Manifesting

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Manifesting

by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

While riding out his heat in a heat hotel, Dean accidentally summons Castiel.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

They’re hunting a rugaru in Louisiana when Dean wakes up feeling hot and groggy. These aren’t tells in of themselves, because they’re in possibly the muggiest region in America, but then he notices how scratchy the motel blanket feels against his skin and how abnormally pissed off he is about it, and his hand flies to his scent glands. Yup. They’re inflamed, just like they always are when he’s in pre-heat.

“Oh *fuck* me,” Dean groans.

“Whatisit?” Sammy mumbles from the other bed, voice muffled through the pillow he’s buried his face in.

“I’m in pre,” Dean replies.

“You should really start tracking that,” Sammy says, condescension coming through clearly despite the muffling.

“Shut up,” Dean rolls his eyes. “I’ve been busy.”

“So have I, and I still track my ruts,” Sammy replies. Dean knows he does, because Sam has a rut hotel in California he prefers and always manages to find them a case on that side of the country when he’s close. He’s probably got a little calendar in his backpack with days circled and dotted with little hearts. “It’s not that hard.”

Dean throws a pillow at him.

They’ve got three days to catch the rugaru before his heat starts, and the tricky bastard takes them two. By the time they’re burning the body, Dean’s convinced that maybe he should start tracking his heats, because he never wants to be in pre in summertime Louisiana ever again. He’s never been so sticky in his *life*, and yet every day his traitorous body still cranks up the heat.

“There’s a heat hotel in Baton Rouge,” Sammy suggests as they’re packing up the motel. “That’d be the closest.”

“No way,” Dean shakes his head. “I’m not having my heat in Louisiana.”

“Why?” Sammy asks.

Dean rolls his eyes. Rut hotels are the same everywhere, so Sammy usually forgets to check state laws when googling where to find heat hotels. “Heat hotels aren’t allowed to supply anything but nesting materials here.”

That had been the law nation-wide fifty years ago, and some states still haven’t caught up, citing “family values” and “Christian morals” or whatever the newest tagline was. The real tagline would be more like “we want it to be hard for omegas to manage their heats without an alpha,” but when are politicians ever honest? Dean’s ridden out two heats in Louisiana with nothing but his hands, and he has no desire to increase that number to three.

“Where do you want to go then?” Sammy asks.

“Omaha,” Dean replies instantly.

“*Omaha?*” Sammy scrunches his eyebrows. “We don’t have to go all the way to Nebraska to get to a state with non-archaic laws. There’s probably five fully-equipped heat hotels in Austin alone.”

“I like Nebraska,” Dean shrugs. “It’s not that far away.”

Sammy scents the air. As his brother, Dean’s scent can’t smell alluring to him, but he can still detect the changes pre causes to it. Whatever he detects doesn’t reassure him, if his facial expression is any measure. “Are you sure you’ve got fourteen hours?”

“Sure enough.”

Austin is the most logical answer, but Dean’s got a hotel he likes and trusts in Omaha, and he’s not feeling like scouting out a new one. And the second reason, the one he’s not going to say aloud but that he’s sure Sammy’s figured out by now, is that he feels safer in Nebraska. Before the Roadhouse burned down, he spent every heat in its heat room. It’s the only place he’s ever had a somewhat permanent nest, or another omega checking on him, like Ellen was prone to do.

“Okay,” Sammy sighs. “Let’s go.”

The drive there is awkward and uncomfortable. The Impala’s A/C has no effect on him, the seat’s leather is too sticky against his skin, and Sammy keeps his head angled towards the window the whole time, trying to air out Dean’s scent. Every alpha they encounter in the two gas stations they stop at tries to make a move on him, and one’s even pretty hot, but Sammy puts an end to it with a growl.

