushes that are supposed to be secret and how far have you gone and with whom? Cas decides then and there that if he gets picked, he’s not picking ‘Truth’. To his knowledge, he’s the only actual non-virgin in the room, no matter what Mick Davies is claiming he did on his last summer vacation.

He’s in the middle of another staring contest with Jess’s cup, wondering how the fuck he’s supposed to drug someone in real life in a crowded fucking room, when pink-faced Sam gets dared to take Jess into the closet for 7 minutes. This is a chance; he has to take it.

Cas puts his cup down next to hers; identical red plastic. Fuck, he can’t do this, he’s sweating. But as soon as he thinks he can’t he thinks he has to, and he picks up her cup and holds it. Through his lashes, he looks around, but nobody’s paying attention to him. Thanks to Sam and Jess he’s surrounded by Brady and his football friends and they’re pretending he doesn’t exist. He wipes his sweaty hand on his jeans and palms the pill from his pocket. He’s holding the pill over her cup, feeling queasy; is he going to do this, oh God, he has to do this! He does it, he drops the pill inside and it fizzes, the pill immediately lost under the surface. He swirls the cup and lifts his eyes, scans the room. He’s just done this monumentally criminal thing and nobody’s even watching. He spends the rest of the seven minutes staring into the cup and thinking about what’s going to happen to Jess and her clear eyes, her easy smile once someone makes her into a piece of shit like Cas.

Sam and Jess come back out and Cas can’t help but notice how pretty Sam’s lips look, shiny with lip gloss. Everyone catcalls and cheers the couple and they turn into human tomatoes. Cas bitterly thinks they haven’t even done anything to be embarrassed for, their hair and

clothes still perfectly crisp and in place. Some makeout session—they should have just dressed as two pristine white angels. Sam's eyes find Cas immediately and the guilt is instant. He's just jealous, and considering how they treat him and how he's about to thank them, he doesn't have any right to sit there thinking bitchy, low thoughts. He is shit beneath their shoes, he's—

“Cas, truth or dare?”

Cas looks up and forces a smile at Sam. Obviously wanting to deflect the attention off himself, Sam dares Cas to let him draw on his face, and when he does, he's not surprised that it's whiskers and a cat nose. Both of them ignore Brady's suggestion of a penis on his forehead or near his mouth.

“You already made him a pussy, and he's got those puffy, dick-suckin' lips,” Brady smirks and Cas looks at him witheringly.

“Is that your thing? Looking at guys' lips and thinking about blowjobs?” he snaps; he is so done with this motherfucker. It's not that funny, but some kids laugh, and Brady's fair skin turns bright red because obviously it's the worst thing in the world if someone thinks he's gay. Before he can speak, Cas realizes it's his turn and he's already feeling evil given the cup of poison he's holding. He wishes he could give it to Brady, let him wake up with something stuffed up his ass and no memory of how it got there. “Truth or Dare, *Tyson*?”

Silence except for the music and then a couple of interested murmurs.

“Dare,” Brady says, scowling, and crosses his arms, trying to look casual but everyone can see he's nervous.

Cas smiles. “Switch costumes with the sexy nurse blow up doll.”

Brady blinks and his friends start laughing, nudging each other. Cas shrugs. “What happens in this game if someone's a chicken shit?” he asks innocently and Brady looks at him with real hate.

“Fuck you, you fuckin fa—,” he stops, seeing Sam tense, his lips thin. “I'll do it. No problem, asshole.”

He leaves out the front door and comes back in carrying the blow up doll and blushing furiously as the room breaks out in laughter and catcalls. Sam isn't part of it though; he leans near Cas's face, looking concerned. “You shouldn't have done that.”

Cas shrugs, pushes his face away. “Fuck that guy.”

Sam stares at him. “He's gonna come at you, Cas. And not just tonight, either. I can't be with you all the time.”

Cas shrugs and looks away; maybe when this is over, Sam will come at him, too. He will deserve whatever he gets.

Then Brady's back and he's doing a walk of shame through the living room in the white vinyl nurse's costume, his boxers showing plainly under the short dress. Cas doesn't even look; he's staring down at the cup in his hands. Jess hasn't noticed he has it yet, but any second she could...

"Whoa! Sexy new girl comin' through!"

"Hey, cutey, come take a selfie with me!"

Brady's football friends are lining up to try to smack his ass, taking pictures on their cell phones before he starts threatening to break them. He's trying to act cool, laugh it off, but anyone can see he's pissed and when he stops in front of Cas, everyone quiets. "Castiel, truth or dare?"

Cas looks up blankly and then bares his teeth in something that can't be called a smile, a look he doesn't know he picked up from Dean. His hate is for himself, but Brady makes a convenient target. "Dare," he growls and Brady frowns at him like maybe he's unhinged. (He doesn't notice, but Sam does, too.)

Brady glances at Sam and smiles suddenly. "Dare you to switch underwear with Jess...bra *and* panties."

"He's not getting my bra," Jess announces, but other than that doesn't seem concerned. Cas's heart skips when she reaches for the cup in front of her without looking, grimacing when she tastes beer instead of her homemade concoction. She frowns at the cup.

But Sam is on his feet and Jess notices, stands and puts a hand on his chest. He glares at Brady. "What the fuck, man, that's my girlfriend."

"Oh, come on, Sam, he's not gonna try anything...probably too scared to even look at girl parts," Brady laughs appeasingly, still ridiculous in the ill-fitting nurse costume.

"Seriously, what the fuck is your problem?" Sam starts and Jess puts her entire body between them, both hands on him now, trying to push him back on the couch.

"It's fine, Sam, who cares? I know you trust Cas with me," Jess says and smiles, making it a joke. Pain pulses in Cas's stomach; he almost forgets and sips from the cup just for something to distract him.

"It's not that," Sam says, his tilted eyes narrowed and focused on Brady. "He's using you to mess with Cas. In my fucking house."

"Cas messed with him first, he's allowed payback," Jess says gently. "It's just a game."

Cas stands up. He's not gonna get a better opportunity, and he might as well get this over with. "It's fine, Sam."

"Bet it is," Tyson says, and his lips are smiling but his eyes spit hate at Cas. "Bet it is fine with you. Probably can't wait to put on some girl's underwear."

“Yeah, great. Coming from the kid still wearing a dress,” Cas says blandly and Jess grabs his hand. “If you’re wondering, it *does* make you look fat.

“Less talking, more leaving the room, big mouth,” she hisses, dragging him away from Brady, who’s still sputtering random curses behind him. Cas lets her, clutching her cup in his other hand.

She leads him upstairs but then is uncertain; she’s never been up here before. “Sam’s room is this way,” he tells her, tugging her gently to the end of the hall. Dean’s room is dark now and he hurries past it. He flicks on Sam’s light and she looks around, eyes lighting on the mountains of books and overflowing bookshelves. Cas winces, hopes Sam won’t be too embarrassed. He tries stuffing Sam’s dirty clothes in his hamper, kicking strewn comic books and dirty socks under the bed before realizing helplessly how idiotic that is, considering what he’s about to do. He turns, but Jess hasn’t noticed, still running a finger over his book collection. “Wow...he’s really smart, huh...”

Cas nods and smiles sadly, sitting on the bed. “He’s gonna go away to college someday. Like maybe Ivy League or something. I bet he gets to go wherever he wants.”

Jess comes to sit with him and leans against his shoulder. “You could, too, Cas. You’re in all the same classes as him.”

Cas looks at her from inches away and then moves abruptly so they aren’t touching, sitting up and turning his back. “You don’t even fucking know me, okay? Like just stop already, it’s just constant, all this fucking...” he turns, frustrated, gestures at her, “niceness! You already have Sam, you don’t have to kiss my ass to get anything from him!”

He sees the hurt on her face and turns, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth, feeling even angrier, wanting to scream and shout and rage (and hating...*hating* himself.)

“I...Cas! Is that...is that what you really think? No, I—I just like you, okay? I mean, not right this second...you’re kind of being a jerk!” If things were different, he’d smile at that but he stays where he is, clutching her cup to his stomach. When she speaks again, her voice is soft. “In fact, I...I’m a little jealous of you.”

He turns and stares at her because he can’t help it; nothing about that makes sense. Nobody would ever want to be him, whether they knew his secret circumstances or not.

She’s blushing even redder than when she and Sam came back from the closet. “I know it’s...wrong. Selfish. Sam just...he loves you so much. Sometimes it’s like, other than his brother, you’re all he talks and thinks about. Like you guys have your own wavelength or something and I’m just...there. And what’s worse is, I can see it, too, what he sees in you... there’s just this...otherness to you,” she looks at him, shakes her head slowly. “Like...don’t laugh, but...sometimes I imagine you’re a stolen prince from another planet, and someday a big spaceship’s gonna come whisk you away, and you’ll take Sam with you when you go... and I kinda wish you’d take me, too.”

Cas’s brow furrows. “Great, so I’m an alien. Fancy way of calling me weird—“

“No!” she comes forward and takes her cup from him, puts it on the table and takes his hands; he doesn’t know why he lets her. “Not weird, special...like maybe if I follow you around enough, I’ll find out fairies are real and you’re one of them,” he lifts his brows now at the obvious insult there and she frowns sternly, “Stop misunderstanding me on purpose. There’s magic about you, Cas,” she tells him, blue eyes wide and round, “like you know things none of us know, secret worlds, other dimensions maybe,” he looks incredulously at her and she smiles, embarrassed. “Don’t laugh at me, Castiel!” he isn’t, the last thing he wants to do is laugh. “It’s like I want to save you...protect you. Like if you’re far away from home, stuck surrounded by a bunch of boring, mean humans, and you just need...hey, are you crying?”

He hugs her, tucking her face over his shoulder so she can’t see him blinking hard. “N-no...sorry, just being a jerk. Uh, just...don’t tell Sam, but I drank some of Dean’s strong stuff, his whiskey. Makes my eyes all red and stuff.”

“What 12 year old drinks whiskey?” She pulls back and frowns disapprovingly and he lets out a slightly broken laugh.

“An alien fairy one,” he tells her, wiping at his eyes, feeling dread settle at the pit of his stomach. She wants to protect him, how funny. Nobody can.

“An alien fairy fallen angel one,” she corrects, tapping her wings on his back, but when he tries, she won’t take them back. “We’re supposed to be switching underwear. I’m sure Brady’s talking nonstop crap and Sam’s gonna lose it.” Cas is watching her and she blushes. “Um...can you...”

“O-oh! I...y-yeah, sorry,” he stammers, turning, his own face feeling hot.

“Don’t make fun of my underwear, okay? It’s...it’s just boring, I...I didn’t think anybody would be seeing them, so...,” she trails off. “Hey, I’m turned around, too, so just...just take yours off and throw them to me without looking, okay?”

“Sure,” he says softly. He sits on the bed, takes off his sneakers and pushes his jeans down and off. He drags a pillow between them so even if she cheats and turns around, she won’t see the marks on his hips, the fresh ones on his ass. His eyes widen and his heart thumps as he remembers getting the healing cream on his boxers earlier, but surely it’s dried by now. He takes off the plain navy boxers, embarrassed at how worn they are. Deliberately, he swings wide and manages to snag Jess’s cup, knocking it down. He stares at it and forgets to breathe for a second, but it’s done. His fate is sealed. He doesn’t know if Jess is safe; Dean might still attack her. But Cas won’t have helped. Whatever happens to him, he didn’t help rape his friend. He widens his eyes so the tears in them won’t fall, sits on his hands so the trembling won’t show. “Shit...made a mess,” he says numbly, not moving to fix it.

“Oh, Cas—um, here, put these...did you spill on your boxers, cuz that’ll suck..”

He takes a deep breath, wipes at his face. “N-no, they’re good,” he tells her, and looks nonplussed at the plain white cotton underwear with a simple, small scalloped border, nothing at all like the obscene thing Dean had—but he can’t think about that. His stomach is churning but his brain is empty, and not from alcohol; he feels numb like he’s in shock. He

puts on the white panties, tight around his ass and cock, gaping at the crotch the way the other ones hadn't. He sighs and puts his jeans back on. "What...what time do you have to go home?"

"Ten."

A few more hours of agony. Will Dean come in to check? If he sees Cas, he'll know immediately what he's done. He'll see the truth on his face. He grabs an old towel and wipes uselessly at the spilled drink so he can hide his white face, his shaking hands. He's doomed, he's dead. He's done the right thing and the worst thing at the exact same time. His brain holds tight to the distance of shock, but his body is reacting, his teeth are chattering. He clenches his jaw shut when Jess appears in front of him, even managing a smile for his navy boxers peeking oddly under the white puffy skirt. He frowns down at himself. "I assume you won't want these back after I've...been in them."

She smiles and takes his arm, as she is wont to do and he's glad she's willing to lead him around. "Let's go get this over with and then we'll throw them out and never bring this up again!"

They go downstairs and endure the mockery of their classmates. Cas isn't really mentally present but when he thinks back later, what will stand out is that when Cas has to show the panties, Sam is the one who blushes.

~

Eventually Cas slips away. He thinks about getting wasted, so that maybe he can be passed out whenever Dean comes looking for him, but he doesn't. He's hit now and it isn't helping; the fear is ever present, the dread all encompassing. He doesn't think throwing up will help.

But he can't tolerate the party anymore, he's so out of step. Even Brady's digs he mostly ignores, leaving Sam to respond with increasing aggression. So he leaves, slips upstairs to Sam's room, feeling empty and invisible, a small and insignificant ghost too stupid to know it's dead. He crawls on the small bed and takes Sam's pillow, hugging it desperately. Part of him remembers this as a safe place, Sam's scent surrounding him, Sam's protection...Sam. It's not that Dean can't reach him here, but when you belong to someone, they don't have to reach. They just have to want you and you go.

He doesn't know how much time passes before Sam slips in the room and shuts the door behind him. He takes off his cape, tie and horns, unbuttoning some of the buttons on his pretty red shirt. He seems so calm, Cas doesn't see it coming when Sam launches himself on top of him, pinning him easily on his stomach.

Cas laughs, he can't help it. "What are you doing here? Your stupid party is downstairs."

"You keep leaving," Sam says simply and rolls off, lying next to him.

They stare at each other in the dark. Sam hadn't turned the light on when he came in, so all they have is a spill of moonlight from his window bathing the top of the bed, all the rest in

shadow. They can hear muffled music and laughter through the floor but it just adds to the feeling of being safe and separate.

“Where’s Jess?”

“Parents came to pick her up early,” Sam tells him.

“Probably gonna have some questions about those boxers,” Cas quips, but his eyes are on Sam’s sweet face, memorizing each mole and dimple, the brightness of his up-tilted eyes that look golden-green in the soft moonlight, the way his chestnut bangs fringe across his forehead.

“They trust her,” Sam shrugs and grins wickedly at Cas. “You still wearing her underwear?”

Cas can’t believe the quick jolt of desire he feels when Sam touches the back of his jeans, trying to tug down the waistband slightly. He slaps his hand away and snorts, “yeah, actually, they’re kind of cutting off my circulation.”

“Take ‘em off,” Sam tells him, and Cas peers at him. The tone in his voice was...odd.

“Are you buzzed or something?” Cas asks, smiling because he can’t help it. Buzzed Sam is adorable.

“A little,” Sam admits. “Does my breath smell like beer?” He breathes in Cas’s face, making him shut his eyes and giggle.

“Smells like chocolate and beer. Did you have some Halloween candy?”

“Oh yeah, brought you a piece,” Sam digs around in his pocket and pulls out a bite sized Snickers bar. Cas tries half-heartedly to take it and Sam smirks, keeping it out of his reach. He opens it and bites it in half, chewing thoughtfully.

Cas huffs a sigh. “This is bringing it for me?”

Sam looks at him with a crafty glint in his eye. “Oh, sorry, Cas, here...”

Cas holds out his hand and Sam snatches it away. “Nu uh...open your mouth.” Cas’s heart starts to quietly pound as Sam’s fingers approach his mouth. He licks at his lips and opens slightly. If Dean’s taught anything, it’s how to show off his lips to full advantage, and Sam’s eyes on them confirms it.

Sam laughs a little incredulously and Cas knows if he giggles, too, they’ll stay safe in their friendship, laugh off the sudden tension. He doesn’t. He watches Sam and slowly closes his mouth over the tips of his fingers, taking the chocolate in his teeth, scraping his fingers lightly. He chews and looks at Sam. “You have...there’s chocolate on your fingers,” he says quietly and hopes Sam doesn’t notice the shaking.

Sam looks at him and he sees the thought flicker, that he could offer his fingers to Cas, but Cas guesses he isn’t quite that buzzed. So he goes flat on his back and licks the chocolate off his own fingers, sucking each tip one by one. He doesn’t mean it to be sexy, just a kid

cleaning his fingers the most expedient way, but Cas knows more about sucking fingers, about other kinds of sucking those lips could do. He tries to will away the image of sliding his dick between those sugary lips, looking away from them quickly. He tugs the pillow from under his head onto his chest, hugging it so it covers his crotch and hoping it seems casual. If the panties were too tight before, that's nothing compared to now. It actually hurts, the way they dig in at the seams.

"You didn't wash off the whiskers I drew," Sam points out and Cas looks back at him. They're both on their backs now, Cas holding the pillow for dear life. He thinks his heart will just stop when Sam reaches toward him again, but he just touches his hair, smoothing it back away from his forehead. He likes it spikey, too. "Wish you had your ears, where are they?"

"God, will you stop teasing me about it?" Cas sulks, rolling his eyes. "Dean has them or I'd burn them up."

"I'm not teasin' you," Sam insists, his hand still extended between them and Cas turns to look at him. Sam rolls onto his side again, facing Cas, lifts up on one elbow, staring down at his face and suddenly all Cas can manage is breathing. Sam reaches for his face...pauses, like he's thinking about how weird this is, but then fuck it...he traces the outlines of the whiskers, touches Cas's nose. "'s like you just looked...so...I-I don't know. Can't...can't stop thinking about it."

Cas's lips part in wonder; is Sam saying this, is this happening? He licks his lips nervously and sees Sam's eyes track the movement. "You...you were l-laughing..." he says stupidly and curses himself inwardly, maybe he'll just remember how funny looking he really was.

"Did you...keep the jeans?" Sam asks distractedly, like he didn't even hear what Cas said. His finger finds its way to Cas's lips and he's tracing them ever so lightly. "Looked so good on you...fit so nice..."

Cas feels his breathing stutter, knows Sam feels it, too, against his finger. Sam's eyes are on his lips and he wants to beg, *please, please, please, oh God, please do it, Sam, please, please, kiss me...*

Sam leans forward and Cas can feel his breath and then...his lips...lightly pressing against Cas's. It's like it barely happened and Cas huffs out another shallow breath. Sam never stops looking at his lips, pushing the pillow off Cas's chest so he can move closer, leaning over him now. "Can I? I have to...I just..."

Cas leans up with a tiny, needy sound and takes his lips. He touches Sam's face reverently and Sam laughs shakily. "God, Cas, you're so..." he kisses him again but Cas needs him, he takes his shirt and pulls him closer, licking in to his mouth, turning the sugary sweetness to fire, trying to pour some of his inner flame into Sam's willing mouth. *I love you*, he thinks with his entire being, kissing deeply, *I love you, Sam, I love you.*

"Cas!" Sam whimpers into his mouth, falling back on his side. Cas follows, because he is taking over the kiss, licking and sucking with all the expertise he can master, too much and too fast for Sam's innocent and uncertain attempts. Sam laughs again, breathless, he leans his

head back to give his stinging lips a break and Cas takes his throat, just as delicious as he remembers. He slows, trembling against Sam, feeling his heart beating as frantic as his own. He knows he's too much, too frenzied and he doesn't have permission to leave a mark. He realizes his hard on is pressed against Sam's, he can't help but grind against him. Sam whines beautifully, a sound Cas has never heard, but one he wants to hear another million times. "Cas?!" he cries helplessly and Cas knows what he needs.

He drops to his back, pulling Sam completely on top of him and forces himself to be still, fingers lightly playing over Sam's back. His weight is amazing, it's as good as he always knew it would be, pressed under Sam like this. He looks up at Sam trustingly. *Take what you want, all of it, any of it, none of it...I'm yours.* "It's okay, Sam."

Sam nods, his breathing steadying somewhat and he touches Cas's chin, kissing sweetly again and Cas can see how he feels more comfortable like this, choosing the pace, controlling their movements. His friend is nothing if not a quick learner, and Cas doesn't care anyway. He lets himself feel this, live only in this moment, where Sam wants him, where Sam keeps coming back to sample his lips, taste his tongue. Tentatively, Sam pushes his hips down and Cas's mouth pants open, he moans into Sam's mouth. Encouraged, Sam humps against him and Cas meets his movements, lets himself pretend that Sam is really fucking him, the way he always wants. "Sam," he whispers, and it's a prayer, he hopes he hears it.

"God, Cas," Sam whimpers, sounding so needy, his cock feels so hard where he presses against Cas. Cas's hands slide from his back up into his soft hair. They kiss again, desperate, sloppy, teeth clicking, and they laugh a little at the awkwardness, but their hips never stop. Then Sam surges forward, his face next to Cas's, his breath on his neck, and Cas knows he's close, he's going to come. He wraps his arms around his neck and pulls Sam as close as he can have him, pinned down but safe for once, wanting, loving this. He lets go in his pants, letting out the softest sigh against Sam's neck. He closes his eyes and marvels at the feeling, sweet, uncomplicated waves of pleasure, no pain or fear, just love and light. When Sam climbs off of him, Cas follows, unable to let him go, and they're on their sides again.

"I'm sorry, Cas," Sam tells him and Cas's heart stutters, his hand on Sam's side freezes... comes away.

He turns on his back and tries to breathe through the pain. "No, me...I'm...I'm sorry, I should...I should have..."

"Cas, no, dummy, come here," Sam tells him, and tugs him back on his side, and Cas is embarrassed when two tears slip out but for him it was so good, and Sam is sorry. "Cas, no, don't...I just meant...you deserve better," Sam insists, brushing at his tears.

Cas lets out a broken laugh and tries to turn again, shaking his head, unable to express how he feels even if he wanted to, *better than Sam, what's better than Sam, Cas doesn't deserve anything close to Sam...disgusting...used...dirty whore...* But maybe Sam could use him, Cas wouldn't mind that. He could let him know it's okay...it would be so good, even that much with him.

"Cas, it's just—Jess," Sam stammers, quiet guilt all over his face. "I'll have to tell Jess... she'll be so hurt. I can't believe I..." He trails off, shaking his head. "I'll break it off."

Cas flushes, thinking after everything, he'd managed to hurt her tonight anyway. But he never asked for her friendship, never deserved it in the first place. *You're such an asshole, Cas...*

"And you, you're not..." Sam stutters, uncertain, but touches the side of Cas's face lightly and his heart swells again. "I don't know what's happening...I just keep thinking about you. Like different than...just different." Sam bites his lip and looks away, a little embarrassed, which Cas thinks is funny considering they're both lying there in their own come.

"Like how," he can't help but ask, intrigued. Sam thinks about him?

"Don't laugh," Sam looks at him sardonically, like he really doesn't expect him to help it. "I keep...I keep thinking about your butt. Last night in those jeans." His face goes scarlet.

Unable to help himself, Cas turns onto his stomach, ignoring the disgusting mess that he's now pressing down into. "This butt?" he asks innocently, cocking his head to the side and Sam laughs but his eyes are drawn anyway.

"Shut up..." he murmurs lightly, but he puts his hand on Cas's lower back, rubbing small circles. Cas watches his face, inwardly begging again, he wants to feel that hand move lower, he knows Sam wants to move it. But Sam pulls away, lying on his back. "I've gotta talk to Jess. This isn't fair to her. And you're not just some side piece."

Cas scrunches his nose up. "A what? What's a side piece?"

Sam blushes. "You've never heard Dean talk about it?" (*Fear, shame, guilt, terror, how could he forget...and oh, yeah, he isn't Sam's...he's Dean's.*) "It's like when someone's in a relationship but they have someone on the side that they just have freaky sex with," he says knowingly, and it sounds weird from him, something he would never contemplate (*although Cas would let him, if he would...if he wanted.*) He hops up from the bed, officially breaking the spell. "Gonna clean up and change," he announces, rifling through his drawers, tossing a pair of boxers and some blue jeans similar in color to the ones he has on to Cas. "Here, I'll... I'll change in the bathroom, give you some privacy."

Cas senses he needs the distance and doesn't comment on the weirdness of Sam leaving; usually they change in front of each other without a thought. He uses Dean's wet wipes to clean up and changes his clothes and somehow his head is still full of Sam. He can't believe they kissed, that Sam gave him an orgasm, had come because of him. He throws out the thoroughly ruined underwear, stuffing it down underneath other garbage so no one will notice. He stuffs his jeans in Sam's hamper and makes his way down the hall, climbing into Dean's bed and waiting. There's almost a serenity in him. Dean can kill him, but he can't take away the memory of Sam's lips, Sam's body pressing him down. He traces his mouth and closes his eyes, remembering Sam's fingers there.

~

He wakes up in a panic, struggling to breathe, pain lancing through his ass, heaviness pressing him down. It's absolute darkness, he can't see but gradually he realizes his pants and underwear are gone and he's being fucked hard, a merciless cock ripping into him from

behind. He's being choked, too, and Cas thinks he'll probably pass out any second, seeing stars pop in front of him. There's nothing to do but take it, even when he jerks his hands to try to pry the fingers at his throat open, metal bites at his wrists. He's cuffed to the headboard.

His last thought as he loses consciousness is to wonder if Dean will let him die.

~

The next thing he knows, he's lying in the backseat of the Impala with a towel under him. Based on the light outside, it's daytime, maybe very early morning. His throat, his ass, his legs, his arms...everything hurts. He tries to move and he's still cuffed, he whimpers and there's some kind of ball in his mouth.

"You're awake," it's Dean's voice, but the coldest it's ever sounded and Cas shivers. Then he's sliding on the seat as the car is yanked off the road, coming quickly to a halt and Dean is in the back, on top of him before he can even grasp what's happening. He whimpers and shakes, more terrified than he's ever felt in his life.

"Fucking bitch," Dean slaps him hard and his face tells him this isn't the first time. Dean does it again and blood flows from the corner of his mouth. He looks up at Dean, crying, not an ounce of fight in him.

"That's right you fucking cunt you deserve this...God, I should fucking kill you!" Dean crawls on top of him, grinding against his smaller body, biting hard at his neck, making Cas jolt with pain. Dean pulls back. "You're thinking how am I gonna send you home all bleeding and fucked up? I'm not. Your mommy doesn't even want you there, right? Gonna tell her you're staying with us, gonna tell Sam you're staying home for a while and you don't want to see him." Dean looks in his eyes, seeing the fresh panic his words bring.. "Hmm, don't like that, do we...why not?" He releases the ball gag and Cas chokes a little, swallowing all the extra saliva in his mouth from the gag.

"Sam's breaking up with Jess! I-I...he told me, you don't...you don't have to do this!" He flinches, because Dean doesn't have to do anything.

But Dean cups his chin almost gently. "And why would he do that, Castiel?"

Cas is shaking hard under him. "I...I...we..." He doesn't have the courage to finish it.

Dean's face closes off again, Cas sees it, the impending violence.

"We kissed, we kissed!" Cas screams fearfully.

Dena looks intrigued, a little life coming back into his eyes and Cas closes his in relief. "You kissed...where?"

Cas blushes, and Dean laughs at the blushing virgin act. "Just mouths...and...we...rubbed against each other."

“Mmm, nice,” Dean says approvingly, and he’s sitting up, tugging Cas’s cuffs to make him sit up, too. He winces, hisses at the pain in his ass, fresh tears spilling as the familiar pain brings up instant shame, fear, self-hatred. “Ass hurts pretty bad, huh? That’s right, I had to ruin you, baby. Because you forgot you were mine, didn’t you.”

Cas didn’t, but this isn’t the time to contradict Dean. “Yes, Master.”

“Anything else you guys do? Touch each other, touch yourselves in front of each other?”

“No, Master,” Cas whispers. His voice sounds like sandpaper, feels worse. “Sam is upset he cheated on Jess. He wanted to tell her, break it off with her.”

Dean tsks, stroking Cas’s hair absently, but Cas doesn’t lean into the light touch. He doesn’t deserve it, he knows that. “Poor Sammy...you’re such a fucking slut, Cas, look what you made him do. Now he can never say he’s never cheated on anybody...12 years old and a cheater, that’s fucked up.”

Cas cries harder. “I-I told him I was s-sorry.”

“Good, you should be...because it’s your fault, isn’t it.”

“Yes, Master. I’m a slut, I made him do it.”

“You sure did, baby. But you got the job done by being a whore, so that counts for something.”

Cas simply stares at his cuffed hands.

“Still really pissed at you, Cas. You’re a very, very bad boy. A very bad slave. I’d kill you if I didn’t still want to fuck you so bad.”

Cas shudders and says nothing. Then Dean is grabbing at him, pulling him into his lap with his legs spread in a way that makes his hole scream with agony but he just moans and allows it, allows anything. Dean grabs his hair and looks at him from inches apart. “You’re mine, you fucking fucking little shit...all mine. Do you agree?”

“Yes,” Cas wails. “Yours, please, Master!”

“No, you’re lying, you’re fucking...your lying goddamn mouth, fuck...” he shoves Cas down between his legs and unzips, dragging Cas forward and forcing his lips around his dick, shoving his head down, controlling the blowjob. “That’s it, that’s what a whore mouth needs...fuck yeah that’s it bitch...” Eventually he comes and it’s not a lot this time. Given how sticky Cas is, the way he smells, he thinks Dean must have come on him and in him already several times since last night. Dean picks him up easily and shoves him across to the passenger seat. Cas doesn’t buckle in, doesn’t do anything, just sits there huddled in on himself, waiting for the new pain in his throat to dissipate.

Dean slams in the driver’s seat and starts the car. His soft, wet dick is still out and then he’s grabbing Cas by the hair, shoving his face in his lap. “Keep it in your mouth unless I tell you different.” Cas obeys, wrapping his lips around it and suckling lightly, noisily. Usually it’s

something he takes comfort from but there's none of that today. Dean drives off again.
"Takin' you where bad boys learn to be good."

He doesn't say anything else about it.

If You're Not Mine, You're Nothing

Chapter Summary

Dean takes Cas to the Punishment Room, and with a different kind of victim, it brings up different memories. Cas will do anything to get Dean back, because as Dean says, Dean is all he has.

Chapter Notes

Dean's really mad. The chapter is longish (not as long as last chapter) and he's still sort of mad by the end. Mostly punishment, verbal, physical, and sexual abuse (Dean likes to hit all his bases).

Dean is still furious.

He just doesn't understand it. Two years of being a nearly perfect slave. Cas protests nothing that Dean asks, or even if he does, it's only the cute, sexy whiny kind of protests that he does while he's already getting into position to do whatever it is Dean wants. And he *never* protests after he's been punished. Spanking, whipping...a rough fuck, a few well-placed threats. He's never needed anything more to keep him in line since the first time he fucked him. His soft little slave, so bendable, so perfectly broken, running to submit with a smile, a kiss.

Until now.

Between everything he did to Cas when he found him lying so innocently in his bed and the blowjob he just forced down his throat, Dean's dick is oversensitive. Cas's lips and tongue are more of an irritation than anything, but Dean doesn't yank him off. That kind of thing is nothing to him (*Santa-looking man holding him down, won't stop touching, hurts, too much, too much... "say 'I love you, Daddy', and I'll stop" ...crying, screaming, furious, doesn't know many bad words, meanest thing he can think of "Hate you, Hate you, Fat Old Man, Stop!"*) Winchester's have naturally high pain tolerances, and Dean's has certainly been... honed over the years. Cas's attention now just serves to keep him angry at the little fuck (literally, that's what he is) and Cas should be useful. If he's going to be a shit slave, then he can just be a body for Dean to use.

The bunker is somewhat remote, and he mentally apologizes to his Baby for dragging her over unpaved roads to the middle of nowhere. When he pulls up to the ugly brick and concrete building, he parks and pushes Cas away none too gently. He tucks himself in and

zips up, and when he gets out, he yanks Cas out with him like he's no more than a doll. He lets go and Cas immediately falls, crying out when he hits the ground. He struggles back to his feet, made more difficult since his hands are cuffed in front of him, letting little pain sounds escape him. "Sorry, Master," he whispers.

Dean ignores him, tugging his beat up green duffel bag from the trunk. He swings it over his shoulder and turns to find Cas leaning against the car. It's obvious he's going to have trouble walking. Dean sighs impatiently and picks him up. He's 12 but slender and short for his age; Dean can still carry him as though he were younger. It's slightly awkward with Cas cuffed, but he holds lightly to Dean's shoulder as though he thinks even the pressure of his fingers will set Dean off again. He's shivering in his arms and Dean guesses aside from scared, he's probably pretty cold. He's still in his clothes from yesterday but with no jacket, unlike Dean, who has his Dad's leather one. Dean had redressed him hastily when it was still dark out this morning, once he made sure Cas's ass wasn't too ripped apart.

It really wasn't that bad, not like he went in dry. Cas's hole might be small but he gets fucked on the regular. And though he'd laid the towel to protect Baby just in case, he hadn't bled through his jeans. But he'd wanted to hurt him, been gratified to see streaks of pink on his dick when he was finished. Then he'd done other things to his unconscious body, bit him, marked him, turned him into the come slut he really was.

Still not enough, so they'd had to come here.

He carries Cas behind the building to a flight of stairs that lead down to the bunker. Cas frowns distantly at it and Dean notices. "This is a bunker, Cas. This is where I took your... it's where I brought Jimmy for his punishment. Pretty crazy right? Surrounded by woods, so even if I brought somebody out here and by some miracle they escaped, how long would it take them to find help? How hard would it be, you think, to get away from me?"

Cas sags a little in his arms. "Don't wanna get away from you Master. Wanna stay yours."

It's such a perfect thing to say, and it enrages him. He dumps him on the ground and enjoys hearing him cry out in pain. "See, you fucking say that...you always say that, but how can that be, when I told you to drug some little cunt and you chose not to do it?" He grabs Cas by his hair, liking the whimpering. Cas is crying again, and that's what he needs to be doing. Dean's gonna see if he can make the little bitch run out of tears. "Come on, bitch, speak up... how can that be, you useless little boycunt?"

"M-mas-ter...ple-ease," Cas begs, his little voice already so hoarse.

"Fuck you, Cas." He shoves his head away and crouches near the sniveling shaking little thing. "What should we do next hmm? I can barely get you inside...I already wanna beat and fuck you until you black out again." He waits for some kind of response but Cas is apparently already too broken for that. Dean shrugs and tosses him without warning over his shoulder (hurting him--apparently all movements hurt him now, and Dean isn't close to gentle). "No, you're right. Gotta do things good and proper. Bad boys go to the Punishment Room."

He carries Cas down the stairs and opens the heavy door, locking them inside. He takes him down a hall with jarring fluorescent lighting overhead. There are wide open spaces down here, too that Dean mostly ignores. Pastor Jim had equipped this place with actual amenities. It has its own power and running water, so it has a full bathroom, a pantry, a kitchen, a sitting area (God forbid rich pedos have to stand while they wait their turn to fuck a first grader.) Dean thinks there might even be a TV in there, but he never looks around. He takes the one hallway that he knows, the one where he spent all his time. That's all he needs.

The first room they come to is the one he never goes inside, and there's a musty smell coming from it when they pass. Why should he use that fucked up fake toddler room, when he fucks his slave in the comfort of his home? He doesn't need to go pay some asshole for the pleasure of his company like some bitch who isn't man enough to take his own risks, find and mold his own slave. And he sure as shit doesn't fuck his baby for the camera, for money.

He...can't say it never crosses his mind. Not selling them, filming them, fuck no. *Keeping* them. He could fix the two rooms up differently...one boy each...and when they're extra good, he could let them sleep in one bed...he'd even make sure they had light at night (unless he was super pissed off).

Just a thought he has sometimes. (*"Can I go outside today, Dean? I promise I'll be good..."*...*"Maybe, Sammy...if you're a really good boy...show me..."*) A thought, a fantasy, no more. He's not gonna lock Sam up. He doesn't think he'll have to lock Cas up. Once they get past this little problem.

At the end of the hall is Dean's favorite room; he gets excited as he gets close. He's proud of himself, that he took this room as his own considering what it once meant for him. He feels as comfortable inside it as he does behind the wheel of Baby. This room was supposed to break him down, and it did. Whoever Mary Winchester's son was supposed to be had died a final death in that room, but something stronger grew up in his place. The man who could carve flesh, who craved screams and terror and submission. He became the bad thing in the dark.

"Welcome home," he says to Cas, because he wants to be cruel, and because it's true that he intends to leave him in here until he's satisfied that Cas understands what and who the fuck he is, at all times, in all ways.

Dean's bitch.

He sets him down on his feet, holding his shoulders to help him stand. He wants to enjoy his reaction. He sees the reddened blue eyes take in the windowless walls, the ominously stained floor, the gross buckets, and filthy mattress. Unconsciously, Cas steps back closer against Dean, trying to huddle against him. "Are...", he tries, but his voice is pure gravel, clearing his throat just makes him cough.

Dean sighs. He digs out a water bottle from his duffel bag and cracks open the seal, putting the opening to Cas's lips. Obediently Cas sips, and this is slightly calming to Dean, who likes docile, helpless Cas a lot.

"Try again."

Cas presses his back even closer to Dean, eyes still wide and afraid, lips trembling prettily, stuttering like he did so often when Dean first started touching him. "A-are y-you gonna...h-hurt me...li-ike Ji-mmy..." his eyes touch on some dark stains that look brown, but could certainly have been red when fresh.

"Jimmy...he bled so pretty for us, Cas...made his ass bleed, too, just for you, and look how you repay me for keeping you safe." He feels his rage surge again, fed as always by being here. So good. "No, I'm not gonna do that to you, not that you don't deserve it. Told you...I still want you and I'm gonna fuckin' have you."

Fresh tears spill suddenly from Cas, a choked little sob from his lips. "I-I didn't w-want to l-let you doown, Master. Just—"

"No, shut up," Dean tells him and his words cut off as suddenly as if his hand had wrapped around his throat. "I'll let you know when I'm ready to hear your whining excuses. Right now all I want is to hurt you some more."

Cas's slender shoulders curl in, his head ducks down, but his hands never move to protect himself. Dean rubs his hands down his sides, liking the frightened little flinch that he gets, the tiny whimper of fear. "Look around, Cas...isn't it so nice? This is where I had to go whenever I was naughty, and now it's where I take naughty boys."

Cas snuffles...wipes at his face. "Y-you were...h-here?"

"Yeah, lots of times. Fought so much, lotta times he hadda tie me down or," he takes Cas's wrists, shakes the cuffs playfully, "chain me up...then he'd whip me, spank me, whatever. Tell you what's even worse than pain, Cas, and I know...you're hurtin' right now, you won't believe me. But bein' left here is worse. Gets so dark in here, like bein' blind. And so cold...just makes it hard to sleep, and time passes so slowly. Broke me in the end, Cas, and I was a hell of a lot stronger than you'll ever be. Know that, don't you...so fuckin' weak, you're in way over your head, tellin' me no," he yanks Cas back against him and sucks his neck, tasting leather because the collar is partially in his way. "Gonna iron out this last little bit of fight, so you can be mine, just like you were always meant to be. Want that, don't you?"

"Yes, Master," Cas whispers, tilting his head to bare his bruised, battered neck, still smelling and tasting very much like Dean's come mixed with his own sweat and fear. "Your...y-your M-master brought y-you?"

Dean's mouth stills. "No. I was never his. I was never anybody's. They just used me because they could...beautiful and weak, right Cas? Lucky, aren't you...got me protectin' you from that."

Cas turns in his arms, tries to push himself against Dean. "Yes, Master...please, please help me be yours again."

Dean's body is hollowed out, frozen in place. He feels the boy pressed to his stomach, his crotch, the delicate body that he knows every inch of pushed up against him, the tiniest most insignificant kisses trailing over his collarbone, delicate hands lightly touching the waistband

of his jeans, fiddling with the button, his way of asking permission, which 9 times out of 10 he gets.

Dean grabs him by his shirts and slams him against the concrete wall so that their faces are even and Cas's feet don't touch the ground, making Cas cry out. "You think that's gonna *work*? You do what you want and you...you fuckin' *work* me like that, and I'll just what...let it *go*?!"

"No, n-no! S-s-sorry M-ma—"

"Shut up!" Dean puts a hand over his mouth, shaking with sudden rage. "I was right, this is what you need...cuz the way you are right now? You just changed my mind...I *don't* want you," he spits the words in his face, gratified when Cas's eyes go wide and pleading, tears flowing over Dean's hand. Even now he tries to shake his head frantically. "Get that kid? You don't obey, you're not worth my fucking time. And maybe I should leave you here to die in the dark—and oh, baby, when I tell you dark...ain't no dark like you'll get in this place."

Cas shudders, still trying to shake his head, and Dean smiles cruelly, "How relieved will Mommy be, Cas? The one little boy in the world that can go missing and nobody gives a fuck, yeah? That's you? Tell me. Say it."

Tears are pouring when Dean moves his hand, but Cas can't hold eye contact anymore. "N-no...nobody g-gives..."

"G-g-gives..." Dean mocks and Cas stops, flushing with shame. "I would've, Cas. I would've cared. I would've let you touch my Sammy, even though you know...you *know* you're not good enough for any of him. Fucking mistake, that's what that would've been."

Cas's breathing looks labored, his body sagging where Dean holds him, looking like he wants to be sick from sheer agony and self loathing. Like he'd do anything to make the pain stop.

Satisfied, Dean drags him to the disgusting old mattress and shoves him down on it on his back. He looks so beautiful--small tear-stained face, dark marks at his throat, delicate hands cuffed in front of him. He's so gorgeously meek and terrified. Dean could tear him apart if he wants, but he'll give his dick a break. "Ain't even worth another rape. See ya, Cas. Trust me, 24 hours alone in the dark'll do you wonders. Just wait til you have to go to the bathroom with your ripped up little hole and cuffed hands. Even if I do come back, I'll probably be too disgusted to want you."

He turns but Cas surprises him, lunging forward as if to try to stop him, but he can't brace since his hands are cuffed so he just falls half off the mattress, the rest of him on the ground at Dean's feet. "Please, ple-ease, d-don't leave me, M-mas-t-ter, I-I'll be good! Please take me...wanna be with you!"

Dean doesn't really understand him, he's crying so hard, so he lets him repeat it until he gets the gist. Then he reaches under Cas, grabs the handcuffs and dumps him back on the mattress.

Cas wails but stays where he's dropped, blue eyes pitiful and shining with tears. "Noo, don't leave me...need you, Master!"

That one sends a shiver of excitement down his spine, but Dean makes himself keep walking. It's just that it's nothing like the way Cas said those words in the old days. He means it. Dean would swear he means it. And something tells him it isn't the dark or being trapped alone in this remote, disgusting place. He truly wants to go with Dean, knowing Dean could (and would) just keep beating and fucking him until he's satisfied.

He shuts the iron door behind him...hesitates, imagining he can hear muffled crying and begging. He can't, not unless he presses his ear to the door...the walls in that room eat up sound like crazy. He realizes how much he wants to hear it again.

Bullshit. He's gonna do what he fucking planned because this is how it's done. Cas crossed a line and he needs to be severely reminded of his place. So Dean's gonna go book a motel room nearby (he knows this place probably has a normal bedrooms somewhere, but he's not staying here...if he ever decides to use the parts of this place that belonged to that fucking...those rich pussies...he'd have to change it all, make it *his* first.) He's still wired, but he probably needs to crash; unlike Cas he hasn't slept since the night before the party, the night he'd fucked his sweet kitty Cas, not knowing the little shit would turn on him one day later. That would give Cas a few hours to let the dark and cold mess with his head before Dean came back nice and fresh and ready to hear some screams.

That's the plan, and it's a good one, effective. So why isn't he leaving? He wanders sort of slowly until somewhat reluctant steps take him to the other door. The creepy one. He's a man, though, and he isn't afraid of anything in this world or the next. So he steps in the doorway, immediately overcome with old feelings of disgust, hatred, and fury.

It's exactly the way he'd seen it last, just yellowed with age, covered in a thick layer of dust and wafting the smell of decay. Spiders that had been occasional guests during his frequent stays had taken over the corners on the ceiling, thick webs with dark shadowy bodies and gossamer strings layered in dust connecting from ceiling to walls. But there is the (aged and peeling) cartoon train border on the wall that matches the yellowed bedspread (he can still see all the stains, even if they're only in his mind.) The stuffed animals are still in their sinister jolly display, artfully ranged around the bed and faded with age, yet obviously never played with. When he first used to come, he would tear them apart, especially when the johns wanted him to hold the animal during, or worse, use it to rut against. So he'd destroy it, hands and teeth, bitter triumph over animals that smiled the whole time he was being...anyway, they always got replaced by some new pastel-colored nightmare. Waste of energy, pulling fluff from pretend animals when he can try to use his teeth and little fists and feet on people. Eventually the ones who didn't want him fighting just tied him down...he was apparently still worth it, even if he ruined their fantasy of the little boy who loves to be fucked. He doesn't know how they found an o-ring gag in size kindergartner. Kiddy fuckers, or the ones that came to him anyway, seem to have unlimited funds. Maybe it was specially made for him.

Intellectually he knows they broke him; doesn't he tell Cas that? He knows he had days where they made him behave, however reluctantly, however gritted his tiny teeth and vicious

his wet eyes. He knows there were days (*maybe weeks, he really hates to think it could've been weeks*) when he needed a real toilet and shower, a real bed to sleep in, or maybe just to see the hand in front of his face. But he won't let himself dwell on those memories. Instead, he remembers the fight with clarity. The little triumphs, the times he scared johns, made them cry and run away if they were soft and insecure. He remembers times he only growled and snarled when Pastor Jim tried to bribe and threaten him, trying to salvage another ruined "session". He remembers laughing mockingly and using the best sing-song insults that he knew (which ironically got better as they taught him more and more foul language). They beat him because he was small and weak and that's how it goes, but he fought back anyway, and he takes pride in that.

Why is he thinking about this?

He's preoccupied enough that he winds up back in front of the Punishment Room without realizing he was headed there. He touches the cold metal and shivers. He remembers how cold it used to get, the concrete and metal sucking all the heat from the room, no blanket or pillow, just whatever clothes he had on to huddle in (given that he was usually shoved in here directly after a so-called "session", sometimes that was very little). He hears a sound, and it's not in his memory, it's now. Tiny scratches...he kneels down, and realizes it's Cas, scratching at the door. He presses his ear against it, ignoring the cold, used to it now. It's muffled, but Cas is on repeat again, so he eventually makes it out.

"Master...please come back...need you..."

He guesses he's pressed to the door, he's sure he is. Curious, how different Cas is...Dean had always made his way to the door, too, but beating his fists and kicking small sneakers against metal, screaming like a wild thing until he lost his voice and his little feet were bruised. He broke his finger early on (still crooked now), he remembers, and how excited Pastor Jim had been when he'd seen it, *"I'll let you out, Dean-o, if you crawl like the little baby you are... crawl to me and ask for my cock, babywhore."*

Cas is twice the age he was, yet sweetly pleading. Dean abuses him and he still turns to him to be saved. If Dean had been like Cas, he'd never have had to spend time in this room. Cas might be a shit slave for Dean, but he'd make an amazing whore.

Dean grits his teeth against an irrational surge of anger at the thought. He presses his ear to the door again, addicted to the soft, hoarse begging, the hitching weeping sounds. Cas, calling for his Master to save him. And suddenly his memory is so strong, he feels like he can hear an even smaller voice weeping and choking, young and helpless, not calling for Master but a Mommy who loved him well.

It doesn't do any good to think about the parts where he wasn't fighting. Parts where a small boy already tried everything he could but now so many hours passed in the dark and cold, with no Daddy to save him or little brother to look after and cuddle and kiss (not that he'd ever want his Sammy here, but he misses him, wants him so bad). And his throat hurt and his bottom and his finger really hurt and looked bent and purple and weird. And he did everything, everything to make this stuff stop and he couldn't. They were big and strong, and he just couldn't get them to stop.

His Daddy wouldn't care this is happening, didn't listen. Be a man, handle it. He was, he was trying so hard. But maybe after all those hours, in the dark with nobody to see or hear, no cameras to film his shame, his tears were more sad than angry.

And maybe sad isn't the word either. Maybe he remembered his Mommy and missed her so, so bad; maybe his small chest ached with how much he wished she could just come back. Maybe he was so sorry that he used to shove her away when she kissed and held and loved on him too much, because he always had rough, manly stuff to do, especially follow Dad around (until Sammy was born and then he had the all-important job of Big Brother).

She would be on his side if she were here, if she knew. She'd never make him come here. She'd have listened the first time and she'd shoot Pastor Jim dead, even if she had to go to jail. He knew that about her. One time they got mugged in the park by a guy with a knife and his Mommy hadn't even been scared. Instead of a wallet she pulled out a gun, and she made Dean get her cell phone to call the police. His Mommy had been tough, and she loved Dean around the world and back again.

It doesn't do any good to think about crying for his Mom, while simultaneously hoping she couldn't see him where she was in Heaven.

But he is thinking of it, however reluctantly. Somehow, Cas is making him. It's not an emotional connection...he can remember what he was thinking and feeling, but it's almost like looking in on someone else's memories. But suddenly he hates that he'd felt compelled to follow the example of Pastor Jim and his ilk with *his* boy. Cas isn't meant to be sold, to be used by any man (or woman) who could afford to pay. He's Dean's, every particle of his being belongs to him, every breath he takes is on Dean's sufferance. He needs to punish this rebellion out of him, and he will...but he will do it as his Master, his Owner, his everything. For Dean, the Punishment Room has been a place to bring bad men that he hates and paint the floor with their bodily fluids. Must Cas be there, too, after one transgression in two years of beautiful submission? Besides, if he can't bring Cas to heel, this room would still be waiting. Now that Cas knows it exists, now that he knows this side of Dean exists, maybe he'll be more careful.

Cas has to back up so the door can open, but he's still huddled on the floor. He's a mess, and Dean is suddenly itching to get him clean and smelling good. He breaks into fresh tears, hiding his face in his hands, and Dean crouches next to him without touching. He sighs. "I don't wanna leave you here, Cas. I'm just still so fucking pissed at you. Gonna need you to do everything I say if you wanna come with me."

Cas nods, taking gulping, hitching breaths, wiping at his eyes and nose with his sleeve. He kneels and Dean sees every wince of pain. Cas keeps his eyes down this time, which is good. Helpful, for what Dean needs in order to do this another way.

"You will not speak to me, unless it's to answer a direct question. You will not beg or plead or say anything that doesn't directly involve what I asked. If you have an emergency, you have to go to the bathroom or you really, really need my attention, you can raise your hand or lightly tug on my shirt, and I'll ask you what you need so you can speak. If you misuse that privilege, I'll punish the shit out of you, and you'll lose it. Do you understand that part?"

“Yes, Master,” Cas whispers in his ruined voice.

“You will not touch me or yourself unless I order you to do it. You’re useless until I tell you otherwise, whether it’s to get into certain position, or stand, or wait, or kneel. For the most part, expect that I will put you however I want you. I’ll handle you and you won’t do anything I don’t tell you to do...if you tell me you have to go to the bathroom, I’ll take you there, pull down your pants, and maybe even hold your dick while you pee if that’s what I want. Get it? You’ll do nothing, not even wipe your own ass, unless I tell you to do it. Do you understand that part?”

“Yes, Master,” Cas repeats carefully.

“Good. And here’s the last thing about this room that you need to know before I take you out of here,” he kneels in front of Cas and lifts his chin...looks him in the eye and says very calmly, “This is where I’ll kill you, Cas. If you ever make me, if you ever try to be anything but mine. I’ll kill you in here and burn you to ashes so I can carry you with me forever. Do you understand that part? ”

Cas swallows but doesn’t look away, tearful eyes still desperate. “Y-yes, Mas-ter.”

“All right,” Dean casts one last look around, seeming almost serene now. He makes Cas stand so he can scoop him up with a hand behind his back, one under his knees, and is pleased when Cas doesn’t automatically circle his arms around his neck the way he usually does. “Go ahead, put your arms around me,” Dean tells him and he does, looping them over Dean’s head since his wrists are still cuffed. Dean presses his head against his chest and carries him out, shutting lights and locking the bunker behind him as they go. He carries him to the car and puts him in the passenger seat, buckling him in this time. He stops and looks him over. “Still pretty pissed at you, Cas. Think you got a lot of punishment coming before I’ll feel better.”

Cas nods fervently, eyes down, fingers curled anxiously. “Yes, Master.” He doesn’t add on, but Dean knows what he wants to say. *Want to be punished.*

“You will be, Cas,” Dean answers the unspoken addition. “You will be.”

* * *

Cas’s entire head is full of Dean.

He has to win him back. What will he do if Dean doesn’t want him anymore? He’s right, if he doesn’t care, there’s no one, because even Sam only cares for a fake Cas. He wouldn’t want this twisted, disgusting reality. Dean almost hadn’t wanted it either anymore. He’d seen it on his face, when he’d had him against the wall. Those things he said, the threats... he’d meant them. Cas has to be everything he wants, no matter what.

He watches out the window and tries to concentrate on calming his breathing. It takes some doing, because his nose is stuffy and his head is killing him, among other body parts. He wonders if it counts as an emergency to ask for some kind of aspirin. He bets not. Slowly, he tugs his sleeve over his right palm and presses his mouth and nose to the fabric, letting the sounds get muffled. He feels a bit better, not being so noisy.

Dean wasn't kidding about that place being in the middle of nowhere, but eventually the scenery changes though Cas still doesn't know where they are. It doesn't look like any kind of nice neighborhoods, just homes with yards full of junk that lead to little towns with what looked like bars and strip clubs and graffiti. This is where Dean chooses a motel that looks even worse than the one they went to with Meg. Still in the car, he calls Sam (Cas feels the smallest, most distant twinge of *something*, but it's followed so immediately by the uncomfortable rush of terror...*shouldn't be thinking of anything but Dean*) to let him know he's going to be out all day and night, but their Dad had said he should be getting back that night. The eye rolling and appeasing that comes next makes Cas think Sam is insisting he can take care of himself.

Dean gets them a room with two twin beds, presumably because it's better not to announce that he's going to share a bed with a small boy. Cas is tense, looking around at scantily clad women and young men, other tough looking types, but Dean seems perfectly comfortable. "It's fine, Cas," he whispers, once again reading his mind (a good sign). "I'm packing and they know it. Nobody's fucking with us."

Dean lets them in a room decorated in a grating mustard yellow, but he makes them change rooms when he sees the state of the tub. The man at the front desk is only annoyed until Dean drops a hundred on the table and smiles.

Suddenly he remembers a room with a newer tub. Dean approves and they move up a few floors. The man also happens to mention that there's nobody in either of the adjacent rooms, with a meaningful look in Cas's direction. Cas blushes; the man thinks Dean paid for him. Dean picks him up again and they move to a salmon pink room, that does look slightly less... come laden.

Dean asks if he has to go to the bathroom and he says no, but is told that he has to try anyway. Dean does just as he threatened he might, carrying Cas into the bathroom in front of the toilet, pulling down his pants and underwear and holding his little dick over the toilet. It would be humiliating if Cas could manage even a grain of pride right now, but there's nothing. Dean can do anything to him, make him do anything. Cas is surprised when it turns out he really did have to pee, and after a moment he lets loose a steady stream. It's as though his body just wasn't telling him about it since he has so much else to worry about. Dean wants to know if he wants to try to poop, but looks like he already knows the answer. Whatever cuts Cas has down there are going to reopen every time he goes to the bathroom for at least a few days, depending on how severely Dean damaged him. It's something they both know, so he just shakes his head miserably and Dean tucks him away again.

Cas is running on pure adrenaline and terror, but his body is trembling with exhaustion, so he's glad when Dean lays him on one of the beds. Dean doesn't tell him he can get under the blankets, so he doesn't, even though he's dying for it. He feels so raw and battered, dragged

inside and out, and it isn't even over. He doesn't know what to expect next, but it isn't for Dean to strip down to boxers and get into the other bed without acknowledging him.

It hurts. Dean has never wanted to sleep far away from Cas, and he's never needed to be held more. He reminds himself he's lucky to be this close to Dean, when he could still be left to rot in that awful place. He shivers and blinks back tears, tired of himself and crying. Mercifully, bone weariness takes him, and he sleeps, if fitfully. He thinks he wakes once hearing the door shut and lock, and he definitely jolts awake when the door opens again and Dean walks back in with a few bags and his duffel from the car. Cas remembers just in time not to sit up until Dean tells him.

He doesn't. He lifts him from the bed and takes him in the bathroom. He sets him on his feet and finally uncuffs his wrists. Cas resists the urge to rub them. His wrists are red but not cut, and that's something at least.

Dean undresses him completely, and that part is almost soothing. It makes Cas feel like he did when he was small and someone had to do everything for him. As the clothes come off, Cas can't help but stare at the marks littering his ivory skin. He sees fresh bruises and teeth marks, scratches and the red-purple welts on his bottom that he forgot about. The line that was at his throat yesterday morning seems to be much worse; he can see purple and black even on parts that his collar doesn't cover. When Dean takes the collar off, Cas has to look away.

It looks like someone tried to kill him.

Dean runs his hands over each mark, but he doesn't touch at them like he usually likes. Cas figures it's because he really is painted disgustingly in dried semen, his ass, his stomach, his neck. He feels like he probably cried some of it off his face. He doesn't react though, he still feels exhausted and completely docile. His blue eyes are dull and empty in the mirror, even if they are still swollen from crying.

Dean runs the tub and pours in bath bubbles that he apparently just bought, but this isn't one of their sessions where he babies Cas. He still does all the work, not wanting Cas to participate at all except to lift his arms or legs when he's asked to do it. But the water is scalding hot and Cas hisses, even cries out, especially when Dean forces his bottom under the water. The heat is cruel and burning against open wounds, made worse by the soap from the bubbles that makes everything sting, each wound coming back to life. Dean is watching him closely as he adjusts, and he keeps his eyes averted, even when Dean takes out a scrub brush. He grits his teeth, but pain sounds escape him, and it isn't long before he's full out crying, even screaming into his wet little hands. Dean is ruthless with it and by the time he's done, Cas's skin is red and raw. He keeps crying as Dean washes his hair, even though that part doesn't hurt and the water has cooled just enough by then. He feels like he lost a layer of skin, and can't help but notice tiny drops of red in some places.

When he's cleaner than he's probably ever been and seemingly out of tears, Dean lifts him out and dries him thoroughly with a towel, leaving him naked. He puts lotion all over him that feels jarringly cold in the steamy hot bathroom. He doesn't massage it in like he usually does, just rubs roughly, yet there isn't an inch untouched (even his little dick, which had at least been spared the scrub brush...his ass hadn't been so lucky, and he wonders how he ever

thought three welts weren't that bad.) The lotion does start to soothe his poor abused skin, but Dean doesn't let him dress, putting on his collar only. Neither of them have spoken since it began.

Dean takes Cas out of the bathroom and he immediately starts shivering, the difference in room temperature sending chills down his naked spine. He is carried to the bed nearest the bathroom, furthest from the door and Dean sits him down on it. The first thing he does is put the ballgag back in his mouth, which tells Cas it's time for more screaming...as if there's anything left of his voice. He arranges him on his stomach and cuffs him to the headboard.

Cas buries his face in the bed and makes a breathy, helpless sound (lost as it is against the gag) when he hears the jingle of Dean's belt being unbuckled. He listens, heart pounding, and yes, there's the sound of the belt clearing the loops on his jeans. It's made with good, thick leather; Dean is a tall, sturdy man, and it's a man's belt he uses. He doesn't use it often on Cas, and never for very many lashes. *He doesn't usually have to*, Cas thinks, wistful and ashamed. But Cas has been terrified of it since the day he watched Sam get whipped into submission...and Cas thinks Dean might be even angrier today.

It starts, and Cas is quickly lost to agony that grows with each lash. There's no counting, no 'thank you, Master'. No lessons or questions. Just Dean's leather belt, snapping across welts that are less than a day old, and making new ones bloom, across the small cheeks and the sensitive backs of his thighs that have never known such abuse. 17 lashes, so that added to the three from the day before it's 20 and if there is significance to that number, Dean doesn't share it. By the fifth strike, Cas is writhing so much that Dean has to put an arm across the backs of his knees, the strength of the next blow even harder, Dean's way of saying 'stay fucking still', as if that's possible. By the seventeenth strike, he's just screams and tears, and he would give anything to make it stop. Dean finally puts the belt down, dropping it loudly on the end table next to Cas's head, and Cas moans in relief, still squirming as he tries to crawl out of his burning, aching skin.

He's still crying and struggling to breathe with his nose completely stopped and his mouth gagged when he feels a familiar weight behind him on the bed. He is limp and unresisting when Dean lifts his hips and shoves a pillow under him. He feels hands pull his abused cheeks apart and blissfully cold lube poured lavishly over his hole, There's lube and careful fingering and when Dean finally pushes inside him, starts fucking him, his strokes are nowhere near rough, but it doesn't matter. He's ripped somewhere and it reopens easily. He doesn't pass out this time, just lays there and takes it, weeping like a baby. His small dick stays soft and Dean's hands don't wander, his mouth never touching Cas's skin. The sex is cold, like those times Dean just uses him, and Cas knows how much he is hated right now. Cas wishes he would just come but the dick inside him is relentlessly hard, and lasts longer than the whipping.

Finally he's uncuffed and the ball gag removed, but it's only so Dean can make him open his mouth and swallow down his come, trying to ignore the taste of his own blood and murkier flavors on his tongue. This is something he still hates, something Dean makes him do sparingly. So of course, today. He can't breathe at all with Dean's dick in his mouth, but once again there isn't much come. He mostly doesn't even have to stop crying while he takes it.

Dean pulls him off his now soft dick and carries him to the bathroom again. He bends him over the sink and does things that hurt his bottom (inside and out) and his thighs, but that Cas has to assume involve stopping the bleeding and applying numbing and healing creams. It's done without the usual encouragements and soothing touches, and that makes Cas's chest ache. He lets him wash his face and brush his teeth while he watches, then carries him back to the bed. Cas thinks it's only afternoon, but if Dean is willing to let him go to bed, he would welcome the break. He wishes Dean would relent and give him whiskey. He wants to black out, he wants to leave his body and stop being him for a while.

He wishes Dean would hold him.

Dean lays him down on his stomach again and sits next to him on the bed. He has an ice pack wrapped in a towel and he presses it to Cas's bottom, making Cas whimper a little at the relief. His fingers turn Cas's face to the side, so he's facing him. "I'm ready to talk to you about this now. Watch yourself...be careful. Don't start me up again. I'm just...I'm still pissed."

"Yes, Master" Cas whispers and snuffles; whispering is all he can manage. He's going home with laryngitis, he guesses.

"When did you know you weren't gonna do what I told you," Dean asks, not looking at him, but Cas sees a twitch in his jaw.

He closes his fingers nervously on the thin bedspread. "I...I was gonna do it, Master. I put it in her cup. I took it with us, we were alone. Then..."

Cas sees him relax slightly, as though he maybe feels better knowing that Cas at least hadn't disobeyed outright. "Then what?"

Cas closes his eyes, gathers his courage. "S-she...was saying things. Nice things. About me."

"Like what," and there's an edge to Dean's voice, ready to mock.

Cas whispers in his little tortured voice, "how I'm special," he rushes that part out, blushing, expecting Dean's immediate scorn, "that she gets what Sam sees in me...and..." He breaks off, does the part about her wanting to protect him make it sound like she knows about him and Dean?

"And?" Dean taps his cheek, and it's a warning, but a lot nicer one than the heavy slap he'd have gotten only hours ago.

"And she wishes she could protect me...from school bullies and stuff," he rushes out and swallows sudden fear. Mistake, it's a mistake to lie, but it's not a complete lie, he's sure she *was* thinking about Brady when she said it.

Dean looks slightly suspicious; he caught the rushed statement, but he can't help his curiosity. "What bullies? Thought the kids all think you're weird and crazy and they leave you alone?"

“Middle school’s different,” Cas whispers grimly and he thinks Dean might press his lips together because he wants to laugh.

“We’ll talk about that another time. So what happened, she told you some bullshit lines to try to get in good with Sam’s bestie, and you what, fell for it? What’d you do with the cup?”

Cas’s blue eyes widen, “I said that, too, Master! I said it was bull—I said that, too!” He coughs, and Dean makes him lift up on his elbows and drink some water, before laying down again. “She said I was being a jerk and she just likes me.”

“So that time you fell for it...”

Cas nods fervently. “Yes, Master, I fell for it that time and--and I knocked down the cup. And I was really scared and felt bad right away because I knew you’d...h-hate m-me...” Cas looks away, tears slipping down his face.

“Poor, stupid slut,” Dean tells him, but he says it kindly at least, and Cas wishes he’d hold him again, he’s aching to be held by his Master. “I’m the only one who can actually care about you, Cas, because I’m the only one you aren’t lying to about who you really are.” Cas widens his eyes; it’s so close to his own thoughts earlier, and now he knows he was right. When he looks up at Dean, he looks genuinely sympathetic. Cas bites his lip, gripping the bedspread and wanting so badly to fling himself at Dean. “And then I only care about you when I think you belong to me. Do you? Belong to me?”

Astonishingly Cas’s tear ducts never seem to give up; more tears spill and he squirms with need. “Yes! I belong to you, Master!” He longs to say more, longs to plead and beg, but he remembers the rules and makes a small desperate sound instead.

“Hmm. I wanna believe you, Cas. I definitely believe you were that stupid to fall for some bitch’s pretty words, and I promise I’ll remember that you can’t handle it for next time. Okay? Because I have to remember that you’re fucking useless to me, unless I’m looking for a hole to own. Isn’t that right? Poor pretty baby, Master expected too much didn’t he? You’re just a little boycunt and that’s all, right?”

Cas doesn’t bother to wipe at his cheeks, knowing Dean will want to see that he’s striking the target. “Y-yes, Master. I’m...I’m just a boycunt. Y-your hole to use.”

“And who cares about the real you?”

“Only you, Master,” Cas whispers, heartbroken and resigned. He knew it had to be something like that. He always suspected it.

Dean smiles, watching him. "Anything else you wanna tell me?"

“Y-yes,” Cas whispers and hopes this qualifies, but Dean should know, and it doesn’t...it doesn’t do any good anyway. If Dean’s going to crush it, Cas wants it over with now. “I...I love Sam,” he says, pain blooming in his chest, that this is the way he finally gets to say it out loud, knowing it’ll be taken from him, that he doesn’t deserve it.

Dean blinks, his green eyes widen. "Come again?"

"I love him...not like friends...like...like *that* way," Cas tells him dully and sees a flicker in Dean's eyes that he can't interpret. "I'll do...I won't....," he shakes his head, trying to clear it. "I'll do whatever you want...I'll st-stay away," he chokes a little, emotions closing his throat.

"That's a good little boy," Dean soothes, still not touching him but the voice helps. He moves the ice pack to Cas's thighs, gently admonishing when Cas jumps slightly. "See? Little baby is learning already. Let your Master do the thinking, right?"

Cas nods, struggling to breathe under the new heaviness in his chest.

"Don't worry, baby, I always said it'd be good for Sam to experiment on you. Get his rocks off, get a few firsts out of the way. I'll help you let him use you...you'll see." Dean says cruelly and looks at him expectantly.

"Thank you, Master," he tells him, and if his eyes leak faster when he says it, who can tell at this point?

"Okay, I think you can sleep if you want for now. Gonna go get a couple drinks, play some pool. I don't know if you're hungry but I don't feel like feeding you yet. I'll leave you this water, though...that voice is a mess," Dean winks at him and Cas has no idea what to do with that gesture. He's not hungry though; there's no room for more than physical pain, exhaustion, and despair. Clearly Dean is still angry, and Dean is all that he has.

"Just so you know, we're staying here tonight and then tomorrow you'll miss school. I'll take you home at some point...you'll probably still be pretty fucked up, but your mom doesn't care that much, does she?"

It isn't rhetorical of course. "No," Cas whispers, feeling so empty, so alone.

"Nah, course she doesn't. Bet she'll let you miss a few more days of school, so long as you don't bother her too much."

"Yes, Master", Cas says slowly, shutting his eyes in despair. Whatever it takes to get Dean back.

"Okay," Dean tugs him higher on the bed by his wrist, cuffs him to the bed again. "You'll have to sleep with them on. Feel like I can't trust you not to escape, now you think you don't belong to me."

"But I--," He catches a warning look that is icy cold. "Yes, Master."

"For now, sleep. No blanket, though. Like you like that, on display for me. In case I need my favorite hole."

"Yes Master."

Dean goes out at last, leaving Cas to lie cold and alone, but at least the pressure is off until Dean returns and his ass doesn't hurt so bad after the cream and being iced. It's the emotional pain that's killing him. He's not thinking about Sam, he refuses. He's trying to remember the last time Dean caressed him, called him baby angel. He's thinking thoughts that would make Dean happy, how awful he is, what a burden to Dean he is, how he can be better when Dean finally forgives him, and how much he needs that forgiveness. When will the punishment be enough? Still, eventually he gives in to sheer exhaustion and sleeps.

Dean only wakes him twice more.

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At some point (Cas thinks it's early evening), Dean uncuffs him again. He sits on the bed and draws Cas between his legs, letting him lean his weight against him as he opens one of the bags he brought earlier and pulls out a pair of warm pajamas. Cas starts crying as soon as he sees them from want, from relief. At last, Dean draws him close and holds him, letting him cry into his neck, whispering tiny thank you Master's against his shoulder. Now Dean's hands stroke his back as he rocks him, and when he pushes him away slightly, it's only to lick and kiss at his tears, making Cas laugh as he cries, his relief is so strong. He reaches a hand out to Dean and snatches it back, frightened. Dean takes his hand and kisses it. "Good boy. No touching yet, just let me touch you for now. I'm still a little mad, but at least I know you tried to obey. We just need to work on making you a better slave for me, don't we baby?"

Cas nods, so grateful to be baby again. Normally he'd suck his thumb or do something else anticipatory that Dean wants, but he's still under these new rules and he stays pliant. Dean has him lift his arms and he pulls a blue pajama top of the softest fleece over Cas's head, and Cas is still silently weeping, the softness so lovely and soothing after so many hours of pain and cold. The top is too large, hanging off his shoulders but covering his bottom. "I thought you might not want the pants, Cas...probably better to leave your bottom bare for now. But if you want to put them on, you can.

Cas shakes his head, looking so gratefully at Dean. He's sure the soft material wouldn't hurt, but he thinks Dean would prefer to see him in just the shirt, and that way he'll still have access to his body any time he wants. At this point, he'd do anything, climb on Dean's dick and ride all night through blood and pain, so long as Dean will keep touching him softly, calling him baby.

And Dean is touching him, sliding his hands down Cas's sides, down his legs, up between his thighs, ghosting over his hips and slipping under the shirt. Cas's dick is hard almost immediately, even if it's not really sexual that he's feeling, more unnamed want and need for Dean. He thumbs his small nipples and Cas tilts his head back, looking longingly at Dean's gorgeous lips. "You want a kiss, baby?"

Cas nods, tears still trickling down his face, he's so needy it hurts. Dean puts a hand to the back of his neck and the first kiss is close-mouthed, but when Cas whimpers, Dean deepens it, until his tongue is thrusting inside, and Cas just tries to keep up, kissing at Dean's mouth worshipfully, fervently. Dean's kisses trail down his sore, sensitive neck and all he has to do is pull at the fleece for the buttons he just finished closing to come undone. He kisses and licks over Cas's chest and then tugs him so he's straddling his lap on his knees. It still hurts to

spread like that, but Cas doesn't care, breathing hard as he waits for orders, the shirt hanging from his skinny arms, cock straight and proud between them. "Look at you, Cas...so fucking hot for it, even after being punished all day." Dean's hand slides down Cas's chest, his flat stomach, finally touching his small, hard cock. Immediately precome slips out and Cas moans, trying not to squirm. "Turns me on, baby. What do you think, should I fuck you again?"

Cas nods around a hitching breath, even if a small part of him dreads it. *Whatever it takes...* "I don't do the thinking, Master. My hole is yours, my everything."

Dean smiles and kisses him deeply. "Such a sweet little slave for me...my naughty little baby is gonna try to be good for me, huh? I'm good for now though...been fucking my two favorite holes all day, haven't I? I just miss this little baby dick." He licks at his palm and curls his fingers around Cas, stroking his little length and thumbing over the head. "You want a blowjob baby? Feel my lips around this pretty little boy cock?"

Cas moans and nods. "Please Master?"

Dean stops stroking and hugs him close, letting Cas whine against him. "No...no I'm not ready for you to feel good." Cas tries not to rub his still-hard dick against Dean; he's disappointed but Dean's still holding him, rubbing his back. *Anything, anything for you, Master.*

Dean buttons him back up and takes him in the bathroom to pee and get cleaned up, his bottom treated once more, though this time with all the encouragements he was missing earlier. By the time he picks Cas up to carry him out of the bathroom, he's a burr, clinging to him as close as he can.

Cas gets so upset when Dean tries to go out to get them food, that he relents and orders to their room, a burger and fries for himself and chicken noodle soup for Cas, plus tea with honey. That drink is usually too bitter for Cas, but he doesn't whine and ask for sugar, too, the way he normally would. Instead he keeps his eyes down, and whispers, "Thank you, Master," then obediently sips from the cup as Dean tilts it. The fact that Dean doesn't add the sugar anyway shows he's still right to be cautious. This isn't fixed and they're not back to normal yet.

He can't sit to eat, so Dean shows him to lift up on his elbows and then he feeds him his soup in between his own bites of hamburger, blowing each spoonful so it isn't too hot. At one point he pokes Cas's lips with a thick, salty steak fry and Cas bites the end, leaving Dean to have the rest. Cas licks at the salt on his mouth and then Dean leans down to lick and kiss his lips, too. Cas starts to feel a bit better. When the bitter tea is finished, Dean mixes him another drink, and he remembers the taste immediately as what Jimmy used to give him so he could poop without reopening the wounds. He drinks without comment or complaint, though...he'd drink poison if Dean wants. He puts on some channel that plays old cartoons from when Dean was small and turns Cas so he can watch, icing his bottom and thighs again, and even taking his collar off and putting something called Arnica cream across his throat, that he says will make the bruising go away faster.

When he decides it's time for Cas to go to bed, he makes him use the bathroom (still the same way, but Cas doesn't want him to walk away, not even to let him go pee.) He gives him cough syrup (a stronger, adult kind, Cas doesn't see if it's the kind that makes you sleep, he just knows it tastes even worse.) Then he tucks him in bed in his snuggly shirt. Cas tugs on his shirt to ask a question, still not released from his new rules and Dean lifts his brows, all the permission he needs. "Are you...will you s-sleep in th-this bed? With me?" he whispers, barely daring to hope, not looking up, just playing with the too big sleeve of his shirt. Dean looks at him thoughtfully. "I don't know if I'm ready yet, Cas. Plus, you know I'd probably end up fucking you again if we do that...you're not gonna get better if I keep fucking it back open," he peers at Cas skeptically, how could he want that?

Cas shrugs, blushing, but he wants Dean next to him more than he cares about that. He says nothing, though, his wants don't matter.

Then Dean is climbing in next to him, and he has to push over closer to the wall to make room. His eyes close in blessed relief. Even if Dean doesn't hold him, this is better, he can feel the heat from his much larger form next to him.

They lie there looking at each other and Dean strokes Cas's curls from his forehead. "What are you feeling about me, Cas?"

Cas looks afraid and Dean smiles. "It's okay to say so when I ask you directly, right? Doesn't mean your feelings matter, but I want to know them."

Cas smiles gratefully. "Want you never to leave me, Master. Want you never to stop touching me," he whispers.

"Sounds like you love me," Dean tells him, tickling over his face and neck, places he'd slapped so hard, grabbed so violently.

Cas blinks, and there's a quick second of wide-eyed panic where his heart actually jumps.

"Shh, it's okay, Cas it's a different love than you have for Sam. Sam is...well you love him like a brother...and like a boyfriend, too, right?" Cas feels his face get hot, knowing Dean will start saying the mean things, about Sam using him, about how he's not good enough. But instead, Dean tickles around his neck, under his chin, making Cas's face move automatically, craving each gentle touch. "And you love me...like a protector...like a puppy loves his owner...isn't that right? Isn't that what you're feeling?"

And Cas is nodding, looking at Dean, wanting so badly to please him. "Y-yes, Master..."

"Say it, Castiel. Tell me."

"I love you, Master."

"Mmm. Again."

"I love you, Master."

Again.

Again.

Again.

Good or Bad, One Crazy Day

Chapter Summary

Impossible to summarize. Cas trying to cope with the aftermath of his punishment. Dean gets the chance of a lifetime.

Chapter Notes

Hey, folks, where have I been? I guess I needed a break, because last week I sort of accidentally found the cutest, fluffiest fic on here (well, for me...it had some kinky elements, but so sweet, and all three characters so happy and well-loved.) It had all these sequels, like 600000 words all together, and I just let myself get lost in it. It was like nothing I've read on here to date. Very cathartic though.

Then this week...I guess I'm back to myself. And I'll tell you. This chapter (to me) is sort of a wild thing. Longer than anything I've done yet, it took on a life of it's own. MANY of the scenes were total surprises to me, and I'm wondering if this will affect the direction the story is going to take, that's how out of left field this was. So...I don't know. Strap in, I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Cas gets dropped off at home the next day, he has a full blown panic attack. It's worse than any he's had in years, so adept has he become at recognizing them and dealing with them before they get out of control, so as not to draw attention or have one in the wrong company. Yet there he is in the Impala and Dean gets out but he doesn't. He should have started with his little coping methods several blocks before getting here, when his breathing first started feeling short. Except his head...it doesn't feel right in there and it's not working all that well. Dean has forgiven him, he says, lifted the new rules even, but you won't catch Cas touching him without permission. He feels shaken to the core, not sure what to do or think. All he knows now is his time with Dean is running out, and it feels like the ground is falling out from under him.

So by the time they pull up he's already dying, and he's sure that's what this is, dying. His lungs don't work, he can't get any breath in them, he's shaking and sweating and there isn't any oxygen in the car. He's also pretty sure the car is getting really small and really hot. His chest is going to explode, here and now, and Dean can burn him to ash...at least then he can't disobey.

Then the door next to him bursts open and Dean is there, crouching next to him, stroking his hair, telling him ‘Breathe, Baby Angel (*God, how long since he’s heard that?*), that’s it... good boy...shh, yes you can, breathe slow, feel how I’m doing it.” He puts Cas’s hands on his chest, and it helps, he can do this for his Master, he can breathe with him.

When his breathing slows and the shaking dies down, Dean is still knelt in front of him, touching his waist, but his green eyes are becoming stern. “Fuck is the problem, Cas? Do you need to go over what you’re supposed to do now again? Can’t just sit here with you all day, waitin’ for someone to see.”

“S-sorry, Master,” Cas says, glancing around quickly and biting his lip. He’s not supposed to say that in public: one mistake already. His anxiety starts building again.

Dean’s fingers dig into Cas’s thighs, getting a whimper. “Seems like we do. What are you supposed to do now?”

Cas looks at his hands, which are still touching his Master, and he snatches them back, puts them in his lap. He’s allowed to touch now but he—he shouldn’t. Should he? “Supposed to tell my mom I took off sick today, let her call me out as much as I can make her. Use, use the c-creams and s-syrup to treat my throat and...other marks best I can. T-try not to see S-sam until school. T-text M...De...text you every day,” he whispers, voice still almost completely gone.

“That’s right,” Dean approves, and some of the fire has gone out of his emerald eyes. Cas is trying not to cry because he doesn’t think Dean will appreciate it, but of course he notices. “Tell me why you’re crying.”

Cas tucks his head lower, making himself small as possible in the seat, but Dean is right, tears slip down his face. He shrugs. “Don’t wanna leave you,” he looks up, his blue eyes wet, almost panicked again. “I’m scared! I-I...”

Dean tugs him out of the car and hugs him tightly, but not long enough, not nearly long enough. “Told you I forgive you baby. Believe me or I’ll spank you for callin’ me a liar.” Dean tosses him his new pajamas and he hugs them to his chest like a security blanket... that’s what he feels like, a five year old getting left by Daddy. Except that’s not an experience he would recognize. “Go on, go inside...make some tea, get your frozen peas or whatnot and get in bed.”

Cas swallows and nods, taking a few reluctant steps away from Dean.

Dean spins him back, and he has to grip his sleeve so he won’t fall. He looks up helplessly, wondering what he did wrong now. “Forget something?”

“Love you, Master,” Cas rushes the words out quickly, feeling funny.

Dean grins, seeming satisfied, and pops him on the butt, making him cry out in genuine pain. “Good boy. Git.”

What can he do? He ‘gits’.

Cas's mother is at work of course. When she gets home, she doesn't bat an eye at his self-diagnosed laryngitis, nor does she wonder about his limping gait, and her fleeting, guilty way of looking at him means he guesses she either doesn't see the bruising at his neck and face or is ignoring it. "Sure," she says uneasily, after touching the back of her hand quickly to his forehead in a mockery of the way she used to check for temperature. She forces a nervous smile, the only one she has for Cas these days, the one that doesn't come with eye contact. "You boys...you just got carried away at that Halloween party, I know how these things go. That older brother is barely an adult now," she always rushes her words and blushes when she has to mention Dean; Cas can't fathom why when she knows nothing about him. "Naturally he let it get out of hand."

