Rush

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by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

Angels do not have genders, primary or secondary. As a non-reproductive species, they have no need for something as human and pedantic as sexes. Consequently, Castiel has never had a rut in his life.

But Castiel isn’t an angel anymore.

Luckily, Dean is more than happy to help him out.

Castiel woke up before Dean, as he usually did. He'd fallen asleep with the omega in his arms, and was glad to awake in the same position; Dean turned enough in his sleep that some nights Castiel would find him on the opposite side of the nest. Castiel couldn't deny that he missed being an angel, when he'd been able to watch Dean all night, keeping him safe and secure against him. Yet he couldn't deny that there was something special in sleeping with Dean as a human. It settled instincts inside him that hadn't existed before, leaving him deeply satiated every time he woke up in Dean's nest.

He took his first breath of the day, and instantly noticed that Dean smelt good. He smelt *really* good, better than he had since the last time Castiel had helped him through a heat. Dean's freshly-baked apple pie scent invaded Castiel's nostrils, consuming the slight bitterness of whisky that usually accompanied it. He smelt good enough to eat.

Castiel buried his face in Dean's neck, letting himself enjoy that delectable scent straight from the source. Was Dean in pre-heat? No, his scent gland didn't feel inflamed, and his skin wasn't any hotter than usual. Though Castiel was pretty hot himself, now that he thought about it. The bunker was usually cold, but he was covered in a thin layer of sweat. And why was he so hungry? He was still adjusting to the sensation of hunger, but he could tell it was abnormally strong now.

"Morning, Cas," Dean yawned awake, nuzzling his cheek against Castiel's. "How'd you-- *oh."*

"What?" Castiel asked sleepily.

Dean turned to look at Castiel over his shoulder. "Can't you feel it?"

"Feel what?"

Dean grinned. "You're in pre-rut."

Castiel went rigid.

He'd been humans for months now, yet the thought of mating cycles had never crossed his mind. He'd experienced hunger, breathing, thirst, urination, bowel movements, bleeding, scent production, and every other physical reality of a human existence. Jimmy Novak had been an alpha, a status Castiel had inherited. A rut was inevitable, and yet he'd never once considered that *he'd* be getting one. It was an experience that was quintessentially human and illogical. Comfortable as he'd become with this earth-tethered body, he'd never once thought he'd have to go through a process so undeniably *mortal.*

"How do you know?" Castiel asked, feeling the tug of denial.

"Besides for your scent suffocating the room?" Dean reached forward and touched Castiel's scent gland. His touch was light, but even that was enough to alight the inflamed skin there. Castiel hissed.

There was only one biological process that could be making Castiel's scent glands active enough to inflame them this early in the day, without any emotional stressor. There was no denying it; Castiel was beginning his rut cycle.

"Relax, Cas," Dean cupped Castiel's face. "You're not dying."

"I wasn't anticipating this," Castiel said truthfully.

"You weren't?" Dean shifted. "I have been."

"You have?"

"Oh yeah," Dean said, smile widening. "I've been looking forward to it."

"Are you… excited?" Castiel asked, brows furrowed.

"Of course I am!" Dean laughed. "You've never had a rut before, right?"

"No angel has."

"That's what I thought," Dean said. "You know how many opportunities I get to be with an alpha in rut for the first time without being put on the sex offenders list? This is going to be great."

"I'm not sure I share your optimism," Castiel pursed his lips. He'd seen humans in the throes of heat and rut before, of course. He'd helped Dean through two heats, watched as the omega became incoherent in his arms, lost to instincts and biological imperatives, reduced to a single need. He'd enjoyed being so needed, but those were not among his favourite sexual experiences with Dean; he hadn't cared for how mindless they made Dean become. The thought of losing *himself* in the same way was alien, unthinkable. He could not see any avenue for enjoyment in it.

"You will," Dean kissed him lightly. "This is one of the best parts about being human. You'll see."

Castiel seriously doubted that, but he let Dean think he'd soothed him. They cuddled in bed for a while, but the increased sweetness of Dean's scent had lost its appeal now that Castiel knew its cause. He disentangled himself from Dean and got dressed, gritting his teeth as he felt the scratch of his shirt's cotton against his scent glands.

There was no one in the kitchen. Castiel put on a pot of coffee, something he'd acquired a taste for, as Dean started on cooking eggs. Dean almost always cooked breakfast, and usually dinner. It was instances like these that still confused Castiel whenever other humans were so quick to call Dean unconventional for his designation. Castiel had never met a more caring person.