Sam never lets him find strangers to spend his heats with. He’s always so concerned about Dean getting “murdered” while he’s “vulnerable” or whatever. As if a regular, tax-paying, blue collar alpha could so much as put a scratch on him, heat or not. It’s the one thing he misses about Sammy being off at Stanford, but Dean concedes it to him. He’s met a lot of omegas whose alpha siblings are so overbearing they can’t even look at alphas. He’s lucky Sammy doesn’t care about who he sleeps around with outside of heat, so he begrudgingly surrenders to Sammy’s instincts on this. It’s only fair.

They’re riding the wire by the time they pull into the hotel’s parking lot. Sammy’s starting to scrunch his nose, which means Dean’s scent is melting from pre into full heat and beginning to smell disgusting to him. Dean leaves him in the Impala, promising to call when he’s out of heat, and speed walks into the lobby.

The beta woman at the desk is clearly trained to deal with rush jobs, because she gets him through the paperwork quickly. Fake name, fake address, real age, mating status (never mated), is he on birth control (yes), is he on any other medications (no), has he had a heat partner in the past two years (no), is he going to have a partner for this one (no) (even though he knows who he’d like to have), does he want a partner to be supplied for him (absolutely

not), what supplies he wants (everything that doesn't cost extra). He barely glances at the waiver of liability before signing it with his nice fake signature, and then he's paying with a stolen credit card and getting his room key.

The hallways are sterile and pumped full of a fake neutral scent that makes Dean's nose curl, and he's thankful when he enters his room. The walls are painted a calming blue, not too bright and not too dark, warmly lit by the ceiling light above. The hardwood floor is cold against his feet as he takes off his shoes, which gives him some relief from the heat that's coursing through his body. There's a tinted-glass window on the far side of the room, overlooking a well-maintained garden. It doesn't open, of course, but it doesn't need to; the air in the room is cooled and well-circulated, devoid of any scent besides his own. He could request for an alphan scent to be pumped in, but's he's usually found that that hurts more than it helps him, especially when he doesn't get the chance to sample the scents available beforehand.

He puts his jacket in the closet before throwing off his shirt and jeans, which have started to make his skin itch. There's a large white bed in the middle of the room, covered with soft, folded blankets. That won't do. The plush mattress sinks under him as he kneels on it, grabbing the nearest blanket and bringing it to his scent gland. Yeah, his heat's really starting now. The lack of a nest is grating on him, making him clench his jaw. Why didn't he drive faster, get here an hour earlier?

He's halfway done building his nest when the first cramp comes, making him double over in pain. He throws the rest of the blankets into an approximation of a circle, despite how wrong their laundry-soap scent is. He'll have to scent them later. Another cramp hits him, and he feels the first rush of slick between his thighs, cock slowly hardening. *Dammit*.

His head's clouded as he fumbles with the long chest at the end of the bed. Why do hotels always hide the toys away? There's no need for decorum in a place like this. He finally gets it open, and is met with a bounty of sex toys. Knotting dildos, non-knotting dildos, vibrators, gags, handcuffs, thigh spreaders, everything an omega could dream of. Dean's not feeling creative, though. He's feeling *empty*, and he grabs the first knotting dildo he sees with an attachment for a machine.

The machine itself is in the closet, and it's a venture to get over to it. He's unsteady on his feet, pussy dripping and clenching around nothing, head so clouded it's starting to become painful. It can't weigh more than ten pounds, but it's heavy as he grabs it and it's remote off the shelf. He almost drops both. *Fucking heats.* He's starting to feel woozy. By now, the room must smell like an apple pie factory exploded, scent glands working overtime to try and attract an alpha, but he's far too gone to be able to notice his own scent.

Focus, Dean, he tells himself, but it's getting hard to focus on anything. Clicking the machine into place on the lid of the chest is fucking Herculean, even though it's designed to be easy. By the time he's clicked the dildo into place, the cramps are non-stop, he's whining, the only thought in his head is how empty he feels, and he's so wet he can feel it on his thighs.

He gets on his knees and lines the dildo up with his entrance. He squints at the remote in his hand, which may as well have been written in Egyptian hieroglyphs with how much he's struggling to read it, before he gives up and just presses a random button.