"Really? The kid parties? Thought they'd sit around just the two of 'em, jerkin' off to Harry Potter or somethin'," Roscoe smirks and Amelia admonishes him without any heat behind it. His beady eyes on Cas and mean, satisfied little smile make him think he catalogues Cas's injuries more accurately than his mother does. At least he'd never say anything and risk Amelia giving Cas any more attention than she already does.

Cas flushes at the insult (he and Sam do love Harry Potter...and Daniel Radcliffe *is* kind of hot), but where he would normally mutter a reply, his eyes find the floor and he keeps quiet. He's too out of sorts for all this interaction. Thankfully, Roscoe leaves, content with his petty triumph, and both Novaks relax slightly. "So can I?" he asks in his ragged, pathetic voice, giving his mom the same wavering eye contact that she does. "Stay home for a few more days?"

Amelia's mouth is a thin, twitching frown; he knows she wants to glance toward the living room where the TV has started blaring. "I...don't...can't you stay with Sam?"

"Dean," he has to pause, saying that name so casually; he tries again, "Dean's afraid Sam'll catch whatever I have. Please? I'll stay in my room, Mom," he whispers, mostly keeping his eyes down for her the way he does for Dean. "I'll only come out when he's not around to like eat and stuff...it's not like he doesn't go to work. Promise. Okay? You'll call me out of school this week?"

Every once in a while it works out in his favor that his mother is Amelia Novak and she backs down to everyone. She agrees to call him out this week on a day by day basis, meaning based on how much he's managed to annoy Roscoe by that point. The only way it'll blow up in his face is if Roscoe draws a line in the sand. Not like she's ever going to pick Cas.

But that's old news.

Cas is honestly really glad to stay in his room. He still feels really strange...not himself. It's like he's really fragile and small and above all else, unsafe. There's an overwhelming anxiety about interacting with...well, anybody right now. Even Dean, now that he's away from him, the part where they've made up just doesn't feel that convincing. He just remembers how pissed he was...is...was. If Dean texts him, he will fly to his side and kneel, but if he'll let him hide out in this little room that just belongs to Cas...he'll stay right here, thanks.

With Jimmy permanently out of the picture, the room does feel relatively safe. It may be small, but he keeps it the way he likes it, neat as a pin. He uses his own cleaning supplies that he buys with money Amelia slips him here and there, after making him vow never to let Roscoe find out. He has his dinosaur of a desktop, but Sam had also given him his old tablet after Dean had replaced his at the start of the school year. It still has superhero stickers on the back from when Sam was younger, and Cas loves it.

He doesn't have money or a credit card to be downloading new books, but he has a library card and he uses that. The selection isn't phenomenal even for online books, but he gets a lot of comfort out of re-reading old favorites, especially special ones like the Hobbit (when he reads that one, it's Dean's soothing voice that he hears narrating in his head...the voice he uses when he likes Cas). But he's also discovering new authors that he likes, mostly fantasy or horror books, like Phillip Pullman and Stephen King. Long books where he can really get to know the characters and lose himself in another world. Cas reads the same way he daydreams; he becomes so immersed that he forgets everything else. He remembers in sixth grade hiding a book in his desk and becoming so involved that he didn't hear the teacher call his reading group and didn't notice until Sam was already coming back to his seat.

He'd hissed at Sam, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Sam had looked at him funny. "We did. Everybody did." And Cas had been shocked because he hadn't heard a thing. It wasn't even a very good book; just something he was reading because it was all he could get his hands on at the time.

For now, reading and sleeping help him escape the pain, which is worse those first two days after he gets home. He follows Dean's rules and treats his wounds as best he can (difficult and unpleasant, but manageable), drinks tea and sucks lozenges for his throat, but it's hard to take care of yourself when you have so many injuries. He thinks wistfully of the way Dean takes care of Sam on the rare occasion he gets whipped: he barely leaves his side, according to Sam (*proof: he doesn't love you...but he loves Sam and he still hurts **him**...*).

As for avoiding Roscoe (and his mother; he throws her in for free), he sneaks out a few times a day to make himself simple meals (cereal, sandwiches, and fruit and cheese, mostly) so he doesn't spend too much time out of his safe zone. There's nothing like the rush of relief when he gets back to his room without having any confrontations. Using the bathroom is trickier, since the laxatives Dean gave him are strong enough to have him running to the bathroom every time he eats and they only have one to share among the three of them. He does run into Roscoe a few times that way, but the smart comments that usually get him in trouble just don't come to mind. Instead he makes himself small and tries to do whatever it takes to get out of his way as fast as he can. Roscoe enjoys his one-liners a lot better when Cas doesn't respond, so he's less likely to complain about him this way. Cas guesses it's a good thing.

Sam texts him every day, starting the Sunday he went missing. Although not until nightfall, confirming Cas's suspicions that Sam still felt a little weird about...everything. That's why, Cas thinks, Sam hadn't come looking for him when he moved himself unceremoniously to Dean's bed. Unless he assumed Cas went there to avoid him...? His adolescent brain (and easily stoked dick) would want to obsess over these details, but it's no good. Every thought

of Sam is immediately awash in shame and fear and misery, all the things Dean said coloring the experience, making it wrong and filthy. He knows he has to face him...Dean wants him to face him, has things for him to say when he does. But he's glad to put it off for now. He asks Sam not to stop by when he offers, and of course he has no voice for a phone call. Texting is much better; he has time to think, to come up with whatever responses he would've sent if he weren't feeling like the bottom dropped out.

He's supposed to text Dean with updates on his condition (including detailed descriptions of his bathroom habits, aka was there black or red in it? Does it feel like molten lava coming out or has he been treating it properly, in which case the pain should be a bit less by now?). He keeps his texts short and to the point and Dean doesn't respond that much. Watching his phone for texts that never come makes Cas's overall feeling of 'wrongness' increase, and sometimes he scrolls back, looks at older texts from Dean...ones where he called him Baby Angel and Cas could sometimes be a little sulky or even a tiny bit silly with him here and there.

It's not something he indulges in every time, looking over those texts. It makes him feel oddly nervous, as though Dean will catch him wishing he could act that way...having the gall to imagine himself acting that way again. It seems crazy now that he ever thought it was okay. He tries not to think about those texts and wouldn't at all if he weren't desperately low.

Worse are the fuzzy memories he has, that he usually doesn't let himself think about under any circumstances. But now he thinks they'll never happen again, so sometimes they creep up on him in the form of one of *those* dreams. He'll wake, sweating, lying in a wet mess on the sheets where he fell asleep on his (*tummy*) stomach, since he still can't lie on his ass. Dreams that he knows are actually disjointed memories from when he's with Dean but he isn't quite himself and Dean...he's different, too. It's like Cas isn't 12 (or even 10) and Dean isn't (*a scaryass motherfucker*) Master, but some kind of gentle (*big brother like Sam has*) caretaker, and Cas is his little (*baby*) boy...that yes, okay, he still fucks, but better...sweeter. And even if he doesn't quite behave and he gets punished, it doesn't (by Dean's standards) hurt, but Cas can cry anyway, big, fat, shameless tears and Dean will rock and kiss him and say soft things.

It's Cas's dirtiest, most shameful secret (which, as you know, is saying something), that he remembers any of that. Mostly it's almost like a trance or something, and if anything happens to break him out, force him to realize what he's doing and saying, he'll stop right away. It's a secret he even keeps from himself, and now part of him is in turmoil thinking it'll never happen again (if the dreams are anything to go by.)

Sometimes his body tries to dream of Sam, too, but even in his sleep, he remembers and it hurts too much. He wakes up grieving before the dream can get anywhere good...poor, worthless little love, but such was his to offer.

His Mom said he could stay out all week, but in truth he starts feeling a lot better by Wednesday. He can sit (if carefully) much easier. His voice comes back and his insides seem better, enough that Dean says he can stop the softener if he wants (but he doesn't because he's still a little afraid...those cuts hurt like nothing else.) He admits his improvements to

Dean via text, but also mentions that his bruises are turning yellow and green, making them stand out even more.

Dean tells him he can miss Thursday, too, but he thinks Friday is a good day to go back. Sam won't be in school until after lunch; he's missing the morning for a dentist appointment. The day is overcast and chilly, and Cas dresses in dark, slightly loose clothes, going for inconspicuous. The bruising on his face is gone but his neck looks worse as it heals, though much of it is covered by the collar at least. He steals his mother's concealer to try and cover some of it, and while it isn't perfect, it's at least less noticeable now. He touches it with a shaking hand and feels tears come to his eyes that he blinks away impatiently. He doesn't know what the fuck is wrong with him. In his room, he's okay, but having to be around people again, he feels...shaky and strange. This is going to be a bad day.

He misses the bus so he has to walk, but that's fine since he's in no rush to get there and didn't feel like trying to make small talk with the guys he and Sam usually sit with. He takes his time and ends up missing homeroom, barely sliding into his seat for Pre-Algebra. He feels a pang when he sees Sam's empty desk; he hates days when Sam isn't here. But he doesn't know what he'll say when he sees him (besides the things Dean told him to say, and that's...that's for later.) Their texts have been strained, deliberately casual, and neither have mentioned what happened in Sam's room.

He was right; it isn't a good day, right from the start. He's zoned out, completely unable to focus on what the teacher is saying, but by third period he realizes kids keep looking at him. Whispering.

Fuck 'em, he thinks, but his shoulders hunch in. He's just...oddly sensitive today. That's why he guesses he starts trying to figure out what they're saying.

"...best friend...broke them up..."

"...so nice to him, too..."

He sighs. He guesses he forgot that among all his other fucking problems, he also broke up Lawrence Middle School's couple of the year. The first time he sees Jess in the hall, she's looking at him before his eyes find her but she ducks her head, walking fast to get by him. She has a friend with her, who wraps an arm over her shoulder and glares at Cas as she passes. A ghost of a smile crosses his lips at her open hostility, something she probably doesn't appreciate. He doesn't mean to be amused, it's just weird seeing that kind of hate from a complete stranger. It gets less amusing as the day wears on and he sees it more and more.

He also forgot to worry about the fact that today is his first day wearing his collar to school. Brady and friends helpfully remind him when he's at his locker and a crumpled paper smacks the side of his head. He turns and dredges up a scowl, careful to go through the motions. This is the last group who should know he's feeling vulnerable today. "What?" he growls at Brady, who smirks back.

"Where's Sam?"

“Dentist,” he mumbles and Brady’s friends laugh.

“Told you, he knows everything Winchester does. You ever gonna crawl out of his ass? Oh, wait, you’d rather have him in yours.”

“Fuck off,” he says softly, turning back to his open locker, shifting his books carefully to hide the shake in his hands. Those words shouldn’t hurt him but they do, mocking this private thing he feels for Sam, his most secret wants, *just like Dean did*...yeah, it hurts.

“Come on, candyass, you can do better than that,” Brady says, looking at him curiously.

“Yo, is he...is he wearin’ a dog collar?” one of Brady’s friends, a tall football player named Jake Talley asks, laughing, sending a jolt of anxiety through Cas, his hand flying up to protect his throat. He’s not fast enough, and Jake is able to grab it and yank him backwards.

Cas makes a noise that’s half choke, half yelp as he stumbles back slightly, getting a laugh out of Brady’s little group. He ducks out of Jake’s grip and turns, covering the collar with one hand. “Get the fuck off me,” he tries for a snarl, but his voice comes out tremulous, and they laugh again, mimicking the wobble in his voice.

“Not nice, doggy,” Brady grabs Cas’s book bag from his arm and holds it out of reach. “Nothing smart to say? Where’s all that attitude from the party? Or you only have balls when Sam’s around?” Again, he looks expectantly at Cas, but there’s nothing, he has nothing today.

“Leave me alone,” he manages, and they laugh harder. It’s like his rage, his hatred, emotions that usually come so readily in these situations have been snuffed out, leaving only desperation, shame. He gets treated like a bitch because he is a

“Bitch, I’m talkin’ to you,” Brady reaches to yank on the collar. Cas manages to evade him, but only by backing closer to his locker, and now there’s nowhere to go.

“Mr. Brady! Don’t you have somewhere to be?” Ms. Mills, Cas’s homeroom and science teacher, speaks up behind Brady, standing outside her classroom.

Brady steps back, the change in his face from asshole to ass-kisser instantaneous as he turns with a smile. “Just asking Castiel where Sam is, Ms. Mills,” he says sweetly.

Ms. Mills looks unimpressed; her bullshit meter is fairly accurate. “Probably on his way to class, where you should be,” she tells him pointedly with raised eyebrows and his smile slips slightly.

Another student distracts her, and Brady takes advantage the minute her back is turned. Showing off his throwing arm, he heaves Cas’s book bag in the opposite direction down the hall and gives Cas one last smirk. “Go on...fetch, little doggy!”

He fetches. Instead of just picking it up, he crouches near his bag, pretending to organize the contents, while he tries to gather himself. He wants to feel shocked that Brady rattled him so easily but he’s overwhelmed by this feeling of exposure. It feels as though Dean flayed him

open and other kids can now see what he really is as a result. Fairly sure he won't cry, he straightens up. For the second time, he meets eyes with Jess, and he swears he sees compassion in her eyes before her face hardens and she turns her back. Of course he imagined it.

His next class is Geography and he realizes he's still shaken, lost. Mick Davies turns around and is chatting with him and he has no idea what the guy is saying, he can't comprehend the words. He nods and forces a laugh and says something noncommittal and is surprised when Mick laughs back. "You're a funny guy, Novak, I like it."

Not everyone in the world treats him like shit. He decides to take comfort from it.

He expects the worst at lunch, but nothing particularly bad happens. He sits with a bunch of kids who are always nice to him, and not a single one is talking about the party. He picks a stool on the end closest to the wall (most inconspicuous) and pretends to be absorbed in his peanut butter and jelly sandwich, as though it doesn't taste like sawdust in his mouth. Dean is the only reason he gets any of it down; Dean and his rules. He gets a text from Sam saying he's on his way, and he's glad, really glad now. He doesn't care if things are awkward; he just needs him to get through this fucked up day.

After lunch, Cas has Study Hall; otherwise known as the one class he shares with Jess. Every kid gets two electives and this is one of his. He's not all about the extracurricular activities like Sam, who tries and fails to get him interested every year (*if we wanna go to top colleges, Cas, we gotta think about this stuff early!*) His life being what it is, sometimes he needs all the extra quiet he can get. The class is held in the library, and attracts somewhat more mediocre students, kids who don't have any artistic or athletic interests, or maybe just want a half hour that's not quite as structured as an actual class. Mrs. Lowi, who is the well-liked Head Librarian, oversees it and is all about peace, love, and being allowed to talk as long as we keep our voices low and respectful.

He has to say something to her (Jess, not Mrs. Lowi), and his stomach is in knots thinking about it. He doesn't want her to think he just hurt her without caring (although...he kind of did.) He does care; he hates that he hurt her with his unending neediness for Sam. And if she wants the chance to tell him off to his face, even if it's in front of everyone, he will give it to her. He knows how much Dean appreciates his pain and shame when he does something wrong. That's how you make things right with someone...let them humiliate you.

When he gets to the library, it's easier said than done. They don't usually sit together because she has girlfriends with her, but sometimes she ditches...ditched them for him. At least it's a casual enough atmosphere that nobody has assigned seats. He finds a small table near the stacks where he can see her without being conspicuous. But he knows as soon as he sees the tension in the way she moves that she's aware of him.

This sucks.

She has three friends with her in this class, and one is the hostile girl he'd seen in the hall—he guesses she wasn't a complete stranger after all. Judging by the dirty looks she sends him over her shoulder, she isn't feeling any better about him now. He tells himself he doesn't

care what any of those bitches think, but his stomach twists and he keeps his eyes on the table.

“...said they saw him and he was like crying his eyes out or something...or he was crying before, I don’t know, I forget...”

The knots in Cas’s stomach instantly triple; but they...they could be talking about someone else, right?

“...first heard they just kissed, but now Brady’s saying he was like...waiting for him in his room and like jumped on him...”

A wave of dizziness takes him and he thinks he needs to be sick. The kids saying it are just a table away from him...and they know he can hear. Kids he’s chatted with, sat with in the past, not popular kids either, but obviously wanting to be part of the buzz, do what the popular kids are doing. They’re smirking cruelly and he tries to think of a single thing he’s ever done or said to even one of them that would make them want to hurt him. Besides being a dog that’s born to be kicked.

“No, no, Brady’s in my science class, he said he like tried to kiss him and when Sam said no, he started crying and begged him to let him...do stuff...”

“Like what?” a scandalized whisper, wanting and not wanting to know.

“*You know...put his mouth on Sam...there.*”

“Grow up, Christina...he said he begged Sam to let him blow him...”

“That’s disgusting! Well, it is, he pees from there!”

Cas is up, headed for the stacks. It’s not exactly subtle but he can’t take it another second. He heads to the back, in a corner, where at least the lighting is a little dimmer. He faces the shelves without seeing them, eyes blurred with unshed tears. He puts an arm over his stomach and tries to slow his breathing, but it’s hard. That stuff they’re saying that’s...that’s not true! Is it? He didn’t...Sam kissed him first...didn’t he? But Dean said it was his fault (*poor Sammy...you’re such a fucking slut, Cas, look what you made him do.*)

He kissed me, but I made him do it...and somehow everyone knows.

His breathing is too loud, he puts his sleeve over his mouth, then his forearm. He’s got to be quiet in case anyone wanders close. His fingers are trembling and he’s starting to sweat. He *has* to calm down. Someone’s gonna find him like this—Dean will be so pissed! Titles in the Harry Potter series...Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone, Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets, Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban...he lists, he repeats, and his breathing starts to slow at last.

Okay. Okay. *Fuck*, today sucks. He sits on the floor because he’s fucking exhausted and wipes his sleeve over his sweaty forehead. He tugs his knees into his chest and tries to think. That stuff they’re saying...that Brady is apparently saying...he’s making it sound like Sam

told him that. But he wouldn't...Sam wouldn't lie. And Cas remembers thinking stuff about a blowjob with Sam, not saying it. Sam would have...he'd have been grossed out, probably, just like that girl. Only Cas is dirty like that, wants and likes those things. Practically born with a dick in his mouth, that's what Dean says. His heart starts to pound and he realizes he can't think about that stuff anymore or he'll be back to square one.

So he should...he should get his book bag. He realizes he left it when he fled, and they could be doing anything to his stuff by now. There's nothing in it anyone would want (his phone is in his pocket, along with the few dollars he has), but now he guesses he shouldn't put it past them to take his stuff just to fuck with him. He stands up slowly, making sure he's not too shaky and heads back, reluctance in every step. If they're still there, if they're smirking at him, this time he'll tell them to go fuck themselves. He exits the reference section and turns a corner, running right into Jess. For a moment, they just stare at each other and then her eyes drop, her cheeks flushing pink. Not before he sees the hurt...hurt he caused.

"Jess," he starts, and grabs her wrist when she starts to flee again.

She stops, but doesn't look at him, her mouth in a grim line. "You don't have to say anything. You...you don't even like me, right? That's what you were trying to tell me Saturday. You don't owe me anything," she tells him, trying for maturity, but he sees her lower lip tremble.

"That's not true," he insists softly, urgently. He's so hoping nobody comes right now, he's gotta get this out. "I...I do like you, I just...I'm not good at...I don't have many..." *friends*, he wants to say, but he looks at the floor, ashamed, he can feel his face get hot. It's not something he really acknowledges, even to himself. When he risks a glance, she's looking at him and he takes his chance. "I just wanted to say I'm—"

"Hey, Jess, you forgot your...what are *you* doing? You shouldn't be anywhere *near* her!" And it's the Hostile Girl, hissing so she won't draw the teacher's attention, voice lowered but still thick with scorn. She closes the distance between them in a hurry, tugging Jess away from him and putting herself between them as though he was assaulting her, not apologizing.

"Kelly, it's fine..."

"It's not fine, this jerk put moves on your boyfriend!"

Cas's eyes never waver from Jess's face; this other girl doesn't exist for him (which pisses her off even more.) "Jess, I'm sorry. I—"

"She's not interested in your apologies, you sick freak! You don't even matter! Just leave her alone!"

There's this moment where they all absorb what she said (*what did Dean change, how do they all see it now?*)

"Sorry, Jess," Cass mumbles, no longer able to make eye contact. His head is down when he gets to his table and slides in his chair. Talk stops and then gets loud to the point where Mrs. Lowi has to intervene, but he's resolutely not listening (except how do you 'not listen' when

they want you to hear...*heard Sam kicked his ass for trying, that's why he's been out all week*). He's just staring sightlessly at his English book, pretending to be absorbed and trying to hold out for the bell. It rings an eternity later and he flings himself from his seat, ignoring the interested looks and cruel smirks, he's nearly running by the time he hits the hallway. Because he's getting out of here; he's going home right now.

Except right away, he sees Sam.

Sam smiles expectantly, but Cas isn't slowing down. He tries to force a smile without making eye contact, hoping Sam'll just think he's in a rush. "Sorry, Sam gotta go, okay, I'll ___"

Sam grabs his arm, swings him back in front of him. "Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, Cas!"

"No, Sam, please, let me go," Cas tries with his head down, pulling at his arm, but Sam takes both his forearms and holds him firmly.

"What is it, what's wrong?"

"*Please*, Sam, let go," he begs, and when he looks up there are tears in his eyes. It's too late, though, kids are already filing out of the library, catching him there, essentially in Sam's arms—he knows how it looks to them. He lets out a soft sound of distress and looks down, his face on fire.

Sam's blushing a little, too, but he's frowning over Cas's shoulder. He sees the looks they're getting, the blatant whispers and giggles and if anything he draws up straighter. "What's the matter, Cas, a bunch of losers talking shit? Since when do you let that get to you?" he asks loudly, and Cas blinks; Sam's never called a kid a loser in his life. He's eyeing them now, blue hazel eyes flashing just this side of dangerously. Sam is a nice boy, but he comes by his temper honestly. For a Winchester, protective equals aggressive—that much Cas knows.

"Sam, let me go, just *leave* it," Cas mutters, he can't stay here for this, but Sam hushes him, draws him closer.

"Seriously, Sam?" It's the Hostile Girl, Kelly, and Cas winces, tries again to pull away. He notices her voice is much more subdued for Sam, more of a complaint than an accusation. As though Sam is someone she knows and likes. "How can you be nice to him when he broke you guys up? I mean, everyone knows you were drinking--"

"You weren't even there," he looks coldly at the girl, all the more effective for how warm and friendly he usually is. "I get that you're Jess's friend, but how is this any of your business? And if you're gonna spread rumors and add to this immature bullshit," Sam's eyes narrow, his look passes derisively over the other kids who were whispering and laughing when they first came out; none of them can maintain eye contact, "get it right—I kissed Cas. He didn't come onto me."

The girl hesitates; it's a lot harder to be mean to Sam Winchester, never mind pissed off Sam Winchester. She straightens up and tries to forge ahead but most of the fire is gone from her voice. "Well...least you could do is not hang all over him. You guys *just* broke up."

“Yeah, Kelly, don’t tell me what to fucking do,” Sam snaps; his patience is not endless. “Cas is my friend and he’s upset...know anything about that?” Sam’s look is accusatory and Kelly blushes; they’ve drawn plenty of attention since it’s between classes and the hallway is filled.

Jess leaves the library. Sees Sam holding onto Cas, facing off with Kelly. Kids are on either side, watching blatantly, and they hush at her appearance. Kelly reaches for her and she knocks her hand away, hurt blue eyes all for Sam. Then she tilts her chin up and heads past them.

“Jess,” Sam says, looking pained now, temper fled almost instantly.

“Save it,” she mutters without looking, Kelly following close on her heels. But the next bell will ring soon, and the small crowd slowly starts to disperse. Cas lets out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding and shakes his head, eyes still lowered.

Sam pushes Cas back a little, trying to see his face. “Sorry about that...you okay?”

Cas pulls back out of his grasp and Sam lets him this time. “No! Why did you do that, why didn’t you just let me go?” he asks, anguished. He knows Sam was trying to help, but he feels so humiliated, and they’re only going to hate him worse. The next rumor will be Cas trying to suck his dick in the hallway in front of Jess.

Sam reaches for him, concerned. “Cas, it doesn’t matter what anyone thinks...it’s okay—“

“No it’s not!” Cas knocks his hand away, and Sam blinks in surprise. “They’re not gonna blame *you* for this, Mr. Fucking Perfect! They *love* you! You can’t do anything wrong! It’s *my* fault; I’m the fucking faggot that broke you up, the fucking freak! Want a blowjob, Sam? Please, Sam, please let me suck your—“

“Cas!” Sam cuts him off sharply, looking mortified, pissed.

“FUCK you!” he shoves Sam hard; startling him enough that he hits the lockers behind him. “You think you can FUCKING help me?! I...” He stops, putting a shaking hand over his mouth; his breath is coming really hard. “Sam...s-s-sorry, I...” He looks at Sam in horror, the color drained from his face. Sam’s face, so hurt, so bewildered, the sad little stray he picked up, biting him all these years later.

Mrs. Lowi, other teachers are coming into the hall, frowning, calling out to him and Cas bolts. He runs for a side door and stumbles outside, needing air, breathing labored now, out of control. He doesn’t see anyone and he hits the ground, shaking, trying to breathe, great gulping breaths that hurt like nothing’s getting inside, no oxygen.

“Castiel, what is this, what’s happening...?” Jess, dropping her books on the ground, kneeling in front of him. “Do you have asthma or something? Come on, let’s go to the nurse!”

Cas looks at her, lost in panic, sweating, vision going blurry. *Breathe, Baby Angel...Dean by the Impala, helping him, and I can’t, Dean, he thinks, I can’t breathe, I’m dying...*

Yes, you can...breathe slow, feel how I'm doing it... his hands on Dean's chest. He looks at Jess, who is kneeling there, so concerned, hands fluttering helplessly. He puts his hand on her chest (nowhere near the perfect tits...okay, not too close), and feels her breathing. "Breathe..." he pants, "slow...please!"

"What? I—"

"Slow," he pants, staring at his hand where it touches her. "Please!"

"O-okay..." Jess sounds uncertain, but puts both hands over his one and slows her breathing, watching him. Realizes what he needs. "Like me, Cas, with me...feel it? In...out... slower...that's it..." making her voice calm now. She reaches her hand, pets the hair at his forehead (something both Winchesters do, something his mother used to do), gentling him, that soft, small touch. And he's doing it, deep breaths, slowing it down. A headache starts; he still feels dizzy. But he isn't dying. Minutes pass; he's not sure how many. He takes his hand from her and folds to the ground on his knees. Two panic attacks in the space of one hour. He's gonna need a fucking minute.

"Th-thank you...sorry," he tells the ground.

"Jesus, Cas, what was that?" Jess asks, sounding like her old self for a moment, forgetting to hate him.

"Panic attack," he tells her, like he would no one else. Right now, he doesn't know what truths he could protect from her. All his insides on the outside. "Happens sometimes."

"Oh. Do...do you wanna go to the nurse or something? I'll take you."

"You're being...too nice...again," he says to the grass.

"Yeah. Sorry. You're an asshole, Cas. You wanna go to the nurse, asshole?"

Huffs a laugh, incredibly. "No thanks." He sits up like a normal person. Then lays on the ground. Fuck it. "I'm supposed to be in English...you?" His voice is soft, tentative. Waiting for her to remember, to be cruel, to end this truce.

"Language Arts," she says, picking at the grass. She's sitting there, cool-girl casual, and Cas thinks he knows what attracted Sam to her (besides the face, the tits). She doesn't care what people think, who catches her out here cutting class with him. She has poise and character.

"I-I'm okay now. You can go if you want."

"Why should I go, I was here first," she says mutinously and he peeks at her again. "I guess S-sam went to class." She says, and Cas can tell she was going for unconcerned, but the stumble on his name ruins it. Her cheeks flush and he pretends not to notice.

"You know he hates to miss any," Cas tells her...pauses. "Jess—I know he—"

"Stop, okay, I don't wanna do this," she insists, but he sees that tremble in her lower lip. "Whole stupid school talking about it...we only dated like one month! It's not...not even a

big deal.” She looks away from him so all he can see is her hair, the pale turn of her neck. Tension in her shoulders. He touches one and she slaps his hand away the same way she did her friend Kelly’s. “I’m fine!”

He just stays, watching her. The way he watches Dean, watches Sam. Never blinking, steady, alien blue gaze that the elementary school kids found so intimidating. “It wasn’t his fault, it was mine,” he grits out. She should know.

“No it wasn’t, why are you saying that?” She whips around to face him, eyes reddened, puffy, and pretty fucking annoyed. “Are you like every other boy, lying to the stupid girlfriend so your friend can do what he wants behind her back? Say what you like about Sam, he doesn’t lie. He told me what happened.”

“You don’t understand,” he whispers, but his stomach knots up in warning, that feeling he gets when he catches himself breaking a rule. He can’t tell her how he knows.

A minute or two goes by; Jess is back to ripping up the grass and Cas is back to studying her. She snuffles lightly. “Are you guys like...together now?”

He closes his eyes against this fresh grief, blinks, stares up at the grey sky. “No...no way, of course not. It was just...nothing. Stupid. Told you, I...the whiskey.”

She’s the one doing the studying now. “You’re blushing. You really like him.” He thinks she’s going for matter-of-fact, but she actually sounds bleak.

“Don’t worry, Jess. It’s never gonna happen.” His voice is leaden with absolute certainty and her look now is curious, like he did something weird. Frowning at him a little.

“Why am I thinking about giving you a pep talk so you’ll believe in yourself enough to try to go after my ex-boyfriend...who cheated on me...with you?”

Cas looks at her. “That is pretty fucking weird.”

She starts laughing and he feels his lips twitch; ridiculous to laugh on a day like this has been, all these problems still waiting. She cuts herself off, probably thinking the same thing. Then does one of those explosive laughs, a spitting, so-not-cool, immature laugh, a kid playing the ‘first one to laugh loses’ game. Cas looks at her with wide eyes and she claps a hand over her mouth, her face red. “Your lips are trembling,” she says, still behind her hand. She does an impression, making her own lip tremble.

They lose it. It’s so stupid. His stomach twists, already trying to tell him he shouldn’t be laughing, too much wrong, too much to worry about (*Dean, Sam, Dean*). And it’s working, his laughs dying away before hers. Hers trail off the same way, sadness seeping back in her eyes; he knows because he’s watching. Always watching the people he’s with, endlessly looking for cues, signals, what should he do, what are they going to do (*is he safe with them*).

She catches him doing it. “I guess we’re still friends. Asshole.”

“Sam calls me that, too,” he says casually; regrets it when he sees her wince.

“Can we...are you gonna talk about him all the time, cause if so, I might need a week or two before we can be around each other.”

“Sorry,” he says, meaning it, but secretly wondering what else he’ll talk about. He’s with Sam constantly. He watches her, wanting to say something but not knowing how. “I really am sorry you...I hurt you. And I’m glad. Us. That we’re.” He clears his throat. “Still friends.”

She looks at him wryly. “You poet, you.” She stands up, brushes herself off. He sits up, feeling gloomy again; once she leaves he’ll have to start thinking, decide what to do next. “I guess I’ll get going,” she says, then stops, looking at him again, that way she does, like she’s worrying about him. A serious look. “Cas...what just happened to you...that panic thing. If it’s because of what’s happening, what those kids were saying ...fuck them. They’ll move on from this and talk bad about someone else by tomorrow.”

He smiles faintly. “Yeah, I know. Don’t worry, usually I can handle them.” He loses his smile, because that part is true. He’s just been feeling so off...not himself...ever since (*cuz the way you are right now? You just changed my mind...I **don't** want you*).

He shudders, chest squeezing, looking away from her. “It’s just a bad day.”

~

After that he goes home. He can’t go to class as raw and open as he is, just walking around begging to be victimized. *Except when it comes to Sam, right? Him, you can hurt.* Seriously, he’s so fucked up. He keeps thinking of Sam’s stricken face, hearing his own voice (vicious, bitchy), his hands raised against him in violence, when Sam has never offered him anything but love, acceptance. All day free for all against Cas, defenseless until his best friend shows up, sticking up for him (like always), comforting him.

Ya know. The boy he loves.

If he hasn’t made it clear, he *hates* himself.

At least nobody’s home, so he can spend a few hours sleeping, the only way he can escape the cycling of his thoughts. It’s a relief, small, but he’ll take it. But as soon as he wakes up, he heads next door.

Of course.

Dean is at work, where he went for at least a few hours after dropping Sam at school. Sam will be home soon, and Cas wants to apologize properly. And he’s a little scared, too. Because maybe this will be it. The thing that makes Sam decide this is too much...this friendship isn’t worth it. Sorry, Cas, but I think I’m ready for a best friend who doesn’t have crazy mood swings and sometimes thrash and scream in his sleep, who isn’t weird and out of it all the time, and maybe has more than 4 friends.

He sits himself on the front porch to wait for the school bus (the one he should be on.) Then nearly falls out of his skin when the door opens behind him. Sam's brows lift, face otherwise impassive. "What are you doing out here?"

"What are you doing ho—Sam, what's...what happened?" Cas asks, shocked. He just saw Sam a few hours ago, and he didn't have a cut over his eyebrow and scrapes on that side of his face. His fingers, too, red and raw. Cas starts forward, wanting to help, to inspect, but something about Sam stops him. Sam in the doorway, and for the first time Cas doesn't feel necessarily welcome. He stays where he is.

"Brady, runnin' his mouth one time too many. Told him about that. I've *been* tellin' him," Sam says flatly, changeable eyes green-gold in the afternoon sunlight. But not necessarily warm. Something about him, just then, even how he's talking, losing some of his careful enunciation, sounding a little more like the way Dean leans into his honeyed accent. Just a little, but Cas shivers.

"I'm...I'm sorry, Sam...about today. I-I don't—"

"Yeah, what was that?" Sam asks, his voice still strange. Cas can't decide, is it cold, or does he hear some warm undercurrent of anger. "Beggin' to...to go down on me?" Sam's cheeks flush, he looks down then back up, and Cas is a little relieved. Still Sam, innocent, respectful Sam. "So mad at me for standing up to those jerks, why? I thought we were in this together."

"I...I..." Cas feels helpless to explain. "I had a bad day...all day I couldn't get angry, only sad, only feeling so bad, so wrong and then...then you made me stay there, I just wanted to get away, and I just—"

"Mr. Perfect, that's what you said. My life is perfect, right Cas?," Sam cuts him off, voice bitter in a way Cas has never heard before. "Everything coming up roses for me, right? That's why my mom's dead almost as long as I've been alive, that's why my Dad doesn't even bother with me. S'why all I got is Dean...one kid bein' raised by another kid. And you, Cas. I got you. Right?"

Cas blinks at him. He's right. He guesses he never thought much about Sam's problems; it always seemed like Sam had so much more than he does (anger, low in his belly, because he does, he fucking does have so much more, not born with a dick in *your* mouth, were you, Sam?...*you know you're not good enough for any of him*, Dean's voice, instant ice water on that anger...he does know...he does.)

"Cas," Sam says sharply, pulling Cas out of his head like he always has to...then quieter, asks, "Where did you go just now?"

Cas looks at him seriously, giving him the alien stare. "You can't go with me where I go most times, Sam. You know that." Voice raw with pain, his head such a dangerous, agonizing place. No, Sam is not allowed a glimpse of all that darkness.

Sam drops his eyes, voice soft now. "Yeah, I know. I just...I need you too, sometimes. Not...not too much, I know you...you have a lot already."

"I...haven't been there for you," Cas says cautiously, still not sure where Sam is coming from. Well-adjusted Sam, surrounded by friends, acing his classes. What does he need?

Sam steps out on the porch finally, and then sits on the top step. Cas sits next to him but each boy against his respective bannister, keeping a space between them.

"It's not that," Sam says looking at the ground. A minute or two passes, the school bus shows up and they watch kids file off. Cas starts to think Sam's not gonna continue, but finally he does. "Why'd you sleep in Dean's room after we...after."

Cas feels his face heat up and knows Sam's blushing, too. He's totally floored. It's true, he went immediately to Dean's room (*gotta get punished*), falling asleep, then waking up in agony that in some ways still hasn't ended. He went there because he *had to go*, but he can't tell Sam that. It had occurred to him Sam might have made assumptions, but he didn't know he'd been hurt by it.

"Then you...the next morning, you left without even saying good-bye," Sam continues and Cas feels a piercing pain, just something else he can never explain.

"Sam," he whispers, agonized.

"Were you...upset?" Sam asks softly, sounding a little lost now. "The things I said...I made you cry. You thought...I was using you? Or did you leave because I cheated, and—"

Cas takes Sam by the shoulders and kisses him; it's an emergency, he has to. The kiss is fast, an urgent brush of lips that came from *nowhere*. Him, sitting there in this edgy, uncomfortable funk that he'd been in all day, self-hatred, uncertainty (*bottom dropped out*.) Knowing, too, what he's supposed to know about Sam (*not good enough, gave him away, told Dean, Dean will handle*), but Sam is talking like this and from the center of his being he can't have Sam think any of those things. Some tiny part of Cas that is buried under all this...shit. That loves this boy. That can't stand him hurting. Strong enough to rise up in this moment, take over. Giving Sam this truth: that he loved kissing him. That the only thing he'd wanted that night was more.

Which is good. Because they're kissing now. On the steps, where anyone can see (not thinking about that), and it's sweet. Sam's arms circling Cas's shoulders, too, trading small kisses without really coming up for air. Sam's tongue this time (Cas is being careful, mindful of his neediness, of the way Sam feels more comfortable taking the lead), slipping over Cas's bottom lip, gently asking. Cas opens for him, of course he does, sucking his tongue in lightly, keeping it slow, soft, letting Sam explore. Responds with his lips, his twisting, teasing tongue, keeping his own heat on simmer. He can feel him, little tightening of his fingers, miniscule movements to get closer, push Cas back ever so slightly. Cas breaks the kiss a little shyly so he can stare at Sam's face, close like this, Sam-in-Sunlight, painted gold.

Sam takes another kiss and Cas opens, but he's still looking. He slips one hand from Sam's shoulder to slide his fingers through Sam's shaggy chestnut bangs, hair feeling like silk compared to his. "We use," kiss, "the same," kiss, kiss...kiss, "shampoo. How come mine's —"

Sam, kissing him, a little more intensely, pushing his hands through Cas's hair, too. "Love yours. Love it like this, love it messy. More kiss, less talk."

Cas, twitching in his jeans for this new Sam, this pushy, demanding, kissy Sam. He laughs a little in Sam's mouth, and Sam laughs, too, but his kisses slip a little lower, pushes Cas as far back as he can go, has him leaning against the bannister behind him. Languid kisses to Cas's jaw...starting down his throat.

Cas lets his eyes slip closed. "Anyone can see us," he mentions, letting out a little gasp as Sam licks under the top of his collar. He remembers the bruising, the makeup that Sam might be tasting, and he cups Sam's chin, bringing his lips smoothly back up to his mouth, running fingers over Sam's face.

Sam, happy to oblige, answering against his lips, "So..." But he breaks apart a moment after, still holding Cas's shoulders, Cas still slightly dipped back, feeling like some kind of melting damsel (but, you know, a dude version of one) for her Disney prince. Sam is rubbing his thumb over Cas's cheek, looking concerned. "Are you worried? We can go inside."

Both of them straightening a little, parting a little, realizing all the implications of his offer. Privacy. Inside Sam's empty house.

Where his bedroom is.

Gonna help you with Sam, Cas.

Ice water again. Consider the spell broken. Cas would put more space between them but he's already as far as he can get, Sam maybe an inch apart. Watching him.

"Hey, don't worry, Cas, I didn't mean...I won't like...take advantage of you." Sam is the one to inch away this time, looking down, blushing furiously. Looking like the last boy in the world to take advantage of anybody. His hands clasped in his lap now and Cas is...looking at them. Suddenly he's feeling like Wall-E (Sam and him two years ago, stretched on their bellies in flannel pjs, falling in love with the little robot), wanting to try holding hands. Stupid, right? Lame. But...

Not like he can do it with Dean (*don't worry, baby angel, gonna tell you just what to do with my Sammy.*)

Screw it. He doesn't get Sam as a boyfriend, but maybe...a few stolen boyfriend type moves wouldn't hurt anything, right? He slips his hand over the top of Sam's...gently folding his fingers over Sam's hand, and Sam clasps it, too, looking questioningly at him.

Tugs Sam's hand into his lap. Stares down, rubbing the smooth skin with his thumb. "I'm scared, Sam."

Sam, straightening immediately, focused and concerned. "What is it, Cas?"

"Of changing things. Losing things. With us," he says, still not looking up. "I-I need you. Without you, I--," he stops, forced to swallow a sob that tried to climb up his throat.

Sam squeezes his hand. "Cas...I'm not going anywhere." Said with certainty. "I told you, I need you, too. You and Dean are it for me. More even than Dad, there's you."

Nods. "Okay. But what will it be like, Sam? I...I sleep in your bed. Every week."

Sam swallows, eyeing Cas's lips before looking away. "So...?" His voice is almost defensive and Cas gets a little thrill. Sam doesn't want him changing that...he wants him there. In his bed.

"So what will you...expect?" Can't look at Sam when he says it; feeling fragile suddenly. Those words weren't Dean's, they were his. *Will you use me, Sam? Can I say no, to you?*

Will I ruin you? Twelve and ruined already?

Sam takes his hand back gently, looking a little overwhelmed. "E-expect? I...I don't know, nothing!"

"Maybe...maybe we should talk to Dean about it," Cas parrots, even if Sam doesn't know that's what he's doing. Dean's words, now. Obedient Cas, good little boy, *please take me back, Dean, don't still be mad.*

Sam is frowning, thinking hard. Cas can imagine what about. Dean can't actually just let them date and still sleep together like innocent friends; Dean (not the real Dean, of course, but the one he has to play) can't be that forward thinking. Pretty sure John Winchester would not be cool with that either, given the trundle bed that's finally on order. And always better to ask forgiveness than permission. It's obvious from his hesitation that at least part of Sam wants this secret...wants this fantasy of him and Cas, sneaking kisses (and other things) after lights out, free to explore each other in private.

"Please, Sam. I'm scared," Cas takes his hand again and watches Sam's eyes on him soften, some of the confusion, the stubbornness leaving his features. "Dean will know what to do. He'll help us save the friendship."

"What if...," Sam starts, then licks his lips nervously. "What if we're supposed to be more than friends...like boyfriends or something?"

Cas, staring at their clasped hands so Sam can't see the flash of true grief in his eyes. *Trust me, we're not.* "Then...if we're supposed to be then we will be."

"Okay, Cas...we'll talk to Dean. If that's gonna make you feel better. But what if he forbids you from sleeping over or something?"

Cas resists the urge to roll his eyes, which would be unfair to Sam. Because really not fucking likely. Instead he inches slightly closer to Sam. "He won't," he says sweetly. Primly. Looks at Sam through his lashes and sees his kissed-up pink lips part.

Then Sam smiles. "Getting kinda close again, Cas."

"It's cold," he says innocently. Inches closer. Licks his lips. And Sam is *on* him. Kissing him breathless (getting pretty good at this, Sam).

Really, all in all, not a bad day.

* * *

When Dean pulls into his garage at six o'clock, he's happy to see the two prettiest boys in the world, sitting practically on top of each other on his front steps. It's dark out now, but the porch lights throw them in sharp relief. Holding hands (eyeroll, such a *girl*, *Samantha*) and looking apprehensive. That excites him. So, then, two naughty boys, maybe. His spankin' hand is ready and rarin' if that's the case. Trust and believe.

"What's with the hand holding? Did you guys finally make out?"

Sam is bitch-facing him pretty hard but he still comes forward to hug Dean, kiss his cheek once they're inside. Cas is fetching him a beer from the fridge, then he'll hug him, too. They look at each other while Sam starts pulling out bags of frozen vegetables and some kind of chicken that he's baking (usually done by now, usually food on the table by now, another clue in the Mystery of the Two Naughty Boys.) Since Dean works now, Sam often makes dinner and it's fairly adorable to see him all domestic. Unfortunately, he keeps trying to make Dean eat healthier (and their Dad by extension, allowing him to grab leftovers in between his jobs, his whatever else.) So, a lot of fairly bland food that Dean ruins by smothering it in cheese or barbeque sauce or whatever he can grab to improve it. Sam is disappointed at first, but Dean is adamant. "A workin' man like me or Dad needs more calories, not less, Sammy. I look like I need to lose weight to you?" Lifting the bottom of his t-shirt, Sam's envious eyes sliding over his perfect abs.

"Noo, but Dean—"

"No butts. Less rabbit food, more meat 'n potatoes. And pie."

"I'm not making you pie, Dean," Sam will say grumpily. "It's hard and takes a long time."

Dean's long suffering sigh. "We'll go grocery shopping on the weekend." That way Dean can oversee that shopping list. Sam even cuts coupons, it really is cute. Their Mom used to...

Anyway.

Cas. And Dean. Staring at each other.

This is something that happens, especially when they first see each other. Dean's spring green eyes leveled on him, assessing (*have you been behaving, are you mine*), Cas's crystal blue answering (*yes, Master, yours*), assessing, too, (*are you angry with me, do you want me, is this a bad day, a good day*). All in a stare, both of them practiced at it, gleaning all the information they need from a look.

Then Dean can turn to Sam, his Sammy. "Gonna tell me what happened to your face?"

Both Sam and Castiel still, and Dean's awareness heightens. Oh, this should be good.

“Got in a fight,” Sam says uselessly, irritating Dean slightly. Because, no shit. He waits, staring at Sam’s back where he’s lining a baking pan with foil for his chicken. Sam glances at Dean, a bit nervous now. “I got in a fight at school. With Brady.”

“Thought he was your friend.” Sips his beer.

“He was. I told him more than once to stop talking that way about Cas, but he kept up.”

Dean nods, pride swelling in him. “Fucked him up good?”

Sam flashes a smile over his shoulder. “I’m sure he’s glad we’re suspended; he’ll need the rest.”

“Suspended? Sammy,” Dean shakes his head, noting the surprised, guilty look Cas shoots Sam. Takes a moment to admire those puffy kiss-swelled lips. Hmm.

“Yeah, suspended...it’s only one day for first offenders. Neither of us are trouble makers at school,” Sam says lightly, but Dean can hear the nerves now. Getting suspended is a spanking offense in the Winchester house. He turns, ready to make his case. “Dean, come on, you got in lots of fights in school—“

“And took my licks from Dad for it, too. Same as you will. Tonight. From me.”

“Deekaan, I’m not a little boy, I’m almost in high school—“

“You say that like I won’t be spankin’ you in high school if you need it. Although to be honest, by then it’s usually just whipping. Because you’re right, you’re older and should know better.”

“I don’t know anybody that still gets spanked,” Sam’s face is flushed now; pissed and embarrassed. “And you didn’t have to say it in front of Cas!”

“Sure are mouthy tonight. Wanna stomp your foot at me while you’re at it? Have a tantrum?” Dean’s voice is steely, his eyes narrowed on Sam. “Maybe we do need to skip straight to the belt.”

“I’m not having a tantrum, Dean, I’m trying to talk to you but you won’t even listen!”

“Stop what you’re doing. Right now.”

“Dean—“

“*Now*. Hands at your sides.”

Sam does it, fingers curled into fists. Delightful. Dean glances at Cas, who is trying to disappear at the kitchen table.

“Cas, why you over there lookin’ so guilty? Sam, is it Cas’s fault you got suspended?”

“No, Cas. I chose to fight at school,” Sam’s voice slightly softer for Cas’s sake, but the undercurrent of anger and frustration is still there. Pretty baby’s gone way too long without correction if he’s this defiant...or maybe he’s trying to be a tough guy for Cas. Dean smiles, kind of liking that, too (even if he is about to crush it). *Good boy, Sammy...gonna be an Alpha Male, like me.*

Just, you know. Not ever with Dean (*mine, my Sammy, my Baby Boy*).

“That’s right. Good boy. And you’re right. You’re gonna be a man, soon. Not a baby anymore. Needs more than hand, but not the belt if you can fix those little hands and look at the floor like you’re supposed to.” Sam’s face is still too tight for submission, but his fingers go slack, his eyes lowered. Not bad.

“I...I hit Sam. At school. And...and I was yelling and cursing in the hall.”

Both Winchesters look at the scrawny boy at the kitchen table in surprise (at least until Dean says, “Sammy, face front, head down.”) Dean’s eyes practically glow when he realizes the gift he’s being given. His voice is soft but stern. “What do you mean, you hit...Sam?” His eyes on Cas in that moment are unforgiving, his enunciation purposeful. He likes the squirm, the immediate drop of shoulders and head, twisting of little fingers (*now that’s submission, Sammy.*) But if Cas put hands on Sam, that’s a punishment that’s going to need some privacy.

“He just pushed—“

“Quiet, Sammy. Castiel, answer me.”

“These kids were bothering me and I...I wasn’t feeling so good.” Looks at Dean, willing him to understand. Cas’s punishment, Cas so beautifully and completely broken down by the end. Trying to go back to school. He nods slightly (he gets it, all right) but still...hands on his Sammy, his slave’s hands on his fucking Sammy?

Cas lowers his eyes again, biting at his lip. His voice is even softer; Dean has to force him to speak up. “Sam came to help...I...I just wanted to run away.” Wry twist to Dean’s lips; poor little bitch. “S-sam...made me stay. I-I got mad,” Dean’s frowning again (*who the fuck are you to get mad?*) and Cas catches it, goes white.

“And?” Dean has to say because Cas’s words dried up right there.

“A-a-and...I-I...y-yelled—“

“Dean, that’s enough, quit scaring him!” Sam, head up again, looking right at Dean, eyes narrowed.

“*Sam,*” Dean, really starting to lose his fucking patience.

“You can’t spank him anyway; he’s not your kid. Or your brother,” Sam rushes on, embarrassed.

(You are, though, Sammy, you were right the first time, you’re *my* kid.)

“He can,” Cas whispers, and they look at him again, Dean not even bothering to correct Sam this time. Because, holy shit. Another gift. “He can,” Cas says louder and looks up at them. He still looks sick with fear. “I-I-I’m a Winchester. J-John...your Dad said so. Aren’t I?” This last part thrown out almost shyly, blue eyes flicking from green to hazel and back. “Aren’t I family? Yours?”

MIINE.

Dean knows his answer, but he wants to hear Sam’s first.

“Yeah...yeah, course you are,” Sam is telling him, and Dean watches how soft his face gets; not really sure how to feel about it, but makes note of it anyway. “But Cas...come on, that doesn’t mean...you don’t need to...”

“I need to,” Cas answers, but he’s looking at Dean. “I want to be yours. For real. Treat me like...like it’s real. Please.”

“I agree it’s real...you’re...ours,” he quickly corrects himself, both Cas and himself acknowledging with those communicative stares (*Mine, Cas...Yours, Dean*). “But I won’t spank you unless Sammy agrees, too. All the way, Sammy. I’m not gonna do it if it freaks you out. It’s what he wants, though.”

Sam looks helplessly at Cas. “How can I let you be hurt? You’ve already...you’re already so...”

“No, don’t say that, wait,” Cas pleads, big blue eyes shimmering with desperation, guilt. “Those things I said...I...I pushed you, I...and then you got in a fight because of me, *shut up*, Sam, it is because of me, and now you’ll be spanked. So I should, too. I got us into this. Aren’t we in it together? You said we were.”

“I...Cas...” Sam, that strange soft look on his face, like he’s helpless against Cas. Dean frowns, not sure he likes it. In this together, but where is Dean in that? How can they be in anywhere, anything, without him? When they are *his*?

Cas is getting up. Ignoring Sam now, walking timidly, slowly closer to Dean. “I pushed Sam hard, he hit the lockers,” he starts, sounding so, so sorry (and really, Sam, you let this little butterfly push you that hard? Mental note to spar more often.) “I said...stuff.” Cas takes a breath, gathers his courage, eyes only for Dean. “I said Sam was so perfect he just makes more trouble for me when he gets in those kids faces. I was yelling in the hallway...that I’m the fucking faggot” Dean’s dick, twitching, hearing Cas put himself in those terms, “I’m the fucking freak. Then I...I said Sam you...you want...” he breaks off, clearly struggling with this part.

Dean swallows hard, takes his own deep breath...riveted.

“Cas, you don’t have to say that part—“ Sam, anguished, embarrassed. But it just urges Cas on, gives him the boost of courage he needed.

“I said ‘you want a blowjob? Sam please suck my...”

Dean feels his lips part in shock. Jesus, the things Cas does at school (*Can I see your, please suck my*), fucking spectacular. Such a crazy little fuck, Dean loves it.

Cas swallows again; he and Sam both looking at the floor now, cheeks burning bright. “Sam stopped me but that’s when I...I yelled ‘Fuck you’ at him twice. That’s when I pushed him.” Cas keeps his head down; he’s much closer to Dean than Sam is now. “Let him punish me, Sam. I don’t know if I’ll be suspended, maybe. Some teachers came but I ran away. But what I did was worse than what you did. Wasn’t it, Sam? You were mad, too.”

Dean gives it a beat, the tension in the room thick enough to choke on. “Sammy...call it. Is he ours? Or should he go home...you know you’re grounded. Maybe he is, too...but here.”

Sam, looking so uncertain...then looking from Cas to Dean, and something in his face changes. Some new determination, an oddly needy look. “Okay...yeah...he’s ours. Mine and yours, Dean. And Dad’s, I guess.”

Dean gives him a considering look, but mostly he’s just elated. Something he thought was just a jackoff fantasy, about to happen. “All right. But we need to eat, and I need time to think about how this goes down. Sam, you can finish makin’ dinner. If you need Cas to help you, he can. Otherwise, I want him alone in the living room in the corner, face to the wall.”

Sam looks at him oddly, this strange addition. He hasn’t done corner time since he was a baby. “He’s doing it. His offense is worse than yours, and I want him thinkin’.”

“But Dean—“

“*Sammy!* You’ve gotten all the leeway you’re gettin’. Make dinner and don’t talk again until it’s ready. Got it?”

“Yes...”

“Yes, what?” Dean’s really pulling out all the stops, another surprised look from Sam, lips twisting as though he wants to argue. Steely green eyes convincing him not to.

“Yes, Sir,” he says, and if it’s grumbly, Dean blames himself. Lettin’ this boy get soft and spoiled, that’s what he’s been doing. Well, no more.

Cas heads for the living room and Dean follows, sees Sam watch him whisper in Cas’s ear. “That was very good, baby angel, and I liked it a lot. You knew I would, you gave this to me, and that makes me happy.”

Cas looks up at him, blue eyes brimming with hope. Dean pats him and disappears upstairs. To think.

~

Dean is lying on his bed, thinking about how he wants this to go down. He doesn’t have long to figure this out. The smell of food is already wafting upstairs, and that’s good, too. He bets the boys will have trouble getting any of it down; he thinks he’ll probably have to direct

some forks into pretty little mouths. But Dean's made of different stuff; he's always hungry. He'll eat just fine.

The first thing he realizes is that he can't spank them one at a time and make the other watch. I know, that sounds really, really awesome, but hear him out. Cas's ass is still probably bruised from his punishment (Dean had been really hard on him, and all the ice and Arnica cream in the world doesn't make up for the fact that bruises like that take time to heal.) So Sam can't watch him because he'll see it. Not to mention the annoying certainty he has that Sam would find it too difficult to watch Cas get punished; would probably try his Baby Hero thing and intervene.

And Dean would have to beat the shit out of him. Who wants that, when he's so happy tonight?

So where does that leave us? Gotta line them up, one next to the other. Pants down, pretty little silken white asses (well...one still kinda purplish maybe), round and waiting for his hand...or something. Hmm. Where does he put them? Sam usually takes his spankings over the knee, that's no help.

Maybe on his bed. Two of them, on all fours.

Sam will probably think that's weird. Might feel just a little uneasy when Dean tells him. But it's not up to him, and as far as Dean can tell, it's the most comfortable and accommodating option. Can't fit them both on the couch. He could drape them over the arm, maybe (done that with Cas plenty of times). But that's a tight fit. If he puts them on his bed (his cock is getting hard), then after...when they're crying...red-faced and so sorry (*Daddy*) Dean. He can take care of them. Poor, sore little bottoms. *Christ*.

So, what to use? He already told Sam it won't be his hand (well, he should have said not *just* his hand...no way he's not touching bare skin first...gotta have a warm-up, right?) He knows, he'll make Sam get—

"Dean, it's ready!" Sam calls, and Dean gets up smoothly. He adjusts himself (fucking shit, he's too excited about this) and heads down, surprised when he sees Sam has set the table. The three of them have eaten together tons of times, but Sam and Dean are casual types, grabbing food and parking in front of the television. Yet there's Sam, setting out actual plates (is that their mother's China?), folding paper towels into triangles.

"Castiel, come on," Dean calls, both Winchesters looking up as the pale, subdued angel comes in, Sam gently squeezing his hand when he thinks Dean won't see. He's impressed with Sam's meal when he sees it, and tells him so. Sam smiles shyly and hops up to get Dean another beer.

"It's oven fried chicken. So, not too healthy, right?" Puppy eyes, so hopeful as he hands Dean his drink and sits back down.

Dean is charmed, reaches across the table to touch his face, stroke his hair back from his forehead. "It's awesome, Sammy. You're awesome."

They eat, with Cas picking at his food until Dean admonishes him, different reasons that he says out loud (“Don’t want to hurt Sam’s feelings, right?”) and with just his eyes (*didn’t I tell you eat all your meals?*) Dean makes Cas clear the table by himself and takes Sam into the living room, sitting on the couch and tugging the skinny thing into his lap.

“I’m too big for this,” Sam grouches like he always does now, but cuddles against his brother.

“Never too big,” Dean says lightly. “You okay? With what I’m gonna do to Cas?”

Sam shrugs, squirms a little, biting his lower lip. “Guess so. It’s weird but...we’re pretty weird.”

Dean has to laugh. “Yeah, that’s us.”

“How’r you...you know. Are...will you make us...w-watch each other?” Crimson little face, Dean loves it so much, he has to touch the heat there.

“No, gonna do you together,” he tells him...likes wording it that way, watching Sam swallow hard. “Gonna put you both on my bed, Sammy.”

Sam looks at him, startled.

“It’s okay,” he soothes, tugging Sam’s head down to his shoulder. “That’s the only place there’s room enough and I don’t have to be squatting down or something.”

Sam pauses...shrugs a little against Dean’s chest. “I...I guess.” He curls into Dean a little tighter, making himself a little smaller. “Will it be bad, Dean?” his voice sounds younger than he is and Dean closes his eyes, savoring it.

“Nah, not too bad. First offense, and it sounds like that prick had it coming, didn’t he?”

Sam nods, relaxing slightly. “Keeps calling Cas a fag, talking all this shi—stuff. I’ve had it.”

Dean likes his grim little voice, his tough little brother. “Like the way you’re growin’ up, Sammy. Too disrespectful by half, and we’re gonna work on that now,” feels Sam shudder, squeezes him, “but for all them girly ways—“

“Deekaan,” Sam, complaining, trying to squirm away but Dean not letting him.

“—you’re turnin’ out pretty tough. That’s good. Need to be tough, Sammy.”

“Just not with you,” Sam says darkly and Dean lets him up enough to see his face.

He smiles, putting a little dare into it. “You can try, little brother. You’re always welcome to try.”

Sam stares at him. Finally lowers his eyes. “No, Sir.”

“Don’t wanna disrespect me, do you?”

“No, Sir.”

“I know that,” Dean says, softening his voice a bit. “And you know I’m just tryin’ to do what’s best for you, right?” (Some truth in there, anyway...legit spankings with a side of Dean *really* getting off on them.)

And Sam, urgent, the way he always gets when he thinks about how much Dean does for him, has always done for him. “I know, Dean, I’m sorry. I love you, Dean.”

“Most, Sammy? Still love me most?”

Sam twists to wind his arms around Dean’s neck, hugging desperately, telling him, “Always, Dean. Always gonna love you most!”

Cas clears his throat, shifting nervously behind them. Sam slips out of Dean’s lap and he lets him go this time. Time to get this show on the road. “Upstairs, to my room. No talking unless I ask you a question.” (That one’s for Sam, mouthy little shit.) “Sammy...”

Sam stops on the stairs, looking back questioningly.

“Get your hairbrush first.”

~

Dean has other things he can use besides belt or hand (though they are his go-to’s.) Now that Cas is getting bigger, he’s been starting a collection. Paddles and things. Fun little toys to try out. Slowly, nothing too much, he’s still just a kid after all (that thrill Dean still gets, fucking this kid.) And he’s delicate, too, at least under Dean’s hands.

But the hairbrush isn’t even part of that. It was sort of a gag gift, really. Dean in a drug store (picking up more lube for someone’s sweet hole, among other odds and ends), and he sees this girly thing, a wide, round wooden brush, with a subtle, swirling design carved into the edges. Just enough to make it feminine. He had fun giving it to Sam, already knowing what he’d say when he’d give it to him (“Pretty brush for that pretty, pretty hair, Sammy”), amusing the shit out of himself. The bitchface had been impressive, as expected, along with all the complaints, but Sam kept it. Just like he does every gift Dean gives him, no matter how humble or “*Not funny, Dean.*” Dean had given him a practice swat with it that day, liked the loud yelp he got, the way Sam rubbed his bottom and stared at Dean (Hey, that really hurt!)

He knows Sam remembers, too, the way his face goes white. He looks like he wants to argue again, but he doesn’t. Turns and heads the rest of the way upstairs.

Dean helps himself to another beer. Slowly ascends the stairs, taking his time. This is amazing and he’s got to savor it, each second. Like pausing in his doorway to admire his two short, slender boys, just entering adolescence now, all skinny limbs and concave chests. Sitting on Deans bed like an illegal offering, two for the price of one. They look nervous, Cas keeping his eyes low (the way Dean likes), his hand just shy of touching Sam. He looks

a little distressed, and Dean guesses it must be confusing, being in this room, about to submit to a spanking...with Sam there. Mixing his two worlds.

Sam is looking at him, sure, but having trouble holding his gaze. He has the hairbrush in his hands and he's twisting it nervously.

"Got somethin' for me, Sammy?" Dean asks quietly. Hesitating, Sam awkwardly hands him the brush and sits back down, waiting. "Hands and knees, Castiel." His voice, quick like a whip, and Sam gives him a startled, questioning look, but Cas moves the way he always does, instant obedience. Tipping his hips, offering up that little bottom.

"Dean—"

"What'd I say about talkin', Sam?" Glares at his brother coldly.

Sam swallows, lowers his eyes. "No talking unless you ask a question."

"That's right. Get up next to Cas, same way. Quick about it." Dean watches him obey, and gives himself a moment to appreciate the sight of them. He approaches and pushes Sam just that much closer to Cas, their bodies a hairsbreadth away from each other, enough squirming and they would probably brush against each other. Sam is struggling to be still, licking his lips nervously, flicking glances at Cas. But Cas is all stillness. Eyes closed. Waiting on his Master's pleasure, as he always does. This is going to get so good.

"Some rules. You can close your eyes, you can look down, you can look forward. Don't look at each other, and do not look back at me. Back here is none of your business. Got it?"

"Yes, Dean."

"Yes, Ma—" Cas gasps, Dean pinching the inside of his thigh hard, having anticipated the mistake. "Dean, yes, Dean!" Sam looks at Cas curiously and Dean swats him hard.

"What'd I just say, Samuel?" Name he hardly uses, but sometimes you gotta get old school.

"Ow! Sorry! Don't look at Cas!"

Dean moves to Sam's side, liking how he cringes. Whispers in his ear, "Watch it. I wanted to go easy on you, but I guess I can't. Not with that mouth, huh? Can I, Sammy?"

"No, Dean," Sam says quietly. He's gotten his face slapped plenty for mouthing off, doesn't act quite as brave with Dean up close like that.

Dean circles over to Cas's side, watching them. "Looks like I forgot to tell you to take your pants down. That's okay, I'll do it." He gets behind Cas and slides his hands over his waist, to the front of his jeans. Opens the button, slides down the zipper. His hands are lightly caressing, perving him because he can. He tugs down his jeans and boxers, making sure they hit his knees, leaving him nice and exposed. He notices how much better his ass has gotten, welts all faded, bruised but much better. It's gonna look so pretty under a nice even cherry color.

He wishes he could touch, could kiss those fading marks, but he moves to Sam, doing the same job to his pants and underwear, if much more clinically. Steps back. Admiring those small, perky round asses, all lined up for him. Fucking, fucking shit.

“Sam, why am I punishing you?”

“Fighting at school and getting suspended, Sir.” Still subdued, now that it’s about to happen.

“And?” Dean grits out significantly.

“Mouthing off when you said to be quiet, Sir.” Even more subdued. Afraid. Dean likes it.

“Cas, same question?”

“Yelling and cursing at school in the hall...pushing Sam. Cutting classes.”

Dean blinks, he didn’t know about that one. “Jesus, Cas. “

“Dean please, it’s his first—“

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK. Dean’s hand, coming down on Sam hard (so much for warm-up).

“Sammy! Shut. Up!”

Sam gasps but otherwise takes it silently.

“That’s enough of this bullshit. Cas with your acting out at school when you *know* better,” Slams one, then another into Cas, likes the squirm he gets. “And Sam with your fucking mouth!” Five more for Sam, because now that he thinks about it, he really is pissed. *Who the fuck are you talkin’ back to, little boy?*

He stops, looks at the pale pink already starting on Sam’s ass, Cas’s even lighter, but that will change. Beautiful boys, all his right now. He slips a finger under Cas’s ass, rubbing the sweet bit of skin between his hole and his cock. Realizes he’s probably making Cas hard and thinks that’d be pretty funny, if Sam sees Cas get hard after this. Hears the tiniest of shallow breaths, good boy, nice and quiet. “Ten hand spans. Twenty hairbrush spans. Ten more hand. You don’t have to count. You just have to take it. Cry as much as you want, all the pain sounds you wanna make, that’s fine. You don’t cover your ass and you don’t move away. Got it?”

“Yes, Dean” From both. In unison. Dean adjusts himself and takes a second to sip his beer.

"Also realize you might have a hard time staying up on your hands...cuz this is gonna take a while. If you have to drop down, that's fine as long as your ass stays up. But..." he walks towards Sam, rubs his back slightly. "I do want you to try. Staying up for me, just like you are now." He moves back, seeing Sam's little determined face. He bets his boy won't drop once.

He starts (SMACK SMACK SMACK.) It's a little more difficult this way. A few hits for each boy, then switching, trying to get that even glow he wants while keeping to the count he promised. His smacks are hard, but not rage-spanks like Sam got that infamous day. Still his hands are huge, bigger than one cheek on either boy. It's effective.

Cas is crying by the time he's gotten his ten, which probably doesn't bode well for him, but then he's been trained to cry, Master so loves his tears. Sammy holds out, but his little sounds are all the more gorgeous for how Dean rips them from his throat, hard meaty smacks to a sweet, round ass, smaller, stinging ones rounding him out. They're both pink when it's time to switch to the brush, and if Cas was fake-crying, Dean will find him some real tears right about now.

"Good job, boys. Time for the hairbrush now. You ready?" Nothing, no amount of propriety, of being careful, could have stopped him from rubbing a hand over each small ass, feeling that chubby roundness under the guise of rubbing out the sting. Sammy relaxes slightly, barely noticeable, but his slutty kitty leans in, and Dean rewards him, slipping fingers into that crack, tickling lightly over his balls. Yeah, he shouldn't be pleasing him right now, but he's too fucking turned on, he's gotta touch him. Cas's gasps are a little louder this time, Dean figures he's passing it off as pain. He keeps his eyes on Sam and that's how he sees it, that tension, Sam dying to look at Cas. "Eyes front, Samuel."

"Yes, Dean," Sam says quickly, widening his eyes (a how the fuck did he know look if Dean has ever seen one). Then he closes them, as if to avoid temptation.

Dean takes his fingers away from Cas (missing the whine that he sometimes gets, his bratty baby.) Picks up the brush. Slaps it against his brother's stinging ass (tougher on Sam, you can take it baby brother), liking the little jump, the way his ass jiggles. Rubs it with the brush. Turns and brings it down full strength on Cas. For ten without stopping. Cas writhing and crying full out, moaning in pain, that little ass jumping. Sam's squirming, too, finding it hard to listen to Cas suffer. That's okay, it's his turn. Ten, full strength, no stopping. The fleshy top of his ass gets the most, with just enough for that sweet sit spot so he'll be thinking about this for at least a few days. And there...Sam's tears, quieter now that he's older, but Dean can make him make noise. Bringing the brush down hard enough to force a sob.

And blinks in surprise. "Cas! Five more for looking at Sam, *what* did I tell you?" SMACK SMACK, with his hand, unable to wait.

Cas squealing, squirming in pain, "Ah, Please, Ma—Dean! Don't look at Sam, you said don't look at Sam!"

SMACK, hand again. "Say sorry!"

"Sorry, Dean," he whimpers and Dean has to stop himself from going off on him (*worthless, stupid slut*) the way he normally would if Cas disobeys.

Fifteen in a row for Cas, and he's wailing by the end of it. Sam is crying, too, though his pain must have calmed some with the break; Dean thinks he's crying for his little friend's suffering. It's so hot. God, all their pain, it's so fucking hot. If he could only...and shit, he

shouldn't be thinking this now, but thinking of them, and what he could say (*"Cas is crying, Sammy, why don't you give him a little kiss, make it better...?"*) Shit, his dick is hard and his jeans are painfully tight now, he wishes he could just take it out. Bad idea, with these sweet asses, so bare and needy in front of him, all that pretty pink.

Focus. *Jesus.*

He gives Sam his ten, nice and hard, getting that focus right back where it belongs, and even Sam is crying hard when he's finished. He puts the brush down, admiring his work, sweet cherry red for Sam, nice and even, and Cas is just that much darker, his old bruising barely noticeable under the flaming red.

"Good job," his voice is gravel, and he hopes Sam doesn't recognize the lust in it. He knows Cas does, pressing back even now, getting his touches, taking them sweetly. He's still crying hard, they both are, and it's fucking music, so sweet and young and hurt. Hurt by Dean, the way they need to be. "Shh," he tells them, not meaning it, rubbing over the hot skin. "Almost done, good boys."

He goes back to switching it up between them, and he can see how his hand is murder this time on all that sensitive flesh. Ten each and they're done. Two boys reduced to weeping babies for him, waiting for (*Daddy*) Dean to make it better. "Okay...okay, relax...it's over," he tells them, helping each boy to lay down now, right where they are on his bed, on their stomachs. "Gonna leave you for a few minutes, let you think about this. No rubbing, no talking. Just...try to calm down. Think about why it happened. What I need you to do from now on."

He leaves them quietly and goes straight to the bathroom, turning on the water and releasing his achingly hard cock at last. He's wet already, thinking about those asses, those cries, the things he could do, and it's barely any strokes before he's spurting like a pre-teen, explosive and satisfying. Even then he takes a minute, realizes he's actually shaking. Coming so close to the thing he wants more than anything. Both boys, all his, so pretty and punished, needing his dick. Cas is so getting fucked tonight. He's getting fucked within an inch of his life and he'll talk about Sam the whole time for Dean. *Yeah.*

Dean cleans himself up and drinks from the tap, splashing water over his face. Because it's not going to be any better, those naked asses still waiting for him to see, all that red, and pretty tear-stained faces, so sorry, so ready to be good. He has to keep his composure. He has to not look at Sam like he wants to fuck him through the floor.

To give himself more time, he goes downstairs and makes them a snack of cut up apples and cheese, then grabs a water bottle (he could get two but thinks it's cuter if they share.) He stops at the medicine cabinet, too. Regular painkiller for Cas (need you awake, baby) and PM for Sam. He's not giving them cream this time, at least not today. Sam's right, they're getting big. He wants it to hurt.

He puts the pills in separate pockets so as not to mix them up (devastating, the idea of knocking Cas out and leaving Sam wide awake.) He goes back in his room and the boys are quieted, looking away from each other...but their hands, he notices, touching ever so lightly. He wonders, then decides he doesn't mind if they were holding hands.

Cute. If they wanna be girls, he doesn't mind. He likes girls.

He pulls his desk chair over. "Ready to talk?"

"Yes, Dean," Sam says softly, blue hazel eyes so shiny and earnest. Once his temper is past, Sam hates for Dean to be mad at him, always needs to make up as soon as he can. It's endearing as hell.

Cas blinks behind Sam, those beautiful blues all wet and broken. "Yes, Dean."

Dean sets down the snack between them, with Sam diving in and Cas only reluctantly taking some after a pointed look from his Master. He gives Sam control of the water bottle and they pass it back and forth. He gives them the pills and is gratified to see Sam pop his trustingly, not even looking to see the PM on his side. Dean talks to them again about their offenses, focusing on Sam's mouth and Cas's...well being crazy where everyone can see (he's sweet about it for Sam's sake, but Cas should really fucking watch it.) He likes the subdued tones, little snuffles and hitching breaths.

"Dean, are you gonna put cream?" Sam, never afraid to ask for what he wants, sounding about six years old with that little tentative voice.

"Not this time, buddy. You're right, you're growin' up. Need you to feel it, so you remember. Then we won't have to do this again. You're good kids, both of you. You don't get into trouble like this, especially you, Sammy. And I see you tryin' to look after Cas...that makes you the big brother, you know? Countin' on you to set an example."

Sam's eyes widen at the prospect and Dean hides a smile. He checks in on Cas, who should have spoken up, or at least be trying not to scowl by now (*not a baby, don't need lookin' after*), but his expression hasn't changed, his eyes still dulled, pained. Dean frowns, but that's a problem for when they're alone. It's irksome though...he realizes he misses his brat.

"Okay. You can pull your pants up if you want. We're all done here."

Sam has his up quickly, blushing and wincing, then turning to look at Cas. Catches sight of his face. "Cas," he whispers, his heart hurting for him. "It's okay, Cas, you said you wanted him to...are you okay?"

Cas looks at him and nods...tries to glance at Dean and starts to cry. Dean gets up to hold him but Sam is quicker, wrapping Cas in his arms and pressing kisses to his tearful cheeks. Dean's eyes narrow until he realizes Sam is leading Cas, leading him across the bed. To Dean.

"It's okay, Cas, look, Dean can make it better now...look, he'll make it all better, he does it all the time. Here just...it's okay," he tells him gently and he's trying to push Cas off the bed, so he'll go into Dean's lap.

"He...he doesn't want me to," Cas says brokenly and Dean is reaching for him, lifting him into his lap, sideways, tucking his arm under Cas's knees, his other arm behind his back, that baby way that only still works because Dean's so big and Cas is so little.

“Shh, I got you, Cas, you’re okay...look at me, holding you just like your mine,” Dean kisses his messy curls, breathes in his scent the way he does to Sam. A scent that’s become nearly as familiar, and just as much Dean’s. *Mine.*

“See, Cas?” Dean looks up in surprise, because Sam is crying, too. Happy tears, Dean realizes, letting go of Cas’s legs so he can draw Sam into his side. “See, you’re ours and that means Dean is yours now, too, okay? That’s what you need, like I have. He’ll...he’ll look after you and love you and keep you safe. Like he does for me.” And Sam isn’t looking at Cas, he’s tucked up against Dean’s shoulder, those hazel eyes so stormy, blue and grey and green all at once today, so hopeful and pleading, locked on his big brother.

And Dean isn’t sure about this. Because he does belong to Sam, he guesses, the same way he belongs to his Dad. His life is about his needs, his wants, but if it didn’t interfere, there isn’t much he wouldn’t do for his family. But Cas is...he’s an item. Something Dean can put in his pocket and carry around or toss up in the attic if he gets tired of playing with it. He kisses Sam’s forehead and buries his face in his shoulder so he can look narrowly at Cas. Who is looking at him with painful, shining hope. *Please keep me, Master. Please don’t give me away.*

Dean looks at that beautiful face and thinks about how different Cas has been since his punishment. How off, how uncertain. Imagines Cas without that tiny bit of confidence in Dean that he’d managed to build over the last two years, asking prettily for his little favors, pouting and grumping with the knowledge that he won’t get killed for it. Thinks about how much he enjoys that (despite himself.) And in truth, he can’t really imagine getting bored playing with him. His soft little slave. So much still to try, and isn’t it more fun if Cas whines about some of it?

His silence is too long and Cas’s eyes cloud over, new tears slipping out as he goes slack in Dean’s arms. Hopeless. Sam lifts his head from Dean’s shoulder and gives him the eyes again. “You didn’t tell him, Dean. You have to tell him now, like you do for me, okay? You can make him feel better, don’t you want to?”

Dean sighs; his brother is a pain in the ass. But he does want to, if only to get his brat back. “You want that, kiddo?” he sits Cas up, bounces him a little on his knee, getting him to open his eyes, focus. “Want me to keep you? Look after you?”

Sam pressing against him as tight as he can, burying his head again, shaking as he cries. Wanting this so badly, Dean realizes. Cas straightening up so he can press his face against Dean’s, hugging him too. “Please, Ma...please Dean. I want that. It’s all I want.”

“And you’ll be good boys for me?”

“Yes, Dean.” Chorused.

“Then I’ll keep you. And I’m yours, too. Your big brother,” Dean says for Sam’s sake, but he and Cas are talking other things. Then he moves them all to the bed where he can smother them with kisses and cuddles. Pure, brotherly affection, without a single wandering hand. After a while he sees it, they both do: Sam and Dean see Cas finally relax, the tension seeping out of his limbs as he glows up at Dean. Falls asleep.

Sam's exhausted, too, and Dean lets him fall asleep in his bed before moving him to his own. He changes him into pajamas, enjoying it, this rare occasion to see Sam naked again, beautiful with his red bottom. Sam is dead to the world and pliant throughout, and Dean keeps his stroking hands mostly under control. He steals a kiss, because no matter if he lets Cas borrow them, Sammy's lips are his.

He tucks him in and closes his door behind him. Goes back to his own room and locks himself in with Cas. Opens his pants gently, not wanting to wake him (not yet). Takes out that sweet, silky prick. Takes him in his mouth and starts slowly sucking him down.

Time to help Cas feel better about things.

Chapter End Notes

Cas's outburst in the hall and every single consequence of that was a surprise to me, so that's a huge chunk of this chapter (Sam getting pissed, them kissing, Cas offering to be punished, Dean getting to spank them both together) that just...happened. I thought Dean would try to fix Cas's mental state a little, realizing he prefers him with that tiny bit of spirit rather than completely crushed, but I didn't know he'd do it in this chapter at this time. I thought he'd let him stay broken longer. Oh well.

You should also know that giving my brain that break has me just fucking bursting with ideas for these three. So we'll have to see what happens. Hope this was worth the wait.

A New Game (This Won't Hurt a Bit)

Chapter Summary

Dean tries to make Cas more like he was before his punishment, and Cas and Sam get his answer about them being able to date. It's all a set-up of course.

When Dean wakes up the next morning, he's alone in his bed and feeling relaxed...well, for him. The reality of being Dean is being subject to unending hunger (being its bitch, really), so that no matter how he eats, fights, and fucks, he wakes up like this, already wanting, already thinking about what he needs, what he wants next. Each fantasy he fulfills just makes him want more. He is always burning; a fire that ebbs at times but never goes out. Or a shark that has to move or die.

Take last night, for instance.

Lying in bed now, he thinks of them...his boys. The way they looked on the step when he came home. Then inside the house, the way they hopped lightly around him, trying to please him, looking up at him with those big eyes, vying for his approval.

The way they looked on all fours with their pants down. Scared and waiting...letting him hurt them, the way he knows they need. Showing him they are his with their tears, their submission.

He puts his hand down his boxer briefs, stroking...thinking.

Then after he put Sammy to bed, his time with Cas. His sweet little slave, so broken, hurting so badly...not from the beating he took, but from the fear Dean put into him in the dark. Fear that Dean wouldn't want him anymore. Tiny spirit broken under the lashing it got from Dean's cruel tongue. It feels good, knowing he can do that to him. And after all, he deserved it. After the way he'd behaved, he deserved just what he got. Dean isn't sorry at all, wouldn't take back one word.

Except.

He doesn't really want him to *stay* that broken. After all, it's a matter of being careful. Cas is acting out at school again; that's only going to get worse. Dean knows that better than anyone. When he'd been the one acting out, he'd discovered early on how his face, his silver tongued charm, could work miracles, get him out of trouble time and again. That's not going to work for Cas (beautiful, yes...charming? More like awkward), so Dean has to help him. If he wants to keep fucking him without getting caught, anyway.

And that's a given.

Last night Dean had been riding high after that spanking, but jerking off in the bathroom helped him keep control. So he didn't just start finger fucking Cas while he was still asleep, the way he might have wanted. Instead he'd been sweet and gentle, waking him by sucking that little dick (still tastes so good, clean little boy dick) into his mouth, pulling his pants down slowly and licking at the peach fuzz over his balls before kissing his way over creamy (if still bruised) thighs. Cas had woken on a moan, sleepy eyes worshipful, wanting, pretty pink lips falling open to make the sounds Dean likes. Dean had stopped only to take his pants, underwear, and socks all the way off, baring him from the waist down.

Then he'd knelt between his legs. "Show me, baby angel. Show me what I want."

And Cas had put his hands under his knees and tugged them up, legs spread, opening up to Dean, showing that gorgeous red ass. They hadn't fucked all week, and Dean knew he'd be so tight for him. "Who do you belong to?" he murmured, lightly kissing the fading bruises he sees, fingerprints and pale lines where the belt struck over and over.

"You, Master," Cas had moaned, squirming under the attention. His eyes were on Dean's face like he was afraid if he blinked, Dean would disappear (or change...*angry Dean, hurting him, punishing him, hating him*). "I'm yours."

"Mmmhmm," Dean agreed, his face pressed against the crease of Cas's inner thigh, slipping his tongue over it. "All mine. Tell me...what do bad boys get?" He moved to his other thigh, Cas's hard little prick weeping right next to his face.

