The Mob Boss's Submissive

by LerDan

Summary

Divorced and restricted to monthly visits with his daughter, a depressed Dean resigns to his old lifestyle. During this time, he encounters an exceptionally powerful yet dangerous man. Is he ready to be this man's submissive? Is he ready for his life to turn upside down?

Notes

Hello everyone!
First time writing Destiel... First time writing bdsm and mob fanfic, too.
Really nervous about posting it, because of a lot of "what if"s but... it's something that I wanted to try my hand in. So here I am.
I don't know how you guys are going to accept it, or if it will be your cup of tea, or not, but I'm all ears for constructive criticism. Be gentle though, you don't wanna wake the beast in me hehe
If you don't like it, kindly leave the story, but if you do like it, let me know. I would love to hear from you :')

NOW COMPLETE.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Dean sat in his car, blankly staring at his dashboard. He felt numb. How could things change so much in a matter of hours? In a matter of minutes? He didn't understand... When he woke up this morning, he thought he'd go through the day in one piece. He'd go to work for couple of hours at Uncle Bobby's garage. He was a mechanic there, and he was pretty good at his job. The payment wasn't the best, but Dean managed. He was going to go to work, and then leave for the court to settle down some issues regarding his divorce.

They had to settle down on who was going to get full custody of their 5 year old daughter.

Sam fought hard for him. He gave everything he could, and more, but Dean's personal history wasn't a clean one. So they gave her to her mother; who was the most level headed of the two. She was a woman, after all. And the courts tended to be much more sympathetic towards women. It was for the best anyway. Dean wouldn't be able to take care of their daughter either way. His salary wouldn't be enough for it. And he did live in a one bedroom apartment, close to downtown.

Natalie, his daughter, cried as she learned that she wasn't going to see her daddy all the time. She cried when she was forced to leave the court with only her mom. Dean could never forget her face at that moment. How she begged and threw a tantrum, screaming for him to not go...

"Dean?" Sam's voice cut through his thoughts, and it seemed like he'd been calling out for him for some time now.

"I'm okay, buddy," said Dean gruffly. Clearing his throat, he said, "Did they set out a specific days for my time with her?"

"Uh yeah," Sam shuffled the papers on his lap to get to the right one. "Yeah. It says you get to spend 72 hours with your daughter, starting at 10 a.m. sharp, at the beginning of every month."

So he wasn't going to see his daughter for 2 weeks now. He tried to control his breathing as he asked, "What else?"

"You're also going to have to provide some more."

"Provide, what?"

"Financial aid," said Sam, nodding his head this and that way. "Child support and alimony. Those type of things."

Dean nodded as he started to calculate in his head. As much as he was making, it wasn't going to be enough to help Lisa out with this. Unless they set a reasonable amount...

"Did they set a limit on how much?"

More shuffling of papers, and Sam sighed. "Five grand a month," he snorted angrily. "This is bullshit. She's milking you while using your daughter."

"Can you blame her, Sammy? With the way I was, and am, I'm surprised she even allowed me to see
my kid for at least three days.”

“Yeah, but Dean, this isn't right. This is so wrong on so many levels, that you can't just sit there and accept this.”

“What other choice do I have?”

“Fight more!”

“Sam, we fought. As much as we could.”

“Go after her, then. We can take her down in a snap because she ain't clear either.”

“I'm not gonna go after her just because of some money issue. This... this isn't war, Sam. And if it was, I'd still lose.”

Sam stared at his profile for a bit, with a sad expression on his face. Softly, he asked, “And how are you gonna come up with that much money, when you barely even make half of it?”

Dean didn't reply to him. His head was whirling with the ideas, on how to do it, and only one stood up. One that he had buried deep, deep inside his mind and in the past. But it was something that he could do. And he could do it well enough to be able to demand that much from his boss. Dean wasn’t mentally present for the final verdict, he didn’t hear what they said about him. He had taken out his phone and texted the right person for this job.

He must've been silent for a long time, because he saw Sam slowly lowering the papers down on his lap and turn his head to stare at the dashboard, his forehead in a deep frown. Then he turned around, took one look at Dean's face and his eyes widened.

“No.”

“Sam.”

“No, Dean. I'm being serious here. Ridiculously serious.”

“It's for the best,” Dean said, staring down at his hands.

“You got out for a reason, Dean. A good reason at that.”

“And look at where that 'good reason' got me,” he said, turning his head to look at his brother. He looked worried, and slightly pissed off. “And before you start bitching about it, let me remind you that I managed to pay your tuition when our dear ol' dad decided to give himself up for alcohol and died in the process.”

“I know that it was a great way to make money. And I'm grateful for your sacrifice, for my happiness, but this isn't right. There are other ways to make money.”

“Yeah, like what?” Dean snapped. “I don't have a proper education. I can't sit in an office. I can do the dirty jobs well, but I don't make enough money. Sam, this way, I can set a limit to my payment. And if I get a good boss, a rich one who doesn't care about his money more than his pleasure, I can make it. I can take care of Natalie.”

“You've already contacted someone who will give you just that, haven't you?”

“Damn right I have,” grumbled Dean as he started his car.
“Who?”

“Does it matter?”

“Of course it matters!” Sam all, but yelled at him by this point. “Of course it matters! Because I'm talking about your safety here, Dean.”

“I'm safe,” Dean said and shook his head. “Damn it, Sammy. This is the only way for me.”

“Yeah, like letting other people to tie you up and beat your face in.”

“What? No. Have you been watching some shitty ass porn again? Because that's not what happens. At all.”

“Is that why you in a hospital for at least 3 times because of a...client?” Sam said, looking angry.

Dean clenched his jaw as he was once again reminded of the sadistic bastard that was Alastair. He liked torturing Dean to the point where he'd bring blood to the surface and wouldn't stop even when Dean begged him to... or even when he safe worded out. That landed him a way more severe punishment than Dean was able to handle.

Abandonment was something that didn't sit well with Dean. So that's what Alastair would do after a scene. Instead of getting Dean back to his normal state, he'd abandon him to lick his own wounds. Literally.

“It'll be different this time,” Dean replied. Clearing his throat he shifted in his seat, getting ready to drive out of the parking lot.

“How is it gonna be different? Explain.”

“I'll have a signed contract with the new boss. You'll make sure that everything is right on the paper and if something bad happens to either one of us, the other will take a full responsibility of the actions.”

“What makes you think I can come up with the right papers to take care of this?”

“Because you're a damn good lawyer, and I'm pretty sure that there are people out there, who do come to you for this,” Dean said as he slowly drove out of the parking lot.

“And who's going to be your new client?”

“I sent out a word through an... Acquaintance. He'll get back to me by the end of the day.”

“Who's this 'he’?” Sam asked, with suspicious edge to his voice, that Dean knew all too well. He licked his lips and waited to hit the red light, but he still didn't answer. “Who did you contact, Dean?”

“If I tell you his name, I'm sure I'll be dead in the next minute,” Dean said as lightly as he could.

“Name, Dean. I'm not joking.”

Dean waited for the lights to turn green but it looked like that the world was working against him today, so why the hell not...

“Gabriel Milton.”
The silence that followed was defeating.

The lights turned green and Dean hit the gas. He didn't dare to glance at his brother at this moment. He was sure that if he did he wouldn't like what he'd see.

Really, Sam had no right to be this way. It wasn't like Dean had any other choice. And it wasn't like Sam was going to be able to help him out with the money. Not now, anyway, when he was going to be a father in a 2 months. He had entertained the thought of asking Sam to help him out with this, and he was sure that Sam would go out of his way to be able to provide for them all, but Dean wasn't a sadist like that. He wasn't going to ask Sam for anything. Not after he took care of his divorce papers, pro bono. Even when Dean begged him to allow him to pay some of it, Sam still denied it. “You're family. And family doesn't pay me for shit,” he had said with a determination that Dean had never seen on his little brother's face. He looked older at that moment. Dean was reminded again just how much his little brother had grown.

And it was thanks to Sam that he got out of the lifestyle. It wasn't an easy task, he'd still get calls from potential clients, or old clients, and it took him a severe panic attack for Sam to finally step up and tell him to get out of it and change his phone and phone number. Sam patched him back up, got him that boring job, and then he met Lisa.

Lisa, Natalie's mom Lisa.

Lisa with the black hair, slightly tan skin, beautiful smile, and understanding eyes. She knew that Dean was broken and he was healing, but she never asked him about his past life. Introduced him to her son, Ben, and they became fast friends on their mutual love for classic rock and apple pie. And after that Dean's life was Lisa.

She wanted a big wedding, Dean gave her that. She wanted a house, and Dean bought her a two story house with white picket fences and a garden to die for. She wanted to redecorate, Dean agreed and they did. She wanted to have a baby with Dean. It took him awhile to agree, for fear that he'd become just like his father had been with them, with him. But Lisa reassured him that he was going to be a great father and he knew better.

He knows better.

So they got Natalie. He got Natalie. The small bundle of joy in his arms that he spent sleepless nights to hold, while Lisa slept through the night because she was exhausted.

And then one day, it all came crumbling down when Lisa was doing one of her many spring cleaning around the house and she found a red thong in his belongings. She thought that he was cheating on her, but he explained that it wasn't it. And he explained that he liked wearing them because, well, he just did.

And then one day, she found the box. The box. That held everything that he used in his past life. He had to sit down on their oak dining table, in front of her and tell her all about his past life. The look in her eyes was something that Dean could never forget.

After that everything changed.

And here he was.

Dean parked in front of Sam's firm, cut off the engine and waited for Sam to talk. When Dean realized that Sam wasn't going to say anything, he tried. “Sam-”

“Dean. I don't really care what type of job you want to have. But this... this is not something I can
condone. Not something I'm willing to take a step back and watch how some low-life takes advantage of you and beats you up just for shits and giggles.”

“That's not what this is, though,” Dean said, trying not to snap at Sam, because he needed for Sam to understand.

“Then what is it? What's so great about this?” Sam asked. He did sound like he didn't want to yell at Dean for this, and wanted to understand this as much as he could. So Dean thought that it was better to be true about this whole thing.

“I love it,” he said, staring at his hands as his cheeks flamed up with embarrassment.

“Dean...” Sam said in a soft voice, but Dean shook his head and continued.

“I love the feeling of... of trusting my own pleasure and needs to someone. I love the protectiveness it brings with it. I love...” he stopped, taking a stuttering breath as he said, “I love feeling wanted by someone. I love being able to trust someone with my own actions.”

He closed his eyes and took steadying breaths. He loved feeling that warmth of his doms, the kind of dom that didn't want to see him hurt for real, that is. He loved feeling how much they cared about him after a scene. Looking in their eyes and seeing sincerity in their depths, because it was easy for Dean to read their eyes. They didn't hold back the truth from him.

Confessing this, though, left him vulnerable. It was only Sam, his little brother, yes, but he didn't... it wasn't fair for Dean's emotions and feelings. Knowing that someone out there knew about what they enjoyed doing, what gave them pleasure.

It took him years to master the art of the poker face, or pleasure, to just keep his feelings off from his face because he was known to wear them on his sleeves for the world to see. He didn't want that. He didn't want for anyone to know how he felt. He stayed strong through the years of abuse that his father threw at him. He stayed strong for his little brother as he sent him off to get his dreams come true. And he was going to do it for his daughter. However long it would take him to achieve that.

Sam didn't say anything to him. He just stared at his profile and after a while, he placed his hand on Dean's arm and squeezed tight. Dean knew that he had his trust and devotion to whatever the hell Dean was about to enter.

Sam gathered his papers and slid out of the car and shut the door after him. The familiar squeaky noise his car made was soothing to Dean's nerves as he started up the car again to drive back home. He didn't have energy to go back to work. Just as Dean hit the red light his phone dinged with a message. He checked it and saw that it was a message from Gabriel. They had a meeting tomorrow. Dean took a steadying breath and drove back home, wanting nothing more to get there, clear his head and get ready for tomorrow.

Not wanting to look like a slob, Dean ironed his white button down shirt. His dark blue jeans were a little rough on the edges but it looked clean to wear. He grabbed his best looking boots and his favorite belt. Once he was done wearing his clothes, he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt while staring at himself in the mirror. He looked nice. His hair was a bit windswept, which was the best he could
come up with. Not like it could get any better than that, but he still looked nice. Okay he looked real
good. He took a steadying breath as he checked the time and it was already 9:30. He was supposed
to meet with Gabriel at his club by 10.

He grabbed his keys, phone, and wallet. He looked at the pictures by his bedside table. One of his
mom and one of his daughter, Natalie. He was doing this for his daughter, because she needed him
as much as he needed her. After a while he took another steadying breath and then left his bedroom.
He walked through the living room, which needed a bit of dusting, and then out of the front door into
a nice, spring weather.

It was already starting to go dark and he knew that the downtown was already buzzing with the night
life. He got into his car and revved the engine some just to soothe him for a bit, and then he was
driving. It took him about 20 minutes to get to the club because of the traffic, other days, he would
get there in no time.

Dean drove behind the building where he found a free spot right next to spiffy looking cars. His car
was still the best one out of them all. Feeling confident, he strolled his way up the already gathered
people outside of the club. Gabriel told him to go to the bouncer and tell him he was there to see the
Trickster. So Dean did just that. He passed by the various looking people at the queue and stood in
front of the bouncer, mountain of a man who flexed his muscles at every given opportunity.

Dean approached him and said, “Hey, man. I'm here to see the Trickster.”

The bouncer didn't even bat an eye, and let him through with no other word. Dean heard the people
behind him groan, and couldn't help the smug smile gracing his lips. The club was dark save for the
florescent lights and the occasional tech light flickering on the crowd. The music was too loud and
Dean couldn't help the grimace of today's crap that teens loved to listen to. He walked to the bar and
ordered whiskey. He needed to calm his nerves down. If today's interview went successfully well, he
was going to have a good job with good income, on his limits. Everything was going to be on his
grounds because he needed that stability. One bullshit out of line, and he was going to walk out.

But he had worked with Gabriel before, one time, and he turned out to be great at finding him his
next client.

“Hey, pretty boy,” he heard someone say close to him and he turned around in his seat, with a frown.
Gabriel clapped him on the shoulder as he stood beside him. For someone who was this short, he
sure had that aura of power that Dean respected in people.

“Gabriel.”

“You've grown well,” Gabriel said with a smirk. Dean had to roll his eyes. He had gained some
pounds since he got out; married life treated him well, but Gabriel didn’t need to know that.

“Are we gonna talk here, or...?” Dean left the sentence hanging. Gabriel told him to follow him.

Dean grabbed his glass, shot back the last bit of whiskey down his throat and followed Gabriel. They
made their way up the stairs that was built right above the bar. It had glass windows and, once inside,
Dean could see what was happening around the club. At the corner of the room, there was a man
standing with a sharp suit on. He was lean, but he looked like he could kill if someone was brave
enough to cross his path.

Gabriel indicated to the sofa for Dean to sit on. Dean did as he was told. A moment later, Gabriel
handed him a glass of whiskey and sat opposite him on another sofa. They took a sip, Dean a little
bit more than he wanted.
“So. What brings you out of the woods?” Gabriel asked, taking another sip. His eyes sharply swiping over the crowd.

Dean glanced at the crowd, at the bodies grinding against one another, sweating, and full of lust. Dean turned his head back to Gabriel and said.

“I'm not gonna go into details as to why I want back, but just know that I desperately need the money.”

“Okay... You aren't in some sort of trouble are you, kid? Cos you know, we can take care of that in no time.”

A chill ran down his spine that had nothing to do with the AC blazing all the way up in the room. He knew exactly what Gabriel meant, but he cleared his throat and said, “It's a family emergency. So if you can help, I'll be more than grateful.”

“What do you need?” Gabriel's eyes were sharp, the mirth that would usually be in his eyes were replaced with seriousness that Dean had seen handful of times.

“I need someone who won't be an ass and will be okay with my limits. I can bend some rules, in time, but for starters, I need it to be on my terms.”

“You wanna drag in lawyers and all that jazz?”

“Yes. I need to.”

Gabriel finally looked at him with a calculative look in his eyes. Dean stared right back and it seemed something had slipped on his face that Gabriel's eyes cleared in understanding. It seemed like they were on the same page now.

“What's the price this time?”

“At the very least, seven thousand a month,” Dean said, and it was an indicator that he came to the right place when Gabriel didn't even bat and eye at the limit. “And additional three, if he wants to go to public places with me.”

“You think I've someone who will agree with your terms?”

“I know you have someone. Because you hooked me up with one of the best clients I had for a week, and I made tons of money by just being a helpful hand to him. And also, you're Gabriel freaking Milton.”

Gabriel chuckled and shook his head. “Man, I know I can hook you up in no time. But if we are talking about long term-”

“-Which, we are.”

“You've got to know that, once you're in... there's no way out.”

Gabriel's face was stern and serious. He wanted for Dean to understand the importance of his plans and decisions. Dean looked at Gabriel and after a minute of staring by both parties, Dean nodded his consent. Gabriel tilted his glass up and Dean returned the gesture. It was time to negotiate.
“You're gonna be dead, even before he comes here. So it's better if you confess that you stole from us, mate. He might spare your pathetic life,” Balthazar said as he leaned on his knees with his hands, to stare at their victim's face. He had done a great job, with this one. His face was nicely bruised, and bloody, and even if Balthazar squinted, he couldn't make out whose face it had belonged to.

“I-I didn't do-o anyth-thing,” the guy panted and his voice sounded pathetic, so Balthazar landed another blow, right on his windpipe. The fucker started to heave and gasp for breath. He was young too; could’ve been around 25. He seemed to be wearing expensive clothes too. Armani? Perhaps. Too bad it was coated with blood now.

Balthazar stood back up and walked to the rickety table on the side where he had placed a bowl of ice. He placed his knuckle inside it to cool his burning skin down, lest it started to bruise. The place that they took their victims was an abandoned building that used to be a factory back in the day. It was in a secluded place that gave them the freedom to be as loud as they wanted. The walls had seen better days and most of the windows had been broken due to vulgarism. And okay, some of them had been because of their gun shots, but in all honesty, it was a creepy place to be at. It had a great effect on their victims.

This one, particularly, looked like he wanted to be anywhere but here.

Balthazar checked the time on his phone, and right on time, he heard the screech of the tires on the pavement, and the familiar rumble of approaching cars. Three black GMC cars came rumbling in, and one Maybach Exelero screeching in between them.

Balthazar straightened up and waited for him to come out. Black suited men came out of the big cars, but he had his eyes on the smaller car.

The door opened up and out came a lean muscled man in his 50's. He looked younger than his actual age, although the lines on his face made him look older. His suit was bulletproof, and shoes, were Italian made. He was in all black, just like the cars that they drove. His hair was ruffled and his blue eyes were sharp and ice cold.

“Balthazar,” he growled as he walked to where Balthazar was standing.

“Mr. Novak,” Balthazar said respectively.

“What's the issue?” he asked as he spared a glance at their victim.

“Stealing from a private property, sir.”

“I d-didn't steal,” came the moan from the victim.

Castiel quirked up an eyebrow and looked back at Balthazar. “Footage shows otherwise.”
Castiel owned several facilities; casinos, bars, clubs, restaurants. One of the clubs that he owned was a bit out of the city. And Castiel wouldn’t have time to go and check it regularly, hoping that his people would take care of it instead of him. “We were careless,” Balthazar said. “This scum, right here, managed to weave inside the basement and steal our furniture. Also he managed to get out a large amount of alcohol. Who the fuck does that?”

“Who does he work for?” Castiel asked as he snapped his fingers and one of the many men that accompanied him here, presented him with a gun.

“Alastair,” Balthazar said with a sneer on his face.

Castiel’s jaw clenched. It seemed that the Italians weren't on the same page as Castiel was. They had an agreement, but it seemed to Castiel that rules were being broken left and right. He held the gun in his left hand and cleared his throat.

“Do you know why you are going to get killed?” he asked their victim, who was nothing more than a whimpering mess now. He knew what was coming his way, but he still didn't say anything. He sniffed and looked up at Castiel. His face was unrecognizable, blooded and bruised, Castiel saw nothing, but something that should be put to sleep.

“No answer? Pity.”

He lifted his left arm up swiftly and shot, right in the middle of his forehead, bullet leaving from the back of his head. One shot. That's all it took.

“They don't call you One Shot for nothing, don't they, Mr. Novak?” Balthazar said with a smirk, hands in his pockets.

Castiel held out the gun and one of his goons took it from him. Castiel made eye contact with Balthazar, lifted his eyebrow, tugged at his suit, and walked back to his car. Once he got in, the others did too, and they drove out of there in a load screeching from the tires.

Castiel Novak became the head of the Russian mob in the US when his father passed away 10 years ago. It didn't take him long to keep the trust of his father's followers and to build up more from them. His father had a reputation, and he was going to keep that up. With his sharp nature to detect bullshit in no time, and with the way he handled tense situations, Castiel was soon being called in variety of nicknames; Angel of death. One shot. Red hand.

They all meant something, but Castiel paid no attention to any of his nicknames. He did what was required of him. And he took care of everything and anything that was brave enough to go against him.

He was close to the city when his phone dinged with a message. Castiel checked his phone to only see a message from Gabriel. It was a picture of a man, sitting in a sofa, nursing a whiskey in his hand. He was wearing a white button down shirt, dark blue jeans, and boots. His hair was ruffled and looked soft. He was staring off to the side, and Castiel had to zoom in to see that the man had green eyes. His eyes swooped down and Castiel licked his lips as he saw the full lips on the man's face.

He looked irresistible. Intrigued, Castiel wrote back to Gabriel.

**Castiel**: Who is this creature?

It took Gabriel a full minute to reply, but when he did Castiel pressed harder on the gas and hurried back to the city.
It didn't take long for Castiel to get to Gabriel's club. It was packed, just like any other night, but Castiel made his way through the crowd easily. His cronies made sure that there wasn't anyone on his way to the bar, which was a blessing because Castiel needed to get alcohol in his system. But he didn't stop by the bar. Instead he went around it and pressed the button to the elevator. He stepped inside, alone, and pressed the button to the basement. Gabriel had texted him to go down to the basement instead up.

It was quieter in here, which he preferred than the music that Gabriel favored in his club.

The doors slid open into a spacious office that had dimmed down lights. The sofas were in burgundy colors, rich leather that Castiel liked feeling on his skin, whenever he preferred to relax in his undershirt. He preferred to be left alone in here, but there was already someone waiting for him there.

It was the man from the picture.

He looked even better in person. He stopped right in the middle of the room and stared at the man who was relaxing on the sofa, with his eyes closed. It wasn't late into the night, but it didn't look like he was sleeping either. He certainly didn't open his eyes as he heard the elevator doors slid open and shut, so Castiel cleared his throat.