The dildo surges forward, and Dean feels like he can breathe for the first time in hours, even though he's only been in the room for twenty minutes at most. It sets a fast pace, faster than he would've preferred right off the bat, but it's *good,* it's *so fucking good,* and Dean's hands clench in the sheet underneath him as moans are punched out of his throat.

His instincts settle as he's finally filled, and he buries his face into the sheets. It's not as good as a real alpha, obviously, slightly off without an alpha's scent around him and body pressed against him, but it relieves the painful pressure in his gut and replaces it with a satisfying, building one instead. It's been too long since he's done this, *way* too long. Why doesn't he do this all the time? Why doesn't he always have something inside him? His mind is pleasantly empty and buzzing with contentment. He's drooling onto the sheets. The machine's smooth and steady inside him, hitting everywhere it needs to, and he finds himself rocking back into it, trying to get it deeper.

He can feel his orgasm building, and he has just enough wits left to fumble with the remote again, putting it on knotting mode. The first press of an inflating knot against his inner walls has him moaning, pleasure racing up his spine, and his instincts sing.

That's when the fantasy comes to him, the same one that's been coming to him for years. It's easy, to pretend that it's not silicon fucking him. That it's Cas behind him, gripping his hips tight, pumping into him hard.

"Cas," he mutters between heavy breaths. "Cas—"

In his head, Cas is looking at him with a burning intensity in his eyes, as he always has when he's focused. He's rough, breath hot on Dean's neck, even though he doesn't need to breathe. His scent clouds around them, usually so muted but now brought to full force, smokey and full of electric sparks. Dean squirms, trying to get Cas in deeper, but Cas holds him still with a firm grip on his hips. He's *taking* him, lost in it when he's usually so controlled. Each expansion of the machine's knot brings Dean further and further into the fantasy, until he's barely aware that it's a machine at all.

"Fuck, fuck—" and just as the machine knots him, his inner muscles clenching down to lock it inside him as his cock spills onto the sheets, he shouts, "Castiel!"

He breathes through it, feeling the wave of heat break as his body clenches around the dildo, trying to milk it as if it were a real knot. In his head, Cas is rubbing soothing circles on his sides, earlier roughness melting away to tenderness. Dean angles his neck, exposing it to his alpha, and imaginary Cas leans down to press his lips—

"Dean."

If he wasn't tied to a machine, Dean would've fallen right off the bed.

He jolts, pulling harshly at the fake knot inside him, which makes him hiss in pain. He's still coming down from the wave, and it takes a few seconds for him to regain enough lucidity to realize what's happening.

Castiel is standing at the side of the bed. In the flesh, trenchcoat and all. Dean rubs at his eyes, pretty sure he's suffering heat delirium, but Castiel remains. He pinches himself to make sure. Nope. Cas is still here, head tilted, looking at Dean curiously.

"Cas?" Dean sputters. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Cas blinks, like seeing Dean naked on his knees with a fake cock stuck inside him is an average sight. "You prayed to me."

Dean freezes. "I what?"

"You called to me," Cas replies, eyes as blue and deep as ever. "Very strongly."

"Oh," Dean says dumbly. He doesn't know what else to say. All he knows is that this is a nightmare. A horrible, terrible nightmare, because he just fantasized to the alpha he's been crushing on for years now so hard that it fucking summoned him. Oh God; did Castiel just hear his name from Dean's lips, or did he see the whole fantasy? What does *very strongly* imply?

Alright. Dean's done with this whole "living" thing. It's been fun, but Hell can open a pit and drag him back down now.

"Did you not do it on purpose?" Cas asks as he sits down in front of Dean, face still even, and that's almost more awkward than having him standing, because Dean can't rise any further than his hands and knees thanks to the machine. He briefly contemplates grabbing a blanket to cover himself with, but what would be the point? Cas has already seen all the family jewels.

"Does it look like I prayed to you on purpose?" Dean groans, burying his face back into the sheets to hide his burning red cheeks.