Cas, gasped, still trying to watch. "They...they get punished, Master."

Sucking a bruise lightly into the skin, using his hands to keep Cas's hips pinned to the bed, but lightly. "True. Were you a bad boy for me?"

Cas had to look away. "Yes...I was bad, Master."

"Yeah," stroking over Cas's thighs, starting to kiss down over those hot red cheeks, taking his time. "You were. And did I punish you, sweet baby?"

Cas, hissing at Dean's lips and tongue on the tender skin. "Yes, Master."

"And did you learn your lesson for me?" Parting Cas's sweet cheeks, licking a stripe, then circling his hole, making it all shiny and wet.

"Yes, Master...ple...uhhn," Cas had whined, and Dean smiled while his nose was still buried between Cas's ass cheeks. He'd heard the cut off please. His little brat was still in there, he just needed to feel safe enough to come out to play.

"Hmm. Sounds right to me." Dean stopped touching him, moved to lie down on the bed next to him. Cas blinked at him, breathing kind of hard still, holding his legs obediently. "You can let go," Dean told him and he did, a shadow of a frown crossing his face. Dean hid a smile.

“Master?” Cas had looked at him, so uncertain, digging his fingers into the bedspread, the way he does when his hands want to go somewhere they’re not allowed. A symptom in itself, since Cas hadn’t even asked if he could touch (a request Dean often grants, actually... he loves seeing him jerk it like a baby porn star.)

“What’s the matter, little angel?”

A pause. “Nothing, Master,” he said, his voice no more than a tiny whisper and Dean could see it in his face, that he was admonishing himself.

Dean sighed. “Take off your shirt for me. You know how I like to see you.”

Cas squirmed out of his shirt and spread his legs, looking at Dean, endlessly watching his face.

“So pretty,” Dean whispered.

“Thank you, Master,” Cas whispered back.

Dean moved to his side and started lightly stroking Cas’s soft skin, starting at his face and slowly moving down his throat. “Wish you’d believe me that it’s over now. I miss my little brat.”

Cas looked at him then, leaning into the soft touches, so hopeful, but then his face clouded over and he gave a minute shake of his head, almost to himself and not Dean. His face is faraway, the look of someone who hears more voices than the ones in the room.

“Baby, hey, stay with me...look at me...,” Dean looked in his eyes and decided to try honesty. He would see if he could make him understand. “Cas I have to punish you when you’re bad. I have to do it. And I have to hurt you...even when you’re not bad, you know that too. Because that’s what it means, being mine. You know that by now, that’s why you let me...that’s why even when it hurts, you give it all to me.”

Cas had swallowed hard, his eyes filling with those easy tears again, nodding jerkily before he could find his voice to speak. “Yeah...yes, Master.”

Dean continued to stroke over his satiny skin, sliding his hand over his shoulders, his skinny chest, up and down his ribs. “But you still want to be mine. Knowing what I’ll do...what it means for you.”

An odd look had crossed Cas’s face, almost desperately confused, and he nodded uncertainly, crossing his arms over his chest and curling up into a ball. Suddenly Dean realized that this might be dangerous. Maybe he shouldn’t make him think about this too much. “Shh, baby, look at me, let your Master help you,” Dean tugged Cas close to his side and kissed his eyes closed, kissed his cheeks, his forehead.

Cas pressed against him tightly, clinging to him. “Please, help me, Master, please, I...I don’t...I don’t know...” He shook his head, still looking so lost. His laser blue gaze found Dean’s and begged. “Want to be good, want to be yours, want...please, I...”

Dean hushed him, sat up and gathered the naked boy into his arms, mindful of his sore bottom. “You are mine, you are. I took you back. I took you from the room and you were such a good—shh, baby, sweet baby, don’t cry—you were such a good boy for your punishment, weren’t you?”

Cas pulled back, gasping and desperate. “No! N-no, I’m no good, Master you won’t...I’ll mess up and you, you won’t want me! I-I...what do I do *then*, Master, nobody...nobody will ever...I-I...and they...they see it, did you...did you tell them, at, at...at school, did you...they...they see it, Sam will, will...” And Cas was gasping, struggling to get his words out, rocking in Dean’s arms, clutching at his chest.

Dean knew what Cas needed; he should have intervened already except he was too wrapped up in trying to understand his muddled speech. He took Cas’s hands and put them on his chest, directing him to breathe along with him (something he just guessed at, but it worked just fine last time by his car.) “Breathe, baby, just like me...shhh, nice and slow...there you go....in...out, with me, that’s it. Good boy. That’s it.”

It took a while and when it was over Cas was still shaking, leaning all his weight against Dean, repeating the words “sorry” and “Master” incoherently, a few tears leaking that he tried to wipe away.

A different man would have dressed him, coddled him. Put him in bed with Sam, let him snuggle up, Tucked him in, watched him until he fell asleep maybe.

Dean still wanted to fuck him.

So he got him a drink of water, and held him and rocked him for a while. He whispered forgiveness, sweet words and nicknames falling easily off his tongue. And when he felt the young boy relax against him, he started with chaste kisses to salty cheeks and lips. After a while he opened up so he could taste.

And Cas kissed him back, moving to straddle his lap as soon as Dean lightly stroked his outer thigh. Traumatized or not, they’ve been fucking (*Dean's been raping him*) for two years, just about as often as he can manage without getting caught or having his dick fall off from overuse (that’s not a thing but you get it.) Their bodies respond automatically now: they are fluid together, lips and fingers well versed in each other. All Dean has to do is start to move and Cas is helpless but to move with him. His small cock, which had softened when he’d gotten so upset, started getting hard again, the way his body always responds for Dean now. “Baby, why don’t you unzip my jeans and put your hand in there, huh? Can you be a good boy, do that for me?”

Cas nodded, his fingers already working the button. When his small hand found Dean’s dick and started to stroke, Dean leaned to kiss his little ear, his neck. “See? That’s for you.”

“For me?” Cas whispered hopefully, using both hands now, the way Dean likes, seeing his fat dick between two delicate boy hands.

“See how much I want you, baby angel?” And Dean put his palm to Cas’s lips, getting a tiny smile from the boy who covers it in wet little licks. Then his hand dipped between Cas’s

legs, palming his hard little 12-year-old cock. “This for me, Cas?”

Cas shoved his mouth into Dean’s, clumsy since his hands were too busy to direct it, kissing roughly. “Yes, yes!” he whimpered against Dean’s mouth, suddenly desperate. “It’s yours, all yours Master!”

Dean smiled (an evil smile, it has to be said), reaching up his other hand to grip the back of Cas’s head. “Is it, now?” Cas had never called his dick Dean’s before, not specifically. It’s been Dean’s, that much is understood. But he’s never really exercised his authority over that one specific part. Unless you count when Dean makes Cas piss himself. Okay, he guessed that counts. Still, Dean was intrigued...it gave him a lot of ideas. “Wanna rub it against me?”

Cas nodded again, crawling off Dean’s lap. Dean pushed his jeans and boxers down and off. Cas fingered his t-shirt...bit his lower lip and slid his small hands hesitatingly under the cotton.

“Something you wanna ask, baby angel?”

A pause and Cas shook his head. Dean rolled his eyes. Saw Cas tense up as a result and closed them, reaching for patience. He slipped out of his shirt and tugged Cas back on his lap. “Make us feel good...be my good boy.”

Cas put his small hands on Dean’s broad shoulders and started to grind, and Dean lost his breath. It is still so gratifyingly filthy, watching this innocent looking little boy rubbing his hard little cock against Dean’s. Bigger now, sure; the first time Dean made him do it he was only ten, his dick barely two inches long. But still so much smaller than Dean, still so wrong, watching those delicate hips roll, feeling his slim, wet cock against Dean’s own fully grown one. He waited until Cas’s breathing got quick and stuttering, his movements a little sloppy, before he unceremoniously plucked him off and set him gently back on the bed next to him. He was thinking if he kept teasing Cas, working him up and stopping, Cas wouldn’t be able to overthink his reactions so much.

Blinking big blue eyes at him, lips parted in shock, Cas whined and Dean laughed, a little breathless himself.

“What is it baby?” Dean asked, coming up on one elbow to look at the squirming boy, that slim pretty cock so red and needy.

“I...you...Master!” Cas shook his head and closed his eyes; Dean could tell he was trying to get a handle on his frustration. Kind of hard for a pre-teen, though, all those overwhelming sensations, and he’s not used to being teased. Usually Dean lets him come as much as he wants, as much as he’s able.

Dean started kissing him, slow kisses with his hand on Cas’s little face, moving a hand to still Cas’s hips when he would try to grind up against Dean’s body, getting a lovely whimper of protest that he swallows up. He pulled back. “I think this is a good time to show you a new toy.”

Cas had given him a wary look and Dean couldn't help but laugh again, relieved. It was working. He reached into his end table and dug around, coming up with what he wants, a small gel cock ring that he tossed to Cas. It is cotton candy pink, and Dean chose it specifically so Cas would bitch and moan about it.

Cas caught it and frowned, playing with it a bit, bending it, enjoying the jelly-like texture. "What is it?"

"That's a cock ring, baby. Gonna put it on you for a bit, see what that does."

"O-on me? A ring...on my...", Cas looked at him with those expressive dark brows furrowed. "Why? I-I mean—y-yes, Master," Cas corrected quickly, looking down.

Dean frowned, nonplussed. "Cas, do I usually punish you for asking questions about what we do?"

"No, Master," Cas answered softly.

"Then ask when you want to. Just like always," Dean tried to keep his voice gentle, but he was sure that a little annoyance crept into it. This wasn't going how he wanted, and he's not a man who accepts that lightly. Certainly not from Cas. But he's the one who had done this to him, so he was trying to suck it up.

Cas shook his head, sealing his lips tightly.

Dean stared at him for a moment. Then pushed partly on top of him, kissing him, demanding, Master-to-slave kisses that Cas responded to expertly, instinctively. Having him thus distracted, Dean took hold of his hard little prick, thumbing over the wet head before stroking him teasingly slow. He waited for Cas's kisses to get erratic, his breath coming hard. "So you like it then..." he spoke into his mouth, slowing their kisses, too, so Cas could answer.

"Like it," Cas repeated eagerly, trying to keep the kisses hard, demanding with his small mouth.

"You just love this pink ring," Dean continued, making his kisses teasing now, dipping into Cas's mouth and then tugging out of reach for his response.

"Mmm!" Cas responded with a touch of impatience, trying unsuccessfully to fuck up into Dean's hand, but Dean thinks he meant it to be an affirmative 'Mmm'.

"Next you want a pink dress to match," Dean's kisses were honey slow now, licking over Cas's lips, so he saw the hesitation, the fluttering of his dark lashes.

"I...I...Master?"

"Sure, baby angel...a nice pink frilly dress so you can be my pretty princess," Dean told him, kissing his way over his jaw, down his throat to his collar. He stopped stroking Cas's dick and squeezed lightly instead, rubbing his thumb over the little slit, hoping for just enough stimulation so Cas could think, but still be unable to hide his honest reactions. He glanced

and sure enough, Cas's eyes were open now even as he let out little moans from what Dean was doing. "Take you out...nobody will know it's you. Call you Cassie."

"Master!" Cas whined, dragging the word out until it had at least 3 extra syllables, sounding genuinely annoyed. He wiggled under Dean's attentions like maybe he'd just push him off if that was an option.

Dean laughed softly against Cas's neck, concentrating on kissing around his collar. "What, baby?" He didn't get any more feedback and he had to lift up to check. Sure enough, Cas was pouting, but he wiped the look off his face as soon as Dean noticed.

Dean redoubled his efforts on Cas's cock, twisting with his fingers, slipping down to squeeze his little sack lightly. "Yes? Pink dress? Baby angel, you answer me or we'll order one right now."

Cas sat up suddenly and Dean allowed it, releasing him and turning over to lie on his back. "But...but..."

Dean crossed his arms behind his head. "But what?" This is usually the part where Cas plays the good little slut, trading kisses and touches while he tries to wheedle his way out of whatever it is Dean wants that he doesn't like.

He doesn't move. When Dean looks at him, he's staring down at the cock ring.

"Baby, you can do this," Dean says softly, wanting to give him another chance, not wanting to ruin this by having to punish him again.

"But...what if you...," Cas turns suddenly, pressing against Dean fearfully and Dean holds him. "In the, in the place, you said...I was...trying...I was tri-tricking you. When I do that." He hides his face, as though he's afraid that the reminder will start it all up again.

Dean sighs. "Castiel, it's a bad idea to try that when I'm that angry. If you...if you just think about it, you already knew better." Dean tells him, a bit uncomfortable. He's thinking of those times when his rage is at its worst, the things he does and says to Cas, who stays as silent as he can until Dean finishes.

Cas peeks out at him. "So...so you won't get mad during regular times?"

"I'll get the same way I always get," Dean answers, slightly irritated. "I think you know what you can get away with and what you can't by now."

"You're getting mad now," Cas points out and Dean huffs a sigh.

"Cas, yes, you're...this is frustrating."

Cas slips on top of him, a little hesitantly at first, but with more confidence when he sees the way Dean's eyes darken. "Mad at me, Master?" Cas asks softly and Dean sucks in a breath, all irritation forgotten. Cas slides down Dean's body, kissing his taut flesh sweetly as he moves until his face is next to his dick, which is still rock hard and leaking. He rubs his face against it like a kitten, getting shining pre-come on his cheek and lips, blue eyes locked on

Dean. "I guess I should shut up then." His hands begin to stroke Dean's cock teasingly and he breathes hot against the head, his tongue so close but not touching. He gives it a quick lick, still watching Dean cautiously, but when Dean only moans, thrusts, Cas relaxes somewhat, doing what he knows. He gives the head a filthy kiss, as though he were kissing the mouth of his lover.

"Yeah, that's it, baby...show me what that fuckin' mouth's for," Dean encouraged, stroking his soft curls, and Cas wrapped his pink lips around him, starting to suck.

It was hard—oh, shut up. It was difficult for Dean not to lose himself in his slave's hot wet little mouth, small fingers working the base of his dick just the way he was taught. Since he fully intended on coming deep in the boy's ass at some point that night, he had to tug him off by his hair a lot sooner than he meant, sitting up to kiss him, tasting his own cock in the seventh grader's mouth.

"Good boy, Cas...you're such a good boy. No pink dress then," he assures him, and Cas smiles gratefully. "But it is time for your toy," Dean told him and finally, there: Cas's lower lip pushed out so prettily. Dean sucked it into his mouth, he couldn't help himself.

"I already..." Cas kissed back, then gently tugged away, turning a little to the side (a rebellious move, actually, turning his face away even slightly...daring to suggest that he doesn't want Dean's kisses. Shows more progress, Dean thinks.) "I already have my...my collar, Master. How come I need a ring, too?"

Dean paused, then laughed softly, realizing what Cas was thinking. "It's not that kind of ring, baby."

He didn't explain further and Cas didn't look any less grumpy about it. "My collar is black... didn't they have a black one?"

Dean had lifted one brow.

Cas crawled up his body, making sure to rub as much of his soft skin against Dean as possible on his way, sulking as prettily as he knows how. "I just think my...can't it have a boy color?"

"I think it's gonna look pretty, baby," Dean told him, gently putting him on his back and getting another whine for his efforts which made his dick twitch.

"Not supposed to be pretty," Cas muttered and watched him slip the ring over his dick and balls, looking interested despite himself. He kept trying to school his face, but then that lower lip would find its way back out. "What does it do?" he asked, and Dean loved his little voice, so soft and tentative.

"You'll see. How does it feel, baby? Too tight? Anything hurt?" Cas shook his head and Dean smiled, kissed his forehead. "You let me know if you feel anything weird, like it gets cold there or starts to hurt."

“Whyy would it do thaat?” Cas asked, and Dean thought he probably doesn’t realize the cute way he’s dragging his words.

“Shh, it won’t do that unless it doesn’t fit right, then you let me know.”

“Okaay,” Cas answered, looking down still, examining his little erection. “It...it looks bigger...does it look bigger, Master?”

Dean snatched him up, making him yelp. “Cas, Jesus, you’re just so fucking cute,” he told him, kissing him almost desperately, kissing over that soft, slender body. Cas moaned, tried to rut against Dean’s hip as Dean fastened his lips over one small nipple, sucking, scraping his teeth lightly, feeling the hard little point against his tongue. He moved to the other one and sucked until Cas’s back arched. Then he pushed him on his back again, even as he moved to take that red little cock into his mouth, sucking him down.

“Master, please...please!” Cas, writhing as much as Dean let him, but Dean had his hips down, not willing to have his mouth fucked by Cas, even now. He sucked hard, though, using his fingers to rub his tight little balls. He sent his eyes up and Cas was desperate on the bed, heels digging into the mattress, hands balled into fists, head tossing...he was so beautiful, Dean wished he could swallow him whole.

He felt Cas’s skinny hips jerking under his hands...knew he was coming dry...and he slowly lifted off. He saw Cas whimpering, looking at his still-hard dick, panting hard. “Wha... Mas...ter...I...wha...?”

Dean touched the wet length lightly and then gave the head a kiss. Cas twisted on the sheets, looking helplessly at Dean. “Master, why’s it...what’s...”

Dean touched the ring. “That’s what this does, sweet angel. Can’t come ‘til I take it off you.”

Cas let out a long whine (simply gorgeous, music to Dean’s ears.)

Dean had moved next to Cas and tugged him into his lap, pushing those skinny legs wide, his tormented little prick still standing proud between them. He started rubbing against Dean’s (also hard, also leaking) dick and Dean watched, still loving that grown up roll of those sweet little hips. “That’s it baby, grind that little boy cock for me.”

Cas writhed against him, making frustrated little noises. Finally he dropped his head against Dean’s chest, still rubbing their cocks together. “Can’t I...can’t I come, Master? Pleeease?”

“Kiss me,” Dean had whispered and Cas was immediate, slotting their mouths together, shoving his tongue almost violently inside Dean’s mouth, his need making him impatient. “Please?” he begged again, squirming in his lap like a little wanton thing.

Dean had to lift him a bit with one arm and grip his own fuck-hard cock at the base, getting too close himself and having no intention of coming like that. Cas whined at the loss of contact, even struggling a bit to get free (so fucking hot).

He put him down and held his hips steady, loving the little muscles trying to move anyway under his light grip. He looked at Cas and kissed the tip of his nose. “No.”

Cas stopped moving, pretty lips falling open in an O. “But...but...why nooooot.”

Dean shrugged, sliding his fingers over Cas’s face. “I just don’t want you to yet.”

Cas looked at him another moment and then rolled off, landing on his back next to him. He made an exaggerated pain sound when he hit, then touched his still-red bottom with a wounded look in Dean’s direction. Dean tried to hide his amusement at the pissed off little boy. “Upset, baby?”

“No, Master,” Cas growled and Dean smiled; he couldn’t help it. He should have had his kitty ears on for this.

“Castiel...there is a way I’ll let my baby angel come sooooo hard for me.”

Cas squirmed a little more, again gripping the sheets under him. “Hooow?”

Dean reached into his night table again, pulling out a small bottle of lube. Cas saw it and immediately lifted his legs, tugging back, spreading so sweetly and Dean actually moaned, had to press his palm against the base of his cock again not to come right there. Fuck, Cas was so fucking hot...he wasn’t even trying to be seductive, that’s the thing...he saw Dean take out the lube and his legs just parted.

“Gonna let you come on my cock, baby...you’d like that, right?” Dean asked, slicking up his fingers, drizzling lube down Cas’s crack, between the gorgeous red cheeks. Cas made these sort of fake sob sounds, writhing a little. “Aww, what’s the matter, baby, you don’t want my dick?”

“Want it but...but Maste—ah!” Cas gasped as Dean slipped his slick finger in and he was right; Cas is tighter than usual. He really does need to be fucked every day.

“But what, baby?” Dean divided his concentration between his finger disappearing into the tight ring and Cas’s panting little face.

“Gonna...gonna take too looong...please can’t I—“

“No,” Dean told him sternly, and he does the fake sobbing thing again, sounding like he wants to make himself cry over it. “Don’t you cry, Cas, I’ll put you right over my knee.”

Cas let out a sound of pure frustration and Dean shoved a second finger inside him, turning it into a yelp at the last second. “S’matter, Cas? Doesn’t this feel good?” And he crooked his fingers, rubbing over that bundle of nerves just right, getting Cas to arch his back.

“Ohh...,” Cas groaned, dick leaking on his flat belly, leaving shining traces that Dean wanted to lick. So, he did. Keeping his fingers rubbing that spot mercilessly, he bent forward, licking at Cas’s flat stomach, all around his needy prick. Cas’s hips bounced and Dean lifted his eyes in slight warning. Cas was already looking, apologetic and begging all at once, “Please, please, sorry, soo, sorry, please!”

Dean lowered and sucked the head into his mouth, sucking in time with the movements of his fingers, deep inside the boy. Until Cas really did start crying. He didn't get spanked for it, because he didn't know he was doing it, tears seeping down his cheeks while he whimpered and writhed on the bed as much as Dean would let him. Dean smiled around his dick and let him go, scissoring his two fingers, and slipping him a third. "Almost ready, baby, hang in there."

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease," Cas sobbed, sounding so pretty and helpless. "Need....neeeeeeeeeed..."

"Don't wanna hurt you, baby," Dean told him, hushing him. "Almost there."

"D-don't...caaare....pleeeeeeease...fu....fuuck me!" Cas begged and then whimpered, feeling Dean press the head of his dick against his rim, pushing into that tight wet heat. Cas's mouth was wide open, letting out little moans with every breath, his tears slowing now that he was close to relief.

Dean crawled on top of Cas, keeping most of his weight off him, and slowly pushed his way in, shutting his eyes at the feeling. He wasn't going to last and he knew it; Cas was way too fucking hot, all needy like this. "Fuck, baby, so fuckin...fuck....tight, baby angel..." He stayed there, letting Cas get used to him and was shocked to feel Cas trying to shove down on his dick without prompting. "Mmm, that's it, move on my cock, baby."

"Please," Cas begged, sweating, eyes closed, using his hips to rock onto Dean's dick.

Dean kissed him and started to move, keeping to nice, long strokes. He knew he was still big for Cas, still stretched him inside, but these days Cas takes him like a champ (Dean guesses it's comparatively easy, after taking Dean when he was just a small ten year old.) Dean knows how to fuck into him just right, for pain, for pleasure. That night he just wanted the latter, making sure to hit that sweet spot with every stroke.

Cas's small hands found his shoulders, digging his little fingernails in as he tried to hold on. Both of them were groaning and gasping now as Dean licked the salt from Cas's face. "You wanna...c-come baby?"

Cas moaned, unable to articulate, so overwhelmed, lips parted, eyes shut tight. He tried, though, broken sounds, little parts of words. "Ple...Mas...Ple...Ungh..."

Dean snapped his hips hard for a few strokes, wanting Cas to feel this even after he's done. "Mine...you're...you fuckin...all MINE"

Cas clung to him desperately, the most frantic, debauched little thing Dean had ever seen. Making all those pitiful sounds as he tried so hard to answer. "Y...yooourss..plea...sse..."

Dean was a little rough, shoving his hand between them, tugging the flexible little cock ring off, and Cas spurted immediately hot and wet between them, crying out loudly with his head thrown back, scratching up Dean's shoulders. Dean was lost, seeing his little boy come so hard, feeling his ass clenching and releasing his dick, and he slowed, gasping as he fucked his come into Cas's tight little ass. He leaned forward and bit Cas's shoulder. Cas didn't cry out and when Dean went to pull out, he realized Cas was asleep.

So Dean felt free to do something he doesn't usually indulge in...licking at the light sheen of sweat on Cas's stomach and cock, cleaning him up. His come is barely salty, his scent still pure on his dick. Cas whimpered, twisting his hips in his sleep, trying to get his poor little oversensitive prick away from Dean, which only made Dean more determined to finish, hushing his boy, licking him thoroughly.

"Master..." Cas whispered and Dean looked up into sleepy blue eyes. His angel slave, so thoroughly fucked out for him, so precious this way. "Love you." And he fell asleep again while Dean was lightly fingering his ass, rubbing his own come inside, massaging it into his little tunnel.

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It sounds like a lot, but Dean thought the night was still young. He cleaned them both off with hand wipes, and Cas barely stirred, so used to this attention from Dean. He slipped on his boxer briefs and tucked Cas under his blankets, liking the naked boy waiting for him there. He went to check on Sam, still sleeping, adorable in his pajamas (flannel pajama pants with one of Dean's old t-shirts), tucked under the blanket. Dean smoothed his hair back and kissed his forehead, liking seeing him this way, safe, in Dean's care.

He let Cas doze for a little and then woke him by straddling his body, kissing his forehead, his cheeks. "You wanna go out for a while?"

Cas had blinked, struggling to focus. He looked dead tired, but he gave the right answer anyway. "Yes, Master. But what about Sam?"

"He'll be fine," Dean told him, only slightly uneasy at the thought of leaving Sam virtually unconscious and unguarded. Intellectually he knows it's unlikely anyone would break into the house while he takes Cas out for ice cream, but part of him is always a little extra when it comes to Sam's safety. It is his worst nightmare, someone...hurting Sam, forcing...Dean not there to save him.

But he wanted to do this.

He dressed Cas the way he did after his punishment, tugging on his clothes for him as if he were very small (something he realizes now he's really into; he thinks maybe it reminds him of taking care of baby Sammy). He let him walk to the car, though, making sure he grabbed his jacket this time because it's November and the nights get pretty cold. He took him to a drive through where they picked up a couple of apple pies for Dean (the small ones that come in the cardboard sleeve) and a strawberry milkshake for Cas. Dean felt a pang, wishing he could bring something back for Sammy, but his brother was definitely down for the count.

And he couldn't have been here for this conversation.

Instead of staying in the parking lot like most kids would, Dean drove around for a few blocks and parked next to a reservoir, where it was quiet and cars going by were few and far between. He sat back in his Baby and ate his pies, not quite as good as the real thing, but still warm and sugary sweet. He'll take it. Cas's eyes slid back and forth from the reservoir (a pretty body of water with lots of wooded area around it; sometimes in early evenings or

mornings you can see deer there) and his Master. He still looked tired; the little nap must not have done much after the long day he'd had, but he was pushing through because it's what Dean wanted. So every time his eyes tried to slip closed he would sit up straighter and take another sip of his cold drink.

When Dean finished, he wiped his hands and mouth with a napkin and tugged Cas into his lap, taking the shake from him. He took the long plastic spoon that the shake came with and pulled off the plastic top so he could scoop the cold pink dessert into Cas's mouth. "Did you get a chance to say anything to Sam today? Looked to me like you spent some time together on the steps..."

Cas closed his lips over the spoon and swallowed the thick, sweet dessert, showing no objections to being fed like a baby. He nodded. "We...we kissed again, Master, but I told him we have to talk to you about it! Just like you said," he rushed out, getting nervous. Dean didn't know why; he did say they were allowed to kiss and touch. He encouraged it.

"That's just right sweet baby," Dean told him, feeding him another spoonful once he relaxed. "What did Sam say?"

Cas paused, but Dean merely looked at him, both of them knowing he has no choice in this (Dean's little double agent.) "Sam...he's afraid you'll say I can't sleep over. Or I can't sleep...near him." There they are, the pretty pink cheeks to match his red bottom.

Dean laughs. "So cute the way you blush like a virgin, Cas. Not one, are ya? Not by a long shot," Dean says suggestively, sucking lightly just under Cas's ear. He'd have rubbed his little crotch but his hands were kind of full, what with the cup and spoon.

Cas's little face fell a bit, eyes dropping to his lap. "No, Master. I'm a slut."

Fuck. Much as Dean likes hearing him say that, he doesn't want to undo any progress he'd made in bed. "But only a slut for me, right baby? It's not so bad if you're *my* slut. You don't have to have sex with anyone else unless I say you do, and if anyone tries to make you, I would...well I'd kill them for you if you wanted. I'd bleed them for you; I'd bleed them just for touching you, except Sammy. That's not so bad, is it?"

Cas smiled almost shyly, like he's still afraid Dean won't want to see him happy. "Not bad, Master. I like being only *your* slut."

Dean kissed him then, feeling how cold his lips and tongue were from the shake and liking it. He fed him another spoonful, dripping it on his tongue, and Cas, knowing his Master so well, kept it there, watching Dean's eyes on it, pointing his tongue so prettily to show off the bit of bright pink cream. Unable to help himself, Dean had sucked it off his tongue and the boys kissed slowly. It occurred to him that Sam's tongue was in this same mouth and he realized he was getting hard under Cas. Cas realized it, too, and rocked against him lightly. Dean continued to feed him his drink as though his little boy wasn't slowly riding him through their jeans. "Do you need me to help you with those kids at school?"

"No, Master, I...I can do it, I can...usually I can do it," Cas stilled his hips, clearly upset and Dean pressed a kiss to his temple, another to his cheek.

“All right, baby, shh, it was just a bad day. You’ll do better Monday. But if you can’t, you’ll tell me and...I can help you, Cas. Always remember, it’s better to tell me when it gets bad or if you can’t do something. You only think of the hard stuff, but I can be good to you, baby. I can look out for you,” Dean told him, and he meant it. Everything he’s offering, he’s prepared to give. He’d think nothing of hurting someone on Cas’s behalf, and if it comes to being more discreet, he sure as shit knows his way around the people in this town. He can make them behave the way he wants, one way or another. “Whether it’s teachers you’re having problems with or other kids or just...you’re just going crazy. I’m the only one who gets it. I can help.”

Cas was looking at him, mesmerized. “You...you want to help me?”

“I want to *own* you, Cas. That means your problems are mine, because they affect what belongs to me. I can’t have that. I’ll decide what problems you have,” he told him, scooping more shake into his mouth.

Cas nodded, a little dreamily, like he was finding the whole conversation to be surreal. “Master?”

“Baby?” Dean spent a little time scooping shake into Cas’s mouth every time he tried to ask his question, finally getting the grumpy “Masteeer!!” he was looking for. “Okay, okay, what is it?” he asked, chuckling. He felt relief, that he’s still able to get this from him.

“I love you, Master,” Cas told him, lowering his lashes. “You told me so and I want to so I do. Can you...will you...could you ever...” he can’t finish, and Dean kisses his cheek again, needing to think. He stared down at his little slave, so pliant and pretty in his lap, that gorgeous face and the puffiest pink lips. Biting at that pretty lip, so Dean uses his finger to pull it gently out of his mouth, not wanting to see them get chapped (an uphill battle with this kid.)

“I don’t know, Cas,” he said finally. He could give him the words just to make him happy, bind him tighter. He knows he could and Cas would probably prefer it that way. They’re just words, and it wouldn’t be the first time he said them with all sincerity, while feeling absolutely nothing. He’s done it specifically to hurt, to cause chaos. Of course it doesn’t bother him, using those words like that; he’s always lying about himself, to everyone.

But every once in a while, Dean feels like being honest, especially with the broken little boy who knows the real Dean Winchester, bound to him in secrecy. Cas is so different from him, despite having gone through similar things. He still loves, somehow. Dean just felt like he should know how this would go. “I don’t...I don’t feel things like that. I could lie to you, if you want. But I’ll use it against you, you know I will.”

“You say you love Sam all the time,” Cas whispered. “I...I think you love Sam.” But Dean caught the look on his face and wonders if this is part of the story Cas has learned to believe, part of how he keeps going.

Dean shrugged, knowing Cas could feel the movement even if he wasn’t looking just then. Like for this conversation, he was afraid to look. “I’ve been telling Sammy that since he was born. I’m used to taking care of him, keeping him safe. That’s all part of lookin’ after him.

That's how I keep him...happy." He trailed off, a little fuzzy on that point, frowning to himself. "He's mine, my Dad gave him to me and I kept him safe...just a kid myself but I did it. He's different from you, Cas, he and I are...he's different."

"Sam is different," Cas nodded, still looking kind of...out of it. "Can you...do you think you could say it, even if it was a lie...if I was really good? If I was a really good boy for you?"

Curious, Dean stroked his hair, watching his distant face. "Don't you think you'll get hurt more? If I do that...and take it back later?"

Cas looks at him full in the face then, eyes wide and still somehow far away. "I just wanna know what it's like. Having you say that to me."

Dean watched him, thinking about it. "We'll see. But now I want something from you."

Cas blinked, and it was like watching him come back online, his eyes focusing properly, fixing on Dean's. "What is it, Master? Anything."

Dean kissed him for his perfect answer. "I think I need to fuck you again tonight, baby. But we're gonna play a fun game while we do it."

"We are?" Cas had asked him, looking just a bit wary and Dean had to smile, pushing him gently back to the passenger seat and handing him what was left of his shake.

"Yup, we are. I'm gonna touch you and kiss you and play with you all over...and talk to you about Sam. And you'll talk to me about Sam. What you think about him, what you like about him...things you imagine doing to him...and I'll say things I imagine you doing with him."

"A Sam game," Cas whispered. Dean had seen him close his eyes as soon as he told him the finer points of the game, squirming just a bit. He was obviously so down for this.

"Yup. I'll even put a blindfold on you. So you'll hear me talkin' to you, feel me all over you...but you can just imagine Sam. Just the way you want him."

"Sam," Cas said longingly and Dean smiled again.

Down for this as fuck.

They went home and played the Sam game. Dean got to fuck his still-loose hole and make him scream for Sam, while filthy images of his baby brother and little boy slave danced naked behind his closed eyes. This time when Cas fell asleep, Dean left him that way. His Dad came home sometime after that, and Dean went down to chat with him in the kitchen. Mostly because he thought it was funny, standing there talking to his father with a naked, fucked out boy in his bed.

Careless, but not really. Cas was covered up to his neck in blankets and his nightmare issue is well documented in the Winchester house. So unless his Dad went peeking under the covers (and let's face it, if he did, there might be some wiggle room for a negotiation), there wasn't gonna be a problem. His Dad didn't stay long, words slurred in a way that indicates a

good long night at the bar, something that hasn't bothered Dean in the least since his Dad turned his second son over to him.

It's only after he turned in that Dean went back to his boy. Castiel never even woke up while he put pajamas on him and tucked him in next to Sam (who turned in his sleep, tossing an arm over Cas's waist, and how sweet is that?) Dean watched them, fascinated by their beauty, their innocence. He kissed foreheads, then lips. Pushed them slightly closer together, gratified when Cas curled, tucking his head against Sam's chest.

He didn't want to leave, so he stayed there in the dark...watching them sleep.

~

Okay. Dean knows how it looks. He bets it looks like he's planning on taking Sam. If you're thinking that, you're way off. He isn't! (*Sam, naked and obedient in his bed; Sam and Cas, fucking each other on his say, worshiping him, crying, pretty little boys begging for him so sweetly*).

He *isn't*.

Castiel is still his place holder. A substitute for Sam, so his little brother could go on shining up at Dean the way he always had. He still values that, he knows he does. But Jesus Christ, the way they'd looked together on his bed. So...he'll just play with them. A bit. With Castiel's help, he can finally *get to* Sam (even if he can't actually take him).

And you can just shut your suspicious ass up about it.

He takes a shower, half hard as he does (sometimes a raven haired angel slips in with him, but not today--kid must still be knocked out.) Once he's dressed he heads down to the kitchen and starts pulling out eggs, bacon, sausage, and other breakfast foods (plus the bell peppers, onions, mushrooms, and spinach for Sammy's veggie omelet). He knows once he gets cooking, the rest of the house will start to move. The boys used to pop out of bed sometimes as early as six in the morning (if it wasn't a school day, anyway) and either blast cartoons or race up and down the stairs until Dean shouted at them to quit making all that goddamn noise, but now they sleep at least a little later thanks to their impending teenage years.

Their father isn't usually a factor, but Dean always cooks a lot of food so it's not a problem if he's around. He has his own ravenous appetite to think of, and Sam is just starting to shovel it away (into a hollow leg, Dean thinks--skinny little shrimp of a brother). Cas is still one of those kids you have to force to eat. He isn't a picky eater at all, just slow and methodical, going through the motions the same way a person might brush his teeth or make his bed. Something you do because you should.

Sam comes down first, probably as soon as the butter starts sizzling in the frying pans. He's trying hard, but it's doubtful he'll ever be as easy in the kitchen as Dean. Still, he loves to help, so Dean hands him a baking sheet and a can of pre-made biscuits (good enough for Mary Winchester, good enough for Dean.) They move easily together, having done this dance since the days when all Dean could handle were pop tarts and bowls of cereal while his

brother played with pots and pans at his feet. Thinking of chubby baby Sammy, Dean has to reach for him to squeeze him and force kisses to his crown while he squeals and struggles. His one good thing.

Today his one good thing is looking a little stiff, and Dean smiles when he notices he doesn't seem that eager to sit at the table. "How's your ass doin' today, Sammy? Gonna need a pillow?"

Sam scowls at him. "Can you not ask about my ass, Dean?"

"Fair enough," Dean chuckles and ruffles his already messy hair, another gesture that's woefully unappreciated. "Where's Cas?"

"Asleep," Sam comes and hops up on the counter (carefully, using his arms to gingerly lower his bottom to the hard Formica) so he can watch Dean without being in the way. "Poor guy is knocked out...he really did have a shitty day yesterday."

Dean shoves him off and hands him the bread to make toast, getting an eye roll in response. "Yeah? Maybe you should go hold his hand some more," he leers at Sam and likes seeing him flush in response.

"Shut up! Hand holding is nice, you should try it, Dean...maybe you could actually get to know someone for a change?!" Sam is huffy, taking it out on the toast that he roughly butters.

"I will try it, right after my dick falls off and I wake up with tits and a pussy. Mornin' Dad."

John Winchester sighs and barely affords him a glance. "I don't know what you're teachin' the kid, but it don't sound right. Mornin', Sammy."

"Morning, Sir," Sam answers stiffly, the change in his posture immediate. There was a time when Sam was more comfortable with his father, but as he'd grown more independent (and Dean more capable of taking care of his needs), the distance between them had widened until they were nearly strangers just sharing the same house. Dean doesn't like that it hurts his brother (and he knows it does) but he likes the way it binds Sam even tighter to him. That right there is everything right with the world.

Cas slips shyly into the room just as Dean is putting steaming plates of food on the table. Both boys sit gingerly before they start to fill their plates (Sam takes a tower of food, creating a junior version of his older brother's plate while Cas takes just enough to earn his Master's approval, each item carefully separate on his dish). John's dark eyes move between them before finally resting on Sam as he takes the cup of black coffee Dean pours for him (and if he adds to it from a flask, Dean figures that's his own business.) John is what's called a functional drunk, meaning just because he needs to drink just to get through the day doesn't mean he's ever late to work. If that's how he wants to take himself out, Dean guesses he's entitled.

"What happened to your face, kid? You get in a fight?"

Sam pauses with a forkful of omelet halfway to his mouth. "I...yes, Sir."

"That have anything to do with you having a hard time sittin' this mornin'?" John's face looks stern but his eyes are amused when he looks at Dean. "Don't tell me you're followin' your brother's footsteps. You're supposed to be the smart one."

Dean snorts, busy with the towering bacon, sausage, and egg sandwich that he made for himself. He thinks he might need a bigger mouth.

Sam frowns, keeping his eyes on his plate. "I'm not doing anything, Sir." The words are a little less polite this time, and Dean knows it's because Sam sometimes resents any sudden (and fleeting) interest his father takes in his life.

John looks at him steadily but there's nothing to see, just his younger son eating quietly and keeping his opinions to himself for the time being. He looks instead at Cas, who is taking small bites of an already small piece of scrambled egg. "Castiel, you looked to be sufferin' the same problem. Wouldn't have thought your Mom would be that tough on you."

Both Sam and Cas freeze, their eyes going straight to Dean.

Who sighs, taking a moment to finish swallowing his food, then chasing it with coffee. "She didn't spank him, I did." He keeps eating, trying not to be annoyed with the fact that he's the only one doing it. The boys are looking down in the sudden uncomfortable silence while John stares at Dean with real concern.

"Let's talk in the garage," John is getting up, automatically assuming that his elder son will follow.

"Dad—"

"Now, Dean."

Dean clenches his jaw but years of obedience are hard to overcome and he's already up, following him through the door and shutting it behind him. Both boys look nervous and he throws Sam a wink over his shoulder. He isn't worried and they shouldn't be either.

As soon as Dean closes the door, his father starts. "What are you thinkin', son? Are you askin' for trouble?"

Dean moves toward Baby, rubbing at an imaginary smudge with his sleeve. His girl could use a wash. "You worry too much, Dad."

"Dean," his father uses that tone that has his head coming up, snapping to make eye contact. "You of all people should know better. You don't put hands on someone else's kid."

Dean narrows his eyes and smirks. "Well, now, Dad, you're gonna break his heart. He was so set on bein' an official Winchester and all after what you told him Halloween." He sees his father's eyes flash angrily and he holds up a hand. "Relax. C'mon, man, you met that mother, you remember what I told you about his...about her boyfriend, what he did, what she

allowed.” He pauses, seeing his father wince as the dig hits home. “Kid came and asked me to punish him. Begged, in fact.”

John gives him a skeptical look and he shrugs. “You can ask him. You can ask Sam. C’mon, Dad, you know she’s got him staying here three, four nights every week. That’s not Sam, that’s not him...that’s her, sending him here. She tried to send him here last week when he was sick, get us to look after him instead of her. He’s on his own, Dad. I think he’s lookin’ for a parent, and he sees what Sammy’s got.” *Which is me, not you. Right, Dad?*

John softens, moves toward his son. He touches his shoulder and Dean...endures it. “I know all that and I feel for the kid, I do. But you’re *my* kid and you’re...you’re young yet, Dean. You’ve seen so much of what’s bad out there, but there’s still more you don’t know about, and I don’t want you blindsided. You think that woman over there couldn’t change her mind on a dime, wake up one day and take interest? Think she’ll take kindly to you putting hands on him, seeing him with his pants down?”

“It ain’t like that,” Dean lies coldly, shrugging off his father’s touch.

“It’s however she’ll feel like seeing it. And he’s a good kid but...you know what he’s been through. Maybe he’s so excited she starts showing up for him that he hams it up a bit, tries to keep her attention,” Dean tries to interrupt but his father soldiers forward this time, putting a hand up to ward him off. “These things happen, Dean. They would put you on a list and your life would be over. Nobody wants to hire you, nobody wants you livin’ near ‘em. And they sure as hell wouldn’t let you near Sammy.”

Dean shuts his eyes, letting the violent urges wash over him. After all, his father isn’t threatening to take Sammy, even if it felt like that. “You worry too much,” he says softly. “She gives less of a shit about him every year. Any day now that new guy’s gonna ask her to turn him out on the street, and she’s gonna say yes. And he’ll be here because he’s got nowhere else to go.”

John hesitates and then nods. “Fair enough. And when that happens, we’ll revisit this conversation. Until then, son, you wanna hold him to certain rules, you wanna ground him, tell him he can’t watch TV whatnot, fine. Don’t put hands on him, Dean.”

Dean laughs suddenly, his control wearing thin. “Or what, Dad? You gonna whip me? I think those days are done, don’t you?”

His father looks taken aback by his reaction, staring at him oddly. “No...no, son, you’re a grown man. You do as you see fit, I just...”

“You think I’m messin’ with him?”

Shock, this time, then genuine pain, anger. “No! Dean, I know you’d never...after what you...what he...”

“Don’t bring it up,” Dean growls and his father closes his eyes and shakes his head.

“I’m not tryin’ to hurt you, boy. I’m tryin’ to help you.”

“Well, that’s somethin’ you just ain’t good at, Dad.” There’s a moment of silence, and Dean realizes what he’s doing. He backtracks. “Look, sorry. I don’t mean any disrespect,” he tells him quietly. “I...you know me and my temper, man. I hear what you’re sayin’ Dad, I’ll talk to him. I’ll be careful.”

“That’s all I want,” John answers, looking relieved. There’s an uncomfortable silence; Dean knows his Dad hates these emotional outbursts.

“You should go treat that hangover. Looks nasty,” he tells his father and John latches onto the excuse.

“Yeah, you’re right. I uh...I probably won’t be stickin’ around much longer.”

“Goin’ round to Ellen’s?” Dean asks, gives his father just the right grin and he returns it gratefully, smoothing over the awkward feelings talk. “Seem to be spendin’ a lot of quality time there these days.”

“Mind your tone, boy. Maybe you’re not too big to put over my knee after all. You can join all the red asses in the kitchen.”

Dean rolls his eyes (he’d love to see someone try it...anyone, even his Dad.) “You need to stop spiking your coffee.”

Back in the kitchen, Dean notices the boys have their chairs pushed closer together. Two solemn faces greet him and his father and he ignores them, grabbing a biscuit off Sam’s plate as he passes his chair.

“Hey!” Sam tries to defend his biscuit and Dean easily fights him off, ruffling his hair to add insult to injury.

“Thanks, Sammy, already buttered and everything,” he says charmingly with his mouth full of his prize. He’s enjoying Sam’s pursed lips and folded arms when Cas puts Dean’s plate down in front of him.

“Microwaved it for you,” he says and Dean smiles at him. He’s so cute, serving him like that. Dean wants to drag him in his lap and kiss him breathless, but he settles for briefly rubbing at the back of his neck.

“Thanks, kid. Did you eat enough? Sam, you lettin’ him get skinny on us?”

Sam’s eyes widen again, same as the last time Dean suggested he look after Cas, and he looks considerably at his friend. “He didn’t have any home fries,” Sam starts scooping them on his empty plate.

Cas blinks at him then frowns. “I’m full already, I had--I don’t need home fries! Quit it!” He tries wrestling Sam for the spoon, both of them giggling, and Sam finally lets him win.

“Well, at least eat some of it. For me?” Sam hits him with the puppy eyes and Cas melts.

He eats all of it. And if he complains the entire time, he's so adorable doing it that nobody minds.

* * *

Cas is still really tired from the day before, but he's doing his best not to take it out on any of the Winchesters (especially the one liable to kick his ass for it). Even so, he has to admit he's feeling better today. For one thing, he doesn't have to worry about school for the next couple days (and he's fairly certain he'll just be turned right around and suspended when he does get there, leaving him free to spend the day with Sam.)

Then there's Dean. He can't deny there is still a constant need to check in, to at least reassure himself that Dean still wants him, hasn't changed his mind. He still fears losing him, and he definitely fears pissing him off (*not the dark, Dean, don't leave me in the dark*). Maybe he only feels better because he's spending all this time near his Master. Maybe he'll feel like shit again when he has to go home, go to school. It's an anxiety-inducing thought, running at the back of his mind.

But last night Cas had done whatever he could to prove to Dean that he still belongs to him. And he felt like Dean wanted him to believe that he still wants him, that he even enjoys Cas the way he was before the punishment, even when he complains sometimes about the stuff he doesn't necessarily love (he really hopes his Master was kidding about the pink dress thing). That part feels dangerous to believe, like he should be very careful. And on the other hand, he almost needs to believe it just to function.

As for Dean ever loving him back...he's not thinking about that today.

It's really all about Sam, though. No matter how much he believes the things Dean says about the two of them when they're alone, or when he's away from Sam, he can never be completely miserable with Sam beside him. His constant presence is irresistible warmth and he bathes Cas's cold, battered soul with it generously. His mind, his heart, they whisper all his worries, but with Sam around, it just seems less important. Less desperate, he thinks. Sam is always laughing, always playful, drawing him out of his darkness over and over. And now there's this new, wild edge to them, this constant potential for more that feels frightening, but the way roller coasters are frightening, or walking through a haunted house at an amusement park. The kind of scary that's fun, that's exhilarating.

They haven't kissed since last night, but he can tell Sam is thinking about it. Sometimes it's a certain light in those multicolor eyes, other times it's the way he'll catch him staring with color high in his cheeks. He's thinking of it, too, but his thoughts, his wants are tempered because he knows they still have to talk to Dean. He already knows how that's going to go.

At the very least, there will be more kissing.

After clearing up from breakfast, Sam pulls Cas aside. “I wanna talk to Dean today... about...you know. Everything.” He offers a crooked smile. “But not until my...my Dad leaves. I don’t want him thinking he can butt in,” Sam finishes, throwing a dark look toward his father that the older man doesn’t catch.

“Okay,” Cas agrees, watching him curiously. He doesn’t comment on Sam’s obvious resentment. He doesn’t really understand it, though. Just last night, Sam was complaining that his father pays him no attention. Now when his father takes an interest, Sam is instantly aggravated. Cas guesses it’s too little too late.

He doesn’t judge. He doesn’t know what he’d do if his own father showed up after all this time, but he doubts he’d be forgiving. It would’ve been nice to have another adult in his life, someone who maybe...made better decisions than his Mom. Someone who cared where he spent his nights.

“You okay, Sam?” he asks, rousing out of his own dark thoughts. He remembers what Sam said about needing Cas to be there for him, too sometimes. He’s trying.

“What? Yeah, I’m great. Come on, we’ll go ride bikes or something until he leaves.” Sam’s bike is a hand-me-down from Dean, like most of his things. Cas’s came from a garage sale (the lady had wanted \$60 for it, so Sam convinced Dean to go and he talked her down to \$10...along with free cookies and lemonade. Her husband had been kind of pissed, and Dean had basked in his little brother’s hero worship all the way home.)

“We can’t, we’re grounded,” Cas tells him, the words sounding odd on his tongue, but he likes them. Nobody’s ever punished him like a normal kid before. He feels like a kid on an old sitcom or something.

“Right, so that’s no bikes, no TV or Playstation...shit,” Sam looks thoughtful and then smiles. “Funny...kinda doesn’t feel like punishment when we still get to hang out.”

Cas smiles back, but his stomach gives a little anxious lurch. “Don’t say that too loud or Dean will separate us.”

~

They make themselves scarce by hanging out in Sam’s room, reading comics and arguing over whether Iron Man should really have been able to win in a fight with the Hulk. But as absorbed (and infuriated on the Hulk’s behalf) as Sam seems, he’s on his feet and heading for Dean as soon as the front door closes behind his father. Cas has to hand it to him; when Sam wants something, he can be incredibly focused. Cas is feeling more nervous than anything else, but he follows behind because it’s what Dean wants.

They find Dean in the garage where he often is, endlessly working on his car. If either boy asks, he’ll explain in detail exactly what he’s doing. He’ll even show them how to do it (without, of course, actually allowing them to put their hands on “her”). Most times he’ll get them to hand him the right tools for each task. Neither boy ever really shows that much interest, though. Cas shows up to serve (and even he has to admit that Dean Winchester in

his element is a thing of beauty.) Sam shows up because he genuinely likes hanging around his brother.

Today he's messing around under the hood, although at some point he'll pull out into the driveway to wash her by hand (thus ensuring that a bunch of neighbors will suddenly find reasons to be on their front porches—Sam likes to tease him that he attracts more attention than the annual cheerleader fundraising carwash at the school.) Cas perches on John Winchester's workbench, while Sam overturns a bucket so he can sit close enough to hand Dean whatever he needs.

"Whattaya want, short stuff?" Dean mutters and Cas is impressed at how disinterested he sounds. As if he doesn't know exactly why they're here.

"Um..." Sam's face is beet red now that he has to start this. "So...you know how me and Cas were holding hands?"

"Yes, *Samantha*, I noticed," Dean smiles without looking at him.

"Okay," Sam says, choosing to overlook the hated nickname. "What...what if we...wanted to like...date?"

Dean spares him a look this time. "You didn't ask me before you started seeing that pretty blond chick."

"Dean! I mean like...each other. What if we wanted to be boyfriends?"

Dean's eyes widen and he straightens up, wiping his hands on a rag. "Seriously? You think that's a good idea?"

Sam blinks at his older brother, looking a little crushed that his immediate reaction is so negative. "I...what do you mean? We...we kind of like each other. Like like each other, I mean, so...so we—"

"No, I get it," Dean cuts him off. "I'm just sayin' you're 12, dude. And he's your best friend. You seriously wanna risk fuckin' that up?"

Sam frowns stubbornly. "We won't mess it up. We're friends for life, even if it doesn't work out. Right, Cas?"

"Right," Cas says softly, smiling to himself just a little. Sam's faith feels so good.

"That's great you think that, but you're not psychic, Sammy. Did you know you were gonna be broken up with little blondie that fast?"

Sam looks guilty, but still determined. "Noo, but it's not the same. I was just getting to know Jess. Cas and I are like...bonded."

Bonded. Cas shivers a little, taking the word in, putting it someplace safe in his mind so he can take it out when he's alone and savor all the implications. Sam Winchester, bonded to him forever.

Dean sighs. "I know you won't wanna hear this, so try not to yell at me. You're too young for forever."

"That's not true!" Sam yells.

"It is, Sam. In fact, I don't know why you keep trying to have relationships. How many of your friends have actual boyfriends or girlfriends?"

"Some," Sam grumbles, and Cas silently corrects him to 'two.'

"Great. How many of those last more than a month, tops? Including you?"

Sam scowls and says nothing.

Dean sighs again. "I'm not sayin' you can't, Sammy, I'm sayin'...you shouldn't. If you're sayin' Cas isn't temporary...you really think you'll get together at 12 and stay together for life? Because I think you'll just end up messing it up and losing each other over something stupid."

Sam shrugs halfheartedly and Cas feels for him, how disappointed he looks. "I...but we really like each other. As more than friends."

Dean crosses to him, gives him a half hug that Sam leans into gratefully. "Got that, buddy. And...that brings me to your next problem. You know I can't really let you keep sleeping in the same bed if you're into each other."

Sam rolls his eyes and crosses his arms over his chest. "That's dumb, we slept next to each other last night and nothing happened."

Dean shakes his head, going back to his car. "Come on, kid, give me a break here. If Cas were a girl, he wouldn't be allowed to sleep in your bed with you. He wouldn't even be allowed alone in your room with you, not if you were 'dating'." He uses his fingers to make the quotes, something he usually won't do. "Sorry, you know Dad wouldn't like it. I had to sneak all my hookups in here, and you'll have to do the same," he says with a smirk and a wink, trying to soften the blow.

"Since when does it matter what Dad thinks when it comes to me?" Sam says acidly and Dean blinks at him. "Come on, Dean, it's true! And you'll be a hypocrite if you sit there telling me I'm too young to...try stuff." He blushes but manages to hold his brother's stare.

Dean sighs again. "No, I'll be the only parent you got, and that's what a parent's supposed to do: keep you safe, even from yourself. Why would I want you to be like me, Sammy? I grew up too fast; I don't want that for you."

Cas peeks up at Dean, trying to decide if there's any truth to that. He shakes his head and looks down again, because fucking obviously not. If Sam were to suddenly want it, Dean would bend him over his car and fuck him right there and then.

"Dean--," Sam starts but Dean cuts him off.

“No. Sorry, but I don’t think Cas should sleep over anymore. Or that you two should be alone in the house when me or Dad aren’t around,” he says decisively and Cas keeps his eyes lowered so he won’t be tempted to roll them. He loves his Master, but this is such a crock of shit and it’s hard to just sit there for it. Maybe he doesn’t want him to say the words (*I love you, Cas, love you my good little boy.*) He lies as easily as breathing, and once again Cas is his accomplice.

Sam sputters, looking desperately at Cas, who tries to look equally shocked and upset (he thinks he manages mildly put out). “Dean...come on, man...don’t—“

“Just doin’ what I think is best for you. Always doin’ my best for you, aren’t I, Sammy? You won’t hold that against me now, will you?” Dean looks at him, green eyes so wide and sincere and vulnerable, just a big brother doing his best.

Sam gets up and hugs his brother hard, looking torn. Normally a statement like that is enough to make him back down, but it’s obvious he refuses to lose Cas without a fight. “Come on, Dean, don’t do this. You just told Cas he’s family. I...I want him around. We won’t do anything, okay? I swear. We won’t even date; we’ll just stay friends, like you said. I...I can’t lose him—I won’t.”

Dean hesitates, and when he finally answers his voice is rough, like he’s annoyed that Sam is getting him to go against what he thinks is best (Cas almost wishes he could start a slow clap...he keeps his eyes carefully lowered, in case Dean should read his sarcastic, rebellious thoughts. He guesses he really is feeling better today.) “Your word, Sammy. Promise me you won’t take advantage of the situation.”

Sam shifts his grip and hugs Dean tightly around his waist. “I promise, I won’t. Okay, big brother? We’ll just go back to the way it was?”

Dean strokes his hair, looking at Cas over his head with dark promise in his eyes. “Okay, I believe you. But if you disobey...you both take the consequences...and they’ll be pretty severe. So don’t let me catch you.”

Cas stares back at his Master. He listens to Sam swear up and down that Dean will never have reason to punish them for crimes they’ll never dare to commit. Dean leans down to kiss his cheek, still holding him in a tight hug, his lethal green eyes never leaving Cas’s face. And Cas acknowledges with his eyes that yes, he remembers. He knows the game has started and he remembers all the rules.

~

"I dont understand, Master...you want us to disobey you?" Cas was looking at his Master that first night he explained, feeling so uncertain and nervous.

Dean had smiled, stroking his hair lightly. "I just know he will, baby. He's gonna want you too much to help it. He will disobey, and then you'll tell me everything you do together."

"But he'll know--"

*"He won't know," Dean had cut him off sharply, pleased with himself. "I'll only punish him if he really gets caught, by me. He'll never know you're telling me anything. Don't you get it? This is a game between me and Sam. If I win, I get to punish you both again. If he wins...he gets you, baby. And you'll be such a good slut for him...won't you. Teach him everything he wants to learn. But never start it, Cas, that's cheating. Think of yourself as his shy little girl...letting him make all the moves. You can be sexy. You can flirt. But you **never** touch him first. Got it?" I catch you doin' different, you'll get punished with Sammy and then again when we're alone. I don't think you want that."*

Cas had shuddered, because no, he didn't want that. And Dean had been excited then, stroking his hands over Cas's body, kissing his throat aggressively. "N-no, Master. I-I'll be good," Cas had gasped, trying not to sound as worried as he felt. He didn't think this game was a good idea...not for any of them.

"Lighten up, baby angel, this is gonna be fun. A game for me and Sammy, Cas...and you're the prize!"

Cakewalk (Go Team Sam)

Chapter Summary

NEW TRIGGER WARNING FOR DOMESTIC ABUSE. Dean gets a little side action from Jo Harvelle, and he becomes her abusive "boyfriend."

Welcome to the start of Dean's new game.

Chapter Notes

Hi all,

I know this is the longest time between chapters, but this is also a crazy-long one, so maybe that makes up for it a little. I just kept getting more and more from Cas, and nothing from Dean. Took forever to find out what he was up to (no good, naturally). But I just didn't want the chapter to end without hearing from him.

Also, if you're looking for dark!fic recommendations, I've put up a few bookmarks for some really amazing fics by other authors (I guess one of them isn't dark--it just has a few dark elements.) Most are stories that really messed my shit up the way you guys claim this one does to you. ;)

Okay. Not that he would ever say it to Dean. But the first few weeks after his stupid game started are kind of fun for Cas. If only because Dean is losing so severely and Cas, in his most secret put-away heart, is very firmly on Team Sam.

Not that he would ever tell Dean.

Sam lasts about a week before he tries kissing Cas again. They don't do it at school, even though Sam sort of thinks they could (he feels like Dean wasn't specific enough in defining what's punishable; he thinks he only made it clear that they shouldn't mess around on Winchester property. Cas knows Dean will define it as whatever he sees fit, but Sam isn't hearing him and he stops trying to make a case.) But things at school have just barely calmed down for them, and neither feels like being grist for the gossip mill any time soon.

It happens the first time in Cas's room, which is weird because Sam almost never comes to Cas's house anymore. Between Roscoe's open hostility (something new and decidedly uncomfortable for Sam, who is used to adults adoring him) and Amelia's nervous energy and constant, soft suggestions that maybe Sam needs to get going, or maybe they could do their

(homework, hanging out, whatever it is) over at Sam's (Cas could certainly spend the night, too, if he wants), it just makes more sense not to even bother. There's also a new rule that Cas can't have anyone over when no adults are home, which has more to do with Roscoe being paranoid about his pot stash that no one is supposed to know about than concern for Cas or any "friends" he might be dying to be alone with in the house.

The day Sam kisses him, Cas is being a little bit shady. Sam wants to go to Mick Davies' house, where a bunch of kids are getting together after school and Cas had agreed to go along. That, however, was early in the week, when it sounded like fun and he could convince himself that he could stand to be sociable once in a while. Now that it's here, and Sam's texts are growing increasingly impatient, Cas just...he has to bail.

He's been better day by day, it's true. The panic attacks finally slowed, first to once a day, and then he had a day without any. His life is still insane but he's...he's managing. He guesses that's why he'd been optimistic enough to agree in the first place. The wrong decision, he now sees, based on what feels like a lead ball of dread in his stomach. So he's in his room and he's (somewhat guiltily, but not enough to stop) ignoring Sam's texts. He already has a story ready to go: he was so tired, he just fell asleep, and his phone was on vibrate, so it didn't wake him, so you know—

That's when Sam walks into his room. Now Cas is alone in the house (or supposed to be) and the doors are locked. Soo...

"You broke in my house?" he squeaks at Sam from where he's lying on his stomach on the bed with his tablet.

Sam laughs. "You really need to lock the deadbolt if you want to keep anybody out. I knew you were up here being an asshole, and here you are, just as I thought. Come on, everybody's already there; you know Mick wanted us for moral support in case that red headed girl turns him down."

"Charlie or Rowena?"

"Charlie. Get up. Ass. Hole."

Cas rolls onto his back and feels his heart skip when he catches Sam staring at his ass. He pretends not to notice (easily done, actually, since he had his heart set on missing this thing and now it looks like Sam might make him go—his anxiety is squeezing him tight inside already.) He looks at his friend pleadingly. "Sam—"

"Cas, you can do this."

"I'll get the next one," he insists, but he can't keep eye contact when he says it. Right now it seems impossible that he'll ever want to go.

Sam rolls his eyes. "You always say that. You always manage to make the plan, but when it comes time to go, I get the big sad eyes."

"That's *your* thing...big puppy eyed jerk," Cas grumbles, eyeing him resentfully.

“Up. That’s what you’re wearing? Cas, why would you keep a shirt that has a big hole in it? I’ll get you something else,” Sam heads for his closet.

Cas watches him, indignant. “Your shirts have holes, too, they’re all Dean’s! Sam, come on, I don’t want—“

“Cassie? Are you home? The back door isn’t locked; did you forget to lock it?” It’s his mother, and the boys look at each other in alarm (it will occur to Cas—very soon, in fact—that his mother isn’t going to do anything about him misbehaving, but at this point both he and Sam react with the horror of good boys who are generally obedient.) Cas hears his mother’s footsteps and he’s off the bed, shoving Sam in the closet and slamming the door in time for her to open his.

He spins to face her. “I...I guess I did, sorry.” He moves to the door, wanting her eyes to come away from the closet (which he never closes.)

She gives him a distracted smile. “No worries, just...if Roscoe had come home first...”

He looks at the floor, feeling his own face go blank. “I’ll be more careful, Mom.”

“I know you will.” She looks at him quickly and nods, forcing another smile. She doesn’t look sad these days, she looks...twitchy. She’s really different with Roscoe, a third version of his mother (Alone Amelia, Jimmy’s Amelia). This one wears cheap clothes that are a bit too young, tight, and revealing on her pale, 30-something body (it works, to some extent, the clothes and the lost look on her face, how frail and underfed she seems...she can pass for a lot younger.) She’s still pretty, but just...pinched. Tight with the nervous energy of someone living under a heavy shadow. “Going to Sam’s?” she asks, and he tries not to hate her for the hopeful sound in her voice.

He sighs, knowing Sam is listening, begrudging him his smug triumph. “I might be going to this...thing. With Sam. And kids from school.”

“That’s...that sounds real nice, Cas,” She darts another quick look at his face, sends it to his throat, his arms. “Just...be careful this time. Last time you guys...you came home all banged up, remember?” (Cas feels a spike of nervous energy; Sam doesn’t know about that) “Don’t...don’t overdo it, okay?” She’s already backing away, though, like she’s afraid by even saying that he’ll try to confide in her or something, make her do something about it. That’s what he assumes anyway.

“All right, Mom,” he says softly, watching her turn toward her room. Then he shakes himself and closes his door, heading to open the one to his closet.

And yelps when he gets dragged inside. For no reason (except maybe it makes the whole thing feel more conspiratorial), he closes the door behind him and leaves them in the dark. “Nice going, jerkoff, now how do I get you out of here?” he whispers, trying to sound annoyed, but he’s trying not to smile and Sam isn’t impressed.

“Oh, please. It’ll be easy. Hey, what was that about you coming home banged up? When was that? I don’t remember that,” Sam comments and Cas’s stomach gives a quick lurch.

"It was...duh, it was when I got sick...a-after Halloween, and don't change the subject! We gotta get you out!" he insists, suddenly more serious about it.

"Hmm," Sam trails off. He's close enough that Cas can feel his breath on his face, and all the sudden Cas is tense for another reason. "Yeah, we could do that."

He (*remember the rules*) doesn't move, he barely breathes he's so still, playing the part, the shy little boy who's alone with his crush. "It's hot in here," he says nervously and then laughs; he can't believe he's nervous.

"You closed the door," Sam says softly. Their eyes are adjusting with the light from under the door, and Sam reaches up to touch Cas's face, making him jump a little. Sam laughs. "You're nervous, look at that...like you think I'm gonna...do something..." he leans forward, pushing Cas against the door with his body.

"We're...we're not supposed to," Cas forces himself to say it (instead of *kiss me, touch me, put me on my knees.*)

Sam is pressed against him and Cas turns his hips a little, trying not to let on that it's getting him hard. But Sam smiles knowingly. "Kind of hot, doing what we're not supposed to. Besides...what's a little kiss, right? Do you want a kiss, Cas?"

Cas licks his lips, he can't help it. Sam is playing with his hair, leaning against him, and it's so hot, almost uncomfortably hot, he's definitely sweating now. He nods, and Sam is kissing him, just like that. His lips are smaller than Cas's, a delicate pretty bow mouth, and Cas licks away at it. Already he's stiff in his jeans and he knows Sam is, too, he can feel him against his hip. Suddenly all he can think about is reaching his hand down and rubbing over that bulge in Sam's jeans. *Let me, Sam...let me, let me...*

But he's the shy girl. Boy! So he contents himself with letting his kisses drift to Sam's throat (he doesn't even know he took control of the kiss, it just happened naturally.) He kisses softly, sucking just a bit, and then Sam is the one making quiet gasping noises, leaning back into the clothes and hangers behind him (can't be that comfortable but he doesn't seem to care). Cas's mouth moves up the slim column of Sam's throat to his small ear, which he tugs between his teeth and sucks, gratified when Sam moans and surges forward, humping against Cas.

He pulls away, making Sam chase him back against the door, and this time Sam plasters himself against Cas, rubbing slightly. "You gotta be quiet, dummy," Cas tells him. "We're supposed to be trying to get out of here." He says it admonishingly, but it's the last thing he wants. His body likes Sam exactly where he is, and he's sure Sam can feel it.

"Okay, yeah. Yeah. We'll stop. We'll go. Just," Sam says and then he's kissing Cas urgently, sucking his tongue into his mouth the way Cas taught him, licking at him, pulling at him. Cas's hands are up around Sam's neck (he loves doing this, loves how proportionate they are to each other, he'll never get enough) so he can pull his body as tight against Sam as possible. He feels Sam's hands moving up and down his sides, and then his fingers slip under his t-shirt, warm fingers (Sam is always warm, wonderfully warm) running over Cas's skin.

Cas gasps and Sam pulls back, maybe to check if he's okay, but he ends up stumbling backwards over one of Cas's sneakers on the floor behind him. The clothes are nothing to catch his fall, so he ends up on his ass, with Cas almost following. He manages to catch himself, sort of leaning over Sam, whose hands are still up his shirt, sort of holding his waist. They giggle, trying to be quiet, and Cas starts to pull away before thinking better of it, sinking to the floor and straddling Sam's lap.

Sam's glimmering eyes widen in the dark. "Cas," Sam whispers, hoarse suddenly, and Cas sees him swallow hard. He looks interested and nervous.

Because the moment Cas is there, he forgets the shy role he's supposed to be playing. He looks at Sam the way a boy who loves to fuck looks at his next lover.

He rolls his hips just right, grinding their cocks together (again, proportionate, what a perfect fit against his), his eyes never leaving Sam's so he sees the little groan fall from his lips. "Shh...baby," he tests the word, in a light whisper against Sam's lips and likes it, no, loves it, actually. He leans up for another teasingly slow wet kiss and slips his hands into Sam's hair, then down his back, tickling soothingly as he grinds. He lets his hands slip under Sam's shirt, tickling his way back up, skin so soft like his own, back slender like his. His hands move around to the front without breaking the kiss, rubbing his thumbs over Sam's nipples (*so small, so much like his own*). He pinches ever so lightly, feels the slender body shudder under him.

"Cas!" Sam whimpers this time and Cas hushes then kisses him, deeply, thoroughly. His hands caress down Sam's chest to his flat stomach, but only to push his shirt up, slowly. Sam pulls back from his lips and Cas takes advantage, kissing, lightly sucking his way down his throat. He tastes so good and clean, just soap and sweat and Sam. He nuzzles the hollow of his throat, wanting to live there, licking until he finds Sam's pulse point under his tongue, feeling how his heart is pounding just for Cas. He realizes he's just sitting pliant under him, his eyes shut tight, his breathing sort of hard and broken up, more along for the ride than anything else. Cas can feel his fingers gripping the back of his shoulders. "Cas, Jesus," Sam gasps.

"Got you...baby...", Cas breathes the word against Sam's skin, coming back up for a kiss before dipping his head to taste the skin of his bare chest, mouthing just under his t-shirt. He mouths his way slowly, licking across to one hard nipple, flicking his tongue against it, liking the tiny cry from Sam. He's licking him there, scraping his teeth, when he thinks about Sam's hard cock under him and realizes he can do something better for him than grinding. He spreads wider and sends his hand down, lightly cupping the bulge in Sam's jeans, then rubbing with his palm.

Sam moans, a little too loudly and Cas shuts him up with a kiss, letting his t-shirt fall in the process. But his palm doesn't lose contact with Sam's cock. Sam is pushing up into his touch, and taking that as a green light, Cas moves to the button at Sam's jeans, flicking it open (practiced, easily) and unzipping him before running his fingers just under the band of his boxer briefs. He starts kissing Sam harder, getting excited, he's finally gonna touch him, feel him, the first cock he'll feel on purpose, his choice, and of course it's Sam's. He slips his hand under the band, finds sweaty, satiny skin.

Sam grabs his wrist and breaks free of his kiss. “Cas, Cas, wait...!” he begs, but then he lets out a groan and his body is jerking under Cas.

And Cas shudders, taking his hand out of Sam’s pants and putting both of them around his neck again, pulling him tight, squeezing them together. “Baby...,” he whispers again, just to give himself that exquisite pleasure one more time. Kisses him because he can’t help it. Then he pulls back and slithers out of Sam’s lap. The closet is small, so he’s still close, and he smells it then. It smells like sweat and sex.

“Do you...can I uh...borrow some jeans? And boxers?” Sam’s voice is quiet. It’s too dark to tell but Cas thinks he’s probably blushing to the roots of his hair.

“Oh, God, yeah, sorry,” Cas is up, opening the closet. He peeks out, like Amelia (or worse, Roscoe) might be in there waiting to say ‘Ha! Gotcha!’ before moving to grab out a pair of jeans Sam has borrowed before and some boxer briefs from his dresser. His heart is pounding when he turns to face Sam, who is avoiding his eyes, a sheepish smile on his swollen lips.

“I’ll just...” Sam starts to go back into the closet to change. “Um...do you have...?”

“O-Oh...right...wait...here...,” Cas is so nervous now, blushing himself. He was hard when he’d gotten out of Sam’s lap, but it’s wilting now. He tosses Sam a packet of wet wipes.

“No, don’t!” he says a bit too urgently, startling Sam into making eye contact. “I mean, you...you don’t need to use the closet. I’ll go...I’ll see where my mom is, so we can get you out of here.”

“All right,” Sam replies, and this time his smile is a little closer to his own.

Cas slips out and tries to figure out why he feels so wrong, so caught out. His breathing is starting to get labored, so he takes a moment leaning against his door, just calming himself. It’s hard because he knows what he did. He’d let Sam see...that was him, back there, that was the real Cas, Dean’s Cas, the slut, the babywhore. Writhing on his innocent friend like some kind of bitch in heat, putting his hands, his mouth all over him. He covers his mouth and closes himself into the bathroom until the shaking stops.

When he feels calm enough to go back to his room, he uses their old secret knock (if quietly) so Sam will know it isn’t his mom and he doesn’t have to hide. His friend is sitting on his bed with his clothes balled up in his lap.

“Sam I’m really sorry—” he starts, but Sam smiles wide, showing those dimples that Cas loves.

“Sorry? Cas that was so hot...I didn’t know you were so fucking hot!” Sam says and Cas blushes, frowns a little. Sam isn’t calling him a slut, but it feels that way. “I...I just can’t believe I...I mean before you even...,” Sam trails off, blushing scarlet and Cas smiles reluctantly, coming a little closer so he can tentatively touch Sam’s warm cheek.

“That’s a compliment,” Cas tells him lightly. “Means you liked it. You like me.”

Sam glances at him, then away, although he snakes his arms around Cas's waist. "You didn't, though."

And what should he say? *I fuck your brother all the time, so now I last a little longer.* "I... jerk off a lot. Just did earlier." Now it's his turn to blush, he sounds like a crazy person, but that's better than the truth. "Do you? Jerk off, I mean," he asks Sam, genuinely curious. *Do you think about me, too?*

Sam shrugs, still doing his best impression of a tomato, even as his features try for casual. "Yeah, course. Apparently not as much as you, horn dog. God, Dean's right, you guys *are* alike."

Cas flinches, but tries to cover it up. Forces a smile and slips out of Sam's grasp. "Yeah."

~

It's okay. He lost control but thanks to Sam, he didn't actually cross a line. It took a little while for him to stop feeling...slimy. Uncomfortable. He internally berates himself, and whenever Sam tries to talk about it he changes the subject.

It doesn't matter. Sam is hooked, and what Sam wants, Cas gives. From then on, sneaking kisses is their life. Kissing in the tree house, or before Dean gets home (not much he can do about that one; it's a huge advantage for Team Sam.) They learn his schedule to the minute, so they can be brazen in the Winchester house: Sam on top of Cas on the couch, or making out at the kitchen table with their homework spread out in front of them (Sam sometimes pulling Cas into his lap—like maybe he wants to start something—but Cas always sits sideways, legs closed like a gentleman).

The thing is (and this is why Dean is losing so handily at first) it never goes farther than kissing, because Sam seems to be waiting for Cas to make the move, and Cas has put himself on permanent lockdown. So he is the shy boy who keeps his hands above Sam's waist at all times, and blushes anytime Sam's warm fingers find bare skin (under his shirt, you perv...as if Sam is trying to get down Cas's pants already.) If it means he has to furtively jerk off in the bathroom after, then so be it (except on days when he knows he'll be with Dean later...he can beg to play the Sam game, and Dean almost always says yes.)

"Nothing?" Dean will ask, Cas perched on his lap. Cas is facing the other way, smiling; it's funny to him that Dean is frustrated, that Sam is just too innocent for this to work. At this point, Dean isn't even trying to catch them. He's still hoping to catch a lot more than kissing.

"Nothing, Master," Cas will try sounding perplexed and not smug. "He's not slutty at all. He's a good boy."

Dean's fingers tighten warningly, but only a little. "You seem real happy about that, baby. I know you've been gettin' real frustrated though. Slut like you can't hold back forever."

“But Masteeerr,” Cas, turning around to press against him, giving him a full-powered pout. “You said be shy!”

Dean, smiling and stroking him, laughing a little at how the pout thing still works. “I did, you’re right. Just a sweet, shy little girl, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Master,” Cas growls into his neck, getting him to laugh again.

Dean gives Sam some skin mags after that. Secretly, Sam and Cas kind of laugh about it, this old fashioned porn. But they look, of course they do. And get really turned on. Somehow it leads to them sitting next to each other on Sam’s bed after school, each with a hand down his pants, jerking it with the magazines spread on the bed in front of them. They get comfortable doing this. They have contests to see who can come first. Eventually they work up the courage to let each other really see, pushing their shorts down their thighs at the count of three. Cas, while not necessarily excited about exposing himself, has been *dying* to see Sam that way. Sam’s is bigger than his own (while still a *lot* smaller than Dean’s), long but slender and Cas knows, *knows* he could take it all the way inside him. If Sam wants. If Sam ever wants it. If he fantasized about Sam fucking him before, it gets a lot worse once he sees him hard for the first time.

Things start to shift a little.

Because they look at the magazines in the broad daylight, since obviously they’re less likely to get caught in those hours between school and Dean coming home from work. It makes sense. It’s pretty satisfying until it isn’t. Until lying next to each other in bed just gets too tempting to pass up.

They have the trundle bed that John ordered, but he got a full sized so that Sam could grow into it. Since they’re still pretty small and so is his room, they really don’t bother to open the second bed as it becomes ridiculously inconvenient to move around it the moment they’re not actually sleeping.

Yup. That’s the reason.

The full size does mean that there’s no real excuse for them to cuddle up the way they always have. So when Cas gets in the bed, he makes sure there’s space between them. Space that Sam, when he sees it, respects. They’ll wake wrapped in each other somehow, always seeking each other once they’re asleep, but Cas thinks that doesn’t count, and he always extricates himself as soon as he wakes in the morning. He’s usually the last to fall asleep (or he leaves the bed for...other commitments, and comes back.) If it’s the latter, he’ll be exhausted and sore. He doesn’t even pretend, he just lifts the blanket and crawls over to his friend, who accepts him, even in sleep.

Except on bad nights. Nights where all he can think is that Sam shouldn’t have to touch something so foul.

This night, though, they are still lying with that cold space between them on the bed, that no man’s land under the comforter. Cas is on his side with his back to Sam, waiting for him to fall asleep. He’s thinking it’s going to be an easy night. Dean will probably be satisfied with

a blowjob if he makes it good. Okay, probably not. But he hasn't misbehaved, and Dean hasn't looked...off. It should be okay.

That's when he feels Sam's fingers touch the back of his neck. The fingers lightly touch the curls there, before gently tickling over his skin. He freezes for only a second, but it's not long until he's curling his neck into the touch (like a little cat, Dean always says.) "What are you doing?" he whispers.

A pause, but the fingers don't stop. "Nothin'." He's using what little nails he has, and it feels amazing. His fingers disappear under the collar of his flannel pajama top. After a moment, he asks, "Want me to do your back?"

Cas hesitates, but who is he kidding? "All right." He shifts a little closer on the bed, and Sam gently lifts the back of his shirt. Then he's using the fingers of both hands to trace lazy patterns on Cas's back. Somehow it manages to be both relaxing and erotic, each time his fingers slip lower on Cas's back, and just the fact that Sam is so close, his scent surrounding Cas, feeling the warmth of his presence behind him. It isn't long until he's tugging his shirt off, making Sam laugh at him. "Shut up, you were missing spots. Get my shoulders."

"You're bossy sometimes. You know that?"

"And you talk too much, come on!" Cas doesn't agree, but if Dean heard it, he might have classified that as a whine.

"Shh! Dean'll hear you!" Which of course made it harder not to laugh, so they're giggling and snorting into the blanket.

The door swings open and Sam's hands are gone like they were never there. Cas has the blanket to his neck and he doesn't move, but his heart is thundering with sudden fear. It's not like Dean doesn't know what that means. Not like he doesn't use the same trick, tucking Cas in so he doesn't appear naked. He sneaks a glance, and feels instant but tempered relief: it's only John Winchester in the doorway. "Lights out means just that, kids. If you can't keep it down, one of y'all can go sleep in Dean's room."

"Where's *Dean*?" Sam asks, his tone just short of nasty. They all can hear the implication, that only Dean has the right to tell him what to do. Cas peeks at Sam's father and sees his brow lift.

"Dean's out. Don't worry about where Dean is. Worry about doin' what I say, Sammy, how about that," John suggests, and Cas makes himself small under the blankets, made anxious by the tension in the room.

"Fine. Shouldn't you be at work? Or the bar or something? It's just, usually Dean's here, not you," Sam says oh-so-reasonably, and Cas winces at the venom threading his words.

John's face darkens and he seems to grow taller in the doorway. "Kid, you do know this is my roof you're under, right? And no matter what I let go on here, you're *my* son. Now I've been toleratin' a lot of disrespect from that mouth because I trust your brother to look after things. But you keep on testin' me, I'm gonna put a stop to it myself, you hear me?"

Sam is quiet and Cas can't bear to look, playing possum, but he's watching John in his peripheral. He doesn't look pleased.

"It can happen right now, Samuel. Right now, right in front of your friend, and your brother probably told you I don't use my hand. Maybe that's your problem, he's been too soft on you from the get."

And he knows, suddenly Cas knows that Sam is going to tell him a somewhat polite version of 'go fuck yourself' and then he'll have to watch his friend get whipped for the second time in his life. So he reaches back and grabs Sam, locks his fingers around Sam's arm. Begging with his grip, hoping he understands. *Please don't. Please don't make me watch this.*

"Yes, Sir," Sam grits out at last.

"I don't want 'yes, sir', I want to hear an apology and then you shut the hell up and go to sleep, like I told you the first time," John tells him, and Cas sees he's a man who only has to raise his voice a little to be intimidating.

"I'm sorry...Dad." The words are mild, and Cas tenses up again. Surely John will hear the sarcasm. Surely he'll hear the accusation.