The man jumped up and blinked couple of time. He looked confused for a moment and then he slowly looked at Castiel. Their eyes met and Castiel was lost in the sea of green. There was something in them that pulled Castiel in and before he knew it, he was walking to where the man was slowly standing up. He seemed to be the same height as Castiel, but there was a subtle difference between them as well.

“Hey,” said the man gruffly, and Castiel's eyes zeroed down on his lips. “I'm sorry. Gabriel said I could wait for you here and I kinda got carried away... Aaaand I'll shut up now.” His cheeks blushed and he looked around and huffed out a breath. Nervous? Possible.

“What's your name?” he asked, his eyes still on the man's face.

“Dean Winchester, sir.”

“Hello, Dean,” Castiel said. The reaction was subtle, but he could see that Dean's eyes widened slightly and his lips parted just a tiny bit. A small puff of air leaving them. “Drink?”

“Sure,” said Dean, licking his lips.

Castiel looked at him for a second longer and then turned away from him to the small bar he had in the corner. “So,” he said as he poured two glasses of whiskey. “Gabriel didn't say much about you.”

“Uhm, we met today, and so we didn't go into details, since he said that he'd like for us to talk about it,” Dean sounded nervous.

Castiel's lips twitched into an almost smirk but when he turned around his face was passive. He
handed one of the glasses back to Dean and indicated him to sit. When they were comfortable, sitting opposite each other, Castiel assessed him with sharp eyes and waited for Dean to relax a bit. Dean, on his part, was taking way too many sips from his glass.

“Do you have somewhere to be?” Castiel asked.

“No. Not at this hour anyway,” Dean moved to get another drink in, but Castiel moved swiftly and grabbed his arm. Dean froze and looked up at Castiel.

“I think you've had enough, don't you?” his voice was hard, an authoritative tone to it. He was testing the waters, to see how much power he had here.

Dean swallowed and placed down the glass and nodded, “Yeah. Sorry. I'm just slightly-”

“Nervous?” Castiel prompted. Dean chuckled, his lips twitching up. His face seemed to transform into something that was close to sunshine in the mornings. Where it seemed to kiss the earth awake. It was something that anyone enjoyed seeing first thing in the morning.

Dean Winchester was one hell of an attractive man.

And Castiel would be damned if he didn't try and have this man for at least a week.

“Have you been doing this long?” he asked as he sat back down, placing the glass back on the table.

“I was a teenager when I got into the scene.”

“Why?”

“My life was shaped up in a way, that I couldn't do anything but try and make money as fast as I could.”

“And you chose this lifestyle... why?” Castiel was genuinely interested to see why a man so attractive would want to do something like this.

“It's as I said, I needed the money. And I was good at what I would do,” Dean replied with a shrug.

Castiel wanted to push for more, but he knew that he had no right to do so. Not yet.

“Hmm,” he hummed and took a sip from his glass. The alcohol burned down his throat in a pleasant way. “Okay. I don't like half-assed answers, so in the future, refrain from answering so.”

“I didn't-”

“No excuses,” Castiel said. Dean's mouth closed with a click. “I'd like it if you were with me for a whole week. You can stay at the mansion with me. You'll have your own bedroom with your own bathroom. No one will bother you, until I say so. You'll have a free pass to go out whenever you want, unless I've explicitly told you to stay there. After the week has passed, and we agreed to continue with this, you'll move in with me. Questions?”

“Uhm... You mean I get to stay with you for a whole month without day offs?”

“Yes. Of course I'm not going to want you to be engaged with me all the time, but I'd like it if you were always at my beck and call, so to speak.”

“I can't do without day offs,” Dean said looking down at his hands.
“Why not?”

“Aside from having a life...”

“Did I say I was going to hold you hostage? Dean, you will have your freedom. I just want you to live with me.”

Castiel didn't say that this man's life would be in danger the minute he agreed to do so. He didn't want to scare him off. Not when he was already planning all the things that they were going to get up to, hopefully by tomorrow.

Castiel may be powerful enough to do what he could, but his sexual preferences have given him more enemies than he'd like to have. It took him some time to rise to power after his father. It wasn't an easy road, but he managed to keep all of his previous partners alive. Only one of them had slipped through his fingers...

Castiel blinked as he felt a hand on his knee. He looked at Dean's face and found that Dean was frowning and he looked concerned. “You okay?” he asked.

“What do you think of my offer?” Castiel asked instead. Dean moved his hand back and the moment seemed to be over.

“I need at least a few days off. At the start of the month.”

“Why then?” Castiel asked. He was genuinely curious to be asked of this. His last partners were eager to start and agreed to whatever Castiel said to them. Dean, on the other hand, seemed to want to talk things first. Castiel liked that more than anything.

“I have some things to take care of. It's something that needs to be done then.”

Castiel assessed him for a moment, but he found himself nodding before his brain tried to catch up with him. “Okay,” he said, “We can do that.”

“Thank you, sir,” this seemed to make Dean relax a bit more. The tension seemed to seep away from his shoulders.

“How much would you like me to pay for your services?” Castiel asked. Dean hesitated, so Castiel added, “Money isn't an issue for me.”

“Okay. I'd like to get seven for a month. And additional thee, if you'd want us to go out to public.”

“Closet case?”

“No. Just someone who wants to do only this, and not the couple-y stuff that a lot of other people prefer to do.”

“Good thinking.” he said with a twitch of his lips. He could give that much to Dean, if Dean served to be a great sub for him. “Do you still want to go on a trial run for a week? You'll get paid, of course.”

“Sounds great,” Dean agreed with a nod.

“Great. Anything else?”

Dean bit down on his lower lip and then released it with a small pop. Castiel's eyes lingered on the spit that coated his lower lip now. “Because of my past experience with this style, I'd want us to have
a signed in contract.”

“What will that entail?”

“That if you hurt me in any way, that will land me to the hospital, you're gonna take full responsibility for it, and face trial for your actions.”

“You think I'm going to hurt you?”

Dean didn't answer. Judging by the way he was staring at Castiel, he didn't need to voice anything in order for Castiel to get it. He had been hurt before. In such way that got him to the hospital. For some reason, it made Castiel's blood boil. “Who?”

“I don't kiss and tell, sir. That's my policy.”

Castiel clenched his hand into a fist and took couple of steadying breaths. He wasn't even going to question his sudden need to protect Dean. It seemed that in the couple of minutes that they had spent together here, Castiel started to get fond of Dean Winchester.

No questions asked.

“Okay. We will have the signed contract. What will be on it?”

“Our limits, which can be negotiable, of course. And what I said, that if something happened to me, you'll take full responsibility for it.”

Castiel got up and walked to the bar. He poured another glass of whiskey and slowly made his way back to Dean. He placed the glass down on the table, and then took off his suit jacket. He draped it over the arm rest and when he sat, he was closer to Dean this time. He rubbed his hands together and said.

“So. Let's talk limits then.”
Dinner for two. One shot for you.

Chapter Notes

I'm overwhelmed by the amount of love and support I have gotten from you guys. And it's only chapter one! Let's see if you love this chapter as much as you did the first one :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

Dean sat on his bed, the next afternoon, reading through the papers that Sam came up with in the morning. He sent the copy to Dean via email, and Dean printed it out. The list wasn't long, but it wasn't short either. It held their limits along with Dean's consent on anything that could happen. And if there was a certain kink that they'd like to explore and both agree on, which wouldn't be on the list in the first place, was okay with Dean. On the second paper was the agreement whereas, if there was anything that would happen with Dean, while he was with Castiel, which would land him to the hospital, Castiel Novak had to take full responsibility for that.

There was also the fact that Dean had agreed to live with Mr. Novak…

Dean rubbed his eyes and then stared off to the wall. His mind drifted off to the topic of limits he had with Mr. Novak. He bit down on his lower lip, remembering the way Mr. Novak stared at him with those blue eyes that made Dean shudder, even now.

“No blood play, or water sports of any kind,” Dean had said as he stared right into Mr. Novak's eyes. He was leaning forward on his knees, while Mr. Novak leaned back in his chair. His eyes were squinted in a curious way, and his lips were turned up on one side, into a small smirk. His eyes were sharp as he stared back at Dean. Dean had to suppress a shiver at that. Mr. Novak's eyes were intense. Everything about the man was intense.

“Agreed. What else?” he asked. His voice was hot and low and gravelly, but at the same time it held a sort of softness to it that sounded like honey to Dean's ears. He could feel that this was going to be an amazing time spent for Dean.

“I'm okay with the basics,” Dean continued. He cleared his throat, and said, “Bondage, suspension, choking, gagging, being blind folded. You can bend me in every way you want, but before you do that, just give me heads up so I can prep my muscles for it.”

“Hmm…” Mr. Novak regarded him for a moment and then asked, “What else?”

“You can use floggers, whips, uh...your hands. Just basically whatever you want to at that moment, I'm okay with it.”

“Any secret kinks you'd like to tell me, or you don't have any?”

“Uhm...I like wearing panties.”

The only indication that this statement interested Mr. Novak was the slight twitch at the corner of his
eyes. Dean licked on his bottom lip. Mr. Novak traced the movement with his eyes.

“What’s your hard limit?”

Dean bit down on his lower lip, and continued to stare at Mr. Novak. He needed to let him know what he wouldn’t like if it were to happen to him. Feeling self-conscious and a bit fearful, Dean took a steadying breath and said, “When I started this, I didn't know with whom I was dealing with, for a lot of the time. But... One of my older, and last, clients... He liked punishing me, for absolutely nothing at all. He loved leaving me alone in a room. For hours.”

Mr. Novak didn’t answer, but his face slowly morphed into something resembling an anger. This didn't stop Dean from talking, so he continued. “He would leave me on my knees, in a... uhm... measured position.”

“What do you mean?” Mr. Novak asked. His voice was still low, but it held something to it that made Dean’s heart beat a bit harder.

He had to swallow and take a moment before answering, because Mr. Novak's angry voice was something that made Dean feel weak in the knees. “He had a measuring tape,” Dean said. “He would make me kneel, but he wouldn't let my butt touch the back of my heels. He’d measure the distance between them, precisely to 2.6 inches.” Dean saw Mr. Novak curl his hand into a fist. His face didn’t give away to his emotions, but Dean knew that Mr. Novak was feeling angry.

It's been several years since Dean had been in that kind of situation. The subject was still sore to Dean, and it would still make him shiver unpleasantly, but it would be best to speak out about the issues before they would go into the next level of this agreement.

He remembered the pain that followed if he so much as lowered closer to his heels. He remembered the long whips on his back, mercilessly, slicing through his skin, drawing blood...

Gentle fingers lifted his head up and Dean stared right into stormy, clear blue eyes that belonged to his soon-to-be master. Dean blinked couple of times and stared right back at Mr. Novak.

“I will never abandon you,” Mr. Novak said, slowly. Dean licked his dry lips, hanging on to the words that were pouring out of his lips. “I will not punish you so severely, to draw blood. Or abandon you. I want you to trust me, in time. It won't be easy. Not with the lifestyle I'm leading,” he chuckled and shook his head. There was a split second of his mask slipping and Dean saw self-hatred, but then it was gone. “I want us to have an amazing time together. Do you want to?”

Dean had agreed. Obviously he had, or he wouldn't have been sitting in here, with the papers in his hand. He had to take this with him to the mansion. Dean was still having a hard time wrapping his head around the fact that Mr. Novak owned a mansion. But then, considering that he was the boss of the Russian mob.

Dean took a steadying breath and looked around his bedroom. Most of his clothes were packed in a small carry on. He wasn't going to give up this apartment. Even though it looked like a bomb had went off, most of the time, Dean still liked this place. So he was going to keep it.

Besides, it could be his safe space if Mr. Novak proved to be something that Dean wouldn't be able to handle. There was a small part of him that hoped it wouldn’t be a necessity. Dean stood up and continued to pack. He was supposed to be there by 6, before dinner. Dean didn't know if he was going to share the table with him or not, but he was sure that he was going to get food, once he got there.
It took him a few more minutes to grab some more clothes to take with him. Then he grabbed a back bag and started to place his favorite books by Vonnegut in it. He then added his toiletries, socks, and some other essentials. Once he was done with that, he wandered back inside to his walk-in closet and got his box from underneath the shelves. He hoisted it up in his arm and walked to his bed. He placed the box on it and took a moment to gather his thoughts. He wasn't sure if he needed to bring his toys with him, but he was going to take them with him, just in case. He didn't want to open it here. In case he'd get cold feet or something.

Dean ran a hand over his face and sighed. He grabbed his bags, and the box, moved them to the living room. He placed his things on the couch, and moved to the kitchen. There was a bar separating the room into two, which Dean liked very much. He poured himself a glass of water and drank it while placing the washed dishes back in their respective places. He wanted to have a clean house to come home to in a week.

Dean half-hoped that he wouldn't have to.

He checked the time and found that he had time to shower before he could leave. So he did just that. He took a bit longer in the shower, making sure he cleaned up thoroughly. He wanted to impress Mr. Novak. It was stupid, really. They didn't even know each other, but he had the urge to make sure that Mr. Novak was satisfied with him. But then, it wasn't stupid. He needed this job so he could be able to see his daughter.

For his age, Castiel Novak looked pretty young. He looked sharp and had intense eyes. And the way he'd pose himself spoke volumes of who he was outside of their arrangement. There was the niggling feeling at the back of his neck where Dean felt like he was going to face more than he was ready for. But despite that, Dean felt like he was going to be in good hands.

Once he was done with the shower, he dried himself off, and got dressed. Today he opted for his jeans, and navy blue button down. He got his watch on hit wrist, took his wallet from the nightstand, his car keys, and he was ready to go. Dean took down his bags first, and placed them in the truck of his car in the parking lot, then he got back up to get the box. Before he left, he cast one last look to his apartment. Everything seemed to be in place. His windows were shut, the stove wasn't on, the AC was off, and the lights were off. He nodded once, and locked the door after him. He placed the box next to his bags and closed the truck. He got in the car and drove out of the parking lot.

Everyone knew where the Novak's lived so he didn't need an address from Gabriel.

Dean tuned on the radio to his favorite station, where they would usually play classic rock. 'One Last Ride' by Molly Hatchet was playing and Dean turned the volume up a bit. He needed to calm his nerves down some more before he would get there. 30 minutes later he slowed down his car in front of iron gates and hit the buzzer on the intercom. It beeped to let him in. He drove his car down the beautiful lane. On both sides of the lane, there were bushes of red roses, behind them, there were tall trees. Dean was impressed by it. He turned his eyes back on the road ahead and he couldn't help the small gasp that left his parted lips.

The mansion was huge. Two story tall, modern style that had floor to ceiling windows. Dean couldn't wait to see what the inside looked like. He stopped his car in front of the front door and got out. There was already a valet waiting for him. Did people actually have valets? It seemed like Mr. Novak had them.

“Sir,” said the valet with a slight bow.

Dean blinked at him and hesitated slightly, before giving his keys to him. “Don't scratch her.”
“Of course,” he replied, with a slight bow, just as the front doors opened. Dean had to remind himself to breathe.

For someone who was in their 50's Castiel Novak sure as hell looked sinfully beautiful. The setting sun shone on his face for a bit just as he descended the small steps down and walked towards where Dean was standing. He was wearing a white button down, with the sleeves rolled up, black pressed pants and black shoes. His hair was a bit messy, and he had a small smile on his lips.

“Hello, Dean,” he said with a deep voice and Dean licked his lips, standing up straighter.

“Mr. Novak,” Dean replied with a small smile of his own.

“Jared will take care of your car. Have you brought clothes with you for the week?” he asked and his eyes seemed to pore into Dean's eyes. It took Dean a moment to find his voice.

“Uh yeah, they're in the truck,” Dean indicated to his car with a thumb over his shoulder.

“Alice will take your stuff up to your room, if that's okay,” Mr. Novak said. Dean hadn’t noticed her before; she had a slightly smaller frame, and mousy hairstyle. She had a small smile on her face and she was standing over to the side, with her hands behind her back. Dean nodded his consent at her. He was rewarded with a slightly bigger smile from them both. “Shall we?” Mr. Novak asked turning his body around, towards the house.

Dean nodded again, and held out his hand in a 'lead-the-way' gesture. Mr. Novak smiled at him and walked up the stairs and into the house. When Dean crossed the threshold of the front door, and looked around, his lips parted in wonder. His eyes widened, as he took in the beauty that was this house. Was it possible that the house was a lot bigger from the inside?

Dean couldn't think of any other word than beautiful to describe this house. The lanterns were huge in the hallways. The walls were white and had big paintings on them. Dean would bet his Baby that they were original works. Mr. Novak led him down the hallway and opened up the double doors to the dining room.

The big, oak table was already set and Dean noted that the plates were close to each other; one at the head and the other on the right.

“I was hoping we'd have dinner together before I'll give you the tour of the house,” Mr. Novak said as he indicated to the table. But Dean's attention was snatched by the gorgeous scene outside. The big windows were something that Mr. Novak seemed to love, and it was worth it. The windows were looking out at the backyard which seemed to be endless. The setting sun was visible from here and it painted a great view, shadowing over the tall trees.

“Is that a forest?” Dean asked, his eyes watering a bit from the direct sunlight.

“A small one,” Mr. Novak replied, coming and standing beside Dean. Dean noted that they were slightly in the same height. And Mr. Novak smelled of watermelon. “A wolf pack lives there and they marked the territory as theirs. Which is great for me, since they’re my wolves.”

“You have a wolf pack?” Dean asked turning his head to look at him, feeling stunned and impressed.

“Yes. They aren't the easiest bunch to train, but it is fun. Shall we sit?”

Dean stared at Mr. Novak’s profile a beat longer, and then he turned away from the scene to sit by the table. They sat in their respective places and a moment later a chubby looking lady came in with two maids after her.
“Dean, I'd like you to meet, Anna,” Mr. Novak said giving a smile to the lady.

“Nice to meet you,” Dean said with a smile of his own. Anna returned his smile with a big one. Her cheeks dimpled as she did so. Her face was round, and it had a motherly look to it.

“Anna has been in our family for as long as I can remember. Right?”

“Yes, Mr. Novak,” Anna said with a gentle voice. She had a thick Russian accent to it.

“She's the second important Anna in my family. The other one is my little sister. She doesn't live here.”

“Oh, Mr. Novak. You’re such a flatterer,” she said with a chuckle and started to serve their food. “The main course is beef steak. I hope you like it, Dean?” Dean nodded. “This one here enjoys them a lot, but he'll never admit to it.”

“Thank you,” said Dean, feeling warm inside. She seemed like a nice lady. She reminded Dean of his mom, and aunt Ellen, uncle Bobby's wife.

“Enjoy. I'll be back later on with the dessert. Black forest. Mr. Novak's favorite.”

“You spoil me, Anna,” he said with a chuckle. He thanked Anna and she left. The two maids stood behind their chairs, couple of feet away. Mr. Novak introduced them as Kayla and Lora. Kayla looked nervous and fidgeted a lot, while Lora looked like she’d been doing this longer than Kayla.

They ate silently; the occasional noise came from their cutlery making cutting sounds from the plate. Dean loved everything that was on the table. Anna had golden hands, it seemed. There were some dishes that Dean didn’t recognize, but he still tried them and loved their taste nevertheless.

“So, Dean, tell me more about yourself. What do you do for living?” Mr. Novak asked as he delicately cut through his meat. Dean, absentmindedly noticed how long and delicate his fingers were.

“I work with my uncle Bobby at his garage,” replied Dean swallowing his food down quickly.

“Do you enjoy it?”

“It is fun. Sometimes it does get frustrating, but in general, I like it.”

“You like getting your hands dirty?”

Dean looked at his hands self-consciously, trying to see if he had accidentally left an oil stain or something on his hands, and underneath his nails, but they were clean. Sighing in silent relief, Dean answered, “Most of the time. There’s something relaxing about the whole job. The way you can work with a car, and the way the car is just standing there, relaxed and waiting to be on the road again.”

“You speak of cars as if they have feelings,” Mr. Novak noted. His eyes were serious, but they held a small amount of amusement to them.

Dean tried not to blush as a he stuttered out a reply. “Well, yeah. I mean... I-I don't know. I basically grew up in that garage... Uh... And I have always been around them, so...” he trailed off. He grabbed a glass of water and drank from it. He sounded like an idiot, and probably looked like one too.
“It's pleasing to see a man so passionate about cars.”

“I enjoy doing many things, Mr. Novak. And this happens to be one of them,” Dean said with a smirk on his lips. Mr. Novak smirked right back, and his eyes roamed all over Dean's face. Dean licked his lower lip in a suggestive manner and it seemed like Mr. Novak was going to say something, but then the dining room's door was flung open and a short who seemed to have a permanent smirk etched on his lips, with a slightly round eyes sauntered in. He was wearing black from head to toe, with a black coat on. For Dean, it looked too much. But the man didn’t seem to be bothered by it, despite it being slightly warm outside. The man’s eyes landed on him as he got closer to the table, and his smirk deepened.

“I didn't know you had company,” the man said with a British accent.

“If you have nothing important to say, I don't see why you decided to interrupt my quiet night,” Dean glanced at Mr. Novak's face and noted how his face transformed from the softness to something sharp. The man started to speak to him in a language that Dean didn’t understand, but recognized as Russian. Dean pretty much tuned them out and his eyes refocused on Mr. Novak’s face. His lips were mesmerizing as he spoke back. There was a slight frown to his forehead, and he seemed to be tense. Whatever news that this man brought for him, didn’t seem to be a good news. Mr. Novak's eyes were ice cold, and sharp, assessing every little movement that the Brit did. Not for the first time, Dean knew that he was getting into something that was larger than him. But now, witnessing how easily the mask slipped into space, Dean confirmed that knowledge.

He was screwed the minute something went wrong.

“-Dean to his bedroom,” said Mr. Novak. Dean shook his head slightly to focus. “He has free access to anything he'd like.” Mr. Novak said. Kayla and Lora nodded and it took Dean a second to understand what was happening. The reality came crashing in and Dean took a deep steadying breath. Mr. Novak was going to leave him alone. Alone. In a new house. In a new space.

Alone...

Dean had to take another steadying breath as he nodded, and then he couldn't help himself, but ask, “Where are you going?”

Mr. Novak smiled and reached across the small distance between their hands and grabbed Dean's. His hands were cold, but they had slightly warmer feeling to them that Dean liked very much. “Hey,” Mr. Novak said, and his voice had gone softer now. And lower, because he didn't want for the Brit to know his business. Dean looked up, and stared into Mr. Novak’s eyes. “I'm not leaving you alone. Okay?” Mr. Novak emphasized the word 'leaving' for Dean. It seemed like he knew that Dean felt distressed by it. Dean bit down on his lower lip. He hesitated for just a moment, but then slowly nodded.

