

## Mark Me (Dear God, Mark the Fuck Outta Me)

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# Mark Me (Dear God, Mark the Fuck Outta Me)

by [ahhhh\\_linguine](#)

## Summary

It all starts when Gabriel's too caught up in the slow, strong undulations of Sam's body against his to realise that the Winchester has his mouth latched onto Gabriel's neck. And he's sucking. *Hard*.

## Notes

"something that ends with angry make up sex plz and thank"  
challenge accepted, anon.

also, the line "i didn't *ask* you to give me a giant fucking hickey, did i?" has been floating around in my head for way too long.

it's a hsau because i fucking love those, so there is an age difference. i'm thinking gabriel is 17 and sammy is 15 or 16. i don't know, you can decide.

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

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He only notices the next day when he's getting dressed for school and his reflection flashes him a nice view of the huge claret bruise under his jaw. He groans. His wardrobe doesn't include anything that's going to even come close to covering that up, because that would essentially mean a turtleneck – he hasn't even *seen* a turtleneck in years, much less owned one, and he's pretty sure his house (which shelters exactly five males and no females) isn't going to have any drawers or cupboards that will present him with the option of makeup.

*Fantastic.*

He barely has time to eat breakfast and get his sore ass out of the doorway, much less call Sam to complain.

As soon as he walks through the front gates of (the oh-so-creatively-named) Lawrence High School, people stare. A gaggle of girls under one of the pine trees start to whisper furiously, and a guy rides past on his skateboard and almost falls off. Gabriel is, after all, not exactly unpopular. When he finds Sam, he vows, he's going to kill or at least grievously injure him, because how could he not have known that Gabriel wouldn't be able to cover the damn thing up? Although, he admittedly doesn't feel quite as angry as he thought he would. And is he... *blushing?*

But then, as he turns around a corner and continues down the hallway, something happens that's even more strange than his body's completely new capability to blush. Kali, who Gabriel dated steadily for a good two years, briefly slows the clicking of her vermilion pumps to stare at his hickey. And *whoosh*, there goes the blood from his brain – it zings down to his pants instead. Gabriel gives his ex a cheeky grin before striding into the bathroom to hide his sudden erection.

*What the Hell?*

Even after he's taken care of his horribly timed boner, Gabriel still feels a bit wary. Before homeroom, he looks for Sam, but he can't seem to catch a glimpse of the shaggy brown hair that he loves twisting between his fingers anywhere in the halls. He's feeling slightly less angry at his boyfriend until he drops behind his desk for first period History and his friend Balthazar lets out a muffled laugh beside him. Gabriel sighs and turns to his left, holding his friend's clear blue gaze.

"What," he says flatly. It isn't even a question.

"I think you know what," Balthazar replies, chuckling at his friend's 'it's-eight-am-and-I'm-already-done-with-your-shit' attitude. He twirls his fingers in a little gesture towards Gabriel's neck. "Looks like somebody's been having fun."

Gabriel huffs. “Yeah, whatever. Keep smiling, bucko – won’t change the fact that our essay’s due today.”

He feels a little bit happier when Balthazar curses and bangs his knee on the desk as he frantically tries to get his book out and jot down the last few paragraphs.

Lunch is a different story. Jumping as someone slams their tray down next to his, Sam barely has time to look up before his boyfriend is gripping his wrist and whispering angrily into his ear – something about turtlenecks.

“Whoa, whoa, Gabe! What happened?” When Gabriel doesn’t reply but only fixes him with a stony glare as he plops his (still sore) ass onto the bench next to him, he tries again. “Are you okay?”

“I would be if a certain somebody hadn’t decided to mark me without my permission.” His voice is icy cold.

“I – what? Since when was it without your permission? If you cared, why didn’t you say something?”

“It’s kind of hard to say anything when you do that thing with your hips!” Gabriel hisses. “I didn’t *ask* you to give me a giant fucking hickey, did I?”