Dean had just finished the eggs when Kevin stumbled in, rubbing his eyes. The younger omega had barely entered the room before his eyes widened. "Woah!"

"Morning, Kevin," Castiel greeted as Dean laughed.

“You really are human now, huh?” Kevin said, eyes still wide.

“I could’ve told you that, Kevin,” Dean winked, which made Kevin scrunch up his nose. “Eggs?”

“Yes, please,” Kevin replied.

“Only if you wake up Sam.”

Kevin rolled his eyes, but did what he was told.

Dean set a plat of eggs in front of Castiel, before sitting next to him. Castiel scarfed down his eggs like a man starved, which in some ways he was. His digestion system would shut down during his rut; his body was urging him to stock up on calories while he still could.

Kevin returned soon afterwards, taking the spot across from them. As they ate, Castiel was relieved to discover that his rut did not affect his perception of Kevin. The omega’s scent was not heightened to him, as Dean’s was; if anything, it was muted. It seemed that Castiel’s instincts had settled on a partner, and had no urge to budge. He breathed a sigh of relief. No matter how illogical his rut was going to make him, at least he was still going to be able to be cordial with the omegas he encountered. Besides for Dean, of course, but Dean had always had the ability to make Castiel act illogically, humanity and mating cycles aside.

Sam rolled into the kitchen a few minutes later. A few months had passed since the trials, and he’d been making a stellar recovery. A month ago he hadn’t been able to get out of bed without assistance; now he could do almost everything by himself with the help of his wheelchair. Castiel was sure that by the time Muriel could start the next stage of healing, he’d be able to walk again.

Sam rolled to his end of the table, where his breakfast was waiting, before scenting the air and narrowing his eyes. “Are you in pre-rut, Castiel?”

“Unfortunately,” Castiel grumbled.

“Do you have a plan for how you’re going to deal with it?” Sam asked, concern spiking in his scent. Sam was an alpha, and his scent was making Castiel very aware of that fact; he could feel his body tensing. His luck had run out after Kevin, it seemed. Sam being Dean’s brother didn’t seem to have an effect on Castiel’s instincts, and he was bristling at having another alpha so close to him.

“Can you guys talk about this after breakfast?” Kevin groaned.

He was ignored.

“Of course he does,” Dean said. “I’m going to help him through it.”

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Sam asked.

"Why wouldn't it be a good idea?" Dean looked taken aback. “Don’t tell me you’re about to get weird about me and Cas *now.*”

“I’m not!” Sam said defensively. "I’m just being cautious. What if he gets violent?"

"*Cas?*" Dean asked, sounding astounded. "You think *Cas* is going to hurt me?"

"Not willingly, but he doesn't know what type of rutter he'll be!" Sam exclaimed. "Some people get violent!"

"That’s a possibility?" Castiel asked. He was aware of alphas who had hormone regulation abnormalities and were just as inclined to react violently to rut hormones as they were to react sexually, but the thought of him potentially hurting Dean had not crossed his mind.

"Good gob Sam, now you’re scaring him!" Dean turned to Castiel. “It’s not, Cas.”

“No, your brother’s right. It is,” Castiel said. “I have no knowledge of how my body is going to react. It might be our best course of action for me to suffer this rut alone.”

“Like hell I’m going to let you pass this rut by knotting your hand when you could be knotting me instead!” Dean yelled.

“Aaaand I’m going to my room,” Kevin said, before picking up his plate and making a speedy getaway.

“I just want to make sure you guys have thought about it. I’m not going to be able to stop him if he goes rut-crazed, Dean,” Sam said, before coughing for emphasis.

“If he goes rut-crazed, I’ll be able to stop him,” Dean argued.

“I’m stronger than you, Dean,” Castiel said. Dean was strong, especially for an omega, but Jimmy Novak had not been a weak man, and now, neither was Castiel.

“Barely,” Dean scoffed. “And you’re not nearly as good at hand-to-hand combat as I am. I’ll be able to protect myself, Sam.”

“Not while you’re in heat!” Sam pointed out.

“I won’t be in heat,” Dean said. “My last one was only two months ago. That’s too recent for Cas’ rut to trigger it.”

That fact seemed to settle Sam’s nerves, as he noticeably relaxed. “How did I not remember that?”

“Because you were in a coma,” Dean said. “Now stop going all ‘alpha brother’ on me and eat your eggs before they get cold.”