“I thought we were going to...” Dean whispered, looking around them and finding that he couldn't continue with his thoughts. Not with so many people around. So he opted for a discreet, “You know.”

“I know, but not tonight. An important thing came up that needs my assistance,” he almost sounded apologetic. “For tonight, I want you to relax. Lora will show you around. You can go anywhere you want within the mansion. It's quiet big.” Mr. Novak stood up and Dean did also. “Now, run along. Lora, please take him to a mini tour of the mansion. But please leave the interesting parts of it to me.”

“Of course, Mr. Novak,” she replied with a smile on her face.
Dean frowned but still looked at Novak. He had a bad feeling in his belly. Was he worried...?

Mr. Novak seemed to notice his hesitation and his eyes cleared. “Can I have the room, please?” he addressed his servants and the man. The maids left quickly from the back door from which they entered from originally, and the man looked at them both for a moment, “hmph”d, but he left as well. “We move in five, Mr. Novak.”

Mr. Novak stared after the man, as the doors closed after him, and let out a small snort. Mr. Novak moved away from his seat and rounded the corner of the table, to step closer to Dean. Dean held his breath as his nose filled up with the unique smell that emitted from Mr. Novak. His face was soft as he looked into Dean’s eyes, “Are you afraid to stay alone for a small amount of time?”

“I’m not scared. I’ll have the girls to keep me company until you come back. I just...” Dean trailed off with a shrug.

“I know. This is supposed to be our first night together and yet, I have a business to attend to,” Mr. Novak said, and he did look apologetic. “I’m hoping I can take care of this as fast as I can and come back home to you.”

“I’ll wait for you,” Dean said, and his heart might've skipped a beat with the way Mr. Novak's eyes crinkled at the corners as smiled.

“You'll do that,” he replied. “Before we part though...”

Dean's only warning was the hand on his cheek, before Mr. Novak leaned forward and caught his lips into a kiss. Mr. Novak’s lips were full and firm on his lips. He parted his lips and bit down on Dean's lower lip. Dean's lips parted in a gasp and it was a silent invitation for Mr. Novak for more. Dean wasn't sure where he should place his hands, so he gripped the edge of the table behind his back with white knuckles. He hadn't been given permission to hold on to Mr. Novak, so he kept his hands to himself. He knew that he could easily reach out and hold him, but he didn't know if that would be a wise decision for now.

Mr. Novak pulled back and Dean fluttered his eyes open. Novak's lips were red and slick with split, other than that he seemed to be unaffected. Whereas Dean felt like he just ran a marathon, his cheeks were aflame, and his lips burned.

This was bad.

Mr. Novak knew exactly how he was feeling and gave him a smirk. The hand on his cheek moved lower and his thumb moved over Dean's lower lip. “Remember this, and know that, when I get back, you'll receive more of this.”

“Hopefully it won't be too late,” Dean sighed out. His hands were starting to hurt from the way he was gripping the table.

“Go through the back door. It will lead you to the kitchen, where you can find Lora. Let her show you to your bedroom and to some rooms. Have fun, but not too much,” Mr. Novak said with a slight smile and a wink and then he walked out of the dining room.

Dean took another steadying breath, shook his head and walked to the door that Mr. Novak indicated to. Dean had to go through a narrow hallway, and then he was standing in a vast kitchen. Dean was passionate about cooking. He had cooked meals for him and Sam for way too many years, since their mother passed away. He could make the best burgers, from scratch, and variety of pies. Maybe one
day he'll use this place to make something for Novak...

Would he want that? He probably would love it.

“Mr. Winchester,” Lora straightened up and looked at him with a polite smile on her face. She was putting away dishes. Anna was making a cake.

“Call me Dean. Mr. Winchester makes me feel like I'm way lot older than I am,” Dean said with a chuckle.

“Oh course, Dean,” Lora said with a small head bow.

“Did you enjoy your meal?” Anna asked as she grabbed a cake topper and continued working on it.

“I loved everything that you made for us. Thank you, Anna.”

Anna smiled widely and nodded, “I'm guessing you'd love to have a piece of a cake?”

Dean walked up to them and sat on the high stool and perched his head over his hand. “I'd love to.”

“Great,” she said and started to bustle around trying finish up the cake. Lora danced around her, adding or removing the stuff that Anna wasn't going to use anymore. It was a bit hectic, but they pulled it off as if they'd been doing this for years.

Once it was done, a piece from the cake was placed in front of him. He took a bite from it and his eyes slipped shut and a small groan left his mouth. “What is this? It's amazing.”

“Thank you, Dean,” Anna said with a proud smile on her face. “It's my grandma's recipe.”

“Tell me how you made it?” Dean asked as he stuffed his face.

“If I tell you then I have to kill you!” she replied with a cheerful laugh. Dean did everything as to not choke on a bite, because he was positive that she would kill him. He didn't say any of these, but he let out a slight chuckle. “I left Mr. Novak’s cake in the refrigerator. I don't think he likes to share his cake. He loves it way too much.”

Dean laughed at that as he polished off the plate in record time. He asked if he could have another piece, and Anna was more than happy to give it to him. When he finished his second piece, he asked for another piece to bring with him up to his room. Anna was pleased by this and placed another piece in his plate. Lora moved to grab it for him, but Dean took it and claimed that he wanted to eat it on his way to his bedroom. In reality, he was never comfortable with having maids taking care of him. He wasn't anyone special. He was an employee just as much as these ladies.

Dean said goodbye to Anna and walked out of the kitchen with Lora, from another door. This one took them right to the main hallway. It was already dark outside so the mansion's lights were all lit.

“Since Mr. Novak gets to have lots of guests over from time to time, he loves to have everything at an arm's reach. So in the mansion you can find a small club—”

“What club?” Dean asked as they took the stairs up to the second floor.

“It's a mix of everything, really. A strip club, casino, with an open bar. Also, it can be used as a disco club too. He used to throw parties, almost 2 times a week, once he got his father's job.”

“But now, not so much?”
“He doesn't see it a necessity. I'm guessing it was some sort of a coping mechanism, at the time.”

“Oh.”

“He has a big library in here too,” she continued. “It's one of his favorite place to be, really.”

“Can we check it?” Dean asked as he started to eat his cake.

“We could, but Mr. Novak loves taking the tour there himself. So...”

“I have to wait for him. It's alright,” he replied. “I can be patient.”

She gave him a small apologetic smile, which Dean returned with an easy smile of his own. His eyes landed on more paintings on the walls. “Are all of these paintings originals?”

“Mr. Novak doesn't like second hands.”

Dean whistled. “These must've cost him.”

“Probably,” she replied with a shrug. They got up to the second floor and started down a hallway. “This floor is mainly used for guest bedrooms, and Mr. Novak's master bedroom. And also his office. Which is down the whole. We have about 10 guest bedrooms.”

“10 bedrooms?” Dean asked, unable to leave out a note of surprise from his voice. His eyebrows shot up and his hand stopped midway to his mouth.

Lora nodded and said, “Yes. Mr. Novak has a big family.” She didn't went into details there. “The basement is mainly used for entertainment, though.”

“Where's the library?”

“Oh, it's on the first floor. I apologize, I forgot to mention where everything was,” she said. Her voice held a nervous edge to it, that Dean didn't like hearing. He shook his head and said.

“Hey, no need to apologize. You did say they were Mr. Novak's favorite rooms.”

“True,” she replied softly, her eyes filling with relief. They walked down the hallway a bit more. Dean felt like they'd been walking forever. And it looked like it was part of a hotel hallway. What caught Dean’s attention was the glass ceilings. It was a clear sky full of stars. Finally they stopped before a double door and Lora took a step forward and opened up the doors.

“This is your bedroom,” she said as she stepped to the side and waited for him to move in.

Dean walked inside and looked around. He was impressed by how big the bedroom was. The high ceilings and the windows were going to give him a bit of a time to get adjusted to, but it did look amazing. The walls were in gray color, the furniture was a bit shade darker, and his bed was of queen size. His suitcase and his box were perched by the desk that was close to -yup, Dean checked one of the doors,- the walk in closet. It was a bit bigger than Dean's bathroom. Dean walked out of there and moved to the other side of the desk where there was another door close to it. It was a bathroom. Dean's eyebrows hit his hairline as he took it in. It was huge; there was a toilet, a sink with cabinets underneath, the bathroom mirror was from wall to wall. And there was a sink-in-the-floor bath with a separate shower by the corner. There was a window here too, by the far wall, which looked up to the forest. It wasn't floor to ceiling length like the other rooms favored, but it wasn't small either.
Dean walked out of there and found Lora still standing by the door, waiting patiently for him. “I love this bedroom.”

“I’m glad you liked it, Dean,” she said, beaming at him. “I could show you more of the rooms in the mansion, if you want?”

“I’d love to rest and get settled in, actually,” Dean said eyeing his stuff.

“I can help you out,” Lora said taking a step in the bedroom, but Dean shook his head.

“You have done enough, Lora,” Dean said with a smile. “I’ll take care of it.”

“Thank you, Dean. If you need anything, do not hesitate to call us in the kitchen,” Lora said as she indicated the phone by the bedside table. And then she walked out of the bedroom, closing the door after her.

Dean flopped down on the bed with a groan, which turned into a moan. It literally hugged him in. He really did need to get up to take care of his stuff, but he couldn't will his muscles to work to his advantage.

But the bed was soft and starting to get warm under his body. The next thing Dean did, was pushing his boots off of his feet, crawl up the bed a bit more and fall asleep.

*Cas*

“I hope you realize that you have interrupted a very pleasant dinner,” Castiel said as Alice presented him with his suit jacket. He grabbed it with a nod and she shuffled away. Castiel shrugged it on and walked out of the mansion, Crowley right behind him.

“I’m sure it was a lovely dinner,” Crowley said in his British accent. “But I assure you, this was more important.”

Castiel frowned and looked at Crowley sideways, “You were vague in your details back there. What happened, exactly?”

“One of our own has been shot.”

“When?” Castiel tensed. They were outside by now as they waited for the cars. It looked like he wasn't going to take his own car. It would be too dangerous at the moment, it seemed.

“Fifteen minutes ago,” Crowley said as he opened the door for Castiel.

Once they got in, the car started again and rode out of the gates in a minute. “Who was shot? What happened, exactly?” he asked Crowley as he grabbed his phone from his pocket. He fidgeted with it as he waited for Crowley to speak.

“Samandriel,” Crowley said. “He was sent out today, to take a look around on fifth avenue. To make sure that the security wasn't breached. He finished his round, of course, thankfully for us, but not so thankful for him. He was about to get picked up when he was shot on his shoulder. I'm waiting for more details, but I'm sure he is going to be fine.”

Castiel clenched his hand into a fist and he took a steadying breath. Samandriel was a sweet kid. He
was in his twenties but people mistook him for a teenager, because of how young he looked. He wasn't high in his ranks, but he was part of Castiel's mob, so he was family, part of the brotherhood. Castiel cared for every one of them. Castiel took care of his family.

“Did anyone catch the shooter?”

Crowley shook his head, as he said, “No. He was very well hidden.”

Castiel looked back at Crowley and narrowed his eyes, “You know who he is.”

“Of course we know, Mr. Novak. My guess is that you know who he is, as well.”

Castiel's face cleared and he looked out of the window. “So. He has started war against us. Against me.”

“It seems like it, boss.”

“Have you alerted the boys?” Castiel asked, even though he knew the answer to that.

“Of course.”

Castiel nodded and fell silent. Soon they'll be by the hospital and he can speak to Samandriel himself. He had to check and see if his injury was severe. And then wait for a full report.

Soon enough, the car stopped right in front of the hospital door and he hopped out of the car. “Move the car away from the front door,” he said to his driver who gave him a nod.

Castiel ran the city, he could have access to anything and everything that he wanted, and however he wanted. But he wasn't an asshole just because one of his men was here. People's lives mattered, and he hated when there had been occasions where they had left more casualties than it was necessary. So he made sure to let his men know that he wasn't happy with it. And after that, they'd been much more careful with how they conducted their business. There had been accidents, of course, and Castiel made sure to find out who had been that person, and went to their house, to pay his respects, and support the family in any he could.

It didn't bring him the calmness that he searched in his soul, but his heart felt lighter after trying to patch things up as much as he could. Even if a lot of the families wanted nothing more than to see him dead.

In his life, that was a slim possibility.

They got inside the elevator and Crowley hit on the fourth floor. They elevator doors dinged shut and it went up. Castiel had his hands shoved inside his pants pocket. He stared at the numbers glowing from 1...2...3...4... The elevator stopped and the doors slid open. Crowley walked out first, looked around and tilted his head for Castiel to follow. Some of his men were already around, Castiel noted, but things were sensitive at the moment, and he trusted Crowley's judgment. They both walked down the hallway and as they rounded a corner, there were more men here and Castiel noted Gabriel standing by a door down the hall, talking to a doctor. Castiel quickened his steps.

“-cious, but he does need his rest, Mr. Milton.”

Castiel heard the last part of their conversation as he stopped by them. “How is he doing, Doc?”

“Mr. Novak,” said the doctor, “He is stable. He lost a lot of blood, but he seems conscious. But as I was saying to Mr. Milton, he needs his rest.”
“I need to see him first,” he said in a voice that brooked no argument. The doctor hesitated but he nodded once.

“Thank you for coming, brat,” Castiel said, he squeezed Gabriel's shoulder as he passed him and walked to the room. He noted how uncharacteristically silent Gabriel was. He had to check in on that later. Right now, Samandriel was his priority.

Samandriel was propped up on pillows, and he looked paler than usual. The florescent lights of the hospital didn't help the matters at all. He was stacked up with tubes which were coming out of his arms and a nose-oxygen was attached to him. He looked half asleep, but he turned his head and looked at Castiel.

“Hello, Samandriel,” Castiel said, and at this moment Samandriel did look like a kid.

“Hey, Mr. Novak,” he said. His voice was scratchy. He tried to sit up straighter, but winced.

“Don't move. I think if you do any more damage to your shoulder, we are all going to get kicked out of here.”

Samandriel's lips twitched into a half smile, which vanished quickly. “I'm sorry,” he blurted out. “I didn't mean to get shot at. And I did finish up my round, and I really was on my way to the car, but then I don't know from where I had been shot. And then the next thing I know I’m being rushed to the hospital. We see these stuff in movies and they really do downplay just how much this shit hurts. Being shot, I mean. Like, really? And here I thought it wouldn’t be this bad. But Mr. Novak, sir, that doesn’t matter because I swear I did finish my round and I’m really so-“

“Stop apologizing. I know what happened. And it's not your fault,” Castiel said as he walked closer to the bed. “Are you up to report me of the area?”

Samandriel nodded, but he asked for some water, before he started talking again. Castiel listened to him closely; no odd sightings, no out of place activities. The shops were clean and very thankful for keeping an eye out on the street for violence and mishaps. Until this happened, of course. Castiel asked Samandriel if he was sure that there wasn’t anything out of place, but Samandriel shook his head.

Castiel hid his disappointment behind a sigh, “Well, if you do remember anything, let Gabriel know. Anything at all, okay?”

“Yes, sir,” Samandriel said with a nod.

Castiel thanked Samandriel, and told him to get a good night's sleep. He left the room, and started to walk down the hall. Gabriel and Crowley flanked him on both side as he made his way to the elevator.

“Leave as many men here, as you can. I need 24 hours watch on him. Any out of place activity happens, you take care of it. No casualties, whatsoever. As much as I know and trust the doc, make sure he has a clear history to take care of Samandriel,” he turned around and looked at Gabriel. “If anything happens to him...” he left it at that, but Gabriel shook his head.

“I've got this covered, brother. You go home and rest. I'll call you in the morning,” Gabriel said in a monotonous voice, that Castiel didn't like. He didn't push Gabriel to speak about it, not now. He could be disappointed by this since Samandriel was a new recruit in his team. Castiel would have to talk to him about this in another time. Right now, he had to go back home.

The elevator’s doors open and Castiel stepped inside, Crowley following him in. “I trust that you
will,” Castiel said, looking into Gabriel’s eyes, who gave him a nod.

But before the doors slid close he saw Gabriel run a hand through his hair and heave out a defeated sigh.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...
Be a good boy. It's play time!

Dean fluttered his eyes open and then closed them again. The sunlight was too bright in this place. His lips were parted and they were dry, so he closed his mouth and smacked his lips together. It helped to gain consciousness into them for a bit, but he needed to drink some water. His body felt heavy and his back had an uncomfortable feeling to it. Maybe he slept in one position all night long. Judging by the way he was still on his stomach, he probably has.

It took him a few seconds, but then he realized he wasn't alone. There was someone else in the bedroom, on his new bed. His eyes flew open and he slowly raised himself up on his arms and turned his head to look to the side.

Castiel Novak sat by the edge of the bed, with his right leg hooked up on the bed, his right arm resting on it. His left hand was resting over his left hand. And he was staring right at Dean.

“Uh...” Dean cleared his throat and croaked out, “Hey.”

“Hello, Dean,” Mr. Novak said and Dean had to suppress a shudder. It seemed that at the early hours of the morning, Mr. Novak's voice held a deeper tone to it. It was something that Dean had to get used to, and train his body to not react the way it was reacting right now. A full body shudder and his dick straining, even more, on the bed? Yeah, no, he had to control himself.

“Have you been here for a long time?” Dean asked as he slowly turned around and laid back down on his back. He heard some bones pop so he stretched out like a cat, his breath hitching, before he relaxed back on the bed.

“Not for long.”

Dean squinted at him and then asked, “Have you slept at all?”

Mr. Novak gave him a small smile, but he didn't say anything. His eyes slid down Dean's body and rested over his erect dick, which was visible through his pants. “Hmm...” he hummed and his smile slipped off his face. Suddenly he looked more serious and his eyes snapped back at Dean's face. Dean felt like he was staring right into his soul. Which was a stupid thing to think about, but still. It was probably his eyes and the color of them that made him feel like that.

He swallowed at the way Mr. Novak's eyes darkened and he suggestively looked over his body and said, “I know we had plans yesterday, but an emergency made me leave our lovely dinner a bit earlier than we had planned.”
“It's alright,” Dean breathed out because really, he couldn't think of anything else to say but to agree with him.

“It doesn't mean that we can't take care of those plans today,” Mr. Novak said and his eyes made their way back to Dean's eyes. Dean shuddered from the heat in them. Dean sat up and scooted forward a bit, to get closer to him, but then Mr. Novak stood up and put a slight distance from them. Dean looked up at him and frowned. “Not yet, boy. You need to have breakfast, wash up, take a shower and be presentable for me.”

“What would you like me to wear, sir?” and this was something that Dean knew how to do. He knew how to slip into his submissive side and be a good boy for his dom. And he wanted nothing more than to please Mr. Novak. He needed the job and the good money from it, but he also, somehow, liked Mr. Novak. It wasn't that they knew each other well, but Dean felt a slight pull to him. He'd think about it later, for now, he had to impress Mr. Novak.

“Your birthday suit.”

Dean's cheeks heated up at that, but Mr. Novak only smirked at him and made his way out of the bedroom. Dean moved his hand to grope at his dick, but Mr. Novak's cut through the air sharply.

“Touch yourself, and you won't be able to seat for a week,” and then he was out of the bedroom, the door closing after him with a soft click.

Dean snatched his hand away from the area so fast it looked like he got burnt. He frowned at the closed door and then fell back down on his bed and sighed. His first day of work was going to start soon, and he didn't know how he felt. He didn't know if he was going to feel happy about it, or get a panic attack in the middle of a scene. He hoped nothing bad was going to happen. So with that he stood up from his bed and stretched. Dean then made his way to the bathroom and relieved himself. He washed his face and threw some of the water at the back of his neck to cool down. He was still wearing yesterday's clothes. He wrinkled his nose at that and shook his head. He tried to initiate something with Mr. Novak while he slept in his yesterday's clothes. No wonder he said no.

He quickly got undressed and walked to the shower. It took him a bit of a work but he managed to get the water running at a warm temperature. He walked out of the bathroom and walked around the desk to get to his ba. He got his towels and shampoo from there, and walked back to the bathroom. Dean placed the towel close to the shower and he got underneath the hot stream of water. He didn't take long there, but he did a thorough cleaning of his body. He looked down at his, now, fully hard dick, he sighed and silently sent a prayer. Dean needed to keep himself under control until it was time. He turned the water from hot to cold and he stood there for a couple of seconds. It helped him soothe down his heated body. Once it was getting unbearable to stand under the spray, he shut off the water and got out. Grabbing the towel, he wrapped it around his waist, and walked out of the bathroom. He walked back to his bag and rummaged through it for a moment. He found a clean pair of underwear, his gray khakis and a black Henley shirt. Quickly drying himself up with his towel, he got dressed. His opted for sneakers, instead of his boots today. He threw a light cologne on him, and deemed himself presentable enough to leave his bedroom.

The hallway seemed longer than it had felt yesterday, probably because of the sunlight that was cascading through the ceiling's windows. It was a great design to the house, Dean thought as he continued to walk and look up at the ceiling. It was a bit unsafe, because of the whole windows business and who his boss was, but it still looked awesome.

He got down the stairs and easily found his way to the dining room. Mr. Novak was sitting at the high end of the table, and an empty plate was on his right side. The sunlight was more visible in this
room as well, but it seemed that Mr. Novak enjoyed the sunlight so much that he didn't ask his maids to close the curtains. Only Lora was here today and Dean smiled at her as he sat on what he deemed to be, his spot on the table.

“Shower was well?” Mr. Novak asked as he buttered his toast.

“It was good,” Dean said as he got some bacon in his plate, and eyed the food on the table. It would easily feed five grown men. “Question: why is there so much food?”

“Oh, we weren't sure what you preferred for breakfast so I asked Anna to make whatever she made for me every morning, but a bit more.”

“And she took the 'more' part literally, than 'a bit more',” Dean said as he grabbed couple of pancakes.

Mr. Novak didn't say anything but his lips twitched. Dean's heart swelled at the silent amusement. Breakfast passed by mostly silent. Mr. Novak's phone kept vibrating. Dean wanted to ask what it was about, but he knew it wasn't his place to ask so he kept his mouth shut and ate his food. He also wanted to know what happened yesterday but again he couldn't ask. He was here to please him, and he was going to do just that.