Sam can feel frustration blossoming in his chest as heat rises to his cheeks. “Well you didn’t exactly protest!”

Grumbling something that sounds a lot like “fucking fuck”, Gabriel attacks his meatloaf. Sam winces and turns to his own.

Fourth period changes things a little bit. His art teacher, who has to be one of the only people Gabriel would ever use the phrase ‘silver fox’ to describe, stares at his neck. So does the cute guy with the blonde hair who sits on Gabriel’s left. He has to leave to go the bathroom again, because god *damn*, why is that so arousing? He shouldn’t get quite so hot and bothered by people noticing a mark that screams “I’m claimed! I’m taken! I got laid really, really recently!”, but he does. However, not until sixth period do things come to a tee. This is the only class he has with Sam, because people of any grade can take AP chemistry. It’s only when the class is discussing the use of cabbage as a universal indicator that Gabriel notices Sam glaring at a spot in the back corner of the room. He follows his boyfriend’s line of sight to see Baldur (that insanely cute guy that he and Kali once had a threesome with) with those gorgeous brown eyes stuck on the bruise on Gabriel’s neck. Immediately, his cock stands to attention. He wills it to go away, but it’s kind of difficult because his smoking hot boyfriend is glowering at another smoking hot boy for gazing hungrily at Gabriel’s huge-ass fucking hickey.

*Oh, shit.*

Eventually, he convinces his erection to go down by refocusing on the class conversation on cabbage and its chemical properties, but dear *God* was that a close call.

Gabriel's pretty sure he just discovered a new kink.

Dean is at track practice when Gabriel knocks on the Winchester's door. God knows where John went. Sam huffs and glares at the doorframe as Gabriel steps over the threshold, but doesn't say anything as the older boy clutches his hand and leads him upstairs.

"So I know you're still kinda shitting a cold purple Twinkie, but I gotta tell you, kiddo, that move you pulled didn't come without its pros."

Sam just raises an eyebrow as Gabriel backs himself up against the closed bedroom door, but even though he's frustrated, he can feel his thighs start to tingle when Gabriel grabs his wrists and places his hands flat against the door on either side of that golden head. They both know he loves being on top.

He sighs in annoyance. "What do you want?"

Gabriel blinks. "I want you to ravage me."

"I thought you were pissed about the hickey."

"I was," Gabriel confirms. "But I've discovered that having people stare at it actually really tickles my pickle. The best thing was when you gave Baldur the death darts. That was really fucking hot, you have no idea –"

"So you yelled at me for nothing," Sam interrupts.

Gabriel shrugs. "Yeah."

He doesn't even have the decency to sound ashamed about it, and that makes Sam so fucking *livid*, just like Gabriel knew it would. He grins as Sam leans in closer: this is exactly what he needed.

The first hot exhale against his hickey has him thudding his head back against the door, offering his entire neck to his boyfriend. And Sam *takes* it – holy fuck, he takes it. He noses Gabriel's jaw up even further before biting down over the bruise and *oh god this is definitely a kink that Gabriel could believe that he has oh lord* –

"Holy shit," he breathes. "Gotta tell you, I don't know why I haven't let you mark me before."

Sam doesn't reply – he's too busy leaving a trail of not-too-gentle bites down to where he's tugging at Gabriel's shirt to expose his collarbone. Gabriel pulls away to yank it off completely before slipping his fingers into that gorgeous hair, because *damn*, his boyfriend is a like some teenage Greek God and Gabriel is determined to worship him as thoroughly as he can. Sam lets his hands slide down the door and grip Gabriel's waist tight enough that the shorter boy can clearly feel long, calloused finger outlining his hipbones and two bottom ribs. Sam's lips crash onto his, forceful and passionate, and Gabriel melts under the crushing kiss. This is what he gets off on, and Sam, too – almost too hurried, not quite rough enough sex, the type of sex that's carried through like there's no tomorrow.