The rest of the day was spent planning. Dean’s room would not be suitable; it was neither scent nor sound proof. The bunker had not been constructed with couples in mind. There was, however, a rut room next to the dungeon, for alphan men of letters to use for their ruts during long stays. It was a dreary room, but it would serve once Dean made a temporary nest on its old mattress.

Once they'd checked out the rut room, Dean decided they needed to go shopping. They visited the nesting department of a Target first. The bunker didn't have any bedding in storage, and Dean didn't want to take apart his nest. They bought a few fluffy blankets (one of which had a camo print, which Dean termed a "great find"), and two pillows. Castiel still didn't understand nesting; he wasn't sure he was supposed to, as an alpha. He couldn't deny that he enjoyed being in Dean's, however, the comfort of the organized blankets soothing on some intrinsic part of him, so he trusted Dean's vision.

Next, they went to a pharmacy. They visited the meal supplement section first, where Dean grabbed protein bars specifically designed to help alphas and omegas load up on calories before their cycles hit. Then they went to the "mating planning" aisle.

Castiel looked at the products in unashamed curiosity as Dean beelined to a section at the back. He grabbed a small box off the shelf. The product's picture was of a small patch, consisting of a light metal mesh surrounded by a silicon framing.

"It's a scent gland protector," Dean explained when he noticed Castiel staring. "The mesh lets my scent escape and stops it from becoming too hot, and the tissue adhesive comes off in five days. I've used this brand before, it's a good one. Beats collars, that's for sure."

Castiel ground his teeth at the thought of Dean having to use them before; it hadn't been with *him,* which meant it had to be with *another alpha.* Castiel was under no delusion that he'd been Dean's first, but the reminder had him suppressing a growl.

"I know not to bite you, Dean," Castiel said. He wasn't opposed to the idea, and he was pretty sure Dean wasn't either, but now wasn't the time. There was a chance that Castiel might become an angel again. He didn't know what that would do to a pre-existing bond, and there was no reason to potentially put Dean through the physical stress of a bond-breaking if it could be avoided. If Castiel's human status proved to be permanent, then they'd go for it. For now, they couldn't take that risk.

"*Now* you do," Dean laughed. "You won't, soon."

Their next stop was the omega section of the over-the-counter pharmacy. Dean picked up a purple bottle.

"Slickers?" Castiel read, tilting his head in confusion.

"Shh!" Dean said, lightly slapping Castiel on the shoulder. "Don't tell everyone our business!"

"Are you having trouble with that naturally?" Castiel asked. From what he'd seen last night, Dean had no trouble with his slick production.

"No, Cas! Like I said to Sam, my last heat was too recent to be triggered by your rut. These will help me produce enough slick to keep up with you," Dean rattled the pill bottle. "Lucky for us, it's easier for an omega to deal with an in-rut alpha than the other way around. We should get some lube too though, just in case."

Right before they left the pharmacy, Castiel looked at the counter, and had a thought that made him stop dead in his tracks. He and Dean had been using condoms up until now, just to be extra-safe, but that wouldn't be an option in rut. Alphas rejected them, every time. "You're still on birth control, right?"

Metatron's words still rung in his head. *Get mated. Have some pups. Maybe with that hunter you're so fond of. Now that'd be a story!* Castiel didn't want to give him the pleasure. If he was going to have pups with Dean (a thought which was as terrifying as it was delightful), it'd be on their own terms, preferably after they'd given Metatron his comeuppance.

"I've still got a month's worth. Don't worry about it, Cas," Dean grabbed his hand and led him to the cash register (though not before they picked up a bottle of lube).

The cashier grinned at them as they laid their items on the counter. Castiel was wearing scent patches, but she was a beta, and betas had keener senses of smell than alphas or omegas. God had designed them to be pack mediators, and being in touch with the emotions of packmates through scent was essential for that purpose. Since becoming human, Castiel had found it nothing but irritating.

"This your first time together?" she asked as she rang up their items.

Castiel furrowed his brows, trying to decipher how she could figure that out from their scents alone, while Dean answered. "Yes it is."

"Have fun," she winked, and handed them their bag.

Once they were in the car, Castiel dug into one of the protein bars. He'd been ravenously hungry for an hour now, the eggs a distant memory. He ate two more before Dean made steaks for dinner, and he devoured that in a blink of an eye.

The next day Castiel woke up hotter, hungrier, and irritated. His skin felt itchy, and he had a dull headache that wouldn't go away. Every time Dean left his sight, he got antsy. Kevin and Sam wisely started avoiding him. Dean didn't have that option; Castiel stayed glued to his side for the entire day.