Once they were done eating, Mr. Novak stood up and Dean followed suit. He held out his hand and Dean took it. They made their way out of the dining room and walked back up the stairs to the second floor. “Go to your bedroom and brush your teeth please. Come back out and wait for me,” he said and released Dean's hand. Dean walked in front of him and quickly entered his bedroom. He made his way to his suitcase, and paused. There was something missing from there, but he didn't know what it was... He shook his head, and fished out his toothbrush and toothpaste. He quickly, but thoroughly, took care of his teeth and walked back out. He checked his underarms for smell, but it was good. He closed the bedroom door after him and stood right in front of it, his hands behind his back, shoulders back.

He waited about five minutes, and the door that was right next to his bedroom opened, and Mr. Novak walked out. He quirked an eyebrow at Dean and said, “Ready?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean said quickly. Mr. Novak curled his fingers and motioned for Dean to go to him. Dean obliged and he walked to where he was standing.

Mr. Novak opened the door further and said, “After you.”

Dean walked into the room and had to stop. Mr. Novak basically had his own BDSM room that Dean was familiar on seeing at the community clubs. Dean walked in a bit further and looked around the room. It was in darker colors, compared to the other rooms in the mansion. It had darker lightning to it, which gave the room a sultry look. Dean turned around and eyed one of the walls that looked the busiest. The whole wall was dedicated to floggers, canes, paddles, and, Dean gave a small shudder, a whip. It was one of his favorites. The pain was sharp and lasted long, but it gave pleasure that Dean couldn't get from anything else.

Close to it was a display of various vibrators, butt plugs and dildos, different sizes, different shapes... And underneath them there were drawers. Dean walked to them and opened the first one. His heart skipped a bit. There were cock rings, penis pumphers (he never tried this one and he was curious about it), and his eyes fell on... electroshock. Was this going to be used as a punishment or a reward on him?
He closed the first drawer and opened up the second one. This one had ropes, thin silk fabric to use if they preferred that, and handcuffs; leather, metal, and fluffy. He opened another drawer and it was filled with more toys. His eyes caught on gag ball and nipple clamps. He closed that and took a step back.

Dean turned his back to the wall of toys and looked around to the other side of the room. There was an open wardrobe that had different costumes hanging on the racks. And as he approached, he saw that there was also feminine outfits. Was it because Dean said he was okay with that, or was it because Mr. Novak enjoyed that as well?

He didn't touch the wardrobe. He merely glanced at the outfits and then turned back around. Right in the middle of the room there was a big bed that didn't have any frames, but at closer inspection, Dean found railings and posters to move in place if they needed them. On the ceiling, closer to the foot of the bed, was a gate like device that Dean knew. They could use it for suspension or to handcuff Dean to it, while standing up on the bed, or on the ground, if they would push it down a bit.

On the front wall, there were poles that would keep Dean's legs separated. There was also one of Dean's favorites; it was a combination of his neck being cuffed to the pole and his arms being on either side of the pole.

He took a deep breath and turned around. Mr. Novak was standing by the door, his hands inside his pants pocket, his face unreadable from here. And he was staring right at Dean. Dean mentally shook himself and clapped his hands.

"Cool toys," he said because he hated the silence and he slowly made his way to where he was standing. He got close enough to push his chest up against Mr. Novak's and he let out a small shuddering breath. "I'm ready to play, sir."

"Strip."

The order came in a cool, leveled voice and Dean quickly obliged to him. He toed off his sneakers, and bent down to take off his socks. Then he stood up and took off his khakis. He hesitated with his shirt. He has never been ashamed of his body before. He actually proud himself for having such a great physique, but since his last customer Dean developed a low self-esteem. It took him almost a year to be able to take his shirt off in front of Lisa. That was the most painful conversation they had between them and it was something that he never wanted a repeat of. It was painful because Dean had to dodge the real reasons behind his half-assed excuses.

Dean let his hands rest by his sides and stood up straighter. He didn't dare to look into Mr. Novak's eyes. Instead he trained his eyes at the base of his throat. He didn't say anything, and waited.

"Was I unclear?" he asked, his voice still held the same tone to it.

"No, sir."

"Then why aren't you naked?"

"Because..." Dean's voice wavered for a moment and he took a deep steadying breath, and tried again. "Because my body isn't clean."

"You didn't shower?" he asked in a serious tone of voice. Dean had to look up, only to find Mr. Novak staring at him with a frown on his forehead and head tilted to the side. Dean thought he looked like an adorably confused husky puppy.

He mentally shook his head and said, "I have showered. I just... C-can I show you? I can show you."
And it's totally okay for you to...to tell me to go.”

Without waiting for his answer, Dean took another steadying breath and pulled his shirt off in one go. He let his shirt fall down on the ground, and kept his eyes trained to the side. He didn't want to see the disappointment that was definitely on Mr. Novak's face. His chest was covered in healed, pink scars; raised a bit, because of how deep they had been. There were smaller ones, as if someone had fun slowly poking at his skin. The damage that was done to his body was with the intention of leaving their marks behind.

And that is what happened to Dean.

He slowly turned around to show his back to Mr. Novak. His back was worse. He didn't even want to think about how he got them, or why he got them. He just knew they were there.

There were smaller scars on his ass-cheeks, but he still had his underwear on, so he was safe for the next couple of minutes.

He jumped a bit as he felt a cold hand land on his shoulder and stirred him around. Dean still kept his eyes low and didn't dare to look up. Mr. Novak was standing close to him, no regard to personal space whatsoever. Dean's mind was running fast for him to catch even with one thought process, but then his heart short circuited when he felt warm lips on his own.

Dean froze and his eyes flew up to see Mr. Novak staring right back into his. When he felt Mr. Novak's tongue trying to enter his mouth, Dean parted his lips and gave him easier access. At this, Mr. Novak's eyes fell shut, and tilted his head to the side to deepen the kiss. Dean had no other choice but to follow him.

When Mr. Novak kissed, he put his everything to it, it seemed. Mr. Novak grabbed him by his chin and tilted his head up a bit higher, his tongue entering and swirling about in his mouth with renewed passion. He then moved his hands to Dean's cheeks and held him there. Dean's hands were still by his sides. Mr. Novak moved his kisses down to his chin, tilted his head up as he went down. He licked and sucked on his neck, and Dean couldn't help the shudder that went through his body. He tilted his head back easily, giving more access to him. And Mr. Novak took it. He moved his lips towards Dean's earlobe, bit down at it, and then kissed right underneath his ear.

Dean's reaction was more visible now. His body jolted and his lips parted with an audible gasp.

Mr. Novak pulled back but his hands stayed on his cheeks. Dean's eyes fluttered open and Mr. Novak was already staring at him. His eyes were shining with wonder, and he had a half smirk on his lips. “Weak spot?”

“Yeah,” Dean breathed out. He felt his member stirring and he suppressed another shudder.

“Do you want more?” Mr. Novak asked and then his hands moved. Down his neck, down to his chest, resting lightly over the scars there, but not stopping. His hands stopped by the edge of his boxers and he teased there.

“Yes, sir,” Dean said. His voice quivered slightly at that.

“Good boy,” Mr. Novak murmured. His fingers made a feather light way to the back of spine. He leaned in closer and kissed underneath his earlobe once again. This time he licked and sucked, and Dean didn't even have it in mind to let him know about more scars but then Mr. Novak was swiftly making his way into his boxers and cupping his ass, pulling him closer to his covered body. Dean shuddered and stiffened in his arms. Mr. Novak noticed and then he pulled away from his neck to
look at Dean.

“There's more?” his hands didn't move from Dean's ass. Dean was sure he could feel everything underneath his palms. But it seemed like he needed the vocalized confirmation for it.

“Yes, sir.”

He continued to stare at Dean. After a moment, he moved his hands down his ass to move Dean's boxers down with his hands... Down his legs and to the floor. He tapped at Dean's legs and Dean helped him to get his boxers off. Dean's dick was half hard, but it was going to get steadily hard because of how Mr. Novak was touching.

He moved up again, his hands still touching Dean's body. Once he was standing up, Mr. Novak's hands moved back to his ass and he knead them in his hands, which only pulled Dean closer to his still clothed body. Dean knew better than to ask him to get undressed right now. It was Mr. Novak's right to get to know his body.

“I want to restrain you from the railings of the ceiling. I want to use the pad on you, and then if you're up for it, I want to whip your front. While I'm doing so, I want you to have a vibrating butt plug in your ass,” Mr. Novak pulled him even closer. Dean let out a gasp of air, his body responding quickly. “And then if you're good to me, I wanna fuck you.”

“Yes, please, sir. Okay. Whatever you want,” Dean babbled out.

Mr. Novak chuckled and gave him a hard kiss. Dean didn't even have time to respond, before he was moving away. He grabbed Dean's hand and walked him to the place where the railings were. He pulled at the rope that was dangling from it and pulled him down a bit. It stopped with a loud clang and Dean looked up at it.

“It's gonna hold, right?”

“Of course,” Mr. Novak said as he moved to the drawers. He pulled out the leather handcuffs. Next he took a butt plug from the shelf, and then moved to where the pads were. He picked one up and walked back to Dean. He placed down the toys on the table that was closer to the railings, and then walked a bit further away to get the lube from the bedside table.

Dean swallowed as Mr. Novak stood before him and regarded him with open lust. He had an unwavering gaze that Dean was sure he used on a lot of people when he wanted to get shit done, and fast. Dean didn't know what he wanted him to do, but he knew he'd do it in a heartbeat.

“Dean, do you have a safe word? Or do you want to go with the standard guide of the colors?”

Dean scrambled up his mind to figure out if he wanted to use his old safe word, or if he was going to use the colors... He had a small fear of being unheard, when and if he'd use it. But this wasn't... this man was a different man. He wasn't going to hurt him. And he looked like he was all about consent. Would he disregard Dean and his needs? Or was he going to listen to him and prove Dean's fears wrong?

“Dean?” Mr. Novak's voice cut through his wandering thoughts and he was back to present.

“Yeah, sorry. Uh... I'm open to using the colors, but just in case, my safe word is Kansas.”

“Is that where you’re from?”

“Yeah. Is that... would that be a problem?”
“Not at all,” he said. “Let me see your wrists.” he asked Dean, and Dean held out his hands for Mr. Novak.

Mr. Novak grabbed the handcuffs from the table and secured them around Dean's wrists. “Okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Bend over that table, I want to open you up a bit to get the vibrator in.”

Dean quickly complied. He bent forward, and rested his arms over the table. Mr. Novak placed his hand over Dean's back, close to his shoulder blades and grabbed the lube from the table. His hand moved down Dean's spine and rested lightly over Dean's ass. Dean heard the lube's bottle being opened and then heard the unmistakable sound of it being squirted over Mr. Novak's fingers. He then felt Mr. Novak move his ass cheek to the side and then slowly move his fingers over the tight rim of his anus. It didn't take Mr. Novak long before Dean relaxed his muscles and Mr. Novak's finger entered him. Dean gasped at the intrusion and he grabbed the edge of the table. His lips parted as the fingers started to move in and out of him. Not long after that, Mr. Novak tried to go in with two fingers and Dean's body welcomed it at once.

Mr. Novak twisted his fingers in a right direction and Dean let out a soft cry of pleasure.

“Such a good boy,” Mr. Novak said and Dean's ears started to ring from pleasure that was cursing through his body. “So good, Dean. You're doing so well.”

Dean let out another strangled cry when Mr. Novak moved his fingers out and then pushed three fingers in. His dick was fully hard now. If he only could reach down and touch it, he was going to cum just from this. But he wasn't allowed to do so, and he wasn't sure when he was going to be allowed to cum. He loved the anticipation though, so he left his pleasure into Mr. Novak's hands.

His fingers left Dean's inside and Dean felt his hole fluttering shut. His eyes were shut and he felt Mr. Novak moving around his back. Soon, his hands were back to his ass and he heard the lube squirting sound. Few seconds later, Dean felt the blunt sharp head of the plug being pushed into his ass. Dean gave a full body shudder and relaxed his muscles. One final push, and it was fully in.

“You're so good to me, Dean,” Mr. Novak growled. Dean felt a small kiss being placed at the base of his spine, but it was so light that Dean could've imagined it. Dean opened his eyes just as he felt Novak's hand pushing him up straight. The feeling changed and the plug moved up in his ass. He gave another shudder and Mr. Novak smirked at him.

He walked Dean back to where he wanted him and grabbed Dean's hands. Novak stared at him, in a silent question, and Dean nodded. Novak linked his cuffs together with a chain, and then moved Dean's hands over his head and linked it to the railing. “Good?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean breathed out in a gasp. Not only his muscles stretched in a way that hadn't been used for years now, and he welcomed the pleasant feeling, but also the plug was giving him another sort of feeling that Dean welcomed even more.

Mr. Novak gave him a smirk and then he moved to the table. “I'm going to whip you 10 times. I want you to count them for me. Can you do that, Dean?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean said, his heart beating harder.

He grabbed the whip and snapped it on the side. It cracked through the air and the sound that it made, made Dean lick his lips in anticipation.
“Ready?” Mr. Novak asked and Dean nodded again. That was the only warning he got when Mr. Novak moved his arm and snapped it against Dean's chest.

Dean let out a sharp gasp and his body moved from the light pain. “One.” He gasped out.

And another one came, Dean's reaction was sharper from this. “Two.”

Another one came in, “Three.” Dean's lips fell open in a desperate cry. “Four.”

The pain was light, and pleasure zinged through his body. His ass-cheeks squeezed in around his plug and he shuddered from it. Five, six, seven, eight... came one after the other without a pause between them.

When Mr. Novak stopped Dean let out a shuddering breath. He gasped through number “Nine...” His voice wavered. His skin was red, but there was no blood. Just the sting of the whip being connected with his skin.

“One more,” Mr. Novak said in a steady voice. “Can you do one more for me, Dean? You're being so good to me.”

Dean barely finished nodding, when another one cracked through the air. This one's impact was a lot harder, and a lot sharper and Dean couldn't contain the sharp cry leaving his lips. “T-ten.”

“Good boy,” Mr. Novak praised him.

Dean barely even had time to catch a breath when he felt the plug vibrate in his ass. The stimulation was on low, it seemed, because it didn't feel too much at once, but it was a pleasant vibration through his body.

“Dean,” Mr. Novak's voice went through his head and he lifted his head up to look at Mr. Novak. The blue in his eyes were sharp, full with lust and need, but they also had clearance to them. A small indication that he was in control over his action. That he was in tune with Dean's need. He wasn't going to let Dean fall. He was going to catch him if the need arose. “Dean,” he said again, “You want more?”

“Y-yes, sir,” Dean said. And he was awarded by another smirk from Novak. Dean wondered what a full blown smile would do to his face, before he felt the vibration go up a notch. It felt wonderful.

Mr. Novak grabbed the pad and moved to his back. “Same as the whipping. I'm going to beat you 10 times. Count for me, Dean.”

And then he hit him with the pad. The pain was dull, and Dean uttered the numbers as loudly as he could. He could feel his ass being reddened, by the minute, he could feel the warmth from the burn. What made this even more pleasant was the vibration in his ass. Every time the pad connected with his ass, the vibrator kept pushing up in his ass and the feeling was overwhelming. His dick was steadily leaking by now. It was so hard that a slight touch was going to make him cum in a second.

His head was fogged up by pleasure so much that when he said the number “ten” he didn't even realize it. He didn't realize that it was the end. The vibration stopped and Mr. Novak pulled out the vibrator from inside of him and Dean felt empty.

“What- why did you took it out? I want more... Please, I need to. I need to...”

“I know. I got you, Dean,” he said and then Mr. Novak was there. His hands moved over his ass and it was too sensitive for the touch but then his hands moved down to the back of his thighs and Dean's
only warning was the tightening of his hands on them, before he was being lifted up. Dean grabbed
on to the railings and wrapped his legs around Mr. Novak's waist.

Next thing he knew, Mr. Novak was kissing him and then he was being fucked. Dean had no idea
when Mr. Novak managed to get his dick out, and entered Dean, but he did that so effortlessly that
Dean bit down on Novak's lower lip. This only made Novak to move his hips up harder and faster
into Dean.

Dean could do nothing but to hold on tight and wrap his legs tighter around Novak.

Soon enough, Mr. Novak grunted, tightening his hold around Dean, he moved out before he came.
He took couple of steadying breaths, before he moved one of his hands and wrapped it around
Dean's leaking dick. He moved his hand up and down his shaft and Dean shuddered, wanting
nothing but to come like this. And then... “Come for me, Dean,” Novak grunted, his hands moving
fast over his shaft. Dean came with a loud cry, his body shuddering.

Dean went limp as soon as he was done. His whole chest was covered in sweat and spunk. He let
out a soft whimper when Mr. Novak held him up with one arm and released Dean's arms from the
rails and rested them over his shoulders, the handcuffs still on. Dean quickly snuggled closer to him,
and Mr. Novak enveloped him in a tight hug.

They moved from there to the bed, and then Dean felt the soft silk sheets of the bed hit his heated
body. He remembered Mr. Novak telling him to sit up and held up a cold water to drink from. Mr.
Novak continued to praise him as he removed the handcuffs and Dean fell backwards on the bed.
He remembered Mr. Novak cleaning him up with a wet cloth, and he felt Mr. Novak rubbing
something to his wrists. Dean’s head felt foggy from then on, and he couldn't fight off his body's
exhaustion anymore. His eyes slipped shut and seconds later, he was sound asleep.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...
Contracts. Pictures. And introducing Lucifer.

Chapter Notes

The amount of support and love this story is getting is ridiculously high.
And I'm loving every second of it <3
Thank you, guys.
Enjoy the newest chapter...

PS: The chapters were/are being updated weekly, but I'm afraid that there'll come a time when it'll take a bit longer to update them. Thank you for your patience!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

Castiel sat behind his desk the next morning, looking over some papers scattered around on his desk. Two of his men were standing behind his back. Well, one of them was slouched against the wall, and the other one stood ramrod straight. The others found their places around the office. A nervous looking old man sat before him at the other side of his desk, holding his hat in his fiddling fingers. Mr. Thompson Jr. had a fruit market in downtown that has been around since the 50's. It used to be his father's, but after the senior died, Mr. Thompson Jr. took his place.

Their families had a great understanding between them; they would pay monthly fees to Castiel's men, and they would be protected from the “bad guys”. But today Mr. Thompson Jr. was here on business.

“Hmm...” hummed Castiel as he looked at the numbers on the papers.

“Mr. Novak, as you can see, I'm not making enough to be able to give you back... Business isn't thriving as it used to.”

“Change of product?”

Mr. Thompson shook his head, looking sad. “No. I've been using the same garden for years now. I've been producing the same fruit and vegetables in my own garden. I think that the supermarket across from me has a better advantage in this case.”

Castiel looked down at the paper a moment longer than looked up at Mr. Thompson Jr.'s face. He looked wrinkled and old. In his eyes, Castiel could see that he was a kind man. He never really had close interactions with these people before, just making sure that his men were doing their jobs. He preferred it that way.

“I'll speak to my men about this. We'll cut it off to 50%.”

Mr. Thompson's eyes widened in surprise and his shoulders relaxed in relief. “Thank you, sir. Thank you so much.”

Castiel nodded at him and helped him to gather up his papers. He thanked Castiel one more time and
then left.

“That was generous of you, boss.” One of his men told him, but he didn’t answer.

Another person came in, and the next couple of hours were filled with meeting people for some problems. Some of them had more interesting problems, than the others. But to keep up his reputation, Castiel had to sit there and listen to them and give them advice.

A lady came to make sure that her daughter's wedding day wouldn't be ruined because of what happened with Samandriel few days ago. She wanted to make sure that Castiel would keep everything quiet that day. He reassured her that his men would be around the neighborhood for the three days of the wedding.

A man came in with a personal problem; his wife was cheating on him with the gardener and he wanted that gardener gone. Castiel stared at him so long that he had to run out of the office. “We don't get rid of people just because they're sleeping with your wife. Call a lawyer and get a divorce.”

He dismissed the man with a flick of his hand.

Castiel sighed and cracked his neck. He was stretching his arms out, and was about to ask if there were more people to come in, when the double doors opened and in walked Dean. Castiel froze for a second and then he exhaled.

It didn't take Castiel long to realize just how attractive Dean was. He had the full lips, green eyes, and a face structure of a young god. His body was perfect in every way. And he made the prettiest moans Castiel had the privilege of hearing last night.

Dean was wearing worn out jeans that had seen better days, which hugged his bow legs snugly. He was wearing a black t shirt with a red plaid over it, the sleeves rolled up. His hair was messed up. And Castiel wanted to take him right there and then, but he held himself back.

Right now, Dean was standing frozen on the spot, hand fiddling with the papers that he brought in with him, eyes jumping from man to man in the room. He was blushing and, with a sudden lurch, Castiel realized that he knew just how low that blush went down.

“Oh,” Dean exhaled and then tried to look casual. “I didn't know you had a...meeting.”

“Hello, Dean,” he said, his voice rough. “Yes, I have some businesses to attend to today.”

“Hmm...” Dean nodded and then he looked hesitant. Castiel regarded him for a moment, it looked like Dean wanted to tell him something but he didn't know how to do it in front of so many people. So Castiel snapped his fingers, dismissed his men with a flicker of his fingers, and one by one everyone left the office. The door shut behind them and Dean looked at him with bright eyes.

“Come here,” Castiel said and Dean strode up to him confidently. Castiel pushed his chair away from the desk and turned around just in time as Dean approached him. Castiel grabbed him by the belt and pulled him close. Understanding quickly, Dean placed the papers on the desk and straddled Castiel's hips, sitting down on his lap, his hands rested on Castiel's chest.

Castiel grabbed him by his neck and pulled him down for a kiss. Dean responded quickly and opened up his mouth to let Castiel's prodding tongue in. Their tongues touched and a shiver went down Dean's body; his hands fist Castiel's shirt from the feeling. Castiel moved his hands down Dean's chest and to his sides, finally resting over his ass. He groped Dean's ass in his hands and was rewarded by Dean's breath catching in his throat and bodily moving forward.
Their kiss didn't change pace though. It stayed slow, thorough and deep. They both knew that they couldn't engage in anything else right now, but the kiss they were sharing was more than okay. Eventually, Castiel slowed it down even more, and peppered Dean's lips with tiny butterfly kisses. Their heavy breathing mingled together.

“Hi,” Dean whispered, his hands uncurling from Castiel's shirt, and smoothing out the slight wrinkles in the fabric.

“Hello,” Castiel replied just as equally soft. Dean's lips curled up into a smile and he pushed back a bit. “Wanted something?”

“I woke up and you weren't there,” Dean mock-pouted a bit. Castiel smirked up at him.

“I needed to work, doll.”