“Blow me,” Sam growls into his mouth, and *shit*, Gabriel doesn’t need any coaxing because he’s falling to his knees on the thin carpet and wrenching Sam’s pants open and he doesn’t even stop to push them down before he’s pulling Sam’s dick out and swallowing it down. Sam lets out a strangled noise that still somehow manages to sound angry, but Gabriel has long since learned that angry make-up sex with his boyfriend is the best kind of sex, because they both just let go. Sam braces his hands against the door and leans forward enough that when Gabriel looks up, he can see those biceps bulge.

Amidst all of the heavy breathing and the obscenely wet sounds of a blowjob, Gabriel hears his boyfriend mutter something along the lines of “shit, Gabe,” which makes him smile around the cock between his lips. He pulls off and starts to jack Sam’s spit-slick length (fast and almost painful, just the way Sam likes it), digging his thumb into the slit and scraping along Sam’s thigh with the nails of his other hand. Leaning in to mouth at Sam’s hipbone, he pumps his pelvis into the air, desperately searching for friction. One of Sam’s hands leaves the wall to pull Gabriel up by his hair, and he uses his body to push the shorter boy back up against the door.

“Fuck,” Gabriel pants. “Mark me.”

“Anywhere I should avoid?” It’s Sam’s turn to smirk.

“No, fuck, anywhere, oh my *god* –“

Gabriel lets his head fall back against the door again as Sam takes one of his nipples between his teeth and bites down hard enough to leave a crimson imprint when he pulls away. He brushes his lips across Gabriel’s skin, settling them on the place just above his pectoral and *fuck* if the sharp pull of teeth isn’t enough to make Gabriel dribble precome into his boxers—*shit*, why are they both still wearing pants? Sam immediately laves over the irritated skin with the flat of his tongue before clamping his teeth down again and gripping Gabriel’s hand to guide it back to his dick. As Gabriel resumes giving his boyfriend a (messy, uncoordinated) hand job, Sam sucks - *hard*. When he pulls away, there’s an angry red circle that Gabriel knows will fade to maroon by the end of the night. Their hips bump together and it’s frantic, building to the point where Gabriel doesn’t even know which aspect of it to focus on.

That is, until Sam’s hand slides from his hair all the way along the curve of his arched spine and down to his ass, making its way under the waistband of his jeans.

The pressure of two strong fingers pressing against the rim of his hole and coming *this close* to dipping in causes Gabriel to groan and come, making an absolute mess of his underwear. Sam moves his head from where it’s resting against the door to kiss his boyfriend, and when Gabriel pulls on Sam’s lower lip with his teeth, he realises that the Winchester has replaced his hand and is now jerking himself off with vigour.

“Gonna mark me up higher, huh?” He breathes against Sam’s lips. “Gotta mark me up there, whole school’ll see. You gonna get off on their jealousy? Cuz they’re gonna be, they’re gonna be jealous, babe, but I’m yours.” Sam kisses him again, tracing his tongue along Gabriel’s gums, but he keeps talking. “Your little slut, yeah? Only yours. God, I just came untouched. You did that to me, you do that to me every day. Love it when you’re angry –“

The only reason he breaks off is because Sam shouts and splatters white strings of come all over Gabriel's bare stomach. He's so high on the bliss of post-orgasm that he just smiles laxly when Sam sinks down, swaying, on his knees, and starts licking his own spunk off of Gabriel's skin. Gabriel buries his hands in his boyfriend's hair, using it as an anchor until his stomach is clean. He sighs happily and folds himself onto the floor to join his boyfriend.

"Gonna have to give me more hickeys'n that if you want me to go home happy," He mumbles into Sam's neck.

The Winchester laughs. "Up for round two? We could include some real foreplay this time."

Gabriel smiles into his skin. "Yeah, sure thing, kiddo. Maybe we could actually be naked this time, too."

## End Notes

yes, "shitting a cold purple twinkie" is actually a thing. it's slang for getting angry.

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