"You sounded very intent," Cas replies.

"Yeah, well," Dean grumbles. "Heat will do that to you."

He hears Cas sniff the air. "Ah."

"Listen, Cas, why are you here?" Dean asks. "You must've been able to see what was going on."

"You were asking for help," Cas replies. "I wanted to assist you."

"*Assist* me?" Dean laughs despite himself. "You've been tangoing with humans long enough to know that there's only one way to assist an omega in heat. So you can either get inside me or get out."

The bed springs up as it loses Castiel's weight, and Dean waits for the sound of angel wings flapping away. It doesn't come. Dean opens his eyes, and is met with the sight of Castiel taking off his jacket and folding it nicely over the fridge at the bed's side.

“What are you doing?” Dean asks as Castiel starts to undo his tie.

“You told me to get inside you,” Castiel says simply as he puts the tie on top of the jacket.

Dean’s mind short circuits. He stares at Castiel, who’s shrugging off his suit jacket. The angel goes to undo the first of his dress shirt’s buttons, and Dean’s still just staring at him, watching his movements with a dumbfounded expression.

Castiel falters. “Is this not what you meant?”

Dean’s mind comes back online. “No, yeah, that’s what I meant.”

Castiel’s fingers unfreeze, and then his dress shirt is off, exposing his chest to Dean’s eyes for the first time. *Holy shit.* This is really happening. An angel of the lord is disrobing in front of him.

He’s usually got a long period of lucidity after a heat wave, but that was already starting to go when he first caught Castiel’s scent. Now that he’s got the promise of a real knot coming, his brain’s quickly going back offline. He grabs the machine’s remote and presses the button that deflates the dildo’s knot, before scooting back up the bed. By then Castiel has his pants off, and the sight of so much of Castiel’s bare skin has heat rushing to his groin so fast it’s dizzying. His cock’s hard and ready to go again, but that’s nothing compared to how wet he’s getting.

Castiel pulls down his boxers, and Dean’s mouth honest to god begins to water. He’s long and uncut, already hard and red. That sight sends a rush of pride through Dean’s body, because that means his scent is affecting him, no matter how unbothered Castiel’s face seems.

Castiel gets on the bed, kneeling between Dean’s thighs. “Take whatever position is most comfortable for you.”

Dean fights through the cloudiness in his brain to think about it. The omega in him wants to present, begs to, but he wants to be able to see Castiel’s face, and that urge wins out. He lays down on his back, spreading his legs wide. Castiel hums and inches forward, an emotion Dean doesn’t have the time or mental presence to recognize flashing through his eyes, before Castiel pushes two fingers into Dean’s entrance.

They slide in easily, which is no surprise, because Dean’s pretty sure he’s never been wetter in his life. He gasps, mind blanking because those are *Castiel’s fingers* inside him. Castiel’s fingers curl up, pressing against him just right, and Dean’s legs jump as he slowly pumps them inside him a few times.

Castiel makes a contented sound as he pulls out his fingers, and that’s when Dean realizes that he was checking to make sure that Dean was ready enough for him. Wait a second, isn’t Castiel a virgin? Shouldn’t Dean be telling him what to do? He’s pretty sure Cas would have told him if that had changed, but Castiel seems to have a pretty good handle on the situation. His hands are steady and sure as he lines himself up with Dean’s entrance, before lifting Dean’s hips, angling him slightly to the right, and sliding home.

Dean's very glad for the soundproofed walls, because the sound that comes out of his mouth can best be categorized as a scream.

His legs lock around Castiel's waist as his whole body trembles, because Castiel feels fucking *perfect* inside him. He's never found an angle that works so well before, not with a toy or machine or any other partner. Castiel starts a slow pace, but that doesn't make the intensity of it any different. He's hitting every sweet spot Dean has, and every thrust has Dean gasping and clawing into the bedsheet below him.