His rut would most likely start the next morning, so Dean built a nest in the rut room that afternoon, taking blankets once he and Castiel were done scenting them and arranging them in a simple circle. Once it was done, Castiel was sad to leave it. He liked Dean's permanent nest, but Dean had other people's scents there, Sam's and Kevin's and Jody's and some he didn't recognize. This one was all them. They spent the day lounging in it, leaving only for much-needed meals.

After dinner, Dean filled up some water bottles, checked with Kevin to make sure that he would take care of Sam, and grabbed the remaining protein bars. Then they retired to the rut room and collapsed onto the new nest. Dean slapped on the scent gland protectors and curled up into Castiel's side, falling asleep in minutes.

Castiel did not fall asleep nearly as quickly. Already his thoughts felt sluggish and his body rebellious. He'd only recently begun to feel in-sync with his human form, and that

comfortability was beginning to completely slip out of his grasp. All he could think about was the concern Sam had raised. If Castiel hurt Dean, he'd never forgive himself.

Eventually, exhaustion pulled him into slumber. Castiel slept fitfully, dreams torrid and tangled. Dean's comforting scent was the only reason he slept through the whole night.

When he awoke, the dim light of the room's overhead lamp blinded him. He turned his head to the side, bringing his hand over his eyes. His skin was hot to the touch, and he could feel his blood burning in his veins as the scents of the room bombarded him. Mildew. Brick. The wood and metal of the door. Water from the bathroom. The blanket underneath him. His omega. His omega. *His omega.*

His omega's scent dominated his senses, making him think of nothing but sweet apple pie. His mouth watered. He rolled over, feeling for his omega. His hands were met with scarred skin, stretched tight over muscle.

"Hey, Cas," he heard his omega say, but it was muffled, as if Castiel was hearing it from far away. He opened his eyes, now adjusted to the light. His omega was awake, looking at him with those beautiful green eyes. He was radiant, face glowing under the lamp light. Castiel was leaning over him, with his hand gripping his left arm.

"Hitting you hard already, huh?" his omega asked, but Castiel was far more interested in getting his clothes off then trying to make meanings of his words through the murkiness of his brain. Why were they wearing clothes? There shouldn't be anything between him and his omega.

Castiel grabbed the bottom of his omega's shirt and yanked it up, pulling it clear off. The expanse of his omega's chest was revealed to him, giving him a clear view of a myriad of scars. Castiel growled; who had dared to put a hand on his omega? How had he allowed any of these to happen? He should keep a more watchful eye on his omega from now on, put more effort into keeping him safe.

His omega put his hands on Castiel's sweatpants, distracting him. He grabbed his omega's hands, pinning them to the bed, before releasing them and making quick work of discarding his own clothes. His omega kept his hands where Castiel had put them, which pleased him enough to press a hard kiss on his lips, before Castiel yanked down his pants. His underwear came next, thrown to the same insignificant corner as the rest of the clothes, hopefully never to be seen again.

He could see his omega in his entirety, now, and the sight was enough to pull a harsh exhale from his nose. He'd been hard since he woke up, but now he was *aching*, cock harder than it'd ever been in his life. He needed to sink it into his omega's cunt, needed it more than anything he'd ever needed before. That thought broke clear through the swampy waters of his mind. He needed to be inside his omega, where he belonged. Now. That was the only thing that would bring him relief from the fire raging within him.

But his omega wasn't where he wanted him. Castiel growled, digging his fingers into his omega's hips and lifting. He was heavy, but not so heavy that Castiel couldn't manhandle

him. Even so, Castiel couldn't figure out how to maneuver him into the position he wanted. His growl deepened.

"I've got it, Cas," his omega said to unhearing ears, before gently prying one hand off his hip. Before Castiel could grab hold of him again, he rolled over onto his hands and knees, and arched his back until he was in the perfect presenting position.

Castiel was on him in an instant, grabbing hold of his ass to spread him apart. Castiel could see him perfectly like this, pussy wet and inviting, small cock hard and irrelevant. Castiel drew a finger through his slick folds, feeling his wetness, before bringing his finger to his mouth. The taste exploded on his tongue, sweeter than anything he'd ever tasted before. He moaned, the fire inside him roaring to a blaze. His omega was ready for him.

Castiel lined up his cock with his omega's eager entrance and slammed home. He groaned in ecstasy, bending over his omega, cloaking him in his shadow. It was *good,* it was *so good,* warm and wet and everything he needed and not even close to enough. He clashed his teeth as he started a punishing rhythm, gripping so hard onto his omega's hips he was sure to leave a bruise. The thought sent a wave of satisfaction through him; he wanted to leave as many marks as possible on his omega, let the whole world know who he belonged to.