“Mmm, I know,” Dean said smoothing his hands down Castiel's chest. “You're really fit,” he murmured and then stopped. A blush crept up his cheeks and Castiel leaned up to kiss him again. He pulled back and Dean followed his lips again, but stopped short. “Sorry.”

“Don't apologize,” Castiel said his hands, still on Dean's ass, squeezed his cheeks. Dean gasped and if it were possible, he blushed some more. “What’s this?” he asked, indicating the papers.

“Oh, that,” Dean said looking at it, and then back at Castiel. “That’s the contract for us. We didn’t sign yesterday, and we did some stuff already, so if you’d sign…”

“Oh, of course,” Castiel leaned over to grab his pen. “Where at?”

“Woah, wait, don’t you wanna get it looked over or something?” Dean asked grabbing his arm, preventing him from moving further.

“Do you think I need to?” asked Castiel, arching up an eyebrow.

“Well, no. Sammy's done a good one on it.”

“Then I’ll trust you,” he said and signed on the appointed places. Dean signed on his places and nodded.

“Done.”

“Done,” Castiel replied with a smile. Dean sat on his lap a bit more comfortably and Castiel hummed. “Did you need anything else?”

“I wanted to go out actually. If that's okay?”

“Of course it's okay. I'll ask one of my men to take you where you want to go.”

Dean bit down on his lower lip and pushed back. Castiel frowned at the gesture. “Actually, I have to leave for work. So I need my car.”

“Oh.”

Castiel ran his hands up and down Dean's legs and thought about it. It wasn't like anyone knew that Dean was associating with him right now, so he wasn't in a direct threat. He wished he could keep it that way. Wished he could keep Dean out of his life, but... Dean needed him. And Castiel, looking up at the green, kind eyes that belonged to Dean, realized that he wouldn't have been able to say no to him, not now, not ever. Dean's chin was jutted out in a stubborn way that made Castiel chuckle at,
knowing that Dean was one of those people who'd fight tooth and nail to get what they wanted.

“I'm going to miss having you around.” Castiel admitted in a low voice, letting it turn into a growl. Making sure that Dean understood what he meant by that.

Dean shivered and he leaned forward again. Their lips met in a kiss again, this one lasted a bit longer than the one that they shared for a greeting. Castiel was thorough in his kissing; he made sure to remind Dean who he belonged to now and what he was going to come back to. Castiel hoped that they would have another scene before they had to sleep.

Eventually they parted and Dean pushed back to stand up. Before he left, he leaned in again and gave another chaste kiss to Castiel and started to walk away. “Hey, Dean,” Castiel said and Dean turned around to look at him. His lips were red and his cheeks still had a rosy blush to them, and his eyes were so bright that it took a moment for Castiel to find his voice. “You look good today,” he finally said, not even close to anything that he really wanted to say.

Dean gave him a full grin and, with a shake of his head, left the office. Castiel waited ten seconds, before he grabbed his phone and called Aurelio; who picked up at the second ring.

“Yes, sir?”

“Dean is leaving the premises in his car. I need at least two of your men to keep an eye on him.”

“On it.”

The call ended and Castiel could breathe easily. His phone chimed with a message, it was Crowley reminding him of his meeting. He also said that he got rid of the people that were waiting to see him. Castiel sighed at that, but he had no other choice but to do just that. Few seconds later, he got up, grabbed his black suit jacket from the door, pulled it on, and walked down the hallway. He was in all black today. Black button down, black pressed pants, black suit jacket. He had to meet important people today, so he had to look his best.

His people were waiting for him at the end of the hallway, and when they saw him approach they straightened up and fixed their suits. Crowley has joined them while Castiel was in the office, it seemed.

“Castiel,” Crowley said, inclining his head. They started to move down the stairs. If Crowley was here, then he must have good news about the incident two weeks ago. They had tried to bring in expensive furniture from Germany, illegally, but somehow, the order has been mixed up with and they had ended up with fake and cheap furniture. Castiel wasn't happy with it.

“Well?”

“I got a hold of the people responsible for the mix up. They're in the warehouse,” Crowley drawled. Castiel noted a hint of excitement in his voice. Anything to get his hands soaked in blood, Crowley was happy about it. Castiel, not so much. But it had to be done.

“I need Balthazar for this,” he said as they left from the front door. Crowley nodded and took out his phone, calling Balthazar as they made their way to the cars out front. “You're with me today.” Castiel raised his finger up and twirled it around in a round motion. His men made their ways to their cars, and Castiel got into his car, with Crowley sitting beside him, in the passenger seat. Usually, Castiel didn't like it when people rode with him, but today, he needed the distraction.
Castiel took off his suit jacket and placed it over the rickety chair in the warehouse. He rolled up the sleeves of his button down up to his elbows and walked over to the table, where they had their weapons resting. He heard the grunts of the two men, bound to the chairs in the middle of the house. He grabbed his favorite handgun, Kimber, off the table and started to get the bullets in.

Balthazar was on a roll, it seemed, because the grunting didn't stop, the cries from their targets didn't die down. When Castiel was ready he closed his eyes and took steadying breaths. He needed to clear his head for this. He didn't want to get these two killed, but since he wasn't happy with his orders, he needed them gone. He didn't have the energy or patience to be forgiving. One wrong move, and another would come tumbling in.

A moment later, Balthazar came to the table and placed his blooded hand in the ice bucket. He looked at Castiel and gave him a smirk. “It’s good to see you out and about.”

“I've always been out and about,” Castiel replied with a slight frown.

“Yeah, sure, but you know you leave your house at night most of these days,” Balthazar said with a shrug. He started to flex his hand. He needed to take care of it, Castiel thought, or it would start bruising soon.

“Hmm,” Castiel said on the matter. “Have they spoke any words about why we are getting the wrong orders?” the last part was said by him raising his voice slightly.

“Your favorite person in the whole world is responsible for this.”

For some reason, an image of Dean passed through his mind's eye, but he dismissed it just as quickly as it came. “Alastair?” he asked, instead. Even though he knew the answer to this.

“Ding-ding-ding,” Balthazar murmured, looking down at his knuckles. “Do you want to send a message?”

Castiel stared at Balthazar's profile, and then peered at the two men, who barely kept their heads high. “He has secretly started a war against me. So I'm going to, publicly, accept his... advances.”

Balthazar smirked at him and then he turned away from the table. “Okay, boys,” Balthazar said and he clapped his hands together making the two guys jump from the noise. “Time for some unpleasant changes.”

Castiel grabbed his gun and pointed it at one of them. Seconds later, he pulled the trigger.

Castiel was back in his house, nursing a glass of whiskey and thinking of the blood that he has spilled today, when he got a message from Aurelio's men. He knew what Balthazar was going to do with those bodies, and how he was going to send out the message to Alastair. It wasn't going to be
pleasant, but it needed to be done.

Castiel sighed as he grabbed his phone from the table and unlocked it. He sat up straighter and closely looked through the pictures that has been sent his way. They were of Dean. He was wearing a black t shirt and had a towel in his hands which, looked like, had seen better days. He was standing beside an open car and he was looking inside it. His face was a mask of concentration. Castiel admired his profile for a bit longer, than rolled to the next picture.

This one Dean had talking to an elderly looking man. The man looked gruff, with a beard and a cap. He was wearing plaid shirt over some t shirt that Castiel couldn't see. Dean looked serious. As if whatever they were talking about needed to be discussed in this way. He looked tense.

Castiel rolled to the next picture and, involuntarily, his lips turned up in the corners. Dean was still talking to the old man, but this time, Dean was relaxed. His face had a sweet smile on it that Castiel couldn't help, but return. And the old man looked relaxed too, but Castiel didn't care about him. He only had eyes for Dean.

“Sir?” It was Kayla at the door.

“Come in,” Castiel said with a slight nod, his eyes lifting off his phone for a moment to look at her, and then back to his phone. He has zoomed in in one of the pictures and was studying Dean's relaxed face.

“You're guests are here, sir. Should I lead them here, or to the entertainment room?”

Castiel wondered if he would ever get to see Dean's face like this in here. He did look relaxed enough around here, but it also looked like an act. An act to please Castiel. He sighed and swiped to the next picture. This one had Dean leaning up against a car, and drinking from a bottle of water. He looked a bit greased up by now, his face was covered in sweat, his shirt damp enough to be glued to his chest. And Castiel wanted nothing more than to tie Dean up and have his way with him right now.

“Sir?” Kayla's voice floated back into his head and he blinked couple of times, before looking up.

“Hm?”

“Your guests...?” she trailed off looking uncertain.

“Oh right. Yes. Uh...” Castiel's eyes slid over his phone again and he stared at Dean's face once, before he locked his phone and stood up. He grabbed his jacket and walked out of the office, Kayla half-jogging to catch up with his long strides.

“Sir, where are you-? What should I do with the guests?”

Castiel stopped by the stairs and shrugged his suit jacket on. “Tell them I'm not in. The meeting's postponed,” he glanced up at Kayla's face and saw her raised eyebrows and wide eyes. “Or maybe tell Anna to take care of it.” Castiel gave her a gentle smile and quickly walked down the stairs.

He didn't even pause by the living room, where he could hear voices, talking to one another. He walked right out of the house and down to his garage. There was no one around, so he walked to his car, got in and rode out as fast as he could. With one hand, he texted; address?

Fifteen seconds later, his phone dinged with a message, and Castiel rode down the road to the Singer's Auto Shop Repair. He hit the traffic in no time, and as he drove down the street, he noticed two black SVU's in his rearview mirror, following him. His men never left him alone, it seemed.
Castiel sighed just as his phone dinged again with couple of more messages. Once he hit the red light, Castiel checked the messages.

**Lucifer:** Is this a way to welcome me back, bratan?

**Lucifer:** I gotta say I was looking forward to seeing you again.

**Lucifer:** Can I have Lora?

Castiel glared at the last message.

**Castiel:** Go anywhere near her...

He didn't need to finish the sentence to make his threat clear. His brother knew him well enough as to not try anything. The lights turned green and Castiel was driving again, the cars right behind him. It didn't take him long to get to the shop. It looked like an old warehouse where people would drop their broken cars for good. The gates were open and a rickety sign was hanging off the small garage space. Castiel drove down the small lane to the shop and stopped his car close by. His men were waiting for him outside the gates.

Castiel got out of the car and walked up the small space to the shop. It was stifling hot inside and there was a ginger haired girl sitting by the desk, tapping away on her laptop and doing something on her phone. She didn't seem to notice that Castiel had walked in, because her eyes didn't stray off the screen. Castiel cast one last look at her, and then walked in some more; the girl didn't even bat an eye, so Castiel thought it was an okay thing to do in this place.

It was loud in here. Classic rock music was playing throughout the garage, and there was the occasional banging around and metal clacking against metal. It smelled like cars, obviously, and dirt. And sweat. But Castiel didn't concentrate about that, because 1. Not appealing, and 2. He would be able to describe exactly how Dean smelled like when he was covered in sweat. It sounded creepy, even to himself, but he had a great sense of smell. And it was something that he wouldn’t mind smelling for a long time.

“Mr. Novak?” It was Dean's voice. Castiel straightened up as Dean approached him. He looked good. All greased up, covered in sweat and his hair looked as if he had a rough sex. Castiel's hand curled into a fist by his side, as to not grab it. “How can I help you?” he had a dirty rag in his hands with which he was trying to clean his hands, but Castiel wasn't sure if it was helping the matter. Castiel was tempted to grab Dean's hands and clean them up himself, but he held himself back.

Now that he was here, he didn't know why he actually came to see Dean. He was an idiot. Not that he would ever admit to it.

“I was in the neighborhood and decided to come by and see where you worked at,” it was a lie, and Dean could see right through it, but Castiel held his ground.

“Uh-huh. Someone drove you here?” Dean asked, his eyes narrowing in suspicion.
“I came alone.”

“Right...” There was a slight pause in their conversation. “I never told you where I worked, though,” Dean continued, his eyes looking suspiciously at Castiel.

Castiel didn’t answer, but he rocked back on his heels, looking right back at Dean. Their eyes seemed to seek each other out, because now they were staring right at each other and Castiel had to firmly ground himself in place so as to not move forward and kiss Dean silly.

“So...” Dean said, drifting off, waiting for Castiel to say something.

“So,” Castiel said, giving Dean a small smile. “Check out my car?” Castiel turned his body to the side, an open invitation for Dean to go.

Dean rolled his eyes and shook his head, but there was a smile on his face as he said, “Let's see what's under your hood, Mr. Novak. You might need to get something fixed up.” Dean held up his hand in a lead-the-way gesture.

Castiel nodded and led the way out of the store and to where he parked his car. From the corner of his eyes, Castiel saw Dean lick his lips as he took in Castiel's car. He smirked, feeling smug. He knew that he got an amazing car.

“Allright,” Dean said as he opened up the hood, hitched it up, and bent over to see inside. Castiel took a step back and let his eyes trail down Dean's ass. To his amazingly, round and perky ass. That Castiel got to fuck last night and whip it red. He wondered if Dean had trouble sitting today. He seemed to be pretty sensitive to Castiel's touch this morning. Maybe he could go a bit harder on him. To let Dean remember, throughout the day, who he belonged to.

Castiel wondered if Dean would want to be collared, once their one week was up and he'd want to come and work for him.

“Mr. Novak, stop staring at my ass,” Dean said as he rolled back and shut the hood. He turned around and quirked up a brow at Castiel; to which Castiel answered with a smirk.

He shrugged and said, “My property.”

“Not yet,” Dean mumbled but he blushed and looked down. “Anyway,” he said pointedly, and the moment was over. Dean blushed prettily. “Your car's at the top notch condition. I don't know why you needed to get it checked.”

“It's always in a great condition. I do have a mechanic.”

“Then why did you-oh.”

The realization dawned in his eyes as quickly as sun shone through the sky in the afternoon.

“You came to see me.”

It wasn't a question, it was a statement. And did his voice sound a bit breathless? Castiel looked at him with a serious expression. “I came to see you.”

“Why? I mean, not that I'm complaining, but...”

Castiel shrugged and said, “I don't actually know. I got bored.”

“I thought you were going to be busy today,” Dean said.
“I am.”

“You just – Did you seriously got out of a meeting to come and see me?”

“Yes.”

“No offense, Mr. Novak, but we don't know each other that well,” Dean said, his eyes cautious, but his cheeks were flaming.

“I know,” Castiel said, taking a small step forward. “I know, but I needed to see you first, then attend my business meeting.”

“Why?” asked Dean, his brow furrowing.

Castiel took another step forward and another, and soon, he was standing in front of Dean. They were in public and he couldn't just lean in and kiss Dean, as much as he wanted to, so he just stared into Dean's eyes.

As much as he didn't want to admit to himself as to why he was here, Dean needed some sort of a reassurance that all was okay, and that Castiel wasn't some creep that just came into his life out of nowhere. “I am going to have a meeting with someone that will help me out with my future plans.”

“Is it dangerous?”

“It could get dangerous,” he answered truthfully. Well, as truthfully as he could. He couldn't tell Dean that he was at war with the Italian mob. Although, people of this town, and probably the state, knew about their feud.

“Okay...” trailed off Dean, his eyes calculating and moving around his face, restless. He seemed to be nervous, questions wanting to leave his lips, but he was holding back. It wasn't his place to ask. But then, Castiel was sure if Dean were to ask him about it, he would tell him the truth. Not all of it, but some of it. He would let Dean figure it all out for himself. “Just... be careful, okay?”

Castiel stared at him for a moment, and then nodded. “I'll do my best.”

Dean nodded and, it seemed like he wanted to lean in, but he wasn't sure if he was allowed to. “Later. Promise,” Castiel said and Dean swallowed and took a step back.

He started to walk back to the doors of the shop, but stopped before going in. Castiel tilted his head to the side as Dean turned around to look at him. “Mr. Novak, one last thing?”

“Yeah?”

“Tell your men to leave. I don't need protection.”

Castiel couldn't help the smile that broke on his face. He shook his head and said, “Consider it done.”

Dean lifted his hand in a small wave, but there was a smile on his face as he walked back inside.
Castiel rubbed his forehead as he sat at the end of a high table. There were men sitting on both sides of the table, six on each side. The end of the table was vacant, as they all waited for another man to join them so they could start. Castiel checked his phone again and it was getting close to waiting for him about fifteen minutes. Castiel stood up and made his way to the small bar by the wall and made himself a scotch. He needed to drink so as to calm his nerves down, before he blew up on-

The doors opened and in walked a man, wearing a gray suit with a light blue button down. It was a new look for him. His expensive leather shoes squeaked on the floor as he slowly made his way to the higher end of the table. His eyes, pale blue and cold, scanned the room. There was a sharp smile posed on his lips that would make everyone's blood run cold. He unceremoniously dropped himself down on the chair and locked his eyes with the occupants of the table, all twelve of them. Once he was done, his eyes moved to Castiel, who held his ground. Castiel huffed, and moved back to his place at the table.

“Fashionably late. As always.”

“You know I like to make an entrance,” came the silky reply. “Blood.”

Castiel straightened up and replied, “Nevertheless, thank you for joining us today, Lucifer.”

Lucifer openly smirked at him, and asked, “Why am I here?”

“You know why,” Castiel said and some of the occupants in the room shifted in their seats. “I needed you to report what you know.”

“You know, baby brother, I've never thought I was going to work for you. I'm not a good spy. I may... slip, some time.”

“I know you enough to trust you with this task, Lucifer,” Castiel said, taking a drink from his glass. “I know that you wouldn't do anything that would hurt your family.”

Lucifer snorted and rolled his eyes, his smirk wiping off of his face in a second. “Right, because our father was so amazing that he not only named me after the devil, but he made sure that I became one as well.”

“It was your choice to become that,” Castiel said smoothly. “I didn't ask you here to fight with you over this.”

“Oh yes, because we always have civilized conversations, don't we?”

“I need you to give me whatever information you've gathered from the Italians.”

“And why would I do that?” Lucifer asked, perching his head over his hand on the table and staring right at Castiel.

Castiel returned his gaze, coolly, and said, “Because if you won't, some people will suffer in a very... unpleasant way. People who are very important to you.”

Lucifer's eyes grew colder, if it was possible, and he said in a low voice, “Do not threaten me, brother. Do not drag them into this.” A vein jumped in his temple, and Castiel knew he hit the right mark.

“Give me what I want, and nobody will suffer. I promise you,” Castiel's heart was jumping up and down in his chest so hard he was surprised that no one in the room could hear it.
Lucifer licked his lips and slumped back down in his chair. He chuckled and shook his head, “You were always a dirty fucker, weren't you Castiel?” He ran a hand through his hair and exhaled. “Four months from now, there's going to be loud music playing through the town. Fireworks will glow in the sky. It will be very hot to leave the house. If you know what I mean.”

Castiel slowly leaned back into his chair, his heart thudding painfully in his chest. The men around the table started to converse with one another as they realized what Lucifer's words meant. Alastair was going to bomb the town, essentially start a real war against Castiel.

“Where exactly is it going to take place?” Castiel asked in a low voice, but it was strong enough that it quieted down the buzz.

“Local places around the town,” Lucifer said.

“Do you know which ones?”

“I don't know the details yet.”

“Let me know when you do.”

Lucifer inclined his head in agreement, holding Castiel's gaze for a bit longer, before he stood up and left the room.

Castiel looked away and stared at the painting on the wall. It was a painting by Paul Cezanne, “The Card Players”. It was of a two men playing cards in a diner, it seemed, wearing bowler hats and supporting mustache. It was one of Castiel's most prized possession. It was a gift from the Royal family in Qatar, after all. He was in good contact with them. For some reason, the calmness of the men in the painting, made Castiel feel calm himself.

He needed to make plans, and fast. Four months would pass by in a heartbeat in this world.

In the hospital, away from the meeting, a man wearing nurse clothes walked inside a room that held a young looking man, in his early twenties. He was fast asleep, the heart monitor a steady sound in the room. The man approached the bed cautiously and grabbed the IV line. He took out the syringe from his pocket, and pushed the contents into the IV fluid.

By the time he was out of the hospital, undetected by anyone, Samandriel's heart flat lined.

Chapter End Notes

Castiel's handgun model: Kimber Custom TLE/RL II (TFS).

To be continued...
Of funerals and cheese.

Chapter Notes

I was debating on whether I should post this or not, - not because I'm dissatisfied by it, - because I've just finished writing 7, and this is already 5. So we really are going to hit that wall soon enough. I just want you all to be patient with me on this journey, okay? Thank you for your patience.

Enjoy~

PS: my dad passed away last year today (aka July 4th) and it's been a hard day for me...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

Mr. Novak's hands were shaking as he covered his mouth with his hand. His blue eyes were shining and his body was shuddering. Dean stood by the door. It seemed that he was having a breakdown, but while he watched he realized that Mr. Novak was trying to contain his emotions.

It's been two days since Samandriel's death, and today was his funeral. Dean had never been fond of funerals. Nobody was supposed to be fond of it. Not when Dean had to bury his parents at a younger age...

Dean hesitated for a second by the door, but then he crossed the floor to where Mr. Novak was sitting at. His jeans weren't the comfiest clothing for kneeling on the ground, but he had no other choice than to do it.

Everyone was running around, making the preparations for it. Samandriel's mother and sister had been notified about this, and Mr. Novak's men made sure that they knew all the preparations were on him. It was the least Mr. Novak could do. Dean was present as Mr. Novak saw through the preparations and confirmed everything that needed to, even if he told Crowley to do it.

Dean sat back on his heels. He hesitated, before he touched Mr. Novak's knee with a gentle hand. His whole body seemed tense. Even from where he was kneeling, Dean could feel the negative energy coming from him. Dean didn't know what to do now that he was touching Mr. Novak, since he hasn't been given permission to do anything else. He knew he could talk, so that's what he did.

"I will come with you," he whispered. Mr. Novak's sharp blue eyes, looked right into his and Dean suppressed a shudder. They were too intense, even when they were brewing with unshed tears.

"Why?" his voice was rough around the edges, too tight. He was holding his emotions back. Something had cracked within him and it was something that Dean never thought he was going to see. It made Mr. Novak look more like a human being.

Dean's heart warmed slightly.

"Because you need me. You're my dom, right?" Dean asked, his heart hammering.
“Yes. For 3 more days.”

Dean shook his head dismissively, “Yeah, but that's not what I mean. What I meant is that you're my dom. And me, as your sub, need to take care of you.” Mr. Novak was staring at him as if he said that the earth was flat. “Isn’t that part of my job…”

Mr. Novak stared into his eyes, and then he cupped Dean's face. He leaned forward and pressed their lips together into a soft kiss. Dean's lips parted as he felt just how tender Mr. Novak was being with him. They kept the kiss soft, it was just their lips, brushing up against one another. Even if Mr. Novak's hands were gripping his face tightly, he never made the kiss anything more. Dean rubbed his hands up and down Mr. Novak's legs, up to the top of his knees, and down to the calves and back again. The fabric of his pants felt smooth and nice under his hands.

