

# Bound - {Dean/Castiel}



**Title:** Bound Author: **waiting4noexit**

**Rating:** NC-17

**Genre and/or Pairing:** Dean/Castiel

**Spoilers:** None. Warnings: BDSM, public sex, writing on the body, threesome, brief OMC, rough sex

**Word Count:** 2332

**Summary:** Dean's used to getting fat old businessmen when it comes to his job providing bondage sex for a price. So when Castiel is his next client, he's understandably excited. <http://waiting4noexit.livejournal.com/4390.html>

Dean's never met the guy.

He knows his name and where to meet him, and what he's supposed to bring, but beyond that there's nothing. Dean's worked this sort of thing a few times before; anonymous sex in a public place, usually with a desperate old man who's just happen to have someone touching him, even if it's a hooker with a sadistic streak. Normally, Dean would bring out the big guns, but apparently this guy was a pussy; Dean's bag contained a few basic items to get the job done, nothing too major or heavy.

He pulls up down the street from the club he's due to be at, grabbing his duffel and climbing out of his Impala, looking around. His client (the guy's got a weird name Dean can't really remember) is supposed to be waiting for him at the corner. Dean checks; no one there but a couple giggly college girls and a stone-faced man who looks like he's a little older than Dean. None of them fit his usual type; Dean's expecting a douchy bastard with a submission fetish. He slides closer to the corner, settling in for the long haul when the stoic guy turns to him, tilting his head to one side. "Are you Dean?"

Dean cocks an eyebrow, looking at the man and nodding slowly. "Yeah."

"I'm Castiel," the guy says, and he actually sticks his hand out for Dean to take. "My friend made the appointment. I... uh. I've never gotten a hooker before."

Dean shakes Castiel's hand dutifully, shrugging. "Your buddy probably knows what he's doing. I'm pretty damn good at what I do." He offers Cas a grin, eyeing him; the man looks like a businessman, definitely not Dean's usual type. He's good-looking, too, which is a massive plus; maybe this will actually be enjoyable. "You cool with being tied up and everything?"

A long pause from Castiel before he nods, scratching at the stubble on his chin and flashing Dean a nervous smile. "I'll be fine."

"Awesome," Dean mutters, hoisting his duffel bag over one shoulder and pulling his sharpie out of the pocket. "All right. So, you're my bitch tonight." He uncaps the marker, tapping it against his side before gripping Castiel's chin, the slightly smaller man jumping and suddenly looking very nervous. "You can call it off if you want but I'm getting paid either way." He tilts Cas' head back, brushing some hair off his forehead. "We're gonna head to that club over there and we'll go from there. This is gonna be public, and it's probably gonna embarrass you, but I'll take care of that." Dean presses the tip of the sharpie to Castiel's forehead, pressing down hard and scrawling *BITCH* in all caps across his forehead, looking pleased. "Okay, let's get going."

Castiel complies without being told twice, following after Dean and looking as though he's in shock; Dean figures he'll get over it, judging by the tent in the front of the man's khaki pants. The writing on Cas' pale skin is obvious and bright, and Dean's definitely looking forward to marking him up some more as the night progresses.

They slip into the club without issue; Castiel gets a few odd looks but Dean grabs his wrist roughly, pulling him through the throngs of people and down the stairs to the empty men's bathroom. He's done it here before and it's his favourite spot; if anyone walks in, they usually ignore the sex or stick around to watch. It's never been a problem. This place is absolutely ideal, and the moment they're settled, Dean sets his duffel down on the counter, looking at Cas. "Strip," he says simply, smirking a bit. "But leave your tie."

For a first-timer, Castiel is surprisingly receptive, pulling his coat off and setting it down. He keeps his eyes on Dean's chest, subservient without being entirely submissive, and unbuttons his shirt, dropping it as well. Dean's got to say he's goddamn impressed. He has no clue why this man is *here* of all places; it just doesn't fit. Cas is naked after a few moments, cock already half-hard and leaking

slick precome. Dean stays where he is, looking Cas up and down; a dark patch of pubes crowns the base of his cock, his balls drawn close to his body.... If Dean wasn't in charge of making this guy a slut, he'd definitely enjoy being on the receiving end. "You trust me?"