He leaned in close to his omega's ear, gaining just enough wits to form one word. "Mine."

"Yeah," his omega gasped. His hands were entangled in the sheet below him, holding on for dear life. "All—*fuck*—I'm yours, I'm all yours."

The words were meaningless to Castiel, but he could tell his omega was agreeing, and that made him nuzzle into his omega's hair in happiness. He kept himself there, bent down to his omega's level. It let him feel his omega's body heat, hear his delightful gasps and moans and whimpers over the clap of their skin meeting together. Castiel increased his speed, feeling the beginning of his knot forming. He wrapped an arm around his omega's chest, pinning him in place, giving him no option but to take what Castiel was giving him.

He moved his mouth to his omega's neck, wanting to lay the biggest claim he could, the one that would make every other alpha know exactly whose omega this was. His omega was unclaimed; why was his omega unclaimed? Why hadn't he left his mark already? It was a mistake he was not going to make any longer. He opened his mouth, ready to bite down.

His teeth met with metal.

He roared, tightening his grip around his omega's chest as he brought his other hand to the metal, trying to rip it off. It didn't budge. Nor did the metal rip as he gnawed at it. The mesh was too strong, and its holes were too small for any of his teeth to make contact with his omega's skin. He could taste the oils of his scent gland, but he couldn't reach it.

Angry, he sunk his teeth into the skin he could reach, right below the patch. His omega gasped, tightening around him, and that was enough for his knot to fully form. He came with a cry, eyes squeezed shut. It only took a few more thrusts for his omega to lock around him, muscles rhythmically clenching and milking him for all he had. And he had a lot; he brought his hand to his omega's abdomen, imagining he could feel the heat of his release through the

skin. He wouldn't let his omega leave this nest until he was pupped, of that he was sure. His omega was radiant even in the dim light of the room; he'd look stunning with the glow of pregnancy. Castiel had no idea why he'd allowed his omega to get so old without giving him a pup already.

He removed his teeth from his omega's neck and licked up the blood, before collapsing against his back. He suddenly felt extremely exhausted. His omega shifted under him, and Castiel tightened his grip, giving him no space to move.

"Guess we're staying here, huh?" his omega laughed breathily from that far-off place where words made sense. Castiel grumbled against the back of his head, and he felt his omega lay his arm on top of Castiel's, twining his fingers between the gaps of Castiel's own.

They stayed like that for at least twenty minutes, bodies conjoined, before Castiel's head finally cleared. He blinked himself back to awareness. The first thing he noticed was how sweaty he was. The second thing he noticed was Dean, still pinned under his weight. Dean had his head tilted to the side, leaving only one cheek pressed to the pillow underneath him. His eyes were closed.

Castiel recoiled, pulling his arm out of Dean's grip. There were red marks on Dean's hips, clearly caused by how hard he'd gripped him. Oh God; that was his bite mark on Dean's neck. He could still taste his blood on his teeth. How long had he kept Dean pinned like that? It couldn't have been comfortable to bear the entirety of Castiel's weight for so long.

Dean's eyes flew open. "Cas?"

Castiel didn't respond. He didn't know what to say.

Dean raised himself, shakily, to his hands, before trying to reach Castiel. He didn't make much progress; the angle was awkward, and Castiel was too far behind him.

"Cas, you're not going anywhere," Dean made a 'come hither' movement with his fingers. "Come back to me."

"Dean—" Castiel started.

"Uh-uh," Dean said, before managing to grab Castiel's hair and pulling his head towards his neck.

He pulled them down until they were in the position they started in, before grabbing Castiel's hands and wrapping them around his chest. "There we go, that's better. Now turn us onto our sides."

Castiel did, which tugged on his knot in a way that made him hiss. Then they were spooning, which was a much better position. Castiel didn't feel like he was dominating Dean like this, with them both on their sides.

"How you feeling?" Dean asked.

"Terrible," Castiel said. His voice was hoarse.

Dean tried to run his fingers through Castiel’s hair, but the lack of visuals made him miss by a solid three inches. He laughed. “I should’ve had you knot me on my back. Not that you would’ve let me! You spent forever trying to turn me around.”

Already the memory of the rut wave was murky, and Castiel could hardly recall what Dean was talking about. He just remembered feeling desperate. “I’ve never been this out of control of myself, Dean.”