"Yeah. You're sorry. I'll be talkin' to Dean about this. See if he don't need help handlin' you after all," John retorts, and this time Sam doesn't reply. Cas strokes his arm with his fingers, feeling the tension under his taut skin, trying to calm him in the only small way he can manage. "Don't let me hear another sound."

"Yes, Sir," Sam replies, and there's a tense moment where Cas wonders if John will decide that counts as another sound. Instead he closes the door. Once they hear his footsteps head downstairs, Cas turns, cautiously sliding closer to Sam, staring at his profile. Sam is lying on his back, face dark with anger.

"He's such an asshole," Sam whispers. "I hope he does talk to Dean, Dean'll just tell him off for thinkin' he can get involved now. Hope I'm there to hear it. Fuck him, and his stupid house. He doesn't want us here, Dean 'n' me can just--"

"Shh, Sam, please...please don't say that, okay? Y-you don't need to leave," Cas burrows into Sam's side, shuddering, the hairs on the back of his neck standing up.

"What?" Sam seems to realize Cas is upset. He tugs him close and his voice sounds slightly less tense when he speaks again. "Sorry...he just gets to me, you know, when he tries to act like some kind of parent."

"I guess," Cas says noncommittally. John doesn't seem like the worst father to him. They have food, clothes, and shelter. He made sure they know how to defend themselves (or at least, he'd taught Dean, and Dean was passing it on to Sam). He could've given them up to foster care at any point and he hadn't. Maybe he wasn't much, but Cas still thought he was better than nothing.

"He should stick to what he knows best, workin' and gettin' drunk."

Cas tries to get closer and Sam puts an arm around him, making a face when he does. “You’re cold, you’re always cold.”

“I know, and you’re always warm,” Cas smiles and slips his fingers up under Sam’s shirt, making him hiss.

“Jeez, your fingers are like ice, what are you, part ghost?” he whispers, yanking Cas’s hand back out from under his shirt.

“Shut up and get back to work,” Cas demands, turning his back to Sam.

“Bossy,” Sam breathes against the back of his neck, tickling again. Except this time he follows with lips, a chaste kiss pressed to his neck that Cas leans into. He turns a little, and Sam’s lips follow, moving forward on his neck.

“What are you—“

Sam kisses him and he’s responding before he can think, but he keeps turned mostly away, knowing if he turns, it’ll be all over. Instead he pulls back. “Sam, we...we should sleep. You’ll be all grumpy tomorrow.” He says it, but he doesn’t really mean it.

“I’m never grumpy in the morning,” Sam resumes tickling his back, leaning his head on Cas’s shoulder, so their faces are pressed together.

“Okay, *I’ll* be grumpy.”

Sam sighs and pulls away from Cas, leaving the line of his bare back cold. He sits up to put his shirt back on.

“I’m not tired though. I’m thinking.”

“Bout what,” Cas asks him, head still buried in flannel.

“Those magazines.”

Cas swallows but he keeps his tone nonchalant. “We can...we’ll do it again tomorrow if you want.”

Sam is quiet and Cas thinks he’s going to drop it, when he speaks up again. “We should watch real porn.”

Cas looks at him. “What, now? We just got in trouble for making noise.”

“What makes you think we’ll make noise,” Sam says slyly, making Cas blush. The last time they looked at porn together was long before this...thing between them. Just a couple of kids staring in awe, feeling totally horny and doing absolutely nothing about it.

“C’mon, we’ll be quiet, and then I’ll be able to sleep.”

Cas hesitates again, but suddenly all he can think of is getting Sam to watch some guys fucking each other. The last time they'd watched porn, it'd been all hetero. But now...

"All right, but get your headphones. And don't stomp around, John'll come back upstairs."

Sam laughs and slips from the blanket, back in a flash with his tablet and headphones. They turn on their bellies and prop the tablet up at the top of the bed, by their pillows. Each boy takes one earbud. Sharing them means they have to be incredibly close while they watch, and Cas can feel Sam pressed to his side from shoulder to hip. He's already twitching in his pajama pants before Sam even gets to the site.

Cas takes over then before Sam can pick a straight couple. He finds the perfect one, two "teen" boys hanging out in a bedroom.

"Teen my ass...they're older than Dean!" Sam immediately scoffs and Cas has to remind him to keep it down.

"They're not as hot as Dean either," Cas says without thinking and then blushes furiously as he realizes what he said, his stomach flipping a little. Sam blinks at him, like he's not sure how to react. "I just mean...they're skinny! He's more muscular!" He tries to fix it, flustered.

Sam is still looking at him. "You like 'em big, huh?" he jokes, but his eyes are narrowed.

Cas feels oddly hot and cold, unsure about revealing himself like that (unsure about even thinking like that, given what Dean...is), but also a little excited that Sam seems...jealous. He pauses the video. "Don't give me shit...your brother's the hottest guy in this whole fucking town, everybody says that. Old Mrs. Winslow says that—she's like a grandma--and so does Jenny McCann in my Language Arts class because she saw him drop you off once. Once!"

Sam rolls his eyes, nods. Cas finds himself wondering if Sam gets tired of hearing about how hot his older brother is, though he's never seemed anything but proud. "Sam, I like *you*," Cas blurts out suddenly, wanting to make himself clear. "That's what I like." Whatever fucked up feelings he might have about Dean, there's no mistaking the conviction in his voice, and it gets him kissed. He kisses Sam back but stops before it can become anything more. He still really wants Sam to see some gay porn.

The two boys in the video might not be Dean hot, but Sam and Cas finally agree they wouldn't kick them out of bed either. A blond and a brunette, petite so they can try to pass for younger, Cas guesses. Secretly, he doesn't even want to watch them. He wants to watch Sam, see how he's reacting. Especially when the shorter boy crawls between the Blondie's legs and starts licking away at his obscenely large cock.

"Whoa," Sam whispers, and Cas steals a look at his face. "I always wonder how guys want to put their mouths there."

Cas shrugs uneasily. Whispers back, "You get used to it. I think. It's just skin, really."

Sam looks at him askance. "Yeah, skin you pee from, with slimy stuff coming out of it. At least they're not hairy. Gross!"

"You wouldn't say that if you knew how good it felt getting it," he answers stiffly, hoping his burning cheeks aren't noticeable in the dark. He realizes how that sounded. "I just mean... look at that guy, he's like losing his shit. He likes it a lot. And the guy giving it to him looks happy too, he's like...moaning and stuff, too."

Sam looks at him pretty curiously but now he turns back to the men on the screen in time to see Blondie start to fuck into Short Guy's mouth, his dick disappearing down his throat. "Shit," he whispers, and Cas hides a smile. He can't do that for Dean, not yet, but he bets he could make it for Sam.

They're quiet for a while, which helps Cas to relax somewhat. For him, it's still less about the porn (which actually makes him a little uncomfortable; what's going on between the two "boys" is far tamer than what Cas gets up to on a regular basis, impressive as Sam seems to find it) than it is about watching porn with Sam. He sneaks looks at him as often as he can, wishing he could just stare the way he wants. Wishing Sam would sit up and take his gorgeous dick out, with Cas's face so close. What would Sam do if Cas just leaned over, took it in his mouth? He'd make it so good...

"What about that? You gotta agree *that's* gross."

Cas looks, and Short Guy has his friend on his back on the bed, nearly folded in half. Blondie's hole is already gaping wide open and Short Guy is lapping away at it like he wanted to get to the candy center. Blondie is moaning and squirming, over the top and theatrical but the sounds are still pretty hot.

Cas swallows. It's true, Dean hasn't made him do this, and he hopes he never does. But Dean does it to him all the time, and it feels amazing. "I...I wouldn't want to try it," Cas admits.

Sam giggles and nudges him. "You sure? What if the guy's really hot?"

Cas tilts his chin up. "Then he can do it to me all he wants."

Sam looks at him for a long moment, but then he's drawn back to the movie. Short Guy, who was just jutting his stiff tongue into his friend's hole, has now turned Blondie on his hands and knees and is lining up his dick to push inside him. And even Cas's eyes are glued; this isn't something he's ever been able to just watch. He guesses it doesn't look exactly like that when Dean fucks into him; his ass is still so small in Dean's hands, his cock enormous inside him. These guys are clearly more proportionate to each other (*like he would be with Sam, fuck.*) The friend on the bed is arching his back, groaning, just a lot of 'give it to me, baby' and 'fuck me harder', while his friend says things like 'so tight' and 'feels so good inside you!'

Cas realizes how hard he is, just watching Short Guy's dick rutting into Blondie's gaping hole. He's become incredibly aware of all the places his body is lightly resting against Sam: his shoulder, the length of his arm, his hip. He feels like every hair is standing on end. In the

corner of his eye, he sees Sam's tongue dart out to lick his lips, and he shifts on the bed ever so slightly.

It gives Cas an idea. He shifts too, but his movement is deliberate, a roll of his hips that manages to push his dick against the mattress, while also making the side of his hip rub against Sam's—not lightly either. Sam's eyes are on him instantly (Cas doesn't look at all, but he knows.) He squirms slowly, sinuously again, giving a tiny arch to his back, knowing his ass will be undulating with the movement.

"Cas," Sam whispers hoarsely and Cas smiles inwardly, while still pretending he's not aware Sam's paying attention. "What are you doin'?"

Cas looks at him but Sam's eyes are on his ass. He moves again and Sam bites his lower lip. He smiles. "You're looking at my ass again."

"That's because it's...just...kinda perfect..." Sam trails off. His hand finds its way to Cas's back, and Cas's heart starts pounding. This is like last time, only there's no Jess holding him back. Sure enough, Sam's hand slips lower until he's tentatively touching Cas's ass over his pajama pants. "Is this okay?" he whispers and Cas can only nod, watching him. It's surreal, feeling this light, innocent touch, with the sound of hard core fucking in his ear, but it's Sam's hand doing the touching, and Cas's dick is diamond hard, he's sure it's leaking into his boxers. His hand is feathery light over Cas's pajama pants (Sam's touch, always the most gentle Cas has ever known). "C'mere." Sam whispers, and pulls him onto his side for a kiss. This time both his hands find Cas's ass, squeezing and kneading in a way that makes Cas whimper in his mouth, pushing up tight against Sam.

Sam hushes him, slowing the kiss, pulling off with a little sucking sound. He keeps hold of Cas with one arm (like he can't take the chance of losing him) and shuts the porn off, taking the earbuds and tossing the tablet away with his free hand. "Can I touch you, Cas?" Sam asks him, fingers playing lightly at the waistband of his pants.

Yes, please, anywhere, everywhere... is what he doesn't say. "All right," he tells him instead, and damn if he isn't nervous: his heart is wild in his chest.

Sam is kissing him again when his fingers dip into his pants, slipping over his bare ass. His hands rub lightly under the fabric before daring to cup first one cheek then the other. Cas keeps waiting for his fingers to dip between his cheeks, feel the hole there, he wants him to do it, but despite the way his thumbs slip maddeningly close, his hole is neglected. He can't help it then, he's reaching between them to touch his own painfully hard cock. Except they're so close together on the bed that the back of his hand brushes against Sam's dick. He can feel how hard he is, and it sends a jolt of excitement straight to the tip of his dick.

Sam gasps in his mouth and they both freeze, mouths still touching, Sam's hands on his ass, Cas's hand trapped between them. Cas is sweating in his flannels, wants desperately to be free of them, or at least his shirt again. He swallows and looks at Sam, feeling almost frightened, but at the same time, it's like he can't stop himself. This doesn't count as touching first, does it? It was an accident, but...now he's already there. Tentatively, ever so softly, he brushes his hand against Sam again. Gets the sound a second time.

“Cas.” Sam whispers a little desperately, fingers tightening on Cas’s bare skin.

“Baby,” Cas whispers gently, reassuringly. He looks down where his hand is between them. Turns his hand, runs his finger up Sam’s length (still through the pants.) Feels Sam shudder. He uses his palm instead, stroking slowly, tentatively against the bulge in his pants.

“Feels good,” Sam gasps out, pressing against Cas’s hand. “Um, no, w-wait...wait...I-I wanna...I wanna touch you first. Can I?”

Cas nods, forcing himself to stop touching Sam. Sam’s hands slip out of his pants, and then he’s tugging Cas’s shirt back off, the cool air making Cas shiver when it touches his sweaty skin. “Should...” Sam swallows hard, looking down at Cas’s body, stroking his chest, his stomach. He tucks his fingers just under the band of Cas’s pants. “Could I take these off you, too?”

“Um, all right, yeah.” Cas’s voice wobbles a little, and he realizes he’s nervous (stupid; how Dean would laugh at him.) He freezes in actual fear until he realizes Sam is only removing the pants, not his boxers, or at least not yet.

Ridiculous. He’s naked all the time with Dean, and if Sam decides he wants to fuck him, it’s all gotta come off—and Cas definitely wants him to decide that. He guesses it is kind of laughable to feel like he’s not ready to be naked with Sam.

Except he’s thinking how skinny and small he is, his dick nothing impressive (Sam’s smaller, delicate body is amazing to Cas, but he’s pretty sure his reasons are based on his experience, the body parts invading his always so much larger and stronger, all the pleasure he gets coming with a hefty price of pain). He’s thinking about bruises, that Sam could see more than the few on his arms or shoulders. He might see the ones at his hips, his thighs, the places Dean marks him where he’s confident no one will see (something they both should really have thought of before, he’s quickly realizing.) Surely it’s dark enough, but he can’t help it, the humiliation if Sam should see...

It doesn’t really matter, he tells himself, it doesn’t, it doesn’t, it doesn’t. If Sam wants it, it’s fine. Then he’s ready, definitely. But maybe...Sam won’t mind? He keeps his eyes lowered and asks shyly, “Could...could I keep my boxers on?”

Sam looks at him for a moment, then smiles, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “Hey, of course,” he strokes Cas’s hair, his face, looking at him intently. His next words are careful. “I only want to do what you want to do, Cas, okay? I only ever want that.”

Cas blinks at him, not really understanding. He wants whatever Sam wants; more than what Sam wants, probably. “Okay, Sam.”

Sam rubs his bare back, his warm hands soothing away tension. “And like...you’ll tell me if you don’t want something...or if you want to stop. Right?”

“I...,” Cas trails off, swallowing hard against the sudden emotions clogging his throat. A little fear, a little dread (goes against his training, *you don’t get a say, Cas, find the parts you like*), a little sadness, but he lands on gratitude for Sam. Love for Sam, who doesn’t yet know

that it's okay to just *do* things to Cas (if Dean approves), all the crazy things Cas likes, the rough stuff he can take. "Yeah, obviously," he forces out unevenly, embarrassed. God, he's blowing this, coming off as a freak who doesn't know how to make out like a normal boy.

"There he is, there's my best friend the asshole. Promise me, asshole? Promise you'll say no, or stop, whenever you need to?" Sam insists, cupping Cas's chin so he can have eye contact for this.

"I promise! I hate you, shut up!" Cas says urgently, pressing up against Sam so he can hide his face in his neck, feeling Sam chuckle even as he accepts him, holds him close. But he doesn't let Cas hide for long, tugging his face up for kisses, starting chaste and then becoming hotter, wetter, tangling tongues and spit-wet lips. Cas's hands slip under Sam's shirt again, making him gasp with the touch of his cold fingers that quickly make their way to his nipples, circling, playing, scratching lightly.

Sam's hands are moving over Cas, too, only there's a lot more skin available to explore and he's taking advantage. He's slow, pulling back from his kisses to check on Cas (who whines, dragging him back), but his hand eventually slides down his chest, a warm line down to the waistband of his boxers.

Cas gasps a little, fingers twitching where they touch Sam.

"Can't wait to feel you, Cas," Sam whispers, and Cas realizes he looks nervous, too, nervous and excited, and it makes Cas feel better to see it. He closes his eyes, feeling Sam's (small, soft, perfect) hand slipping down, first over his boxers to lightly touch and squeeze. Cas shudders, and Sam gently lowers him to his back. It's while they're kissing again that Sam's hand slips inside his shorts.

Cas makes a small sound, letting go of Sam to hold onto the sheets under him (*habit, sorry Sam, habit*). His eyes are closed when Sam's warm hand closes over him. His hand is dry but Cas's cock is already slick with pre-come. He closes his fingers around Cas, obviously finding the angle a bit awkward at first. In fact, the handjob is awkward, Sam's movements tentative and unsure, almost too gentle, but Cas doesn't care. It's Sam, fucking *Sam* with his hand on Cas's *dick*, touching him the way he's wanted, the way he's dreamed for so long. Cas is so turned on he thinks it'll be over as soon as it starts.

"Sam," he whimpers (quietly, this boy knows how to be quiet in these moments) and pulls him down with a hand around his neck. He's kissing him then. He's not allowed to tell him he loves him, so he tells him with his lips, his tongue, his eyes when he looks at him between kisses. Then he puts his hand down Sam's pajama pants and boxers, because he wants to feel him, too, he needs to feel him. He gasps in pleasure as if it's his dick that he touches, the head of his dick that he's thumbing over. This is bliss to him, finally putting his hand on Sam, feeling how hard he is, how wet he is (because of Cas, Jesus, Cas did this to him.) He slips lower to rub over his balls, feels satin smooth skin and just the barest covering of downy hair. Sam makes small pleasure sounds and Cas eats them, hushes them. He squeaks a little in Sam's mouth when he is accidentally squeezed bit too hard.

"Sorry," Sam whispers.

“’s good,” Cas assures him and Sam starts stroking again, a little more sure this time, and Cas smiles into his mouth when Sam’s thumb starts rubbing over the head of his dick, gives Sam a tiny moan so he’ll know it’s good.

Quick learner.

Cas treats his Sam well, stroking with a practiced hand, but gentler than he treats Dean, not sure what Sam likes yet. He can tell it’s good by how Sam’s breathing gets so short, the way he ruts into his hand. Sam’s hand has stilled on his own cock, but he wants to come with his friend (*his love*), so he puts his other hand around Sam’s and helps stroke himself off at the same time. They aren’t kissing anymore, but their faces are close and Cas opens his eyes, finds Sam watching him, too. “Sam,” he whimpers again, and bites his lip hard, so he won’t say forbidden things.

As if it was a command instead of a swallowed declaration, Sam releases and Cas follows easily, spilling over both of Cas’s hands, their hips stuttering, Sam letting out a small cry before he buries it in the mattress, Cas pressing his mouth against Sam’s t-shirt, gasping in his scent with every shuddering breath.

Cas kisses Sam while his neurons are still sparking with pleasure, with love, with gratitude, small, tired kisses to his face, his neck. He sees Sam’s eyes are open again, glazed and happy. Cas is happy, too, and he’s realizing this game isn’t bad, this is good. They could both feel good. Nobody has to get hurt. So long as they don’t get caught, and so far that’s been a piece of cake.

“We gotta clean up,” Sam says, sitting up, and Cas likes how his voice sounds, all lazy and sated. He notices Cas’s hands, both covered in their respective come. “Oh, hold on, I got you,” Sam starts to reach for tissues on his end table.

“Sam,” Cas hisses at him, and he turns back to him. Eyes locked on Sam, he holds his hand up and licks, over his palm, to the tip of his fingers, a solid stripe that coats his tongue. Sam’s mouth is open, he’s watching Cas with utter shock and fascination. Cas holds his tongue out, pointed and pretty the way Dean likes, letting some of it slip over his bottom lip before he swallows, licking it away.

And Sam does taste sweeter (than Dean, than Jimmy), the way Cas always knew he would. He cleans his hand of Sam’s spunk (he wants to, but it’s also habit), then holds up his other hand. Sam grabs his wrist before he can bring it to his mouth, and Cas freezes, shame washing over him (*this is weird, this is overboard, Sam said how gross it was, Sam thinks—*)

“This one is yours?” Sam asks so softly, and Cas’s lips part, his eyes going wide. It never even crossed his mind that Sam might want to taste *him*. Dean does, but Dean’s...Dean.

“Yeah,” he breathes. He sees how aggressively Sam is about to follow his example and remembers how much he hated this stuff when he first tried it (he’s pretty sure he’ll die if Sam throws up from the taste of his), and he stops him, tugging his wrist out of Sam’s grip. “Just a taste first,” Cas tells him, offering up one coated finger. Sam’s lips part but Cas doesn’t enter, just rubs his finger over Sam’s sweet lips, glazing them prettily. Sam licks at them tentatively and Cas sees that blank look as he tries to hide his initial reaction. It looks

like he's thinking 'weird', but Cas thinks that's a lot better than 'gross'. It makes him smile, actually. It is weird, especially at first.

Sam sees him smile and he returns it. "More, you licked the whole thing, why can't I?"

"You taste sweeter than I do," Cas lies (if only partly; he thinks Sam *is* sweeter, that's just not the reason he's holding him back.) He scoops one finger full, and shoves it in Sam's mouth this time, stopping him mid-protest, shoving a little hard in an attempt to get him to gag (he's a little sorry, but it's so sexy, too.) He laughs mischievously when Sam chokes (kind of weirdly exciting, doing that to someone else for a change.)

Sam grabs Cas's wrist and holds it away from his mouth. "Asshole," he whispers and Cas is going to respond before Sam licks a wide swath over his palm, drying up any words he would've had. *Holy. Shit.*

Cas sees it, the flicker of his eyes as he thinks about what he's tasting, and it sends a whisper of anxiety to tighten his stomach. Then Sam smiles. "I think you must be sweeter. Let's see."

Sam puts his hands gently on either side of Cas's face and he kisses him (surprisingly romantic after eating each other's come.) Cas kisses back, tasting the two of them together, and sighs in contentment when they finish. One day he'll drink from the source, worship Sam the way he deserves. For tonight, this is enough.

A sound in the hallway makes them both still, and they realize that someone is in the bathroom down the hall. Trying to be soundless, they attempt to clean up. Sam has to change his pajamas, which gives Cas a chance to lose his boxers, using them to clean the rest of the mess from his cock, balls, and stomach. At least his pajamas are clean, since he wasn't wearing them. He puts them back on sans boxers this time, and blushes pink when he catches Sam watching him dress, knowing he at least glimpsed him naked after all. He likes it though, he has to admit...the proprietary look in Sam's eyes. It will fuel all sorts of (*forbidden*) fantasies of Sam growing up, stealing him away somehow.

Sam wants to hold him now. Cas protests half-heartedly but ends up in his arms, tucked into his chest the way he likes best, Sam's fingers up under his shirt, tickling his back. "If one of them opens the door, we're so dead," Cas tries one last time.

"Shut up and sleep," Sam mutters, eyes already closed.

Without meaning to, just because for that one moment he feels so good, so sated, so tired...he does.

~

Things stop being simple after that.

The days of make-out sessions ending with just kissing are almost non-existent—which is nice. It is nice. Cas loves Sam, wants to be all over Sam, wants Sam all over him. Sam is gentle and eager, and there's never any pain (never any actual sex either; and Cas has mixed feelings on the subject.) Even if he's already sore from Dean (Sam isn't touching his hole or shoving anything in his mouth that makes his jaw ache around it, but those aren't the only places he hurts), Sam is so tender, he practically soothes it away.

And yeah, Cas tried to tell Dean that it's probably bad if Sam sees bruises on him in certain delicate areas...especially as often as Dean likes to leave them. But Dean got pretty pissed (*the fuck you tryin' to tell me, Cas? Go ahead, tell me I can't mark you any way I fucking want*), and said Cas should just make sure to keep his clothes on with Sam unless it's dark and he's sure he won't see. He does that and it's okay—Sam thinks he's being shy and cute.

The game makes Dean happy, too. He seems to love hearing about Sam and Cas's "secret" hookups. He'd been completely supportive with the whole closet fiasco (he'd given Cas a hand spanking over the knee because he said it's what Cas needed to forgive himself—it hurt really bad, but Cas knew he was right.) He loves hearing about their jerkoff sessions (Cas got a lot of blowjobs from him for those.) But his favorite is the night between the sheets. There are so many different parts that he likes Cas to go over in so much detail, it might take an entire session for Dean to finish hearing about one moment.

"Tell me again...what did Sam say about the boys in the porno?" Dean asks, slowly fucking into Cas from behind, with one of Cas's legs over his arm and Cas face first against a wall in the garage. Dean is dressed, Cas's shirt is on, his pants and boxers are hanging off one leg. The fucking is so slow that Cas is falling apart, his neglected dick straight and hard against his belly.

"Said...", he gasps; Dean has his head pulled back by his hair, not enough to hurt, but restraining, keeping his ear against Dean's plump, wet lips. "Said they were o-older th-than y-you, Mas—"

"Use my name, like he did. Like you did with him." Speeding up a little. Angle just right.

"Dean. S-said they ah! Were older than...Dean!"

"Mmm, yeah, and...what did my...baby say after...that?" Fucking hard now, making Cas go up on his toes.

"Said. Not. As. Hot. As. D-Dean!" Cas's eyes are shut tight, forcing words out with every thrust inside him. His reward is Dean's growl in his ear, his big calloused hand slipping to grab hold of his needy cock. "Said you ungh...hottest...guy...everyone...says...so..."

"*Fuck yeah*, knew you want this shit," Dean, biting his ear, tiny sharp pain lost amid so many sensations in his small body.

Can he confide in you? Sometimes it's a lot. He loves his Master...and he loves Sam. He gets horny a lot, so he's always ready for them, he's always on. Dean takes care of his skin, his hole, always treating him with moisturizers and ointments, trying to stave off chafing issues and whatever else. It's just always so intense with Dean, mentally, emotionally, and

physically. And things with Sam are a different kind of intense because he *loves* him. Because every single thing Sam does and says to him means the world. And keeping it separate...that's demanding, too. God forbid the word Master leaves his lips at the wrong time. Worse, the word no, or stop. But it's okay.

Dean is happy. Sam is happy. Everything's okay.

~

One time Sam leaves a hickey on Cas's neck. Two, actually, if you want to be technical.

It's Cas's fault, really. He feels it happening, Sam sucking too hard on his neck. It just feels way too good to tell him stop. It'd be different if he knew for sure that Dean would object, but he doesn't know that. Dean's made no secret he likes Sam's mouth on Cas's body, anywhere he might want to put it.

It's one of those after school times that Cas likes best, that feel super safe because when has Dean ever come home early from work? (Say what you like about him, the guy is a reliable worker.) And seeing John Winchester on a weekday afternoon would be less expected than Santa coming down the chimney.

They're in Sam's room, on his bed (which gives them more time to scramble if the unthinkable *does* happen—sue him, Cas is paranoid.) Cas is on his back with Sam on top of him, and his hands are up the back of Sam's t-shirt (he shed the flannel he had on top of it), just sort of running up and down, making random patterns with his fingers. He loves how his hands meet so easily around Sam, how one small hand of his easily spans Sam's shoulder blade. Forgive him, he knows he repeats it—it's just not something he can get over, how well matched they are in size. So nice. Feels so good.

It's the kind of unhurried making out that happens when Sam's in control, the kind that really took getting used to at first. Sam has taught him about the slow build, instead of the zero to sixty immediate assault of his nerve endings until he can't tell good and bad feelings apart. With Sam, the excitement comes from who he is with, this connection between them, the speeding up of his heart whenever Sam smooths a lock of his hair and the butterflies in his stomach when he touches a single button of his clothes or the fabric at his waistband. Sam's touches are not meant to soothe skin he bruised or broke; they're never mocking-gentle after a terrified flinch expecting pain, or overlapped with cruel words meant to confuse him inside and out. Sam is excited to have access to Cas like this, all trembling fingers and uneven breaths against Cas's lips, his ear. Like he found treasure. Like Cas is treasure.

Like Dean, he realizes pretty quickly how much Cas squirms and sighs for a mouth on his ear, his throat. Sam teases him, too (*"Wow, really love that, don't you"*) when he's sucking on his ear and getting all the shudders and pants. Cas gets upset the first few times (*Sammy can see what a slut you are, Cas*), but Sam feels his tension, settles him each time. So now he can do this: lie under Sam with his eyes shut and legs spread, hips lifting (nobody

stopping him) to press into Sam every time he feels that suction on his ear. So when Sam's mouth slips lower and that suction gets sharp (the kind of thing he wouldn't even notice in the midst of Dean's ministrations), it has Cas arching, baring his neck for it.

It's only after, when he's putting his flannel back on that Sam tugs back the collar of his shirt. "Um. Uh. Don't get mad." His eyes on Cas are wary, slightly guilty, but he can tell he's trying not to smile.

Cas knows what he'll see even before he gets to Sam's mirror. He feels a lot of things when he sees not one but two small purple-red marks at his throat, just above where neck meets shoulder, but mostly he's uneasy. Surely Dean will say he had to let Sam, right? He's never said nobody else can mark him...

Sam sees Cas's expression and his own face falls. "Sorry, Cas, I didn't mean to...nobody will see it, just...wear shirts like the one you have on."

Or, tell Dean immediately because the consequences of letting Dean find out on his own are too frightening to contemplate. He manages a smile for Sam though, a normal boy who should be able to give a hickey to whomever he wants. "You did that on purpose, you dick."

"I did not!" he insists, but his smile comes back wide, dimples in sharp relief. Cas shivers when Sam runs his fingers lightly over the bruises. "Kinda like it though, Cas." They don't have time for more making out, but maybe there's some kissing after that. Some really good, distracting kissing.

Cas is going to tell Dean about it as soon as he gets a chance. It just doesn't work out like that. When Dean gets home, it's to a kitchen disaster of rice that is somehow both burnt and undercooked, chicken that looked fine until you cut open to the raw center, and a tearful little brother who just doesn't know how it all went wrong.

Dean is quick to throw on hamburgers and water for mac n' cheese, and he leaves Cas to oversee it while he comforts Sam in private (Cas knows they need privacy so Sam doesn't have to play tough for him, and so Dean can kiss and cuddle him better.) Cas is standing sort of uselessly near the stove, watching the hamburgers anxiously and really, really hoping Dean comes back before they need to be flipped (he will do it wrong—potentially devastating for Dean, the way he is with burgers—and they are scary the way they're spitting grease.)

He does come back (probably knowing full well what will happen to his burgers if he doesn't). He's lightly touching at Cas's leather collar (something he does often) when his fingers suddenly dip into Cas's shirt collar, pulling it down to bare most of his shoulder. Cas flinches away, spinning to look up at him, stomach churning with fear and guilt. Dean simply looks back, bottomless green eyes unfathomable, even after all this time, even to Cas. "Hey, Sam," he calls, without looking away from Cas. "C'mere a sec." His voice is mild, but there's a warning in it, and Cas sees Sam stiffen in the corner of his eye. Bravely (Cas thinks) he squares his thin shoulders and makes his way over.

Dean tugs Cas's collar down again and lifts his eyes to Sam. "What's this?"

Sam looks up at him. Lifts a shoulder. "Cas fooled around with somebody?"

Dean stares at him but Sam, to his credit, doesn't look away. If a Winchester can do one thing well, it's look somebody in the face and lie. "You're tellin' me you didn't do this? Then who did?"

Sam actually crosses his arms over his chest. "None of your business."

Dean releases Cas's shirt. Looks at Sam, just looks.

Sam's arms drop, as do his eyes. "Sorry," he mutters, not sounding very. "Just meant... 's Cas's business. He's allowed to do stuff with someone if he wants. It's a free country." The last is sullen; Cas is incredulous, frozen in place. He worries about how close he is to Dean right now, but doesn't dare step away. Either Sam doesn't feel it or he just doesn't give a damn.

"Yeah," Dean turns to flip his burgers, his voice filled with scorn, tension obvious in his shoulders. "That's true, kiddo, that's a good point. An' *I'm* supposed to believe it ain't *you*, after what we talked about all those weeks ago. Never seen Cas with a date in his life, all the sudden he has a hickey—two, actually—and it's some mystery guy. You're a shitty liar, Sammy. Shoulda gone with curling iron injury--that I'd believe."

Cas blinks at him, insulted, and Dean turns those malevolent green eyes to his. Blue eyes drop immediately and he turns, shaking hands pouring dry noodles into a pot of boiling water, only remembering at the last second to rescue the packet of powdered cheese before it goes in after them.

Sam, unbelievably, decides to go down with his sinking ship. If Cas had room for more than dread, he'd feel admiration for his valiant boy. He even crosses his arms again. "You can spank us but it's not fair. You're doing it without proof." He hesitates. "You're the one who said Cas is different than me...just because he's not dating someone doesn't mean that stuff can't happen."

Cas feels like Sam just punched him in the gut, though he immediately forgives, excuses it. He keeps his eyes on the bubbling noodles, stirring them needlessly but trying to act completely engrossed. Like maybe he didn't hear Sam say *Cas is a slut, not a good boy like me, remember—your words, Dean*.

Dean flicks a cruelly amused glance at Cas, like he knows exactly what he's thinking. "That true, Cas?"

Cas shrugs and nods—what can he do, pretend to lie for Sam, when he's going to tell Dean the truth as soon as they're alone? But if he doesn't lie, the game is over and Dean will be equally pissed (he thinks). "I—I'd rather not talk about it. Please," he says finally, not knowing how else to respond. His back is to Sam, and he tries to send Dean a quick apologetic glance, tries to plead with his eyes, that he can explain, that he had no intention of keeping this to himself. Surely Dean knows that. Surely he realizes he didn't get a chance.

Dean looks at him then Sam. Smiles, and it isn't a nice smile. "All right. I'll take your word. Let's pretend you haven't lied to my face in the past, right Sammy? Let's act like this isn't suspicious, and I still trust you like I used to...okay? Just for shits and giggles, we're

gonna do that.” Cas winces. Dean steps forward suddenly, putting himself in Sam’s space, right in front of him, still with that unnerving smile. “And when I do catch you—and we both know I will—it’s gonna be real bad, Sam. Because if you had owned up today like a man—“

“Dean, wait, c’mon--,” Sam tries, eyes wide with fear.

“No, shut the fuck up, I got all the story I need from you,” Dean’s in his face now and he isn’t smiling anymore. “Time’s past for that now. So you remember that, Sammy. We’ll do it different, too. Let you watch Cas pay for your lyin’ mouth before you get your turn. Let you count for him.”

“Dean—“ Sam starts, half angry, half begging, and Dean slaps him hard across the face. Both boys gasp, Cas gripping his spoon in terror, Sam’s eyes welling up with tears. He tries to fight them but they fall anyway. He looks so small when Dean is standing close like that.

“Enough. Mouth.” Dean stares his brother down. “You’ll eat dinner. Then you’ll go to bed. And it ain’t because of those marks on his neck, nah...it’s because you can’t shut that disrespectful little flap. Crossin’ your arms and talkin’ to me like I ain’t shit. I don’t think so.” He turns back to the stove then, adding cheese to his burgers like he didn’t just hit his little brother in the face, or at least like it doesn’t bother him at all that he did.

Sam is wiping hard at his eyes, trying to get the tears to stop. He looks lost, and Cas’s heart goes out to him, but he can’t even acknowledge him now, not with Dean like this.

“Castiel.”

Cas looks quickly from Sam to Dean, eyes wide and afraid.

“Go move your stuff to my room; you’re with me tonight. Sam’s done talkin’ anyway—no sense you stayin’ in there with him.”

Cas glances at Sam, sees the open mouthed look of betrayal he shoots Dean. His eyes narrow, he’s obviously thinking of saying something. And Cas gets why—this is way more harsh than Dean normally is with him. He doesn’t understand.

Dean turns around, looking first at Cas, then Sam. “Cas, I coulda swore I told you to do something. I get it, though. You’re waitin’ ‘cause it looks like there might be another act to the Sam Show. How ‘bout it, Sammy? That mouth gonna take this another round, see where we end up?”

Sam balls his hands into fists, eyes flashing with his own temper now, but still fearful, taking a step back (trying to get out of range). “St-stop! Stop bein’ like this, why are you so ma—“

Dean moves and all Sam’s scrambling can’t get him away fast enough before he’s knocked to the floor. Cas wishes his eyes would close so he wouldn’t see the struggle. Wouldn’t see Sam pinned and gasping, terrified apologies falling out of his bleeding mouth. And Dean, without looking up, taking off his belt, growls very distinctly, “Castiel, this is my third time telling you. Do it, or get over here and bend over next to Sam.”

He flees the room, grateful to leave that stifling space, guilty because he should be suffering with Sam. He's at the stairs when he hears the first crack of leather against skin, the pleas that turn to shrill cries. He's slow enough to hear five hits—he's shaking too hard, flinching with his shoulders raised against the sounds, it slows him down—and then he forces himself to hurry, because no matter what Dean's busy with, he's noticing how long it takes Cas to obey, he's tallying minutes and turning them into punishments in his mind. He grabs his pajamas and backpack—pajamas, what a joke, now that Dean has hit Sam he'll drug him, too, and Cas isn't sleeping much tonight—puts his things in Dean's room and moves quickly back downstairs. The tiny relief he gets from being away from raging Dean vanishes when he has to re-enter the kitchen.

Whatever crime occurred is already over. Crying Sam is at the table pressing a sodden, crumpled napkin to his mouth and he doesn't look up. Cas winces, knowing the murder of sitting in a chair so directly after being beaten—he can see the pain in the tightness around Sam's eyes and mouth. Dean finishes making dinner, movements jerky, and everything he puts on the table is slammed down. Cas takes his seat, eyes lowered. Neither boy looks at each other or Dean. Neither boy moves, except hitching and sniffing from Sam, and flinching from both with every loud crashing sound of a banged cupboard door or pots thrown loudly into the sink. When each boy has a plate full of food in front of him and a glass of orange juice, Dean fills his own plate. He doesn't take a drink, and both boys know that means they'll hear the liquor cabinet opening in the living room. It makes Cas swallow hard.

Dean picks up his plate. He's not eating with them, he's so angry he's barely looking at them. But he looks now. "Eat every fucking thing on those plates. Clean up. Then you, Sam, you go to bed and I'll come give you a chance to apologize for being such a little bitch to the one guy who takes care of your sorry, sniveling ass." He says the last leaning threateningly over Sam, his teeth clenched. Sam shrivels in his chair, but nothing else happens. And it could have. All three of them know it could have. His brother leaves without looking at Cas at all, and both boys breathe better as soon as he does. They don't speak, but Cas reaches for Sam's hand, squeezes it. Sam pulls away gently, without looking at him. He eats as if he doesn't feel the tears slipping down his face. Shame radiates from him, and it hurts Cas just to see it.

Dinner ends and they clean in silence. Cas's fear is ramping up with each dish they finish. Sam's punishment is almost over; he'll sleep in peace whether he means to or not. Cas's hasn't begun. Unlike Sam he doesn't dwell on the fact that he hasn't done anything wrong, that he doesn't deserve this. He always deserves it. He lives to deserve it.

He's just afraid. He's allowed to be so, so afraid.

When the kitchen is clean, they huddle in the doorway to the living room together, fearfully waiting for Dean to acknowledge them. He's on the couch with his boots on the battered coffee table, and there's a bottle of whiskey in his hand. Cas bites his lip. It's a bad sign when Dean doesn't use a glass. He wasn't looking for more bad signs.

"Fuck you waitin' for, Sam? You're done cleaning, go the fuck to bed," Dean says without looking at him. He takes another swig and Cas watches Sam leave with a sinking in the pit of

his stomach. Noticing Dean's plate he goes to clear it.

"Leave it," Dean says and Cas startles, finding green eyes on him. "Sit."

Cas sits immediately, next to Dean but not close enough to touch. He doesn't dare sit out of reach, either. He's so tense he barely makes an impression on the seat. Dean passes him the bottle, which he needs both hands to hold. "Take a sip. You'll need it."

"Thank you, Master," he whispers. Tears prick his eyes and he blinks them away, tipping the bottle obediently. He wants to explain, but sometimes that makes Dean madder, if he does that before he asks for it. So he just waits. The TV is on in front of them, some old sitcom complete with canned laughter. It's the only light in the room. Dean's eyes are on the television but Cas can tell from the way he holds himself he's really listening for Sam, tracking his progress upstairs as he prepares for bed. They stay that way, silent, with Dean sometimes taking the bottle, sometimes handing it back. Cas is grateful, though. If Dean was really, truly angry at him (or if he was gone, Empty-Eyed Dean) there'd be no numbing alcohol for him. He'd probably already be hurting him in some way.

After a while Dean heads upstairs. Cas is already feeling the effects of the whiskey but he gulps more. He has school tomorrow but that's not even a factor. Getting through this is all his brain can manage. When Dean comes back downstairs he heads for Cas with intention and Cas freezes solid, locking down any instinct to flee. Dean takes the bottle from him and pushes him down on the couch, lying almost completely on top of Cas, who can't suppress a tiny whimper of fear.

"Hey, pretty girl. Had fun today with your boyfriend, huh?" Dean's voice is soft and slithering; gotta keep it down so Sam won't hear (if he's still awake. If the drugs haven't already sucked him under.) He yanks down the shirt again, shoving Cas's head down into the couch cushion and holding it there with his other hand.

Cas trembles under him, trying to keep his breathing slow, but it's hard when he's this scared. "I...I didn't have a chance to tell you...I-I didn't know y-you'd be m-mad."

"Yeah, me neither," Dean murmurs consideringly, touching the marks lightly. "But here we are." Cas relaxes very slightly—Dean sounds so reasonable. Then Dean makes some movement and he feels cold metal pressed against his neck, right where the marks are. Ice cold chills sweep his body and his heart stops. He knows what it is, one of Dean's knives—he's betting the black one, it's Dean's favorite. Dean has never put it to his skin before, never, not even the worst times, not even when he left him in the dark.

"M-m-mas—"

"Maybe I could cut them off you...do you think?" Dean says softly, almost lovingly. He's moving the flat of the blade over Cas's throat, still keeping his face pinned to the couch. Cas knows how sharp it is, has seen it demonstrated.

"Master...please!" he croaks out, tears slipping out under his lashes. He's shaking hard and wishes he wasn't, wishes he could be still.

“I could flay the skin off...hafta use a fillet knife for that, but I’ve got a few. Or we could burn it. Think we should burn it, Cas?”

“Ple-ase...d-don’t...” Cas is full on crying, as much as he can without moving.

“Why not,” Dean says sharply, but he pulls back, letting Cas take a sobbing breath. The knife is magically gone again and Dean is only half on him now, letting him sit up at least. But as soon as Cas looks at Dean he gets slapped in the face. It isn’t hard but he’s so terrified he sobs at the impact. “Like those marks so much, huh? Bet you think it means somethin’, huh, sweet baby? Yeah, that’s it, isn’t it. Think you’re Sam’s now, Sammy’s pretty little girlfriend, just like that blond bitch. ‘S that you?” He hits him again without waiting for an answer, and then, seemingly furious that he can’t slap him as hard as he’d like, he hits him in the stomach.

Cas doubles over in pain, losing his breath. Another first from Dean. And Cas knows that wasn’t full strength, that wasn’t anything like full strength. “Y-yours,” he rasps as soon as he’s able, before he even gets his breath back. “y-yours.”

Dean looks at him, expressionless. Backhands the side of his head and Cas hits the floor. That makes a sound, but all Sam will know is something fell. Cas, huddled in pain and silent tears on the floor, knows Dean will have a story for him if he should remember to ask.

Then Dean is grabbing at him, shoving him back under him on the couch. “Damn right you’re mine,” he grits out, grabbing at Cas’s belt, shoving his pants, his underwear down roughly, hurting him because he doesn’t bother to open more than his belt. He pins his wrists over his head (as if he would fight, as if he’s ever fought.) “Fuckin’ show you right now... show you what you are,” he mutters, backing off just to flip Cas, slam him over the arm of the couch (knocking his breath out again.) He shoves two fingers roughly in him and it *hurts*, but Cas has no air to make a noise. “Awfully fuckin’ tight back here, Cas...that means you ain’t been good to me. Ain’t been givin’ me this ass as much as you should. Too busy playin’ *girlfriend* to take care of your *Master*,” his voice is low and angry, and he shoves his fingers in hard on the last word.

“S-sorry, p-please,” Cas whimpers tearfully. “I-I-I’ll b-be g-good.”

Dean wraps a hand over his mouth. “Shut up!” he hisses in Cas’s ear. “You’re lucky, though,” he continues, and Cas sags in relief when he hears the familiar sound of a tiny cap popping open. “Can’t fuck you dry like you deserve. Not if I wanna use this ass all night. Hmm? Say thank you.” He moves his hand for Cas to answer.

Cas sucks in a gasping, hitching breath. “T-thank y-you, M-mas-ter.”

The prep isn’t long, and when Dean fucks him it’s not fast (or not at first), just hard and deep, each thrust a slam home that jolts Cas’s spine. His body would force him to try and crawl forward for any relief, but Dean is gripping him tight enough to bruise, holding him in place. His hand is back over Cas’s mouth, not taking any chances. “Fuckin’ slut...should let your boyfriend...see you like this. Want you to think of this, Cas...next time you’re playin’ sweet girl...this is you. Wouldn’t want you if he knew.”

Scared, hurt as he is, the fight goes out of Cas's body when Dean says those things. It's a relief, actually, the pain automatically lessening as muscle memory takes over, his body used to this after all. Dean fucks faster, harder to make up for it and Cas just takes it and cries into his hand, trying best he can to breathe through his running nose. He sucks on Cas's neck hard, the exact spot where Sam left his mark. When he comes, he bites there, too, hard enough to make Cas squeal in pain into his palm.

"Tell me you love me," Dean gasps against his ear, finally letting his mouth go, slowing strokes as he fills his sloppy hole with come.

"I love you," Cas sobs hard, wishing Dean would believe him, that he didn't have to keep doing this. "I love you," he says again, shaking and weeping into the arm of the couch, and it's an accusation that Dean doesn't notice.

The next morning he sees Sam in the bathroom when they brush their teeth. They're both quiet and subdued, and Cas has dark circles under his eyes. He's hung over, but at least he doesn't smell like whiskey (Dean had taken care of that before he'd finally let him sleep. That was maybe 2 hours ago.) His ass is sore, hell, a lot of him is sore, but there aren't bruises where Sam can see right now, and that's what matters.

Sam finishes first but he lingers. Cas can see the shame on him from the beating, from walking around knowing Dean is disappointed in him and trying to convince himself he can live with that. Times like these, he thinks he gets Sam better than Sam understands himself. "I'm sorry 'bout what I said. 'Bout you bein' different than me. You know I don't think that," he says in a near whisper. Dean is awake and around, getting ready for work. "And if you were, I wouldn't care about that either. It's just...I know how Dean thinks."

Cas smiles brokenly (*pretty to think so, Sam*) but it only lasts a second. "That's okay. I understood." He rinses his mouth and looks at his friend, leaving the water running to help cover their conversation. "We should stop this...shouldn't we." His voice is a bare whisper, his heart hurting, but he's sure he's right. This is getting dangerous, the way he always thought it might.

"No!" Sam says a bit too loudly and they both freeze for a moment. "No," he repeats in a whisper. "We'll...we'll be more careful. It was a stupid mistake, putting a hickey on you, leaving a mark like that. But Dean's being so crazy about this, I can't believe how he's acting! He's being such an ass!" He looks guilty even saying that, and Cas knows that'll get worse the longer the brothers stay at odds. "I like you, Cas," he puts his hands on Cas's forearms, pulls him closer. "I only want to stop if you want to."

Cas presses to his front, tucking his head against Sam's chest and Sam's arms go around him. He hurts, he hurts so goddamn much, and last night was so fucking—so humiliating, so hard, so—but the game starting or stopping isn't up to him. If Sam still wants him, Sam still gets him, those are the rules. "I want whatever you want, Sam."

Sam smiles gently and pulls back, kissing him lightly, just a press of lips to his. Both boys jump apart when Dean's fist slams against the door, and then he shoves it open violently. "Fuck is this door closed for if all you're doin' is brushin' your teeth? Don't do that again. And hurry up."

“Yes, Dean,” Sam answers, still looking cowed and frightened. Cas says nothing, eyes on the floor. Dean leaves after another distrustful look.

Sam leaves first. He hadn’t asked to see the marks on Cas’s throat, probably feeling too guilty about it. But Cas looks and it’s a mess, darker and larger with the clear red crescent marks of teeth. Dean walks into the bathroom with him while he’s looking. He turns his fearful eyes to Dean, asking silently *what if Sam sees this? What the fuck if Sam sees this?*

His Master just touches the mark and smiles.

* * *

Dean really didn’t know he’d react like that to seeing someone else, to seeing *Sam* mark Cas’s body like that. He actually spends some time thinking about it. Would he care if a stranger did it? And when he realizes his fists are clenched, his breathing kind of hard, the conclusion is, he’d have been worse. That person would have to suffer at his hands to make it right (like Sam did, you might be saying, but no, that’s not Sam suffering, that’s Sam *learning*.)

He guesses he should probably tell Cas that at some point. He showed him, he sure fucking did—but he should sit and explain it, too. Turns out he’s possessive, even over his little placeholder.

Doesn’t change much. He still wants the game to go on (and wasn’t Cas cute, tearstained little face and tiny voice, all, “*maybe we should stop, Master, it’s gettin’ you so upset.*”) Nah. He still wants the boys together in all their dirty-innocent glory. He just doesn’t want Cas thinking it means more than it does. After that night, he’s pretty sure he’ll remember which part is pretend (everything with Sam) and which is real (Dean’s, he is Dean’s, he exists to be Dean’s.)

Once he calms down, he does feel a little bad that he hurt Sam over it. Lost his cool, in fact (poor little mouth, Dean never drew blood on Sam before.) Yeah, the kid was being a mouthy little bitch, and really he’d given him every opportunity to back down, to shut up before it got bad. It’s not Dean’s fault he wasn’t reading the room. Sam is smart enough to know when to talk back and when to let it fucking go. And also, is Sam fucking kidding? Marking Cas’s neck is the same as getting caught making out on the couch, as far as Dean’s concerned. Dean really thought he’d be better at this game. He’d started out so well, but that was only because he’s such an innocent little girl. Dean wanted him to do well because he’s smart, clever, more than a match for his big brother. So maybe this all will make for a good lesson.

Still, once Sam comes crawling (inevitable), Dean takes him for a brother bonding weekend at a rundown cabin of Uncle Bobby’s (it really was hard, seeing his mouth cut like that--he’s supposed to be careful with Sam.) They fish and hike together and Dean gets to soak in all

the little brother love that Sam shines at him. Sam's so grateful, he apologizes more than once over their fight, and that feels pretty good, too.

Dean doesn't allow Cas to go with them. They need their time alone, and hey, the kid should be happy he gets a break from the Winchesters always pawing at him, right? And he has his key. If he needs to get away from his fucked up home, Dean makes it clear he's free to stay at the Winchester house even when they're not there. Asks that if he does, he sleeps naked in Dean's bed (if John isn't around.) He'll appreciate the scent of him in his sheets when he gets back.

At the cabin, he gets Sam to share his bed (*Why should you sleep on the couch, Sammy? Don't be a bitch about it, just get in here.*) He lets him have two beers each night, buzzing him enough that when Dean tugs him into his lap, he barely protests and Dean just tickles him into forgetting he didn't put himself there. He doesn't drug him, though he's tempted (God is he tempted.) This is making up time, and he takes it as seriously as he can, in general. He lets it be enough that Sam clings to him like a monkey once he's asleep. The boy doesn't take it personal if he wakes with Dean's morning wood between his legs. That's—hey, nature can't be helped.

It's probably good, Dean acknowledges, that they only stay from Friday to Sunday. And when they come back, little Cas is there desperate for them.

All and all, this game is working out.

He loves making Cas tell him every detail, each step of Sam's sexual exploration mapped out for him in his mind. It got good as soon as he got them to whip their dicks out (porn: the solution to all problems.) But damn when they finally touched each other in bed. He likes hearing about how Sam took almost all Cas's clothes off while leaving on his own. Sam is just like him, the way he likes to strip Cas down while he stays dressed. And he can't tell you how many times he's gotten off to the image of the two boys licking away at each other's come (a skill little virgin Sammy wouldn't have, if Dean hadn't trained Cas to do it first--don't tell him this game isn't a good thing.) He loves it, his boys the way he's always imagined them, panting and squirming on Sam's bed in the dark.

With fucking John Winchester home. Sam is such a brazen little shit when he wants to be.

He was right, too; Dean took his side when John tried to approach him about all that back talk. Gave him a hand spanking after—just 'cause—but Sam was happy to take it, promising to stop mouthing off to John once Dean asked.

("Don't know what I'll do if he touches you, Sammy," Dean had told him with all sincerity, rubbing his palm over heated skin. "an' if you keep testin' him, he will. Please, I'm askin'. Don't make me." He has always known that he will come against John over Sam if necessary...he wants to put that day off for as long as he can.)

He makes Cas talk about Sam's dick, the size, the shape, how it feels in his hand, what his balls are like and how very little hair he has yet. He realizes that Cas is reluctant for whatever reason (seemingly uneasy) and he'll try to distract Dean with his hands, mouth, and tight little body to get out of it. No matter, Dean doesn't have to beat it out of him (he can,

for fun, but he doesn't have to). They play the Sam game and Cas will give it all up once he has that blindfold on (Victoria's Secret, if you're wondering. He stole it from a girl after she let him use it on her because it's so perfect for Cas, too big for his small face but sexy hot pink satin with black ruffled edges and the words 'Tease Me' written across it in black script...Cas *hates* it, but he sure loves what goes on when he's wearing it.)

Yes, by the way, he still fucks other people. Aw, cute, you thought he was faithful to his little Castiel? It's slave, not boyfriend. Though if it makes you feel any better, he only goes raw for baby Cas. That's something, isn't it? Romantic-like. And it's good that he fucks around, because as the game wears on, Dean increasingly needs to *see* the boys together, not just hear about it. He's not going to cheat—he'll catch Sam naturally or not at all, those are the rules. But he thinks he knows how he can at least get a little show. He needs a chick to help, and he has just the perfect one.

While the boys were still stuck at first base, Dean found a distraction, and in keeping with the theme, it's secret. He's fucking his father's girlfriend's virgin (well she *was*) teenage daughter, Jo. It's been so entertaining. Bitch is so in love, and he's corrupting her beautifully, little by little. The funny part is he'd already done prep work on her before he knew what he was going to do to her.

He met her because he's—and don't make fun of him here, it's gonna sound real Daddy's Boy, he knows—but he's been kind of hanging out with his Dad and Uncle Bobby here and there over the last year or so. He likes them because they're not exactly normal, just two older drunks with dead wives at the fringes of society, always three sheets to the wind and most likely up to no good. When Dean's with them, he never gets stopped from getting a drink at the bar (even with his pretty baby face), although that's at least partly because every place they go is some rundown shithole where nobody cares anyway. From them, he learns to hustle pool, and that's about when they start liking having him around, too. With his showy good looks and young age, he's perfect bait. Just another life skill he picks up from John Winchester.

John's girlfriend Ellen has her own bar, Harvelle's Roadhouse, and she lives there with her hot as fuck jailbait daughter. Jo works afternoons and weekends during the day (the place serves grease trap food and she's a little waitress). Dean wouldn't have met her, except when he likes a thing (for a rundown place, they make a mean bacon cheeseburger), he shares it with Sam and it's not like he's taking the kid there at night (Sam sneers at the burger but likes the grilled cheese just fine.) He doesn't even really notice her little crush until his smirking little brother tries to tease him about it. Nothing new, he turns heads everywhere, always. It's not even flattering when you consider most Roadhouse clientele tend to look like scruffy amalgamations of Bobby and John (whether male or female.)

No surprise that the little tough girl attitude that works so well on dirty old drunks falters in front of his smile, his charm. Jo is sweet sixteen with a shiny blond ponytail that needs his fist wrapped around it. Like him, she stands out in there, this bright bit of innocence, a rose among thorns. He still would've ignored her, but she wouldn't let him (and what have we learned? If you want Dean Winchester's attention, you will *get* it.) Tossing her hair and talking to him with a hand on her hip, like she's some kind of grown woman. Yet she can't hide the way her eyes light up every time he comes around, the way she tracks him every

time he moves, shows up (to her mother's obvious annoyance) every time the Impala is parked in the lot. By the time his boys are boring him with Sam's inability to stick his hand down Cas's pants, she's already ripe for the plucking without his doing a damn thing.

So he plucks the shit out of her.

Do you need details? The half kindness, half big brother condescension in his attitude every time he speaks to her? One knocked out handsy drunk (that he paid \$25 to pinch her ass) and he gives her a number to text (*if you or your mom ever need help...you're too good for this place, Jo, I worry about you here.*) Ellen helps by forbidding Jo from coming around the bar when she isn't working anymore. Per usual for Dean, it all falls into place.

Jo's bedroom is on the first floor with a window that Dean (6'1" now, ladies and gentlemen) can easily reach. The first night (after a text from her with instructions to find her, and *Come talk to me, I'm bored*), he convinces her to climb out into his arms. Already, he gets his hand into some plain cotton panties (pink, at least—and that's how it's done, Sammy.) Within a week, she's letting him climb into her room (a text from him this time, something like "*can't do that anymore, somebody could see me*"--in other words, let me in or fuck off.) He makes her touch herself, nearly in tears with humiliation. Took time wearing her down because she didn't believe girls masturbated (not kidding, she said that's not a thing) and when he sees she has no idea what she's doing, he is merciful and shows her what a clit is. Maybe two nights later he's showing her with his mouth.

She didn't know about the rule where once somebody goes down on you, it's only fair to reciprocate, but Dean is convincing and she gets on her knees. He can see that she hates it, so he makes her do it often, tells her how good she is. Tells her she's made for it. Convinces her to take some kind of pride in it.

Cockslut, just like that.

The first time he tries to fuck her and she says no, he makes sure she's serious and then breaks up with her (he's her boyfriend, didn't you know? Just...a boyfriend that she can't tell anyone about.) He does it in that mean/sweet way that he's a master of, at turns patronizing and heartbroken, and she's in tears. "You know I'm right, though," he tells her, the picture of loving regret. "Bad enough I can't take you out on dates the way I want, babydoll. Bad enough I'm falling for someone and we can't even tell anyone about it. I'm just...I'm not some high school boy, baby, I can't pretend to be. Maybe in a few years, let you grow up a little, hmm? Shh, I'm only thinking of you, my sweet girl, little doll girl. You're not ready to be a woman, and that's good, love you just the way you are, pretty princess."

"You're being such an asshole, Dean, come on! Why can't you just wait?!" She spits fire at him, wanting to be so tough and strong, but he sees where his every word gets under her skin. He leaves before her wailing can be heard (though of course her mother's at the bar; how else is he getting all this nighttime access to her little girl?). Over the next few days the little burner phone he got just for her is blowing up with texts. He ignores them all until he sees the one he wants.

I'll let you.

He shows up that very night (really he's giving her all the clues she needs to figure out what he's after, what he's doing). He is gentle and slow, because he knows whatever he does is going to hurt like a son of a bitch regardless...no need to put extra effort into it. He warns her, and it's the excuse (*gotta be quiet, baby, let me help you*) to put a hand over her mouth, muffle the pretty pain sounds. He fucks her into her jellybean purple sheets, but smoothly, murmuring praise and encouragements. By the time he brings her clit into the mix, she's so open for him, and she comes sweetly when he whispers, "I love you, babydoll."

When he's done he ties off the condom and gives it to her. Swift kiss on the lips and he leaves.

It's all downhill for her from there. She'll do anything to get him to say those three little words again, and he knows it. Uses it. Gets her to sneak out, lie to her mother, lie to her friends. But they have their "date" (*back of the movie theater, please, baby, you're so good at it, no one will see.*) Dresses her like a whore and takes her to a seedy motel (scared and clinging to him, just like baby Cas—not as comforted as him when he shows her his gun, either.) Stalks her (for fun) at her high school and sees her talking to some geek.

Hits her for the first time. She loves it. Poor girl never had a Daddy, never had a chance.

She's so blond and beautiful that guys are bound to come onto her, and he makes her feel like shit for it, makes her take the blame. He likes it when she starts wearing baggy clothes to school, layers to cover that slutty, narrow body (and whatever marks he makes—bitch is mouthy, but he's showing her different.) Except when she's with him ("Dean, please, it's too short, my legs"... "Put it on for *me* though...stop acting like you don't want them lookin' neither.") Takes her to a nasty strip club, makes her get a lap dance that she clearly hates (draws attention, too, of course she does—the shitbags in that kind of place have a nose for underage no matter how much makeup he makes her put on.) Makes her blow him in the alley after, tells her what every passerby thinks she is. Laughing, gives her a \$20 when she's done, and she stops speaking to him for a while after that.

But he is Dean Fucking Winchester, and she doesn't hold out long.

Babydoll is easy fun, but it all comes back to Sam and Cas. So after he's nice to her long enough for her first-love blind stupidity to firmly take the reins again, he asks her if she wants to see his home. She's perfect to help him with this experiment. A "Meg" type might be more willing, but Sam hates those kinds of girls. No, Dean needs a nice girl, the wholesome next door type. Despite everything Dean's making her believe about herself, that's what Jo still is.

"It's...it ain't much, I'll tell you that now," he's looking away when he invites her, beautiful mouth pulled in a frown. Sure, there were times she would have been wary, but he's been on his best behavior, and in the corner of his eye she is melting. "But uh, you could get to know my little brother maybe. He's...he's everything to me, really, all I got...besides you, now. Family's...so important, you know?"

She flings herself into his arms, kissing, reassuring him. This time he fucks her slow and sweet like the first time, except he stays to hold her after. "He's just gonna love you,

Babydoll. Kid never had a mother or sister or anything, you know? So important that you get along.”

Blue eyes shine ridiculous love at him, visions of playing house dancing in them. “I know I’ll love him, Dean. He’ll be amazing, like you are.”

Amazing. Dean is that.

Stupid to call Saturday Sleepover Night anymore, though they sometimes do out of habit. Kid’s there more often than not, now. Most of his clothes live stuffed in Sam’s dresser and closet. He does his homework on Sam’s laptop (huge, Sam letting anyone touch that thing—Dean kind of ruined it once watching porn on it, so now Dean has the ruined one, and Sam has the one he’d had to buy to get the kid to start speaking to him again.)

Oh well. Either way, Dean brings Jo on a Saturday (after swearing Sam and Cas to secrecy—he doesn’t think John would actually intervene with him seducing Ellen’s only kid, but he’d bitch and moan about it ‘til kingdom come.)

He has to pick her up because she doesn’t have a car and would’ve had to borrow Ellen’s—and they aren’t on great terms right now. No worries, he loves to drive, knows that getting to ride shotgun with him is part of the appeal for her, part of the package that comes with belonging to him. She’s wearing a knee-length cream colored lace dress under a denim jacket and cowboy boots, a giant concession for a girl more comfortable in jeans.

She goes overboard with compliments on the house, although Dean does think she’s impressed with how clean it is (Cas’s handiwork—kid loves to clean and Dean isn’t about to stop him.)

“Sam! Cas! Get your asses down here, got company!” Dean calls and they thunder down the stairs, both looking pretty flushed (oh, his babies, what were they doing?)

“Sam, hey, good to see you,” Jo smiles prettily, though Dean can see how nervous she is.

Sam looks at her curiously, but he’s a nice boy. “Hey! Dean said you’re gonna eat with us. You know you’re way out of his league, right?” He smiles huge and ducks out of Dean’s reach, laughing. “Seriously, Dean, nice to see you with a girl who’s fully dressed for a change.”

“Whatever. Order us pizza, Sammy,” he tells him, but he’s looking at Cas. “Jo, this is Sammy’s...best friend, Castiel. He’s pretty weird, but we like him.” Sam gives him a look at the hesitation and he just smirks back.

Cas gives the ground the insulted look that he won’t dare level at Dean. Crosses his arms. Pissed little kitty. “Nice to meet you,” he grits.

“Same,” Jo smiles gently at him.

“Jo, what kind of pizza do you like?” Sam interrupts. “Dean’s gonna probably get like a hundred meat ones but I always get veggie. Cas is boring, he just likes plain.”

“Boring and weird, great,” Cas turns his look on Sam, who smiles fondly back.

“Um, veggie?” Jo asks, looking at Dean for his approval, and he smiles. Nods.

“Just like me! We’ll stick together,” Sam tells her, dimples flashing and Dean rolls his eyes. His little brother has his own brand of charm, though secretly Dean’s pleased.

Sam orders six pizzas, which sounds like too much but it really isn’t. Dean makes Cas answer the door when they arrive. He falls head over heels for the teenage pizza man, who gets the door slammed in his face by a grim-faced Sam.

Cute.

They bring the pizza to the living room, along with paper plates and a fat roll of paper towel. Sam was just about to carry sodas, but Dean brings out a case of beer.

“Are you gonna drink all of those?” Jo asks weakly and he pins her with a look. He’s not the first to introduce Jo to beer (she was popular before Dean started slashing her free time and access to friends). It’s just that at 110 lbs. and being a girl who was raised in a bar, she’s careful of her limits and wary of anyone who drinks to excess. She already knows the correlation to violence.

She drops her eyes and he chucks her under the chin a little roughly. “Course not, babydoll. You’ll help...and the boys can have some, too.”

She blinks at him but doesn’t quite dare to speak up.

“He’ll be fine,” Cas tells her, tilting his head and looking at her strangely. “It’s just beer.” Dean ruffles his hair and gives him a half hug, liking the tiny smile that Cas can’t hide. He lives to please his Master.

She is pretty appalled at the middle schoolers who drink like seasoned men (for their size), but is mollified when he presses a sweet kiss to her temple, whispers how they just need some kind of female figure in their lives, someone to smooth out all their rough edges. How she lights up for that. How she reaches and ruffles Sam’s pretty hair, as though she’s known him years instead of an hour. Lost in fantasy.

He puts on a movie and they all ignore it. The boys have a third beer and he pretends not to notice (doubtful it does much to Cas; kid’s developing a little tolerance over there.) He kicks them off the couch (literally, with Sam blushing and complaining) so that he can stretch out, pulling Jo with him. He lights up a joint and feels her stiffen, two little heads from where the boys sit on the floor swiveling in wide eyed disbelief at the smell. “What?” he smiles, taking his time with it, breathing in, holding, and then letting it out like a seasoned pro. In truth, he doesn’t take in much—this is about the three of them getting high, not him.

“Dean...,” Sam looks somehow caught between scandalized and impressed. “Since when do you...?”

“Relax, Sammy, it’s no big deal, just a once in a while thing,” he answers between tokes, his voice just slightly hoarse already. What can they do when he’s calling the shots? Fuckin’ obey, that’s what. A few minutes later, and Jo thinks he’s pulling her in for a kiss when he shotguns the smoke into her mouth. She pulls back, sputtering, of course she does, but he hushes her, murmurs so sweetly. “Just try, baby, for me, okay? Just this once, shh, just breathe in, okay?” So she does. Knowing the boys are watching, he makes sure his lips touch hers when he does it (technically it’s not necessary to touch, but he’s sure he’s the only one in the room that knows it.)

Between the pot and the beer in her hand, she soon relaxes to the point where he can put the joint in front of her lips and she’ll suck from there. Satisfied, he looks at the boys and holds it out. “Either of you want a hit?”

Cas is resigned (wary, in fact, as he’s been since Dean brought this girl home, because when does Dean do these things that it doesn’t end up involving him or Sam or both in some way), but Sam is over the moon. He’s shocked but so eager. It obviously never occurred to him that Dean, who babies him severely, would let him try something illegal. This is his chance to show off for all of them, and he’s determined, knee-walking his way over to Dean (and how perfect does he look, kneeling in front of his brother that way?)

Dean lets him try it directly first, showing him how to pinch the joint between his fingers, genuinely teaching him the correct way to smoke, “Short breath and hold it as best as you can.” Naturally he comes off coughing hard, tears spilling, face flushed. He’s embarrassed even with Cas (at his side immediately) rubbing his back, and Jo leaning forward to smooth his hair. “I choked, too,” she tells him, coaxing him to smile.

But it’s Dean’s hand on his face, Dean’s approving eyes on him that get his spine to straighten again. “Good job. C’mon, man, that’s just how the first time goes. Your lungs ain’t used to it, that’s all. Here, just...let me help like I did for Jo.”

Sam blushes scarlet. “Uh...Dean...you hadda put your mouth...”

“What, you think I’m puttin’ moves on you? Come on, don’t be a bitch about it,” Dean tells him gruffly. “It’s called shotgunning, it’s a thing, just makes it easier to breathe it in.” He shrugs, takes another hit. “Either that or move, let Cas take his turn. No sense you wasting it, just to cough it back up.”

It’s a low blow but it works. Sam looks uneasily from Jo to Cas, but when he doesn’t find judgment he leans his face close to Dean. Dean winks at him and takes a pull off the joint. He uses his fingers to tug Sam’s jaw, letting his lips part slightly. His lips touch Sam’s, for once not the fat baby press of a closed, wet mouth or the slack opening when he’s (*drugged*) asleep, but slipping lightly against Sam when he’s open for him. It’s all he can do not to slip his tongue inside. Instead he behaves, fills the sweet little mouth with smoke that he sucks down like a good boy. Dean takes his time, gentle with the stream of smoke, cupping his brother’s face like his small lover, and when he pulls back, he lets their lips brush against each other. He’s glad Jo is blocking him on the couch because he’s rock hard in his jeans.

Sam holds out a bit before he coughs again (in Dean’s face, but who cares). “That’s it, Sam, you got more that time, right?”

Sam giggles and coughs a little more. Dean can't drag his eyes away from the most perfect little person ever made. His person. His boy. "Can I go again, Dean?"

"Let's give Cas a chance first, let you get used to what you got."

And when it's little Cas's turn, his angel says, "Can we just do the shotgun thingy? I don't want to choke."

He agrees, and it's not as exciting as touching his lips to Sam's for the first time, but it's almost more difficult not to turn it into more, licking into that mouth the way he's used to doing. He wonders if Cas feels it, too. One more round for each and then he shoos the boys away, sharing the rest with his doll. He lets them be for a while (he isn't finished with them, not yet). Enjoys them, three innocents high as kites.

Jo gets what's called "stoned stupid", content to watch the room with a lazy smile without uttering a single word. Sam is a munchy boy, stuffing his face with an inordinate amount of pizza (regardless of toppings) before leaving to raid the fridge and cabinets for more snacks. It's Cas that's the star (to Dean, anyway) and nobody should be surprised. He's so in Dean's face, so confrontational and sarcastic (joking, bratty stuff, mind you, the stuff Dean likes). It's cute and sexy and Dean wants to fuck the little attitude out of him right there (and vows that they'll smoke together when they're alone, just for this.)

He puts on Dumb and Dumber (*"Another old movie from the old man," Cas sneers, perched lithe and lovely on the arm of the loveseat. "Dumb and Dumber, is that about you now and then you next year, Dean?"...Sam laughs hard and Cas grins like a Cheshire cat.*) The movie is just right though, all low brow humor that makes them laugh hysterically (though to be fair, Dean thinks it's pretty funny when he's straight, too.) While it's on, he feeds Jo more beer, as much as she'll allow. He starts kissing her toward the end of it (noticing Sam's curious glances at the little noises she makes). At some point, he flips them so she's under him on the couch. She struggles a little and he ignores it at first. "Wait, my—my dress!"

It's true, it's ridden up almost to the tops of her thighs, although it's not like the boys can see much other than her long, tanned legs bent on either side of him. He helps her fix it, but then he kisses her brains out and the next time it slips she doesn't notice.

She's pretty out of it. He has her dress unbuttoned almost to her waist before she starts shoving at him. "Dean come on...", she murmurs, trying to close her dress again but he keeps taking her hands away. "Dean, come on, stop," she cajoles, looking worriedly at the boys, and yeah, Dean noticed they were watching.

Dean nods toward his brother. "What, them? Don't worry about it. Eyes on the TV, kids."

"Dean," Jo hisses, trying unsuccessfully to get up (until he lets her.) "I'm not taking my clothes off with you with them here." He stares at her and her eye twitches. "Let's...can't we go to your room or something? You haven't even shown me—"

"You know they like each other, right?" he says suddenly. She blinks at the subject change and he continues calmly. "It's true. Sam and Cas are totally gay for each other. I didn't tell you?"

“Like *you’re* so straight,” Cas smirks, laughs at his own joke. Sam starts laughing too, less because it’s funny than because it’s fun to laugh just then.

Jo looks uneasy. “I...what does that have to do...”

“Maybe if they make out, too, you won’t be so worried.”

Sam’s jaw drops. Cas sulks and crosses his arms, muttering God knows what.

“Come on, Sammy. She thinks you’re just a little kid. Gotta show her what you can do.”

Sam is staring at him, blinking, and trying to understand. He’s so hit, it’s not even funny. “No. Not s’posed to...you said.”

“Just this once. You’ll be so clever, Sammy, I bet I don’t even remember this tomorrow. Take your shot. Look at Cas, look at those pretty lips,” he tells him softly, and Sam’s eyes obey helplessly.

“Cas has the cutest ass,” Sam comments randomly and Cas blinks, sits up.

"Really?" he preens, twisting in his seat. "The cutest? Me?"

Jo and Dean laugh; they can’t help it. “So go for it, Baby Boy. Just this once, I’ll allow it.

Sam is staring sort of dreamily at Cas from his place on the loveseat. “Cas, c’mere.”

“Cas, c’mere, Cas, go there,” Cas mocks without looking at any of them. “Fucking Winchesters, ordering me around. Why don’t you guys get a dog already?”

“Castiel,” Dean says sharply.

“Sorry, Master,” Cas grumps and Sam and Jo laugh. It takes Dean a few heartbeats to remember to laugh, too.

“If I was your Master, I’d hurt you for that,” he says casually, and Cas blinks, frowning to himself. Like there’s something important he forgot.

It doesn’t matter, because Sam has been watching him and now he moves to the arm where Cas is perched. “Pleeeeeease, Cas...wanna kiss you. Won’t you let me?” Puppy dog eyes work, even when reddened and stoned. He lets Sam tug him and then falls, dead weight on top of the other boy. Sam makes a punched out sound at the impact and they both giggle.

Suddenly they realize they have an audience and it sobers Sam a bit. “Uh...look away, Dean.”

Dean laughs. “But we wanna see you kiss like a big boy. You watched us, it’s only fair. Unless you don’t know how.”

Instead, Sam sits up a bit with Cas still in his lap. His small face is clouded, sort of anxious. “I don’t...no, I...”

Dean slowly pushes Jo away so he can stand up. He moves to where the boys are and picks Cas up under his arms, making him squeak like a mouse who didn't hear the cat behind him. He carries him back to the couch where Jo is, and sits with him in his lap. Cas is startled, and he blinks at Sam from Dean's knee.

"Sammy...I took your pretty boyfriend away, come get him."

Sam hesitates, looking at Cas, and Cas starts to get up. Dean clamps a hand on his skinny shoulder and he stills. Sam looks uncertain but he gets up. He stops just out of reach. "I... we can't both fit in your lap anymore, Dean."

"Hmm. Here, Jo, hold this," he easily passes Cas over, dropping him in Jo's lap. Sam and Jo giggle and she cuddles him even though he's looking grumpy and whines in protest. She doesn't know him that well but he's Cas, and you sort of have to cuddle him—Sam and Dean both get it.

Dean tugs his brother into his lap. He's looking more uncertain than ever, and his face is flushed. "Come on, where's our show, Sammy?"

"Dean, he doesn't have to—" Jo starts and he puts his hand on her knee. Squeezes until she winces.

He lets go and kisses her cheek, nuzzling into her neck—Cas is so close he can smell his skin. "Relax, babydoll, it's nothin' they don't wanna do." He keeps it up until she gives in, leaning her weight sweetly against him. "That's my good girl." He feels something and it's Cas slipping his hand under Dean's t-shirt, looking up at him with a little fog in his blue eyes. *That's right, baby, you're my good girl, too*, Dean thinks, and pats his head, laughing a little.

Sam leans back against Dean's chest, forgetting why he's there. Dean gives him a gentle shake. "Come on, buddy, look at pretty Cas. He wants a kiss."

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Cas says and surges forward. He grabs the back of Sam's head and kisses him on the lips. It's open mouthed but perfunctory, and Dean loves the way he shoves Sam back into him to do it. Just seeing their mouths touch after all this time sends a pulse right to his dick, and he bets there's a wet spot on the front of his boxer briefs.

He's fuck hard under his little brother and he refuses to worry about it. Instead he lightly touches his hands to his hips. Whispers in his ear, "your turn, Sammy."

Sam licks his lips and Dean practically growls, "that's it, get 'em nice and wet. He'll like that."

With one last glance at Dean, Sam leans forward and helpful Cas meets him in the middle. The kiss is a little sloppy, but that's okay, neither boy is sober, and Dean fucking loves the little wet noises they make. Up close like this, Dean can see that Cas is pretty stoned, but poor Sammy is stoned and drunk. So, drunk but happy about it.

“Slow, Sammy...don’t let him push you around,” he leans forward to whisper, stroking Sam’s back. Jo is staring at him but it barely registers, his eyes locked on two pretty pink mouths trading baby spit right in front of his face, his lap full of his brother’s slight weight. He wants to touch so bad that he does, a little, just rubbing over each boy’s back. He lifts his hips slightly to press up into Sam’s little ass, then leans back and reaches under Cas to pull him almost on top of Sam. His boys together are so sexy, the way he always knew they’d be, and he thinks he could come in his pants just watching them.

“Dean,” Jo says softly.

“Shh,” Dean answers without looking at her, unwilling to drag his eyes from his boys for a second. Sam’s kisses are so sweet, but Cas is his baby porn star, sucking Sam’s tongue into his mouth, tugging his swollen lip between his little white teeth. Sam’s hands keep going lower on Cas’s back, and Dean swallows hard, wanting to see Sam grab Cas, touch him.

“Dean,” Jo says again, a plea in her voice this time.

Sam pulls off and looks at her, and so Dean does, too. Except he’s thinking about punching her in the face so she’ll finally learn to fucking shut it when he says.

“Jo, what’s...what’s wrong?” Sam asks, because suddenly she looks pale.

She shakes her head. Whatever she’d been about to say is lost, but it’s too late. She already ruined everything.

“It’s okay, Sammy, Jo’s just feelin’ a little left out,” he says lightly, but his eyes haven’t left Jo. “Aren’t you, babydoll?”

“Dean, I’m—“

“Shh,” he soothes, his eye contact lethal. Cas is looking at him, too, or he was, and now he’s looking at his lap. He takes his hands off Sam, moving slowly, like he’s trying not to draw attention to himself.

Confident she understands what’s about to take place, Dean finally looks at his brother, his eyes softening instantly. “It’s okay, Sammy,” he tells him and gently moves him from his lap to the floor at his feet. He looks at Cas and the boy slips down next to Sam without having to be told. Dean reaches out and Cas flinches, but Dean just strokes the curls at his forehead. Cas is a good boy, too. “Sammy, hold onto Cas...sometimes pot makes you a little paranoid, I think it might be messing with his anxiety.”

“Come here, Cas,” Sam tugs him close; happy drunks are always ready to cuddle, and Cas snuggles into his arms, gratefully. His eyes still flick nervously between Jo and Dean.

When Dean turns to her she’s made herself small on the couch. “Aww, poor little doll girl, did you get jealous? They’re just kids, babydoll. They’re just learning.”

“I’m sorry, Dean,” she whispers and he tugs her into his lap with her back against his chest.

“Well, you should be,” he tells her softly, kissing her cheek. He rubs her sides, lets his kisses slip down her neck. She relaxes against him, probably more from the alcohol and drugs in her system than any actual trust on her part. “But you can make it up to them.” He puts his lips next to her ear. “Unbutton your dress,” he whispers and she stiffens in his lap.

For his part, Cas is whispering something urgently in Sam’s ear. Sam is laughing and pulling away because it tickles. Rinse, repeat. It’s a good distraction.

“Dean, please,” she whimpers and he turns her chin, shutting her up with a kiss. He unbuttons the first button.

“Do it,” he breathes into her ear. “You do it right now. You show them your tits, and Daddy will forgive you. Or don’t...and you’ll have me all to yourself.”

“Please,” she whispers but he doesn’t say anything. The buttons are wide spaced; there are only four to her waist. Two more will bare her enough to show her entire bra. Trembling slender fingers slowly work the second button.

“That’s my good girl,” Dean whispers, and takes her face for another kiss (last thing he needs is his little brother noticing she’s not having fun.) He feels her shudder and she isn’t kissing back, but she isn’t fighting at all either, and the top of her dress falls open. Sam hasn’t noticed, but Cas has, and he tips Sam’s face so he’ll look. Dean is still kissing her but he sees Sam’s pretty hazel eyes widen in shock, his mouth fall open. He lets Jo go because Sam isn’t going to notice her distressed face, the way his gaze is locked on her light blue lace bra (the kind of underwear she buys herself and has to hide from her mother now—all with Dean in mind, but probably not this). She’s breathing hard, making her B-cup tits heave. “Go ahead,” he encourages. “Show ‘em.”

She tugs the bra down so it cradles her bare breasts. She isn’t even pretending to kiss now, but she has her head tucked against Dean’s shoulder with her eyes squeezed shut. He can feel her trembling and he strokes her up and down her sides.

“Whoa,” Sam looks mesmerized and he bites his pretty lower lip. Cas is looking, too, but it’s like he’s doing it because he thinks he’ll be tested later, not because he wants to. He’s clinging to Sam and looks like he wants this to be over almost as much as Jo.

Speaking of. “Show ‘em how a girl likes to be touched, babydoll,” Dean says loud enough for the boys to hear this time. “Pay attention, Sammy. Some day you might wanna try girls again.”

“Shut up, Jerk,” Sam mutters, but he’s still watching Jo. After an encouraging nudge, her hands come back up to cup her own tits and Sam lets out a little gasp that Dean likes. He squirms, and Dean can’t see it with Cas in the way, but he knows his kid brother is hard.

She’s barely trying, so Dean takes over, kneading and playing with her small, hard nipples. He pinches just enough for her to squirm and whimper. “See? She loves it. Probably soaking her panties. Wanna try, Sammy? She won’t mind.” Jo immediately stiffens in his arms impossibly further and he moves his hands back to her sides, digs his fingers in warningly.