They broke off the kiss, and Mr. Novak rested his forehead against Dean's. He breathed out softly through his lips and Dean lifted his hands to grab on to his wrists. He squeezed them in reassurance. Dean opened his eyes and noticed that Mr. Novak's eyes were closed. There was a slight frown on his forehead and his lips were still parted. His black button down shirt was tight on him, and Dean could see it straining on his body. With a start he realized that he never saw Mr. Novak without a shirt on. He had never seen him naked.

Was this some sort of a thing that he was into? Dean could work around that. It would suck, but if that's what he wanted to do, then Dean was going to deal with it. It could be hot, too, right? It could be, sometimes. Did he even sweat?

“Stop thinking,” Mr. Novak grumbled.

Dean blinked and said, “Sorry.”

“Don't apologize. Ask me whatever you wanna ask,” he replied and pulled back a little. He stared at Dean and started to caress his cheekbones with his thumbs. Dean took couple of steadying breaths before he asked.

“Well, I know we haven't been together a lot, but... I was wondering as to why I haven't seen you naked?” Dean blushed and tried to look down, but he couldn't, because Mr. Novak was still holding his head up.

For the first time today, Dean saw amusement shining in Mr. Novak's eyes. “Stick around and you might.”

Dean rolled his eyes and chuckled, “Oh, really.”

“Yes,” Mr. Novak's lips turned up into a small smile and Dean's heart started to beat a bit faster than before. Their small moment was interrupted when Mr. Novak's phone chimed with a message and he, reluctantly, let go of Dean's face long enough to see what the message said. His other hand was still resting on Dean's face. Unconsciously, Dean turned his head and kissed his palm. When he did so, both men froze and Dean's mouth dried up at the action.

His neck burned with embarrassment and his mouth didn't seem to work. He wanted to apologize, and explain that it just happened out of nowhere, but at the same time... he didn't really feel like he should be apologizing because what he did wasn't really wrong, right? He was here to keep Mr. Novak a company and to comfort him, so really, it was okay. Right?

“The cars are waiting for us. Shall we?” Mr. Novak said and Dean blinked back to reality. Mr. Novak helped him up and waited with Dean for his legs to come back to life. Dean wiggled his legs
around a bit and looked up at him. He had an apologetic look to him, and asked in a soft voice, “You alright?”

“Yeah. Didn't realize how long I was kneeling until now. But I'm good to go.”

Mr. Novak held his hand as they made their way to the door. He surprised Dean by stopping by the door, cupping his face with his free hand, and then leaning close to kiss cheek, closer to his lips. It happened so fast that Dean didn't even register it before he was being pulled out of the office and down the hall, where Mr. Novak's men were waiting for them. Before they left the house, however, Mr. Novak squeezed his fingers once, and then released him. Dean fought the need to grab it again.

There were angry clouds gathering around, and it smelled like it was going to rain soon. The cemetery was in a beautiful location. The grass was still green, well kept. Dean could read some old names on the tombstones, but he didn't pay much attention to them, or his surroundings. His main concern was his employer.

Dean followed Mr. Novak, surrounded by men on all sides. He was walking a step behind Mr. Novak, trying not to stare at anyone. His eyes were on Mr. Novak's head. He held himself straight, his hands swinging loosely on each sides. His suit jacket fitted him like a glove. Dean had felt how strong his body could be, if Mr. Novak ever needed to protect himself. Dean had never really paid any attention on what his client's bodies looked like, but this one... this one was giving Dean something to think about.

They approached to two older looking women sitting by the casket; looking tired and worn out. The men around them spread out and Dean stood a bit off from where Mr. Novak approached them. Dean couldn't see his face, but the way his movements were cautious and jerky, Dean knew that he wasn't doing as well as he made it look like for his men. They shook hands and Dean watched as Mr. Novak knelt before the woman and took her hand in his again. Dean assumed that this must be Samandriel's mother. They spoke to each other in hushed voices and the lady gripped his hand tighter, a worrisome look passing over her face. She frowned and touched his hand couple of times as she spoke to Mr. Novak in hushed voice. She shook her head and Mr. Novak's head hung forward. Dean clenched his hand into a fist, to ground him as to not go to Castiel.

Was he going to be alright? Dean was lost here. He didn't know what he was supposed to do at this point. So he just stood there until they were done talking to each other. Mr. Novak stood up again and he slid his hand into his jacket pocket. When he pulled his hand out, he was holding sunglasses. He pushed it up his nose and made his way back to where Dean was standing. They didn't touch one another, but they were standing close.

Close enough for Dean to feel how tense Mr. Novak was and he could do nothing, but stand there and wait for the ceremony to end. Dean could hear his measured breathing, and Dean knew that he wasn’t doing as fine as he led everyone else to believe. After the ceremony would end, they were going to head back to the mansion. Dean didn't know what Mr. Novak’s plans was, but he hoped that he could have him alone for couple of hours. Dean's head was swirling around with ideas and from the corner of his eyes, he saw Mr. Novak turned his head to his side, stared for a few seconds, and then he was looking forward.
When they rolled the casket down to the ground, Mr. Novak let out a heavy sigh and turned to leave. Dean followed him again, and the men that accompanied them here, followed them back to the cars.

Dean fought the urge to grab Mr. Novak's hand again.

But once they got to their car and slid inside, Dean hesitantly rested his hand on Mr. Novak's thigh. The car's windows were tinted and the driver looked like an angry man who wouldn't even think about this after two seconds. And really, all of them must've known about Mr. Novak's sexuality by now... Right? Dean wasn't sure where they stood on the whole thing but for now, he was willing to take the risk, until Mr. Novak exclusively would tell him to not do such thing in public.

He didn't.

Dean relaxed back into his seat and looked out of the window. Mr. Novak had his phone out and he was texting back and forth between multiple people. Dean didn't even check who it was. He was just about to close his eyes when his own phone buzzed and he had to move his hand off from Mr. Novak's leg to check. “Sorry,” mumbled as he noticed Dean fetching his phone from his pocket.

Sam's caller ID rang at him from his phone and he seemed to hesitate long enough for Mr. Novak to say, “Go on.”

Dean sighed in relief as he picked up his phone. “Hey, brother,” Dean said to his phone. “Dean,” Sam released a sigh of relief, and Dean held the phone a bit tighter. “Are you alright? Haven't heard from you for a while.”

“Yeah. I'm... I'm okay. I'm alright. What about you?”

“Yeah, we're okay, too. Uh... Jess says hi, by the way.”

“How's she hanging?”

“She's alright. Her feet are swollen, but you know how she is.”

Dean chuckled and shook his head. “Oh I know, alright. Tell her to take it easy.”

“Will try,” Sam said with a small laugh. There was a lull in their conversation and Dean felt like Sam wanted to ask him about something. And that something was sitting by his side, subtly staring at him from time to time. Dean looked at Mr. Novak and then shifted his gaze forward.

“I really am doing great, Sam.”

There was another minute of silence, and then, Dean heard Sam release his breath, “Alright. Call me if anything, okay?”

“Sure, little brother.”

“Be careful.”

“Always am.”

The call ended and Dean locked his phone and placed it back in his pocket. He stared out of the black tinted windows of the car. It was starting to get cloudier out. It seemed like it was going to rain. Dean sighed again and as he closed his eyes, he thought about his daughter.

He hadn't even called to see if she was doing okay. Was he allowed to, though? He didn't know how
much privilege he had now, but he still would like to be able to call her whenever he wanted. Natalie was basically a godsend to him. Dean didn't know what he was going to do if he didn't have that small miracle in his life. The choices he made for her, right now, weren't appropriate, and he sure as hell was going to make sure that she'd never find out about it, but... He knew that if he didn't have her in his life, he wasn't sure where he'd be right now. Dean had a feeling that Lisa would've still wanted a divorce, either way. No one in their right mind would want to still be connected with a former, professional sub.

Well, not so former now, was it?

“You're thinking too much... How do you feel about letting go some of that tension?” Mr. Novak suggested in a low voice, his hand trailing up and down his thigh, lightly. Dean didn't even notice his hand, until now.

Dean bit down on his lower lip and quirked up an eyebrow. “I'd love to, sir.”

He could feel his body gravitating towards Mr. Novak's, but he didn't do anything to stop the move. He wanted nothing more than to get fucked right here and now, so his head would stop spinning with negative thoughts, but he knew he had to sit tight and wait for them to get back to the mansion.

To which they arrived, five minutes later.

Dean thought that once they arrived they'd go up to the room, and get to business. But no. Mr. Novak had guests that came to see him, because of the recent events. He greeted them all with a handshake, while Dean lingered in the back. He didn't eavesdrop them, merely leaned up against the wall where Lora was patiently waiting for instructions.

“Hey, Lora,” Dean said in a low voice.

“Hm?” she said and tilted her head to acknowledge him, but her eyes were still on Mr. Novak.

“You think Anna will allow me to use her kitchen for an hour or two?”

“I think so. She never allows anyone touch her stuff in the kitchen, unless she gives you permission. But then you're Mr. Novak's, so I'm guessing she won't have a say in it,” she rambled on in a low voice to him and Dean followed her words with a slightly dumbfounded face.

When she finally shut up, Dean blinked at her and then nodded, “Right. Well, thanks.”

She flashed him a smile and at that moment, Mr. Novak turned around and beckoned her forward. “Can you please escort these men down to the entertainment room?” Lora nodded and Mr. Novak squeezed her shoulder in a thanks. “I'll be down in a minute.”

When the men were out of sight, Mr. Novak turned around and walked to where Dean was standing. He grabbed Dean by his face and pulled close to his face, planting a firm kiss on Dean's lips. Dean didn't have time to react, before Mr. Novak pushed back and stared at him. “I'm sorry, but our plans have to be pushed back to a bit later on today.”

“Of course. No problem,” Dean licked his lips as he stared into Mr. Novak’s eyes. There was a fire brewing in their depths that made Dean shiver with anticipation. “How-How long is this gonna take?”

Mr. Novak's hands slid down from his face to his neck and then down his chest. He made an appreciative sound and smirked at Dean's chest, before his eyes practically undressed him on the way up to Dean's face. From this alone, Dean felt an interested stirring in his lower region.
“I'm hoping it won't last longer than an hour, but you may never know with these people,” Mr. Novak said, as he took a step back. Dean let out the breath that he hadn’t realize he was holding. His shoulders relaxed considerably and he stood up straighter. He licked his lips and, gathering his thoughts, he nodded at Mr. Novak.

“I wanna make something for you, if it's okay.”

Mr. Novak’s eyes sparkled with something that Dean couldn't figure out what. He gave Dean a small smile and said, “I won't. But you have to check with Anna and see if she'll allow you to use her kitchen.”

“Oh, she's starting to love me, I think she won't mind,” Dean said with a smile of his own.

“Oh, if you say so,” Mr. Novak said, backing away from Dean. “I'll see you later.”

Dean watched him go down the hall and down the stairs to the basement. He took couple of seconds to gather his thoughts. The last couple of days had been something that Dean decided he could get used to. At the back of his head he knew that this lifestyle was a dangerous one. And having a boss that was the head of a mafia family was at the top of the list of dangerous stuff. He also knew that Mr. Novak wasn't a clean person. He may have been kind and nice towards his stuff and some of his men, and even Dean, but that still didn't erase the fact that Mr. Novak was a dangerous man.

Dean took out his phone from his pocket and unlocked it. His heart tugged at the image of his daughter's face smiling up at him on her birthday. She looked so happy and full of life. Just the thought of not having her in his life made him feel shaky.

There was no decision to be made. Dean had to stay for this job. Even if it meant that he would, probably, never get out of it alive.

After sweet talking his way into the kitchen, Dean got out the ingredients he needed from the fridge and the cabinets and set up to work. First he was going to make cheesy garlic bread meatball ring, and cheese sticks, and then for the desert, his famous apple pie that he learned to make from his mother. Anna was hovering over his shoulder as he set into work and Dean tried to ignore her, respectfully, but he couldn’t carry it much longer. In the end, he ended up setting her to work with him.

Lora and Kayla kept coming in and out of the kitchen. They kept peeping into his progress, stealing cheese from him, dipping their fingers into the sauce. Dean tried to tell them off, but it was to no avail.

“Where did you learn how to cook?” Anna asked him at one point. Dean hesitated for only a fraction of a minute, before he answered.

“I used to watch a lot of Food network with my mom, back in the day,” he said. “It was something that we used to do together. It just stuck on me, you know?”

Anna had looked at him with softness in her eyes, and Dean felt like she knew he was hiding something from her, but she didn’t press. Instead, she continued with making the sauce for the dip. Few minutes later, Dean placed the garlic bread into the oven and started on the pie. Lora came back in again and grabbed herself a cup of water. Once she was done drinking it, she asked, “Are you
gonna share some of that with us too?"

Dean smirked and said, “Nope. This is all for Mr. Novak.”

“No fun. If you keep cooking for him, he’ll end up becoming really fat,” she replied with a shrug.

“If Anna hadn’t managed to do so for all of these years, I’m sure he won’t get fat because of some garlic bread that I made.”

“I don’t know, Dean-o,” Lora said and walked to the kitchen door. Before she left she said, “But I feel like you’ve more up in your sleeve for him.”

Dean didn’t linger on what she said to him. He merely stared at the closed kitchen door and continued with his cooking. It didn’t take him long to be done with everything. Once he was done with the main course, he started on the cheese sticks. He was in the middle of frying his second batch when Mr. Novak walked into the kitchen.

Mr. Novak held so much pride and power in his pose, and the way he walked, that Dean couldn’t look away. His jawline was tense, his eyes piercing blue, and his hair was a mess on his head. He didn’t have his suit jacket on, so he had rolled up his shirt’s sleeves. Couple of buttons from his shirt were undone. He looked stressed, but he also looked so put together that Dean envied him.

He opened the refrigerator, grabbed a bottle of water, and drowned it in one go. He grabbed another one and started to drink it as well. He was almost done when Lora and Kayla came back in with the half-finished appetizers and dirty glasses from the entertainment room. Lora looked worried, while Kayla looked like she was about to start crying. Dean quickly took out the sticks from the frying pan and shut off the fire.

Everyone seemed to be tense, the only people that didn’t know what was happening were Dean and Anna. She seemed to have felt the tension from the girls because she walked towards them and placed her arms around them. Mr. Novak wasn’t looking at them.

“Mr. Novak… sir…”

“Don’t.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean… I was such a klutz!” Kayla burst out, her eyes shining with tears. “I didn’t see where I was going and then the next thing I know I’m walking all over Mr. Khaleed’s feet and spilling red wine on Mrs. Alianova! I’m so sorry!”

“Kayla, please,” Mr. Novak’s voice was gravely and had an edge to it that stopped Kayla’s next words. She seemed to be trying hard to rein herself in as much as she could. “It wasn’t your fault. You didn’t notice their feet. Perfectly understandable.”

“But-“

“Enough,” his voice wasn’t even loud. It was on a monotonous level, which sort of disturbed Dean. Mr. Novak took a deep breath, rolled his shoulders back and turned to face the room. “Is the room clean now?” he asked the girls. They seemed to be taken back by his question, but they nodded. He seemed to be satisfied with this answer. So he finally made eye contact with Dean.

Dean, holding back a full body shudder from Mr. Novak’s intensity, didn’t break the eye contact. He really did have the most intense blue eyes. There, in the depths of them, Dean could see the heat. The lust. The fire…
It was restrained, but Dean found it, and he couldn’t wait for them to be alone again.

“Dean, I’m starving. Is the meal almost ready?” he asked in a deep, scratchy voice, which zinged through Dean’s body like a knife.

“It is,” Dean said nodding. Anna moved away from the girls and started taking out the cutlery for the dinner table. “Wait, Anna,” Dean held up his hand towards Anna, but he walked to where Mr. Novak was standing. In a low voice between them, Dean asked, “Do you think we can eat in somewhere private?”

“Bedroom?”

“Could be,” Dean replied with a shrug.

“Sure,” he said and then in a normal voice he added. “Kayla, bring everything that Dean has made to the room next to Dean’s.”

“Yes, sir,” she replied and got to work.

Mr. Novak, satisfied with this, grabbed Dean’s hand and dragged him out of the kitchen. Dean followed him up the stairs and down the hallway towards their playroom. Once the door was closed behind Dean, Mr. Novak pushed him up against the door and started to kiss Dean roughly. Dean kissed him right back. His hands slid up Mr. Novak’s chest and wrapped around his neck, to pull him closer. Mr. Novak’s hands were wrapped around Dean’s waist as he pulled him closer and closer. Dean could feel how hard Mr. Novak was so he grinded up against him.

Their breaths stuttered as they started to slowly grind up against one another. Mr. Novak’s hands slid down his back and grabbed his ass. He groped at it and then slid further down. The only warning Dean got was Mr. Novak’s pause before he hoisted up Dean; who was quick enough to wrap his legs around Mr. Novak’s waist. He moved them away from the door and Dean pulled back enough to stare down at him, and say, “How are you so strong? You aren’t even straining.”

His reply was a smile and a tightening of Mr. Novak’s hands on his thighs. Next thing he knew, he was being thrown on the bed and a lean body following up. Dean grabbed on to Mr. Novak and pulled him down on top of him. Spreading his legs wide, Mr. Novak situated himself in between Dean’s legs.

They both sighed as their clothed dicks brushed up against one another and Dean wanted to hurry up. Mr. Novak gave him a hard kiss as his hands started to work on Dean’s buttons. When there was enough skin showing, Mr. Novak licked his way down to his chest. Dean arched his back, just as Mr. Novak nipped at his nipple. Dean could feel Mr. Novak’s hands working on his shirt, and he was just about to take it off when there was a knock on the door. Mr. Novak bit down on Dean’s chest, and growled out a “stay” as he pulled back. Dean didn’t move a muscle, as Mr. Novak left for the door. He didn’t look at the door, nor did he pay attention as to what was being said.

Few seconds later, Mr. Novak returned and he continued from where they left off. Dean let out a moan as he licked and kissed the newly exposed skin.

“Sit up,” Mr. Novak said in a husky voice and Dean complied with the request. He sat up and helped Mr. Novak to take his shirt off. Once it was off, they started to kiss again. Their lips danced together in a lustful haze. Dean quickly got desperate for more. For more skin, and touching, and grinding, and his hands moved to Mr. Novak’s shirt when he was stopped. “Don’t.”

The whispered word was rough against his lips. Mr. Novak rested his forehead against Dean’s and
their breaths mingled together as they fought to keep their hearts from beating out of their chests.

“Why not, sir?” Dean asked in a low voice. “I want to see you.”

“This isn’t what you want, though, is it?” Mr. Novak asked. Dean felt that small tug on his heart, which he quickly dismissed.

“Yes, sir,” Dean replied just as Mr. Novak started to kiss him again.

He was gently pushed back on the bed by a hand on his chest. Mr. Novak’s lips left his and down his neck to his chest. He bit down on his chest and Dean arched his back. Then he was gone and Dean was left panting and wanting more.

Mr. Novak walked towards the drawers that held the restraints. He took out two leather handcuffs. In another drawer he took out the blindfold and Dean felt an excited tingle run by his spine and pull over his groin. He was fully hard by the time Mr. Novak got back to bed and started to strap Dean on.

“Good?” asked Mr. Novak. Dean nodded his consent. “Good. I’m going to blindfold you now…” He trailed off and stared at the drawers again. He hesitated for only a second, before he went back to it and rummaged through it again. Dean didn’t see what he was getting because of the way Mr. Novak was holding it. But when he got to bed Dean struggled with the restraints; nipple clamps and a ball gag.

“Fuck,” Dean breathed out and he wiggled around on the bed.

“I will in a bit,” Mr. Novak said in a voice that held no tone as to how aroused he was. Dean glanced down to make sure that he was actually hard from all this. He was not disappointed. He let out a sigh of relief and then relaxed back on the bed. “If something doesn’t feel right I want you to tell me.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Snap your fingers, since your mouth is going to be occupied.”

Dean nodded and opened his mouth for the gag. Mr. Novak secured it behind his head and silently asked if it felt alright, Dean nodded. Next came the blindfold. And as Mr. Novak set up to work, Dean concentrated on his breathing and relaxed his muscles as best as he could.

That was all he could do for now, because then Mr. Novak wasn’t around anymore. Dean strained his ears to listen and then… Yep, that was something hitting the floor. There was a thump and a rustle of a clothing and then there was a full body heat surrounding him. It took him a second to realize that Mr. Novak was naked. He was bare. As in he didn’t have clothes on. Dean moaned and arched his back to feel more of it. He wasn’t allowed to see, nor touch Mr. Novak’s bare body and it was unfair to him, but just like Mr. Novak said; he didn’t give the orders here.

Mr. Novak dragged his hands out of Dean’s jeans and started to take it off. Dean lifted his hips up to help him with the process. Next went his underwear… and then Dean was naked. Blindfolded, gagged, handcuffed to the bed; naked. Unable to move, or see, or utter a single word.
Hands glided up his legs and up to his sides, and then down to his waist. His hands stopped there and Dean took slow shallow breaths through his nose. He didn’t know what was going to happen next, and honestly, the anticipation was killing him. He grabbed on the link of the handcuffs and waited.

With his fingertip, Mr. Novak started to caress Dean’s hard dick. It was light, and it tickled a bit, but it had some sort of pleasure connected to it that Dean couldn’t place. Dean moaned and arched his back. He tightened his hold on the chains and he couldn’t help the noises that left his gagged mouth. The touch remained the same as Mr. Novak started to touch him with his other hand. It glided up his chest, towards his nipple. Dean breathed out as he started to play with the nub, making it hard. His hand moved to the other nipple and did the same with that one. The fingertip on his dick didn’t stop from moving this whole time.

Dean’s hands uncurled and curled on the chains, as he waited for the next move. Mr. Novak’s hands left his body for only a second, before one of his hands was grabbing on to his nipple and another one was applying the clamp. Dean’s whole body started to buzz from it. His chest arched from it and he let out a low moan from the back of his neck. Mr. Novak applied the second clamp on his other nipple. The cold chain that was connecting them together rested on Dean’s chest, a welcome coldness settled on his heated chest. Dean felt like he was about to die from pleasure, and they haven’t even started doing much.