Even when he’d been under Naomi’s domination, he’d felt like he was making his own decisions. There’d been a design, even if it wasn’t his own. This was rhymeless and rhythmless, actions without thought, without *reason.*

“I could tell,” Dean teased as he knitted their fingers together again.

“I used you,” Castiel breathed. “Liked an animal.”

“You are an animal, Cas,” Dean replied. “All humans are. Ruts just make it obvious.”

Castiel grit his teeth. He’d felt that truth in other human activities; eating, drinking, sleeping, urinating, defecating, everything necessary to keep a physical body running. This, however, was the first time he’d felt it in his *mind.* "How do humans bear this?"

"We don't just spawn in as adults," Dean shifted. "We get pup ruts during puberty, which start off weak and grow in intensity. That helps us ease into it."

"What would you know about having a pup rut?" Castiel asked.

"Omegas get the same thing with heats. And I raised Sam while he was having his," Dean shuddered. "Worst time of my life."

That was finally enough to lift Castiel’s mood, slightly. He pressed a kiss into Dean’s shoulder. “How long do I have with my mind intact?”

“Depends,” Dean shrugged. “Could be anywhere from one hour to three. Which is why I brought my laptop.”

He had, in fact, brought his laptop, which he procured from the side of the nest. He put it a foot or two in front of him, far enough away that Castiel could easily see it over his shoulder. Ever since Castiel had turned human, Dean had been showing him movies; he considered it an essential part of Castiel’s human education. Today’s pick was *Die Hard*, which, thankfully, was not very hard to follow. Castiel didn’t think he had the mental capacity to comprehend a complex story, rut wave or no.

They’d only been watching for fourty minutes when the audio started to blur. Castiel quickly lost interest in the movie, finding Dean far more interesting. His knot had gone down awhile ago, but he kept holding Dean tight against him as he started to place kisses on Dean’s neck. Soon he was trailing his lips up his omega’s jaw, tasting the dried sweat there, as his hand travelled down his omega’s chest and towards his groin.

He heard the distant sound of the laptop shutting, and then his omega was kissing him back. Castiel moaned in satisfaction before pushing his omega back onto his knees. He knotted him fast and hard and rough, much like he had the first time. When he came back down, there was another bite on Dean's neck. Dean rewound the movie to the last scene Castiel remembered, and hit play.

They settled into a rhythm. Knot, movie. Knot, movie, momentarily stopping to drink from the water bottles and for Dean to refuel with a protein bar. There was a debacle when Dean had to go to the bathroom, taking advantage of that brief period of time after Castiel's knot went down where Castiel was still sober. Castiel still didn't like him leaving the nest; Dean had to leave the bathroom door open, and even then, Castiel's nerves were aflame until Dean was safely back in his arms.

Castiel had expected the waves to grow less intense as time went on, but each hit him just as hard as the last. Or, at least, he was pretty sure they did. Time was blending in his mind, threads hard to grasp and make sense of. One moment he was mounting Dean, the next Nakatomi Plaza was exploding. Trying to make sense of it made his head throb.

It was during the fifth wave when his omega didn't let Castiel push him onto his knees. He growled at him, but his omega didn't give in; instead, he wrapped his legs around Castiel's waist, and distracted him with a kiss. That caught Castiel's attention long enough for his omega to grab his cock and direct it to his entrance, and once he felt the warmth of his omega's cunt all thoughts of forcing him to present flew out of Castiel's head.

His entire world focused onto his omega as he started to thrust, taking his omega with long strokes as he pressed their bodies together. Did anything exist besides his omega? He wasn't sure. All he could focus on was his omega's skin, his scent, his moans, his wet cunt around him. If there was anything else, it paled in comparison.

He put his hand on his omega's throat, keeping him steady, as he lapped at his neck, tasting the salt of his sweat and sweet oil of his scent gland. His omega was so beautiful, taking him so perfectly. Castiel couldn't wait to knot him, put a pup in him. That thought roared to the front of his head, clear against the murkiness, and Castiel increased his pace.

"Cas," his omega was saying, voice strangely weak. His hand came to grasp at Castiel's arm. "Cas—"

Whatever he was saying, it didn't sound important. Castiel ignored it and closed his eyes, focusing on the feeling of his omega's body, how soothing it felt against his burning hot skin.

His omega seized his jaw roughly, forcing him to look at him. Castiel froze.

"Castiel," his omega said firmly. "You need to take your hand off my neck. You're hurting me."