Castiel's looking at him with that same intensity Dean had imagined him with, as if he was studying every minute detail of Dean's face. Which is probably what he is doing, and that thought is hotter than it has any right to be. Castiel speeds up, rocking into him with deeper and rougher thrusts, and Dean's mouth drops open, surely never to be closed again. His whole world closes in to focus on Castiel, the feel of his skin pressed against him, the strength of his scent around him, how good he feels inside him, that all-consuming look in his eyes. Dean's hands fly to the back of Castiel's neck, scrambling for purchase, and that just makes Castiel's eyes darken more.

Castiel's hand travels further up Dean's side, until he's massaging a spot under Dean's ribcage, and that sends a wholly unexpected spark of pleasure up Dean's spine. Dean clenches around him, and that brings a groan out of Castiel's mouth, which feels like a victory. He does it again, and again, until he feels the beginning of Castiel's knot catching inside him. That sends every rational thought that remains in his head flying right out, replaced by a mantra of *alpha, alpha, alpha*, louder and louder as Castiel's knot grows. He's desperate for it now, instincts aching.

"Please," he hears himself saying. "Please, Cas—"

"I know," he hears Castiel say, but it's distant. Dean's all feeling now, focused on where they're joined together. "I'll give you what you want, Dean."

Dean whines, and Castiel starts to mouth on his neck, sucking on another spot that feels overwhelmingly good as his knot fully expands inside him, and Dean's vision blacks out. He feels himself locking tight around Castiel's knot, making sure he doesn't go anywhere, as Castiel spills inside him, filling him with warmth. He milks him for all he's worth as he pants, each breath feeling laborious. When was the last time he came that hard? He's not sure if he ever has.

It takes him a long time to come down. Castiel holds him through them all, and Dean basks in the warmth of it. Castiel is almost inhumanely warm, which should be uncomfortable with how hot Dean is himself, but it's not.

By the time Dean's vision returns to him, he's sure several minutes have passed. Is his leg still shaking? Yes it is. Holy *shit.*

"Jesus Christ, Cas," Dean is still gasping. "Where the hell did that come from?"

He'd expected Castiel to be a blushing virgin, all fumbling hands and knotting too quick. That was what had played center stage in his out-of-heat fantasies, and some of the in-heat

ones as well. Castiel bumbles his way through every other social interaction. Him knowing exactly what to do in bed is a curveball if Dean has ever seen one.

“I reconstructed your body piece by piece, muscle by muscle and nerve by nerve,” Castiel replies, voice completely even, as if making Dean see stars behind his eyes took the same amount of energy as a leisurely stroll. “Human physiology is not particularly difficult, and I am intimately familiar with your body in particular.”

“Right,” Dean’s breathing has finally started to even out, but just barely. That did explain a few things. “Of course.”

Castiel furrows his brow. “I assumed that was why you called me.”

“Oh, yeah,” Dean clears his throat. “I, uh, absolutely knew that. Just wanted to confirm.”

An awkward silence falls over them. All of Dean’s fantasies are coming true, and he doesn’t know what to do with it. Castiel seems happy enough, but there’s been no confirmation that he returns Dean’s feelings. He probably just sees this as a favour. That thought fills Dean with dread.

“So you uh, know all my sweet spots?” Dean asks, because now he needs a distraction.

Castiel nods. “In addition to the zones on all human bodies that are exceptionally sensitive, you have a high concentration of nerves here,” he touches the spot under Dean’s ribcage, “here,” the spot on Dean’s neck, “and here,” a spot just on the top of Dean’s ass. Dean shivers. “And one more on your lower left calf.”

“And you put them there?” Dean asks.

“They were always there,” Castiel replies. “I just reconnected them.”

“So you know me in and out?”

“You could say that.”

Dean grins. Feelings or no feelings, that undoubtedly makes Castiel the ideal heat partner. This was gearing up to be the best heat of his life.

Castiel puts two fingers on Dean’s forehead, and frowns. “Why didn’t you prepare for this cycle? You’re already dehydrated, and you haven’t eaten enough to get you through all three days.”