“No, that’s okay,” Sam blushes prettily. Dean looks at Cas and his body language is stiff and easy to read. He doesn’t want to, but he’ll do it if Dean asks. Tempting, but this isn’t Cas’s punishment. “I think she only wants you touching her, Dean,” Sam adds.

“Hmm, is that so, babydoll?” he coos at her and she lifts her head a little.

She nods and her blue eyes are so wet. “Y-yeah, Dean. Just...just you okay? Can I—“

“No. You can’t. One more thing a boy’s gotta learn, right?” Without warning, he flips her skirt up to her waist. She barely starts to struggle, but he whispers in her ear, “*Don’t*”, and she freezes. He picks up one leg and spreads her wide. “What’d I tell you, Sammy? Wet down there, right?”

“Please,” Jo whispers.

“Come on, Jo, remember when you did it for me? Show them how you get off, baby, show them what I taught you. Come on, you can do it...”

Her shaking hands move to her waist. Dean is watching Sam, who looks like he’s barely breathing he’s so excited. Without warning, Jo leaps forward, throwing herself on the two boys before scrambling past them.

“No! Fuck you, Dean, no! I’m not—please, I’m not,” she stumbles against the loveseat, falling onto the cushion. She’s shaking and holding her dress closed, smoothing it down over her legs.

Sam’s eyes go round and scared and he looks at his brother. “Dean?”

Who rolls his eyes, not even bothering to get up (*who is seething, fucking seething with rage, but you won’t see it—you’d have to be one of two people in that room to see it.*) “What? God, calm down! I’m sorry all right. So I got carried away.” He shrugs.

Jo is buttoning her dress and Sam is sneaking looks at her, obviously worried.

“Jo, are you okay?” Sam asks, his voice sounding young and small.

“What, yeah,” she answers (after a glance at Dean), and there’s only the tiniest shake in her voice. “I-I’m just...,” she looks at Sam and quickly away, clearly ashamed. “I shouldn’t be...doing that. In front of you, okay? It’s wrong,” she tries to say it firmly, but it comes out more of a plea, directed at the floor. “I’m...I’m sorry, Sammy.”

“Only I call him that,” Dean says almost petulantly. He isn’t looking at any of them, but he has his knife out and he’s paring his nails with it.

Sam steps towards her hesitantly. “I’m sorry, too, okay? I, I shouldn’t have looked, I—“

“Okay, that’s enough,” Dean’s knife is away and he’s standing in one fluid motion. “Cas, take Sam and go to bed. No more fooling around either, all right?” he says, softening slightly. “We’re all a little too fucked up, that’s on me. You don’t have to go to sleep, and I’ll be up in a while to talk to you okay? Say good night to Jo.”

Cas nods and reaches for Sam, but Sam shakes him off, steps toward Jo again. “Are you really okay? You...you didn’t do anything bad, okay? You’re nice, I can tell. Dean never picks nice girls like you, he—“

“Sam,” Dean’s voice cracks like a whip and Sam turns a huffy look on him.

“Shut up, Dean, you finally bring someone cool...you suck at this!”

Jo laughs a little, clearly surprising herself. She shakes her head. “I bet you could teach him a thing or two, huh? Even at twelve.”

Sam straightens and smiles at her, relieved. “Yeah, I try, but he’s pretty dumb.”

“It’s so sweet when girls bond,” Dean remarks and gets a bitchface for his efforts. It makes him smile. “Go to bed, bitch. Take your little girlfriend.”

Sam frowns, then looks at Jo again. “Night, Jo. I hope you give him another chance...I don’t know if he can do better.”

Jo hugs him. “Oh, I don’t know, maybe I need to hang in there for a few years, wait for you.” She plants a kiss on his forehead. Sam turns scarlet and Cas tugs him away. “Nice meeting you, Castiel,” she says shyly.

“Yeah. Also, you. Nice meeting,” he replies awkwardly, not making eye contact. But he glances at Dean and his blue eyes are fearful. Whatever he sees, it makes him hustle Sam out of the room, and Dean hears them stumbling up the stairs.

When they’re alone, Dean looks at Jo. Doesn’t say anything.

She’s looking at the floor. “I’d...I’d like to go home...please. I’m not...I don’t feel very well.”

Dean just looks. Flashes a dangerous smile. “But you said you wanted to see my room.”

She moves forward, hits her knees in front of him. “Please, Dean, I’m sorry, okay? Please take me home!” Tears spill over and she leans against him. He strokes her hair.

“Okay,” he says reasonably and she clings tighter to his legs. “It’s just I’m kinda upset. And I’m kinda horny.”

Her eyes close. She nods, shakily.

“Aw, my babydoll. You wanted it to be just us grown-ups and now it will be. So if you want me to take you home, you’re gonna earn that ride. Sound good?” he asks, tipping her chin up gently.

“What...what do I have to do?” she asks hoarsely. There’s a thump from somewhere upstairs; the sound of giggling. The TV is still on, too, another low brow classic going unappreciated.

“Well, I’m gonna show you my room, just like you wanted. Put on some music, real romantic. And you’ll take off all your fucking clothes,” he says, some of the anger seeping back into his voice. “An’ I know what you’re thinkin’...you’re worried you’ll be noisy...an’ you made it clear, you’re too shy to let my boys know what we do, right?”

“Dean,” she tries, and he grabs a fistful of blond hair.

“Na-ah-ah,” he taunts. “Shh. All your clothes. And Daddy’s gonna put somethin’ in your mouth,” she whimpers and he laughs. “No, no, not that...know how much you love that. But this’ll keep you quiet, huh? Somethin’ you can wear and then make all the pretty noises you want. And when we’re finished—and I know you’re my good girl again—then you can go home. How’s that? You like it? Because there’s a third option, if you don’t.”

She nods, still crying but at least it’s silent. He lets go of her hair, runs his fingers through it. “Go ahead then. Say you like it.”

“I like it,” she says obediently, a bare whisper.

He kisses her forehead and leads her to his room. When she’s secured he checks in on his boys (half thinking he’ll catch something, that the drugs and alcohol will make them sloppy, but no such luck.) It’s all okay, though. Sam seems to have already forgotten the incident (which could change once he’s sober, but Dean’ll cross that bridge when he comes to it). He can tell Cas has questions, but they’ll keep until the next time Dean gets him alone.

Four hours later, he takes her home.

A Rock and a Hard Place (Cas in the Middle)

Chapter Summary

Cas struggles as the game progresses and Sam tries to make it better. Dean...is Dean.

TRIGGER WARNING: Flashbacks. Well, one.

Chapter Notes

Hello, Baby Angels. So, it's been almost two months that you've been waiting. Partly that's because at first I couldn't stop writing things that weren't for this chapter (two pieces are different parts of Dean's past, that'll probably be published in a series of Time Stamps, assuming I ever finish this one, and one a possible part for a maybe sequel.) Then I decided I wanted to finish the entire game together so I could make sure it turns out exactly as I want it. That took a long-ass time.

So now I'm splitting what I wrote into 2 or 3 chapters, and here is the first. You will get the rest within the next couple of days--as soon as they're edited, I'm publishing. It might just be one, and if so, it's massive.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dean doesn't go home right away after he drops off Jo. He's still tense, though the four hour session with her was soothing to his rage. And he knows, okay? He knows he pushed her pretty far, given that he hasn't had her under him that long. She's no Cas, in that she's not a neglected prepubescent (well he was when it started), easily influenced and threatened with no one to turn to. She's a teenager and she has resources, should she ever clear the cobwebs of his influence from her brain.

And yet.

Jo is different from Cas in ways that benefit Dean, too. Cas never wanted sexual attention from Dean; it's been brute force from day one. Not so with pretty little Joanna Beth, who followed him around with big moony eyes for months before he got bored enough to look back. This jealous, pining little thing dressing up for him, only to get to the bar and see him with his arms around something with actual curves. Even in the daytime, she could barely get him to look away from his own little brother to notice her (and hopefully she doesn't think too much about *that* after last night.) He doesn't know if it's the older man thing, but she wasn't looking for safe and she wasn't looking for sweet.

He hasn't disappointed.

Little by little he's been tearing her down, and if he sometimes pushed the limits too far, maybe it's because she reacts so beautifully (tearful in his front seat after he smacked her the first time, '*why'd you do that?!'*', but she doesn't get out of the car when he tells her to—that's permission, friend, that's fucking *acceptance* right there.) And if he's a lot less careful with her than he is with Cas, well, he admits he isn't as invested. And maybe it was a mistake to mix them, but he can't think that yet. Not with the memory of Sam's little lips brushing his own. Or the way his pink tongue looked slipping into Cas's mouth, his small but perfect little ass squirming on top of Dean's hard dick. If it was wrong, it's the kind Dean likes best.

So he'll handle Jo, and then he doesn't have to regret anything. It's not a mistake, how many orgasms he gives her while he punishes her that night, although he's done that to Cas, too. It's important, especially in the beginning—mixing in pain with pleasure. He knows from experience how confusing it is, the shame of it. Most of what he does, how he knows what to do to take a person apart, inside and out, that's just him being a good student. That's just him turning the tables, now that he finally can.

The Jo he drops off is wordless, with a fine trembling under ice cold skin, sober of any lingering influence of pot or alcohol, belonging (for the moment) entirely to Dean. The ride was silent but she doesn't touch the door, even though she's vibrating with the need to get out. She knows better.

"If you would behave for me, we wouldn't have nights like this, Jo. We'd be happy together, all the time," he tells her calmly.

"I know...I'm sorry," is all she has at the moment. With time she'll remember that she had a point of view in this, the things she hadn't wanted, things she believes she should be allowed to deny him. And he'll cross that bridge when he comes to it (dragging her by the hair if need be.)

He watches her and she is hunched and listless in the passenger seat, though her clothes still look relatively fresh. She smells like a whorehouse, all nervous sweat, punk, and her own juices, because he hadn't allowed her to bathe. He always uses a condom to fuck her but that's not his only chance to blow his load and she looks so pretty painted in sticky white. "Give me a kiss so I know you're sorry. Then you can go."

Her shaking is harder and she nods jerkily before sliding awkwardly across the seat. Her kiss is feather light and he doesn't deepen it, but holds her face gently, making her freeze in place. Her eyes squeeze shut and two tears slip down. He would have thought she'd be all out by now, but she's endless like his baby Cas. "What do you have to say?" he asks her softly.

"I'm sorry, Dean," her voice is a wrecked little whisper; the gag ate up all her screams and left her hoarse.

"I know," he says softly, stroking her face. He presses an affectionate kiss to her forehead.

She pushes her face into the touch and cries harder, torn up by her own conflicted responses. “Can...can I go now?”

“I said so, didn’t I?” but when she moves he grabs her wrist hard, like he’s trying to grind bone to dust under his grip; she flattens her lips into a straight line, trying to take it, trying not to make any sounds. “Be a good girl for me, babydoll. I’ll be watchin’...and I better like what I see,” he says, and takes another, longer kiss. He has to open the door for her because she’s shaking too hard to work the handle.

He does watch for a while, but there’s nothing to see. She leaves for an hour and comes back with wet hair and then apparently goes to bed without shutting off the lights (she doesn’t shut her blinds—she knows he doesn’t like it.)

He gets home around 5 am dead tired, but fatigue temporarily vanishes when he enters the kitchen and sees his little slave standing there. The boy is wearing one of Dean’s own Metallica t-shirts which balloons around him and hangs to his knees (making the flannel pajama pants underneath redundant, in Dean’s opinion.) There are dark circles under his blue eyes and his skin is even more pale than usual. “What you doin’ awake?” Dean asks him, tossing his keys and shrugging out of his coat. He could advise his slave to tread lightly but he’d rather just let the kid take his own risks, fucking with Dean when he’s this tired.

But Cas just lifts one shoulder in a half shrug, and Dean can’t be mad when the T-shirt slips, baring his shoulder, showing off a couple of bruises.

Dean grabs some cold pizza and sits at the table, legs spread and leaning back. He really is fucking tired but if Cas wants, he can certainly play through the pain. Cas looks at the table in front of Dean but hops on the counter instead. There’s no plain pizza left so he opts for one of Sam’s veggie pieces, peeling off each topping one at a time with small, delicate fingers. Dean watches him while he eats. “S on your mind, kid?”

“That girl,” he starts, his voice soft. “She was...she’s like me for you?”

Dean blinks at him, and smiles, mouth full. “Yeah, pretty much. What can I say...you and Sam weren’t doin’ much of anything.” He shrugs. “Got bored.”

Dark little brows draw together, his fingers clenching on the sad looking pizza slice. “I’m sorry, Master,” he whispers, sounding genuinely distraught.

“Nothin’ to be sorry about, baby angel,” Dean tells him when he’s finished with a particularly big bite. Cas looks up hopefully and Dean smiles. “You’re still my good boy. You were really good last night, sweet baby. You did everything just right.”

He sees Cas relax under the praise, but he still looks concerned. He bites his lower lip and seems to take a moment to work up his courage. “She’s—she’s not so good at it.” He casts a quick glance at Dean, half worry, half defiance. “Unless...do...do you let her say no?” His voice is softer, an odd mix of wistful and worried.

Dean pauses in the middle of folding his crust in half to stuff in his face. “No, sweetheart, I sure don’t like that word. Pisses me off—don’t you remember how mad I was?” Cas is

chewing his lip and Dean wipes at his mouth and hands with a paper towel before standing. "I could see you were scared," he says softly, moving toward the boy on the counter. "But there was only one naughty bitch in the room, and that wasn't you."

Cas nods, looking down at his lap. "She got...she got punished?"

Dean stops in front of him and puts his hands on his knees, sliding them up his thighs. Cas's legs spread to accommodate his Master. "She sure did, baby. I hurt her for a long, long time." He leans in for a kiss and Cas stiffens, yanks back. Dean lifts his brows.

"Can we," Cas starts, still leaning back against the cabinets, trying to put space between him and Dean. He flicks his eyes to Dean's and down, licking his lips nervously. "Can we take a shower first, Master? I-I'll wash you, wh-whatever you want."

Dean pulls back, seeing the tension in the boy's body ease somewhat even with that bit of room. "What is it?"

Cas shifts, still not looking up. "I...you...she had on perfume?"

Dean looks at him thoughtfully. "Yeah. Bothers you? Me, smelling like her?"

Cas looks up shyly, but looks down again, fidgeting with his hands in his lap. "Usually you smell like just you...or us." His voice trails off softly.

Dean doesn't think that's all it is--he's certainly fucked his boy before while smelling like sex with someone else. Kid hadn't said a word. He decides he likes it and smiles. "Are you jealous, Castiel? You don't want your Master to have another slave?"

Cas tenses again, looking away with his jaw tight, his eyes worried. He shrugs, the movement just the slightest jerk of his shoulders. "My...my opinion doesn't matter."

Dean lifts his hand to cup Cas's face, sliding his thumb over his smooth cheek. "No, it doesn't. I do whatever I want...to you, to others." He looks at him, admiring the small, pretty face, the gorgeous pale skin. Perfect. "Sweet, though. You not wanting her scent on me. Needy, jealous little baby. Like you like that."

Cas turns his face into Dean's hand, closing his eyes and sighing. "Yours."

Dean slams his head into the cabinet. Cas cries out in pain, swallowing the sound at the last second. His hands go to the back of his head, and tiny whimpers escape him as he rocks himself, clearly hurting. Dean watches impassively. "Now where's my kiss?" he hisses, leaning forward exactly the same as he'd done before.

Straightening so Dean can see the start of tears on his face, Cas gives him the open mouth kiss he'd wanted, feeding Dean little pained noises. Dean loves kissing him while he cries. He figures he probably tastes like pepperoni pizza, pot, and pussy, which should distract Cas nicely from all that perfume scent. Dean pulls him away from his lips by his hair, looking at him regretfully. "Looks like I've had all the 'no' I can take for a while."

"I'm sorry, Master," Cas whimpers, his voice strained but still soft.

Dean lets his hair go and strokes through the softness, hearing Cas hiss in pain. “Good. And yeah, let’s take that shower. Usually it’s me washing your hot little body, but there’s a first time for everything.” He lifts Cas and puts him on the floor, completely unnecessarily, but Cas is pliant.

“Thank you, Master,” he replies softly, looking at the floor. An expert at this, Cas’s tears have already dried and he isn’t bothering to rub what will surely be a knot at the back of his head by tomorrow. He breathes through the pain and heads for the shower. He washes his Master. Sucks his dick when it gets hard. Gets fucked (shower sex *is* complicated, but it helps if one of you is really small.)

“You are a good boy, Cas,” Dean whispers to him after. His angel hasn’t said a word; poor thing gets so upset when he gets in trouble. But Dean gathers him up and nuzzles his neck and it’s only a moment or two before Cas sags into the touches. “Such a perfect angel for me, baby.”

“Sorry I was bad, Master, I’ll be better,” Cas clings to him and he strokes over his back over the towel he has wrapped around him.

“Shh, I know. Like you jealous and needy, baby. But these lips are mine...you can’t keep them from me,” he explains, kissing him deeply. The rest of him is clean, but he really should brush his teeth. No matter. His beautiful slave (he really is perfect) kisses like love, like aching need.

“Yes, Master,” Cas whispers, dropping his towel and clinging again to Dean, small lithe body, all that damp, porcelain skin. “All of me is yours.”

There is time, Dean decides, to fuck him against the bathroom sink.

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As usual, Sam is a different story when he wakes. He won’t come out of his room. Dean only realizes this when he sees Cas trying to sneak Sam up some breakfast. He sighs and follows Cas to Sam’s room. The door is locked, but they both know that’s symbolic at best. Dean guesses there might be a barricade, but maybe not since Dean has something Sam prizes on the other side of the door. He pats that something’s cute little bottom and leans against the door. “Sammy? What’s all this now?”

“I’m not comin’ out just so you can spank us for what *you* made us do,” Sam gets right to the point. He’s directly against the door on the other side and it makes Dean smile.

“Little brother, I’ve got Cas right here. You’d leave him to take your half and his?”

The lock is undone and the door swings partly open, a small panicked face in the opening. “You wouldn’t do that to him! Would you?”

Dean sighs and rolls his eyes. “No, dumbass, I wouldn’t. And I wouldn’t punish you for what happened last night when I’m the guy who suggested it now would I?”

Sam frowns at him stubbornly. “Sometimes you don’t remember things right.”

“What do *you* remember?” Dean asks him curiously.

Sam blushes prettily, looking down so his bangs cover his eyes. He gives a half shrug. “All I know is you wanted Jo to see me and Cas kiss, so we did it. But you started it!”

Dean flicks his forehead, making him snap his eyes up in annoyance, reaching uselessly to try and retaliate. “I just said that. Did I just say that, Cas?”

“You said that,” comes carefully neutral behind him.

“I said that,” he agrees, folding his arms over his chest. “So now what?”

“You tell me,” Sam challenges, meeting his eyes this time. “last time you...you went crazy just because you saw those marks. Now you’re telling us to kiss on purpose in front of you.” Sam swallows, and Dean straightens because this is really unprecedented behavior. Once a punishment is over, once they make up after a fight, Sam *never* brings it up, and he doesn’t like Dean to bring it up either. “I just...I don’t get it. Are you messing with me?” His voice, that had started out strong, sounded wispy and frightened by the end. And his jewel-bright eyes are pleading. Because Dean wouldn’t do that to him, would he? He needs it not to be true.

Dean is glad Cas is behind him, and he doesn’t glance back to make sure he’s keeping his shit together the way he needs to be. “Nah, I’m not messin’ with ya, Sammy. I was drunk and high, and when I get high I...I do weird shit. You and Cas got pretty weird, too, it wasn’t just me. At the time it seemed funny.” He shrugs and sighs. “You upset with me, kiddo? I don’t blame you, I guess. That wasn’t very “Big Brother” of me, huh?”

Sam’s watching him, but he seems to have relaxed a little. “I don’t care about that, you know that Dean. I just...I don’t know.”

Dean reaches for him slowly and when he doesn’t protest, he tugs his stiff little brother out of his room. “I can see how it’s confusing. I’m sorry about last night...I won’t bring pot in the house anymore.”

“That doesn’t bother me either, Dean, even though I like you best when you’re just you. I just,” Sam trails off, looking up at his big brother. He shakes his head and smiles finally. “It’s nothing, Dean. If you say it’s nothing, then it is.”

Dean hugs him and presses a kiss to his forehead. “It’s nothing. Best to forget about it and go back to the way things were before last night.”

Sam hugs back and gives him another smile, the megawatt kind with the pretty dimples this time. “Okay, Dean.”

Dean slings him over his shoulder like a squirming sack of potatoes and carries him down to breakfast.

See? No big deal.

* * *

Cas has to stay after school on Monday (he called a teacher a nosy cunt), so he's already missed some of his Sam time by the time he gets to the Winchester house. When he gets there, he doesn't find Sam in any of his usual spots. He thinks the "In here!" is shouted down from Sam's room (even though it doesn't sound quite right for that), and stops dead in Dean's doorway.

Sam is sprawled on Dean's bed on his stomach, with *Dean's* laptop open and running. Cas swallows hard. "What...what are you doing?"

"Lookin' for good porn," Sam murmurs. "This shit is password protected but if I know Dean—yep. His name, my birthday. I'm surprised it isn't just 'Password'." Sam looks up at him for the first time and smiles mischievously. "Come sit," he pats the bed beside him.

Cas is just trying to breathe safely. "What? No, I...I'm not goin' in there, why...turn that off and you come out."

Sam rolls his eyes and gives him a fond look. "I know you're still scared of Dean," he starts.

"With good reason!" Cas bursts out. Times like these, he hates Sam's apparent amnesia for what a pissed off Dean means for the both of them. "I'm not doing this, no! You...you want to hang out with me, I'll be in your room. Or maybe I'll go home! I'm not...no!" He's shaking his head, and he turns to leave, but lithe, agile little Sam is off the bed and tugging his elbow before he can take two steps.

"Cas, calm down, wait...you're freaking out over nothing, just listen...how's he even gonna know?" Sam tugs him into his arms, and Cas melts into it because *Sam*.

He'll know when I fucking tell him, Cas thinks, and presses his lips together. Sam really doesn't like to talk about past punishments and Cas hates to piss him off, especially during their precious alone time. But, still. "Sam, come on you...you always say that if you don't want Dean to know something, you can't tell me about it," he tries for somewhat diplomatic, drawing his face back to look at Sam's expression, watching for storm clouds.

Sam rolls his eyes, annoyed, but he doesn't let go of Cas. "Look, I don't really give a shit. He's at work, he's not gonna catch us. And I can't take this rule seriously anymore."

Cas blinks and Sam tugs him towards Dean's bed. "He's messing with me, Cas. I don't know why, but he is. Oh, it's so important, we can't be together and still be best friends, we

can't touch each other here. Until he brings a friend over, right? I mean, what the fuck was that anyway? Is he...what is he, laughing at us or something?"

Cas looks at him, shocked. He knows Dean will want him to handle this but he can't see how. This time he's actually stumped. "You...you told Dean..."

"Yeah, I guess you *can* bullshit a bullshitter, huh? My...John always said otherwise." A new thing Sam is trying, where he calls his father John as though he really is just a neglectful landlord sharing their house. Cas has yet to see him try it to his face, but it's on the horizon he's sure. "Look, Dean could've been truthful with me but he wasn't. He thinks I'm still a baby, he can...he can just treat me any way he wants." Sam stops mid-rant to notice his friend's pale face.

"Hey, Cas, I swear it's not that serious. If I asked him, he'd let me look at his porn, he'd just...be annoying about it. And he wouldn't let me watch it with you. That's all I want. Don't you wanna watch with me?" He turns the puppy dog eyes on, but undermines them with a sly smile that Cas finds unfairly sexy.

"This is suicidal," he comments, but allows himself to be dragged to the bed.

Sam sits against the headboard with his legs spread, tugging Cas between them. Cas pulls Sam's arms around him, thinking that Dean will at least appreciate the two boys in his bed like this. Maybe he won't be mad after all. Maybe he'll want them doing things, leaving behind bodily fluids and scents for Dean to revel in. The more Cas thinks about it, the stronger the possibility seems. He relaxes and leans back, liking when Sam rests his chin on Cas's shoulder.

"Dean has a ton of porn on here, that's how he fucked this laptop six ways to Sunday in the first place," Sam tells him, hot breath tickling over his neck and ear. Cas turns and kisses his smooth cheek.

The first video Sam finds has Cas tensing up in his arms, and he has to force himself to relax. Sam knows Cas was molested, but there's no reason Sam can imagine for Cas to get nervous just watching one guy tie a smaller guy up. Both men are in leather, though the smaller man's coverings aren't much more than straps and loops for ropes to go through. He has an intense looking gag that looks like black rubber and is keeping the man's mouth open wide. The smaller man is fairly immobilized, and he's not trying at all to evade the lashes of the whip.

"Wow, what the fuck, Dean," Sam whispers, shaking his head, his lips parted slightly. It seems Cas isn't doing a great job relaxing, because Sam strokes over his arms, murmuring reassurances. "It's not real. It's pretend. That guy likes this stuff I guess." He sounds doubtful.

Cas shudders and turns halfway, pressing hard against Sam with only one eye on the screen now. "I know." He tugs Sam's shirt, bunching it under his nose so he can breathe in the simple scent of him mixed with detergent. Because there is too much Dean in this room, too many memories clamoring in his mind, in this very bed, sounds like the ones from the screen,

his own limbs twisted behind him or spread away from his body, completely helpless, tasting rubber and feeling Dean's massive cock—

"You okay, Cas? That's...that's pretty intense, let's look at something else," he leans forward and clicks around the computer while Cas tries to count to five on each inhale and exhale.

They watch a rape scene next, where two men pretend to be burglars who surprise a woman in her home and handcuff her to her bed. Sam skips the video quickly, but the next few videos they find are variations on a theme. Most of the "victims" are women and they cry without tears and tend to have multiple attackers. It's fake, it's so obvious, the way the "No, stop, don't!"s sound more turned on than terrified. But it still bothers him, and he's plastered to the front of Sam's body. "Doesn't he have any regular stuff?" he tries to joke, "The pizza man and the babysitter?"

Sam laughs and strokes over Cas again. "I know; his stuff is out there. Kinda like how you're so close to me though, Cas. I'll keep you safe."

Cas turns the rest of the way to face Sam, tugs his face in for a kiss. "You don't need your brother's scary porn to make me go close to you, Sam." He kisses him again and lets his hands drop to Sam's pants, unbuttoning, unzipping his jeans with a few practiced flicks of his fingers.

"Hey, that girl has a collar like yours, Cas," Sam says jokingly and Cas swivels his head, insides going ice cold. Sure enough, a girl on the screen is kneeling at the feet of a woman in head to toe black vinyl, wearing a thong and a black leather collar similar to Cas's, except with the word Slut in rhinestones across the front. The woman standing over her is prodding her with a black crop. "Down on all fours. Now, slut!"

"Yes, Mistress," the girl answers. *Yes, Master*, Cas thinks, and swallows hard. All these people playing pretend, but it's not a game for Cas. He doesn't understand it. Why would anyone pretend to be what he has to be? What he is? From what Dean has told him over the years, he believes the stuff that he does with Dean makes him part of a secret society, with boys like him (and Dean, once) who are slaves or just used, and men like Dean and his cop friend who own them or use them. Is that who this porn is for, men like Dean? He's fascinated despite himself, though, watching someone else obey for once, the way he must. He watches the girl get put in different positions. Implements are used on her while she counts and thanks her mistress; toys are shoved inside her and she takes it all without complaint.

Sam sucks a light kiss (carefully) into Cas's neck, just above his collar, letting his tongue slip underneath. "Looks like you like this video...is that why you wear this collar, Cas? You like bein' told what to do like that girl?"

Cas is still glued to the screen, processing. "W-what? I..."

"I can tell you what to do," Sam says softly. "Get on all fours."

Cas turns slowly to look at his best friend (*his love*). There is a frozen moment where they search each other's eyes (*is this really happening?*) and Sam licks his lips. "You heard me.

Do it.”

Cas swallows and lowers his eyes. “A-all right.” He moves to his hands and knees in front of Sam, but slowly, differently than he does for Dean. He doesn’t know what he’s hoping for...if Sam wants to use him like this, it’s fine, why wouldn’t it be?

“Now...now, uh...,” Sam is looking from the screen to his silent friend. “Take your pants down. And underwear!”

Cas nods jerkily, keeping his head tucked down, hiding his face. He sits back on his knees so he can fumble at his own pants in a way he didn’t with Sam’s. He’s not shy as he used to be—Sam has seen all this plenty of times by now. He pushes his jeans and boxer briefs down to his knees, feeling a jolt when he sees the way Sam’s eyes are glued to his lower half. He moves back to all fours and closes his eyes like he does for Dean.

“Shit,” Sam whispers, and Cas feels him scoot close to his side on the bed, then small hands are smoothing over his cold skin, touching his lower back, his bare ass. Squeezing him, because Sam can never resist.

“That girl was calling her Mistress, wonder what the guy one gets called?” Sam mutters, and then his hand slips down between Cas’s legs, touching his balls lightly. Cas arches his back and lets out a little sound; Master always likes to hear...fuck. Cas opens his eyes wide. He can’t do this. In a flash he turns, still bared, and presses against Sam, who eagerly puts his arms around him, skimming his hands over his naked ass.

“What’s this? I was telling you what to do,” Sam is smiling, though.

“If you wanna get back at Dean, I know a way,” Cas says roughly, tugging on Sam’s shirt with both hands.

“Yeah, not really thinkin’ about him right now, Cas,” Sam kisses Cas, and it’s so easy, letting his tongue slip between Cas’s lips.

Cas kisses back and tugs Sam up enough to push his jeans and underwear down to his knees, too. He slips his hand over Sam’s perfect prick, feeling precome spurt out to cover his hand. He smiles against Sam’s mouth and pulls back, shoving Sam until he’s sitting his bare ass on Dean’s pillow.

Sam blushes, eyes wide on Cas, laughing a little. “You’re crazy, this is mean!”

“He won’t know!” *He’ll love it.* “Look, you’ll like this,” Cas straddles Sam’s lap and pushes his small dick against Sam’s slightly bigger one. He licks over his palm and takes both of their dicks in his hand; both boys let out moans as he strokes them together. The boys share slow, wet kisses as Cas expertly twists his palm, works his fingers over them. This is so much easier to do with the two of them, and he loves the noises they make together, wet and gasping, and especially when Sam’s hips buck, pushing into Cas’s hand. This is more like it, he thinks. He loves touching Sam’s dick but he actually can’t believe how much he wants to suck him. He knows it won’t be gross; he’ll taste Sam’s skin and make him come apart. He imagines it so many ways and wishes Dean would just let him make the first move.

Sam lasts only a bit longer these days and Cas has no problem bringing himself off with him, catching most of the two small handfuls of come as he can in his palms. He makes sure Sam is watching when he slips his hand inside Dean's pillowcase and rubs their come over his pillow. Sam's mouth falls open and Cas sees his soft dick twitch in response. "You're... that's fucking crazy. That's really dirty, Cas, if he finds out—"

"He won't," Cas insists with a smirk; but he's looking at Sam's dick and wishing he could clean it with his fucking mouth. "We'll flip it and it'll be dry by the time he uses it tonight." He flips the pillow and smiles.

Sam narrows his eyes and pushes Cas down against it, kissing him hard. When he pulls back he stares at him from an inch away. "You're so fuckin' hot, Cas. I don't know how you got like this but you're fucking awesome."

Cas kisses back, blushing crimson, wanting to change the subject. "You're hot, Sam. Love all the stuff we do." *Love you.*

"Yeah, me too," Sam lays next to him and they stare at each other. "Pretty crazy. We're lying in my brother's bed with our junk hanging out."

"And our come in his pillow," Cas adds and they laugh, feeling like little rebels, feeling grown and adult, doing these things together. Cas reaches nonchalantly into Dean's end table and grabs some wet wipes, handing a couple to Sam. They clean up and zip themselves back up, though Sam is reluctant.

"We came too fast," he complains, leaning back against Dean's headboard again. Cas is still against what will now forever be known as the come pillow, but he's on the dry side. "We can still mess around, Dean's not home for a while yet." He starts fiddling with the laptop again, looking for another video to watch. "Spanking videos," he mutters and Cas blinks at him.

"Why would we want to watch that? Spanking isn't exactly—"

"Daddy, why do I have to?" the "boy" (a small man in his early twenties) whines at a fit man with a beard, maybe 40 something. Cas doesn't finish his sentence because he forgets how to make words with his mouth.

"Because naughty boys get spanked, now take your pants down and get over my knee!" the man replies sternly.

"Yes, Daddy," the boy says, and they watch him bare his ass before he is tugged over the other man's lap, the man's large hand coming down over and over, turning the skin pink in no time.

"You think he likes that?" Sam asks, watching with wide eyes and somewhat burning cheeks.

Cas doesn't respond; he can't. He's chewing his cheek hard enough to taste copper. His chest is suddenly a bit heavy and it feels like there's ice moving through his veins. "*Daddy, please, why do I have to?*" ... "*Come on, Little Boy, you know what Daddy needs...*"

“Daddy, why are you touching me there?” The boy is still over the man’s lap, but his legs are spread and the man’s hand has slipped between them. “Feels...funny...ohhh...”

“Shh, let Daddy make you feel good.”

“You’re not supposed to touch there!” ... “Shh, you’ll like it...only a Daddy can touch you like this...Don’t you want a Daddy like all the other kids?” A hard tremor goes through Cas, leaving a sick feeling in its wake. He’s frozen; he can’t even close his eyes, and they’re starting to burn.

The man is pushing fingers in the boy’s wide open hole and the boy is moaning, squirming on his lap. “This is what you wanted, isn’t it? You wanted your Daddy to touch you...”

“Yes, Daddy, please touch me...” the boy says, and Cas pulls in a breath that hurts, that wheezes; he hadn’t even realized he wasn’t breathing. *“Daddy, it hurts can’t we just?” ... “That’s enough, Little Boy...here’s your bear...show Daddy what you do next...”*

“Now you need to make Daddy feel good, too,” the man says, and he’s shoving the boy down between his legs. The boy immediately starts sucking and licking the older man’s huge dick, smiling up at the older man like he loves what he’s doing. “Such a good boy for Daddy, that’s it...Daddy’s little cock slut.”

“If you were a good boy I wouldn’t have to do it like this, open your fucking mouth...you’re a bad, bad boy, Castiel...” Terror, clawing up his insides. He wants to say something, to cry out for help. But he’s not supposed to.

“Daddy it hurts!” The scene has moved; the man has the boy on all fours on a bed and he’s pushing inside him. If Castiel could think straight, he’d realize that the boy is obviously pretending, as wide open as his hole already is, as appropriate as the two men are in size. But he’s barely in the room, the sounds penetrating his mind, his eyes locked on the screen but really not seeing anymore. Seeing other shapes, other things.

“It’s okay, relax, it’s gonna feel so good, Baby Boy,” the man is telling him. “God you’re so fucking tight.”

“That’s it, Little Boy, you just cry, Daddy’s...ah Daddy’s almost done...so fucking tight for Daddy...”

“Cas, Cas, breathe, it’s okay, breathe!” Someone is holding onto him but this happens sometimes, after, his Daddy has to calm him down, even though the last thing he wants is to be touched even more.

“No, no more, please, I’m sorry!” it should be a scream but it’s the barest whimper, he knows he’ll get in trouble if he raises his voice. “Please, it hurts, please!”

“Okay, Cas, okay, can you hear me? It’s Sam,” his friend’s voice breaks, sounding terrified. “Please, come back, nobody’s hurting you...nobody’s...nobody’s h-here, you’re safe, remember? You and me, remember?”

The words (the voice, mostly) penetrate enough that he pushes his trembling hand onto Sam's small chest and tries to feel him breathing. When he has air enough to speak he realizes Sam has him and he clings hard, sees his friend wince at his fingers clawed into his shoulders. "He'll get us...he'll get you, too, he—"

"No, no, he won't, he can't get us here, it's over, Cas, you're safe. You have us now, right? You're in Lawrence now, we go to Middle School together, remember?" It takes some doing, but Sam holds him and keeps talking, just about different classes they share, different school friends they know—like he knows Cas isn't quite his current self yet. And it's working, Cas remembers he's much bigger now, the limbs stretched out in front of him much longer than they were in those memories. And Sam. Sam doesn't exist there either. To his utter humiliation, he starts to weep uncontrollably.

But this is Sam and he just holds him as best he can, rocking him a little. Hushes him and says the nonsense things Dean says to calm him down. His own eyes are suspiciously bright, and he rubs at them almost angrily once in a while, probably not wanting Cas to notice, trying not to make this about his own grief for his friend. Eventually Cas quiets but he's still wracked with random tremors and his insides feel hollowed out. A low current of fear is still running through him, like he's in the present but not. Like he can't quite believe it.

Sam puts away the offending laptop, barely able to extricate himself from Cas in order to do it. Cas allows Sam to lead him downstairs, where he tucks a faded but still soft blanket around both of them and puts on mindless TV. Cas isn't looking anyway, he's tensed and watching the door. When they hear the Impala pull into the garage, Cas is flying to him, Sam close behind. Dean is barely out of the car and still wearing his coat when he picks Cas up, holding him effortlessly, letting him cling like a burr. Cas is crying again and Dean carries him into the house, trailed by a tearful, worried Sam.

Dean tries to put him on the counter, get him to talk, but Cas can't let go of him yet. They end up on the armchair with Sam perched worriedly on one of the arms, Cas straddling Dean's lap with his face buried in his neck. "What happened?" Dean asks Sam, and Cas is comforted by the rumble of his voice, vibrating against him.

"We were watching porn—please don't punish him, okay, I'll take his half! We weren't touching or doing anything, I swear!" Sam rushes out, and Cas stirs a little when he says he'll take both punishments. Dean hushes him, keeps his head down with gentle pressure from his hand.

"We'll deal with that in a minute," Dean tells him calmly. "Why would porn upset him?"

"It was...some guy was..." Sam trails off, sounding a little far away, like maybe he had to turn his face from Dean for this part. "A guy was getting spanked and he called the other guy Daddy." He pauses. "Then they had sex and the guy was still calling him that."

"Jesus, Sam," Dean shakes his head, running fingers through Cas's hair, stroking over his back.

"I know, I didn't think! I didn't mean it!" and now Sam sounds like he's in tears himself. "I didn't even look over for so long and when I did," Sam hesitates, sounding haunted,

traumatized himself. “He was barely breathing, Dean, he was just lying there so stiff and terrified...like he was screaming with no sound coming out.”

Dean shifts Cas so he can pull Sam on top of both of them; it’s a tight fit these days but right now none of them care. “It’s okay, buddy. He’s okay, he’s gonna be fine.”

“I never saw him like that, Dean,” Sam sniffles. “He was talking like it was happening now. He sounded like...like really young...like he thought he was little again...”

Cas stirs a little; he knows he should try to surface, try to take part in this conversation. It’s just so hard to think. “He could come back,” he tries and it comes out as a hoarse whisper. “He might come any time. He’ll be mad, he’ll—“

Dean tugs him away just enough to see his face. “What’s that now?”

“What if he comes back? You won’t let him, right? If he wants...,” Cas asks tearfully and Dean kisses his forehead, his cheeks.

“He’s not coming back, Cas. He’s never gonna touch you again,” Dean says darkly and it’s only because he knows that tone that it works, that it calms him some. If it was sappy sweet, Dean trying to convince him for his own sake, Cas wouldn’t believe it. But that was honest Dean, the part of him that only cares that nobody touches Cas but him. It’s a motivation he trusts.

He wipes at his face and looks at Dean, afraid of what he wants to ask but needing to ask it. “What if...what if he comes and it’s just me and Sam? Or...or just Sam?”

Cas watches Dean carefully and sees his eyes darken at just the thought. But he’s not mad at Cas, he strokes over his face. “Sam, tell Cas what you’ll do if that man you met the day Cas came running to us for help comes back here?”

Sam is up off the chair, moving to the end table between the armchair and the loveseat. He produces a small key (Cas doesn’t see where it came from) and opens a drawer, tugging out a small revolver with a black handle. He does something with it, opens the cylinder, checks that it’s loaded, spins the cylinder until it clicks closed again. “Shoot first, ask questions later,” Sam says flatly, and there isn’t a shadow of a doubt in his voice. And that’s what Cas sees in his blue-hazel eyes. That anyone who wants to get to Cas would have to go through him.

“That’s my boy, Sammy,” Dean speaks up, startling Cas, who’d been mesmerized by Sam. But he looks at Dean now as Sam replaces the gun in the drawer. Dean touches his face, stroking lightly. “I told him that a long time ago, Cas. Sammy’s the best shot in the family, and he knows what Jimmy did. Time ever comes, he’s not gonna hesitate and he sure as shit won’t miss. You believe us?”

Cas looks from Dean to Sam and back and nods. Dean smiles and strokes over his hair again, tugging him back down against his chest. “Sammy, do me a favor, go order us somethin’ to eat. You know what we all like.”

“I’ll get us Chinese,” he says, stopping on his way to try and hug his brother and friend all at once. Then he heads for the kitchen, where they keep the take-out menus.

Dean tucks his arm under Cas’s legs, holding him like he likes, like he’s a baby, and Cas feels a breath go out of him, relaxing into it. “Never gonna let him get you, baby angel. He’ll never touch what’s mine. You still mine?”

Cas sighs and nods. “Yours, Dean. Only wanna be yours and Sam’s.” Dean’s brows lift at that but he doesn’t say anything to correct it, and Cas’s eyes slip shut. He doesn’t realize he made the mistake, and the consequences are long reaching.

Or maybe it would’ve always gone this way.

~

The game is getting...difficult.

Dean was lenient with the porn incident because of Cas's mental state. So Sam got a hairbrush spanking on his own (no, Dean didn't believe they didn't touch while they watched, but he didn't flip out, he didn't even press them, just made Sam get the brush and had at him for a while.) Cas didn't get spanked at all, not the kind Sam gets to know about anyway (and yeah, Dean appreciated the come pillow...like a lot. He's gross.) And Cas is grateful. He's trying to be good for him. He's trying to be good for both of them. But Dean has been odd of late (since the game started, really, but lately it's more so)...Cas can't help but feel the pressure.

For Cas to get any kind of break these days he has to stay home (where he isn’t exactly welcome—and God knows if he takes too many breaks, he’ll have to answer to a really pissed off Master.) And it isn’t Sam’s fault. He isn’t seeing anyone other than Cas, and he sure as hell doesn’t know about Cas’s other...obligations. He’s just a hormonally charged pre-teen crushing on his gorgeous best friend, who happens to be amazing at that kind of stuff. Naturally he’s insatiable, but he’s always solicitous, making sure Cas wants it, too, making sure Cas is okay, reminding him he can say stop, he can say no.

Pretty to think so.

Cas, despite his promise, is never going to say no—not anymore if he ever was. Just in case he would have on his own, as if he wasn't fucking struggling with that very idea, he’s been forbidden. Now that things are getting good, Dean has decided Cas was forgetting his place, and he’s been taking special pleasure in spelling it out for him. That he’s just a little fuck slave, which is the only reason it goes on. The lessons on the subject are frequent and thorough, leaving him aching and fraught on a regular basis. So jerk him off, eat his come, spread your legs any time Sam even hints that he might be in the mood. *You’re not his boyfriend, baby, remember? You’ll never be that. You’re just letting him use this sweet little body of mine until I want it again...make sure you remember.*

Yes, Master. He remembers.

It's good, being with Sam is still so good, but...he's with Sam as his slut, whether Sam knows it or not. Maybe that should be even easier; it's what he knows, after all. There still isn't any physical pain (especially since they haven't fucked yet...though Cas is refusing to consider that sex with Sam will be anything but effortless). But once again, Cas doesn't get a say, Dean forcing him under Sam the same way he does his own body. And he's fine with it. He's fine with it. He loves his Master. Whatever Master wants, whatever...Sam...wants. He's lucky Dean allows this at all.

That's what he tells himself, but it takes a toll. There starts to be a pattern for him. He decides not to overthink things, to simply behave the way he should for the Winchesters. It works, for a time—there is a freedom in action without thought. He throws himself at both of them, to the point where he finds himself dragging Sam into the boys' bathroom at school, or sneaking next door even on the few nights where he was supposed to stay home to climb on Dean's lap and bounce on his cock—leaving after, without Sam ever realizing he'd been there. He can't concentrate in class because all he thinks about is kissing, licking, sucking, and fucking—the sheer number of hard-ons that he has to will away is ridiculous. He ignores soreness, he ignores injuries. His life is chasing orgasms—theirs and his own.

It can't last.

The more he tries not to think about how disgusting he is, the more he'll start to feel it. He finds himself showering constantly, even two or three times a day, because he feels like all he ever smells is sex and sweat on his skin, come on his breath. He's sure it's all anyone smells around him. He starts feeling really self-conscious about it, afraid to let anyone stand too close to him for fear of what they might sense. It makes it very hard to be around anyone... very hard to leave the house.

So he starts wanting to stay in his room again but when he's there he can't avoid the thoughts any longer. How much he hates himself—a liar, a freak, a disgusting slut. How Sam would hate him if he knew what he was really doing behind his back. How much he'd deserve every bit of that hate. And how right Dean is...how unworthy are his fingers, his lips to touch something as sacred as Sam Fucking Winchester.

Rinse, repeat.

Once again, Sam rescues him, without realizing what he's doing (or at least not the full extent of it.) Yeah, Cas is sexy as hell, and Sam never tires of the things he can do with his mouth and hands, but he's too sensitive not to notice when his friend is struggling. He worries about his self-esteem, because he knows the things he's gone through with sex. The last thing he wants is for Cas to feel like he's being used, or to feel anything negative about this between them—he'd rather stop it all together than let that happen. So when he sees the pattern (Cas is many things, but he is not subtle), he comes to find him at the bottom of whatever dark hole he's disappearing inside.

Cas can let him in or he can break into his house—he's not picky, either way. He'll put on some favorite old Spongebob eps (don't tell, but he might have illegally downloaded them on his tablet—what, Cas doesn't have a TV in his room!) He'll tuck his icy (*always cold*) best

friend in under the blankets and tug him close. “Let’s watch cartoons like we used to,” he’ll tell him, and Cas knows he means, *Let’s not kiss or touch today...let’s just be best friends like the old days*. And okay, it doesn’t change anything...Cas is still what he is, doing what he’s doing. But he’d like to see you not feel better when Sam is working that hard to comfort you.

And then Sam changes things. He tries, Cas thinks he’s trying to treat him the way he would’ve treated Jess, or any official boyfriend or girlfriend (that he had to keep secret from his older brother and Dad.) He makes sure they go other places, see other people, so that they can’t be making out even if they want to be. They go to the movies (their neighborhood still has a local theater, and the movies might be about six months behind the rest of the world, but they only cost \$5 per ticket.) They hit the arcade. He drags Cas to more friends’ houses, and they meet up with others at the mall to hang out at the food court and irritate the security guards with their existence. Cas could do without the socializing, but the effort is made, and he appreciates it.

He gives him little gifts, too. Nothing much: a cool looking rock that he found in the woods, his favorite baseball cap when he saw Cas squinting in the sun, a sling shot that he made out of a y-shaped stick and a heavy rubber band (he made one of those for himself, too, and Cas thinks the best part of that particular gift was watching his talented friend shoot the fuck out of a bunch of tin cans in the yard.) He also gives him some superhero magnets that he may or may not have gotten by way of five finger discount (Sam is a good boy, but he’s a boy raised by Dean Winchester—honestly shoplifting and pirating videos aren’t much compared to what he could’ve become.)

It helps, all of it helps. And then there is the grand romantic gesture (well...from one 12 year old boy to another it seems that way, anyway.)

The day is oddly warm for January—60 degrees, in fact. Sam has them tromping through the woods, and Cas is behind him whining with every step. “Come on, if we go back now, I’ll let you borrow my ass!” (Borrowing his ass is this thing Sam does now where he’ll pull Cas’s pants and underwear down—if they aren’t already—and grind his dick between his cheeks until he comes. Secretly Cas really likes it, although sometimes he makes a show of pretending to be really absorbed in a TV show or comic book or whatever while it’s happening. It’s the closest Sam’s come to his hole—pun intended—and Cas can’t help dreaming of him accidentally-on-purpose catching his rim that way. The possibility that some of Sam’s come could maybe seep inside him has occurred to him as well, although Dean assures him he’s too tight without prep for that.)

“I’m going to do that anyway, now come on!” Sam grabs Cas by the elbow, dragging him along. Cas rolls his eyes and groans, pulling against Sam’s hold just enough to make a statement. He’s not really paying attention to where they’re going, so he’s fairly shocked when they stumble into their clearing.

Yeah, *that* one.

Cas (who’d been making a pretty loud fuss right up to that point) goes silent. Sam doesn’t say anything either, watching him, giving him space to process.

They haven’t been back since that day.

They've been camping tons of times, even sometimes with Dean. But Cas was adamant in keeping the memory intact, so he could always have that safe space in his mind to revisit, pristine and pure the way he remembers.

"You never wanted to come back here, but I do sometimes. I really like it here," Sam says quietly, and he isn't looking at Cas just then. When Cas doesn't respond he looks up and adds hurriedly. "We can leave in a minute, I just...I wanted to show you something."

Cas doesn't mean to, but he's sort of having a hard time moving or speaking. He just doesn't know how to respond, and being here is bringing up a lot of stuff. So Sam reaches for him, gently taking his hand and leading him to the edge of the clearing. There on a tree--and yeah, it's the one in his memories, plenty of branches, Cas had been speeding to the top like a little monkey, swift and sure for once--Sam has carved their initials, carved together inside a surprisingly perfect-looking heart, SW + CN. Proclaimed for the world to see, and yet also surprisingly private, set here in a world belonging only to them.

Cas is speechless. Sam laughs nervously after a minute, ducking his head. "I know it's super corny. Girl stuff. Dean would be like--"

Cas tunes him out there; he's not interested in what Dean would be like. He steps forward and traces each mark reverently, running his finger over each careful groove in the wood, feeling how deeply each line is carved, as though Sam had taken his time, wanted to make it recognizable and lasting. Sam loves him, so what, he's said that a million times, they say that, as friends, they've said it since they were ten. He leans forward, pressing himself against it and shutting his eyes. There will be time later for disclaimers, all the 'he wouldn't if he' and 'that's only because he' type shit that Cas's poisonous brain is fond of using to ruin a moment like this. For now his chest feels funny and he finally opens his eyes to look at Sam--who has gone silent.

"You...you like it?" Sam's face is red--this is exactly the type of shit Dean would ridicule him for days about, but Cas is not Dean, and his jewel-bright eyes are so hopeful. Like this matters to him.

It's ridiculous, the whole fucking thing. Especially Cas's stupid stinging eyes. He grabs Sam by his shirt and whirls him, slams him up against the tree. He just looks up at him (up? Since when?) and he's breathing kind of hard, but it's not a panic attack. "Sam--," he starts, and it's almost a sob. Sam opens his mouth to reply and Cas kisses him desperately, urgently; suddenly it's important that Sam doesn't speak. "Baby," he cries against his lips, and they're both breathing hard now, the kissing getting urgent the way it always does. "Sam, Sam, I...I..."

"Cas, it's okay...you don't have to say anything," Sam murmurs and kisses him, trying to calm it down the way he does when Cas gets really frenzied, but Cas can feel that his dick likes the kissing just the way it is.

Cas presses as close to Sam as he can, leaning against his chest and burrowing his face in his neck. His hands are in Sam's hair and he's actually kind of pulling it--like he wants to hurt Sam, tear him apart with his fingers and swallow down all the pieces. His feelings overwhelm him; it feels like that's all he is just then, like if he tries to think he'll be lost.

Kissing Sam helps, but more, there has to be more. It's too much, he needs to swallow him down, swallow him all up, put this perfect fucking boy inside him at last.

"Cas, what are you..?"

He needs...(*opening Sam's pants*)...he just has to tell him...(*dropping to his knees*.) He looks up at Sam who swallows hard and gets a million zillion points for what he tries to say next. "Cas...you...you don't have to..."

"Shh...Baby...", Cas whispers, rubbing his face against Sam's dick, feeling it hard against his skin. "Say yes," he whispers against the head, but his lips aren't touching, only his breath. He looks up and lets his eyes beg for him.

"Cas," Sam says instead, but it means the same thing—he's looking at Cas's mouth like he's never wanted a single thing in his life until this moment.

"Mmm," the noise Cas makes against sensitive flesh is half purr, half growl, and he could devour this boy whole (*he will*) but he didn't wait all this time to have it end quickly. In fact...

"Don't freak out," he says softly, reaching in his jacket pocket and digging around. He comes up with one of Jess's ponytail holders and hopes Sam at least appreciates that it's blue. Carefully he wraps it around Sam's cock and balls the same way he's seen Dean do to him tons of times (albeit with actual toys, but he imagines the principle is the same.) "Let me know if anything hurts, or feels cold or numb or anything," he barely spares Sam a glance (his face, anyway).

"Cas, w-wait, did you just put a fuuuuuck shiiiiiiit oh my God," Sam's head goes back, mouth dropping open when Cas gives a hard suck to the head just to shut him up.

"It's," Cas pulls off and laps at the head, kissing his dick the way he does his mouth, all hot tongue and wet sucking lips, "to keep you from," his kisses move lower; there's not as much skin to play with as Dean's but Cas has never felt this covetous of anything, "coming too soon," he finally finishes his sentence at the base of Sam's dick where he's running his tongue firmly up and down. He laps at Sam's balls, applying much gentler pressure to first one, then the other. They've been walking and Sam's been sweating, but the smell, the taste of him, the salt-and-sweet of pure, dirty Sam, is so warm and amazing that for the first time he gets what Dean talks about, how you could want to taste every inch of someone. He sucks one ball, then another, mouthing at Sam's sack until he acknowledges the begging going on above him.

"Baby, shh," he chastises lightly, then lets saliva pool on his tongue for a big fat lick from base to tip, sucking precome from him, lapping over his slit, even daring to dip his tongue inside. It's like this has to be the best blowjob ever performed, like he has to pull out every trick he knows. He looks up at Sam, flushed and squirming, his hands clenched at his sides—wait, that isn't right. His hands slip up Sam's hips and tug his hands down, letting go when they touch his hair. *Pull, baby.*

“Cas, please, just...I can’t...I can’t...,” Sam babbles incoherently, leaning heavily against the tree. His fingers are just sort of twisted in Cas’s hair, too overwhelmed with his own sensations to do much else but take it. Cas looks up at him and thinks he’s never seen anything more beautiful, more perfect than Sam Winchester all flushed and frantic. “Sam,” he calls, and it takes two more tries for Sam to open his eyes, to look down. *I love you*, he thinks, and opens up and takes him in.

It’s so good, imagination didn’t prepare him. Cas’s eyes slip closed so he can revel in Sam’s slim, perfect dick sliding over his tongue. Ease, there is such ease to this, Cas’s lips opening wider, tilting his head just so because he’s not stopping ‘til his nose hits the bit of downy fuzz that passes for pubic hair. Tiny moans escape him as Sam’s cock sinks deeper, God, he can’t believe how much he wanted this and it’s happening. He wants to live on his knees for Sam, he wants to wake every day choking on him, suck him off before he brushes his teeth every night. He’s painfully hard in his jeans, actually has to reach down and unbutton them, try to shove at the zipper for a little relief without ever taking his mouth off of Sam.

He swallows around Sam, adjusting. He could offer Sam to fuck his mouth, but thinks he should handle things since it’s his first time. He starts to move, gripping Sam’s hips hard to steady himself as he shoves down on Sam. He gags once, but just grabs a breath and adjusts his angle; after that, Sam’s tip disappears down his throat effortlessly, like he knew it would. Sam doesn’t have words left, just amazing noises that Cas didn’t know were missing from his life. When Sam starts thrusting instinctively, Cas stops barely long enough to tug off the hair tie. His lips are barely back around him in time for come to explode down his throat, a surprising amount from his friend. Lovingly he milks him dry, mindful to keep some on his tongue to show Sam that a boy like him really is worth *something*.

Sam drops gasping to his knees, almost falling on top of Cas, who stops him, holds him there, Sam’s spit slick cock soft and bare against his own open pants. “Shh, I’ve got you, Sam, I’ve got you,” Cas whispers. They stay that way, Cas isn’t sure how long. He’s perfectly content even though he’s still rock hard for Sam; he honestly doesn’t give a shit if he comes. “Baby,” Cas whispers; he loves this part where he holds his Sam.

“You’re so dead,” Sam whispers back. Cas’s eyes fly open but that’s all he has time for before he gets shoved to his back, “his Sam” riding him to the ground. “I don’t know what the fuck you just did to me,” Sam tells him, pulling violently at his pants, his underwear. “But I *know* I can do it, too. You’re *mine now*, Castiel Novak.”

Cas’s dick pulses at those words, a stream of precome slipping from him—he’s honestly surprised that didn’t finish him. But fuck if he hasn’t been waiting to hear those words from Sam. “Sam,” he whimpers.

“No, no, no, no sympathy for you, you fucking...tease...yeah, that’s it, you’re a-a cocktease,” Sam tells him, the word slightly awkward and yet obviously delicious on his 12 year old tongue. He takes hold of Cas’s dick, then seems to have a moment where he can’t decide, hands free like Cas did it or using his hands for guidance. Cas bites his lip and grips the icy grass under him (his bare ass is instantly wet and freezing and he guesses that’ll matter when Sam doesn’t have his hand around his dick.)

“I didn’t tease,” he whines, playing it up, then immediately cries out, as Sam puts tentative kitten licks around the head of his cock. “Fuck, Sam fuck!”

“Maybe that’s next time,” Sam says, his voice all dark and different the way it gets sometimes, and Cas lets out another cry, the words sending a jolt right through his dick, because is he serious, are they, will they??

Sam laughs evilly right against Cas’s cock, but after kissing and licking at him he hesitates. “Cas, seriously, I don’t wanna hurt you...am I...do I...?”

“I can help you,” Cas says softly. He starts to sit up and Sam puts a hand on his chest, making Cas’s heart pound. “I’ll lay back down, I promise. Just let me...”

Sam hesitates, then lets him sit up, barely backing away. Cas’s fingers aren’t very long—Sam’s are longer—but it’ll have to do for this first lesson. He brings them to Sam’s mouth. “Open up.”

Sam opens his mouth and Cas slips his middle finger in, instructing Sam to close his lips around it. “Just hold it there, don’t try to suck or anything. Just let me move in your mouth,” he tells him. “Oh, and don’t let your teeth touch—that shit hurts,” he adds seriously and Sam blinks, nods solemnly in understanding. He starts with shallow thrusts first, then deeper until he gets his first gag and pulls his finger away. “Good. See, you’re not even trying but your mouth just kinda does it automatically or something when you close your lips around it. Here, look, this is what it feels like,” Cas tells him and grabs Sam’s hand, fucking his own mouth with Sam’s finger the same way before letting Sam thrust. He pulls off after a moment. “See? That’s without trying to suck, it just happens just by my mouth going back and forth like that, or if my mouth stays still but your finger moves. Same difference.”

Sam frowns, ever the good student, looking like he wants to take notes. “But when you did it —“

Cas smiles slyly. “Well, yeah. You can help it along, too.” He takes Sam’s hand again, sucking his finger hard this time, letting his cheeks hollow out.

“Okay, got it, lay down,” Sam says, manhandling him.

“I’m doing it! Stop—ah!” Cas falls on his back and Sam swallows him down like he’s been doing this forever. He’s not fucking around like Cas did, just sucking, almost brutally, gagging himself more than once, coughing, sputtering, but always determined to go right back.)

“Sam, fuck, yes, please,” Cas is whimpering and squirming, his hips want to thrust but he’s trained (Cas only gets fucked, must never fuck without permission.) Only there’s no need to thrust when Sam’s trying to suck his brains out of his dick. When Cas comes down his throat, his back makes a full arch, his head thrown back and he lets out a strangled cry. Upside down, he looks around all the sunlit green and loves, loves this place. Their place. They should fuck here, too.

“Cas,” Sam calls him back and he straightens, pulls Sam on top of him. “Cas, listen—“

“Mmm...listenin’ baby...,” Cas tries to tug his face for a kiss. Sam lets him but too soon he's pulling away.

“Cas, what I wrote. It's the truth. I. I love you,” Sam says slowly. “I-I mean, I...I don’t wanna freak you out or anything. I’ve just been thinking...maybe we should just tell Dean. So-so we could really be together. Go to dances and stuff, tell all our friends. You know?”

Cas stares at him, blinking through his blissed out post-orgasmic haze to make those words sound like English in his mind. Because it sounded like Sam is...Sam is saying...

“You could think about it,” Sam adds nervously. “We could talk about it...you don’t have to —“

“Can you,” Cas tries and his voice is oddly hoarse. He clears his throat. He’s not even looking at Sam, like he can’t bear it, like that’ll just be too perfect for him. He stares at the tops of the trees and lets the sun sting his eyes. “Can you say the first part again?”

But Sam’s fingers are light on his chin, tugging his face so he has to look into all that blue-hazel sincerity. “I love you, Cas.”

“Sam,” Cas whispers, curling his body towards his friend, bringing his face close, looking at the one person on the planet worth condemning himself to hell. Inside himself, and with Sam's words buoying him up, he finds a bare bit of courage. “I...I love--“

“Shoulda known you’d be into pillow talk, Sammy,” Dean speaks up behind them, and Cas wonders how he could’ve ever forgotten that they weren’t the only two who knew about this place. But somehow he isn’t surprised to see Dean—like part of him expected this to happen. “Blah, blah, blah...who wants to chat right after they get their rocks off, am I right, Cas, or am I right?”

They scramble to their feet, fumbling at their jeans.

“Stop,” Dean says, and he’s crossing the clearing to grab each boy by an arm. “Don't get dressed on my account,” he smiles cruelly. “Nah, you guys wanted to be outside with your little dicks out, so that’s how it’s gonna be. Let all the neighbors know what kinda kids I got.” He starts dragging them, Cas following with his head down, Sam struggling hard, trying to throw a kick at the back of Dean’s knee, force him to stumble. He manages to snap his wrist free, but Dean grabs him again, having to let go of Cas so he can pin Sam’s hands behind him.

“Dean what the FUCK?!” Sam screams, still struggling, and he’s even good at it, but he’s held by the guy who taught him everything he knows. “No, you’re not doing this!”

Dean gut punches him hard (harder than he’d hit Cas for sure) and Sam crumples to the ground, but is immediately forced back to his feet, making him cry out. He tries to glare at Dean, but he just looks terrified. “Oh, we’re doin’ it, Sammy. Knew I’d catch you someday and here we are. And you got punishment comin’...you both do,” he adds, sending a dark look at Cas.

“Dean, *please* let us fix our pants. You’re...you’re scarin’ me,” Sam says in a small voice, and Cas sees that he’s crying a little now.

“Shoulda thought of that before,” Dean growls, unmoved, then his olive eyes light with an idea. “In fact maybe we should pull those pants down a little more. Seems to me you both wanted to give some kind of show.”

“Dean, don’t make us do this,” Sam cries, and Cas can’t stand to see it, his fear, his humiliation.

“You’d let neighbors see Sam?” Cas speaks up suddenly, and Dean rounds on him, dragging Sam to where he stands. He has about 2 seconds before he gets knocked to the ground.

“They-they’ll want him!” He flinches, waiting for the blow that doesn’t come.

When he looks, Sam is staring at him in misery and confusion, still held captive in Dean’s merciless grip. But Cas knew he’d be too possessive to want others seeing Sam’s dick or anything else once he thought it through, and sure enough, his full lips are pressed in a tight line. “Fine. Fix his pants and yours; I can’t even trust this bitch to let him do his own.”

“Dean, please stop...don’t be like this, I hate when you’re like this,” Sam whimpers, fresh tears spilling, and Cas wishes he could signal to him not to do that, to at least stay quiet if nothing else. This submissive, tearful Sam has got to be pushing every button that Dean has...all the ones that should never, ever be pushed.

He steps forward and locks his eyes on Sam, trying to show him calm, trying to tell him wordlessly that it’s going to be okay, they’ll get through it like they do every time this happens. He closes the other boy’s pants deftly but gently and risks squeezing his hip, a small reassuring touch.

“Back. Up.” Dean’s low voice is the definition of threatening and Cas scrambles back a few steps, dropping his eyes from both Winchesters. “Let’s go,” he starts dragging his brother, and Cas has no choice but to follow.

They are in such deep shit.

Chapter End Notes

Come on. You always knew he’d catch them sometime.

Game Changer

Chapter Summary

Dean gives Sam his promised punishment, and decides Cas is ready for "that hot thing he wanted to try", aka something he's been thinking about since before Halloween. Or, the time the Sam Game goes horribly wrong.

Chapter Notes

So maybe you've noticed, but since last month I've been given a gift by another author. My first gift! :) <3 <3 Now, I realize that most of you are Destiel, and some of you are Wincest or Wincestiel, but if there's any Sastiel out there, I've recommended this author twice on my Bookmarks list--that's before I got the gift! ZoyciteM is the author's name, and she's amazing--she's gotta be if I can read a fic where Dean is a switch. Anyway I commented that I was imagining the villain from her one fic getting a hold of this soft little sweetheart brat from her other fic AND SO SHE WROTE IT. An AU one shot, and I love it to death. Her villain in Solnishko is my current villain crush, I'm so into him it's not even funny. Scary Russian mafia Castiel who deals in human trafficking and molds himself a slave Sam--I can't. I can't even. He's so evil and so fucking smooth.

Anyway.

Here's another chapter. One more to go.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dean doesn't know why his instincts are as well-honed as they are. Maybe it's because he trusts them implicitly where others always follow logic first. That man doesn't feel right... but he's well-dressed, articulate, perhaps he has a reputation for kindness and charity. Most people second guess their own misgivings and follow the well-dressed man to their own detriment. Dean *always* goes with his gut.

Also, if he hasn't mentioned it before, he has a tendency to stalk his brother. Not often—he does work for a living—and hey, he has a life. It's only when there's a gap in the kid's doings that Dean doesn't know about. For instance if he makes a new friend, or supposedly joins some new “club” at school (he's in like 53 of those), or when he takes it upon himself to go stomping around the woods—and Dean has to follow to make sure he isn't meeting some old pervert there. That's how he discovered how often Sam still goes to that same spot in the woods, making a well-worn path between their home and the clearing where he and Cas had their infamous beer tasting party. And if Sam goes there and masturbates with his best

friend's name on his lips, it's his secret. He just doesn't get to keep secrets from Dean (and also, how hot is it that Sam likes doing stuff outside? Kinky little son of a bitch.)

To his knowledge, Cas has never gone back to that spot with him. Dean guesses he has good enough reasons, given the consequences last time around.

That morning, Dean planned to leave early with his Dad and Bobby to check out a rumored 1968 Ford Mustang GT hidden within a bunch of other rust buckets, sitting forgotten on a farm in Ellsworth County. It's a new hobby of theirs and Dean sort of invited himself into it, where they try to find classic cars hidden around the countryside, buy them for peanuts (hopefully), and then restore them to former glory to sell for profit. It's a long drive, about two and a half hours each way, so Dean would've been gone all day.

That's what Sam expected, no doubt.

Except the kid was acting so squirrely, fidgeting his way around Castiel like he was hiding a ring behind his back (fucking girl). Cas seemed oblivious, actually a little annoyed with whatever Sam had planned. Dean (pretending not to listen) would hear things like "...can't we just stay..." and "...if we stay, I'll let you...", but whatever the plan, Sam was sticking to it. It's a mistake on Sam's part, careless to act that way when Dean's around, no matter how distracted by a potentially amazing find. And honestly it's been so long since the game started.

His spankin' hand is getting itchy.

He can't follow them outright, because changing his plans will alert Sam. He actually leaves with his father, in his truck and all, and then it's just a matter of jumping out at the gas station with a half-hearted excuse, "I forgot I need to blah blah blah." John's surprised (and maybe a little disappointed), but eager to get on his way—he doesn't argue. It means walking back (or it would, if Mrs. DeAngelo from down the street hadn't seen him walking and kindly offered him a ride--that kind of thing is a given if you're Dean Winchester.) Still, the boys are gone when he gets back.

They could be anywhere, really. There's a long list of places that Sam takes him where Cas doesn't want to go, where he'll bitch and moan as though it's ever gotten Sam to change his mind once it's made up. Still, if he thinks about the clothes they were putting on, far too casual for meeting friends (some would say a t-shirt and a flannel over jeans is pretty fucking casual, too, but *actually*, there's a difference between Winchester Outdoors and Winchester Social Setting, just maybe it's just too subtle for—you know what, shut the fuck up.) So. Outdoors maybe. And Sam with his promposal face on suggests privacy, romance.

Big. Fucking. Sigh.

As easy as it was to figure it out, he still almost misses it. By the time he gets to the edge of the ring of trees (using somewhat dense foliage as cover), Cas is on his knees, and his brother...

Dean's mouth falls open and the blood rushes to his dick.

His brother is standing with his back to a tree, though standing might be a strong word—the tree seems to be all that’s holding him up. He’s making these little sounds. They’re new, Dean’s never heard his brother make those sounds...and yet there’s something of baby Sam in them, naked and unconscious under Dean’s tongue, his hands, his fucking 17 year old dick.

And he’s begging, too (wrong name on his lips, but oh, soo pretty, baby boy), “Cas, please... p-please, I-I-I can’t...aah! Please!” His breathing is short, his eyes are shut. Dean wonders how he hasn’t come already, innocent baby that he is, little pubescent boy should have spilled after the first two thrusts in Cas’s hot little mouth. He can’t hear what Cas is saying and all he can see is the back of his head moving, his pale little hands clutching at Sam’s thighs...but he does see the part where Cas puts Sam’s hands in his hair.

Good boy.

Dean has his hand in his pants without ever looking away, and he pulls his dick out so he can come right here on the ground when he’s ready. This is so much what he’s wanted to see, this is the purpose of the game, his boys, his children, slutting it up for him, Sam’s 12 year old dick being sucked down by the baby angel who used to gag and choke and cry and plead with his eyes, *please don’t make me, I don’t want to*, over there swallowing Sam down just the way he’s been taught, like the fucking baby whore Dean forced him to be, and how goddamn satisfying that investment has been. And it’s *still* not enough. He wants this in his bed: he wants them naked, Cas sucking Sam down because Dean told him to do it, so he can watch them up close, touch their smooth skin, devour and corrupt and *fuck*...and own.

He hears his baby brother orgasm for the first time, and it’s enough to have him spilling on the ground, his quiet gasps easily lost beneath Sam’s wordless, high pitched cries. Such a girl, always such a pretty little girl for Dean.

Well. For Cas, right now. Dean frowns at the thought. Cas doesn’t even own himself, he sure as shit can’t have—what the fuck?!

Dean watches Sam push Cas to the ground (likes the aggression, it makes him feel better—of course Cas doesn’t own Sam, and Sam would never submit to the likes of baby Cas—that’s not who the fuck he raised.) He watches the (quite frankly adorable) blowjob lessons, and wishes he were at a better angle so he could watch Cas suck on Sam’s fingers, too.

Then Sam pushes him back down and tries to eat him, dick first. Dean crouches, trying to see better, wishing he could move closer, but the view is already amazing. Sam’s gorgeous mouth slurping loudly at Cas’s hard little boy cock. He likes Cas’s noises, too, though they’re not the revelation that Sam’s are. Still, he realizes they’re different with Sam...like maybe *he’s* different with Sam. He’s heard Cas desperate countless times. He’s heard him beg, he’s heard him come again and again, from before he could make actual spunk until now, but he hasn’t heard him like this. It’s weird. Like he should know everything about Cas, especially sexually, and yet the boy has a secret. From him.

Well, that just won’t work.

He lets them finish and then he waits a bit, in case this actually moves to the next level, please Jesus. According to his baby spy, this should be their first blowjobs that he's witnessing (Sam's first ever, and while it's not his dick down Sam's throat, at least he arranged this blowjob to some degree, and now he got to watch it...that part helps.) So he doubts they'd move straight to sex, and true to form, Sam starts yapping Cas's ear off with a starry eyed look that Dean'd just as soon smack right off his pretty little face. Because you don't look at someone else like that Sammy. No fucking way.

He steps into the clearing.

~

Back at the house, he makes them sit together on the loveseat while he pours himself a drink. Funny enough, the same reason that Sam had for thinking Dean would be gone all day is now Dean's assurance that John will be similarly absent—and that's making the ludicrous assumption that the two men won't stop for a drink or twelve at some point.

He could fuck them. Here, today, he could cuff them together, and just rampage all over them. So tiny and frightened and sweet for him. He's not *really* thinking that, it's just--oh, it did a number on pretty Sammy, having Dean manhandle him with his baby dick swinging in the breeze (not that it's really big enough to swing—decent size though for his age, maybe even an inch bigger than Dean had been back then--true to form, Winchester men *always* pack heat.) His confidence is shot, he can't even look at his big brother. He keeps trying to reason with him while he can barely get the words out and Dean finds it so goddamn gorgeous on him. *What's the matter, Sammy? Don't like Big Brother seeing you being a slut for Cas's little prick?* Yeah. It's a turning point for them.

He really wishes he could've dragged them back with their pants open and little spit-wet dicks out for all to see, but Cas is right. That's like coating Sam in barbeque sauce and chucking him in a lion's den. Every freak in this neighborhood would want a piece, he just knows it. Doesn't mean he appreciates Cas spoiling his good time. Little motherfucker already has it coming extra special, just because he gave the first blowjob and Dean was real fucking specific about making the first move. Dean's not mad, mind you—he's grateful Cas lost control, or doubtless Sam would've kept everything PG, and he would've hung himself from one of those trees waiting for things to get good. But rules are rules, right? Poor baby needs a time out.

Or something.

He sighs into his glass and swallows down half of it in one go, trying to calm himself some. Fuck if that scene wasn't arousing though, and then what he's about to do now. It's just taking more effort than he'd like not to walk over and jam his dick into something small, tight, and screaming. He will hear some screams and see tears, though. That is his due, and he's fucking taking it—Sammy played the game and he lost this round. He refills his glass and walks to his boys. Sits down across from them.

“So what are we lookin’ at here, boys?” he starts, and this time his voice is calm. He isn’t angry and he can’t fake it. No, anger isn’t the right word at all. “Should we start with the agreement we had, that you broke? Or the fact that when I called you out a few weeks ago, one of you lied by omission and one of you lied right to my face?”

“I...I’m sorry,” Sam whispers, staring down at his lap.

“You’re sorry you got caught, I know. You’re sorry that you and your fucking boytoy here are about to be made into whining, whimpering little girls in front of each other. Bet you’re really sorry about that.”

Sam doesn’t argue, probably because they both know Dean’s right. The time for lying about it is long past. But he lifts his eyes to Dean’s. “He’s not a boytoy. He’s—“

Dean stands, cracks him across the face, and enjoys the red handprint and shimmering tears. He looks him in the eye. “A, Cas knows what I think he is, don’t fucking interrupt me with semantics. And 2, I’d say you both got bigger problems right now than a little name calling.” He sits again.

Apparently someone’s courage is getting a second wind, because he tries again (albeit in a somewhat breathier and more high pitched voice than normal). “Look, Dean, you’re right to be pissed...I-I get it! But we were talking...we were gonna talk to you anyway. Cas and I —“

“Sam!” Cas interrupts, and puts his hand on Sam’s leg, squeezes (Dean’s eyes are glued to where he touches him.) When Sam frowns at him he shakes his head, blue eyes intense and worried. “Don’t.”

“Yeah, listen to boytoy,” Dean smirks, but then the expression fades and he stares at them meaningfully. “*Don’t.*”

Slowly, Cas’s hand comes away and his eyes lower. This time Sam doesn’t say anything else. Maybe because Dean is staring at him. Staring in a way he normally doesn’t allow himself, at least when Sam is conscious. Fuck...what he saw in the woods...sweet Sammy, the only first left for him is that tiny little hole...

“Sam,” he starts, and his voice is low, almost gritty. *Take your clothes off*, is what he wants to say...wants to watch the fear fill his eyes, the disbelief (*the betrayal.*)

“Are...are you still going to punish me first, Dean?” Cas interrupts and Dean’s gaze snaps to him. He can’t decide yet if he’s annoyed by the distraction, but at least the voice is tiny and timid, blue eyes low and respectful. Submissive. His sweet boy.

“Cas,” Sam hisses, not happy.

“You volunteering, kiddo?” Dean asks, interested. It’s good for Sam to see his easy, perfect slave—he doesn’t expect that from Sam, not really, not all the time. Still, he should know what it looks like.

“N-no, it’s just...you said...last time...,” Cas looks down at his folded hands in his lap, probably (if Dean has to guess) upset that Sam will be pissed at him for this. After all, it’ll be Cas’s ass on the line, but the punishment was created for Sam.

Because, yeah, he remembers now.

“Good boy, Cas, I almost forgot about that...you go first. Sammy gets to watch and count. How excited are you guys for that?” he says teasingly, but he doesn’t get a response. Fine. “Great. Go up to my closet and get me the wooden paddle you’ll see hanging on the door.”

Sam opens his mouth but no sound comes out, and after a moment he shuts it and looks down again.

Cas starts reluctantly for the stairs then stops. “Can’t you...can’t you come with me, Dean?” Dean frowns at him and he makes his blue eyes wide. “I...I don’t...what if I can’t find it? Please?”

Dean sighs. Cas gets away with shit that he wouldn’t if Sam weren’t watching. If Dean goes with him at least he can crack him one in private. “Fine. Sam. Corner. Cas, let’s go.”

As soon as Cas crosses the threshold of his bedroom, Dean spins him, shoves him down on his bed and pins him down, kissing him hard, running his hands everywhere, groping him, fondling him. All Cas can do is whimper and try to kiss back. Then Dean sits up, unzips, takes out his straining dick and straddles Cas’s face. He doesn’t need to say anything, Cas knows to open up and Dean lets out a soft groan at the relief he finds in his warm, wet mouth. He fucks fast and shallow, knowing by now what Cas can handle, until he’s ready to come—honestly it doesn’t take long. The image of his baby brother coming apart is still so fresh and new, and he needs to be able to think straight. Because what comes next is going to be good, too. He shoves in harder just to feel Cas choke around his dick while he comes.

“Good boy...that’s my good boy,” he soothes, wiping at his tears, and patting him on the back when he releases him. “I needed that.” He kisses Cas perfunctorily and then he’s up and moving for his closet. He watches Cas’s eyes go round like they always do, looking at Dean’s ever-growing collection of implements and restraints. Dean doesn’t hide it—both of the other Winchesters know he’s pretty much a man-whore. They operate under a ‘stay out of Dean’s stuff if you don’t want to know’ policy (clearly from the porn-trauma incident in his fucking bedroom, it doesn’t work that well on horny and curious 12 year old boys).

He grabs the paddle he wants—not wide (they’re such small butts after all), but a good inch thick made of solid oak. He has fun shopping for these things with Cas in mind (and Jo... though her things tend to be small and heart-shaped, and he makes her keep them in her room for him.) But mostly he buys for Cas. He saw one paddle with a cut out in the center shaped like a cat, and how fucking cute would he be with his ass all red except a white cat on each cheek? He didn’t get it, though...makes him feel like he’s getting soft on his angel.

He heads back downstairs where pretty Sam waits in a corner. Fuck, he should’ve made him stand there with his pants down. Except he would’ve argued and pissed Dean off. And he’s in a great mood, who wants that? “Come on back, Sammy, let’s get this started,” he tells his brother, and when the boys are seated on the loveseat again he chooses the armchair. He

hefts the paddle, liking the way Sam's eyes track it. Cas's eyes are lowered; Dean can remember a time when his eyes would fearfully follow whatever Dean was about to use on/against/in him, but he's mostly broken of the habit (unless it's something pink or frilly.)

"Castiel, come here," he says, almost gently.

"Dean, please," Sam whispers, as Cas moves toward his Master. "Don't—"

Dean stares at Sam. "Now, see, usually I just smack you across the mouth when you can't shut the fuck up. But maybe today every time you open up without my permission, I add five for Cas. How about that? You think you can just take your punishment then? Maybe we could get through this and move on?"

Sam swallows, and Dean watches him struggle with it, wanting to argue but afraid the new rule starts effective now (and of course it does—Dean would flip Cas over his lap and have at it before Sam could finish bitching.) Apparently Sam knows that as well, because his shoulders drop and he lowers his eyes. "Yes, Dean."

Dean nods his approval. "Good boy. Okay, Cas. Pants and underwear need to hit those ankles."

Cas obeys without making eye contact, but his cheeks flush bright pink. It's one thing to drop trou for Dean alone, or even just Sam (both of which already took getting used to for shy little Cas), but Dean knows the humiliation of stripping down for punishment in front of another boy, especially when that boy has no direction other than to watch. Believe him, he knows. It's just different. It's just that much worse. And Dean has made sure he'll be completely exposed.

He doesn't have to pull Cas over his lap, the boy practically dives for the cover, keeping his head down as though that way he can pretend Sam isn't in the room. Dean pats his bottom, looking directly at Sam. "So...I told you this would be bad if—when I caught you sneaking around—"

"How *did* you catch us? You were spying—" Sam starts, something he's obviously been dying to say.

Five smacks to Cas's ass with the paddle, no prep. Because it makes Cas scream, and Sam jumps at the sound (and more importantly his mouth shuts with a snap.) "Stop doing that to him," Dean snaps and Sam flushes, probably with the effort not to snap back. "He has enough coming because of you—and watch your fucking face, too, kid, yeah it is because of you. Not that I owe you one single explanation, but it's a good idea for you to always assume I'm following you. You got that? I'm in charge of you and you're a fucking liar, so I gotta do what I gotta do to keep you safe."