Castiel couldn't make sense of the words, but he could tell he'd upset his omega, and that made him whimper. He started to trail kisses up his omega's jawline, trying to apologize.

His omega started laughing. "I knew you'd be a softie."

His grip had loosened enough for his omega to easily pry his hand off his throat. Was that what had upset him? It seemed so; Castiel kissed the red mark his hand had left on his skin, before settling his forearm on the bed, boxing his omega in. He looked down at his omega, examining his face for any lingering traces of pain. All he was met with was a grin, the hand on his jaw softening into a gentle hold on the back of his neck, and Castiel leaned down to press their lips back together before he started fucking his omega again.

His omega seemed to prefer being on his back. He was moaning loudly now, nails digging into the back of Castiel's neck while his other hand buried itself in Castiel's hair. His legs were tight around Castiel's waist, keeping them pressed close together. Seeing his omega so clearly in pleasure brought a satisfied growl out of Castiel's throat, and made him kiss him harder. He knotted him quickly, groaning into his omega's mouth as he came. His omega wasn't far behind, muscles locking tight around him.

He buried his head into his omega's neck, breathing his scent in deeply. His omega started scratching his scalp gently, which soothed him. It was nice, being pressed chest-to-chest like this, to feel the softness of his omega's stomach against his own. He liked it better than being pressed against his back.

It took longer for him to come back to himself than usual. When he did, he raised his head slightly.

"There you are," Dean smiled at him. "That was a rough one, huh?"

The memory of what he'd done hit him, and Castiel felt a burst of panic. He jerked to his knees. "I hurt you."

"No you didn't," Dean protested, raising himself on his elbows.

"Yes, I did. You had to force me to stop," Castiel said. He'd never once put a hand on Dean's neck outside of rut, and yet here he was, doing it without thinking. "What if I get worse? Sam said—"

"If you were one of the alphas Sam was talking about, you would've lost your shit at me for grabbing you like that," Dean cupped Castiel's jaw. "You just got wrapped up in it, that's all. You didn't really hurt me. You won't."

"You don't know that for sure," Castiel's panic was leaking into his voice, making it sound shrill to his own ears.

"If you try to hurt me for real, I'll do more than grab your jaw," Dean said, eyes fierce. "I stopped you before you went too far, just like I said I would. I know what I'm doing, Cas."

"I don't," Castiel swallowed. "I'm scaring myself, Dean."

"You're not scaring me," Dean pressed their foreheads together. "You're going to get through this, Cas. Let yourself enjoy it."

"What is there to enjoy?" Castiel asked.

“Besides getting to fuck me nonstop?” Dean raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t like ‘fucking’ you,” Castiel bit his lip. “I like—”

“Making love to me. Yeah, I know,” Dean smiled. “It’s sweet, how gentle you are. But you’re allowed to like this too. I do.”

He couldn’t see how that was true. Bruises were forming on Dean’s waist from where Castiel had gripped him, and his skin was red in multiple places from the rough friction of where their bodies met. But Castiel had become skilled at knowing when Dean was lying, even without being able to read his mind. Dean’s smile was genuine.

Dean started to pull Castiel’s head back towards him, and Castiel let him, until they were nuzzling cheek-to-cheek. They stayed in each other’s arms until the next wave hit, and Castiel barely had to move to knot his omega again.

Only two more waves hit before exhaustion finally pulled Castiel to sleep. He slept dreamlessly, but when he awoke he was already in the midst of another wave, body on fire and cock harder than stone. His omega was curled up into his side, snoring loudly.

Castiel rolled him onto his back, before spreading his legs and settling in between them. He drew his fingers up his omega’s entrance. He was still wet from yesterday, but not enough for Castiel’s liking. He grit his teeth, before bringing his fingers up to rub circles into his omega’s clit.

His omega jerked in his sleep, but his snoring continued. Castiel was imprecise with his movements, far too focused on his own burning need, but he caught the scent of slick in the air all the same. He growled in satisfaction before taking his cock in his hand and bringing it to his omega’s cunt, before grabbing his hips and slamming home.

His fingering may have been light enough not to break his omega’s slumber, but all it took were three thrusts for his omega’s eyes to snap open. His mouth dropped open in a moan, fingers tightening in the blanket underneath him.

“Holy shit!” his omega moaned, throwing his head back into the pillow behind him. “Oh fuck, okay, shit!”