Dean’s grin disappears. “I bought a water bottle at the gas station!”

Castiel looks unimpressed. “You’re too old to be this unprepared.”

Dean rolls his eyes. “There’s food and water in the fridge.”

Castiel throws an arm around Dean’s back and lifts him up as if he weighed as much as a pinecone, and that’s enough to send another warm stab of arousal to his gut. What’s less hot

is the fact Castiel just did it to easily access the fridge, and then spends the next twenty minutes forcing Dean to eat a protein bar and finish a whole bottle of water. Dean doesn't want to eat or drink. He wants Castiel to kiss him, but he's not sure that he's allowed to ask for it, and that makes him want to drink and eat even less. By the time the whole debacle is through with, Castiel's knot has deflated and Dean can feel the next wave of his heat approaching.

He presents for Castiel this time, and Castiel knows exactly what he's doing in that position, too. He holds Dean down with a strong hand on his back, his other hand pressing down into Dean's sweet spot above his ass, and he drills Dean into the mattress with such precision that Dean's eyes roll up and don't come back down until he's knotted and filled.

After that, Dean fills the silence by shoving blankets in Castiel's face, making him scent them. The new additions to the nest fills him with such contentment that his next wave of heat comes early.

Castiel takes him on his knees two more times, and then his side, and by the time Dean's taken Castiel's knot for the fifth time he's *exhausted*. Castiel makes him eat again, just to be annoying Dean's sure, and then he's out like a light, Castiel's warm arms and scent wrapping around him better than any blanket could.

He wakes up with his blood on fire, and Castiel's ready for him as Dean climbs into his lap and rides him for all he's worth. Castiel's skin is so soft underneath his hands, his eyes still razor-focused even as Dean does all the work, and by now the novelty of sleeping with him has worn off, and his knot barely takes the edge off. Castiel's fucked him and put his hands on him and his mouth on his neck, but they still feel distant. Dean wants *more*.

When the next wave begins to build and Castiel pushes Dean onto his back, ready to slide into him for the umpteenth time, Dean stops him with a hammering heart.

"Kiss me," Dean demands, before he loses the nerve.

Castiel looks at him, confused. "That's not a necessary action to make you feel good."

"Yeah, it is," Dean replies. "It's very necessary."

Castiel falters, and Dean's heart burns, because that feels like rejection. They stare at each other for a few seconds, Castiel's eyes scanning across Dean's face.

"Is this not enough?" Castiel asks. "As far as I'm aware all an omega needs is penetration to break a heat."

"There's a difference between breaking a heat and enjoying a heat," Dean's voice is weaker than he would've liked. "We're not close enough."

"Not close enough," Castiel repeats, his brow furrowed in concentration. "I thought you called me just to take the edge off your heat."

“I told you, I didn’t call you on purpose,” Dean admits. He shouldn’t be saying any of this, but his heat is making him lose-lipped. “It wasn’t because I thought you'd know my body. I was expecting the opposite, really.”

Castiel stares at him for what feels like hours. Dean can practically see the gears turning in his head. The lightbulb moment is easy to spot too, because his eyes light up.

“You desire me,” Castiel says slowly, face softening. “As an alpha.”

Dean swallows. “Yeah.”

There’s a beat of silence, long enough to make Dean’s face warm up. Great. He’s screwed it all up. Castiel’s going to leave now, and then Dean’s going to be left alone with nothing but that stupid machine, and he’s never going to see Castiel again because—

Castiel’s lips crash into his own.

Dean’s eyes widen in surprise before he throws his arms around Castiel’s neck, leaning into it. Castiel’s lips are warm and soft against his as Castiel presses against him intently. It’s comforting, and Dean sighs against him contentedly.

“I didn’t—” Castiel pulls away and swipes his thumb across Dean’s lower lip. For the first time since they’d started, he looks wrecked. “I’ve wanted to do this the whole time, but I didn’t think the feeling was requited.”

Dean laughs. “If you had any idea how long that feeling's been requited, you’d smite me.”