Sam's mouth falls open again but Dean doesn't give him the chance. "So, now Cas here is gonna get 10 spanks from my hand and then he gets fifty with the—Sam, I swear to God, don't—" he hefts the paddle menacingly and Cas helps the cause by giving a small cringe, a tiny whimper. Sam grips the couch cushion beneath him and bites his lip hard, hazel eyes blazing. "Fifty. With the paddle. Then another ten with my hand. All while you count for

him, Sammy. And it is your fault, and I want you to think about that the entire time. I know you're just dyin' to argue with me, so let me prove it to you real simple-like." He tugs Cas up to standing, and cuddles him close, rubbing his back soothingly as though he's oblivious that the boy he holds is half naked. "Cas, I admit this is fucked up, and it's gonna hurt like hell. You can leave, you know. You don't have to do this. I can punish him another way and you'll just have to stay away for a while."

"I'm part," Cas says feebly, and Dean kisses his forehead. It's all the scared boy can manage. Fifty is a lot, and he knows what this particular paddle feels like.

Sam's lips part helplessly, looking at his frightened friend but Cas refuses to look back.

Dean rubs his back. "Okay, then. I'm gonna ask you a question...and you might want to lie for Sammy here but don't bother, okay? I already know the answer."

Cas nods without looking at Dean, looking like he's wishing the floor would swallow him up.

"After the day I asked Sammy about those marks on his neck...the day I promised that this is exactly what I'd do...," Dean pauses, looks at his brother. "Did you try to get Sam to stop sneaking around with you?"

Shocked, Cas looks up at Dean, and even turns to Sam, who looks equally horrified. "I—I..."

Dean gives a light slap to his ass. "C'mon, kid. No point lyin' remember?"

"Yes...but..."

Dean flips him back over carelessly. Looks at his brother while he strokes over Cas's butt possessively. "That's right. Knew you did because this shit scares you. But Sam didn't want to stop, did he? He just wanted to get his rocks off."

Sam shakes his head, and puts a hand over his mouth, like he has to physically restrain himself from speaking, probably from trying to apologize to Cas, when it would just cost him another five spanks. He looks so beautifully tormented and Dean can't help but rub it in. He looks at his little brother and shakes his head. "For fucks sake, Sam...he's supposed to be your best friend."

Sam lowers his eyes to the floor, his hands in fists at his sides.

"No, Sammy. Not today. Eyes on Cas. Gotta make sure you get the count right, or we'll be here forever. I don't think his little ass can take more than fifty, do you?"

Little tears of guilt and frustration appear at the corners of the boy's eyes, and they fall easily when he reluctantly looks at his friend. Everything about him says that he's sorry, that he'd take Cas's place in a heartbeat if he could.

That isn't the way this works though.

Dean gives Cas his ten spanks and Sam counts them, voice all small and tearful and adorable. Funny enough, Cas doesn't cry, maybe for the first time since Dean started spanking him (including in private). Like he's trying to tough it out so Sam won't feel bad, or that's what Dean assumes. He's not worried; no way his baby withstands the paddle against his oh-so-delicate flesh.

When he starts with the paddle, he gives one shot, not too hard, not like the first five, but Cas can't help but cry out.

"One," Sam whimpers, and Dean shifts in his seat, rubbing against Cas's little body. He brings the paddle down on the other cheek. It takes five each side for Cas to start crying, and Sam cries, too, as if it's him on the chopping block. By the twentieth, he's a sobbing mess, squirming hard and helplessly against Dean's hold, like he can't help but fight. He never says stop, though. By thirty, Sam can't get the words out anymore, and Dean puts the paddle down, stroking over cherry red, burning hot skin. "Sammy," he says gently, sounding disappointed.

"Dean, please, I'm so sorry, I'm so, so sorry, please, can't we...can't you...you could paddle me, however many times, I promise—" Sam begs, slipping to his knees in front of the loveseat, staring up at Dean like his little heart is breaking.

"Sammy," Dean says again, and gestures to him to come over. When Sam does, Dean thumbs away his tears only to have fresh ones pour over his fingers as Sam sobs, pressing into his touch. "Baby brother," he says softly, stroking his hair back from his tear-stained little face. "Sweetheart, I have to finish. I can't have you lying—not to me," he takes Sam's small face in his large hand and grips, not tightly but firm, suddenly sincere. "You're not allowed secrets from me, Sam. And I told you it would be bad."

Sam jerks out of his hold and moans like he's really in pain. Dean sucks his teeth, shaking his head. "Come on, Sammy, you're still making this about you." He takes Sam's hand and puts it on Cas's bare ass and Cas jumps, pulling in a little gasp. Sam looks reluctantly at the abused flesh and Dean moves his hand. "Make him feel better, like I do for you," Dean suggests. Cas whines at the contact. Sam tries to pull away and Dean grips tighter, just to show he can, really.

"We're just hurting him more, Dean! He needs the numbing stuff, can he...can he at least have that, please?"

"Of course," Dean says, letting Sam go now. "I'm not a monster. But that's after, you know that. Cas, how you doin, buddy, you hanging in there?" Dean strokes over the sore little bottom and feels the boy shudder over his lap. "Doin' so good for me."

"Mm—Dean," Cas snuffles. His little chest is heaving with hitching breaths as he tries to calm himself. "I-it burns...really bad!" he sobs and Dean rubs his back, his bottom.

He hushes him. "I know, kiddo, we'll fix it after. You're almost done now, come on, we'll finish up. Go sit down, Sammy, it's time to get counting again."

"But—"

“Sam. Sit.” Dean watches him meaningfully and he does, but Dean still feels the need to add, “I let you get away with talking without permission that time, but don’t take advantage. Cas can’t afford it.” Cas makes a little sound and Dean strokes his hair again. Then hefts the paddle.

Twenty more.

Cas is a mess. Dean’s supposed to give him 10 more hand spanks—and he does—but they’re light because at this point a feather would break him. There’s no way this won’t bruise, he’ll be feeling it for at least a week. Sam, whose bottom is still lily white untouched, is almost as upset.

They’re beautiful.

Cas’s pants probably hurt like a bitch, but the boy still tries to pull them up, protecting his modesty. Dean stops him. “C’mon kid, we know it hurts...everybody in this room’s been where you are or worse. And it wants cream, not pants.” He hugs him and Cas takes the comfort, tucking his head into Dean’s neck and soaking his shirt with tears. “You’re okay, you’re such a good boy, aren’t you, took that like a champ for Sammy.”

Sam is standing nearby looking dejected and uncertain. His eyes are red and swollen but he isn’t crying anymore. “Can I help him, Dean?” he whispers.

The answer should be no, if it were for Cas’s sake...surely the last thing he wants is his pretty boyfriend standing around to watch him sob like a baby with his dick still hanging out, getting cream put on his ass. But for Dean that just makes it all the sweeter...and he wants both his boys with him now. “Yeah, let’s get him up to your room, I’ll put him on your bed.” He picks Cas up bridal style with his pants still down. Cas clings to him and keeps his eyes shut, trying to get a handle on his crying while Dean whispers soothing praises and kisses his cheeks, his forehead.

“This is new cream, Cas,” Dean tells him when he has him lying on his stomach on the bed. “It’ll feel really cold, but it’ll make the pain go away. Just gotta put it on a couple times a day, it’ll help with the bruising and swelling,” he lifts his fingers when the red bottom is coated in white, without any funny business either (Sam’s eyes never leaving him.) He gets Cas some water and makes him take some children’s pain meds (out of date stuff that used to be Sam’s, but he’s only giving it to him for Sam’s benefit anyway.) “Rest, kiddo,” Dean kisses his forehead.

Then he turns to Sam. “Come on...it’s your turn now.” He sees Sam look surprised, so he clarifies. “Cas isn’t gonna watch and count; that was a punishment for you. Poor kid needs to rest. This will be just you and me.”

Cas starts to lift up on his elbows, looking alarmed and Dean points at him. “Down.” He obeys instantly, still looking worried, but Dean’s got better things to think about. “C’mon, Sammy...in my room.”

He gestures for Sam to go ahead of him, and then closes his door behind them, startling the kid.

Sam stands awkwardly. Dean sits on his bed and looks at him expectantly. “C’mon, buddy, get ‘em down for me.”

Sam opens his pants, shoves them and his underwear to his ankles without Dean having to specify. He climbs over his older brother’s lap and Dean tugs him until his ass is centered just right. When he speaks, his voice is soft, perfectly cowed the way Dean likes him best. “Are you...is it ten, fifty, ten for me, too?”

Dean strokes his back, lets his hand roam over his bottom, too. “Why, you want less?”

“More,” Sam says tearfully, and Dean tugs him up so he’s sitting in his lap, loving his vulnerability, wishing so badly he could take his clothes off and hold him just like this.

“More, huh? Why’s that?” he asks him, tucking his head against his shoulder and tickling lightly over his arm (wanting to move it to his thigh, wondering if he can pass that off as comforting.) “Feelin’ guilty?”

Sam starts to cry full out again. “You’re right Dean he...he wanted to stop and I made him keep doing it. I got him hurt, I-I—I didn’t mean to...”

“Shh, Sammy—“

“Anyway, it doesn’t matter what I meant, it’s what I did,” Sam brushes off his comforting touch and scrubs angrily at his eyes. “He’s hurting because of me, but...”

Dean strokes his hair, mesmerized, wanting to kiss him. “But what?”

Sam turns desperate eyes to him, the blue and green so bright when he cries. “I...I really like him, Dean, okay? And I don’t wanna just be his friend anymore—he didn’t want me to tell you but I know I can. And if you say he can’t sleep over, if he can’t be here when you’re not, then okay. I just...I wanna be with him for real.” Sam drops against Dean’s chest, exhausted from his admission. “I love him. I...I love Cas, Dean.”

Dean closes his eyes and reaches for control. Because this...sure, it can happen, he decides. But only the way he wants it to. And maybe it’s the right thing for the three of them. Maybe it’s finally time to stop fighting it. It could all be so perfect... “You’re...” he tries, and then has to clear his throat, because it’s gone dry. “Look kid, that’s...let’s put a pin in that for now, okay? Get past this punishment first. I need to think about it.”

Sam blinks at him. “But you said—“

“Not now, Sam,” he says sharply, and flips him back over when he looks like he wants to argue some more. And his spanking starts out harder than he intended because suddenly he’s even more worked up than he already was.

Sam is weeping not long after they switch to the paddle, but he never asks him to stop, or slow down, never complains about the pain. He can’t keep quiet and he can’t stop squirming; his small hands are even shaking, Dean thinks from the effort not to try and cover himself. And Dean loves it. Finds himself slamming the paddle down sometimes, just to hear him

scream. He gives him a break and rubs his sore, apple-red cheeks, and maybe Dean's fingers shake, too, because of how much he wants to stroke and probe. Sam's skin is so warm, his crying is so perfect. There are so many ways Dean can make him cry...

After Sam's spanking, Dean gives him a couple of pills to swallow.

Sniffing, Sam frowns at them in his little palm. "Dean, these are—"

"Don't worry about it, it's just another kind. Swallow. Now. Don't make me check." He hands him a bottle of water and stares.

Sam is still frowning a little, but Dean thinks it's more that he's not used to harsh treatment *after* his spanking. He knocks back the pills though, really too upset and hurting (Dean hadn't even waited to treat his bottom before making him take them) to argue.

When Dean carries him into his own bedroom, Cas is either asleep or pretending to be. Dean treats his brother thoroughly but perfunctorily, because his mind is on other things (*there's this hot thing he wants to try*). With a last kiss to his little brother's forehead, he leaves the boys alone and goes downstairs for a drink. He's been waiting a long time to do this, since he first thought of it, even before the Halloween party. It's finally time, Cas is finally ready, he fucking has to be, after that blowjob, after being so close to Sam all this time, and just nearly constant blue balls. He waits twenty minutes before going up to his room, getting out the things he needs. It isn't long before Cas comes looking for him.

"What are we doing today, Master?"

"You're drinking," Dean hands him the whiskey and watches him take a few gulps before holding out the pink satin blindfold. "Up on the bed, baby angel. We're gonna play the Sam game." He watches his boy move to the bed and then starts to help him undress. Cas lifts his arms and moves as needed but otherwise lets Dean do all the work. He's looking at the items Dean has already laid out on the bed: black leather wrist and ankle cuffs, a length of slender but sturdy silver chain, ear plugs, and something brand new—a silicone prostate massager (nice and small for his little boy) that has a ring attached to it (you're damn right it's pink). He looks wide-eyed back at Dean, who grins. "The Sam Game with a twist."

There is time to pour more liquor down his throat. To kiss and touch him the way he must, having had his gorgeous little body over his lap the way it was, with how enticing he is with his round little ass so red and abused for Dean. But not a lot of time.

There are other things he needs to get ready. And he's already been waiting long enough.

* * *

It's his first day of school. He doesn't know anybody and these kids keep staring at him. Not necessarily unfriendly, not all of them, anyway. But of course he's wearing mustard yellow corduroy pants and a button down shirt with way too many colors in it. Under a vest. He's not exactly...he doesn't really know about clothes and styles and things (his mom sets things

out, he puts them on), but it doesn't take a genius to see the other kids have on jeans and t-shirts. And sneakers that have words on the side, not these unmarked ones like he has. He bets theirs fit right, too. At least they're not rich kids, not even close. Just that much less poor than he is.

He's in class and already seems to have made a horrible impression on the teacher, and now he realizes he's missing something from the checklist his mother had been given. He was supposed to bring a pack of markers, but he doesn't have them. Surreptitiously he looks around, and he's not the only one to forget, but these kids have all known each other since kindergarten, they just scoot their desks close and share. He can't do that because what if he asks, and the person says no? He's weird...they might not want other kids to see them share with him. He lowers his eyes and pretends to be searching in his desk, as though the markers might suddenly appear.

"Hey! Hey, new kid!" The words are hissed from his left, and he looks up reluctantly, flinching. He knows the boy on his left is super popular (he'd been watching him sort of bitterly earlier) and is probably about to make fun of him, draw attention to the fact that he—

"Pull your desk over; we'll share," the kid says simply and smiles, flashing two dimples. Right away the tightness in his chest eases—maybe for the first time in a while (and he feels a little bad for the uncharitable thoughts he'd been having about the kid.)

"Thanks," he says gratefully, smiling back. He awkwardly moves his desk, and the other boy spreads the markers out in the middle. He doesn't have a new pack like most other kids, but instead a bunch of mismatched ones that he keeps in a big plastic sandwich bag with a zip top. And even though he's dressed like the other kids, it's obvious his clothes are hand-me-downs. It makes him feel a little better—the boy is miles cooler, but maybe they could still be friends.

"I'm Sam Winchester," the boy says kindly.

"Castiel," he whispers, and Sam looks at him, blinking gorgeous blue-hazel eyes, a color Cas has never seen in his life, and will likely never see on anyone else. He clears his throat and tries again. "I-I'm Castiel. Novak."

"Cool name," Sam says, and they smile at each other again.

~

Cas is squirming on the bed, and he's going out of his fucking mind. He thinks he's crying out—he feels like he might even be screaming—but the earplugs muffle everything, prevent him from being certain. He's on his stomach with his wrists and ankles connected behind his back. He can see a little because his writhing has moved the blindfold almost to his forehead. It's enough that in his twisting and (*screaming*) moaning, he can see that he's alone. That Dean has left him like this.

This is not the fucking Sam Game.

It started out similarly, but Dean already had a different energy, that same new energy that's been building since the clearing (and with Dean, new energy is almost *always* bad.) He stripped Cas down and rubbed some kind of sweet smelling lotion into his skin. He put the blindfold on and started talking about Sam, except even that wasn't normal.

"Tell me about his dick in your mouth, sweet angel...tell me about swallowing his come..."

Dean was really excited.

Cas didn't want to obey, not really, but he didn't hesitate because you don't mess with Dean when he's excited to try something. And of course it worked, like it does every time, his body knows this game, his brain loves it, the time he gets to imagine being the worst kind of dirty slut for Sam, all the darkest things he's capable of doing, getting Sam to fuck him, his mouth, his ass, the way he could fuck down Cas's throat, how Cas could bounce on his dick...how they could do it at school, in the treehouse, or in the backseat of the Impala while Dean drives and pretends he doesn't know...

"And where would you put your tongue on him, baby?"

Everywhere, and in that moment it felt like Gospel truth to say it, that it would be pleasure to kneel between his legs while he does his homework and warm his cock or his sack, that if Sam wanted he'd spread his cheeks and lick him open, finger him and find the spot that feels best.

He was so turned on, so lost in this Sam-Game-headspace, that it shocked him, made him whimper when Dean tugged the blindfold up (not off, just on his forehead so he could see.) He had the cuffs on his hands and ankles but until then nothing had been connected. Then Dean threaded the silver chain through the cuffs at his wrists, binding them at the back of his neck. He laid him gently on his back and put his regular pink cock ring on him. Then he showed him a bottle of something that Cas assumed was lube.

"Got you some new stuff, Cas, it's pretty crazy. Want you to try it."

"What does it do, Master?"

"You'll see," Dean said and smirked. Cas's dick was really hard from the Sam Game, but he bit his lower lip, starting to feel nervous again. Worse when Dean snapped on a latex glove before he poured some of the stuff on his hand. He'd never done that before, and all the sudden Cas was afraid that this was gonna turn into one of the nights where Dean does things that just hurt.

"Master," he whimpered, and Dean hushed him and stroked his thighs with his other hand, soothing, but also pushing them back open wide where they'd started to close up (against the rules, don't you know.)

"You'll like it," Dean said and then he touched each of Cas's nipples with the sticky stuff.

Cas blinked at him and his fear dropped away some. So far it just...tingled. It was kind of nice, really. Made him want to be touched there sort of.

Dean watched him, and Cas squirmed a little. Because, okay, the tingling was like... increasing. It was making him really hard, really needy. And it was making him want to rub his nipples (which obviously he couldn't do, but he shifted his wrists as though maybe he could slip the cuffs just for a little relief). Like maybe it was more than a tingle, maybe almost a burning—

Dean swiped the glove liberally up and down Cas's cock. Coating it.

"*Master,*" he whimpered, and Dean hushed him, leaned forward to kiss his lips. Cas kissed back at first but then surprised himself by actually yanking his face away. He didn't mean to do it's just that the tingling (*burning*) was really getting out of hand. Like he was trying to twist so he can rub against the bed (Dean stopped him, kept him on his back) and he groaned in frustration, in need. "*Master--*," he starts to yell but just then Dean's hand wrapped around him, starting to stroke, and the feeling was instant relief, it was amazing, the best handjob in a young but thorough lifetime of them. He shoved up hard into Dean's hand, his mouth open, small, high-pitched sounds pouring out.

Dean licked and sucked at first one nipple, then the other and each one that gets attention gets relief, although unlike his dick, the fire on his nipples dies down after Dean's been there. Then Dean kissed him and his lips and tongue tingled, too, and he kissed back desperately. Every time Dean let him go he begged him to touch him, begged him not to stop, promised him anything. "*Anything, baby angel?*" Dean bit his nipple hard and Cas squealed, but the pain didn't affect him; every sensation secondary to the blaze of need from his weeping dick. He wished Dean would let him fuck something, preferably his lovely, talented mouth.

The second Dean removed the cock ring, he came all over his hand, but he was hard again by the time he finished lapping his come off of Dean's fingers, palm, and wrist. He whined, uncomfortable and way oversensitive, his skin crawling strangely. But Dean had a washcloth in a bowl of water with actual ice, and he used it to clean him. It was agonizing and he tried hard enough to get away that Dean bruised him holding him down, but when it was done he wasn't hard and the stuff seemed to be off his skin.

"*Interesting stuff, huh?*" Dean said, wiping the blessedly cool cloth over his hard nipples, making him shiver and break out in goosebumps. But Dean didn't cover him or let him dress (obviously—he hasn't even gotten off yet). Instead he sat him up and gave him a few swallows of whiskey. The effects of the lube, of the game, kept him from noticing the warm haze from the alcohol, so just then it felt like it all hit him at once, and it was nice. That's when Dean started fingering him (regular lube, thank everything holy). He was pliant and tired; he opened up beautifully for his Master. When it came time to put the prostate massager inside him, it slid in like a dream.

Dean only put it on the lowest setting at first, but as soon as Cas was hard again, he put the attached ring around his dick and balls. Cas sighed inwardly (*here we go again.*) Then Dean used the silver chain to attach all the cuffs behind his back. He put him on his stomach, lowered the blindfold, and put in his earplugs. Then he raised the massager to a slightly higher but still low setting. And that's where he's been until now. Like the lube, it started

out okay, but enough time has passed and there are tears of desperation slipping down his cheeks. “Master,” he keeps whimpering (or *screaming*—just can’t be sure), “Please...”

He doesn’t hear or see Dean return (his eyes are shut tight), but he feels with relief when his blindfold is adjusted back over his eyes and he’s lifted into Dean’s strong arms. It’s not unusual for Dean to change venues in the middle of a session—sometimes he suddenly wants to see Cas over the kitchen table, or maybe in the bathtub—or somewhere in Sam’s room if he isn’t home. Dean is bare against him and Cas tries to burrow against his warm skin, wanting all the contact, wanting the next part, when Dean will fuck him and he’ll come and maybe be allowed a rest.

There is some shuffling, and then he is laid somewhere on top of Dean’s hot flesh, though it feels weird. His mind can’t quite figure out the positions of them both with the feel of sharp, angular bones beneath him and he stills, trying to allow his brain to make sense of it. It’s weird, too, because of the muffled sounds Dean’s making, and the way he’s like writhing or moving, almost like he wants to keep Cas guessing. Then Cas’s head is lifted and his mouth is lowered over Dean’s cock and there’s an explosion of those tingles in his mouth. The stuff isn’t bad tasting, he thinks as he automatically starts to suck, it might have a slightly chemical aftertaste but you—

This isn’t Dean’s dick.

It’s smaller and it’s Sam, he’s on top of Sam, he screams and tries to pull off but Dean’s hand shoves him down, and he chokes when the tip hits the back of his throat, his nose touching Sam’s balls. He starts crying, and he’s shaking all over, his stomach flipping like maybe he’ll throw up for the first time in years. But the fucking vibrator is still buzzing away at his prostate and the cock ring holds his dick hostage, so that raping his best—no his love, the boy he fucking loves, is exciting to his body, that his body begs him to rub against him, find friction on his sweaty, unwilling skin.

Dean is tugging the earplugs out. “Calm down *right now*, Cas. You could hurt him.”

He stills, trying to open his mouth wide enough that none of him is touching the hot flesh stuffed in the small space, but it’s impossible and he whines, wanting to scream again. He can feel himself being unchained and immediately he straightens his arms, his legs, though he doesn’t try to lift himself off, knowing he’ll be stopped. Mercifully, Dean pulls him off carefully and lifts his body off of Sam, who is writhing on the bed, who is groaning and whimpering at the loss of relief from his burning, needy cock.

Dean takes off his blindfold so he can see the most horrifying thing he’s ever seen, so the dread can become solidified in his being. Sam is gorgeous and helpless and blazing hot, completely naked on rumpled Avengers sheets, his slender, lithe form exposed and vulnerable. His gold-y skin is slick with a light sheen of sweat. His chestnut hair is messy, the bangs curling a little because they’re wet, too. His pretty lips are almost red, open and panting. He’s making these moaning sounds (like he’d be begging if he could find the words), and each one is a pulse through the center of Cas’s dick.

He’s handcuffed to his bed.

He keeps trying to touch himself, keeps trying to twist, to find friction for his cock. There's already come dried on his skin but his dick is rock hard and insistent, red and shiny with lube and Cas's spit.

Cas is plastered with his back against Dean, trying to get as far from the bed as he can go. "Master," he begs, wanting to use the forbidden word. "Please..." *I can't, I can't, don't make me...*

Dean kneels behind him and wraps his arms around him, kissing his face, his neck. "Calm down, baby angel, it's all right. I promise, okay? It's all right. This is a gift. You're my good boy, such a good boy for me, aren't you? Yeah?" He turns down the vibrator but not off, but at least it helps him think.

"Y-yes, Master," Cas almost sobs. He wishes he could tear his eyes from Sam. He wishes he could rip them out of his head. Along with his offending tongue, his lips.

"Do you remember the pill Meg gave you when we fucked her together? You were such a good boy that day, too, baby...do you remember how much you liked it?"

He nods, then finally is able to force the words, "Yes, Master."

"Well, Sammy had a pill that's kinda like that, but this one means he won't remember any of this. Remember I let you guys watch that cop show, and the boy used that to have fun with the girl without her remembering?"

"He went to jail," Cas says quickly and Dean turns him, slaps him hard. Cas doesn't mind. With the massager buzzing inside him, whiskey in his bloodstream, and Sam--he feels like he's going crazy. He feels like he needs to be slapped, so this will all be some kind of warped daydream of his, with Dean slapping him back to reality like he does sometimes.

"All you need to say is you remember," Dean growls.

"Sorry, Master," Cas says softly. He's leaning almost all his weight on Dean. This is too much, this is too fucking much, he's just a kid in middle school and this is all way too fucking much.

Dean cuddles him, but then he's kissing him, fondling him, then he's forcing him forward to look at Sam again while his big hand wraps around Cas's dick and strokes in those perfect ways he's known since the first time he touched him. "Look at him baby...between the pill and the new lube he's suffering. You could help him, and he'll never know. You're not hurting him. If he woke up in the middle, if he remembered, he'd want you, wouldn't he? That's why he let you suck him before. He wants this, wants *you*, Cas. Come on, baby, let's play the Sam Game for real. You know you want him."

Not surprisingly the vibrator is turned up again, so that his own moans and gasps mingle with Sam's. And he does want him, God help him, he wants him so badly. The naked body in front of him is the only one he's *ever* wanted, in this moment he can't help but realize it. Dean is telling him that if he just guides Sam's dick in his already stretched hole, it'll be silk, just like he's always imagined. And Sam will instinctively fuck him, maybe even hard,

maybe the fuck of his little life, and even though he won't remember, in the moment he'll smell Cas, maybe even open his eyes and see him, and Cas will see how much he wants it, how much he wants Cas.

And Sam will need to come more than once, so will Cas. They could fuck for *hours*. Dean won't touch them, he promises. He just wants to watch; Cas can forget he's even there. And Sam will never know that he did this thing that he would surely agree to if he'd been given a choice.

"Come on, baby angel, you know he's never gonna fuck you for real," Dean croons right into his ear, just the way he does for the real Sam Game, and Cas's body responds that way, too, his cock straining inside the ring painfully. "How many years will you wait when you can have it now. You're not hurting him; he's hurting now because you're *not* touching him. Look at him, he's suffering."

Cas is still pressed against Dean as close as he can get without actually going through his body and coming out the other side, but Dean is starting to move them closer to the bed. To the beautiful boy there. And he does look.

"Look at his *dick*, Cas, you know how that'll feel in your sweet little ass after all my teasing?" the vibrator is turned on high and Cas squeals at the sensation, breathing hard, almost sobbing again. "You see that cock, baby angel? He's gonna fuck you so hard with it...don't you want that? Want Sam to fuck you on the bed where you sleep together?"

At this point it's obvious with the way Cas is pushing back that he's fighting *not* to go to the bed, not to do this. But his strength is a joke to Dean, and soon enough his thighs touch the mattress. "Ah-a-are y-y-you," he pants and Dean lowers the vibrator again, wanting him to be able to think, to speak. "Are you...m-making me?" he whimpers, his breath hitching.

Dean pauses, looks at him oddly, and Cas realizes Dean really expects him to be happy about this, to go for it. He doesn't know if it's that Dean doesn't consider this raping Sam (since Sam genuinely loves and wants Cas) or if he can't fathom anyone—being given the opportunity do this and get away with it—would actually say no. "No...no, this is a gift for my good boy. I'm giving you the real thing. You've been whining about wanting this for months now and I'm letting you have it. Say thank you, by the way." A little annoyance there and it sends a ripple of new fear up Cas's spine, as though he isn't already terrified, horrified. If this is Dean rewarding him, he doesn't want punishment. Not with Sam right there, so ready to be used against him.

"Th-thank you, M-master, but...but I don't—"

Dean groans and rolls his eyes. "Fucking shit, Cas, you're thinking too much. Here, I'll help you." Gently (if a little too fast) he tugs the vibrator out of him and carefully removes the cock ring. To Cas's horror, he is lifted and thrown directly on top of Sam. He tries to scramble off him, but Dean stops him with a warning hand on his back. Their first time naked together, and it's this, with Dean. He lifts his hips so his dick at least won't touch (*knowing how good it would feel if he did, how amazing, one rub against this boy and he'll come--*).

“Cas,” Sam whimpers, bucking up against him—he sensed him almost instantly. Dean uncuffs him and he wraps his arms around Cas, cracking open dreamy, unfocused eyes. He finds Cas’s lips, kissing him sloppily and desperately, trying to fuck his tortured cock against Cas’s bare thigh, dangerously close to where Cas wants to feel him most right now—or maybe second most.

“Sam, I’m sorry...I’m so sorry,” Cas whimpers, tears slipping unnoticed down his cheeks, and he puts a shaking hand against his sweating face. Sam’s thigh rubs inadvertently against his dick and he cries out at how good it is, freezes completely so he won’t move into it. But Sam’s eyes have slipped shut again and he’s moaning, squirming without direction, like he’s forgotten that he’s not alone. Cas is able to untangle himself, moving back and off Sam’s body, watching him helplessly.

“Seriously. You’re doing this.” Dean stares at him in disbelief, obviously aggravated. “You’re really gonna leave him like that, knowing he’s—you know what? Fine, whatever. I guess he’ll just stay like that until it wears off.”

Cas looks miserably at Sam’s dick, almost purple with need. “Master, please...y-you could clean the stuff—” he tries.

“I ain’t doing shit,” Dean snarls and whips the wet washcloth at Cas’s face. “You do it. Go ahead. Clean him.”

“S-sam...sh-shh, okay, I’ll...I’ll fix it...,” he tries for soothing but his voice is small and uncertain, and he sniffles, trying to fight back tears. He tries wiping at it but as soon as he touches him with the icy wet cloth, Sam hisses in pain and curls away. Cas draws back and looks desperately at Dean. “It’s hurting him!”

Dean shrugs, his green eyes spiteful. “Your little cocksucking mouth’d clean him up real nice.”

Cas doesn’t dignify that with a response; he lowers his eyes back to Sam. He tries now to warm the washcloth, pressing it between his hands. He thinks he makes it a little better and tries wiping with the barest touches. But it’s still friction and he makes Sam come over his hands. “No, oh no, Sam!!” he cries, as it spurts over him, this indignity he forces on his love. He’s crying now, shaking as he cleans the last of the hateful cream and his come.

Dean laughs and Cas’s spine stiffens.

“Look at that, baby, you did your job without even trying...if Sammy knew he had such a slut to play with, he’d be ready to fuck real soon, what do you think?”

Cas concentrates on his breathing. *I hate you*, he thinks, and fuck, he wants to say it. Wants to turn, look him in his fucking poison green eyes and say it. *I hate you*. Because maybe he deserves everything Dean gives him, does to him—Cas believes it—but he knows *Sam* deserves better than this. From both of them.

“Asked you a question, Castiel,” Dean’s voice is both mocking and threatening, as though he knows exactly what he’s thinking.

So Cas turns. Stares him in the eyes with every bit of loathing he can muster, every bit of rage he's ever misdirected at another kid, he looks at this man, this *monster* and hates.

"Punish me," he manages through gritted (bared, like a threat) teeth.

Dean smirks and grabs him by the throat, but then Sam moans from the bed. Dean's eyes go past Cas, and Cas can see how blown his pupils are, the way he wets his perfect, full lips. He pulls Cas off the bed by his throat and shoves him to the side.

Cas sees the look on his face, remembers that look. Suddenly it's two years ago, another beating, and Dean's on top of naked, helpless Sam. Cas has to save him, and he only has one thing to trade.

This time that won't be enough.

~

Cas is on the floor. It feels like he's bleeding from everywhere at once; his skin is roaring with competing points of pain. He looks at Dean and his vision is red, blood pouring down his face (dying, this is dying, Dean killed him for being bad).

But he wasn't bad!

"I'm supposed to help you! You said so!" he sobs, feeling like there are razors slicing him up all over. And it's not fair. "I wasn't bein' bad! I did what you said!"

He was a good boy, but he got punished anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, I cliffhanged you again. Cliffhung? Cliffhanged? I didn't have to, either. Deliberate and evil, taking cheap shots at you. I know.

Now you see why I wanted to give you this all at once, so you don't find me and kill me. ;) Last part will be up soon.

Also, the magic cream that takes away pain completely after getting murdered with a paddle, the drug that's rohypnol that makes your body wanna get fucked while you're barely conscious and then you don't remember any of it, and even the lube that makes skin feel like it's burning until it gets friction applied to it--all made up in my head. You know I be cheatin' to help my Dean. Yay, fanfiction!

It's All Over

Chapter Summary

The Sam Game comes to a shattering end. When the smoke clears, everything has changed.

Chapter Notes

There is a scene in this chapter that is inspired by violet-scythe. :) I'll specify in the end notes, so as not to give anything away just yet.

A couple people have asked if I have any other works--I really don't, but I'm dying to put some more down. I'm compiling a list of ideas, stuff I wanna write about. One thing this site needs is more Top!Dean. I'm going to fucking give it to you. He won't always be a bad guy, though. Most of my ideas do involve non-con, and by that I mean I can think of one that doesn't. But I guess if you guys are still reading this, you know you won't get sunshine and flowers from me. You probably won't want all the storylines or pairings--expect mostly Sam-centric stories, but sometimes Destiel can still work in that. Expect mostly Bottom!Sam. His scared face is so pretty, I can't forget it. Expect no Sabriel--I do not understand that ship. If I were to touch it, it would be extremely rapey. Guy gets along perfectly with Dean but he was extremely cruel to Sam, and in the end Sam didn't ever wanna mess with him again. Hmm. So maybe I will, but rapeySabriel. lol.

Also, I want to come up with something so if someone wants to communicate with me privately, they can. I just can't decide how I'll do it. As simple as an email address, or I can make a whole FB page. I don't know, what do you think?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It isn't that he doesn't get the same surge of rage against Cas when he's defiant, when he's a sulky little bitch who doesn't know when to be grateful or how to behave when his Master gives him a gift. He does, it's just secondary. Just then, staring at the visual feast of his naked and needy brother on his blue cartoon sheets, it's just not as important as it usually seems.

And he could always show Cas exactly how to behave, exactly what one does with such a gift. "Look at my poor baby," he murmurs, moving closer to the bed. "You left him suffering...that's okay, baby boy, big brother's here..." He moves to climb on the bed and feels his arm grabbed by light little hands. Looks at the boy warningly. "Let go. Kneel."

Cas releases him and drops, looking up with pleading eyes. “Master, I’ll take care of you, I’ll —“

“No, no more talking. Unless you want me to make *you* fuck Sam.” He watches him long enough to see the horror take root. His suffering makes this sweeter, and that shouldn’t be possible. Not that he would make good on his threat. Fucking Sam—if he hasn’t been clear—is a gift. Granted only on Dean’s say, or that’s how it should be, he’s beginning to realize.

He turns back to his boy, his most perfect possession, like a piece of himself that somehow exists outside his body. He pushes Sam’s slender legs wide and crawls between them on the bed, though not dropping his weight down--shouldn't crush the little thing. He still has his jeans on, but his chest is bare, so that’s some warm skin for Sam to feel against his own.

Dean pushes back his sweaty bangs to see the beautiful face, the fringe of lashes fluttering as he squirms and lets out pretty moans. His lips are parted so Dean kisses them, and for the first time, his brother is kissing back.

Dean lets out a moan that’s more possessive growl than anything else, feeling that pretty little tongue, those moving sweet lips. And yeah, it’s sloppy, wet, disorganized...his little brother is high, barely conscious. Dean kisses over his face, his neck, wanting to eat every inch of him.

“De...De’n?” His brother sounds incredibly turned on, horribly confused...it freezes Dean for a second, this caught feeling making his heart pound. But his brother’s eyes haven’t even opened. His little brow is furrowed, like he’s trying to make sense of what’s happening. Dean kisses him there chastely.

“Shh, baby boy, you’re dreaming...go back to sleep, Sammy...that’s it, that’s my boy...,” he tells him soothingly, goes back to putting open mouthed kisses down his delicate throat, across his collarbone. Sam’s whimpers change, tiny puppy sounds, just like when he was a baby. It’s so hot, that he might on any level realize his brother is on top of him, touching him, tasting him the way a big brother never should—and if it scares him, that turns Dean on even more. And it’s all okay, because he’ll forget. Fuck cough syrup, he could be doing this every night, throw his entire paycheck at the drug that makes this possible.

He feels the bed dip next to him, and a tentative baby angel is crawling to him—and yes, two naked boys are always better than one, especially when one is so pretty when he’s terrified. Dean backs off a little to make room, interested. He tries to lay him next to Sam, but the boy won’t lay, keeps moving toward Dean. So he backs up further, then picks Cas up and sets him right on top of Sam once again, but facing Dean this time. He freezes, terror in his blue eyes, but then he blinks and tries to adjust so his full weight isn’t on the other boy. He looks like he’s trying hard to ignore the feeling of Sam moving beneath him, Sam’s hands finding him, sliding over him unfocused and rough. He kisses Dean and crawls forward beautifully, tiny ass high, back arched. It backs Dean further until he’s again standing at the end of the bed. He allows it because Cas gestures to his pants and looks up with wide eyes, his way of asking if he can undress his Master.

He unbuttons Dean’s pants and tugs his boxers down enough to free his dick, letting it hit his face as it springs free. He laps at it a few times, strong licks over the vein underneath with his small tongue like a kid playing puppy. He tucks all his little fingers into Dean’s jeans, his

boxers, and tugs slightly, still running his face over the head of Dean's dick, getting his face shiny with precome. Whatever defiance was so strong in him just moments ago has vanished, leaving only lovely submission and pleading.

"Can't we pleeease go to your room, Master, just us? I'll be a good boy. I'll do anything. I'll suck you after you're in me, I'll—we can use your toys, you can spank me again. Please, Master?? Please, can't we leave Sam alone?"

Or not.

Dean hooks his hands under Cas's skinny arms and lifts him so they're eye to eye. "Kneel and wait. Go to my room, cuff yourself to the bed and wait. Stay and play with me and Sam. Those are your options. Say thank you for giving me options."

Tears prick his blue eyes and he bites his lower lip, looking upset again. "Thank you, Master." But when Dean tries to put him down and he wraps his arms around Dean's neck, his legs around his waist, trying to cling there. "Please, Master, please don't do this! You don't want to hurt him!"

Dean pries him off and shakes him hard. "Stop it! Fucking stop!" He flings him to the floor so he lands hard on his ass, his back. Cas cries out when he hits and Dean stares down at him, trying not to let his rage take over, ruin this for him. Whatever Cas sees in his face scares him to death. He makes a little sound and moves to his knees, staring down at the floor. It helps keep Dean where he is, keep his twitching hand at his side. "That's right. You listen to me. All the time, that's all you do, whatever I ask. But we'll spend time re-learning it if that's what you need."

"Yes, Master," Cas whispers fearfully. "But—"

"I said...*stop*," Dean cuts him off hard. He sees tears slip down the boy's face, and he's shaking again, and that's good, that's one of the ways he looks best. Satisfied, he looks again at his brother. Takes hold of his small thighs and pulls him down to the end of the bed, spreading his legs as wide as they go, so he fits between them. "'Sides, I ain't hurting him. He needs this. I'm gonna make him feel good, and he won't even remember." He tips his tiny hips up so he can see the still-dark red of his paddled ass. He spreads bruised cheeks to look at the little pink star, still so small since he saw it last. It's shining with lube and sweat that dripped down in all Sam's squirming. He could do this. He could do all of this. "Sammy," he whispers.

"Master, you don't wanna do this, you don't!!--"

"Shut up." Eyes closed, hands running over the smoothest skin.

"You have me, you use me any way you want to, Sam doesn't get used, remember--"

"Shut. The Fuck.--" Ignore the kneeling boy, fuck your brother, fuck your baby...

"You're making Sam a whore--"

Like a switch is flipped, Dean blacks out with rage, grabbing Cas with a snarl and throwing him toward the door with all of his strength. He turns back to Sam but there's a loud shattering of glass and Cas screams. When he looks again, Cas is on the ground, covered in sparkling shards of glass. Apparently Dean'd thrown him into the cheap glass Sam was using as a full length mirror, done his best, in fact, to throw him through it. There's already blood on his face, his arm, his chest—naked as he is, it seems like there are cuts everywhere. He looks wide-eyed at Dean, blood pouring down his face like something out of a horror movie, and holds up shaking, bleeding hands.

Shocked, Dean's moving without thought, squatting carefully in front of him, barely feeling the sting of the cuts to his own bare feet.

"You said help you not hurt him!" Cas sobs, sounding so young, so hurt. "I'm supposed to! You said!"

Dean stares at him, stunned. He hushes him, but Cas keeps going, sobbing it almost incoherently but still insistent, his face a mess of tears and blood. "You said you didn't want to with him! An' I could help! I wasn't *bein'* bad!"

"Okay, baby, okay. I hear you," Dean carefully picks the larger shards of glass off his skin, out of his hair, then tries brushing the smaller pieces off but fine lines of blood appear when he does, like he's cutting him worse. *This is fucking bad.*

He picks him up and carries him to the bathroom. He tries to put him in the empty tub but Cas starts screaming, clinging to Dean, so he has to sit and hold him, calm him. He wets a washcloth and carefully wipes at some of the blood and tears. Cas finally allows him to sit him on the sink. He takes out their first aid kit and pulls out some tweezers, gauze, and rubbing alcohol. He takes a thick pad of gauze and presses it over the cut on his forehead (since it's bleeding profusely—Dean has experience with wounds, and has a bad feeling that one's going to need actual medical attention), and then makes a still-mumbling Cas put one of his shaking hands to it. The kid must've hit pretty hard, the side of his face is already swelling.

He moves him around, inspecting the damage to the rest of him. It looks like he hit with his left side, and he must've thrown up his hand and forearm to try and brace himself with it because it's all slashed up--he's just lucky he didn't slice a vein. He takes out all the glass he can see, using tweezers when he needs to, then wraps the arm in gauze, too. There are cuts over his side, his hip, his thigh, even his reddened ass. Dean removes what glass he can see and shakes his head. He doesn't have enough gauze for all this shit and Batman band-aids aren't going to cut it either.

Cas is still crying and Dean grabs tissue with his other hand to help him blow his nose, sop up some of the blood and tears from his face. He tries calming him because at this rate, he's gonna make himself sick, and that's all they fucking need. When he sees the gauze on his forehead turn red, Dean knows he needs help. He calls the Captain. As usual, they put him right through—mainly because when they don't, his threats get really creative.

"Well, young Mr. Winchester, to what do I owe—"

“You still deal with the Doc?”

A pause. “Whatever have you done to him, Dean?” The Captain's voice is solemn. Not surprised.

Dean looks over his shivering, whimpering charge. “He’s cut up. He might need stitches. And don’t fucking lecture me, I don’t wanna hear it.”

Instant irritation over the phone. “You *know*, Dean, you can’t just expect me to be at your beck and call. As for Dr. Sinclair, there are protocols in place for a reason, even I follow them. The doctor is a busy man, he doesn’t just drop everything—“

“What I *know* is you guys managed to get ahold of him no matter when or where back when I was a kid. Can’t imagine that’s changed. And yeah, I damn well can call whenever I want, that’s exactly how this works with us. Statute of limitations ain’t ran out quite yet, has it, Lenny?”

There’s silence. “Stay by the phone. I’ll text you a location, you bring him there.”

“Aw, you’re making it sound like you’d let us go without you, Captain, and that’s just crazy talk. ‘Course you’re coming with us. You know him, not me, or not that he remembers. And anyway, he’ll need to be paid. Won’t he,” he says, his voice absolutely cold. He hushes Cas, strokes over his back without touching any cuts.

The Captain sighs, irritated. “Fine, I’ll just pull myself from work, surely nobody minds if the Chief of Police leaves early, there's nothing I need to do here. Excellent, Dean.”

“Well, now, that’s funny, ‘cause I remember you managed to take off work whenever you damn well pleased, and something tells me you haven’t changed at all, even with your shiny new title. Bullshit someone you didn’t fuck for five years, I ain’t got time,” he snaps and hangs up.

The address is texted to him not long after. Not sure what else to do, he dresses Cas in flannel pajamas. His crying has died down to quiet whimpers and hitching breaths and he looks wrecked. Dean gives him another Children’s Tylenol, afraid to do more on top of the whiskey he’s had. He wraps him in a few threadbare blankets and brings him down to the couch, telling him to wait. Then back up to his room to grab his gun and holster--no way he goes among these men unarmed, not since the Chief tried to point a gun at him two years ago. He adds a sheath for his knife--the Chief will recognize it should he need to use it (he's pretty fucking familiar with Dean's gun, too, but that's a story for another day.) Last he goes into Sam’s room so he can clean and dress his brother--he doesn't know how long he'll be gone, and though he doubts John would be home before them, it seems like a bad idea to take the chance.

His brother still looks desperate and Dean frowns; he hadn't done this to leave him suffering. There are tear tracks on his face and it looks like he came a second time, if the wet spot on his bed is anything to go by. The stuff Dean gave him is like Rohypnol with a side of Ecstasy, and poor Sam’s gonna be its bitch for at least another few hours (not to mention the hangover he’s in for tomorrow). As Dean wipes him down carefully, he finds himself

thinking about Cas's words. Trying to remember when he would've told him to help him stop hurting Sam.

It's when he's dressing his little brother in boxers and a loose t-shirt that he remembers. The day he first went after Cas, the day he held him on a table and called him a slut. Everything he said that day was 95% bullshit. He would've said anything to get that little boy to let him touch him, kiss him. So he could fuck him and the little boy wouldn't tell. Means to an end.

Except...

Except that isn't the whole story. Because really, why take a chance with the boy next door, when he had this beautiful brother already in hand, that he *wanted*? Beautiful and perfect, alone with Dean for hours (sometimes days) on end, entire nights spent in the same bed while the shivering boy clung to him after a nightmare or during a storm. Why take a chance on a stranger, a boy who, by all accounts, ratted on the last man to touch his special place? (*The thing is that Sammy LOVES Dean...*)

Sam makes a little sound, something between a sob and a moan, and Dean pulls him against his chest. "Shh, Sammy, you're okay...it's gonna wear off soon...you're okay..."

"De...feel...f'nny...", Sam slurs loosely, his head falling back.

"I know, kiddo, I know. Just a bad dream." Dean kisses his forehead and lays him gently against his pillow, making sure he's far from the wet spot (turns out the bigger bed is a good thing after all.) Sam whimpers again, twisting in the sheets. The truth is, there's nothing Dean can do for him now, not with bleeding Cas waiting downstairs. He's just gotta ride it out. "It's okay, baby boy. When you wake up, everything'll be better."

Sam mumbles and turns into the pillow. Dean's baby brother. This little innocent thing that his Dad had given him to watch over and teach, back when Dean knew about changing diapers and prepping bottles better than his Dad, knew what his different cries meant and how to make him smile after a fit like the sun breaking through clouds. *Because he's Dean's*, Sam doesn't know what happens to the weak and beautiful, like Dean, like Cas, and he should have known. Those same men that came for Dean wanted to teach him, too. Dean had shielded him, every time. He'd protected him from the Pastor and again from the Captain. From others who looked at beautiful Dean and imagined a counterpart even smaller, even more helpless...one rumored so sweet, so polite. Nobody gets saved from that, but Sam was, *because of Dean*.

Even from himself, or that's what he'd decided back then, refusing to kid himself. He always saw himself in Sam, still does. Maybe he's a little softer (kind of a girl sometimes), but still a fucking Winchester, strong, smart, and capable. Sam would hate it, lying under him, small and helpless and in pain (*the way Dean had hated it, the way Dean had fought and fought and hated*). Even if--he wouldn't treat him like he does Cas, not totally, but Sam would still hate it. Sam would hate *him*. And Cas isn't supposed to be a placeholder, he's a *barrier*. Somehow, with Sam growing up, going through puberty, somehow with the possibility of someone else fucking the perfect little body that Dean wants for himself, he'd forgotten that he's supposed to be trying not to take it (so Sammy will love him, that same trusting baby smile, those worshipful eyes). That's why he has Cas, owns him.

Because of Dean (*and Cas*), Sam is what he (*they*) never had a chance to be. A child. Dean's innocent child, perfect and untouched (what he'd done with Cas doesn't count, because he's just a baby, Dean's baby--everything he'd done had been with permission and guidance.) Sam is still pure.

All this runs through his mind as he cleans up the glass and throws it away, along with the broken frame from Sam's mirror. Sam's rug is dark and patterned, so any blood doesn't show. It's as good as it's going to get, with another abrupt disappearance from Cas (and Dean...and Sam's mirror, for that matter) that will have to be explained somehow. He decides he's got enough problems to worry about right now. Satisfied that his crime scene is as good as it's getting, he goes back down to pick up his battered boy (cursing because all his ruminating means the gauze has bled completely through again--this is exactly why brooding self-examination is time wasting bullshit.) He replaces it, wraps Cas's coat around him over the blankets, and carries him out to the car, buckling him into the passenger seat.

He's taking him to someone he'd never meant to see again. Who knew one day he'd ruin a boy himself (and actually want to fix him up after?)

Live and learn, huh?

* * *

Cas has a favorite gift from Sam.

Something he actually bought (though that isn't why it's valuable.) He got it while on a class trip to the Natural History Museum. Cas never managed to see it since the day Dean (raped his ass for the first time) made him back out on Sam and Kevin. It's a place he never admitted again to wanting to go, to the point where he can't look Dean in the eye the entire week leading up to it (please don't, not again, please I've been good). But it ends up being a great time. Once he's on the bus with Sam, he finds himself relaxing, and the museum itself is a revelation to him. His reactions are huge and unrestrained, his jaw dropping, his voice sometimes too loud. It gives Sam a chance to go full geek, answering all of Cas's rapid-fire questions and ignoring the eye-rolls of the college kid running the actual tour.

At the end of the tour, the students all get to visit the gift shop if they want. They're filling up the little store with their classmates, harried teacher, and a few tired looking class parents. Sam and Cas both have a little bit of money, though Sam has more (Dean still acts as though he's going to come home wearing a dinosaur hat and holding a stuffed stegosaurus like he did when he was five, and Sam has no problem taking his money.) Most of the stuff is way overpriced, but Sam and Cas are looking at some crystals, polished stones in all kinds of colors. There are more natural looking crystals, too, with rougher textures and odd shapes.

Cas has one that's smooth and oval-shaped in his hand when Sam comes to look. Most of the ones in the box where he found it are bright blue, but this one...this one is special. "Wow,

that one's awesome. Can I see?" Cas hands it over and they admire it together. "What's it called?"

"Labradorite," Cas tells him softly.

Sam looks at him, catching the funny tone in his voice, and he hands it back. "It's really pretty Cas...really bright, with all those colors."

Cas holds it cupped in his hands, smiling a little. Then he looks at Sam. "Don't you see it? It's just like your eyes."

Sam blinks. "What?"

Cas laughs a little and holds his hands out. "See? How light the green is and the bright blue around the edges...all the gold inside the green. I didn't know that was anywhere except your eyes." Sam looks at him without saying anything, and Cas blushes, shrugs a little. "Forget it, fuck off."

"Let me get it for you," Sam says, and the tone is pure tenderness.

Cas glances around to make sure they weren't overheard. Rumors abound, but nobody actually knows they've been messing around together. He bites his lower lip, wanting to refuse—it's \$10 for a tiny freaking rock, after all. But he really doesn't want to put it back either. "If I can get one for you, too," he answers finally, even though they both know \$10 is all he has left, and he was hard pressed to get that much from his mother for this. He didn't need it for food, though—he and Sam both brought bagged lunch, just like every other kid from their side of town.

"Okay," Sam's eyes light up, and Cas's heart flips. Ridiculous, the way he feels for this boy, wound tighter in him now than ever. It's saving and killing him all at once, he sometimes thinks, but what a way to go.

"So many cool ones, how do I pick?" Sam murmurs, sifting through his choices, and Cas's face falls a little—he kind of wanted Sam to pick one that would remind him of Cas. But he throws Cas a wink and picks up a blue stone shot with flecks and lines of gold. The blue is somehow both deep and bright—it's beautiful, and suddenly Cas knows what Sam sees when he looks into his eyes.

There isn't anything else that Cas wants, but Sam looks some more. Cas sees him hesitate on peridot, on malachite, but Cas could tell him: Dean's eyes are pure jade, nothing less. In the end Sam picks just the blue, but he gets a single stone on an adjustable black band and slips it immediately on his wrist. It's more than \$10 that way and Cas is a little embarrassed, but Sam nudges him and says Dean is happy to pay the difference. When Dean sees it, he'll run his thumb over the blue stone thoughtfully in a way that, had Cas been there to witness it, would've made him nervous. But he doesn't say anything, and Sam goes on to wear it every day.

All the gifts Sam gives Cas go into a shoebox he keeps under his bed, but not the smooth little stone. That goes in his pocket, where he can touch it whenever he wants. It becomes a literal

touchstone, something he can reach for when he's getting nervous or upset, something he can look at and see the warm, loving gaze of his friend. He rubs it between his fingers and is grounded in the knowledge that a boy as good as Sam exists—and somehow, miracle of miracles, he cares about Cas.

~

Shaking and bleeding in the passenger seat of the Impala, Castiel is terrified, confused, exhausted. He keeps thinking about the way the blood poured down his face and wondering if he's dying. His face hurts, his skin is stinging in so many places that it's like being on fire, and when he pulls his small hand back from the gauze at his forehead, his fingers are tinged red. He's in his Master's car and he's...he's in trouble again, he was bad (except he wasn't bad, Master, he *wasn't*!) Is he...is this it? He knows he shouldn't talk—if his Master is angry, hearing Cas's voice always makes it worse, brings instant violence. But he's so confused and finally he can't hold it in.

“Master...please don't...don't take me to the dark. Please, I...”

Dean looks at him, a flash of green eyes before turning back to the road. “What? No, Cas, you...you're not in trouble. You're hurt, baby. Let Master take you to the doctor, okay?” He reaches out and strokes Cas, who tries not to wince. He would never do anything to discourage Master's gentle touches, not even when they hurt. “This guy's an asshole but he'll make you better. He's a friend of the Captain—the Chief that you met.”

Cas stiffens, trying to stay alert, stay present. He doesn't want to be punished, but he also does *not* want to see that man again. “Do we *have* to...can't *you* just fix me like the other times...?” His voice comes out a frightened whine.

“No, baby, this time we need some help. But that's all he's gonna do. Don't worry, kid...he likes money, not boys,” Dean says grimly, and although Cas has more questions he can always tell when his Master is done talking. This is one of those times. He huddles into his blankets, wondering if Sam is okay. He's all alone, and Cas remembers being sad once the pill wore off. But Dean had said Sam's pill was different.

And Sam is better off without either of them anywhere near him. Tears slip down his face and he wipes at them because the salt hurts his cuts.

The drive is an agonizing 30 minutes, but Cas still dreads for it to end. He doesn't want to meet anybody associated with the Captain. He's had nightmares about him since they met... nightmares where his wet mouth and soft, puffy hands were all over Cas, where he did the things Dean does, Jimmy did. He doesn't want to see him again, and he doesn't want some strange doctor touching him either. God, he hurts, can't he just...can't they just go home, can't he just sleep? “Please, Master, c-can't we—I-I don't want—“

“That's enough,” Dean says, but quietly, and Cas looks out the window.

Another street he's never seen before, but there are businesses here, fancy looking shops and cafes. It feels to Cas like it should be late, like many hours have passed since the clearing, but looking around it's still late afternoon. He sees well-dressed families out enjoying the unusually mild weather, kids his age and younger looking like they don't have a care in the world. He doesn't recognize anyone—this isn't any part of Lawrence. Finally Dean pulls into a parking lot in front of a new looking buff stone building, with giant glass windows covered in pictures of smiling kids and babies, and bright blue lettering over the door for the Sinclair Pediatric Urgent Care Clinic.

Dean parks behind the building despite the sign that reads Staff Parking Only. He lifts Cas from the passenger seat and carries him to an iron door that says Delivery Entrance. He rings a loud buzzer, and after only a moment, a man with brown hair and eyes and wearing an expensive-looking dark suit answers the door. Cas thinks he looks older than Dean (parent-old, like mid-thirties, not grandpa-old like the Chief.) He smirks when he sees Dean.

"Well, well, if it isn't the boy psychopath I told them to put down years ago," the man says in a low, gruff voice, "here with a beat up little boy of his own. Hello, Dean." Cas looks at him with renewed interest; he's never met anyone with an English accent. He sounds like the bad guy in one of Dean's old action films.

"Crowley," Dean answers mildly, and even in his pain and fear, Cas blinks at him. He's never seen Dean allow someone to speak to him that way unless that person is a friend. "I thought you're the guy who delegates security now, why they got you here?"

"Come, darling, don't underestimate your reputation for violence," Crowley answers, but not as if it bothers him. If anything he seems amused by Dean. "The doctor is a highly valued man. Just because the Chief has a schoolgirl crush on you doesn't mean he takes chances."

Dean grins. "If you think you're pattin' me down, you're in for a world of disappointment."

"Ah, and a world of hurt, is that it?" Crowley's brows lift demurely. "No need; you can keep your shiny little gun. I've heard all about the Chief's...indiscretion. Honestly, it's his own fault. The man has plenty of resources; if he truly wanted to rape you he could've at least been prepared." He shakes his head, as though sloppy planning is the worst part of what the Chief had wanted.

"All the prep in the world ain't getting him another shot at me," Dean says grimly, his fingers tightening on Cas in a way that makes him wince. "You lettin' us in, or what?"

"Oh, yes. Seems you've broken your toy," Crowley's eyes sweep Cas with the same mild interest he might show if Dean were holding a deer he'd shot. "Let me guess. It was an accident."

"No, he pissed me off and I put him through a mirror. Guess who's pissin' me off now?" Dean replies and shoves past him.

"That's what I like about you, Dean—you're insane, but at least you're honest," Crowley walks beside them, seemingly unperturbed that Dean muscled his way inside.

“Aw, Crowley, you talk so tough, but you know you’re glad I’m still around.”

“True, I do hate being the only psychopath in company.” Crowley moves to take the lead and Dean allows it. “Besides, every time you turn on one of them, I get to say I told you so.” He stops outside a room, opens the door and steps aside so they can enter, gesturing with a flourish that makes Dean roll his eyes. “It’s actually very satisfying.”

Dean carries Cas into the room and sits him on the examination table (painted to look like a yellow school bus. Because God knows, kids love school. But the top is leather, not metal, and Cas is reluctantly impressed.) “Whatever. Where’s the Doc? Kid’s been bleedin’ about an hour already.”

“He’s in with an actual patient. As in, a child with a Mummy and Daddy who might be disturbed should they find out their family doctor patches up baby whores as needed,” Crowley looks at him pointedly, “In other words, try to contain yourself. Or at least have your psychotic outbursts quietly.”

“Tell him not to keep me waiting. That’s my advice,” Dean answers with a winning smile.

“I’ll pass it along. The Chief’s here, too...I’m sure he’ll be in shortly. He never could stay away from you for long.”

That comment gets a stone cold flash of green eyes, but Crowley only smiles and leaves.

“Master,” Cas whimpers now that they’re alone, and grabs hold of Dean’s arm. He’s utterly terrified.

“It’s all right,” Dean says gently, kissing his cheek, his temple. “Come on, you gotta take those pajamas off,” Cas whimpers again and Dean tries to soothe him, “Just for now, baby angel, he’s gotta see it all in case any other cuts need stitches.” Cas starts to cry, his only way of protesting as Dean strips him of his shirt, his pants (he never did have underwear.) There’s a green hospital gown with cartoon tigers on the table and Dean unfolds it, helps Cas put it on. Then he wraps his blankets back around him.

The Chief walks in and Cas tries to tuck himself behind Dean’s arm. It doesn’t stop those icy blue eyes from raking him from tousled hair to bare toes. His eyes are a mix of lust and pity, and Cas wishes he’d keep both to himself.

“Still clinging to him, lovely? Even after this?” he says, and actually does sound sad.

“Don’t fucking talk to him,” Dean growls, “Jesus, Captain—“

“It’s Chief—“

“—why do you have to piss me off right from the start?”

The Chief puts his hands up, a gesture of surrender. “All right! All right. Cuthbert—Dr. Sinclair—will be in soon, he’s just finishing up with his patient. I really hope you don’t plan on making this a habit, Dean. You know most of us have to wait for certain hours and days to make use of his services.”

“His head’s bleeding; he can’t wait,” Dean gestures and the Chief steps as if to move to the bed. Dean moves between them and he stops.

“I wouldn’t touch him, Dean, I know better.”

“Yeah, well, he and I feel better if you also don’t come any closer,” Dean insists, glaring at him.

The Chief stops, but looks annoyed. “Oh, aren’t you protective of him now, and yet there he sits bleeding. Mr. Crowley says you put him through a mirror. I wish I could say I’m surprised.”

Dean looks away, face tight and angry. “Mind your business. You’re the last one to worry about a hurt boy.”

“See, there you go again! You say that, you say things like that each time I see you, yet when did I ever leave you bleeding like that boy is now?” He gestures, then shakes his head. “But you’ve always been cruel, Dean, cruel and violent. Does that boy love you the way Ariel did? He’ll end up the same way.”

Dean looks at him slowly, green eyes dark with rage. “Careful. Just because you didn’t bleed me yourself doesn’t mean you never sold me to anyone who did. And I think you had a little something to do with what happened to Ariel, too...don’t you?”

“Not on purpose, I tried to keep you safe—but you always had to run that mouth,” The man straightens, looking defensive. “And as for Ariel, if you mean that I introduced you—“

“Yeah, introduced us, that’s rich,” Dean laughs, shaking his head. “Let me tell you how I remember it: ‘Dean, this is Ariel, I’ve been raping him for years and now I’m gonna video him fucking you before I fuck you both.’ That’s so sweet, Captain, reads just like a fairy tale--”

The Chief goes red in the face, obviously furious. “Fine! I fucked him and you, too, and I loved every minute of it, but how can you stand there so accusing when you’re doing the same thing?!”

One second Dean is between him and the Chief and the next he’s slamming the older man into a wall, knocking posters to the floor, sending pushpins rolling. “You *made* me what I am, you, Pastor Jim, all of...you *MADE* me--,” he says through gritted teeth and slams him again for emphasis. Just as quickly he backs off, wiping his hand over his mouth. He turns back to Cas, who lets out an involuntary whimper, and that makes Dean smile. He walks over and strokes his hair possessively, pulling his head back as if for a kiss while Cas stares wide-eyed and afraid. ““Sides, kid was already fucked. Someone was gonna hit it again, why not me? You’re just pissed I found this sweet little piece before any of you.”

The Chief stays where Dean left him, and he’s staring at Dean, too. His face shows a mix of emotions, like he’s still angry but finds Dean’s mercurial change from rage to calm unsettling. He doesn’t look surprised, though. Like it’s a part of Dean that he recognizes. Fears.

The door opens and Dean backs off. Cas lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

"Dean," Crowley admonishes mildly. "I did say to be quiet."

"Ah, you know me," Dean says, and he sounds calm in a way that makes Cas's skin crawl. "I never do what I'm told."

"Now *that's* the truth," the Chief snaps, and Crowley steps in front of him. Dean rolls his eyes and turns his back, continuing to pet over Cas in a way that should be soothing, but after that scene is anything but.

Another man comes in the room wearing a white coat, a stethoscope, and a striped bow tie. His black hair is shiny and brushed to the side with every hair in place, and if he has any feelings about the posters still on his floor or the tension in the room, it doesn't show. Instead his eyes find Cas. "Remove those blankets, please. I don't have a lot of time."

The last thing Cas wants, the very last thing Cas wants in this room, with these men, is to take those blankets off. But at a nod from Dean he does it. He stares at his lap with his cheeks flooding with color, trying really hard not to cry. He feels about five years old. He never did like going to the doctor; most of the time he's glad that his mother sometimes forgets to take him for check-ups.

The doctor snaps on a pair of latex gloves and begins looking him over. He doesn't say anything to him, just twists and turns him as need be, shoving the paper gown out of his way, ripping it in his haste to bare his torso, his left hip, turning him over to check for injuries there, too. ("Did the mirror make his arse red, too, Dean?") Cas burns with humiliation. He doesn't look at any of them, not even Dean, but at last he can't hold back and a few tears slip from under his lashes.

The doctor doesn't seem to notice. He asks Dean questions while shining a penlight in his eyes, whether he lost consciousness and whether he'd seemed dazed, and when Dean replies negatively, he declares that he doesn't seem concussed.

"The one on his forehead needs stitching, and this long one here on his forearm...the gash here on his palm..." the doctor tells Dean, moving him as needed to point out the worst injuries. "I'll use adhesive on the rest, once I've cleaned them. I'm not seeing much glass; I understand these injuries were caused by a broken mirror?"

Dean steps closer. "Yeah, but I cleaned as much as I could find before we came."

The Doctor flashes a professional looking smile that doesn't touch his eyes at Dean. "It seems you were thorough," he says, then pauses. "Your eyes. You look familiar."

"You sewed me up a few times when I was a kid. But I'm surprised you recognize me, Doc. You sure as shit weren't sewin' anywhere near my eyes," Dean says flatly, staring at him.

The Doctor blinks, but he doesn't look rattled. "Now I know why I remember you. You always had to be restrained."

The Chief clears his throat, obviously uncomfortable. “Yes, well, you did say you needed to hurry, Cuthbert.”

“Indeed,” the doctor agrees, carrying on gathering his materials as though he isn’t afraid of Dean in the least. Cas guesses that’s what Crowley is there for. “Now, I know how protective you fellows can be about their faces,” Cas blinks at the way he says it, like he and other kids like him are just a bunch of dolls that need to be kept in a certain condition, “so I’m using stitches that’ll cause less scarring. However, that means you’ll have to bring him back to me in about a week so I can remove them. And I’m afraid I have to insist it be during my usual hours of operation for this type of visit, at a location of my choosing. Not at my workplace. If you find that difficult, please let me know and I’ll use dissolvable stitches instead.”

Dean narrows his eyes, clearly hearing the reprimand, but he nods. “It won’t be a problem. I don’t want him scarring if I can help it.”

“Excellent decision,” the doctor smiles again, that same plastic looking one from before that leaves his eyes cold.

After that nobody has much to say. The doctor uses gel to numb the cuts, but he doesn’t exactly wait for it to work before he starts shooting cold liquid in them to clean them out. It hurts, and Cas tries to keep his noises to a minimum, knowing he’s in a room full of men who eat them up. At least by the time he’s ready to thread his stitches, Cas doesn’t feel it. He cries a little because it’s scary and because the man doesn’t really seem to see him and he certainly doesn’t talk to him. Fleetinglly he thinks of his Mom, who would always stand close and say soft things when he was younger, and his doctor, a woman who made little jokes with him and praised him for being brave—even though he really wasn’t. Dean doesn’t say anything (probably because Crowley will tease him or the Chief will say something that makes him mad, Cas bets), but he touches the back of his neck and strokes his hair a little and this time it helps--Cas is so desperate for comfort.

When the doctor is finished he puts some kind of cream on the stitches and then puts bandages over them. He lets Cas get dressed, which he does in record time. He gives instructions (when he can take the bandage off, how and when to clean them, etc.) and tells Dean he has to come back in five to seven days for the removal (and that he’ll have to arrange it once again through the Chief.) He gives him cream that he says usually requires a prescription and says if he uses it twice a day, it’ll help prevent scarring, too. All the instructions he gives to Dean, but Cas listens because he’s the one that needs to follow them. And also *fuck you*, asshole doctor, because he’s twelve, and a person, not a baby or some walking hole for Dean to fuck (though among these men, he suspects that’s exactly what he is.) He thinks it but keeps his face lowered when he does. He is afraid. He’s afraid of everyone in the room.

Once the doctor is finished, he leaves without a backward glance for Cas, and the Chief is the only one to get a hand shake. Dean wraps him in his blankets and his coat before picking him up again, and he leans against him, thrilled to be leaving this place. They’re already at the car and Dean is putting him inside when the Chief and Crowley follow them out. It looks

like Crowley is reluctant, like he's trying to pull the Chief back, but the man yanks out of his grip.

"Hey, Dean, before you leave, I just need to clear up one thing," the Chief calls and Dean straightens, leaning against his door in a deceptively casual pose. In truth, Cas can feel the tension nearly vibrating under his skin. "Something you said earlier that just doesn't sit well with me."

"Oh, yeah, and what's that?" Dean smiles dangerously, and Crowley once again puts himself between them, his hand inside his coat.

"I couldn't have made you what you are. Are you forgetting how I found you, Dean? Covered in the blood of the man you killed? That's what you were *before* you were mine."

Cas shudders. It's new information, technically speaking. Dean's been telling him almost from the beginning that he might kill him—and Cas has always believed him. And with Jimmy, he saw the bloody jeans, he knew Dean had done something not normal. Not sane. But it doesn't feel good, that confirmation. That Dean could do it. That he has done it.

Somehow, the Chief sees the realization on his face and nods. "Castiel—that's your name, isn't it, lovely? Well, I'm sorry, Castiel, but I doubt you're getting out of this alive."

"You son of a bitch," Dean starts forward, but Crowley has his gun out at his side and Dean stops.

"Come now, boys, let's not fight. More importantly, let's not fight in the parking lot of a pediatric center when there are still ordinary citizens about, yes?"

Dean puts his hands up and turns to shut Cas's door, deliberately turning his back on Crowley's gun. But when he gets to his door he stops and turns to where the Chief is still watching him. "Hey, Captain? That sounded pretty good, what you said. But that's not how we met, is it," he asks, but it isn't a question and the Captain's mouth turns into a grim line. "No, you saw me when my mom was still alive. And after she died, you paid a big fat sum to the good Pastor to fuck me behind my Dad's—your friend's—back. Right? More than once, too. Came enough I knew who you were. Knew to get my Dad to call you after I killed his ass."

The Chief looks down, then back at him again. "Dean—"

"And even if it was," Dean says loudly to talk over him, and the Chief shuts up. "Even if it was, and the first time we met, I was covered in the blood of the man who--," he stops, shakes his head, laughs, "that fucking maniac. You still decided I was good to keep going. To keep doing it. Because that's how it goes, right? That's what happens to kids like him and me." He juts his chin in Cas's direction. "Happens once, then they just keep comin' round, sniffin' you out."

The Chief hesitates, and when he speaks all his anger is gone, and there's a kind of pleading. "I was different, we were different! I didn't hurt you, I never—"

Dean shakes his head and laughs again, gets in the car and slams the door.

“Dean!” the Chief cries out, but he turns the key in the ignition and his music blasts to life, drowning out anything else he might say effectively. He backs out of his parking space and pulls out of the lot, rushing without peeling out (which he tells Cas is something only a douchebag would do to his car.)

Cas is watching him without trying to be obvious. His body is trembling with sheer exhaustion, aching in the various places he's been hurt, but his mind is still alert, worried. He isn't surprised when they're at a red light and Dean rummages in his glove compartment before tossing him a small bottle that he recognizes. “Prep yourself. I need it.”

Cas nods and unbuckles his seatbelt, then pushes his pajama pants down to his knees. His treated wounds aren't stinging anymore but his face hurts, different parts of his side where bruises have started to form. Making it even better, he can feel the cream on his ass has started to wear off, and unless he can get more soon it's gonna become too painful to sit. It's awkward, but he twists himself so he can get a finger inside his hole, then quickly makes it two before starting to swirl and scissor. “I'm still loose from before,” he tells Dean, who glances at him, green eyes darkening.

“Good,” he replies. At the next red light he takes his dick out and tugs Cas (by his injured arm, but not painfully) over. “Suck it, baby. You can prep yourself and suck me at the same time, can't you? Yeah, you can, my good boy. Need it, fucking need it.”

Cas believes him, and a sated Dean is a calmer Dean. His Master is only semi-hard, but a few well placed licks and lollipop sucks get him hard and dripping down Cas's chin. After that he doesn't bother with fancy, just wraps his lips around Dean's dick and closes his eyes. It's tough, and when he thinks he can get away with it, he takes his fingers out of his ass so he can at least try to balance. He thinks it's worth being a little disobedient, rather than lose his balance and fall off the seat with his mouth still full of Dean. Sometimes he just has to pick which action pisses him off the least.

He doesn't want to, but doing this makes him think of Sam. He wonders if he'll ever do this again in his life without remembering how amazing it was to hold Sam like this, taste him, swallow him down. He'd done it with love, he'd done it because he wanted to give him something, and he knew it was something he could do well, something to make his (*baby*) friend feel good. He hadn't been afraid, he hadn't been in pain. And Dean would kill him if he knew his thoughts but by now he accepts this about himself. He'll never cleanse Sam from his mind. Never. He lives comfortably there, the same way he lives in his heart.

He groans around Dean's dick, which at least his Master will appreciate. Because these are not good blowjob thoughts. Not while he's blowing Dean anyway.

He feels the car pull over and then he's being manhandled again while Dean tries to get his pants at least mostly off. It hurts, he's all cut up, his ass is feeling sorer by the minute. He lets out each hiss of pain, each small cry, because Dean likes to hear them. No sense holding back. And when Dean pulls him down on his cock he starts to cry. Not because it hurts, it doesn't—or no more than the normal stretch and burn, his ass's mild protest of ‘hey, I don't

think that fits in here.’ But Dean doesn’t mind, and it’s what he feels like doing. He’d gotten Dean off Sam once again. But the price--!

Dean just holds his hips and does the work, moving Cas up and down on his cock, his hot breath over his ear and neck, occasionally saying things like, “Good boy,” and, “Oh, fuck, baby angel.”

After he’s finished, Dean helps him to climb off. Dean starts the car again while Cas grabs mismatched take-out napkins from the glove compartment and cleans up with them. “Can I lie down, Master?”

Dean glances at him. “Yeah, sure. We’ll be home, soon, though.”

Cas curls up on his side. “Where am I sleeping? What about Sam—“

Dean sighs. “You’ll sleep at your house--stay away for a day or two. Tell Sam you fell off your bike and your mom had to take you to get stitches. Say you rode it into a pole or something, that sounds like you—he’ll think you were daydreaming. And just don’t let him see too much. Not like he’ll check, right? Not like he’ll ask your mom,” Dean glances at him to make sure he’s listening, then adds, “Anyway, he won’t be feeling too hot tomorrow. It’ll be a minute before he comes looking for you. That’s enough time for you to have hurt yourself, have to see a doctor.”

Cas nods into the leather of the seat against his cheek. “Okay, Master,” he says dully. He wishes he could work up some outrage for more lies to feed Sam, but after a while it just gets old. He closes his eyes and his body leaps at the chance to be unconscious.

He doesn’t wake until they’re in the garage and Dean is shaking him gently. He sits up slowly like he’s old, his body having stiffened in his sleep, and moving pulls at his cuts painfully. He looks at Dean, who is already watching him.

“You can never touch Sam again,” he says mildly. He stares at Cas, but it’s more of a studying look. Like he’s just curious how Cas will react, but not terribly invested either way.

Cas stares back and after a moment he gets it. This isn’t a rule, it’s a warning. If Cas touches Sam, Dean will, too. And once he gets it, of course, there is no question. “All right,” he says, and his voice sounds steady, if tired. Maybe he even sounds relieved. He starts to get out of the car.

“Castiel,” Dean stops him.

He turns and looks Dean in the eye, the way he’d done earlier, but without all the emotion. “I won’t touch him like that. I’ll never touch Sam like that again, Dean—Master. Just you.”

Dean looks back for a moment. Nods and strokes over Cas’s face. “So we understand each other.”

Cas lowers his eyes and doesn’t say anything more. Lets Dean kiss him; kisses back. Waits to see if Dean will make it more, and when he doesn’t, he finally gets out of the car. He has

to go inside to get his things. He's grateful when Dean doesn't follow him upstairs. Lets him say good bye on his own.

In Sam's room, it eases something in him to see his friend dressed at least somewhat. He isn't writhing, though he still seems restless. He's sweating a little, and Cas wets a cloth in the bathroom (nervous to go in at first but Dean's already been here, his blood is gone.) He touches it lightly over his face and neck. Stares down at him.

"I love you," he tells him softly. Dean has done everything to take the power of the words from him, make them filthy like everything else, make him feel like a boy like he is, living this lie he lives doesn't deserve to utter them. None of that takes away from how he feels, though, even when he really thought it should. But suddenly he realizes that's because it isn't about him (or Dean), it's about Sam—this incredible boy who loves him, who *saves* him, even when he begs not to be saved. He had to love Sam—he'd have had to be brain dead, heartless, not to love him. So at long last, he says them anyway. "I love you so much, Sam Winchester."

Sam snuffles a little in his sleep, makes some sounds, but his eyes don't open. Cas tugs the sheet up to cover him to his shoulders. "Sleep, baby," he whispers, and strokes his hair, kisses his forehead. When he sees him next he'll break both of their hearts, and it'll be as easy as breathing.

He'll be protecting him from Dean and himself.

Both his rapists.

~

There's this party that Dean gets invited to on the nice side of town. Nobody bats an eye when he brings the boys, whether it's because people in this town are used to him hauling his brother (plus one) around, or because he's Dean and they'll take him on any terms he requires.

It's unclear (to Sam and Cas, who don't care) who owns the house, but what is clear is that out back there's supposed to be this huge fire pit, and Sam is sure there will be marshmallows (he's excited to see if Cas's toasting abilities have improved with time, and Cas keeps hitting him and rolling his eyes, because shut up.) They step into a massive yard and there is an impressive sunken fire pit set in pretty stone, surrounded by a large half-circle of perfectly matched, cushy outdoor seating. Unfortunately nobody brought marshmallows (Sam's right, a huge missed opportunity there), but there is a guy with an acoustic guitar, and he's good enough to have gathered a crowd.

Dean stops in his tracks, gives something like a full-body shudder of revulsion, and that's the last they see of him until it's time to leave. But the other Winchester lights up instantly.

"Come on," Sam says, heading to the thick of it. Cas doesn't come on. Instead he heads in

the opposite direction and finds a tree to lean against in the low-lit dark. After a while a small curly dog finds him and crawls into his lap. This is the only friend he's looking to make.

He's just on the other side of the fire, and it's a perfect view. Obviously anyone on the other side of the fire can see him, too, but nobody bothers him and nobody else chooses to sit on the ground. He laughs when he sees what he expected, the fuss that gets made over young, pretty Sam. He even sees him try to introduce a Cas who is no longer standing behind him. He looks wildly around and when his fox eyes find him in the dark, Cas shrugs and laughs again, only feeling a little guilty for giving him the slip. 'Come here!' Sam pantomimes, gesturing firmly, and Cas gives a huge shake of his head, waves. 'Have fun,' is what he mouths, and gets the finger for his efforts.

Sam is shy for about ten minutes, but as usual the crowd embraces him and soon he's swaying along at the center of at least five young women. Cas is having fun, too; the music is good (though when Sam asks he'll make fun of it—folksy, hippy bullshit music that has nothing to do with reality, he thinks he'll say) and he kind of maybe likes how nice these people are. Sure, there are couples making out sort of hard core nearby, and he's seen a few people throwing up in some gorgeously pruned shrubs, but for the most part they aren't out of control. He realizes he hasn't gone for a drink yet either—he's too busy watching Sam.

(Ho!) So show me family

(Hey!) All the blood that I would bleed

(Ho!) I don't know where I belong

(Hey!) I don't know where I went wrong

A particularly catchy song has most everybody singing along, and Cas finds he likes the lyrics. He sees that Sam knows it, he's singing every word, and it makes him like it even more. Makes him want to know the song, too. It takes two times for him to realize that Sam is singing the chorus right at him. Looking at him across the fire.

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're my sweetheart

I belong with you, you belong with me, you're my sweet

*Cas's face gets hot and he hides it in the dog's fur, but when he looks back Sam just laughs. The next time the chorus comes around, he points at Cas, and when he sings 'my sweetheart', he touches his chest. And Cas gets this fluttering feeling inside, this buzzing warmth--for a second he's open, vulnerable, showing how precious it would be to him, if he is really this. Not a slut or a slave, but a sweetheart, **Sam's** sweetheart. And Sam is his baby (even if he only has the courage to say it when Sam is distracted.)*

People are cheering when the song ends, and he has to soothe the startled dog in his lap. When he looks up again Sam is missing. He frowns, scanning the yard for a short, skinny boy with tousled brown hair and jumps when Sam slips in behind him, tickling his sides. Then he has to meet the dog and become instant best friends, although Cas is surprised when the warm little thing leaves Sam and settles back on Cas's chest (that instinct of some animals, to find the one who needs them most.) Sam sits with Cas between his legs, pulling him back against his chest.

Cas stiffens at first. “If Dean sees—“

“Please...he’s not coming out until that,” he gestures to the guitar,” goes back in its case. And then he’ll still wait for the guy to go home first.”

Cas laughs. He’s still not sure what to do. He reaches back to put his hand between Sam’s legs, but Sam takes it, kisses the back of his hand, and puts it back in his own lap. He kisses Cas’s cheek, his ear, letting him know it’s not a rejection, but his new initiative: date nights. So Cas relaxes against him, voicing one last worry. “Are you sure you don’t want to sit over there with the crowd?”

Sam puts his mouth against his ear. “Weren’t you listening? I belong with you.”