Castiel hitched his omega’s legs up, allowing him to penetrate deeper inside that place that belonged to him and him alone. He looked down, watching the slick place where he and his omega were joined. His omega looked so good like this, full and below him, taking what he was given. Castiel should keep him here all the time. Why would his omega ever need to leave this nest? Castiel could give him everything he wanted right here, keep him safe and full and satiated, right where he belonged.

“Oh God, Cas,” he heard his omega say. “Right there, *fuck*, right there, you’re fucking me so well, being such a good alpha for me, oh *God!”*

Castiel could feel the pressure of his knot forming on the base of his cock. He moved to bite at his omega’s neck, but his omega redirected him to his mouth, and then they were kissing,

hot and heavy. Castiel leaned into him, claiming his mouth with his tongue, and it only took a few more thrusts for Castiel's knot to pop. His omega locked him with a cry, leaving them tied tightly together as Castiel pumped him with cum, breeding him for the umpteenth time.

They stayed close together, barely catching oxygen around breathing each other's breaths, until Castiel came back to himself. Dean could tell, somehow. Castiel imagined it must be something in his eyes.

"Morning, Cas," Dean grinned playfully. "Hell of a way to wake up."

I'm sorry formed on the tip of Castiel's tongue, but he caught it. They hadn't discussed it beforehand, but he could tell from the look on Dean's face that he'd been expecting it; looking forward to it, even. He could remember several times during Dean's last heat when the omega woke up already in the thick of it; if Castiel had needed to sleep, he probably would've awoken to Dean riding him at least once. That seemed to be the way things went, during mating cycles.

But it still unnerved Castiel, the way he'd done it without thinking, in the same way he'd put his hand on Dean's throat. All of it unnerved him; the desperation, the heat, the mental fog, the thoughts that came to his head. It'd only been one day, and he was more exhausted than he'd ever been, body spent and sticky and sore. He didn't want this to last two more days. He wanted this to be *over.*

His eyes welled with tears. "I don't think I can do this, Dean."

"Right, because out of two and a half billion alphas on Earth, you're the first to not be able to handle a rut," Dean wrapped his arms around Castiel's neck. "You're built for this, Cas. You're going to be fine."

Castiel shook his head. He'd been alive since life first crawled onto land, and yet nothing had ever humbled him as much as this. "It's too much, Dean."

"Shh," Dean pulled him closer to his scent gland, trying to sooth him with his scent. "This really is hitting you hard, huh?"

Castiel nodded into his shoulder. He could feel his tears dampening the pillow underneath him.

"I guess heats would hit me hard too if I'd had no time to adjust to them," Dean chuckled. "But the only way out is through, Cas. You've gone through worse."

"That's debatable," Castiel mumbled.

"Yeah, well, you're going to get through this too," Dean dragged his nails up the back of Castiel's scalp. "I'm going to keep taking care of you. I'm not going anywhere. Have I ever let you down?"

Castiel tilted his head. "Well—"

“Can it,” Dean said, shoving Castiel’s head playfully. Castiel lightly bit his earlobe in retaliation, which made Dean squeak, and then they were playfully wrestling until they pulled on Castiel’s knot too much, making them both hiss.

The rest of the day went much like the first. They got through the entirety of *The Godfather* and *The Godfather Part II,* though they were a bit too complex for Castiel’s current headspace. He suspected Dean had done that on purpose, to give himself an excuse to show them to Castiel again later.

The rut didn’t get any better, but Castiel did, slowly, get more used to it. Dean kept him sane through it, giving him assurances with his words and body. By the third day, Castiel had almost begun to make sense of it. He came to know what to expect each time his instincts overtook him, even though he never got close to figuring out how to control them.

Still, when he awoke on the fourth day to a clear head, he whooped and kissed Dean in joy. Dean looked a little disappointed; he’d failed to make Castiel enjoy it, though he promised to fix that when Castiel’s next rut hit. Castiel was already dreading the day.

They were both bone-tired and sore, but they dragged themselves to the shower, cleaning off the days worth of filth that had accumulated on them. Without the rut clouding his mind, Castiel felt disgusted. The water of the shower was like heaven on his aching muscles, washing away the discomforts of the past three days.

They went back to Dean’s room, and collapsed in his real nest. Castiel slept like the dead, only awaking when Kevin brought them dinner. It took him two days to feel like he was back to his old, new human self. It took a week for him to feel the urge to have sex with Dean again.

A month later, when he stole another angel’s grace in Malachi’s dungeon, his first thought wasn’t about getting revenge on Metatron, or finishing Sam’s healing, or stopping this burgeoning war that threatened to consume angelking. No, his first thought was *thank God I don’t have to do that again.*

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