Castiel looks stricken. Dean reaches up to kiss him again, and Castiel melts against him. They kiss until the next wave hits, and they keep kissing as Castiel fucks him through it. Castiel’s not as precise, not with his focus shifted and divided, but the resulting knot feels better than all the ones that came before it. So does the next one, and the next.

The next two days pass easily, until Dean wakes up feeling sore and satisfied and completely level-headed. Castiel lies beside him, his hair ruffled and his lips red.

Dean smiles at him. “How does it feel to no longer have your v-card?”

Castiel frowns. “I think humans put too much importance on that concept.”

“Yeah, yeah,save it for your next book, Simone de Beauvoir,” Dean kisses him again, and they lie together until an alarm beeps, warning him that he only has an hour left in his room. Then they jump in the shower together, because they’re both sticky and disgusting, but Castiel gets oddly preoccupied with washing Dean’s hair and Dean just knows the hotel is going to give him a late charge.

Once they’re both dried and dressed, Dean gives Castiel one last kiss goodbye. They can’t exit the room together, not when Dean had registered for a solo heat. Castiel has already removed his own scent from the room to hide his presence, which Dean can’t say he appreciates.

“I’ll see you soon?” Dean asks as they break away. Their relationship’s changed, undoubtedly, and Dean doesn’t want to talk about it. They’ll figure it out. But he still wants confirmation that the change hasn’t ruined everything.

Castiel cups his face. “Very soon.”

There’s the flutter of wings, and then he’s gone. Dean takes a deep breath, gives the room one last look, and calls Sammy for a ride.

The late fee is twenty dollars, which Dean pays begrudgingly before waiting outside the lobby, enjoying some fresh air for the first time in days. The second he sees his beautiful Baby roll into the parking lot, he’s off like a rocket.

“How are you feeling?” Sammy asks as he gets out of the driver’s seat.

“Like a million bucks,” Dean replies, running his hand over Baby’s steering wheel. “I told you, Omaha was the choice.”

“Uh huh,” Sammy replies, looking at him oddly.

Dean pretends not to notice. “You got a case ready?”

“Yeah,” Sammy pulls out a file. “Three women dead in Des Moines, all completely exsanguinated.”

“Perfect,” Dean says as he drives out of the parking lot. “Been awhile since we’ve fought some vamps.”

“Yeah,” Sammy agrees, before looking Dean up and down. “You were alone, right?”

“Of course I was,” Dean replies, trying to keep his voice even. The last thing he wants is to explain whatever he and Cas have started to Sammy. “You know hotels don’t allow omegas to invite a guest in after their heats have started.”

“Yeah, but—” Sam purses his lips. “You don’t smell like an omega who just went through a heat alone.”

Dean’s heart skips a beat. It’s been so long since he’s shared a heat with someone that he’d forgotten how omegas smell different after a heat based on how well it’d been fulfilled. And Dean’s has been very, *very* fulfilled.

“They had *really* good toys,” Dean raises an eyebrow. “Do you want to hear about them?”

Sammy shivers. “I’m good.”

“You sure?” Dean prods, just to make sure Sammy’s dropping it. “Since you seem so interested?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. Forget I asked,” Sammy shakes his head and turns up the music, and then they’re on the I-80 and straight off to Des Moines.

End Notes

Cross posted from Ao3!

Finally marking myself as a true ao3 writer by writing a fic for Kinktober! This was written for the Fanfic Writers of the SPN Fandom Discord Server's kinktober event. The prompts were A/B/O and Heat Sex. I'm hoping to write for all of the days with omegaverse prompts, fingers crossed I actually end up doing it. Also my first canonverse Destiel, lots of firsts here haha.

This fic started with me thinking about how Castiel building Dean's body could have sexual implications, and then it grew into this whole beast. If anyone knows of any other fics with the same idea, please let me know! I haven't found any, but with over 300k fics in this fandom I've got to assume I'm not the first to come up with it.

Please comment I love comments nom nom nom.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!