~



Image by ThefangirlingBread

Cas hasn’t seen Sam in a few days, though they’ve texted. He told the bike story; Sam told him how sick he was that Sunday, how he never even woke back up for dinner after being punished. *Felt like I was drinking all night*, Sam texted. *Dean thinks I got so upset I made myself sick.*

Sounds as good as anything else, Cas guesses.

He waits until Wednesday to go see him (staying home from school, and hadn’t that been a scene when he came home injured...at least until Roscoe understood that they weren’t gonna have to pay hospital bills. Smooth sailing after that. Roughhousing with Sam and crashed into a mirror, if you were wondering about his excuse this time. Roughhousing with Sam.)

He’s going to see him today, though. He has on a black sweat jacket zipped all the way up and he even puts the hood up before deciding that’s overkill. Sam will expect him to be fucked up, and at least the swelling in his face has gone down. This way all he can see are his face and hands, and it makes sense for those to be cut up. The jeans he’s wearing are his

own, but under the jacket he's wearing one of Sam's shirts for courage. And in his pocket is his Samstone. He clutches it until he thinks his hand will bruise as he nears the Winchesters' back door. The door is open; Sam is expecting him.

He finds Sam in the garage of all places; that's Dean's territory. But the older Winchester is still at work, and Cas finds he'd rather do it here than the rest of the house. They never once made out in here. "Hey," he starts cautiously and Sam smiles wanly.

"Hey." Sam looks better than when he saw him last, but still not himself. His skin is pale and there are dark circles under his eyes. "Does your ass still hurt, too?" he jokes lightly and Cas forces a smile.

"Yeah, but at least I gave it competition."

Sam's face goes concerned, that caretaker look he gets so often with Cas. "Does it hurt bad? Jeez, you really--," he reaches to touch Cas's face where the bandage is but Cas yanks back, "r-really must've hit hard," he finishes lamely, pulling back. It's all so awkward.

"Yeah, you know me when I'm...daydreaming," Cas trails off. He doesn't exactly know how to do this. As usual, Sam helps out.

"Cas, I'm so sorry about everything, about Dean. Look, I asked him if we could just date, and we won't do sleepovers, we don't even have to—"

"I don't wanna do this anymore," Cas cuts him off. The words come out a little sharper than he intended, but he has to stop Sam from going any further. He can't hear that offer.

Sam takes a breath and swallows, blinking fast. "I...I kn-know it's been hard on you. Even before this. I've been trying to...to make it better—"

Cas turns his back, closes his eyes. Reaches for the memory of himself on top of Sam, of Dean touching Sam. "It has been hard. It's been hard and I just can't do it anymore. I don't want to. Okay?"

Sam nods a bunch of times. "Maybe...maybe a break, then."

"No," Cas insists, and it comes out almost like a sob. "I don't...we can be friends, okay? But this part is done and you can't ever kiss me or touch me like that again. And I'll never do it to you. Promise me, okay? Promise you'll never do it again, no matter what." Now it's his turn to blink. He can cry all he wants, once this is done (*I will protect you, Sam, I will save you.*)

Sam wipes hard at his eyes with his sleeve. "Cas...please don't say never—"

He turns, looks hard at Sam. "You said I could say no whenever I want. You said I could stop it any time, any of it. Was that a lie?" It's below the belt, and Sam looks stunned, crushed.

"No--w-what?! No, I just...Cas, please, I—"

“Then, then I’m saying it. I want it all to stop,” he says, and is surprised when he looks Sam in the eyes, how intense he sounds. Because that part, at least, he means from the bottom of his heart. He trembles and says again, his voice shaking, “I just want it to stop.”

And there...the part of Sam that puts Cas first, that will always worry for him, look after him, is there in his eyes, responding to the desperation in his tone. “Okay, Cas, whatever you need. It can stop, of course we’ll stop. I...,” he steps closer then stops, uncertain in a way Cas isn’t used to seeing on him. “I’m sorry, I...I really, really didn’t mean—“

“You didn’t,” Cas is quick, putting a hand on his arm. “You never hurt me, not once. Never. I’m just...I can’t...,” he trails off helplessly, letting go when he sees Sam’s eyes on his hand. He shouldn’t be touching him, not now. “I can’t,” he repeats miserably.

“Are you saying ‘it’s not you, it’s me’?” Sam says after a pause, and gives a tiny smile. Trying to help Cas, still. Always.

Cas blinks. Finds himself smiling back, though his is small, too. “I...I guess I am. At least with me you know it’s true. Ask anyone,” he tries to joke, too, but Sam frowns. He hates when Cas talks like that. As if he gives a shit what anyone else thinks.

For a minute neither of them say anything.

“Is this because of Dean?” Sam says suddenly. It takes Cas by surprise, and Sam catches his reaction, sees something of the truth in his eyes before he can help it. “It is! It’s because he’s been getting so pissed, so over the top. I can—“

“No! Jesus, Sam, just leave it—“

“All you have to do is say he can’t spank you anymore, he’ll never do it again—“ Sam starts.

Cas can’t help the twinge of anger. “No! No, I agreed, we agreed, so I...so I could be—“

“All I wanted when I agreed to that was for Dean to look out for you like he does me! I wanted you to be ours! Instead, he’s like going overboard,” Sam paces, starting to get pissed. “He’s coming between us—it’s not even his *business*—“

“Sam, stop!” Cas pushes in front of him, forcing him to literally stop in his tracks. “Don’t even go there, all right? He’s all the family you have—“

“You’re my family, too!” Sam insists.

“Great, then I’ll suck your dick again right after he does,” Cas says bitterly without thinking.

Sam’s face floods with color, and for a second he looks like he wants to hit Cas (who will stand there and take it.) Instead he turns away. “That’s fucked up,” he says quietly. “You’re so fucked up sometimes, Cas.”

Cas laughs incredulously. “I’m fucked up *all* the time, Sam,” he grits out, almost relishing the admission. But he’s not mad at Sam, and none of this, not one iota of this is Sam’s fault. He deflates at the thought, shaking his head. “I’m sorry. I just meant it’s different. You

shouldn't act like you don't need Dean.” (*And you don't want to know the measures Dean will take if he thinks he could lose you.*)

They're quiet for a while.

“What happens now?” Sam asks softly. He's looking down, his bangs covering his eyes.

But Cas thought about this, too. “I...you're still my best friend, always...but I'll probably...back off for a while.” Because the truth is, he doesn't need to sleep over at Sam's all the time to serve Dean. Nobody in his house gives a fuck where and when he comes and goes--they don't like him home, but he knows how to stay in his room, stay invisible. He'll wait until Sam's asleep or something—or Dean can take him somewhere. He likes to do that sometimes, usually some scary nightmare place that no one would want to go, but it gets them away from Sam. Off of Sam.

“Shit,” Sam whispers, and then he *is* crying. But he wipes hard at his eyes again, stops himself. He sniffs and looks at Cas. “Not...not too long, okay? Don't back off too long, I...I kinda need you.”

Cas looks at him then and trembles with all the emotions he's keeping on lock. He wants to kiss him good bye, but no, he said never, so he'll stick to it. “I, uh. Need you. A lot.” (*But I won't, okay? I'll be fine and you'll be safe.*)

“Can I at least,” Sam starts and his voice breaks in a way that would normally have them laughing, have Cas teasing him. Instead it's agonizing. He clears his throat. “A-a hug. Can —“

Cas slams into his arms before he finishes. It's not the last time, he tells himself. They're still best friends, and best friends hug, don't they? But he hugs him the way he did as his secret (*his love, his sweetheart, his baby*), putting his arms up over the back of his neck and pulling him down so there's no space between them.

Sam holds him so tight it hurts, his injuries lighting up, and he honestly could not give a shit. “I love you Cas, and I'm always gonna, you got me? I don't care if we never kiss again, if you...you make all the rules you want, okay? I'm still gonna love you. My whole life, I know it. I know it.”

“Sam...Sam, I...,” Cas tries, digging his fingers into Sam's shirt, squeezing his eyes tight. But this time his inner demons and the laughing, smirking Dean that lives in his head shout him down. He can't do it. There's just too much about him that Sam doesn't know. It's no fair if Sam doesn't have all the information, so he could stomp it into the ground like he should. *I love you*, he thinks, because it's still true. “I gotta go. H-homework and stuff.”

“Yeah,” Sam agrees softly and lets him loose without trying to hold him. Always so different from his brother. Always so kind.

Cas leaves, texting Dean that it's over (hoping as far as Dean's concerned that he's right.) He waits for the pain to hit, but the relief is overwhelming instead. This was always dangerous. He should've known from the start that it would only put Sam in more danger than he is

every day. It's never been what he wanted for Sam. And being in love with someone isn't about getting to be with them...it means you want them to be happy. You want them to be safe.

Baby angel, Dean calls him. Now he's watching over Sam the way he should.

* * *

When Dean comes home from work that day, Sam is waiting for him. There's no fucked attempt at dinner on the table either. Just a pale boy with bloodshot eyes who looks pretty pissed. He probably doesn't love it when Dean smiles at the sight of him. "Somethin' buggin' you, Sweetheart?"

Sam flushes with rage. "You--," he chokes, unable to call Dean the kind of four letter words he probably wants to--not with his ass still hurting. Too angry not to confront him at all, though. "This is all your fault. Because you're so goddamn *crazy*," he spits it at Dean with the relish of someone who's been thinking it a while, saving it up, or maybe trying not to use it.

"Watch yourself, Sam," Dean warns, but he isn't mad, not really.

"You scared Cas away from me!" Sam cries, his eyes welling up with tears. "I should've never agreed to that shit with you, letting you--"

"Hey!" Dean cuts him off, annoyed. "It was Cas who suggested that, and you did agree, so what are you bitchin' about now?"

"I just wanted you to look after him! I wanted you to love him, I wanted him to have a fucking family, like I have," Sam yells back, then shakes his head bitterly. "I thought you would help, but I should've known you're too *crazy* for that."

Dean grabs him by his upper arm. "Knock it off, right now. You wanna bitch at me, fine, do it, but calm the fuck down." Dean glares at him until he gets a nod, then he releases him. "What are you gettin' at, anyway? Crazy, what the fuck is that, what are you talkin' about?"

Sam watches him...seems to come to a decision. Looks like he *is* trying to be calm, but misses the mark by a mile. "I love you, Dean, but...but you're out of control. You've been acting nuts with all this--you get so mad! You used to say you'd never punish me angry, but you do--," his voice wavers, his eyes swimming with sudden tears...but he blinks and tries again. "You do it all the time now. And Cas, too. And...and now you're following me? You wanted me to, to walk home...with my pants...," he falters again, and flushes pink, and when he lowers his eyes tears slip down. "Why-why would you want...," he shakes his head, like he can't finish that part. "And the way you were with that girl...with Jo. It's like sometimes you forget that I'm your brother, you forget that you even love--," he breaks off again. But then he straightens to his full little height, and the way he's standing, the

determination in his swollen, red eyes, Dean is forcibly reminded of that night he caught Dean and Meg teaching Cas about girls. "I'm stopping this. You're not doing this to us anymore. I'll talk to John--Dad. He'll help you see--"

"Oh, is it back to Dad now?" Dean laughs and Sam looks flustered.

"Dean," he tries.

"No, you're done--I got the gist. And now it's my turn to lay some truth on you, Sammy. And you ain't gonna like it. This is something you've known for a while--we just never talk about it. But now you're making me. Remember that. You made me. So. Sam. Of the two of us, who is Dad's favorite son?"

Sam blinks, shocked, a little confused. Then hurt and pissed. The answer is quick because it's obvious, a cheap shot. "You, yeah so what? That doesn't mean--"

"That's right, me. The one his wife raised," he says the words slowly, carefully, giving them a chance to sink in. "His favorite son, and he barely has time for me. Maybe a little more now that I'm old enough to be interesting, someone he can drink with...right? Right. But you...," he looks at Sam and shakes his head, a mocking sort of sympathy. But his words have the definitive ring of truth--this time he doesn't need a lie to tear his brother apart. "God, kiddo, if he fed you one bottle a week it was a lot. Never told you that, did I? Or how I had to be the one to get you when you cried, because he couldn't be trusted--he'd be drunk, unsteady. I thought he'd drop you. Sometimes he'd just scream at you. Kinda got scared he'd hit you or something, even though you were just a fucking baby. And these days he can barely stand to be in the same room as you and that fucking mouth. You know he doesn't have a second job anymore, right? Quit. He just doesn't stay home anyway. Nothin' here for him, I guess."

Sam is frozen silent now, listening like he's fascinated despite himself--he never can get Dean to talk about their lives when he was a baby, their mother, anything. And he's too proud to ask John. He jerks a shrug of one shoulder. He can't look at Dean, but his voice comes out steady, if soft. "Like I said, so what?"

Dean shakes his head. Leans forward and tips Sam's chin, looks his younger brother in the eyes. "Why do you think that is? I mean...he has to love you, you're his kid," he tugs Sam gently to him, takes both his hands. "But how much could he really love the baby that survived the accident? Mom went down in flames, she died in agony. Because she made them get you out first. Shit. When I think about it...it's kind of amazing that *I* could love you," he says with a smile, stroking Sam's cheek. "But I do, Sammy. I love you. You and me, always. That's all I remember, even before Mom died, soon as you were born. You and me."

And there, the wide-eyed distress he was looking for. "It is you and me, Dean, I just--"

"My whole life taking care of you, raisin' you, because he doesn't want to look at you too much...but soon as you don't get your way, you wanna sic him on me. Tell me, Sam, you ever think about the fact that I'm over 18 and workin' full time, but I still live here with you and Dad? How often you think I get asked when I'm gonna get out on my own?"

Sam's face drains of color, his lips trembling. "You...you wanna leave me?"

"S'not what I'm sayin, baby boy," he loses his smile, lets go of his hands. And when he speaks again his voice is ice, green eyes flat and empty. "I'm sayin' if I don't need to look out for you then I don't need to be here. There's other shit I could be doin' instead of being your fucking Dad when you don't appreciate it. And you can stay here with a man who probably doesn't wish you were dead instead of Mom every day. I mean. Right? Some days he must feel guilty about it at least. But just think...bet he lets you do whatever you want with Cas, long as he don't see it. He won't care where you go, what lies you tell. So long as you don't bitch at him, I bet he won't give one rat's ass what you do."

Sam's face crumples, and he crosses an arm over his stomach like he's in pain. "S-stop...," he begs.

"No, I'm not gonna stop. You don't get to threaten me like that. Not after everything we've been through, not us. So you tell me now. You wanna act like John's your Dad, you want me to step back from you, we can do that. I'll do that. But all the way back. And it won't take me long to get outta here, Sam. I travel real light."

He swipes at his eyes with the back of one hand. "Please don't...don't say that, okay, I don't...I never wanted you to leave, I just...I didn't mean it, okay? Please don't say that again."

"Then you don't say that to me anymore, not ever again," Dean says, then grabs him hard by his shoulders, getting right in his face. "You're mine, not his, I'm the one that loves you! I'm the *only* one that loves you! He can't keep you safe, he never could!"

"Yeah," Sam looks frightened, but sincere. "Yeah, I know, Dean. I'm sorry, okay? I won't...I won't do it again."

Dean stares at him, making sure he means it before letting him go. Sam slips into a kitchen chair. After a moment, he puts his head in his hands. Dean pulls a chair out, sits next to him. Rubs his back. "I told you this wouldn't work out, you guys are too young. Maybe someday--"

"Never," Sam mumbles. Sniffles. Doesn't lift his head. "He said never."

Dean blinks. Shrugs inwardly; time will tell if Cas can keep that up. This is something they're all just trying out. "Twelve year olds don't know shit about never," he tells Sam. "But maybe give him some time. Some space, even. It's like I told you before, you're too young for this boyfriend shit, Sam. Just back off it for a while. Be a kid. Focus on school, that's what I want for you."

Sam lifts his head and looks at Dean with steady, wet eyes. For a moment Dean thinks he'll start yelling, bitching at him again. Instead he pushes himself against Dean's chest, his face pressed to his shoulder. Dean tugs him in like he did when he was smaller (he's still pretty small, to Dean anyway.) Holds him like a little boy, his little boy. "You wouldn't really leave me, Dean, would you? Not really. Right?"

Dean tightens his hold, breathes his scent in deep. "I'll never leave you, Sam. What do I always tell you? Ain't no me without you."

Sam tightens his hold, too. "Promise, okay? Don't leave. You can't ever. I'd just find you if you did."

"Not ever...gotta be here to watch out for you," Dean tells him, rocking him slowly, and he means it. Over his dead body will he ever leave Sam--he just needed him to stop thinking there was some higher authority he could go through other than Dean. When Dean is it for him, has always been it for him. Mother, father, brother--he's all there is. "Shh, I gotcha. You'll be fine. Gonna take care of you, okay? You and me, like always."

"You and me, Dean," Sam says, his voice muffled in his shoulder. "Always you and me."

Chapter End Notes

There you have it, the end of the game, and the end of Sastiel. Not their love, but they can't be together. They just can't, not without disastrous results. I was tempted to apologize in this section for all the Sastiel fluff, but I won't--they deserved it. And I know some of you aren't here for them, but I am, and it hurts to do this. The song I used, if you don't already know, is Ho Hey by the Lumineers. Another song I've been listening to that makes me think very painfully of them is Hush by Avril Lavigne (not exactly a fan, but the piano background and her small voice make the song so innocent and perfect for them.) These lyrics feel like they could be from Cas to Sam:

I didn't mean to kiss you
You didn't mean to fall in love
I never meant to hurt you
We never meant for it to mean this much
Hush hush, now

I wanted to keep you
Forever next to me
You know that I still do
And all I wanted was to believe
Hush hush, now

So go on, live your life
So go on, say goodbye
So many questions
But I don't ask why
So this time I won't even try
Hush hush, now

The mirror scene was inspired by none other than violet-scythe. Dean was always gonna try this with Cas, since the time jump when he first mentioned it. But in telling me her favorite chapters and why, violet reminded me that even a brainwashed Cas would try to save Sam from this. And if I needed reminding, Dean did, too. Both of us took it for granted that Cas was too broken to intervene anymore, but he got into this mess to save Sam from what he'd gone through...and he thought that's what Dean wanted, too. For Dean, he now accepts that if the boys touch each other, he's touching Sam--he won't be able to resist. He'll try one last tactic to keep their relationship as-is. Sam might find it a bit stifling but without Cas, he'll need Dean more than ever.

Sorry about the super long end notes, but this section was blood, sweat, and tears for me. And I should also let you know that this story...well, think of the Little Engine that Could--the version where he makes it to the top only to go too fast going down and then crash into a million pieces (where the fuck did I see that, I just googled it and I can't even find it)...what we've had so far was us chugging our tortured asses up a mountain, and playing the Sam Game, we were at the top.

That's my long-winded way of saying it's all downhill from here.

Alistair's Cage

Chapter Summary

Cas has his appointment to remove his stitches, forcing Dean to revisit his past once more. But everything's different when you're the one doing the fucking.

TRIGGER WARNINGS: abuse of legal and illegal drugs, abuse of children who are not Cas--it's always possible you've been desensitized by now to Cas's abuse, especially when he gets Stockholm-y and considering that his abuser is Dean. In this chapter, Dean takes him to a place where an underground pedo ring is meeting...there are other kids and other rapists.

Chapter Notes

Find me on Tumblr: <https://www.tumblr.com/blog/azrielrose>

Find me on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/azriel.rose.14>

My notifications can be iffy, especially with Facebook, so bear with me if I don't respond right away. On the other hand, I have a super boring job, so chances are I'll answer you too fast and you'll be like wow bitch back off me.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Image by ThefangirlingBread

If it weren't for his monumental fuck up, Dean guesses he'd be having a good time after his boys break up. True, he'd agreed to let go of something (*sammy, naked, mine*) he'd come *so close* to realizing. Not just something, either, that *one thing* he's wanted *so long* . Usually not Dean's bag, denying himself.

Really, really not.

But Dean is nothing if not adaptable. The new rules he gave both boys (whether overt or suggested), would leave them more dependent on him than ever. And had he reached that same conclusion without first throwing Cas through a mirror, he could be using this time against them, forging a new path for the three of them just the way they needed. Each his, but in a completely different way. He should be cataloguing differences in behavior, doting and punishing--controlling all of it, in true Dean fashion.

Instead, he barely notices (Sam, so much needier. Cas, just...quiet.)

All he can think about is Cas's appointment with that piece of shit, Dr. Sinclair.

This time, as he'd been warned, it's nothing as simple as driving to an urgent care in the middle of some bright little bustling town. Next to the Punishment Room, this might as well be Dean's personal hell.

It's unexpected, revisiting his past (he knows this place well, just never imagined he'd go willingly.) It's a world he triumphantly left behind on his own terms, but now they have something he wants.

Just another service the Chief can provide--that makes it something Dean's owed. And being around those people--the ones who beat him, raped him, filmed his degradation even as he helplessly raged against it--he can handle it.

He'll see this through for Cas.

He fucked up, and this is him making it right.

This is what he gets for not being at all careful. Forgetting their roles, his and Cas's. And Sam's. Forgetting the true reason he started all of this, really, when he could've already been--

Anyway. Done is done, and Dean will deal with his consequences.

It helps that he isn't who he was back then. He's going as a man, and unlike most of the douchebags in there, a man who doesn't owe anybody shit. He's going from a place of strength, of power. Each of them knows about the leverage he holds over the Chief, and in turn the Chief holds leverage over them and they, him. It's mutually assured destruction should someone open their mouths—except for Dean. Honestly, Crowley is right—he's a liability and they should put him down. This probably sounds like something he should worry about, but mostly he can't make himself. It's the life he lives. Things just go his way.

He has preparations to make. He's bringing his boy around these assholes. They should see how beautiful his slave is, how perfectly obedient, even loving he is. How he appreciates belonging to Dean (recent hiccup notwithstanding), where he is protected from so much of what these people would do to him.

He intends to make a show of it. He picks out a special outfit that he knows will make them salivate, even a new collar to bring out Cas's pretty eyes. He already has the makeup from Halloween, but he gets his favorite kind of lip gloss, the one that tastes like sugar and makes girls' lips look shiny and wet for hours. And because he doesn't trust one fucking person under that roof, he decides he needs a chastity belt for him, too.

He starts shopping around. He knows it'll be difficult. First, it's not enough to lock up his cock—plenty of these types have no interest in Cas's dick, seeing him as nothing but walking boy pussy. He's gotta lock up everything he has. And Cas is so skinny and small; even the smallest size male chastity belt is going to be too big. He's confident he can adjust it though.

Plenty of places make them to order but he only has a week (not to mention he has no idea if the size he needs would set off some kind of alarm in the seller.)

He isn't deterred. After some hours of research, he comes up with a solution. He orders a female chastity belt (made of steel and lined with silicone) in white and silver that looks like a pretty metal thong. It consists of flexible steel bands around the waist and a plate in front in the shape of a soft-edged triangle, with multiple slender silver chains that attach the plate to the belt in the back and are supposed to lay snug between Cas's cheeks.

Dean thinks it'll look beautiful on him, but it isn't enough to smush his junk behind a plate and his hole under some chains. So after spending some time looking at male chastity belts, he orders a small steel cock cage in an L shape, designed to point what little Cas has down between his legs, and an anal plug that's supposed to be an optional attachment for the male belt. It's four inches long and made of graduated steel balls, with the first sphere three quarters of an inch wide and the fourth sphere one and a quarter inches wide. It has a loop at the bottom so that it can be slid onto the chains that will ride up Cas's ass. It's a little big for Cas--might be uncomfortable walking around like that, but whatever. It'll keep him safe.

The female chastity belt comes with other pieces (more cuffs and chains to attach), and he buys a few of those, too. The last thing he does is pay for rush shipping.

Once it arrives, it's just a matter of fusing the cage to the plate, adjusting the steel bands and chains to fit Cas's body perfectly, and attaching the soft white silicone lining that keeps the steel from biting into Cas's delicate skin. The belt (and matching cuffs) are all meant to be adjustable, with holes for Dean to choose from, but he ends up drilling his own to make it even smaller. The thing is useless to him unless it fits perfectly. It takes a few fittings and a lot of time holed up in his garage, but by the time the big night comes, he's satisfied.

It's Saturday night, but Sleepover Night is apparently a thing of the past. Sam is disappointed when he learns that Dean has plans, so Dean convinces him to sleep over at a friend's house. "You'll be missing him if you stay here," he says gently, running his fingers through Sam's silky hair.

"Not if you stay, too," Sam tries, leaning against him, and Dean almost wishes he could give in. But by now he's too invested. Instead he drives him to the Davies' house a few streets away (the parents are not creeps, he vetted them years ago.) Now that the night's finally here, he's over any mixed feelings he might have had. He wants to show them who he is now, the things about him that none of their money can buy.

Like beautiful Castiel.

"Master, I...why do I...," Cas cuts off, frustrated and worried. He obviously wants so badly to protest his outfit, knowing where he's going, the type of men who will see him.

"Just do what you're told." Dean's a little tense—there's no time for Cas's reluctance for girl clothes and metal underwear. The idea is for Cas to look like slutty pedo bait while actually being completely unattainable. He doesn't intend to be separated from him, but he's not taking chances. He knows how these things go, even when a boy is supposedly "off limits."

Trust him. He's been "off limits" before. Means shit. He'll explain it to Cas, though. They at least won't take him by surprise.

Cas's chastity belt comes with matching wrist and thigh cuffs, polished steel lined in the same soft white silicone. The cuffs each have a D-ring and he threads more slender chains through the ones on his thigh cuffs, connecting them to the belt. When he's finished, there are two chains on the outside of each thigh but they lay flat against his skin, fitting easily under his clothes. There are also two shorter chains that will connect his wrists to his waist, restricting his range of motion so he's unable to stretch his arms up, but Dean will only attach them at the last minute. Once in place, each cuff has its own lock, which looks amazing but would be a pain in the ass if they were doing this on any kind of regular basis. It's perfect for a special occasion like this, though.

Dean looks at Cas, pale and lovely and owned in his white and silver slave get-up. He's more than satisfied. The set had other pieces that he didn't buy, like a steel bra and its own matching collar, but Dean wasn't interested (much...it would be cute, making Cas put on a Princess Leia bra to match his thong, but no.) Besides, the collar he picked out is a lot better.

When Cas is dressed, Dean gives him his makeup, remembering to allow him to do it himself. The first time he comes out of the bathroom, Dean immediately kisses his tasty lip gloss off. His lips look amazing all shined up and slick, making Dean want to feel the drag of the sticky gloss against the skin of his cock, if only to have Cas lick all the sugary residue right off again.

But there isn't time.

"Gonna wear a new collar tonight, baby," Dean tells him finally and has to laugh at those wary blue eyes. But he turns obediently and allows Dean to take his other one off. He hands Cas the new one, smiling when he sees him rubbing his thumbs over the material. It's made of soft suede and dyed bright cobalt blue. Cas turns it in his hands, sees the steel plate dead center that reads in plain, bold writing, Property of Dean Winchester. A steel ring hangs underneath it and there are two more rings, one on each side. Instead of a buckle at the back like his everyday collar, it, too, has a lock.

Dean puts a kiss on the side of his throat and nuzzles him there. "Pretty, isn't it baby?"

"I...yes, Master," Cas is still staring at the tag, running his little thumb over the words. "Is... is it...I can't wear this to school..." Gives it that lilt at the end that makes it a question. Because he'll wear whatever the fuck Dean says at the end of the day and they both know it.

Dean laughs, kisses his sweet skin. "No, baby, 'course not. That'd give up our whole game, wouldn't it? No, this is for us, for special occasions like this. I need everyone to look at you and know you're mine."

Cas lets out a small cry, turns and pushes himself against Dean's chest. Dean allows it, tugging him close. "I'm scared, Master. I'm really scared--please--"

He means it, too; Dean can feel him trembling, thinks he's crying a little (this is why Dean always chooses waterproof eyeliner.) He sits on the bed and tugs the boy into his lap, stroking his hair. "I know, baby. Shh, I know. This place...it is a bad place, especially for you. There'll probably be other kids there, you'll see...you're gonna see what really happens to baby whores. What I keep you from. And yeah, they'll wanna mess with you, even behind my back. 'S why you got that fancy underwear...and this collar." He plucks it from Cas's fingers, fastens it around his throat. Locks it. Pockets the key.

Cas shudders against him. "B-but they...they can't...I'll, I'll be with y-you...won't I?"

"Yes, baby, right with me. These are just precautions." Dean strokes his back but the tension in the little body doesn't lessen at all.

Cas turns in his lap and looks at him with wide eyes, rabbit-scared, strikingly blue against the new collar. "Master, I...I ha-haven't been...s-so good, I know, but...please...please don't...I o-only wanna b-be yours, I-I-I—"

"Shh," Dean kisses his forehead, his cheeks, under his ear. "I made you all mine and now I'm keepin' you. An' when you're bad, we handle it, don't we?"

Cas nods solemnly, still gripping Dean's shirt (it's fine, it's a black Henley and won't wrinkle.) Dean holds him a little longer, stroking his back, pressing kisses against his hairline.

"Where are we going?" Cas asks once they're in the car. Dean had zipped him into his own grey hooded sweatshirt. It's massive on him but he seems to appreciate it—the sleeves cover his little hands and it's longer than the skirt he's wearing (though as soon as he sits, both hoodie and skirt ride up and offer a great view of the white and silver thigh cuffs.) Unable to resist, Dean keeps a hand on his thigh while he drives.

"Couple towns over, not too far. They call this place the Bird Cage," Dean tells him, squeezing his thigh a little. "But we just called it the Cage. Sometimes Alastair's Cage."

"It's a...Cage?" Cas's voice is small and when Dean glances over, his arms are wrapped around himself as though he's cold.

Dean punches up the heat even though he doesn't think that's the problem. Lets out a sigh, not really sure how much he feels like sharing. Cas knows some of his past, not all of it by a long shot. For the most part, he's not big on trips down memory lane. "Nah, that's just a dumbass nickname. Actually it's a freakin' mansion. Listen, I told you I was used like you when I was a kid...just by lots of guys, and for money. And you saw the Punishment Room; I told you how I got taken there, left there, all the time."

He feels Cas shudder violently at the mention of that place and Dean squeezes him again. "I killed the guy who did it to me, but the Captain—the Chief got me after that. And even though he never took me there again, he still sold me to others sometimes, and he still made me..." He licks his lips. Clears his throat. "There were videos. Back then they shot videos of us."

Cas turns, and Dean realizes he has his wide-eyed attention, his little lips parted in disbelief. Like he still can't quite comprehend the idea of a helpless Dean.

Dean turns grim eyes back on the road. Cas doesn't have to imagine, he could show him. He has the pictures, the video evidence, too. But he doesn't look at them without something living nearby for him to stab.

"See, I don't do these things to you, so you don't know. But these fuckers have ways of reaching out to other guys, getting hold of other kids, or selling the kid they got, trading, whatever. The Pastor only did it to sell *me*. But there was this other guy, Alastair, some kind of Fortune 500 big shot. He set up shop here in Kansas, too, and when the Pastor died, he swallowed up his client list. Only he's legitimately rich, so he can hide in plain sight. Get more kids and more kiddy fuckers, all in one place. One biiiiiig ass place. Guy's got acres of land, all to himself." Dean goes quiet, remembering. "He turned that mansion into kid hell. All so he could play the devil."

Cas is still staring, wrapped in the giant hoodie. "What...what makes him the devil?"

Dean's silent for a moment, thoughts turned inward, memories coming loose from darker recesses of his mind. Himself, screaming. Alastair's serpentine voice in his ear, threatening, cajoling. "He's the guy they threaten the kids with. 'Behave or I'll give you to Alastair.' Sometimes they don't even bother, they just hand the kid over so he can break him, so there's never any resistance." Another pause; he releases Cas's leg, lost in his own thoughts. "People in the real world think him and his pals are into bird watching or some shit, but it's all just code, so they can talk about baby prostitutes in public. We were the birds. Catch us in the wild, let Alastair lock us up. And he'd make pets out of us for anyone willing to pay. He likes to say he never met a bird that he can't make sing."

Cas asks him something but he doesn't hear it. "Why didn't you kill him, too?" Cas tries again, but Dean just shakes his head. Doesn't feel like explaining.

He just wasn't like the other kids he met in the Cage. Sure, he was treated the same, and he hated it--raged, seethed against it, even as he knew he was as helpless, as weak as any other little bitch suffering beside him. The difference was that by the time Alastair got to him, there was already something missing. That softness, the loving boy that belonged to Mary and John and so very much to Sam. Gone. Carved out.

It was Alastair who gave him something new to fill the void.

~

The Cage is located in Shawnee, Kansas. That's right; only forty-five minutes away from their ratty neighborhood there are multi-million dollar homes, each with its own wide swath of land to enjoy. Dean isn't impressed, or at least not as much as they want him to be. To him, money is just another means to an end, and really, everything comes so easily to him. He feels like if he wanted money, he could have that, too. But that's got nothing to do with his low profile life.

He doesn't need it the way these men do. Makes him better than they are, stronger. Just another thing that sets him apart.

They drive the rest of the way in silence: brooding for Dean, anxious for Cas. Finally he pulls up to the wrought iron gates at the entrance--gotta go in this way because the whole property is surrounded by a high security fence. It annoys him slightly, having to announce his presence before he can go inside. Like he partly wants to park far away and just break in just to show he can. But that's petty and he has a plugged up Cas with him. Instead he smiles at the camera. Winks. The gates open and he smirks, driving through.

Even past the gates, he still has to drive to get to the house. Alastair Heyerdahl is legitimately rich, the founder of a now nationwide car rental service. It explains why he doesn't have to be quite as paranoid as some of the other members of his pedo ring when it comes to flaunting his money. Within their operation, however, he acts less like a leader and more like a thug. He doesn't want to be bogged down with day to day operations, he doesn't like to be bothered with what man or woman isn't following the rules of discretion or which child, grown now, needs to be paid off for his or her silence (best case scenario--there are other, terrible options and death isn't the worst of them.)

Breaking children, teens, even young adult whores (kids are kept working for as long as they're lucrative), that's where he shines, that's what gets him up in the mornings. He expects terrified obedience from every child, so it's weird the way he's always taken a particular shine to Dean.

The driveway loops in front of the manse, but it continues to a stable that's been turned into a long row of garages for parking. Dean knows this but parks in front anyway. Why should they walk?

Cas waits for Dean to come around to his side, possibly because he senses this is one of those times when Dean prefers to control him completely (or maybe he's just too scared shitless to get out of the car.) It's fine because then Dean has a chance to remove the hoodie and attach his wrist cuffs, first to the chastity belt, then to each other. He tugs him out of the car, feeling how stiff and reluctant he is, and Dean strokes his face, kisses his forehead.

"You look so perfect," Dean tells him, and it's true, he's so fragile and lithe under the crisp white button down, the little blue plaid skirt--innocence begging to be debauched. With the dark liner and set against his new collar, those wide, frightened eyes have never been bluer. Dean rubs his fingers over the inscription on the collar, wonders how he'll ever go back to seeing Cas without them. Wishes he could carve them into his skin. "Listen, baby...I know you're scared. You should be. You're about to see some messed up shit. But I just need you to be perfect for me tonight. Need you to listen, no matter what I tell you to do, no matter if you're scared or, or embarrassed—whatever. Can't hesitate, just gotta do it."

"Yes, Master," Cas's whisper is dry, cracked, his fearful eyes dart from Dean to the double door entrance. The monstrosity of a mansion looks oddly tourist-y, a massive and inexplicable homage to a log cabin.

"I'm serious, baby angel, it's so important, just...I don't know how I'll be in there, you know? So many of these motherfuckers....," he trails off, but he's really trying to level with

the kid. “I might already be on edge, and if you let me down, I don’t...,” he hesitates again, but then cups Cas’s small face in his hands, gives him full eye contact. “I’d regret it later, if I let something happen to you because you pissed me off. But that’s already too late, you know? You understand?”

“I’ll be good,” Cas squeaks, voice pitched high in his terror, then shoves himself against Dean—his hands are cuffed together, so he can’t hug him, only press desperately against his front. “Please don’t let them hurt me, I’ll be so good!! I promise!!”

And Dean smiles, strokes his back, holds him tightly. “Nobody’s hurting you. Nobody’s gonna fucking touch you. Long as you’re good.” He gives him a few more seconds, then pushes him back. As an afterthought, he disconnects Cas’s wrists and threads the chain through his own belt. “There. Can’t lose you now, can I?”

Being cuffed to Dean’s belt makes it a little awkward for Cas, who stumbles behind him, little legs trying to keep up with Dean’s stride, but Dean doesn’t think he minds. He grips the back of Dean’s shirt, and when they get stopped at the door by a giant blond thug who makes Dean look petite, he feels Cas press against him from behind.

“That’s not a parking space,” the dead eyed man tells him, nodding toward his car. “Master Alastair prefers his guests to park in the stables.”

“That’s okay, sweet cheeks, we ain’t gonna be here long,” Dean smiles and winks at him. “Where’s the Doc at?”

The guy just looks back, stone-faced (melting on the inside though, Dean figures.) “Your car. You must—“

“It’s quite all right, Melvin,” Crowley breaks in.

Dean lifts his brows. “Melvin?”

“—Dean’s right, he’s not staying very long and Master Alastair will permit his vehicle this once.”

“I’m just saying you don’t look like a Melvin. Like, at all,” Dean insists. The man’s eyes are iced over and Dean chuckles.

“Come along, Dean, let’s not antagonize the help...his gun is much bigger than yours,” Crowley says dryly and Dean frowns at his back.

“Well...I’ll have shot mine before he even gets a hand on his...so...”

Crowley smirks. “Well, you’re young yet. Give it time.” Dean glares but it doesn’t phase the older man in the slightest. “Move along now. Alastair’s eager to see you.”

“Chief here yet?” Dean ignores his last statement, busy watching Cas’s eyes go round and shiny pink lips fall open as they enter the mansion, his chains jingling lightly as he moves. This is a ridiculous way to be introduced to true wealth. Dean wonders if he’ll disdain it, too, once he sees the sheer depravity that kind of money buys.

Crowley leads them through the foyer, passing two wide staircases on opposite ends. The high ceilings allow you to see the second floor. He ignores the kids he knows are sitting there with legs dangling through the bars of the balcony railing, watching the newcomers with interest. There are always at least a few there, hanging out while they wait for whatever happens to them next and watching for fresh meat. Hey, even baby whores gossip—a coworker is a coworker, after all. He wonders if he'll see any familiar faces among the whores. Guesses all of the kids he knew should have aged out by now.

They enter the main floor, a wide space that's mostly open plan with huge arch-shaped windows. The masculine log cabin schematic applies inside, too, all wood and stone with wooden beams across the ceilings that are so convenient and sturdy for suspension work. The center wall is stone, with a long, wide fireplace that isn't in use and an entertainment system built directly into the wall, also ignored (though Dean recalls seeing kids fucking on the wide screen, men sitting boldly around it with their cocks out and jerking.)

Multiple seating areas are spread far apart and the floor continues to curve, leading toward the kitchen, dining areas, and more. Dean sees more of Crowley's goons here and there, easy to spot with all that muscle stuffed under ill fitting sport coats and dead-eyed stares that never stay in one place for long (hard to find men who don't get distracted by pretty little whores in action, but Crowley's good at his new job it seems.)

Cas stumbles, crying out in fear and slamming into Dean's leg, gripping him, forcing him to stop. He's staring in open-mouthed horror, and Dean follows his gaze to a low rectangular cage with a naked teen boy on hands and knees inside it.

The cage begins and ends with just enough space for his small form (middle school, Dean guesses, unless he's a big sixth grader--also possible). His head is sticking out of the front, but it's almost entirely covered by a black leather mask made up of straps covered in D-rings, a broad, completely opaque blindfold, and an attached ring gag that has his mouth pried wide open. His head is hanging, drool slipping down to pool on Alastair's custom Brazilian Tigerwood floor (*make a mess and lick it up, slut, those are the rules*). His neck, wrists and ankles are locked in solid steel rings inside the cage, with his hands and feet hanging just outside the bars. The back of the cage has an opening that allows complete access to his ass. An overweight middle aged man sits on a comfortable chair next to the cage, casually fucking a dildo into the boy's ass and cooing nonsense at him.

That's not the only cage on this floor.

If Pastor Jim was paranoid and careful, Alastair is brazen, turning this multi-million dollar home into a pedo sex-and-torture haven. The Bird Cage is riddled with special furniture and equipment meant for restraining, tormenting, and fucking his little "birds", and they can always be seen throughout.

Dean rubs at Cas's back and leans down to whisper to him, getting him to straighten, getting him moving again. Personally, he thinks the cage kid looks beautiful. And Cas should only know that there's a ring gag in Dean's drawer just waiting for a special occasion.

He pulls Cas further into the room, but his pace has slowed. He'd assumed he'd be pure rage walking through this place, remembering each humiliation, each degradation forced on him

within these walls, many times on this very floor. Instead, he finds himself charmed by the sights (as he always was, when it wasn't his ass on the chopping block anyway—baby sadist that he'd been.)

He stops in front of a black box with a red leather top about the size of an end table. On top is another naked boy, burgeoning slender musculature putting him (in Dean's expert opinion) somewhere between a mature 14 or a young looking 16. The flexible young body is impressively folded completely in half, with his thighs touching his torso and his ass high and exposed, his weight resting on his knees and shoulders. His balls have a steel ring wrapped around the base, his cock stuffed into a cock cage smaller than the one Cas is using, and definitely meant to cause pain. It's not solid like Cas's either, but a series of rings attached to bars crisscrossing over the head, so that his dick could be touched, messed with. His ankles are cuffed to two corners of the table, his wrists cuffed to his ankles. His head is stuffed into a hole, disappearing into the box. Between his spread legs, someone has thoughtfully provided a bowl with colored packs of condoms. Those bowls are everywhere; using a condom is a rule, not a suggestion (at the discretion of the handler.)

They are children, after all. It's so important to keep them clean.

Dean moves closer to inspect the thick rubber plug inside the boy's hole, ignoring the little sound of protest from his slave. Impressive. Thing is roughly the size of a coke can.

"You can play with him if you want," a nasally voice speaks, approaching from his left, and tension floods Dean's muscles all at once. He doesn't need to look to know who it is; that voice is nothing if not distinctive. "That's what he's there for."

"Alastair," he says without looking away from the naked boy, happy that his voice sounds casual. His body is on high alert; he can feel him coming closer. That's habit; all the whores snap to when Alastair enters a room, it's ingrained. You need to know where he is at all times, while also being careful not to catch his eye if you can help it. But that's not him anymore. So he can pretend he doesn't feel it by refusing to turn, refusing to move away or put distance between them. Wasted effort on a man who can read his body language, but he counts it as a small victory. He wants to make it clear that he is something altogether new. Surely Alastair will see that. Dean will fucking make him see it.

"It's called the Objectifier, this table—I'm sure you can see why," Alastair continues, that lecturing voice so familiar to Dean, lust and hate warring in his mind with a barrage of memories. Again he questions his decision to come here, to even dignify these motherfuckers with his presence, while simultaneously excited to have this moment to prove himself.

Yes, that's the right word. Dean's excited, enough that he's sporting a semi in his jeans.

He can be pissed at himself for it later.

Alastair walks to the other side of the boy, sliding a hand over the naked ass, and even though the boy can barely move, his folded body manages to cringe. The Alastair Effect. He grins at Dean over the boy and Dean remembers that serpentine smile. Here is a man who enjoys his work. "Little Nathaniel here's been forgetting his place, now he's a little older. Needs

reminding that at the end of the day, he's still just a sloppy little hole. A whore bought and paid for many times over. Want a turn? You can beat him if you like, we've plenty of implements."

Dean looks back at him and smiles, but it isn't friendly. "Yeah, I know what a fucking party favor is. I'm not interested in puttin' on some kinda show for your...guests," he flicks a derisive gaze around their immediate vicinity, the kind of look that strips to the bone when Dean levels it at someone. Mostly men (and one lone woman), each at *least* 20 years his senior, looking at him like they wouldn't mind seeing him on that table. Like they aren't *beneath* him, *miles* fucking beneath.

Like he didn't feel their attention on him from the moment he walked in (other than the fat guy with the dildo, and Dean guesses he can be forgiven for being distracted.) Like he didn't notice them drawing closer when Alastair arrived. He doesn't recognize a single one of them, but it looks like they know who he is. Or maybe it really is just his face. Because this is how it was back then, only a million times worse. Dean couldn't go anywhere without attracting them all.

"Dean Winchester," Alastair draws his attention again. He's standing with his hands in the pockets of his dress pants, as fondly and casually as if he's one of Dean's old high school teachers meeting up at the grocery store (*as if he never stretched him on a rack, made him bleed, made him scream.*) "I always hoped you'd make your way back here."

"Funny...I always hoped this place'd burn to the ground with you in it," Dean gives his cheesiest smile, drops it when Alastair only laughs. He looks at him steadily. "Listen, I get you wanna play happy reunion and all, but the only reason I'm here is to get his stitches out. This is where the Doc said to come, I came. Let's get it over with so I can go back to forgetting y'all exist."

Alastair smiles and the amused way he's looking at Dean like he's being adorable is starting to piss him off. "Sure, Dean, sure. It's just that we're still waiting on your friend, Chief Stottlemeyer, to show up. After all, he's gotta pay the Doc, doesn't he? Can't get service without payment—house rules." Some of the mirth dies out from his blue eyes, though his grin is as wide as ever. Dead eyes--had Dean thought Crowley's thugs had them? They've got nothing on the emptiness of Alastair's baby blues. This is not a man to fuck with, a kill-him-or-stay-the-fuck-out-of-his-way predator. But Dean has his own Big Empty inside, and he just can't stop poking the bear.

Maybe it's fortunate that Crowley interrupts their stare down. "I'll give him a call, shall I? It's not like the Chief to be late when Dean's involved." Dean switches his glare to Crowley, who smooches the air at him while taking out his phone. Dean sighs and rolls his eyes.

"That's true...Stottlemeyer never did like leaving us alone, did he, Dean? Especially toward the end."

Dean looks away because he can't help but smile. He remembers that—Alastair, luring Dean with the promise of his special "lessons", to the endless (and delicious) frustration of the Captain. "Whatever," he covers roughly. But the tension between them lessens.

“Call him up, Crowley, and wait for him out front,” Alastair makes it an order and Crowley nods before bailing. “In the meantime...I’m pleased to see you didn’t turn away from your natural urges,” he nods to Cas, his first time acknowledging the small boy attached to Dean’s belt. “I was...disappointed when your Chief told me your reasons for leaving.”

Sam. Dean feels his body tense up again, not happy with even broaching the subject of his little brother in this place. “Leave it,” he warns, though if it came down to a fight, he’s not sure even now that he’d win. There might be a little grey at his temples and in his beard that wasn’t there the last time, but Alastair is a big man at 6’ 4”, broad across the chest, and Dean remembers he was a trained boxer in his youth. Still, size isn’t everything. Dean would test it, in the name of his Sam.

“Relax, Dean. You’re not the only one of us who refuses to...pollute his own gene pool, shall we say?” he winks, and yeah, Dean knows what he means. “The important thing is you found a little beauty all on your own...mind if I take a look? Just wanna ask him a few questions, nothing serious. You don’t mind, do ya, Dean?”

Dean hesitates, frowning, but a deeply southern voice interrupts. It’s one of the men that’s been steadily creeping closer, a short, skinny man with a bolo tie and a shiny belt buckle. “Sorry to interrupt, young man, but I couldn’t help but notice the locks on those cuffs. Those are chastity cuffs, ain’t they? I’ve seen them before, or some jus’ like ‘em. They come with a full belt, don’t they?”

Dean blinks at him, caught a bit off guard, but he nods, tugging the stiff boy from behind him. “I—yeah, actually. Wanted to make sure he’s locked up tight. Ain’t nobody gettin’ at him without my say,” he adds grimly, in case anyone was getting ideas. Since apparently they’ve been drawing a small crowd.

“Nothing wrong with that, Dean, everyone here can understand it. You don’t mind if we get a better look? Have him step up here,” Alastair suggests, pointing to a long, low table that could pass for a coffee table if not for the steel loops interspersed around the edges. At some point tonight, a boy or girl will be strapped to that table in a way that makes all orifices available for use.

Dean hesitates, but one look around shows they have the full attention of several men (and that one woman). This is a good thing, he decides. He’ll show off his boy and let them know just how deeply off limits he really is at the same time.

He uses a key to unlock Cas’s wrists from his belt, noticing that he’s trembling, his eyes wide with pure terror (he’s been kind of ignoring him for a while now.) Dean strokes over his arms, kisses his forehead. “Gotta do this for me, Cas...be my good boy and let them see how pretty you look, my locked up little slave.” Dean looks a warning at him and Cas nods jerkily, but he seems frozen, and Dean ends up having to lift him onto the table. He tries to move to the end so he can lean against Dean or at least touch him for comfort but Dean gives him another look and he stills in the center. His blue eyes dart around and he swallows convulsively, wiping his palms against his skirt.

Over the chastity belt and cuffs, Dean had dressed him in what you might recognize as “Classic Schoolgirl”—and that’s classic, not Halloween Hooker. Though by now, Cas has

sweat through his short-sleeved crisp white button down shirt, making it a bit see through. His bright blue plaid pleated skirt with white and black piping falls a few inches above the knee and only reveals the thigh cuffs when it flares as he moves or if he sits. His white knee socks are still pulled up tight, dainty against his scuffed Vans knockoffs.

“Well, well, look who's the center of attention as always,” Crowley calls out, walking toward them. “And here I just got done telling the Chief that you were sulking because he hadn't arrived.”

“Perfect timing, Stottlemeyer. Dean's just showing us his boy,” Alastair says with a smile that the Chief doesn't return. “Seems he's got him in chastity.”

The Chief blinks and Dean can't help but add, “Yeah, just for the occasion.”

Instantly offended, the Chief stiffens. “If that's meant to be a pointed comment, I've never touched him without your permission, Dean. I've been respectful, even though you never are.”

“Just keepin' my boy safe,” Dean looks at him sidelong.

“He's quite pretty, Dean. All that pale skin--the marks you made show up so well on him,” Alastair sounds impressed, even a little turned on, studying the cuts and bruises on Cas's skin, even though Dean thinks he must know that it wasn't done on purpose. The bearded man is looking at Cas the way a man appraises a nice car, or maybe an exotic animal he wants to buy on the black market. “What's under there, just a cage and cuffs?”

“Lift your skirt, baby,” Dean purrs dangerously at Cas—this isn't something his boy will want to do but he has to fucking do it and he can't hesitate. But he and Cas have a lot of experience by now with nonverbal communication. He sees Cas's blue eyes plead just as Cas sees his threatening response. The boy drops his eyes; the chains at his wrists make pretty sounds as he lifts his skirt to his waist, making sure to gather the back as well. Exposing himself to his circle of onlookers.

Sighs, murmurs of approval ripple through the crowd and Cas's cheeks flame, shoulders hunching slightly, eyes darting around as if trying to watch them all, his fear a palpable thing that they breathe in like perfume.

He's so skinny and small in his steel lingerie. It should look awkward, but the cuffs make his little thighs look girlish and sexy, the white and silver so innocently enticing. The little cock cage is hidden behind the v of the plate, so from the waist down, Cas can pass for the girl child Dean sometimes forces him to be. The chains against his ass and thighs look more like adornment, more like jewelry than restraints.

The small crowd tightens around him.

“What a beautiful pet,” the woman coos, “Aren't you pretty! Yes, yes you are!”

“That set is absolutely gorgeous on him, well done. I've never seen one for a male with the chains at the back...can he be accessed that way?” The middle aged man who was tormenting

the cage boy has even joined the group. He bends to look closely at Cas's ass and Cas's lower lip trembles, his eyes seconds from spilling over--he must feel the man's breath against his bare skin.

"No, he can't be accessed," Dean snaps. "That's the whole fucking point."

Alastair smiles indulgently at him. "I don't think Gerald means any harm, Dean. He just wants to know how protected your boy is in that getup."

Dean frowns but shrugs. "He's plugged under the chains," Dean runs his fingers over the chains, showing where they attach to the belt, proving that he can't slip a finger through to the plug beneath. "And only I can open the belt."

"Does the one key fit all the locks, or each lock has its own?" the southern man asks, pointing to the small padlocks on each cuff. Cas starts to cry quietly. His breathing hitches, skinny shoulders shaking with each catch of his breath, and a sigh of appreciation goes through the group.

"One key for each set of cuffs, one key for the belt," Dean tugs out his necklace (the one he always wears, the one Sammy gave him when he was about 8 years old) and the keys slide against each other.

"Is the cage restrictive?" the southern man wants to know, still hovering close; it's obvious he's dying to touch, but unless Dean allows it, he can't. House rules.

"It will be if he grows much bigger, but for now he's pretty comfy in there," Dean answers, and then adds because he knows they'll like it. "He's still pretty small. Doesn't have much hair yet or anything."

"He's precious," the woman breathes and licks her lips.

"It does fit perfectly," the fat man, Gerald, speaks up again. "Is this something Anders is carrying now?"

There's a pause and then Dean realizes he's being asked a question. "Uh, yeah, I don't know what or who Anders is, but I got that online."

As one, they're all frowning at him; even Alastair has lost his smile. "Rush shipping," he adds in the disapproving silence and smiles flirtatiously at Gerald, who blinks and blushes like a teen, dropping his eyes.

"Dean," the Chief speaks up, sounding irritated, "surely you didn't special order it in his size from an unknown source..."

Dean's face goes winter cold as he sets his eyes on the Chief. *Always with this motherfucker.*

"Course not. I ordered a few pieces from a female set, added a cage and plug, and then just made my own adjustments," he shrugs again, steps forward toward Cas, sweeps his hands up over his little thighs, then possessively grips his tiny ass, wishing he'd thought to redden it before they came. "Looks pretty on him, huh?" He smiles approvingly at his trembling boy,

kisses a couple falling tears. One of the men watching swallows audibly, someone else swears under his breath. Dean's smile widens.

"Impressive, Dean," Alastair says finally, and Dean feels satisfaction. Then irritation, because fuck his opinion. Suddenly it occurs to him that he's acting like some kind of fucking show pony for the exact people he hates most in the world. His own cheeks burn, his mouth flattening to a grim line.

He takes Cas's hands away and kisses them, letting the skirt fall (sighs around them again; disappointment this time, he figures.) Then he turns, stepping right up to Alastair, getting in his face. Stupid, yeah, maybe, but he's suddenly pissed. "I already said we didn't come here to put on a fucking show. He ain't one of your whores, got that? This kid's all mine...an' it didn't take money or anything outta this fucking place to get him. Best remember I don't owe you shit for him--not a show, not a single fucking dime."

It could've gone badly from there, but Alastair just nods at Crowley, obviously all the signal he needs for the other man to get their little audience to move on. He's not even annoyed by Dean's display; he's still fucking smiling. Still having a good time, liking what he sees in Dean, the way he always did (*almost* always). "No need to get upset, Dean. You say he's yours, he's yours. You know we don't force anyone to share."

Dean rolls his eyes but he turns back to Cas. "Yeah, and everyone here follows the rules."

"You least of all, as I recall," Alastair replies, but there's none of the disapproval like when the Chief says it. His voice carries an indulgent tone.

"That's an understatement," the Chief mutters.

"Ah, come on, Lenny, lighten up. Always thought you were too hard on the kid," Alastair intervenes.

The Chief stares before forcing a smile. "Kind of a funny thing for you to say, Alastair. That was never your position when I tried to stop you from punishing Dean."

Alastair flicks his gaze at the Chief, something sly in his expression. "You have to be fair, Lenny! We need *some* rules--and they need to be the same for everybody. Besides, Dean and I eventually reached an understanding. I like an obedient boy myself, but in some...special cases, a boy that can't behave is just meant for other things." He turns back to Castiel, still standing on the table by himself with his wet, frightened eyes fixed resolutely on Dean. "Your boy, now...he really is a sweet little thing. Mind if I question him a little? No show, it's just us now."

Dean nods. He has to remind himself he's been hoping for this. He wants him to see how thoroughly Cas is broken to his Master, a feat Dean needed no help or money for, something these weakass johns don't know anything about. But Alastair will know. He will appreciate it—respect it even.

"Hello, there, little boy," Alastair's voice is still so snake-like, it's cringeworthy, listening to him try to sound nonthreatening. "Can you tell me how old you are?"

Cas blinks at him, then looks at Dean for approval. Dean nods, crossing his arms over his chest. “Twelve,” he finally squeaks out, sounding younger and so afraid. There are sounds around them now; some of the other “guests” have moved on to kids they can actually touch, and from the sounds of it, Nathan—Nigel—Objectifier Boy is getting some major exercise back where they left him.

Alastair smiles—like Dean, he’s a big fan of kid fear. “I see, a big boy. And who is this—this man, to you,” he indicates Dean, who lifts an eyebrow, noting the near slip. Clearly, Alastair meant to say ‘boy’.

“H-he’s my Master,” Cas fidgets, looking at Dean, obviously wanting to move closer, seek comfort. Dean gives him back nothing, expression blank--a denial in itself.

Alastair notices the exchange, of course he does. “You want him to hold you? Doesn’t he hurt you, though? Isn’t that why you’re here?” He nods, indicating Cas’s stitches, the cuts and bruises still visible on his pretty skin.

Cas’s shiny pink lips part in confusion. “But I, I’m h-his, I...,” he trails off, biting his lip.

“Yes, lovely, but...,” the Chief interrupts, his voice fervent in a way that makes Dean stiffen—he can feel the criticism coming from a mile away with this guy, “you behave for him and he hurts you anyway. Surely that’s not fair.”

Cas squints at the older man, brow furrowed. Then lowers his eyes, looking at the table. Shrugs his small shoulders (tightly, he's still so tense.) "So?"

Dean smiles and finally steps closer. Strokes his cheek. “It's all right, baby angel, they just don't get it. Since you're mine, I do whatever I want to you. And you don't get a say.”

Cas nods, relief evident in his small face, his view of the world set right again, Dean making it right. He turns to face the other men. “I belong to Dean,” he tries one last time to explain.

Alastair laughs, delighted (makes Cas jump, the Chief’s frown turn to a full-fledged scowl.) “So I see. And what happens if you’re a bad boy for your Master?”

“I, I get pu-hunished,” Cas looks at Dean, clearly distressed. “I’ve been bad. Master s-says he still wants me. He’ll keep me. I’ll be better,” he whispers, wide eyes flicking toward where muffled screams are coming from the boy in the box.

Alastair hums in disapproval. “You should be better, child. If Dean tires of you, he can sell you to us here. And here we don’t tolerate bad boys. Not at all.”

A small sound escapes Cas and he hugs himself.

“And how do you feel about him? This Master that hurts you, that punishes you...the Master that can sell you any time he feels bored? Are you afraid, little one?”

“I love my Master,” Cas looks at Dean desperately, and this time Dean gathers him to his chest.

“My good boy, my baby angel. You’re not a bad boy, Cas, you’re a good boy for me, hmm? My good slave, my little slut just for me to use, isn’t that right?” He pets and cuddles him; his baby had done so well. He knew he’d get all the questions right.

Cas nods fervently against him, tears spilling. “All yours, Master, please...o-only yours.” He squirms, hiding his face in Dean's neck, pushing so tightly against him it feels like he might come through the other side.

“The Doctor is ready to see Dean and his pet kitten,” Crowley speaks up after looking at his cell phone.

He picks Cas up from the table, intent on following Crowley downstairs. Cas burrows against him, hiding from the sights and increasing sounds of the room (Mask Boy is being spit-roasted, Box Boy is being pretty thoroughly caned, and a small girl is performing some kind of terrified, crying strip tease in front of the fireplace—and that’s just in their immediate vicinity.) Dean could make him watch, that whole 'this could be you, aren't you glad you're mine' thing, but he feels like the point is getting across. Besides, he had done so well so far, completely obedient even though he's clearly suffering. Dean murmurs praise into his ear, letting him hide against his neck.

“Dean,” Alastair has him pause at the top of the stairs, and he frowns until the older man continues. “As I said, I’m impressed. Have Crowley bring you to my office once you finish up with the Doc. Few things we should discuss.”

“Lookin’ forward to it,” Dean plasters on a smile, not meaning it in the slightest. Once he gets Cas’s stitches out, he’ll have gotten what he came for and he can put this place behind him again.

~

The appointment isn’t long; that cold fish Sinclair removes the stitches and declares that Cas is healing nicely. He advises Dean to keep him protected from the sun and to apply vitamin E after he runs out of the cream that he’d been given last time.

Dean is glad when the black thread is gone, so jarring against perfect pale skin. The Doctor had done a nice job, stitches so small and tight, but the fact remains--his boy is marked by Dean's little mishap. He makes a face as he touches lightly over the angry strawberry lines left behind.

The Chief is frowning hard at him. “What did you expect? He’s a child and you put him through glass, Dean.”

Cas bites his lower lip, and Dean forces a smile for his sake. “It’ll get lighter--eventually you'll barely be able to see it,” he tries to sound confident, but it comes out somewhat defensive. Fucking Captain—Chief. Asshole. “Just needs time. What are you tryin’ to do, make him feel bad?” He glares and the Chief looks chagrined at least.

“Master, can...can we go home please?” Cas says softly.

“Yeah, ‘course, kid. We’re going.” Dean tugs him down from the metal table, letting the boy burrow against him again. He can feel his fear in the way he grips tight, buries his face in Dean’s shirt. Dean loves it, but still kind of hopes he’s not fucking up his makeup. But he’ll take him home now. Then unlock the metal underwear, pull out the plug, and fuck him in this pretty little outfit. It’ll be a fitting reward for both of them, sensation that they’ve been tonight. It’ll be epic.

Crowley steps in front of them at the door, holding a hand up. “Dean—“

Dean frowns and shoves past him, hearing him sigh (though he doesn’t pull his gun.) But Alastair is coming down the stairs before he can go up. “Dean! You weren’t just gonna leave without stopping by my office were you? I know you wouldn’t want to be rude to your host.”

Dean gives Crowley a look over his shoulder (no way Alastair knew to come down just in time to stop them without help), but he just shrugs with his trademark half-smirk. They don’t have the kind of time it would take for Dean to glare him into remorse. He turns back to Alastair and tries a slick smile of his own. “I guess I didn’t expect this place to be real big on etiquette. Anyway his stitches are bought and paid for. Ain’t that right, Chief?”

There’s a flicker of something in Alastair’s eyes, gone almost too quick to identify, but Dean thinks it’s annoyance. “It’s just a conversation, Dean. Then you can take your little one and head home, if you’d like. Never to return, in fact—though I hope not.”

Dean sighs inwardly—actually they really are stuck here until Alastair says otherwise. Fighting his way out isn’t an option, not with armed Crowley at his back, armed Melvin at the front door and the unidentified sport coats in between. He just likes to talk shit so they won’t take his presence—or his acquiescence—for granted. He could continue to argue just to be a pain in the ass—he kind of wants to—but it’s a waste of time. “Fine, let’s go.” He starts forward, but Alastair doesn’t move.

“Yeah, about that. Kid’s gotta stay in the holding pen,” he stops at the look on Dean’s face. “This conversation’s not for whores, Dean. And I don’t allow them in my office. You remember.”

Dean glares. “He ain’t--”

“Slaves, then. Children. Whatever. He can’t come.”

Dean holds his ground. “I’m not leaving him. Not alone, not in this place.” Cas is gripping him so hard it’s starting to hurt where the metal underwear digs into his hip, but Dean just shifts him, strokes over his back.

“Perhaps if Dean sees the changes you’ve made to the holding pen, Alastair. Show him where he can stow his toy safely,” Crowley interrupts and smiles at Dean.

Dean hesitates...licks his lips. Listen, he’s not strapping Cas to some kind of cross or whatever kinky shit Alastair added down here, but...he doesn’t have to say so up front. A lot

of his tastes in perversion were formed within these walls. If Alastair's made changes, he'll probably like them. Especially if a pretty little something is already there to demonstrate.

"What do you think, Dean-o?" Alastair was watching him carefully and now he grins.

"Can't hurt to look," he shrugs, going for nonchalant.

The holding pen is isn't a pen at all, just a stupid name for the lower level, another open space that usually gets used as a kind of waiting area for kids. There are rooms down there, too, including the one set up for medical use when the Doc is around (although other things can happen there, too.) Down here opens up to the grounds behind the house and an Olympic-sized swimming pool, ringed by deck chairs and complete with a housed-in hot tub.

The pen is the one part of the mansion that looks like a home, albeit a lavish one. That much hasn't changed since Dean had been there last. It's similar to the upper floor, though down here has a more relaxed feel—something to do with the distinct lack of bondage furniture. Instead, there's plush carpeting, several den-like areas, a smaller fireplace and another entertainment center (this one has multiple gaming systems—nobody has a problem with kids playing Minecraft in between getting fucked.) There's even a small kitchen, though it doesn't have an oven and all the cutlery is plastic. It's usually stocked, too—a lot of the kids who wind up here don't get enough to eat at home, so fucking middle aged losers isn't always enough to put them off their appetite.

The way Dean remembers it, this floor is the closest thing in the Cage to downtime for the kids that come here. It isn't safe by any means--no place is safe here--but for the most part, only kids hang out there for any length of time. They get shoved down here when they aren't needed and they aren't watched over or anything. The worst thing you have to worry about are those random kids who still find it in them to make smaller/quieter kids' lives that much more miserable. Or that's how it was.

But if "holding pen" used to be just a nickname, now there's a wall that looks like the back room at a vet's office, stacked with dog cages. They're empty, though--kids are still spread out the way they always were, huddled in small groups and pretending desperately not to watch the newcomers.

"Why put the cages up if you ain't gonna use 'em?" Dean tries not to sound like he's complaining. He knows he'd have been furious if the cages had been implemented in his time—his disobedient ass would've been in one all the time—but now all he can think is how cute they'd look filled with scared little kids. Then you could pick one out like a puppy at a pet store—the one that wags his tail the best, or maybe the shy one in the corner who just needs extra special love and attention to "open up".

"I know what you're thinking, Dean, but these cages are only for misbehavior or by special request or circumstance," Alastair's nasally voice brings him out of his reverie. "The little ones appreciate the bit of freedom and quiet time they have down here. It's a privilege, a reward for being good little boys and girls. Doesn't hurt to let them be together when they aren't needed either. I'm telling you, Dean, if your boy spent some time with other little ones like himself, it could steady him a bit. Keep him from acting out the way they do, hurting themselves and whatnot. Believe it or not, we encourage them to form friendships—even

relationships, on a case-by-case basis.” Dean knows that means unless you have a possessive “handler”.

He puts Cas down, ignoring how the boy whimpers and clings to his clothes. He’s been listening sort of incredulously and now he has to laugh. “Okay, that’s it. Look, I’m enjoyin’ the tour, don’t get me wrong, but you gotta quit the sales pitch. Who are you even sugarcoat’ this for? I know you don’t talk about this kinder, gentler bullshit with your johns. Trust me, you don’t gotta pretend to give a shit about whore feelings just for me. I already know how this shit works. Seen it from the other side.” He turns to Alastair and laughs again, shakes his head. “And I know *you*. You don’t give a shit about rewards or quiet time. Or “little ones”, except maybe how loud they scream and how well your marks show up on their skin--that’s the shit gets you going, that’s your fucking wheelhouse right there. Seriously? Who the fuck are you kidding?” He looks at Crowley, at the Chief. “You in on this, too? You expect me to buy into this shit?”

The Chief shakes his head condescendingly. “Dean, all Alastair is trying to say is—“

“Maybe you’re right,” Alastair interrupts, walking over to the closest group of small boys. “How’s this, then? These little whores,” he snags a random unlucky kid by his hair, dragging him close and hooking an arm over his shaking shoulders, stroking his hair painfully, “aren’t any good to us if they get too broken down, now are they?” He smacks the kid’s ass, shoves him away. He nods to Cas. “I’m sure you’ve figured that out yourself, or if you haven’t, you will. Push him too hard, too fast—or too often on a loop, you’ll crack his little sanity like a fucking eggshell, you get me? And that’s what we don’t want, unless we’re all done with him, right?” He shrugs, looking over at the group of boys who huddle fearfully around the one he just released. “I mean...some things can’t be helped. Some are weaker than others...don’t have the right constitution for it. But that’s something you get pretty good at spotting, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Yeah, I’ve got a real knack.” Dean shakes his head, still amused: just two kid rapists, talking shop.

He turns his back on all three men, tugging Cas towards the cages. They’re too small for him to stand inside, yet much bigger and more comfortable than the one Mask Boy was subjected to upstairs. The bars of the cage are close together, though a person could probably fit a hand through the bars (or a cock if the inhabitant was forced against them.) Still, the cage is roomy enough that Cas should be able to keep out of reach simply by keeping to the back where it rested against the wall.

He inspects the lock and is satisfied. “All right. I’ll hold the key, I’ll lock him in, and I’ll unlock him when we’re done. I don’t want anyone touching him in any way, and that includes any kind of bodily fluids. If anyone does-- *anyone* does,” he shakes his head again, “I’m punishing them. That goes for other kids, johns, security—I don’t give a fuck.”

He can see Alastair is ready to decline without even thinking; even Crowley looks surprised, like he’s asking for the moon, but Dean doesn’t care. “I’m not kidding, Alastair, that’s my condition. Agree or let us walk. Anybody touches him, I’m not gonna want money. I want blood, at my hand.”

“Dean, honestly, the audacity,” the Chief interrupts. “We’ve had rules in place since before you were *born*. The penalty for touching a claimed child is a fine, which increases in amount with each transgression, leading to suspension or even a possible ban. We’ve never even had to take those measures!”

“Actually, it’s never been specified that a handler *has* to accept a monetary offer,” Alastair points out, his cruel blue eyes all lit up like Christmas when he looks at Dean. He nods towards Cas. “His collar makes your claim very clear. Anyone who touches him will know they’re in violation, so if they are caught--”

“Yes, but they’ll be assuming they’ll only be paying a fine, Alastair,” the Chief is frowning, the polite version that wants to turn into the full on scowl that he reserves for Dean. “It’s the way it’s always been done.”

Alastair shrugs, smiling a crocodile smile, wide and reptilian. “That’ll be too bad. Dean doesn’t want the money and I’m not gonna make him accept it. Lighten up, Lenny,” he claps the other man on the back, a gesture that’s clearly not appreciated. “Nothing’s gonna happen. We’ll put the kid in the cage, and nobody’s gonna touch him.”

“But if someone does! Possibly someone who pays a great deal of money for these services, most likely on a regular basis, you’ll just...go along with this? You’ll allow someone you’ve known, someone who is...one of us...to be punished like a common whore? For this boy, who scorns all of this, all of us, and especially you and I—“

“You in particular, it would seem,” Crowley interjects helpfully.

“Yes, thank you, Mr. Crowley, I’m aware,” the Chief huffs, puts a hand to his forehead.

“Don’t get so worked up, Stottlemeyer,” Alastair interrupts, “Come. There are a great many things I’d rather be doing tonight and we’re dragging this out.”

Stottlemeyer shakes his head bitterly. “Why am I ever surprised when Dean Winchester gets his way?”

“That’s a fair question,” Crowley mutters.

Dean looks down at his boy, who immediately starts shaking his head, tears slipping down his cheeks. “Master, please--,” is all Cas dares (still too much, shaking his head when he knows that a quiet no is still a no), but Dean ignores him, lifting the shaking seventh grader into the top center cage (he figures it’s an easy reach for him, yet a tough one for other kids.) He has to pry Cas’s fingers from his jacket, softly chastising him as he does, stroking his cheek.

He holds out his hand and Alastair gives him a key. He looks back at Cas, who is trying to find a way to sit that doesn’t reveal what’s up his skirt.

“You could give him a mat,” a young voice speaks up from the floor nearby, and Dean looks to a small group of boys sitting in a close huddle in a den area, ignoring the comfortable sectional to sit tightly together on the floor. Most of them look stiff and uncomfortable, probably from purposely drawing Alastair’s attention, but one boy holds Dean’s gaze with a

sort of wary confidence. He's blond and can't be more than ten. A redheaded boy, somewhat older, grips his shoulder fearfully (big brother, Dean thinks instantly, though there's no real reason to make the connection--well, maybe the fact that they're both covered in more freckles than even Dean), but the little guy shakes it off.

"Children should speak only when spoken to," Alastair hisses, and the boy's courage falters. His face pales and he presses to his brother's side. Dean's hackles rise at the interruption (*"And you should go fuck yourself," little pre-teen Dean says back...gets dragged to the basement...gets shown why kids don't talk first, why he must never ...*)

Asshole . Dean clenches his fists. Fuck him. He inclines his head at the boy and his voice comes out soft. Deliberately ignoring Alistair. "What mat?"

The kid pauses, but when Alastair doesn't intervene, he dares to meet Dean's eyes again. "There's these mats we get when we're in those," he nods to the cages, "if it's not for punishment, or if they're not too mad. Blankets too, if he needs it. Otherwise the bars are cold, especially with his bare legs, and they...they hurt after a while."

Dean sweeps his gaze down to the kid's grubby sneakers and back to his brown eyes. Adorable. He licks his lips and smiles, likes the way the kid's eyes go wide. "Sure, kid. Get him a mat. No blanket, though...it'd be a shame to cover up how pretty he looks tonight." The boy looks at Alastair again, trembles under his gaze before he finally nods. Then he moves to a nearby double door closet, tugging out what looks like a large fleece pet bed. He hands it to Dean, who lifts Cas just enough to shove the mat in under his crouched little body. They all watch him shift around, his chains making little rattling sounds, trying to get comfortable without flashing the room (which he ends up doing in the process several times.) He finally smoothes his skirt demurely under his butt, knees together and legs tucked to the side.

"You look beautiful, baby," Dean whispers, leans in and kisses him.

"Please," Cas barely breathes against his lips, and Dean again ignores him, pulling back (he's cruising for it, but Dean doesn't want to get mad at him, not now.)

Cas's cheeks go scarlet and his head bows. Dean leans in for another kiss, dragging his lips over the smooth little jaw, back to his ear. "Be a good boy, sweet baby. Don't let anybody touch what's mine." His words are as close to inaudible as he dares, whispered directly into the tiny pink shell of Cas's ear. Feels him nod, and goes back to kissing.

"Pretty show, Dean, but we're only going two floors up and you won't be away from him for very long," Crowley interrupts (the only one there who would, naturally.) "Surely you don't want to miss the chance to walk all the way up there just to tell us all to bugger off again."

When Dean turns, Crowley looks amused, maybe something to do with the Chief's same shell-shocked expression he had the last time he saw Dean and Cas kiss. Alastair still has that same odd cast to his features, focused on Dean like he's been since they got there. Like everything Dean's doing is making him happy.

It's probably a bad sign, but Dean's not worrying about it. Whatever he wants, Dean'll let him down when he's ready. 'Til then, what's the harm in letting them all kiss his ass some more?

* * *

There isn't any oxygen in this room.

Curled in on himself, Cas tries to breathe, giant, heaping gulps of air that don't seem to do anything except make his vision fuzzy around the edges, his head light and spinning. It started before Dean even made it to the stairs, but none of the men looked back. Not even Dean, not once. At this point, he can only hope that he really is dying, because otherwise... otherwise...

Dean left him here. Master *left*, and there are men, women, in this place, they were looking at him, wanting to touch him and put things inside him and beat him and...

"Kid!" A boy is on his toes rattling his cage, wide eyed and nearly panicked himself. It's the blond boy who spoke up, got him the fuzzy mat. He looks over his shoulder at the other boys. "Something's wrong with him, what do we do?"

Another boy, a taller one with flaming red curls, approaches and gently pulls the smaller boy back. "It's probably just a panic attack like I get. He just needs to slow down or he's gonna pass out. Kid, come on, look at me...look at me, I can help you."

Cas turns his head a little more to peek at the boy, but that's really all the movement he can manage just then.

The boy has his hand through the bars, reaching for Cas. "That's it...here, touch my hand, I'll help you. You're okay. It's okay. You can do this. Nothing bad is happening. Nobody's hurting you. They're gone now." The boy's voice is soothing; he looks about Cas's age but he's talking as though Cas is much younger. The protective tone begins to seep in, easing his lungs, the tension in his muscles bit by bit. With gargantuan effort, Cas reaches, touches his hand. The boy's touch is gentle, and when Cas looks, his brown eyes are kind. "That's it... just slow it down. You're okay right now. It's okay."

It helps, and the touch helps more, grounding him back in his body. He sits up a little, then needs to lean against the side of the cage. Self-conscious, he lets go of the other boy's hand.

"Thanks...sorry...", he gasps out. He closes his eyes, then remembers where he is, what caused him to panic in the first place. He starts to shake again, starts to pull his knees into his chest before he remembers that he's wearing a fucking skirt (and how do girls even do this, constantly having to think about flashing?) If he could think beyond how scared he is, he'd be uncomfortable. The silicone keeps the metal from digging into his skin, but it's still a long way from cotton, and he's sweating inside it. At least the chains aren't painfully cold anymore, warmed by proximity to his skin. And that's not even mentioning the thing filling him up inside (grateful, he's so grateful to Dean, he knows now how much worse, the thing he saw...in that boy...) But he's unable to ignore the stretch and burn of it, the way it's deeper

and wider at the base than anything Dean's put yet, besides himself. Plugged and safe, he tries to tell himself, better this thing than somebody's...than some...

"Hey, don't—just relax, all right, none of us...we won't look," the redheaded boy says, and after a moment Cas glances up at them shyly. He can't help but respond to kindness, desperate as he is for it.

The redhead smiles. "I'm Pat...this is my little brother, Connor, and that's our best friend Noel. What's your name?"

"Castiel. Cas," he tells them. His breathing is still slowing, he's still so fucking scared. He tries to focus on these boys instead, but his eyes keep darting around the room behind them, watching for approaching threats.

Looking for Dean.

"Cas, cool name," Pat says encouragingly. Now that Cas is looking at him, he can see the strain in his pale face, the dark circles under his eyes, the way his upper lid twitches. Obviously he's in as much or more danger here, but he's smiling for Cas, trying to keep his attention, calm him down. Brave, Cas thinks. "Um, so—"

"Is this your first time here?" Pat's younger brother Connor is a blond with the same brown eyes as the redhead but with a depth of solemn intelligence there that reminds Cas of Sam.

Cas nods, wrapping his arms around himself and rocking slightly. "I, I had to g-get stitches out and...but he said he wouldn't leave, he promised! Doesn't matter what I want, I know." He adds quickly, wiping at his eyes before tears can spill. Trying to get his mind right.

"Okay, you're okay, don't...look he'll be back any minute," Pat reaches his hand through the bars again, almost unconsciously, but this time Cas is too upset to reach back. "Just talk to us for a while."

It takes him a minute, but he nods. Takes a hitching breath and looks at them again.

"Um...who is that guy that brought you? If you don't mind telling us...like is he a relative?" Connor asks, freckled cheeks coloring a little like he knows that's a sensitive question to ask.

"He's super hot," best friend Noel is another blond, the tallest of the three, with sort of a languid energy and glassy dark eyes. He smiles as he says it and Cas blinks at him in shock. "Not that you're not super hot—I mean, you're really working that schoolgirl thing—"

"Noel!" Connor admonishes, sounding more scandalized than Cas feels, his cheeks even pinker now than before.

Pat rolls his eyes. "Don't mind him, he's high."

"All the time," Connor mutters, clearly disapproving.

"And gay," Noel interjects, "Are you gay? It's okay if you're not sure. They make us fuck both around here no matter what, so..."

“I...I...,” Cas tries to focus, but he’s trying to digest what the boy just said, the words running on a loop, they make us fuck both, *they make us fuck both* --.

“Back off, can’t you see he’s upset?” Pat tells him. “It’s his first time. Remember what that’s like?”

“Oh yeah,” Noel focuses on him and frowns. “Sorry. He’s right; you don’t look so good.”

Cas tries to take a deep breath but it turns into a sob. Wipes at the bottoms of his eyes carefully, thinking of his makeup--Dean hates when it gets fucked up.

“Look here, it’s all right,” Pat reaches for him again and wiggles his fingers invitingly, the way you do when you want to help a small child cross the street. “Take my hand, look at us, talk to us. Just focus on us for a while.” And Cas responds to the kindness in his tone, tries to focus on him. He scoots forward a little because he’s shaking and he feels alone against the back of the cage.

“That’s it,” Pat smiles encouragingly. “So, um, are you from around here?”

“Lawrence,” Cas tries; his voice comes out low and kind of scratchy because his throat is dry.

“Oh, that’s—that’s not far. We live pretty close. We all go to the same Catholic school together, Our Lady of Angels. Me and Noel are in eighth grade. Connor’s supposed to be in fifth grade but they bumped him up to seventh for being a genius.”

Connor smiles shyly. “Not really, I just do well in school.”

“Our other best friend is Danny, but he...he’s...,” Pat trails off, his face pained, and Cas recognizes the lost look on his face. Like maybe friendship doesn’t cover what he feels for the boy. He squeezes his hand.

“He’s upstairs,” Noel puts in sharply, and though he isn’t looking at them, Cas can see the glitter of unshed tears in his eyes. “Entertaining.” He stretches the word out and Pat winces at the sound, little Connor looking like he doesn’t know which of the other boys to comfort first.

“Is he a...party favor?” Cas shudders, wondering which of the two faceless boys might be their best friend.

“He’s not a fucking—he’s a fucking person, he’s—“ Noel steps up aggressively and even Pat pulls his hand away from Cas, paling at the words. But he grabs Noel, tugs him to the side. He strokes over his arms, whispering softly, the taller boy shaking his head and laughing bitterly in reply.