Castiel nods automatically, staring at Dean, and that itself is surprising; Cas honestly looks like he trusts him inherently. "Yes."

"Good," Dean murmurs, walking over and tapping his sharpie against the brunette's chest. He scrawls *Slut* across it after a moment, moving further down and writing *Cocksucker* across his pelvis; Castiel stays still and simply watches him. Dean is loving this already. He pinches at Cas' chest, an angry red welt rising up on the skin. The idea of having this malleable, attractive man to work with has Dean half-hard already, his cock tenting in the front of his jeans.

He slides his free hand down, cupping Cas' balls and rolling them in his hand, drawing the man closer before drawing his hand up, circling it around the base of Cas' cock, his finger dragging over the bulging vein on the underside. Castiel's cock trembles under Dean's touch, coming to full arousal, a bead of precome collecting on the tip; Dean runs his thumb over the head, lifting it to his mouth and tasting the clear liquid absently. Castiel moans slightly and Dean's brought back to the task at hand, grabbing his duffel and pulling his handcuffs out. He has Castiel's hands securely behind his back after a few moments, handling him roughly, every moment driving him closer to the edge.

The cockring is next, Dean sliding it down over Castiel's cock, the band fitting snugly behind Cas' balls. The brunette gasps slightly, Dean rolling his eyes and forcing him to his knees, caressing his face absently as he reaches for the next item. He fits the open-mouth gag into Castiel's mouth, the man's eyes widening as he complies; Dean's getting antsy. Fuck, this guy is good-looking. He leans down, looking at Cas intently; he doesn't want the other man to be able to move.

He pushes him down so his ass is in the air and his face is against the cool tile of the bathroom floor; the spreader bar comes next, Dean hooking it to the handcuffs and making sure Cas' legs are pushed apart as far as they can get. The man's completely helpless now; he's panting around the gag, eyes wide and bright as he attempts to look at Dean. Dean nudges Cas' cock with his foot, listening to the man moan; this amount of control had Dean entirely erect, a dark spot growing in the front of the denim as his cock leaks precome.

"I'm gonna fuck your face," Dean murmurs darkly, grabbing Cas' hair and dragging his head back; the noises the guy makes at the treatment are fucking

amazing. "God," he whispers, undoing his jeans and pulling his cock out, jacking off slowly and tilting his head back. Cas moans slightly from his spot on the ground, his mouth wide and his eyes wider; Dean barely moves when a man walks into the bathroom, the guy shooting them both a look and continuing on.

Dean makes sure his cock is completely hard before dragging Cas forward, plunging into his mouth; it's slick and hot and *perfect*, and Dean grunts slightly, forcing himself in all the way. He listens to Cas' sputter, feels the man's throat contract as he tries to adjust to Dean's dick in his mouth, but it's almost painfully obvious that he loves it. Dean's used to figuring out what people like, and fast, and Castiel visibly likes being manhandled like this. "Fuck," Dean bites out; he shoves in deep, cock pressing to the back of Cas' throat, and the man beneath him gags, stomach clenching as Dean fucks his mouth.

Castiel's mouth is amazing, fucking *amazing*, and Dean fucks it thoroughly before pulling out, smearing a streak of spit across the man's stubby cheek and smacking him lightly, a nail digging into the marker streaked across Cas' forehead. "How's that?"

Castiel shudders slightly, a heady moan leaving his throat, and Dean jacks the helpless man off slowly before pressing a precome coated finger into Cas' mouth, the brunette's eyes slipping closed for a moment before Dean lets him fall back to the ground. He gropes Cas' ass, spit-slicked middle finger probing at the tight pucker, pressing in momentarily. Dean feels Castiel tense, grinning to himself and slipping around back of the man, forcing his ass up and leaning down.

Castiel's breath hitches in his throat as Dean's tongue splits him open, his fingers twisting together in the cuffs and his cock trembling as Dean pushes in further, his hot, slick tongue running over Cas' entrance. Cas whimpers slightly, eyes slipping closed, and Dean reaches around, wrapping his hand around the other man's cock and jacking him off slowly, eyes flickering over as another guy enters the bathroom.