Mr. Novak hitched up his legs and pushed them wide open. Dean felt him leaning up and moving towards the side table where they had condoms and a lubricant. He then sat back down between Dean’s legs. Dean heard the clasp opening and closing and then Mr. Novak was inserting two fingers inside him. Dean let out a broken cry and started to move, but then Mr. Novak grabbed the chain of his nipple clamps and lightly tugged on it. Dean didn’t know which one was more pleasurable; the clamps being pulled or the fingers up in his ass. Or both at once.

Either way, Dean relaxed his muscles soon enough and started to enjoy them both.

“Good boy,” the whispered praised sounded like music to his ears and he let out a puff of air through his nose. “Look at you,” Mr. Novak continued. “Are you desperate for more?” Dean nodded and moaned. “Show me how much you want me…”

Dean planted his feet more firmly on the bed and started to move his hips, up and down, on Mr. Novak’s fingers. He moaned as loudly as he could. His hands pushing and pulling at the handcuffs. He was biting down on the gag when suddenly the fingers left him and he was being pulled up and onto Mr. Novak’s lap. A few seconds passed and then Dean could feel Mr. Novak pushing in. Dean moaned and threw his head back at the feeling. His body wasn’t fully relaxed to accept Mr. Novak’s big member, but it added to the feeling. Which Dean welcomed with a loud groan.

Mr. Novak’s grabbed onto his hips and started to move his hips into Dean. They were short and shallow thrusts. Dean wanted, needed more. So he tightened his muscles around Mr. Novak; who in turn hissed and tightened his hold on Dean’s hips.

“You little minx,” he growled, and then Mr. Novak was pushing his legs wider open and up towards his chest.

Something seemed to snap in him, because Dean was being fucked in a hard and fast thrusts. Mr. Novak was growling and moaning as he tightened his hold on Dean’s legs; Dean was letting out cries of pleasure as he held on to the chains with a white knuckled force. His body was heating up, he was sweating out, and his nipples were starting to buzz but he didn’t care. He felt in heaven. His head was being clouded by lust. He could feel the saliva leaving his mouth and down his chest. He was so hard that a touch to his dick would make him come.
Dean felt Mr. Novak dip down and the next he knew, one of the clamps left his nipple. It was pulled from him and Dean let out yet another cry. Pain and pleasure mixed up together. Still moving his hips in relentless thrusts, Mr. Novak pulled his bruised nub into his mouth and sucked and licked on it. Dean let out a choked off sound. His feet were being placed down on the bed. Mr. Novak’s mouth was moving up towards his chin where he bit down on it. Dean was sure there was a healthy amount of saliva there, but if it didn’t bother Mr. Novak, then it didn’t bother him.

Mr. Novak’s moves started to slow down from his hard thrusts. It was starting to get to an almost torturously slow movements. His hands moved up and down his body and Dean ached with the need to touch Mr. Novak. But he couldn’t for obvious reasons. So he just laid back and enjoyed the feeling of being touched. The movements didn’t change their pace when Mr. Novak grabbed on to Dean’s dick and squeezed down the length. Dean let out a yet another choked off sound from the back of his throat and he knew that he wasn’t going to last.

“Come for me on the third upstroke,” Mr. Novak breathed out into his ear and Dean shuddered at the feeling. He tried to count them, he really did, but it was probably on the second one when he started to let go. He let out a whimper and then cried out, his whole body strung tight. When he was done, he could feel his come all over his chest, cooling.

And then, Mr. Novak was pulling out of him and Dean hadn’t realized that Mr. Novak came with him. But did he? Next thing he knew, Mr. Novak was taking off his ball gag. He could hear it being thrown away and there was a body slithering up his chest. Before he could close his mouth, he was presented with Mr. Novak’s dick into his mouth.

He moaned around it and with a surprise, he realized that he couldn’t taste the latex from a condom. It made him moan louder around it, and he started to lick and suck on it from this position, as much as he could. Mr. Novak growled and grabbed on to his hair and tugged his head back in a way he wanted. And then he was fucking into his mouth with hard fast thrusts.

“You like it don’t you?” Mr. Novak asked him in a low voice. Dean’s reply was another filthy moan and a hard suck on it. Mr. Novak lost his balance, but he regained it quickly by tightening his hold on Dean’s hair. He moved fast and in small motions. Few seconds later, without warning, he came into Dean’s mouth. Dean swallowed as much as he could, some of them left his mouth and down his cheeks and onto his neck. He was covered in sweat, and in come now, and he probably smelled awful, but he didn’t care. Because he would do this for Mr. Novak again, and again, and again.

Mr. Novak let out a grunt and he breathed out heavily as he pulled back and sat beside Dean. He took deep steadying breaths. Once he regained it, Dean felt him leave the bed. For a panicked moment he thought he was being left behind like this, but then Mr. Novak said, “I’m putting some clothes back on. I’m right here, by the bed. I’m not going anywhere.”

Dean hesitated, but he nodded. He didn’t have it in him to speak. He was thoroughly fucked and he was dehydrated. The bed dipped again and his blindfold was being taken off. He blinked up at the ceiling couple of times and then he turned to his left side to look at Mr. Novak.

He was flushed, his hair was a mess and his eyes were bright blue. He was wearing black sweatpants and a grey t-shirt. This was probably the first time Dean had seen Mr. Novak’s biceps. He felt them before, but he had never seen them. Dean stared at him as he released his arms from the handcuffs. He slowly pushed them down to his chest.

“Are you okay?” Mr. Novak asked, his hands running up and down his arms.

“Yes, sir. Just thirsty.”
“Here,” he said and helped Dean sit up. Dean winced as the clamp dangled down from his nipple. “Oh, sorry.” Mr. Novak removed the other one and said, “Sorry. I forgot to remove this one.”

“IT’s okay,” Dean said in a small voice. Mr. Novak held up a glass of water to him and Dean glanced on the nightstand by the bed, noticing the water bottles there, and then he was drinking from the glass. His arms felt heavy so he left Mr. Novak to hold up the glass for him. “Thank you, sir,” he said once he was done drinking.

“Do you want to clean up before we have dinner?” Mr. Novak asked as he glanced at the tray by the bed.

Dean’s stomach growled and he nodded, “Yeah, I’d like to.”

“Alright,” Mr. Novak stood up and helped Dean to stand up as well. “While you clean up, I’ll ask the girls to heat this up for us again.”

It didn’t take Dean long to shower and wash away the come from his chest and mouth. When he got back to the bedroom, still gloriously naked, the bed had new sheets on them and the food he made for them was by the edge of the bed, warmed up and ready to be eaten. There was two glasses of orange juice by the plates and his cheese sticks looked amazing, and Dean touched them again, warm.

“Looks nice, doesn’t it?” Mr. Novak asked him as he sat on the bed. Dean looked around for his clothes, but he didn’t find any. He looked back at Mr. Novak, who in reply raised an eyebrow at him. Dean got the message; he was to remain naked and he had no problem with that. He sat beside him and grabbed one of the sticks. He bit down into it and moaned. They never failed him.

“Tastes even better. Here,” Dean placed three of them on a plate and held up to Mr. Novak.

“What about the cheese bread?” Mr. Novak asked and Dean placed down the plate. He grabbed the knife and cut into it. He got one round of bread free from it, pulled it apart, and dipped into the sauce that Anna made.

“You’re gonna love this,” Dean as he presented it to Mr. Novak’s lips. He grabbed Dean’s hand and bit down into it. His eyes closed and he moaned as the first taste hit him.

“Ooh... this tastes good.”

Dean felt himself blush at the praise, and he shrugged. “It’s nothing much. Just put some stuff together. If I had more time, I’d make something else.”

“Will you?” Mr. Novak asked him, his eyes wide open and probably staring right into Dean’s soul, because of how intense that stare was.

“If y-If you want me to, sir,” Dean stuttered out. Mr. Novak gave him a smile that reached his eyes. Dean quickly memorized how his face looked at this very moment. He didn’t think he was going to see this side of Mr. Novak much.
“I do want you to,” he said. “Try.” He grabbed another bread and dipped it into the sauce. He held it up for Dean to eat. Dean, looking into Mr. Novak’s eyes, tongued the offered food into his mouth. The taste of the sauce, mixed up with the bread and the cheese exploded on his tongue as he chewed on it. “Again,” Mr. Novak breathed out as he grabbed onto another bite. It was a smaller peace, and this time, Dean moaned around Mr. Novak’s fingers that Dean took into his mouth.

Next thing he knew they were back to grabbing onto each other and kissing heatedly.

They finished their meal after another round of intensive wrestling around the bed.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...
Introducing; the Yakuza. Play time; gone wrong.

Chapter Notes

I was unsure as to what Kevin Tran's nationality is in the SPN-verse, so I took a chance with it and placed him in the Japanese nationality. If I'm wrong (which I'm sure I am??) please accept my apology. This is a work of fiction, so anyone can be anything, IMO x)

WARNING: the scene that plays out between Castiel/Dean is something that needs to be over watched by your Dom/partner. Please, please, please, do not practice that if your Dom/partner has no control over it. Do not disobey a direct order from your Dom/partner, as it will result to ugliness that no one wants to have in their lives.

Thank you for the overwhelming amount of comments and kudos I receive from my small 'fandom'. I really appreciate it.

Now, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Cas*

(Before the funeral)

“You care too much.”

“Hmm…” Castiel hummed while he swirl around the ice cube in his whiskey glass. He rested his cheek on his hand as he stared off into the distance. It was past midnight when he received the news of Samandriel’s death. He was too young for this job. He didn’t deserve this.

“It gets you into trouble,” Crowley continued, walking around the office.

“It has always been a problem of mine,” said Castiel as he drunk the contents of the glass, and poured him another glass. “I can’t help it.”

Crowley “hmph”ed at him, but didn’t say anything. They both knew there was no point for them to continue about how much Castiel cared about his people. They were, practically, his family. His father had built this from zero. And yes, a lot of men has been changed in time, but they all knew the cost for serving to the Novaks, and they all knew that someday they were going to get killed. But some of them, Samandriel in this case, were way too young to be gone so soon.

“Where’s your new boy-toy? I haven’t seen much of him.”

Castiel waited a minute before answering, “He is still new. To me. Not to the lifestyle.”

“Does he have protection?”

“Does he need one?”
“What do you think?” Crowley arched an eyebrow at him. Castiel sighed. He knew he had to make an arrangement for that, if Dean agreed to stay with him. “Where is Gabriel?”

“Howled up in his club.”

“He has no sense of respect for the dead, does he?”

Castiel didn’t answer. Instead, he said, “Make sure that we cover all of the expanses. The hospital, the funeral. Anything that Samandriel’s family has to pay, do it yourself.”

“Yes, sir,” Crowley replied with a slight tilt of his head. There wasn’t much to say after that. Crowley left ten minutes later.

Castiel sighed and his hand twitched. There had been people surrounding the room all the time, just as he had ordered. He had no reason to suspect them, but… but the back of his neck prickled by the knowledge that one of them had betrayed him. One of them let someone into his room. One of them had the authority to stop this person from entering the room.

His eyes rested on his homeland-phone on the desk. Close enough that he could grab it and call the right people for this. Instead, he grabbed his mobile phone and called who he wanted to see right now. He picked up on the third ring.

“Yeah?” the voice was sleepy. It was past midnight after all.

“I’m in my office,” Castiel said in a casual voice.

“Be right down. Give me five.”

The call ended and Castiel relaxed back in his chair. He needed to tread this carefully. If he was right about who he suspected, he was going to need to approach this cautiously.

The doors to the office opened with a silent click and in walked Dean. He closed the door after him and walked towards Castiel. He was sleep soft, his hair ruffled. He was wearing grey sweatpants and a white wife-beater. He was barefoot. There was a red blotch on his right cheek. Castiel assumed it could’ve been from his sleeping position.

Dean literally trudged up to him, yawning and rubbing his hand over his eyes. There really was no other word to describe how cute Dean looked at that moment.

“Cute,” Castiel said, his lips curling up as Dean nudged his chair back and sat astride him. Dean dropped his arms over his shoulders and slid them behind his neck; wrapping himself around Castiel and dropping his head on his shoulder. “Sleepy?”

“Mhmm…” Dean hummed, nodding against his chin. “But I can try to cheer up for you, if you need me?” Dean asked sleepily.

Castiel’s hands were resting on his thighs, before he slid them up to his waist and pulled him close for a hug. “Samandriel is dead.” Dean froze. And then slowly he tried to pull back to look at Castiel, but Castiel tightened his hold on his waist. Dean stopped moving, and then Castiel said in a hesitant voice, “I just needed not to be alone right now.”

Dean didn’t say anything. He simply shifted his weight around a bit, before he got more comfortable on top of Castiel. He arms didn’t release their hold; they only tightened around him. For the first time tonight, Castiel actually breathed easily. His chest didn’t feel like it was collapsing on him. His head had cleared, and he could think clearly.
Dean’s face was tucked in close to his neck and every time he exhaled, Castiel’s neck tickled pleasantly. Castiel turned his head to the side and kissed Dean’s cheek. He felt Dean’s cheeks move up in a small smile and it made his heartbeat slowly go down into a reasonable rhythm. Dean didn’t say anything. There really wasn’t much to say. Castiel needed the silent support, and Dean was giving it to him without question.

Few minutes later, Dean relaxed even more on him, his breathing started to slow down even more. He fell asleep in Castiel’s arms. At first Castiel didn’t know what to do. It wasn’t that he felt crushed to the chair and his legs were probably going to fall asleep if he wouldn’t be able to get up and stretch them. But then, he glanced to the other side of the office and saw that his couch wasn’t that far from where he was. He should be able to move them there.

So he did just that. He gathered Dean up in his arms, and despite Dean being so heavy, Castiel loved feeling the stretch in his arms as he pulled him up. He slowly made his way to the couch. He laid Dean down there, who licked his lips and got into a deeper slumber. Castiel took off his suit jacket and placed it on the table. And then he took off his shoes and placed them by the table.

Castiel then stepped closer to the couch and moved Dean to the side and slid beside him. Dean opened his eyes and looked around him for a moment then looked at Castiel. His eyes cleared only enough to ask Castiel if he would like to move to the bedroom, but Castiel declined. Dean only nodded and they moved together to get comfortable on the couch.

Castiel had Dean in his arms, holding him close to his chest, and soon he was asleep.

(2 days after the funeral)

“You’ve been a bad boy, Mr. Winchester,” said Castiel, as his hand landed hard on Dean’s cheek in a slap.

Dean was kneeling down on the floor; stripped naked, his arms handcuffed behind his back, a cock ring attached to him. His face was red; the blush was steadily spreading down to his chest. His nipples were hard from Castiel’s hands, tweaking them and slapping at them. His whole body was buzzing from overstimulation, it seemed, because whenever Castiel’s hand touched him softly, Dean’s whole body jerked up to it.

Castiel loved feeling the heat under his hands. He loved feeling the smooth, red, sweaty skin as he ran his hands over and over Dean’s body. Dean’s hair was a mess from Castiel’s hands. He kept running his hands through them, despite them being wet from sweat, Castiel didn’t mind it one bit. After all, it was his doing. He was the one that made Dean hard and made him sweating profusely like this. It was his job to make Dean like this, to make him look so wanton that he was close to begging Castiel for something more.

The reason for this punishment wasn’t a serious one.

In the morning when they woke up, both of them went to the kitchen and Dean had decided to make something for them both. He had asked Castiel to help him out, and poor Anna had to stand back and observe the cluster fuck that was Castiel in the kitchen. They were going to make the “fluffiest
pancakes you will ever have, Mr. Novak. Trust me!” Castiel had to leave right after breakfast, so he had decided to wear his suit, before going down. None of them knew how it happened, but one thing led to another, and Castiel found himself being covered in flour. It was a silly one, really. And Castiel wasn’t really mad at him for it, but his suit was new, and he had a meeting to attend to that needed him to be presentable.

But he still felt like punishing Dean for it. And by the looks of it, Dean was enjoying himself. Despite having a cock ring on, he was steadily leaking on the floor. The sight made Castiel even harder. With his free hand he adjusted his dick and Dean’s eyes landed on his hand movement. Dean made an aborted move to get closer to him, but Castiel grabbed Dean’s hair and pulled at it, hard enough that Dean’s whole back arched up. He let out the prettiest moan that Castiel has ever heard. Dean’s lips gasped open and his eyes bore into Castiel’s.

“Do you know why you’re being punished, boy?”

“Because I…I ruined sir’s new suit,” Dean gasped, his eyes fluttering close as Castiel slapped him clear in the face again.

“Good boy,” Castiel whispered leaning forward, his face inches away from Dean’s. Dean let out a small, desperate sound that Castiel etched in his brain. He loved how responsive Dean was to anything that Castiel would do to him.

This boy was going to ruin him.

“You’re such a good boy to me, you know that?” Castiel said this as his hand clutched his hair tightly. Dean nodded his agreement, his eyes filled with lust and going close to blanking out. Castiel wanted to say something but then his phone started to ring. He sighed and stood up straighter, his hand not leaving Dean’s hair, he grabbed his phone from his pocket with his free hand answered the call. It was Crowley.

“What?”

“Sorry to bother you, boss, but the Trans are here, waiting for you.”

“I got caught up. When do they want to meet?” Castiel asked his hand petting Dean’s hair. If Dean was a cat, by this point he would probably start to purr. But then Castiel moved his hand down to Dean’s cheek and to his lips, and Dean tongued Castiel’s thumb into his mouth and started to suck on it. Castiel barely managed to contain a loud gasp, because the feeling went straight to his dick.

“They can give you about thirty minutes. Tops,” Crowley growled into his ear.

“I’ll be there in forty,” Castiel didn’t wait for an answer. He ended the call and dropped his phone on the bed that was nearby. With the same hand he unzipped his pants and got his dick out. With his thumb, he pushed open Dean’s mouth and he placed his dick right in there. He didn’t give Dean time to adjust to it, since he started to move his hips in and out of Dean’s mouth.

Dean was quick enough to relax his throat, and Castiel breathed out a sigh of relief as he started to pound into his mouth. He grabbed Dean’s head with his hands and moved his hips as fast as he could. Dean was choking on his dick, his eyes were tearing up, and his saliva was dripping down his chin to his chest. Castiel tightened his hold in Dean’s hair and he could feel himself getting close to coming.

“Look at me,” he growled out and Dean’s eyes snapped up to him. It only took Castiel two more thrusts and he was coming undone; right into Dean’s mouth. He shuddered as he felt Dean
swallowing everything that Castiel spilled into him.

Once he was done, he slowly moved back. Dean sucked at his spent member as he did so, and once Castiel was all the way out, he slapped Dean, hard, on the cheek. “Ahh…” Dean said, but it wasn’t a painful sound. It was a pleasurable sound.

“I could make you come like this, couldn’t I?” Castiel said, the hand that was still in Dean’s hair, started to pet him. “I wouldn’t touch you. I wouldn’t let you touch yourself. Completely hands free.”

“I want to. I want to, sir, please. Please,” Dean was practically begging Castiel. And it was a beautiful sight. Castiel caressed Dean’s face, down his cheek to his chin, to his neck. Dean kept repeating “please, please sir, please” over and over again, but Castiel moved back from him. Not too far, but a bit, so that Dean could only feel his presence.

“When I release you from your handcuffs, I want you to go and shower,” Castiel said. Dean nodded his consent and waited for Castiel’s next words. “And… I want to push your limits today. And I need to you to be vocal with it. If something doesn’t feel right, you have to tell me about it.”

“Yes, sir. Anything, sir,” Dean said. He shifted on his legs and Castiel hesitated before he continued.

“I want you to not come,” Castiel said. “I’m going to be gone for the most of the day…” He waited for a moment before he said, slowly. “You will be alone.”

“Oh…” Dean deflated after Castiel said it. Castiel could see the thoughts whirling about in his head and Castiel was ready to offer another thing, but then Dean sat up straighter and said, “I will do it, sir. If it will please you, I will.”

Castiel looked at him for a moment and then he moved to help Dean to stand up. He moved behind Dean’s back and took his handcuffs off. As he did so, he said, “Very well. But I need you to keep me updated every thirty minutes. Do you understand?”

Dean moved his hands forward and rubbed at his slightly reddened skin. “I do, sir.”

Castiel looked at his wrists and he felt his stomach drop. “I… I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done this, and I can’t not go to this meeting. It’s not something I can’t post pone. I-“

“Hey, it’s okay,” Dean said. “May I?” He pointed to Castiel’s shirt sleeves, which had been rolled up for the scene. Castiel nodded, and Dean started to unroll for Castiel. “You don’t have to cancel anything for me. I will be fine.”

“I need you to let me know if something feels wrong, okay?” Castiel stressed the matter again, and Dean nodded.

“Of course I will. But I know that I can handle it. I loved what we did. Trust me,” Dean said, as he finished cuffing the buttons of sleeves back into their place. “It felt more like a reward than anything else.”

Castiel started to breathe a bit easily after this confession, but it still nagged at the back of his neck. “Every thirty minutes, do you understand?”

“I do. And I will, sir. Now,” Dean said as he took a step back. His dick hung heavy between his legs. It was still red and looked painfully hard, and Castiel resisted the urge to touch him. “You have to leave. Because if you won’t, my willpower will fail me, and well…” Dean didn’t need to continue with this thought, since Castiel understood what he meant.
He reached up to touch Dean’s cheek, but Dean stopped his hand midway. Castiel looked at him with confusion, and he saw Dean’s eyes, silently begging him not to. Castiel swallowed, and said, “Every thirty minutes.”

And then he walked out of the play room. The same nagging feeling prickling down his spine.

The Yakuza was a big family. It was gaining more people, daily, or by the second, Castiel mused, as their car stopped by the mansion. It was slightly bigger than his, and far vaster. The garden looked beautiful, with statues of all the formerly known Yakuza bosses. Behind them were bushes of roses and camellia. The trees were blossoming as well. Castiel took a deep breath and the smell of nature hit him in all the right ways.

“Mr. Novak,” Kevin’s voice brought back Castiel to present and he turned around to see the young man walking to him. He was wearing black jeans and a black t-shirt. His hair used to be long, but now it was cut and beautifully styled on his head.

“Please. Castiel. I keep telling you to call me that,” Castiel said as Kevin got closer to him. They shook hands and started to walk down the lane and into the garden.

“I could try, but then my mom would have my head, so…” Kevin said with a shrug and smile on his lips.

“As you prefer,” Castiel replied with a smile of his own. “Here,” Castiel turned around and one of his men gave him a black box. “I brought you an aged Sake. It has an exquisite taste to it.”