“So...you didn’t say...who’s that guy to you? The one who brought you?” Connor changes the subject nervously as Pat murmurs encouragement to Noel. Cas blushes and Connor forces a smile. “It’s okay if you don’t wanna say, but we all try to talk to each other. It’s...

it's worse if you keep it all in. I tell Pat that all the time. He hates talking but that's when he does other stuff, drinking and cut—"

"Connor! Jeez, that's private," Pat complains.

"He's my Master," Cas jumps in, saves the little brother from whatever scolding he was about to get. It works; the words have all three boys staring wide-eyed at him.

"Master?" Connor whispers. "What's that? Like Master Alastair?" A collective shudder goes through all of them, Cas included, even having just met the man.

Dean had called him the devil of this kid hell, and Cas had seen right away what he meant. It's something like the way Dean gets, but with Dean there are things Cas can sometimes do or say to draw him back from the abyss, bring out other sides to him that are a bit easier to handle. And maybe he's imagining it--he just met the guy--but with Alastair, he doesn't think there's anything else to draw forward. Nothing human to appeal to, or maybe just nothing for Cas--probably any child--to appeal to. Although there was a spark of something every time he looked at Dean. Interest? Excitement? Anticipation?

Cas thinks that's probably a very bad thing.

"No, not like him, I don't think so. I...he owns me. Like...like how um...how you own...a d-dog or something? Except with a person it's...you have to give sex and stuff? I live next door and I, I do what he...says. All the time or um...or I get punished." He licks his sticky, glossed lips; his mouth is so uncomfortably dry. He's never had to explain this before—it's not something he even likes to think about, just something he accepts, the way of the world. The boys are still staring, mouths open now, like nobody knows how to respond. It makes Cas feel funny, like even in this crowd he's a freak. He feels like he has to explain somehow. "I...it just always happens to me anyway, nobody...nobody wants me except for that. And he was gonna do it to Sam—" he realizes he sounds crazy, rubs at his forehead and tries again, "his little brother, my—my best friend." He sees Pat's eyes soften, his mouth close. Encouraged, he focuses on him. "I couldn't let him hurt Sam, so I...so now I..."

Pat shakes his head. "What makes a guy want to hurt his own brother? I'd give anything, anything to protect Connor. I try so hard." He sounds wistful, lost, and Connor turns and hugs him, burrowing his face in his brother's rail skinny chest.

"Don't need you to protect me, Pat," the smaller guy sounds a bit tearful. "Just need you to stay with me. You say such crazy things sometimes, I get scared you'll do something bad!" Connor focuses on Cas, still holding onto his big brother, and for the moment he looks his age, so young and lost. "Our Dad brings us here, he's...he uses both of us but he's like in love with Pat or something...calls him his—"

"Connor, shut up, he doesn't need to know!" Pat cries desperately, shoving his small brother away now.

"—little wife, even though we—what?! He, he told us his, I'm just...it's okay, Pat," he tries to hug his brother again and is shoved away roughly.

Pat's face is bright red, his voice low and bitter. "It's not okay, Connor, whatever it is, it isn't that."

Connor turns red, too. "I didn't mean that. Just...he doesn't wanna be that guy's...his dog or whatever either—"

"Slave," Cas corrects quietly. "Slut."

"Are you sure it's that bad?" Noel breaks in with a lazy smile. "Your Master looks like a movie star or something. I've never seen anyone so hot. I'd rather fuck him than like ninety percent of the assholes they force on me here." He laughs at the end and it sounds strange.

Cas looks at him and feels a funny kind of fear—not of him personally, not of him hurting Cas. But what if he offers himself to Dean? The boy is only a year older, but sturdier, taller, too—built similar to Brady, probably plays sports. Really cute in a clean cut way, like if he were in a movie he'd be throwing parties on his father's yacht.

"Of course he doesn't like it, Noel," Connor scowls at the tall boy, who just smiles back like he's doing something cute. "He doesn't get to say no!"

Cas shrugs, disconcerted. "I...want to be his," he says slowly. He knows they won't understand but he'll answer honestly anyway. "If I'm not his, I...either someone else gets me or I d-die. And he...he's not always...it doesn't all feel bad. Can be nice," Cas trails off, unable to finish. For some reason, it feels shameful, telling these boys about the times Dean gives praise, the times he is gentle, the way he protects him from other men who want to hurt him, Jimmy-type-men.

Unless he decides he doesn't want to do that anymore. Cas eyes tall, cute Noel and worries.

"I'd rather they act mean," Pat stares at Cas miserably. "I hate it when...they act like we like it. Because it doesn't hurt, because they can make it feel...."

Cas cocks his head, confused. "But...but those are the parts for you. You're supposed to like it. Dean says it's gonna happen anyway, so the good parts are there to make it a-a little better. I-it's a gift."

The older blond is staring at him with one brow raised. "Broken as fuck, this one," he mutters, but not without sympathy. "Look, you want some Xanax?" Cas blinks at him and he explains. "It's a drug for calming you down. It's good if you freak out a lot. Most of us use it or something like it. Real good stuff." He digs in his jeans pocket (all these boys are wearing regular clothes, Cas notices with no small amount of chagrin) and pulls out a blue pill, holds it out to Cas.

"He's addicted," Connor says, looking at him sternly.

"Yeah I am, and I like weed, too, and your brother likes his booze. So what," Noel smiles blithely at him and the younger boy's cheeks fill with color. "I'd do heroin if it meant I could get some relief from this fucking life." He thinks about what he just said. "Fucking life."

He starts laughing, not seeming to notice that no one else joins in, though Pat gives a wry smile.

Cas takes the pill through the bars and mutters thanks, frowns down at it. He so wants this, anything has to be better than sitting here scared out of his fucking mind. So far in his experience, Dean is very pro-drugs, though this would be his first time taking one off a stranger. Still...as of now, there's no rule banning it specifically. He looks at Noel. "You're on it right now?"

"Yup," Noel leans against the cage with a dreamy smile. "Much higher dose, of course. And maybe a liiiiiittle bit of weed earlier. It's not gonna make you high if that's what you're worried about. Just calm. Maybe sleepy since you've never tried it...and you're kinda tiny."

He wants to take it, but still hesitates, worrying. "Maybe it's bad to be sleepy here."

"No, it's good," Noel's voice is hard, his smile gone. He looks at Cas, and just then his dark eyes look flat. "What's the point of being alert here? So you can fight, call for help?" He laughs bitterly. "Someone here wants you, they take you. Then you get punished for fighting. Get fucked anyway, probably a lot harder by a lot more dudes."

"What's going on, pretty ladies, how's it hanging? A little to the left?"

The voice has Cas's new friends flinching, and Pat and Noel both swear under their breath, something Cas thinks sounds like "fucking Richard." He peeks around them and sees a brunette boy a lot older than their group, definitely high school upper class. He looks broad, not tall like Dean but enough to tower over Cas and his new friends. He's picking on other kids as he strides across the floor, his carefree air of confidence not adding up in Cas's head at all. There's a blond woman walking with him, a grown up but young like Dean and (also like Dean) strikingly, unusually beautiful. She seems bored by his antics and disappears toward the hall Cas came from, where the doctor has his office.

The new guy, Richard, notices their group, seems to notice Pat in particular and makes a beeline for them. Noel steps in front of Pat and Connor tries to, but Pat shoves him behind him. Richard sees it and snorts at Noel with genuine dislike, "like I couldn't move you to get to him." But he doesn't keep coming.

He looks at Pat, the same look Dean gets when he makes Cas wear panties and nothing else. "Hey Beautiful. Been thinking about our last time together. Daddy still making you shave everything you got down there? Such a shame, when I'm just dying to know if the carpet matches the drapes—"

"Please," Pat says softly, nothing like the gentle, confident boy who's been helping Cas. His eyes are glued to the floor, arms crossed over his middle. He sounds uncertain and afraid—young. "Don't talk like that, Richard, not—not in front of Connor."

Richard rolls his eyes. "Oh, come on, he's not a virgin or anything. I mean, no offense, but didn't I see a video of you both, and your Dad was—"

“Stop it, stop!” Pat slams his hands over his ears, his eyes squeezing shut, and his breathing coming hard. Connor freezes at his back, backing away like he’s scared to touch his own brother (ashamed, Cas thinks, hurting for him, knowing so fucking well the feeling.)

“Who is this asshole?” Cas didn’t mean to say it—his voice rasps out painfully, almost against his will. He knows the last thing he should be doing in this fucked up place is drawing attention to himself. But Pat had been so kind to him, and he can feel his fear, his self-loathing. And this guy *is* an asshole. He isn’t Dean, or even one of those creepy grown-ups upstairs. He’s just another bully in a long fucking line of them.

“Wow, who’s this mouthy little thing?” Richard shoves Pat and Noel to the side and steps up to the cage, smiling when Cas scrambles to the back. He flicks his eyes over Cas’s outfit, staring at his legs (getting an eyeful, probably—Cas wasn’t able to be careful in his desperate scramble.) “What a pretty little girl to have such a nasty mouth. What’s your name, pretty girl?”

“Nobody,” Cas blushes, trying to shove the skirt down to cover what it should without looking away from the older boy. Kind of harder to be tough now that he has his full attention. Something about the way he’s looking at Cas. Say what you like about Brady, he never looks at Cas like that.

“Aww, just a scared little girl after all, huh?” Richard continues to eyefuck him, but addresses the other boys. “You want me to leave you alone, girls? Tell me about your new friend. Another homeless kid? Foster reject? Looks skinny.”

“He’s wearing a collar, idiot,” Noel rolls his eyes.

Annoyed, Richard steps threateningly in his direction, but stops, smooths his dark hair back and stays near Cas instead. “You’re lucky you’re best friends with my Sweetheart there. Wouldn’t wanna upset him. I only like him crying on my dick, ain’t that right, Sweetheart?”

Pat shudders, looking at the floor. “My Dad won’t let you h-have me tonight.”

Richard’s face darkens. “Yeah, we’ll see. He likes to listen to Master Alastair, and Master Alastair likes me. See, you guys are fucking stupid. You need to learn to stop fighting and work the system. Like Bela did, like I’m doing. Then one day you’re the one on top, making all the money. They let you keep the money you made if you’re one of them, you know. Or at least some of it. And some of it is still a shit ton of money, feel me?”

“Great, you convinced me,” Noel’s voice drips with sarcasm. “My new goal in life is to roll over and play dead for these assholes so I can be like Richard the Happy Whore.” His smile turns even more satisfied when Connor bursts into shocked laughter.

Richard tries to look like it doesn’t bother him, but his knowing smile doesn’t touch the flat, angry look in his eyes. “Fine, don’t be happy. You’re a whore either way. My way comes with money,” he slides his eyes over Pat, “and perks.”

“Oh, yeah, you’ve got it all figured out. You think they don’t show us your videos, too? That homemade one your Uncle did? ’Pwease stoppit Unca Harry...my butt don’t like it Unca

Harry!” Noel laughs. “Weren’t you like fourteen, still talking baby talk—oh wait, he made you talk baby talk didn’t he, big man? And put you in diapers, too, that was really sexy—“

Richard’s face suffuses with color, his eyes narrowed to slits. “You...you fucking...”

“I’m weal, weal sowwy I messed my diaper, Unca Hawwyyyy,” Noel sing-songs, giggling. “Does he still make you do that? I bet he does, and that’s why—“

“You shut your goddamn mouth--,” he grabs Noel tightly by his collar, making the younger boy’s eyes bulge comically, but though he pulls back a fist, he freezes. “Wait. You’re trying to make me hit you. Mark you up. That way you don’t have to stream tonight, and I get put in the basement.”

“It was a thought,” Noel croaks out, even tries to smile, and Cas is impressed.

Richard slams his fist into the younger boy’s gut, watching him crumple to the floor. He stands over him, making a loud snorting sound before dropping a giant wad of spit into Noel’s blond hair. “We’ll see who gets sent to the basement, fairy bitch.”

Pat and Connor drop to Noel’s side, Connor folding his sleeve over his hand to wipe at the spit in his hair. “This is disgusting, you’re in high school,” he admonishes, sounding like a tiny teacher.

“Shut it, shrimp,” Richard wipes his mouth, watching them. Turns back to Cas. “Now where were we...I was getting to know the new girl.” This time he makes a point of looking at his collar, and he frowns. “Off limits, huh? We’ll see. I have ways around limits in this place.” He winks at Cas, makes it seem like they’re two boys flirting at a party.

Cas shakes his head—speaks with a confidence he doesn’t feel. “My Master doesn’t share. He won’t let you touch me. He hurts anyone who touches me.”

Before Richard can reply, they’re interrupted by the blond woman who was walking with Richard earlier. Up close she’s even more glamorous, tall and leggy with flowing hair and cat tilted light green eyes. Cas guesses she’s around Dean’s age, and she’s dressed like some kind of wealthy woman, not any kind of whore. Yet something about her sharp smile suggests she isn’t a nice person either. “Right,” she looks over their group and smiles at Pat’s small group. “You three are needed on the third floor--,” Cas barely has time to register that he’s meeting his second person with an English accent before he notices the boys stiffen, and realizes his new friends will be leaving him to do God knew what. “Noel, you’re in the football room—“

“Soccer,” the boy corrects from where he’s still crouched low on the floor, and she glares at him.

“Whatever. Uniform’s on the bed, client will be in shortly. You’re to call him Coach the entire time, and he doesn’t mind at all if you fight, but I will tell you, that’s a good way to get restrained. Although that might happen anyway. The man’s something of a shibari fiend.”

“Great,” Noel says feebly, and the other two boys rub his shoulders, looking worried.

“As for you, Ginger, take your little brother to the alphabet room--that's the one with the very special rocking horse, I'm sure we all know it. Stop, I don't want to hear it, I'm not interested. Take it up with your father, he's waiting there to oversee it. They have a script for you, just a few lines, nothing serious. You may see the doctor first if you think you'll need medical assistance beforehand, any of you.”

Cas thinks about the blue pill still tucked into his curled hand, wonders if that's the kind of assistance she means, or something more invasive. He can't imagine. His stomach drops as he watches the three boys stand, readying to leave him. As an afterthought, Connor turns and reaches his hand up to touch Cas's cage. “Y-you'll be okay. N-nice meeting...,” he trails off, probably thinking all of them wish they weren't meeting each other at all, at least not here, not like this. Cas forces a smile, appreciating the effort. He tries to say bye but his voice is locked tight in his throat.

Richard has been quiet since the woman walked up, but he flushed pink and puffed his high school chest out (not that she noticed.) When she turns to approach another group of kids, he touches her arm and she stares at the offending hand until he removes it, turning redder. “Uh, hey, Bela...any chance I could get the key to this cage?”

She looks at him disdainfully. “You think I carry keys on me? I suppose I look like a janitor to you?”

“You sometimes have the ones for these cages, though...or at least you know where they are. Come on, I want to play with the new boy, he's...he's arrogant, needs breaking in. You know Master Alastair likes when I do that.”

Bela rolls her eyes, but she looks at the cage. Her eyes light when she sees Cas. “Ah, you are new, and aren't you delicate...got themselves a solid money maker here.” She moves closer, rolls her eyes again and sighs, exasperated. “Richard, this boy has a collar on, he's almost certainly untouchable, especially to the likes of you. Honestly, why do you waste my time? Read the collar like a big boy; it's not complicated. It says right here, Property of—“

She stops, the color draining from her face as she reads. “Dean Winchester,” she says finally, staring, her gaze moving from the collar to Cas's face and back, a burning expression there that Cas just doesn't understand. But he'd back up if there were anywhere to go. “Dean Winchester is here. Where, where is he?” Her voice is tight and utterly hostile, and Cas feels shaken in response. “Where is he?!” She slams her hands against the cage and both boys jump.

“H-he, he's with M-master A-a-a-l,” he tries and she cuts him off.

“Alastair, of course. Probably getting the tour and that does tend to take time. Well, let's see if I can keep his little pet entertained for him, shall we? Tell me, sweetie, just who is Dean Winchester to you?”

“My,” Cas swallows, tries again. “My M-master.”

“I see,” she looks at him with that same intensity, he wishes he knew what it meant. “And why are you here? Your collar says don't touch, does he intend to sell or trade you? Put you

in movies?”

Cas swallows, his throat dry as sawdust. “N-no, he...I needed stitches out. I’m...he’s taking me h-home a, after.”

“How sweet,” she says softly, a strange light in her eyes. “Sounds like your Master is very protective of his little plaything.” She shocks both boys again by reaching into her top, producing a key.

“Nice,” Richard whispers, staring at the front of her shirt.

Cas clings to the back of his cage, terrified. “Please, please, don’t—I, I’m not supposed to, n-nobody c-can—“

She smiles and holds up the key, twisting it between perfectly manicured fingertips so it winks in the light. “Clever Dean, locking up his property. It’s just a shame Alastair didn’t tell him about the master key. Works on every cage in the building. And here I am with a copy.”

“You never told me you had--,” Richard complains.

“Take a walk, Richard, and maybe I’ll happen to drop it,” she snaps without looking away from Cas (his collar, she’s looking at his collar, that’s all she cares about, this stupid collar). Lighting up, Richard obeys, moving quickly out of hearing range...though not far.

She waits, then leans against Cas’s cage. “I want to tell you a little story about your Master, sweetie. You see, I knew him when he was just another dirty little poor kid being sold by his betters. Beautiful little Dean, they were all aflutter over him. Even I—when I first saw him,” she falters a bit, loses her smile, her eyes taking on a faraway look. “But you can’t tell what he is just by looking, now can you.”

It’s not a question, but she finds acknowledgement somewhere in Cas’s eyes, though he drops his gaze quickly.

She smiles knowingly anyway. “I was very young when we met, maybe a little younger than you are now, and he was only a little older. I wasn’t being sold, of course. My father just wanted a place to show off his favorite commodity openly among like-minded men—much like the position you find yourself in this evening, I suppose. However, I wasn’t safe in a cage as you are, and when he left me to fend for myself with the other children, I was afraid...trying not to show it, but yes, very afraid. Then this beautiful boy approached, and he was so kind and protective—or I thought so. Really, he was just making me feel more afraid of the others. When I finally couldn’t fight the tears any longer, he said he would take me someplace to hide for a moment. Allow me to collect myself, so the other children wouldn’t prey on my weakness. Instead, he took me to a storage cupboard, pushed me down, put his hand over my mouth and forced himself on me. His first, I believe he said—he was really quite proud.”

She says it coldly, matter-of-factly—she could be talking about someone else, if she didn’t still have that disturbing glint in her eyes. She’s even still smiling a little, enjoying Cas’s

shock, his dread. Because Dean committed the crime, but Cas is surely about to pay for it. “I told my father about it,” she continues, leaning against the cage, “but he had a certain shall we say mistrust for females. Needless to say, when Dean told him that I seduced him and was just trying to avoid punishment, he believed Dean. They all did, and I--,” her voice trails off for the first time, and she laughs; it sounds more incredulous than bitter. “I’m a good liar, I guarantee you that, child, but Dean Winchester in action is really something to see. Alastair is the only one who knew, I think—or I’ve always had the impression he did; I’ve never asked. But he didn’t speak up. This place has always been something of a Boys’ Club, I suppose that’s why.”

She shrugs. “In any case, we were both punished. You see, even if his story were true, I was supposed to be untouchable, as you are now. So, Dean got taken to the basement. But for my punishment...obviously my father would have preferred to take matters in his own hands, but that’s against house rules. It was then suggested—and it must’ve been Alastair, but I’ve never been certain—that perhaps I would learn my lesson better if I were forced to perform the same act for an audience—for the camera. Wouldn’t it be profitable, they said, with his beauty and mine so complimentary? And of course the more I begged my father not to make me, the more convinced he became that it was the right course of action. So your beloved Master raped me a second time...sanctioned by my bastard of a father. And that one’s still out there somewhere, for anyone to enjoy.” She pauses, looking away. “I was eleven years old. I knew not to trust men, but boys my own age—“ She shakes her head and smiles. “That one threw me.”

“I’m sorry,” Cas whispers, leaning forward just a little.

Her smile widens and she focuses on him again. “Aw, bless. Thank you, sweetie, that’s very kind. But you needn’t worry about me anymore. No, I can take care of myself very well these days. But I hope you’ll forgive me if I can’t help taking a shot at a very old enemy.”

“Please, don’t, please, he’ll be so mad--,” he knows it’s stupid even as he’s saying it, but he’s desperate, he can’t think, he’s just saying what he’s supposed to, “I’m Dean’s, please, I-I didn’t h-hurt you, I-I—“

She’s enjoying his distress until then, mock sympathy all over her perfect features, but then she stills. Turns to face the cage, threading her fingers through the bars, looking at him seriously. “That’s true, boy, you haven’t hurt me. Maybe you haven’t hurt anyone. But that’s only because you’re small and weak and you can’t, or maybe because you can’t stop thinking about your own little hurts. But if that weren’t the case, you’d hurt someone. That’s what you’re made to do, what that little protrusion of yours is made for. Isn’t that right, sweetie? Nice little boy like you, I bet you know it, yeah?”

And Cas stares at her in horror. Thinking of Sam, naked and writhing and wet (and he does think of it, of him like that, the images flooding his mind no matter how he guards against it.) How much Cas had wanted him, Cas’s hands on him, his mouth around his drugged, helpless friend. “Yes. I hurt someone,” he whispers in defeat and she nods, her smile almost gentle at his admission.

“There, now. That’s a good start...Castiel, is it?” She steps back from the cage. “Perhaps some time after this little issue between us is resolved, we’ll become friends. After all, that’s

why I indulge Richard's little favors. He isn't hurting anyone who wouldn't do the same if given the opportunity—and at least he's honest about what he is." She smiles, tilts her head fetchingly. "I like that in a person. Ciao."

Because there's carpet, Cas doesn't hear a ringing sound when she drops the key. He just sees her turn with a swish of her long hair. Then watches her walk away.

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Richard's watching her, too, but he doesn't make a move toward Cas until she disappears up the stairs. Part of the agreement between them, or maybe he just wanted to watch her walk away. Cas is still at the back of his cage, not that he thinks it'll make much difference. But he watches Richard move toward him and he focuses on breathing, slow, in and out. He can't panic. Richard isn't nearly the worst this place has to offer, and he doesn't want new attention. So he has to try and handle this. His metal underwear isn't the most comfortable, but it limits a lot of what Richard clearly wants to do to him (his stomach churning, the thought of Richard's hands, mouth, weight on him—no can't panic, breathe, 2, 3, out--). This guy isn't that scary, not really. He isn't those creepy men upstairs, and he's got nothing on Dean. And Dean will be back soon (please, please).

Richard stops in front of his cage and smiles. Looks like he wants to drag this out, which is fine by Cas. "You look like you're trying so hard not to be scared. It's cute."

"You still look like an asshole," Cas sounds shaky, but he gets the words out.

"That's real funny," Richard licks his lips. "But it's your asshole I'm thinking about." He picks up the key.

Cas swallows, the metal bars digging into his back as he presses harder into them. "Y-you can't. I, I'm wearing...something. I'm, I'm locked up. Down there. All of it, everything."

"Fuck, you're in chastity?" Richard swears again, slamming his hand against another cage. Then he looks at Cas resentfully, a big kid whose toy got taken away. "Show me."

Cas shakes his head. No way.

"I can drag you out of there and strip you, 'f you want," he says softly. Likes the idea, obviously. Cas glances around; there are still other kids on this floor but they either aren't paying attention or they're pretending so they can stay out of it. Richard looks around, too, and smiles again. "Yeah, none of them are gonna help you. You already met the only sluts willing to get on my bad side."

To his shame, Cas feels his eyes filling up. Because this is happening. He swipes at them angrily and straightens on his knees, his head against the top of the cage. He flips the skirt up. "There, y-you ass. You see?"

"Ah, ah, hold it there...turn around. Turn or I turn you. That's it. Wow, that's pretty...tell you what, your Master's got an eye."

Cas holds the skirt up at his waist, racked with shame. He's facing the back of the cage with his head on his chest, when he feels a sweaty palm brush over his ice cold backside. He jumps, whirling to sit, slamming himself as far back in the cage as he can, hitting his elbow hard in his haste. The skirt rides up and he tugs at it desperately, trying to cover himself. "No!" he means to scream it but it comes out a high pitched yelp.

Richard has the cage open. He's leaning in, smiling.

"Don't," Cas begs; he can't yank back any further when the high school boy starts touching his legs, sliding his hand over his calf.

"Look how soft you are," Dean's words in this boy's mouth; Cas wants to vomit. The offending hand moves past his knee, slipping a finger between his thigh and the cuff, playing with the chains that rest against his outer thigh. Cas tries to shove his hands away but it doesn't work at all; he can't even move one using both of his hands, all of his strength. Pissed and desperate, he aims a kick at Richard's face and is horrified when the other boy catches his sneaker, starts dragging him out. "No, no, no!"

"Aw, come on, don't be like that," Richard huffs a laugh when Cas manages to graze his jaw with his other foot. Cas fights; of course he does, even manages to slam his head back into Richard's chin when the other boy turns him, grabs him under his arms, but it still ends with Richard dragging him out of his cage and across the floor to a couch. Cas thinks he'll pin him down on his back or stomach but he just sits them together, one arm pinning Cas's arms behind his back, the other arm circling his waist, keeping him close. He laughs again (Richard the Happy Whore), sounding a little impressed. "Got me good there, baby...blood in my mouth and everything."

"Y-you n-need to put me b-back," Cas tries as soon as he catches his breath. He stares at the wall, refusing to look at the other boy, who is running fingers through his hair, touching his face. It's invasive and awful--his skin is crawling. "Dean h-hurts people who touch m-me. I-I won't tell, just—" The other boy takes advantage of his open mouth to shove two dirty fingers inside and he gags, trying unsuccessfully to jerk away from them (making him lean against Richard, who chuckles and nuzzles at his face.)

"Sweet of you to worry, but he can't touch me--only Alistair can punish me, and he goes easy when I'm playing these games. Your Master'll get paid, though; my Uncle takes care of that. Doesn't even mind, not really—think he's just glad I'm not making any waves." He hisses when Cas bites down hard, yanks his hand out and slaps him (stings, but nothing like Dean's big hands.) "Ow, bitch, no biting! Jesus, you little psycho, I'm not even hurting you!" He actually sounds injured, like he really thinks Cas is the one out of line here.

"Dean can hurt you, he can!" He squirms, hating this, Richard's wandering hand and mouth on him. "That man—A-Alastair said—"

"Yeah, sure. Rules are rules for everybody, kid. And like I told my little boyfriend earlier, Alastair likes me. Says I have potential." He hauls Cas up onto his lap.

Cas shudders, feeling how hard he is even through his jeans. He goes still, knowing how his squirming will be interpreted.

"There's a good girl," Richard coos, running his thumbnail up in one sharp line over Cas's thigh, the flesh breaking out in goosebumps, the chill of it making Cas's stomach churn sickly. "You know, whatever your Master told you, they're definitely giving him the grand tour. He's into little boys, he'll probably sign right up. I know you're real pretty, but if he starts hanging out here, he could be with just about any kind of kid he wants. Girl, boy. More than one. Younger than you. That's what usually happens. 'S why my uncle doesn't really bug me anymore. Likes 'em younger. Your age, in fact, but I won't introduce you. I just like to play around a little. He'll ruin you." He makes a face, like that would really bother him. But for the wrong reasons, Cas knows.

"He...doesn't want you anymore. But h-he still makes you come here?" Cas doesn't care about the answer. He can't get away, though, he's not strong enough. And even though he hates Richard's touch, his moist, hot breath on the back of his neck, he doesn't want this to get worse. So, he's stalling.

Luckily, Richard likes talking, especially about himself. "He doesn't really have to make me anymore."

Cas blinks. Swivels his head, looking at Richard from an inch apart, brow furrowed. "You...you come...on purpose?"

"Well, yeah." There's a thread of warning, a bit of defensiveness in his voice. But it doesn't show on his Happy Richard face. "Now I'm old enough to get a piece of the action, I might as well. And I'm already too old for a lot of these guys. Too built, too." He tugs Cas in tighter, making him squirm and turn his face away in disgust. "So they don't make me work as much anymore, except maybe streaming with little things like you. And that I don't mind at all."

Cas still can't fathom coming to this hellhole by choice. He opens his mouth to argue some more—he's never met anyone other than Dean who went through the same thing and then wanted to do it to someone else, and somehow Richard is far less intimidating to question about it—but instead finds his mouth stuffed with high school tongue that tastes like hot dog water and blood. He gags again, shoving ineffectually at Richard's face and squirming, but the kisses just move to soak his chin, his throat. "That's enough talk for now," Richard murmurs against his skin, and now he is shoving him down on his back, one knee up between Cas's legs, keeping him from closing them, before dropping his weight between them to pin them open wide (clearly experienced at this--spreading Cas easily).

"Stop, stop," Cas begs, squirming, fighting, but his wrists are quickly pinned over his head by one meaty hand, his legs spread on either side of the older boy's hips, skirt flipped to his waist. "You piece of shit, you--you m-mother-f-fucker!" Trying to curse him out, throat choked with tears, he sounds like a baby and Richard ignores him anyway.

"You're so small," Richard 's mouth is too sloppy, trying to force his tongue back in Cas's mouth, slipping disgustingly over his face when he turns to avoid it. "Love how small you are. Struggle, baby, try to get away. God, like pinning a baby bird." He tries grinding on Cas but winces, pulling back. "Fucking chastity belt, damn. That hurt, baby? You getting hard in there?"

"No, asshole, just st-stop, get off!" It does hurt, but not his dick. It's the chains digging up his ass, pushing the balls of his plug in further when they were far enough already.

"M trying," Richard laughs, his hand moving down to squeeze his thigh, slipping up under him to grab at his bare cheeks. "Wish I could make you blow me, but I can't trust you not to bite..." he mumbles against Cas's collar, fingernails scraping painfully at the skin around the chains, trying to fit underneath and touch his hole.

"Ow, stop it, ah, that...you're hurting..." Cas is struggling to breathe. Richard's weight is so...heavy. Pinning him, he feels like he's disappearing into the thick couch cushions, the plug moving uncomfortably inside him--making him feel like he's being fucked while this is happening. He's trying to fight, he wants to, is supposed to, Dean said nobody can touch, don't let them touch. The panic, disobeying Dean, that's there somewhere--but this is feeling so familiar. He's moving less with each minute that passes. His muscles tightening up, his eyes finding the ceiling, staring at the unfamiliar wooden beams. Doesn't move away when Richard's tongue finds his mouth again; is kissed at length, sloppy and biting kisses--he feels covered in spit. He doesn't know when he stopped cursing and started crying, that feels separate from him, too. At some point he gets shoved onto his stomach and the suffocating is worse, mostly because he doesn't bother to turn his face to the side so he can try to breathe. But Richard notices and turns him. The room is blurry--he thinks he sees faces, seeing this. Doing nothing. But they're far away, he thinks.

"That a girl, see? Relax, it's not so bad, I'm not...we can't even have sex, we're just playing..." Richard's voice is muffled, his mouth against the back of his neck, licking around his collar. "Huh? Just a little bit of fun, right?" Cas didn't hear his zipper, just feels about six inches of fat, dripping dick slap against the top of his thigh, rubbing roughshod over his ass.

But then Richard is hissing in pain, swearing at the chains, muttering about fucking chastity. And Cas is turned onto his back again.

"Let me just...you'll be a good girl, huh? Help me out?" And Cas's wrists (which aren't pinned anymore, when did that happen) are over his head, but one of them is taken, dragged down their bodies, Richard forcing his hand around his dick. Cas doesn't even notice when Richard stops making him, when he takes over (*you know what to do*.) "Fuck, yeah, baby, that's it...g-good at that. So good."

Cas is back to staring at the ceiling, but he can see Richard's panting face, sort of hear the whispered encouragements, even if his brain doesn't bother to sort them out into English.

(...Who are you? ... *I am Dean's* ...)

"Shit, baby, s-so close...being so good for me now. Maybe...maybe ready to give it a little kiss? Don't wanna mess your clothes, huh? Get your Master all mad at you..."

(...Why are you alive?... *To obey Dean* ...)

Richard moves up his body, straddling his chest. He doesn't lower his full weight, but it's still too much for Cas. Hurts. Hurts to breathe.

(... *So Dean can use me ... however he wants ...*)

"C'mon, open up for me." Spongy, wet and heavy, (not-Dean's) rubbing over his mouth. He hears a whine, drawn out and painful--realizes it's coming from him, though his mouth is clamped shut. Shakes his head feebly, more of a plea than anything.

"Open up," Richard is saying, that same soft voice, but it hardens, fingers start digging painfully in his cheeks. "Open up, or I'll just come all over your face. Your choice, pretty girl."

(...What happens if you're not a good boy?... *I get punished ...*)

Both hands prying at his jaw. He's losing. His mouth is gonna open, and Dean will be so pissed. He's making these sounds through his nose, helpless little whimpers. "That's it, open up...gotta swallow...like a good girl..."

He hears (recognizes) the growl of rage and then Richard's weight is gone and there's a crashing sound. He is frozen, unable to move even to cover his exposed lower half, but someone is tugging his skirt down, pulling him up so he's sitting. He sags into it but the scent is wrong, and then he's scrambling away from the Chief's hold. The old man doesn't even notice, and Cas folds his arms around himself. He blinks around the room, trying to make sense of what he sees, distracted by the phantom weight of Richard he still feels, ghost touches because his body doesn't know it's over yet.

Richard is on the ground, grabbing at his back, partially on top of a toppled table, his pants still open--Cas's eyes flit away, his stomach lurching ominously. Dean is standing furiously over him, but Crowley has a gun in his face. Alastair is there, too, one palm out in a calming gesture. "Settle down, Dean, you stopped him. The boy is fine now."

"He fucking touched him. I told you, I fucking said—," he turns, frustrated, rubbing his hand over his face. Roars incoherently and picks up a lamp, throws it full speed into a wall so that it doesn't so much shatter as explode, making everyone jump, forcing Crowley and Alastair to flinch away from flying shards of porcelain. He looks at the now terror-stricken boy on the floor, growls again, and paces back to Cas (who is fucking *petrified* , flinching away.)

"Sorry, sorry, please!" he squeaks out.

But Dean just drops to his knees, touching him all over, flipping his skirt. Cas realizes he's inspecting his skin. "There better not be one fucking mark. What'd he do, baby? You tell me everything he did."

"K-k-kissing...t, touching m-me...ma,made me...t-t-touch...," Cas is shaking hard enough to make his teeth chatter (nothing scarier than furious Dean, nothing), but relieved, too, grateful, so fucking grateful that Dean still wants to protect him, that he's mad for him not at him. "I t-told him n-no, I promise. I s-said nobody's a, allowed. I tr-ried!" Fresh tears spill, part of him is so hopeless, so sure that Dean won't believe him, hating himself because he was told, he was fucking told not to let this happen.

But Dean only nods. "Course you did...my baby don't want nobody but me. And yet this motherfucker...put hands on you. Tried to...use what's mine," Dean's face is tight with rage, his green eyes almost black with the emotion as he thumbs over Cas's mouth, under his eyes. He stands and turns in a fluid movement that promises more violence, but Crowley's gun is still out and pointed steadily. "Dean. Calm down. You killed a very expensive lamp and made a terrible mess. Let's stop there, yeah?"

He breathes hard through his nose and points at Alastair. "I want what you promised. I want his fucking blood. Why are you stopping me?!"

"He can't touch me!" Richard cries out from the floor, starting to get up. "Master Alastair—"

"Stay down, Richard...maybe put your dick away," Alastair interrupts, but mildly. Richard's eyes go huge, but he obeys. "Dean. There's no need for all of this. I keep my promises, don't I? All I ask is you punish him in the basement. You want blood, fine but come on... not on my carpet."

"Master!" Richard protests.

"Sorry, kiddo," Alastair's smile makes it unconvincing. "I like you, Richard, I really do. You show a lot of promise. But, uh...fact is, Dean here brought his collared slave under my hospitality, which you then violated. And now he gets restitution."

"The fine...the money--," Richard tries, and now his voice is the one to shake, to sound so young and unsure. "My uncle..."

Dean moves closer, aware of the gun but zeroed in on the high school boy. "Fuck. Your money. I don't want it," he snarls. Stares at the boy until he pales. And that makes him smile—Dean, so lovely when he smiles, all perfect lips and teeth, if not for the black promise of pain in his pretty, pretty eyes. "Tell you what I do want. I want to make you scared--not like you are now, but really scared, piss yourself scared. And I want to make you bleed. Make you cry and beg. Because you touched. What's mine. That's a big no-no, kid."

"No!" Richard tries to bolt, and Cas's eyes widen—it never even occurred to him to run from Dean, he can't imagine how much worse the punishment would get. The boy doesn't make it far. Dean gets in a few solid punches (happy to have the excuse, Cas thinks) before he catches Alastair's eye--the next hit knocks him out. Then it's a matter of carrying the bulky kid to the basement. It'll take both Alastair and Dean to manage it (Crowley doesn't seem interested in helping, and the further away from Dean that the Chief stays right now, the better.)

Cas can see it coming over his Master, that intensity he gets when it's time to deliver some real punishment. He knows he's gotta be rock hard in his jeans for this. Unfortunately, that means he's not gonna be thinking about Cas for a while, beyond imagining Richard's hands, mouth, and dick where they didn't belong.

Or so he thought.

“Crowley,” Dean’s still growling, Cas has never heard him sound more like John Winchester. “Bring my boy.”

Dean doesn’t turn to catch his pleading look--freshly violated, still sick with fear, Cas doesn’t want anyone but Dean ‘bringing him’ anywhere.

Alistair hesitates from where he had started to lift Richard. Looks at Dean, interested. “Is that wise, Dean? Surely he’s had enough.”

Dean grabs Richard and lifts, forcing Alistair to do the same. He never looks at Cas. “He’s coming. Gonna see what happens when some little shit touches what’s mine.”

Cas shudders. He does not want this. He wants all of this to end, he wants his home, his bed, his cough syrup that’ll make all of this go away, at least for a while.

He jumps when Crowley is suddenly standing in front of him. He's looking down at Cas sort of assessingly, then bends, making Cas flinch a second time. "Easy, kitten. Seems you've dropped something." He holds out a hand, and Cas sees the blue pill. He must've lost it in the attack. Who knows how Crowley guessed it was his, unless he found it in the cage. He glances toward Dean, but his Master is already leaving--he won't look back again. On impulse, he dry swallows it. Sees that this amuses Crowley a great deal, but then just about everything seems to. "Come on, then. We don’t want to miss a minute of your Master’s big show."

Cas winces but follows obediently. Crowley leads him past the other kids, the ones who'd been down here the entire time, the ones who'd seen everything. They look anywhere but at him, pretending they can't see him. He keeps his gaze on Crowley's back, pretending, too. That what they'd seen hadn't happened. That his skin isn't still crawling every place that Richard had touched him.

None of them are fooling anyone.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, let me have it. I can take it. It's been 3 months. Not to mention this chapter has been technically finished for a while now, with the final edit stretching over at least 3 weeks--and some of you know I kept saying it would be ready, but I kept being wrong. It's been a real bitch.

Now I finally give you a chapter and it probably isn't what you've been waiting to hear about. Doubtless, you wanted to know what's happening with Sam and Cas, or with Dean and Sam, after the big breakup and the end of the game, meanwhile I barely touched on it. Top it all off with the fact that the chapter ends and they're still at the Bird Cage--so next chapter will at least begin there, too.

All I can say is, Cas needed his stitches out a week after the mirror incident, and this is the place it had to happen. This development is significant for Dean moving into the next and final part. But the story isn't leaving Lawrence, or the Winchester house, and will still center around the three boys. I will at least try to get the next part out faster. It should be easier--this chapter had a lot of research with the BDSM stuff, and so many new characters to introduce. At least that's done. But I'm wrong a lot so we'll see.

Lastly, I really do hope you come look for me on Tumblr or FB if you'd like. Steeleye1 was my first Tumblr buddy and I'm so head over heels--you can't blame me, she helps a lot with things like Cas's chastity belt, upcoming torture scenes, etc. And sends me fic recs and porn at work. <3 Hot, right? ;) You could do that, too. Plus I'll be sharing and linking posts with visual references for the story, like Cas's new collar, or the chastity belts that inspired his (which of course had to be an amalgamation of existing ones.) And sometimes gifs or pics of hot guys tied up and I'm like, that's how Dean had Cas in chapter so and so. Good stuff, right? And you can always find out where I am on a chapter--I'm never bothered by someone asking for an update.

[Maskboy's Cage](#)

[The Objectifier](#)

[Cas's New Collar](#)

[Cas's Chastity Belt](#)

Something New and Different

Chapter Summary

Punishing Richard does more for Alastair's argument than anything he and the Chief had to say. Cas finds out medicinal assistance agrees with him.

TRIGGER WARNINGS: NEEDLE PLAY, COCK AND BALL TORTURE, noncon infantilism, drug abuse, child abuse/rape/torture

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys, those of you that are still around, still subscribed, still down for this hellscape. It's been 3 gd years. Thank you so much, to all of you who have stuck by me, who have offered comments and support. I've seen you, I appreciate you.

I've been working on this chapter all this time. Kinda.

The truth is, chapter 31 fucked me up well and good. I never meant to get that detailed into Alistair's operation, add all those OC's, throw in Bella, throw in an attempted rape on Cas. I was reading a few human trafficking fics at the time, and clearly I let them influence me too much.

Still, some of it works with where the fic was always about to go, and I want to move forward. I really am so tired of Alistair's cage. I can't bear to edit more, even if it's just to gut it completely. If I did that, this chapter, too, would need to be done over. I can't anymore. So, taking advantage of the fact that this is fanfic, we're gonna leave it fucked up and extra, and just hopefully move on. Some elements/characters may reappear, some won't. Here's hoping this approach works, and I don't wind up with a huge mess. But on the other hand, this has always been a 'seat of the pants' work. I already wrote chapters that went off in new directions, just because I felt like it at the time and had characters who never came back in any real way, and it was fine. So let's hope it'll all be okay. The ending, somehow, remains the same as it ever was.

That said, I'm afraid you've waited all this time, and this chapter ONCE AGAIN has very little that anyone actually wants. A, we're still in the cage. 2, somewhat graphic needle torture, interspersed with blah blah blah talking. No Sam. No Lawrence, no characters that have actually affected the story before 31. *sigh* So. Sorry about that. I had to get us out of the cage if we're gonna move on. What's done is done. Maybe you can skim it for anything you're interested in. Or else, just wait for 33.

An empty cage and a boy on top of Cas. It changes things.

Dean won't cut him up. Well, he won't use knives.

That's not what happens in the basement of Alastair's Cage.

See, as furious as Dean is, Richard isn't a man. Sure, he's technically only a few years younger than Dean. That doesn't matter. Richard is nothing like Dean. The things Dean has seen, the things he's done--what he's become. This overgrown Boy, with all his brand new high school wrestling muscles, doesn't know shit about that. He's just a bully--a baby predator at best, a little wild dog poaching on lion territory. Just a spoiled brat looking to learn a lesson the hard way.

Dean thought he'd cane that lesson directly into his dick.

That way, he'll think twice before trying to stuff it in precious places that belong to Dean. Thinking some Big Papa's money could pay for those mistakes, when that debt could only ever be paid in his flesh. His blood.

This is what the basement is for, why it exists. Taming naughty, naughty boys.

Like as not, Dean was trained for this. By the very best.

Before that, Dean was having his fun, but he *was* leaving. He'd gotten all the satisfaction he needed. Confirmation that he was better than them, above all of this.

He guessed he could admit to being curious about the offer (never mind they weren't letting him leave without hearing it.) But mostly he just wanted to see more fucked up shit. From his new perspective.

A man, independent. Free.

But it wasn't that simple.

Moving back through the main floor, there was debasement everywhere he looked, and his eyes *feasted*. Tender bodies bared and contorted. Adult groans out of sweet baby mouths, terror and tears enough to flood the place. Hot, if it weren't for the pasty, balding CEOs slobbering all over them. Disgusting.

Unearned.

His skin crawls, and isn't just the boner-killing johns. The stink of fear and flop sweat is inescapable once things get going. Among other smells. Why should that bother Dean? It

didn't, it doesn't. Not in itself.

This fucking *place* .

They went upstairs, passing rooms rigged with effective lighting and multiple cameras, the darkweb's answer to Big Brother, except you're supposed to see *all* the action. Each room was really just a set, a careful re-creation of some supposed childhood sanctuary: cartoon themed bedrooms, colorful playrooms. A fucking nursery. His repulsion isn't like a regular person's---you know he'd fuck Cas in a crib, dressed as a baby. But he wasn't thinking about Cas just then. It was old rage, climbing up his throat, clenching his fists.

They should never have been able to was a safer thought than *those videos still exist* . He didn't want to get stabby. Not while he's so far away from Cas.

He was led to an office that would have swallowed the top floor of the Winchester house and could've featured in Architectural Digest (though probably without all the provocative statues of naked little kids.) Every wall had pictures of Alastair with some celebrity or politician, the who's whom of the Fortune 500. Maybe they don't *all* fuck little kids. Probably some of them commit other crimes.

Dean has his reasons to be cynical.

They sat in rich leather chairs and he got fed whiskey that probably costs more than his dad makes in a year. It tasted about the same as his father's rotgut, or at least that's what he told them.

As expected, Alastair laid it on pretty thick.

"You've done pretty well for yourself, Dean. Got yourself an obedient little slave, free of charge. Local police chief in your pocket," nodding at the Chief, who just rolled his eyes and looked pissy, "—all his resources at your disposal. Hope you don't mind me doing a little checking into your background, but I guess you know there wasn't much to find. Plenty of incidents, of course, just nothing that makes it to public record. Impressive in itself."

"Stalk much?" Dean shrugged. "What can I say, I'm careful." He realized Alastair was still watching him sharply, like a teacher who knows his student can do better than that. It irritates him, hardens his stare back at the older man. "Just proves me right. I don't need this place. I don't want nothin' from it."

The basement isn't like Dean's Punishment Room at all, Alastair's wealth on display even here. It's generally kept at a comfortable temperature (if you're not naked), though it can be adjusted as needed. The surfaces are immaculate, the floors stainless, the walls (in some rooms) sound-proof. There are convenient drains for fluids, showers and hoses for clean-up. Aprons, gloves, and masks for protection. Tools are endless, well cared for, and neatly stored.

It seems larger down here than the rest of the house. Cries and screams are meant to echo, at least in the halls.

Because a child in time-out should have something to think about.

Like upstairs, what “furniture” there is tends to be...multipurpose. The walls have cuffs and straps, the ceilings have low, sturdy bars, useful for suspension.

Dean chooses a wide, black leather bench with small ledges on each side and built in straps and rings.

The kid is naked and on his back. His arms are pulled tight over his head, tied to the end of the bench with black rope (made with Japanese silk, Alastair tells him, like twine from the hardware store wouldn't get the job done well enough). Black leather straps cross his chest and hips, but his ankles are bound tightly to his upper thighs with the same soft rope, his heels nearly touching his ass. He's tied so tightly at both ends; it forces his back into a pretty arch.

It also means his legs are open wide, and Dean can step up between them, nice and close to what's going to be a very sorry little teenage dick.

Possibilities down here are nearly endless, and Dean gets to stretch his creative muscles. It's been a long time, but the memories come back sharp with the smell of disinfectant and Alistair's rich dude aftershave. Still, Dean is different---fills the space differently, tall and strong now. Confident. Experienced.

Makes him want to try something new.

“And why's that? Because fucking kids is *wrong*?” Alastair's tone was pure condescension and the Chief snorted derisively; they shared a look that Dean didn't like. Like two equals dealing with a wayward child. A ‘*kids today*’ look.

He cracked his whiskey down on the glass table hard enough to make both men wince. “No, because this place is for wrinkled up nutsacks who need blue pills and a trust fund in order to get a night with a hole tight enough to make ‘em feel somethin’.” He smirked cruelly. “I get all the pussy I want, all on my own. I don't belong here.”

He got the outrage he wanted on the Chief's face, but Alastair wasn't phased. He just laughed lightly, still looking like a man who holds all the cards. “Nobody's arguing that, Dean, but I'm not asking if you want to be a client. Let's face it, without pulling the strings of our good friend here—relax, Lenny, I'm just making a point—you couldn't *afford* anything we have roaming these halls. Fact is, I don't even think I could set you up with one of our aged out tricks, not in good conscience. What are you, a grease monkey in training now? Or did I hear they put you up at the front desk? I know I like a pretty face to greet me at the door, how ‘bout you, Lenny?”

Dean shrugged, bored. He wanted to go back through the scening floor. “All the more reason to let me leave.”

“Enough, Dean,” Alistair’s voice was a warning growl that Dean’s spine recognized, even if he’d die before he’d show it. “I’m not talking about being a john here. I’m trying to offer you an opportunity...something I believe you’ve always been meant to do.”

Dean stared, eyes narrowing as he figured it out. “You want me to work for you. How? And by how I mean go fuck yourself. I don’t need your money. I don’t want it. I’ll keep my pretty face front desk job.”

“It’s a lot of money, Dean,” the Chief started.

“It’s a lot *more* than money,” Alastair interrupted, narrowed eyes focused on Dean, his voice tight and low. “You would have protection at a level that you can’t possibly comprehend.”

“Don’t need it,” Dean picked up his glass and swirled the amber liquid, watching the way it picked up the light. Stupid room was soundproof--he couldn’t even hear any kiddie cries.

“You don’t know that. You’re young. You’re just starting out and already your self control is shit. You make mistakes, and you call the Chief here to clean them up. And that’s fine. But I’m talking about protection outside his jurisdiction. You can’t possibly mean to stay in that podunk town forever. Limit yourself like that.”

Dean sighed, rolling his eyes dramatically, leaning his head back and staring at the ceiling. This rich guy chair was seriously comfortable. “And if I call him outside of his jurisdiction, he’ll call on you to protect me and you will. Because it’s in your best interest that I don’t take him down. So...” He looks at Alastair. Winks. “Looks like I already have that. Anything behind door number two, or can I get going?”

Alastair contemplated him. Sipped his own drink. “Ever wonder why we allow you to continue posing a threat? We clearly have the resources to solve a little problem like you. As volatile, as antagonistic as you are to our cause, and against some of our most loyal...hobbyists.” He paused, letting it sink in. “Mr. Crowley has suggested putting you down for years—yet we refuse to listen to reason, ignoring the advice we hire him to give. Surely, you’ve thought about it.”

Dean shrugged again; got up (enjoying the tensing of both men, but he was only refilling his glass—fancyass stuff was kind of growing on him.) “Not really. Just assumed it was a personal favor to the Chief here. He seems to like me alive and hatin’ him. Maybe it’s some kind of late night guilt, makes him wanna die by my hand someday, who knows, right? Stranger things.”

Stottlemeyer sulked but didn’t interrupt, leaving Dean wondering what was keeping his bitching mouth quiet for once.

“*I* don’t allow it.” Alastair’s tone was sharp, dragging his attention back. “I don’t because I see something in you. I have for a long time. Use your head, kid. Do you think there are other whores that I train in the art of restraints? Do you think there is a single bird besides

you that's ever touched an implement in my cage if it didn't serve toward its own humiliation?"

Dean stared down at his glass. Remembering those "private lessons"—how it felt, doling out pain to helpless creatures. To be the one dealing the damage, for the very first time after years of *endless* abuse, a role that fit like the entire Universe around him finally clicking into place. By that time he'd already been spanking Sammy at home, so he knew how much he loved tears and squirming—the sound his bare hand made against Sam's vulnerable baby skin, the pretty shades of pink he left behind. But Alastair had shown him how to deal out *real* punishment. How to collect screams and pleading, how to cause terror and command respect.

"Guess I never thought about it," he said finally. Maybe it sounds stupid—he'd have to have been oblivious—but it's the truth. He'd been so overwhelmed by how good it all felt, how right. And he was a child himself. He never stopped to think about how unusual it most definitely was. Because Alastair was cruel to children across the board—equal opportunity malevolence. Only Dean amused him (disobedient, disrespectful as he still managed to be, everything Alastair should've hated.)

Only Dean had been taken aside to learn something new.

Or was that Alastair's idea. "A cane leaves a lasting impression on a boy, Dean, but let me ask you...have you ever tried needles?"

Dean doesn't have a medical kink, but he sure likes playing with sharp objects.

Alastair's kit provides an extensive array with different colored plastic tops ("Hubs," Alastair corrects, and Dean would've rolled his eyes if he weren't so fascinated.) Each color is a different width, and Alastair has a wide range. Thirty gauge (incredibly fine, but still very painful, Alastair assures him, depending on how they're used) to fourteen (meant to be used for fat piercings), and each in differing lengths.

Dean takes his time getting acquainted.

The work is absorbing, and Alastair's voice is hypnotic. He instructs Dean about the importance of entrance and exit angles depending on the body part or type of piercing. Shallow piercings to fuck with nerve endings, deep piercings that make the body think it's being stabbed.

They snap on latex gloves. Alastair wipes Richard down with alcohol that makes him shudder, makes his nipples hard. Dean practices on pecs, then moves to his whimper-inducing thighs, pinching the skin and pushing needles through with increasing confidence. He makes mistakes that bleed, sees purple bruising blossom. But Alastair just laughs, smears the blood, pinches the bruises.

He looks proud, and Dean gains confidence.

“It should never have happened. I didn’t agree to it, and I was his handler, I should’ve had a say,” Chief Stottlemeyer broke in like he’d obviously been dying to. “Feeding into that side of him. That didn’t help Dean become more obedient. If anything he was worse!”

“Was it better when I went there for punishment? When *I* was the one strapped down?” Dean’s bitter tone was half-hearted, more of a knee-jerk reaction than anything. Still distracted by seductive memories.

The Chief’s faded blue eyes took on his favorite injured expression. “I’ve said it before, I said it then: I hated allowing that. I fought against it, offered every bribe I could think of—“

“Except not coming here anymore. Except not making me--,” rage had Dean choking on the words, he spit them out on a growl. “Those fucking movies. You *knew* how I’d react.”

Stottlemeyer’s mouth opened and closed, but finally he looked down at his delicate glass (sherry for him, never whiskey). “Dean, you were the most beautiful boy—the most beautiful *child* I’d ever seen. I couldn’t keep that beauty to myself.”

“You’re wrong, you’ve *always been* wrong,” Alastair interrupted before they could really get going--but he was looking at the Chief this time. “I wasn’t feeding into any *side* of Dean, Lenny, I was recognizing who he *is*.”

Dean stared, not particularly happy. Refused to respond further, any and every reaction locked tightly inside.

Since Alastair was right. Or Dean thinks so, anyway.

That’s how it feels, how it’s felt for so long. Like the civilized Dean that rubs elbows with neighbors and makes sure Sammy has lunch money and sneakers that fit is just some kind of echo. All that’s left of John and Mary’s eldest. A ghost repeating routine, not knowing it’s dead. And he can pull it on and off like clothes. It’s the other stuff—the hunger, the rage, the unending impulse to devour and denigrate—that’s what’s real. That’s Dean.

He spoke carefully. “What is it that you want from me?”

Alastair nods, still intense. “You’re right, let’s get to the point. You’ve got a beautiful boy, Dean, I see him. Yours on a Saturday night. Lenny tells me you’ve had him for years, so however you’ve done it, you’ve created a somewhat stable situation. But there is a margin for error, working on your own that way. You can’t control him completely..”

Dean scoffed, but Alastair raised a placating hand.

“He lives at home, he goes to school. You don’t have any control there, and that means you still need to be careful. Except that doesn’t always work. That’s when he winds up in this place, looking for the Doc.”

Dean shrugged uneasily. “I took care of it. One time in two years—“

Alastair laughed. “Dean, you think I’m judging you? I wouldn’t care if you snapped his neck and came to us looking to get rid of the body. It wouldn’t be the first time somebody slipped up.”

Dean blinked. Reminded himself to take *that* reassurance with a shit-ton of salt, because that could’ve easily been him. *His* neck snapped; *his* body hidden away. Just another poor kid gone missing, and Sam left all alone without protection. Left to be anybody’s meat. He smirked and shook his head.

“Don’t do that, Dean, I can tell you’re closing your mind. Let me paint you a picture first and then you tell me it doesn’t appeal to you.” Alastair’s smile was serpentine; his S’s drawn longer than ever, that oddly unchecked speech impediment, as he leaned back, the picture of self-assurance. “Instead of only one boy for relief, what if you came and went as you wished, with any number of delicate little birds waiting for you. A truly safe place, where you wouldn’t have to pretend to be something you’re not—not to the kid, not to anyone around you. No games, no worries, no holding back. You could take whatever you wanted.”

Richard isn’t taking it so well. When Dean gets to his nipples, he really starts to scream and squirm.

Alastair tsks, moving near Richard’s head. “Really shouldn’t move like that, Richard. You pull those needles out, you could do yourself some lasting damage. You don’t wanna scar that pretty body.”

Richard whimpers. He’s allowed to whimper; he can even scream. He can make any noise he wants, really, he’s just not allowed to speak unless he’s been asked a question. That was established early on. When the kid tried begging Alastair for leniency.

And Dean taught him exactly where his attention should be.

Dean looks at the boy, needles sticking through his skin in random patterns, olive skin slightly pale and goosebumped. Trembling slightly. Not much blood yet, the odd small trickle here and there. But it’s his splotchy red face, the messy crying that makes Dean sigh a little. The kid is getting it, he’s learning.

He smiles at Richard. “You gotta know, we ain’t even at the good part yet.” Reaches down. Strokes his half-hard dick, slow and firm.

And even when the boy is scared and ugly crying, that varsity dick knows just how to respond.

Dean licked his lips. *It is a pretty picture.*

Dean, not having to be careful. No holds barred. “You just got done telling me I can’t afford this place. You just said—“

“I said I had an opportunity, and all you have to do is be who you really are, do what it is you really want—let’s face it, *need* to do. Don’t you understand yet?” Alastair’s eager gaze was steady on Dean’s face. “I want you to do what I do. I want you to *train* them, make the little birds sing sweetly for their clients. And I’ll pay you to do it.”

Dean swallowed and of course Alastair saw it, nodded.

“That’s it, Dean-o, think about it.”

He looked at Alastair. “You thinkin’ of retiring?”

“Of expanding,” Alastair corrected, looking satisfied. “We’ve done fairly well for ourselves and we can afford more clients, more locations. But an expanding membership means we need more product to offer. There’s always turnover as it is.”

“And you think I could help you with that. What happens, I go around snatching kids for you, taking all the risk, while these rich limp-dicks—“

“No, Dean, not at all. That’s a job for a common thug; Mr. Crowley can find me any number of men willing to scour the streets. Kick a few bushes, see what flies out. No, that part’s easy, always was.” He leaned forward. “But all the little chicks come here wild, and that’s when I need a specialist. Someone who knows how to tame them properly—how much damage they can take, how to break them to perfect obedience. Just as you’ve done with your beautiful toy downstairs—something you managed just for your own amusement! You’re special, Dean. You have a gift.”

Dean sipped at his drink, needing to wet his lips again. Cleared his throat, too. Felt hot all the sudden. “Think so, huh? Guess you think I’d leave my—my family to work for you. With all this new business you got comin’ your way.”

“Nothing like that, unless you want to—and I admit, I hope you will, one day. Maybe you’ll decide you’re more suited to this life than you think, leave that small-town, good son act behind you once and for all. But no matter--it isn’t necessary.” Alastair waved impatiently before Dean could object, leaning forward again. “Imagine it this way. We find some new birds, I reach out to you, let you know what we have and what’s needed. You tell me if you have any interest or time. Work on one at a time or more, whatever you think you can handle. If you’re busy, you tell us to go to hell. As a specialist, you’d get to make demands, Dean. We’d be willing to work hard to keep you happy.”

Dean frowned. He didn’t want to be susceptible to this—and there was still that inner revulsion (*being part of this machine, serving what he hates* .) But his cheeks were flushed, and it wasn’t all the alcohol’s doing. He was remembering each first with Cas, how beautifully fucked up it all was, how good it felt corrupting his small, fragile body bit by bit. He imagined getting calls and inspecting new, wide-eyed faces, seeing that shattered expression when he takes and takes—this time without worry about being careful. Letting someone else worry about that, so he can do what he needs. Teaching them over and over that they are weak. That they are helpless. That they are nothing and he is everything.

“ There you go, just like a big boy. Like a man. Hard like you were for my little Cas. Huh? Like this for him, right?” He gives a light squeeze, getting the whimper he wanted. He thinks Richard is trying to say ‘no’---bad boy, Cas could tell him how Dean feels about lying, especially during punishment. His eyes are pleading, and that’s good. He’s ready to listen and learn.

Alastair has fallen mostly silent now, with the occasional encouragement or instruction. When Dean reaches, he hands him the black silk rope. Dean uses it to tie the base of the kid’s cock, around his scrotum, and finally separating his soft, hairy balls, tying them taut.

“Only you’re not a man, Richard,” Dean continues like he’d never stopped, looking into terrified blue eyes.

“You’re a bitch.” He looks at the needle kit, selects a green one the size of a fucking tetnus shot. “A naughty little bitch,” he murmurs, scraping the sharp edge of the needle along the underside of the boy’s dick, “who was trying to be a man. Trying to fuck what’s mine. And, little boy, that’s a no-no.”

Carefully, listening to Alastair’s steadying voice, Dean sticks the needle through the head of the boy’s dick, then through his flesh again so the point sticks out.

Richard screams like his balls never dropped.

It’s a step in the right direction.

Then handing them over. Can’t forget that part, can’t let himself forget. Handing over what should be his, what he will have broken in so perfectly. Most likely to some soft, spoiled stain of a human who would be home fapping to TeenNick reruns if it weren’t for his artistry. If it weren’t for the fact that money buys entrance everywhere, even the magic little places between tiny legs. Dean shook his head, disgusted.

“Dean—“

“I don’t know what you’re thinkin’, but I got no interest in doing my thing for your baby fucker country club.” He stood again, suddenly feeling the need to wipe the filth of this place from himself, from his boy. Smiled bitterly. “Hell, you really wanna see me lose control? Give me a job where I gotta deal with those assholes on the regular. Seems like a *great* idea.”

“Dean, admit it,” Alastair was the one to slam his drink down this time, but not in anger, eagerness shining from his blue eyes, almost fever-bright. “The only time you feel like yourself is when you’ve got something small and screaming under your control.”

“Feels pretty good when I got a grown man there, too.” Dean shifted his gaze to the Chief.

“And that’s fine; sometimes we have opportunities for that kind of work, too,” Alastair agreed quickly. “That’s something you’d see Crowley about—the two of you get along at least, don’t you?”

Dean gave a sullen one-shoulder shrug, hating to admit that any of this was making sense. Because a part of him was sitting up and listening. Having Alastair and his goons kissing his ass while simultaneously working over an ever-replenished lineup of sweet little playthings? It sounded really good. Sounded right, at least to the part of him that's never sated as it is, that never gets enough. And did he really need to own every whore he breaks? He has Cas.

There are needles everywhere on this kid. His chest, his thighs, his nipples. And now even the kid's dick looks like a bright red pincushion.

But the best screams come when he pierces his balls.

There are other kids locked up down here, Dean remembers. Kids locked in rooms, waiting their turn. Kids recovering from punishments.

And they can hear Richard. Dean's made sure of that. He tells himself maybe they can hear it upstairs, too, even over the music.

Alastair tells him the fun's not done. And Dean finds out how to play with the hubs. How to flick them. How some of the finer needles might already have skin growing attached to them. How you can use the needle's edge to draw on skin.

Or write initials. On that super sensitive bit where thigh meets groin (and wouldn't Cas look nice with something like that.) Dean signs his work to the sounds of weeping.

And when Dean is satisfied with what he sees, "Beg," he suggests, pulling the needle along (so surprisingly satisfying, just like a knife.) "Beg me to stop now. Tell me you've learned what you are."

And Richard's voice sounds so small. So gratifyingly young now. He's weeping like a two year old. He hiccups when he tries to talk. "Ple--please!!! Oh, please stop. Master. Master, please! Please, master...." Over and over, stuck on repeat.

Staring at Dean .

Calling Dean Master now.

Dean looks at him--perfect like this, bloody, bruised, and so very hurt, those frightened boy eyes trained rightfully on his new Master,. He thinks about what it'd be like to rape him. Yes, if Alastair wasn't there, he'd do it. Take out his dick and fuck him right there, with all those needles shaking, probably doing all kinds of damage. Make him say he likes it. Make him thank Dean for it.

God, he wants to rape him. Pull out and let his salty come burn across Richard's cuts.

But Alastair doesn't get to see him fuck. Never again.

“As much as Dean gets along with anyone,” the Chief muttered. And his voice did a good job of bringing Dean back to himself, because the revulsion was instant. Suddenly it seemed insane, even thinking about having anything to do with this place, beyond taking what he’s already owed.

Dean had fought so hard not to come here, but he *never* had a say. And while he gets that he was a weak little bitch and got owned like one, he hates that his body, his suffering, *also* had a price. This entire place, just a bigger, fancier version of Pastor Jim’s bunker, his torment extended by *years*, and only for money—so a bunch of soft rich people could *buy* a shot at him. When he should *always* have been beyond their reach.

His face hardened with his resolve. “I already said no. Gave you reasons, when I shouldn’t have to. Should be pretty fuckin’ obvious why I wouldn’t work for either of you sons of bitches.” He stands, makes his way to the door. “Now let me get my boy so I can leave.”

The Chief tried to speak, but Alastair stopped him with a hand up, eyes on Dean. Not smiling at last, he looked almost regretful—no, disappointed. “Knock it off, all right, kid? I’m not trying to sucker you; I’m trying to get you to look at all of this from a new point of view. You’re a man, now. I’m showing you that respect and you’re ignoring it. Yeah, you used to be a whore, big fucking deal. I used to be a drug mule for my grandfather—you don’t see me bitching about it.” He sighed. “All those feelings—about us, about this place—that’s from being a whore against your will and being pissed as hell. Well, you’re not anymore, and you won’t be. I’m offering to pay you to do the very fucked up shit that you wanna do anyway. So what’s the fucking problem?”

Dean opened his mouth to snap something sarcastic, but Alastair wasn’t finished. “You don’t care about random little shits getting raped or beaten, you *like* it. Watching, dishing it out yourself—you feel no empathy for them, no compassion.”

“Never said I did—“

“So where’s the issue, *really*?” Dean frowned, and Alastair smiled back, somewhat mockingly. “Tell you what I think. I think it’s just leftover whining from a pissed off little boy.” He rose at last, shrugging. “It’s a good offer, Dean, and it’s got nothing to do with what’s past. It’s an offer for a man who takes what he wants.”

Dean hesitates, thinking. Turns and leans against the door with a dreamy smile. “You know, last year I fucked this hot little blond girl. Sweet sixteen. Too old for you guys, I know, but oh so soft and fresh. Never even had her little titties touched, not before I got there--course, I did a lot more than that--”

“Dean--”

“What--”

“Now, I didn’t just bend her over and *rape* her,” he continues, louder, and they both cut off, looking impatient. “No, that wouldn’t have worked...ties to the family, and all. But, man, I had to have that pussy.”

“Dean, will you--”

“Know how I got her to shut up and spread?” he practically shouted, and gave a shark's grin when they shut up again. Sure, he was smiling, but he was looking at Alistair, and nothing reached his eyes. “I told her she was special.”

There wasn't much to say after that. They were leaving---the Chief looking vindicated, Alistair looking...well, not as defeated or pissed as Dean would've liked.

When they passed some little thing in pink silk who tugged his sleeve, and Dean remembered the kid from downstairs. The one with the mats.

(Big brother in the room behind him, naked in the lap of a man with the same red hair.)

And when that kid said his boy was being “bothered”, Dean maybe lost track of things. Next thing he knew, there was an empty cage. A boy on top of Cas.

Everything changed.

* * *

Cas is pretty sure Dean's forgotten he's here.

He didn't say specifically that Cas had to watch. Well, he didn't say it to Cas (didn't say anything, once they started down.) The Chief had begged off, looking queasy. Crowley stood near the door, but kept his eyes on Dean, throughout. Looking amused, mostly. A bit fascinated, but that's typical around Dean.

Maybe not under these circumstances, for a normal person anyway.

Cas is sitting by Crowley on a leather stool he'd hauled from somewhere. Nobody's paying any attention to him, which is a relief, at least.

It had been horrible at first.

Freshly assaulted, his skin still crawling, his heart racing. But he hadn't wanted to see what Dean was going to do to Richard.

Would it be the same as whatever he'd done to Jimmy?

(*All that blood on Dean's jeans, they'd burned them together...*)

He was terrified of Dean, out of control and enraged the way he was. He didn't know if Dean would involve him. Or that man, Master Alistair. Maybe Dean would let *him* drag Cas into it.

But they ignored him. They ignored Crowley, too. Dean and that devil man, only aware of each other.

And Richard.

Cas kept his eyes on Dean's face at first. Or he tried to.

He didn't want to look at Richard.

Not when the kid came to, not when they forced him to strip (on Alistair's command, the older man reminding him that he needed to be obedient, that he needed to be afraid.)

The punishment was bad. Cas didn't have a needle phobia, but that didn't mean he wanted to watch Dean stab a naked kid with them over and over. He watched Dean's face and hoped he didn't like it as much as he seemed to. He wouldn't use them on Cas, would he? Maybe. If he were bad enough. Cas's stomach was hurting.

And then it wasn't. Isn't.

He's not sure how much time has passed, but he starts to relax. Feels tired all of a sudden. Slumps on his stool. Stares at his shoes instead of the horror show still unfolding in front of him.

It's weird. Nothing's changed. He's still in this dangerous place. All the horrific things he's seen and learned, everything that's happened to him tonight---he knows how he *should* feel right now. Like it's still there, somewhere. But it just seems distant. Balloons under a heavy tarp, bumping gently against it.

It's a relief.

The pill, he realizes. And winces. Richard's still screaming, that still hurts. The cage, the plug up his ass, still making him physically uncomfortable.

But even that bugs him less. He really is tired.

Unbelievably, he zones out. Is brought back abruptly when he realizes he's leaning against Mr. Crowley. Fear manages to jolt through him, he straightens up stiffly. But Crowley's still watching Dean, and Cas relaxes again. Looks at Richard and it's (*horrific*) not as upsetting as he expects. He can view it sort of impersonally, a scene in a horror film. Richard's tearstained face, his body covered in needles, bruised and trickling blood. He searches the older boy's face, and there isn't a trace of the personality he'd dealt with just before. He looks young, maybe younger than Cas, and terrified.

He looks like a scared little baby. Unkind, maybe. Maybe Cas should be feeling bad for him or something. He wouldn't wish this on anybody, not really. But Richard hadn't cared when it'd been Cas scared and crying. Begging him to stop.

Cas likes how detached he's feeling. How calm.

Dean and Alistair are playing with the needles. And Dean is looking at Richard in a way that's familiar to Cas. His heart stutters, like his body's trying to panic. But it can't. He can't reach it. And he's glad.

Dean steps back and his starving tiger eyes find Cas, who sits straighter. Calm, tired, whatever, he still knows how to respond to Dean. Pure survival instinct. “C’mere, baby angel.”

A light twinge of dread in his stomach, easy to ignore. So different. Dreamily he rises, moves to stand in front of Dean. Finds himself staring at the dick that was just shoved against his face not long ago, but it’s unrecognizable now. Tied tight, red and swelling against the black rope, bruised, needles through the shaft, crisscrossed through the head. Through his balls.

Cas doesn’t think he’d be able to look, under normal circumstances. Thinks his dick would be trying to crawl back up his body in sympathy pains. As it is, though, now...

He’s tugged against Dean’s hard chest, strong arms wrapping around him, and he goes limp, allowing it all. Feels Dean’s mouth and tongue and teeth on his throat, his ear, the sensations coming to him but...from far away. Less interesting than normal. It’s better. So much better.

“See that baby?” Dean’s voice is guttural, pleased, his dick shoved threateningly against Cas’s back. “That’s what happens when *anyone*,” he sucks at Cas’s skin, “fucks with what’s mine. Even if he’s just a little boy. Like that, there. *Hey*,” he snaps, and Richard’s teary eyes widen. Cas flinches slightly, but he’s off, a second late, not nearly as invested in the fear. “You’re sorry aren’t you, little boy? How ‘bout you tell my baby angel just how *sorry* you are.”

“I...I’m sorry,” Richard croaks and his eyes move reluctantly to meet Cas’s. His face is flushed red and Cas sees the humiliation there, under all the fear and pain. It’s not gratifying or sad. It’s nothing.

An improvement, really. Had he felt sympathy, before? Had he compared what Richard’s going through, with what he’d gone through? But he’d never done what Richard’s done to others.

“He’s not convinced, little boy,” Dean’s voice is pure threat. He starts moving forward, pushing Cas closer to Richard’s broken form, right up to his tortured cock. Richard flinches back, as much as he’s able (which isn’t much.)

“Sorry, sorry, sorry,” he starts whimpering frantically, shaking his head no, eyes shutting tightly, fresh tears streaming.

“How’s that, angel,” Dean grinds into him, squeezes so tightly Cas would want to squirm and squeak in protest. Normally.

Instead he’s just staring at Richard. He’s not as interested as he should be, so he tries to come up with a response that would make Dean happy. What does Dean want him to get from this?

“S’good, right?,” Dean murmurs against his ear, and Cas looks at the helpless mess in front of him. Still whimpering.

Remembers something from his new friends. The other boys Richard liked to hurt.

“He isn’t a little boy,” Cas says calmly, feels Dean straighten a bit behind him. He turns his neck to look up in Dean’s face. “He’s just a baby.”

Dean turns him around and Cas can see he’s surprised, interested. The start of a grin on his face. “Come again?”

Cas shrugs, sighs. He’s so tired, dreamy. Standing is the worst. “You called him ‘little boy’? But his. Someone? Made him be a baby. I think. He used to have to be a baby. Maybe you made him a baby again. Too.”

It’s mean. Cruel, even, and unlike Cas. But he thinks it’ll make Dean happy. And why should anything else matter, just then?

The older man, Master Alistair (had Cas forgotten about him?) looks amused. “Dean-o, your little chick has a point. We haven’t seen that side of you in some time, Richard. Maybe a reminder is just what was needed.”

“It could also make his uncle feel a lot better about all...this. Unorthodox as it is,” Crowley suggests from his place leaning against the door. His tone makes it seem like he’s sure everyone’s forgotten that this is something they might have to worry about.

Cas doesn’t feel worried, not about anything. Not the discussion of how baby dicks are meant to be out of commission. Not even when they’re shoving a gag on Richard that has a pacifier attached (something Cas didn’t want to know existed.)

Then Dean is grabbing him, kissing him hard on the mouth---Cas can only try to keep up. His master is fired up in that way he gets sometimes, when there’s nothing Cas can do but wait for how and when the fallout hits him. It’s all wrong, as disconnected as he feels in the moment. He can’t pay attention, he can’t anticipate the way he does.

But maybe that’s not wrong. Maybe this way he just lets it happen.

He doesn’t find out, not then. The kiss ends, and astonishingly Dean stops there.

Finally they’re leaving. They leave Richard the way he is, though Alistair barks orders at a couple of high school boys in black panties and bow ties, and they head in Richard’s direction.

The main floor is still...active. He hears music, adult laughter. Grunting. Leather on flesh (how well he knows it.) Cas keeps his eyes resolutely on the ground, watching Dean's boots in front of him. Maybe there are eyes on him, maybe he gets catcalled, but if he doesn’t look, he can’t know for sure. He’s sure Dean does the looking for both of them, and maybe Master Alistair, too.

Nobody touches him.

Outside at last, Alistair calls Dean back, starts speaking lowly to him, Dean’s head tilted toward him. Cas sighs and steps ahead, looking longingly for the car. Instead, he sees Noel, the older kid who gave him the pill, and Cas beelines for him.

He looks different. Small. Slumped down on the bottom step, not looking around at anyone, just sort of staring off. But he looks up when Cas approaches, dark eyes red and glassy. There are bruises on his face and neck that weren't there before. He's got his same hoodie on, zipped up as high as it could go, but the shiny green nylon shorts are new. He's got on white knee socks with fat green stripes that look new. One of them is ripped. His drawn up knees are dirty compared to the white of the socks. He gives Cas a once over and smiles. "Hey, new guy. Seems like you made it out okay."

Cas glances at Dean, but he's still very preoccupied. "Yes. Thanks to you." He means it. Sincerely. Whatever this blue pill is, he'd stay on it forever if he could. He's wondering if he could.

The older kid is rummaging in his deep shorts pocket, pulls out a joint and a lighter. Cas blinks; looks around at the adults.

Noel notices his reaction and laughs (*was his voice that scratchy before? Cas doesn't think so* .) "Not like they're worried about the law around here. You can probly shoot up....long as you can still obey after." He lights the joint after a few tries with a shaky hand. Pinches, breathes in and holds. He shuts his eyes and breathes out slow, and some of the tension in his body goes out with it.

Cas looks at Dean--still busy listening intently--and sits next to Noel.

Who opens his eyes and looks his way, taking another pull. He blows it out the corner of his mouth rather than right in Cas's face. He smiles again, looking more like he did when they first met. "Thanks to me, huh? Yeah, xanax is good to us. I mean, like I told you before, there's other stuff you can try. They'll get it for you. They'll offer it to him at some point, if they haven't already. Then you just pick your poison." He tokes again, then holds it out to Cas in offer. Glances at Dean when Cas hesitates. "He gonna get pissed?"

Cas shrugs, uncertain, but visions of Sam and Jo drift through his mind. "Nah. If he looks over, just shotgun it to me."

Noel snorts. "Makes sense."

Cas takes a small drag and holds it, frowning at Dean, wondering if he would even take the blue pills from *them* , even for free. He doesn't think so. He passes it back. "Can *you* get me some? That--the pills, I mean?" Speaking of, it's still working--no way he'd have had the guts to ask this kid he just met for a favor, otherwise. People like doing things for Dean, for Sam. Never for Cas.

Noel seems to contemplate him--maybe he's just now really looking at all the healing cuts and scrapes. He nods finally. "Yeah, I got you. Gimme a sec."

Cas takes the offered joint again, takes a tiny hit. It occurs to him he has no idea what weed and xanax will do to him, but not enough to care. And hey, Noel had done it, and he seems totally fine. It's fine. It's good, really.

Noel is rummaging in his pockets again--comes out with a baggie. "You can have mine. I'll jus' get more." His smile is magnanimous.

And Cas grins back. Takes the baggie like it's gold and turns his smile on the pills. "Thanks. This. This is good. This'll. It'll help." He hands back the joint, which is honestly feeling like a lot of work, holding it. Noel is still talking to him. Things about which pills do what, which weed goes where with what. But Cas is drifting. There are a lot of stars out here. So many. Noel is kissing him. Kissing smoke at him. What? Cas belatedly tries to respond, show he knows what he's doing, but he ends up sputtering, choking. Noel is gentle, immediately eases off, and Cas looks at him dizzily.

Noel has a hand on his arm, gripping him firmly, and there's an urgency that wasn't there a minute ago. "It's your Master, kid. C'mon."

"Castiel."

His master. His *Master*. Calling his name. If anything can break through his dreamy fog, it's that. Even if he can't work up the correct amount of fear. He Bambi-blinks at Dean, who laughs (fortunately.) He still looks weird (*off*), but everything's getting weird. Weird-good. He smiles sheepishly.

Dean laughs again and picks him up like he's still ten. He tucks his head into Dean's neck, like he's younger. Fuck this, he's going to sleep. "You gave him something. What'd you give 'im?" Cas can feel Dean's low rumble. It's nice.

"Just xanax. And weed," Noel's voice sounds far away. "He'll sleep." His voice sounds different when he says that part. Serious. Sad. "That okay?" Another new tone. Flirty? Defiant? Sort of both.

Dean steps in Noel's space. "If it weren't, we'd already be back inside, kiddo." Matter of fact tone. One of his hands comes off Cas, and then Dean's inhaling. Sweet smelling smoke drifts around Cas. "And you'd be screaming."

"Same shit," Noel sounds way too nonchalant, and if Cas's head didn't weigh 1000 pounds, he'd try at least look a warning at him. "At least you're hot. Never had a hot rapist."

Dean laughs darkly. "You won't like it. Anyway, who said anything about rape? I don't need to rape you to make you wish you were dead, sweetheart."

"Think I'm not already there?" Noel still sounds interested, though. "He says you're his Master. Maybe we can have a playdate?" There's a pause. "Seems like he could use some friends. Us kind of friends. 'F that's all right?"

Cas doesn't know what happens next. The rest of the night is dizzying. Voices. Dean's car. Streetlights. All a blur.

There is one part that comes in somewhat clear. He's on Dean's bed, on his back. His shirt is open. His skirt flipped up. Dean is messing with the chastity belt---the cock ring opened, the

plug eased out. Dean's talking, and it's difficult to understand. But Cas is trained to listen. He opens bleary eyes, tries to blink. And Dean is leaning over him close.

"Do you know what you get when you mix weed and xanax, baby angel?" Dean is smiling like the devil, high from nothing but hurting Richard, from having Cas helpless for him now. That rare Dean, the one no one sees but Cas, until tonight.

Cas shakes his head--a mistake, the room takes a sweet spin. But Dean's there waiting when it stops.

"Memory loss," he tells Cas, who isn't sure why this should matter. He tries to make the connection. Can't.

Dean watches his lost, dazed face and grins again. "I've always wanted to roofie you, baby."

Cas tries, but his eyes won't stay open. He hears the sound of a zipper coming down. Gets flipped to his stomach, another wave of sparkle in the black behind his eyes. He feels his body dragged across the bed. "C'mere, little fleshlight," Dean growls.

That's the last thing Cas remembers.

Chapter End Notes

Be gentle, if you can. A lot has changed since I wrote this last, I'm not in the same place in life, I'm not the same person, maybe you're not either. And I've recently suffered a loss close to me. But I want to finish this fic. So I'm trying.

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