This one stops to watch and Dean pulls back, sliding his middle finger into Castiel and leaning over him, grabbing his tie and working his finger in and out roughly. Cas' eyes flicker open as Dean's mouth clamps over his ear, teeth tugging painfully at the lobe as he yanks on his tie, nearly choking the other man. "Maybe I should let this guy fuck you," Dean murmurs, and he slides another finger in, feeling the shiver that goes down Castiel's spine. "Would you like that?"

A whimper in return and Dean glances at the guy; he's not a doughy old businessman, at least. "You want in?" he asks, cocking his head to one side, and

the man looks surprised, walking over and blinking down at them both. "You can have his mouth," Dean says, yanking Cas' head back and tilting it to the side as he scissers roughly, spreading Castiel open with his fingers.

Cas' eyes flicker up to the man, looking terrified, and Dean keeps a hand on his tie so he'll stay in place. The guy undoes his fly, pulling it down and drawing his cock out; he's only half-hard but he's *massive*. Dean doesn't think he's just a shower, either; after a few strokes, it's painfully obvious this guy has been blessed with the cock of a horse. Castiel just stares, eyes flickering over the man before he tilts his head back more and the guy thrusts in. Dean feels Cas clench around him and tugs his fingers out, reaching lazily for the lube in his duffel and slathering some on his own hard cock, sliding into Cas easily; he's deliciously tight and fucking hot and slick and *great*. Dean's never felt anything like this before.

He grunts in the back of his throat, pushing as deep into Castiel as he can; the brunette's face is streaked by spit and precome, his blue eyes watering slightly as both men slam into him. Dean pushes his legs apart further, watching Cas' arms twist slightly in their binds before he slams in again, forcing Cas down on the guy's dick all the way. Castiel's chest is heaving, his throat working as he attempts to keep up with the sex. His cock is slick from the precome, red and almost pained because he can't come, even though he's agonizingly close to release.

"Fuck," Dean grunts, plowing into Cas; the moans and whimpers coming from the brunette are amazing, fucking *amazing*, and Dean's glad he got the stranger in on it too, if only because the sight of the guy fucking Castiel's mouth without reserve is a great one. He's ridiculously close to coming, nailing Cas harder and faster until he finally releases, spilling into Cas and pulling out. His seed drips out of the brunette's abused ass, dribbling down his leg and onto the tile beneath him, and the only thing holding Cas up now is the lengthy cock in his mouth.

Cas lets out a hitching sob around the dick; he has to come. It *hurts*; his balls are nearly purple from the need to find release, and his throat is raw and fucked-out. The guy in his mouth finally hits his peak, the salty cum dripping down his throat, and Castiel swallows it all, some spilling out of his mouth and mixing with the spit on his chin. The guy leaves after that, looking pleased with himself, and Dean sets about undoing Cas, making sure he doesn't touch his cock. He takes the gag out first, Castiel swallow awkwardly and licking his lips; Dean grins, wiping the mixture of cum and spit off his chin and slipping his fingers in Castiel's mouth. The brunette sucks on it obediently and Dean feels his cock stir again; he doesn't

think he could go another round.

He undoes the handcuffs and the spreader bar, taking them off and leaving the cockring on, helping Cas to his feet and looking him over. Castiel looks well and truly fucked; his hair is mussed and his face is a mess, his lips red and raw, his cheeks flushed. He looks nothing like the stoic man Dean picked up at the corner. Carefully, Dean pulls the cockring off and Cas comes all over his hand, shoulders drooping slightly; there's nothing but absolute exhaustion in his eyes.

Dean rubs at Cas' forehead, some of the sharpie coming off thanks to the sweat and spit, and he grins; this time it's him who sticks his hand out for Cas to shake. "You should stop by more often."

The smile and nod he gets from Cas while the other man tugs his clothes back on is enough to let him know he's got a return customer. Dean suddenly loves his job a hell of a lot more.