Kevin took the box from his offered hands, opened the lid and took out the bottle. He uncorked it right in front of Castiel, breathed in the scent of it and let out a satisfied sigh. “Ahh… It sure does have a unique smell to it. I hope that the taste will be just as wonderful. Thank you.” Castiel inclined his head down, while Kevin gave the bottle to one of his maids. “Now,” he said, clapping his hands together. “Is it okay if we sit outside? It’s a lovely afternoon.”

Castiel agreed and they walked silently to the small garden house. The path they took there was as beautiful as the rest of this place. The ground was covered by flat rocks, neatly cut green grass was visible in between the cracks. They were surrounded by cherry blossoms and Castiel could hear the sound of a small, fake stream as they approached the designated spot for them to sit. There was a nice wind in the air, which allowed Castiel to take off his suit jacket and stay in his button down. They sat opposite each other and they were soon offered drinks. Castiel took a glass of whiskey, where Kevin got himself a warm tea.

“So, Mr. Novak. To what do I owe this pleasure?” Kevin asked as he took a sip of his tea.

“I’m going to need to cooperate with your people.”

“Oh?”

“In the upcoming months, and before that, I’d been targeted by the Italians,” Castiel had decided to not beat around the bushes and have a straight talk with them. It was the best option, given the circumstances. “I’m going to make alliances with the people who haven’t…decided, which side they
are on. I wanted to speak with you first, because you have the biggest family out of them. You’ve
great ties, and you are a fair judge to people in front of you.”

“You know we have always been on a good side with the Russian. With you. Why the sudden need
to go over the ties, again?”

“I’m afraid for the people that are in my life, right now. I cannot risk anything. I cannot lose
anything,” as Castiel said this a flash of image went through his mind’s eye, but it was quickly
replaced by the need to protect everything that was his.

“Of course, Mr. Novak. We have always been by your side. And we always will be. I don’t think
my mother would want to have any relations with that rat,” Kevin replied with a smirk on his face.
Castiel replied with a smirk of his own, his shoulder sagging with relief. He was still secure with the
Yakuza. “So, when is your lovely sister’s wedding?”

“It will be in two months’ time.”

“In Spain, right?”

“Yes,” Castiel said. “Barcelona. She’s marrying the son of Galicia. He’s the best one of them.”

Kevin laughed out loud at that and said, “Well, you’ve another bigger family in your pocket.” Just
then Castiel’s phone dinged with a message and he excused Kevin to check on it.

It was a message from Dean.

A distressed message from Dean.

**Dean:** Please. Help me. I can’t any longer, sir. Please please come back home. Red. It’s so red. Sir.
Please.

Castiel stood up, pushing the chair back with his legs, making it scratch on the ground with a loud
screech. He had to go. He looked at the message again and then checked the time. Almost two hours
had passed since he had left Dean alone like that. How did he go on for so long without even making
a sound, was beyond Castiel. And it was making him feel uneasy. Dean not only endangered his
health, he also denied a direct order from Castiel.

“Everything alright, Mr. Novak?” Kevin’s concerned voice floated into his head and he snapped his
eyes up. The younger man looked at him with a raised eyebrow. He did look genuinely concerned.

“I have to cut this meeting short. Accept my apologies.”

Kevin shook his head as he stood up again. “You don’t have to apologize. It’s alright. Go take care
of your business. We can always discuss the matter another time.”

“Thank you,” Castiel shook his hand quickly and turned to leave, but Kevin held on to his arm to
stop him. Castiel looked at him.

“You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Novak,” Kevin said while looking into his eyes. “The favors
are in your side of the court.”

Castiel stared at him a bit longer, and then nodded. He quickly left the garden and into his car,
barking orders at his men to hurry up. He was an idiot to leave Dean like that alone.
Castiel didn’t knock on Dean’s door. He simply opened it and walked inside, shutting it behind him. But the bedroom was empty. He walked towards the bathroom, and it was empty too. Castiel walked out of there and walked to their play room, and after going around he found that empty as well. Where could he be? He shut the door after him and stood there for a moment, thinking.

Castiel didn’t show him the other rooms, and he had a feeling that Dean wouldn’t go there without permission. He bit down on his lower lip as he tried to think of a place he’d go. Frustrated with himself, he grabbed his phone and called Dean. He could hear a rock music playing in a small distance away and he started following that sound. When he stopped it was in front of his bedroom. He slowly opened the door and the rock song, that was Dean’s ringtone, could be heard clearly from here. He ended the call and stepped inside.

The room was dark, since the curtains were drawn. It took Castiel a moment to let his eyes adjust to the darkness, but when they did, he noticed that there was a lump in his bed. His heart aching and beating fast in his ribcage, Castiel walked towards the bed and sat close to the lump, but leaving a space between them.

“Dean?” he asked in a low voice. He didn’t move at first. Thirty seconds passed and Dean’s head emerged from under the blankets and when he turned around to look at Castiel… Castiel’s heart broke at the sight. “Oh, Dean…” his eyes were red-rimmed, there were tear tracks on his cheeks, and his lips were red, and bleeding, from biting on them so hard.

“Cas…” his voice was broken as he whispered his name. It took Castiel a second to realize that Cas stood for Castiel and that made him feel warm inside, and even worse about himself. How could he be so stupid to leave him like this when he promised not to do that at all?

“May I?” Castiel raised his hands and indicated that he wanted to get closer to Dean. There was no hesitation in Dean as he nodded and turned on his back. Castiel grabbed the blanket and dragged it down Dean’s body.

He was completely naked. Castiel grimaced as he took a look at Dean’s dick; it was red, covered in cum, the head was ready to burst. It looked painfully hard. Castiel touched Dean’s hip with his hand and pushed him fully on his back. He heard Dean swallow with a click. Castiel’s hands hovered over Dean’s member, hesitating.

“Please,” the whispered plea cut through Castiel and he didn’t need to be told twice. He took off the cock ring. As Castiel touched his dick, Dean let out a painful cry and his back arched. “Ahh…Cas…”

“Sshhh… I got you. I’m here now…” Castiel moved his head forward and took Dean into his mouth. Dean let out a sob and he started to cry. Castiel’s hands moved from his chest to his hips to his sides, and back again. He was trying to apologize to Dean, silently, about this mistreatment.

It didn’t take Dean long to come. It probably lasted more than five minutes, and because he was feeling responsible for putting Dean through this, Castiel swallowed every drop of cum that was leaving Dean’s body. He actually liked how Dean tasted like. It was a mix of salty, pineapple and just skin, there was also a taste that Castiel couldn’t pinpoint, but he liked it a lot.

Once he was done, his whole body relaxed back to the bed. Castiel moved up Dean’s body and draped himself over Dean. He wasn’t fully on top of him, in case Dean wanted to push him away
and banish him from the bedroom, but instead Dean crushed him to his body. Their bodies aligned together with a click. As if a missing puzzle was finally back home.

Dean turned his head to Castiel’s neck and started to kiss and sniff him. “Cas… Cas… Cas…”

In between his kisses and sucking, he kept repeating Castiel’s name, and Castiel had nothing to say but to apologize to him for this. They hugged each other close for a long time. Dean started to shake after a while, and Castiel moved back to kick off his shoes and get back in bed. He got underneath the blankets and pulled it over them, mainly on Dean; even though Dean wiggled his way close to Castiel. They were lying down on their sides and Dean had his face tucked in under Castiel’s chin. He kept kissing the base of Castiel’s neck and Castiel would tighten his grip on Dean’s body. His hands never stopped moving. One hand was running through Dean’s hair, and the other was rubbing Dean’s back.

An hour later, Dean’s stomach started to rumble, and Castiel moved back a bit from him to get to the intercom close to his bed. Dean let out a displeased sound and clutched on to him desperately. “Don’t.”

“I’m getting food for us here. Something light. You need to gain your strength back,” Castiel said as he finally got his hand on the com.

“Don’t wanna.”

“Luckily for you, you’re not the one who gives out the orders here,” Castiel rebuked in a soft voice, just as Anna answered. Castiel requested something light, but something filling. She said that she’ll be up in ten.

Castiel laid back down and Dean quickly attached himself to Castiel like an octopus. Castiel’s lips turned up into a smile.

There was a knock on the door, and Lora came in with a tray. She took one look at them, but didn’t say anything. She simply placed it by the bed and scurried out of the room. Anna had sent up a fruit bowl, already cut and cleaned, and a plate full of cheese and crackers. There was also two mugs that had Akroshka in them. Castiel realized that he was hungry as well.

“Dean? You need to sit up and eat with me, okay?” Castiel said as he softly pushed Dean away from him to look at his face. Dean looked up at him, and even in the darkness, Castiel could make out Dean’s shape of his face. His eyes were clearing up a bit, the puffiness was gone. They had been here for hours, after all.

“I don’t have an appetite. I just wanna be close to you,” Dean replied, his voice hoarse. Castiel smiled down at him and leaned close to kiss Dean’s forehead.

“Here,” Castiel untangled them and he sat back with his back to the headboard. He turned a bit to the side and dragged Dean up to his chest. “See, this way we’re cuddling and close, and we’re about to eat some snacks.”

Dean turned his head to look at Castiel, with a small smile on his face, “Thank you.”

“Grab that tray for us.”

They were almost halfway done with everything when Castiel asked, “Do you wanna talk about it?” Dean fiddled with his mug for a second and then sighed, “I don’t know what to say…”
“How about I apologize?” Castiel said looking down at Dean’s fingers.

“Huh?”

“For putting you in this…situation. For leaving you alone. For not thinking through this thoroughly,” Castiel said. He raised his head and looked at Dean, who turned around to look at him again. “I really am sorry, Dean. I never meant to hurt you this way. I wasn’t thinking straight when I suggested this… I hurt you.”

“No,” Dean shook his head. “No. Not. You didn’t hurt me. I’m supposed to be the one to apologize for this. I, not only safe worded, but I also forgot to text you every thirty minutes. And I also got into your bedroom, without permission. Because I wanted to be somewhere that smelled like you…” He mumbled the last part, his cheeks flaming.

“I’m not angry at you. At all!” Castiel was quick to say, his chest warming up at the gesture. “It was my own fault. And you should never feel bad for safe wording out. I shouldn’t have done this to you. Not like this…”

“Sir… Is it…” Dean sighed and turned away, but not fast enough for Castiel to notice how his cheeks turned red from blushing. “Is it bad that I enjoyed this?”

Castiel stopped breathing. And then he exhaled sharply and turned Dean around to face him. “Are you… what are you trying to say?”

“I… I loved it. I really did. It was… It was painful. But I also trusted you enough with it. Yes, you weren’t around. But you were still in control over my actions. Because I knew that the moment I would write you, you’d be here in a heartbeat. And you did. You came here when I needed you the most.”

Castiel didn’t know how to respond to it, but to kiss Dean on the lips. Dean was quick to respond to him. He opened up his lips and Castiel let his tongue roam around in Dean’s mouth. He was grabbing Dean’s neck with his hand, as his thumb gently caressed Dean’s jawline. Their lips moved together as one.

Castiel felt addicted to Dean. Kissing Dean was the sweetest sin he has ever tasted. And he wanted to have more of this. To taste more of Dean. He wanted more time with Dean. Castiel pulled back long enough to move the tray and half empty mugs down to the floor.

He turned around and saw Dean already laying back on the bed, with his legs apart. Castiel growled and moved up his body. Their lips clashed together again. Their hands roamed as their lips bit and licked and sucked on each other. Castiel pushed his hips down against Dean’s and Dean bit down on his lower lip. His hands moved down Castiel’s back and grabbed onto his ass, pulling him closer.

“Stay.” Castiel whispered against Dean’s lips.

“W-What?” Dean gasped out. He was starting to get hard again. Castiel’s mind was going blank by the second.

“Stay. With me. Forever,” Castiel said again, biting down on Dean’s lips.

“Aahhh…” Dean let out a noise as Castiel bit down again.

“Stay…”

“On one condition,” Dean whispered back his hands digging even more into Castiel’s ass cheeks.
“Yes, what? What is it?” Castiel asked, wanting nothing more than to take Dean; right here and now.

“You gotta get naked for me.”

“Okay. Deal.”

“I’ll stay.”

Castiel felt euphoric. He was soaring high with the words that left Dean’s luscious lips. He caught Dean’s lips into a searing kiss and kissed him with everything he had. His hands grabbed onto Dean’s hair in a tight grip, as Dean’s hands started to move up his back and then circled forward to his chest. Dean groped at his chest, and Castiel let out a noise from the back of his neck. Dean’s hands started to move closer to his collar. And then…

And then Castiel froze. He stopped moving. His lips stopped moving. His eyes snapped open as he realized what was Dean doing.

He was unbuttoning his shirt.

Like a flash Castiel slapped Dean’s hands away from his chest and literally threw himself out of the bed. He landed right on the tray and he heard Dean calling out his name, but his head was blank. There was a ringing in his ears, which prevented him from hearing anything. He blinked couple of times, but his vision was blurry. It was dark. Too dark.

His heart was beating like mad in his chest. It was hurting to breathe even.

There was an orange light in his vision and he realized that it was the nightstand’s light. It was turned on. And then there were warm hands on his cheeks. His vision cleared enough to recognize Dean’s face and he slapped his hands away, again, from him. He shuffled away from Dean.

“Don’t—Don’t touch me.”

Somebody said in a panicked voice. And it took Castiel a moment to realize that it was his voice. He didn’t realize it was his voice until now.

“Okay,” Dean said, his hands raised up in a placating way. Castiel blinked at him again. He noted that Dean was naked. Why was he naked?

“You’re naked.”

“Uh…” Dean looked at him, confused. “Yes. We were in bed, sir. Together. Being… you know,” Dean sounded awkward. That didn’t sit well with Castiel.

“Go.”

“What?”

“Go away,” Castiel bit out. Not looking at Dean. He felt embarrassed himself. He was disgusting. Dean shouldn’t look at him like this. Not in this way. Not now… “Please.” He said, softly. His voice breaking at the end.

“Sir, let me help you.”

“I don’t need your help,” Castiel ground out. His eyes shutting close.

“I don’t think it’s wise to leave you alone like this, right now,” Dean said in a gentle voice and how
Castiel wished he could will himself to let Dean be in the same room as he was, right now. How he wished he could allow Dean to see him like this. But he couldn’t. He wasn’t allowed to show Dean his weaknesses. Not all of them. Certainly, not this one.

His brain was quickly shutting down on him as he half-sat there in the dirt of their food. “Please. Just go.” He said again, but Dean still didn’t move.

“I can’t leave you like this. Not right now,” Dean said again, this time there was a bit more force behind his words.

Castiel shook his head, and the motion gave him a headache. He lifted his hand to his head, and squeezed his eyes harder. “I need you to fucking leave me the fuck alone. Or I swear I will have you removed from here. By force.” He didn’t open his eyes. He didn’t see the look on Dean’s face as he stood back up on his legs, and slowly made his way out of the bedroom.

Castiel breathed through his nose, and slowly opened his eyes. His heart stopped beating; he was all alone.

Dean was gone.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...
A week passed by, and both men avoided each other like the plague. Well, Dean didn’t avoid Castiel. Castiel was the one who was doing the avoiding. He immersed himself into his work that didn’t need his assistance whatsoever. His men would look at him weirdly whenever he’d show up, or call, but nobody asked him why he was doing it. They just accepted the fact that their boss was calling the people that he never even spoken to before.

Castiel would have his breakfast at early hours, in the kitchen, alone. He’d avoid answering the kitchen staff’s questions about Dean. One time he even snapped at Lora for sticking her nose in a place where it didn’t belong. He never spoken to her in that way, so it came as a shock to them all. He had to leave the kitchen, because he felt ashamed of himself.

Even Alice, who was the quiet one and who’d do their laundry, and was the house cleaner, noticed the lack of dirty objects. But she knew better than to ask him about that. So she’d silently collect his button downs and suits from his bathroom, and leave.

It was a Sunday morning when it seemed that Dean had had enough of his… whatever it was he was going through. Castiel was sitting in his office, going through some emails on his laptop, when the door literally banged open. He was startled by this behavior, and instead of showing it physically, he yelled at Dean, “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Dean banged the door shut after him, and walked towards the desk. Dean looked… he looked angry, furious, his eyes blazing, his lips pursed, and Castiel realized that he had missed Dean terribly. “Well, I don’t know, Mr. Novak,” Dean snapped. “What am I doing?”

“This isn’t your house. This isn’t the way you’re supposed to be opening the doors’ to other people’s houses. And this isn’t the right way to fucking talk to me,” Castiel didn’t even know what he was saying. He just felt… He felt something akin to fear in his gut. And he didn’t like it the least.

“Really?” Dean asked him, incredulously. “Really? Is that the best you can do? Tell me how to come in here, and then tell me to not talk to you this way, just because, what? Why exactly am I not
allowed to talk to you the way I’m doing right now, Mr. Novak?”

Castiel curled his hand into a fist and pursed his lips together. This whole argument made zero sense. It was like their words didn’t hold any sort of meaning behind them. Castiel blamed it on himself. It was his fault that they were shouting at each other. “I… You can’t.”

Dean snorted and shook his head. He rubbed his fingers over his eyes and Castiel’s eyes were drawn to how they were shaking. He had to make this right, somehow. But… to make this right, Dean was still going to make him take off his shirt. He was still going to want to touch him the way Castiel touched him.

Castiel wasn’t sure he was up for it.

Looking at Dean, Castiel knew that Dean could be respectful about Castiel’s boundaries, but he’d also ask about it. And Castiel was sure that he wouldn’t be able to not show Dean what was underneath his shirt.

“I can’t do this now,” Dean spoke, cutting through Castiel’s thoughts.

“What do you mean?” Was he going to leave? He did stay after his first week was up… Did he regret it? Was he leaving and that’s why he said that?

“I can’t do this now, because I’m gonna end up being angry with you. Really fucking angry. But I don’t want to. So I’m just gonna leave.”

“Leave?” whispered Castiel, his heart hammering away in his ribcage. “No.”

Dean looked at him, surprised. “Excuse me?”

“I said, no.”

“Why the fuck not?” Dean snapped at him, taking couple of steps closer to the desk, which was the only thing separating them. And Castiel needed that imaginary wall gone from between them. But he didn’t move. He remained in his chair.

“Because you… I won’t allow you to leave.”

“You can’t do that.”

“I can. And I did.”

“It’s my three days off, you asshole! I have shit to take care of!” Dean yelled at him.

Castiel gritted his teeth together and looked away. The way that Dean was looking at him was unpleasant. His eyes were blank with fury which was directed at Castiel, he was sure. Castiel didn’t want to drag this out any longer. So he just sighed, and without looking at Dean, turned his chair around and faced the windows. It was blazing hot outside. The sun was high up in the sky, with no clouds around it. Summer was approaching.

“You may go,” he said in a monotonous voice. He didn’t get an answer. Castiel closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Dean was probably going to leave soon, and the door was going to snap on Dean’s way out. But the longer Castiel sat there, the longer it grew quiet. He opened his eyes and turned back around to look at Dean, who was still standing there; his face blank, devoid of emotions.

“Wh-Why are you doing this to me? What have I done wrong?” Dean’s voice was small, cracked. It
crumbled Castiel’s own exterior and he sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose with his fingers. He didn’t dare to look at Dean. He couldn’t.

“You haven’t done anything wrong, Dean.”

“Then why are you treating me this way?” Dean asked him again, his voice a bit rougher around the edges. “I did nothing wrong. I did everything you asked me to.”

“Dean-“

“No, Mr. Novak. No,” he said and he took a step back. Castiel traced the movement with his eyes. Dean’s hands were shaking again as he said, “I’m here to keep you company, right? To make you feel better. To make you feel… feel special. I know I’m an escort and I don’t have the right to tell you what to do, but Mr. Novak, you-“

“You are right, Dean. You are an escort and you have no right to tell me anything.” Castiel snarled at him. Dean recoiled back in shock. Castiel’s heart ached. He wished he could take back the words that left his lips. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go. This wasn’t how it was supposed to be.

Castiel wished to turn back the time to those wonderful moments of togetherness that they shared. Before he had his freak out and he couldn’t seem to get his head back into his normal headspace. Maybe he did need Dean back into his space so he could get back on to his feet. But looking up into Dean’ face, Castiel realized that he didn’t have a chance to convince Dean back into his space.

Slowly, Dean stood up in his full height. His face was a mask of indifference. It was unnerving to see how every wall Dean had put down was starting to come back up on his face. In the end, Dean stood there and looked at Castiel. And then, Dean’s face transformed into something that Castiel never seen before; Dean gave him a flirtatious smirk, and his eyes darkened a bit.

What got worse was that Dean managed to pull up this mask in a heartbeat. It was as if he wasn’t yelling at Castiel just now about how badly Castiel was behaving. Dean shifted a bit on his legs, dipping his hip to the side, and his smirk only grew. With a pang, Castiel realized that this was something Dean was used to; being an escort and putting up a face to keep his clients satisfied. Because no client liked the thought of their beloved pet being used before him.

“Well then, sir,” he said, and his voice sounded different too. It was pitched higher than his usual voice, and it… It didn’t sit well with Castiel. “I just came by to tell you that I’m leaving for my three days off.”

Castiel didn’t reply right away. His heart was hammering away in his ribcage. “Don’t,” Castiel whispered. He swallowed and said, “Please, don’t do it this way.”

Dean sighed through his nose, his smirk dropping off from his lips. He seemed to hesitate, before finally he walked around the desk and towards Castiel. He bent forward and tapped on Castiel’s knee, silently telling him to turn the chair around. Castiel did so and seconds later, he got a lap full of Dean. Castiel placed his hands over Dean’s waist just as Dean draped his arms over Castiel’s shoulders. His face was still in the same way as before; emotionless and blank. With a fake want written all over his body movement.

“I’ll be thinking of you while I’m away. Would you want for me to think of you, sir?” his voice was dipped into a different tone. It sounded monotonous; something he’d say without even thinking about it. If Castiel didn’t know what this was, he’d think that Dean wasn’t playing the part. But he knew better, he saw and heard better, so this behavior was unwelcome. Dean’s hands started to move down his chest in a suggestive way and Castiel had enough. He grabbed Dean’s wrists in a tight grip
and stopped his movements.

“Enough.”

Dean’s chest heaved and he let out a loud sigh. Castiel swallowed as he stared at Dean’s chest.

“Enough…” Castiel whispered, his hands loose on Dean’s wrists now, but Dean didn’t pull away. He just sat there and stared at Castiel.

“You know, this is the first time you’ve touched me since that night?” Dean said, his voice calm, and low. The tone that he used seconds before, all but vanished with the act. Castiel looked up at Dean and then he had to look down again; Dean’s face wasn’t blank anymore. He was hurt by Castiel. It tore at Castiel’s heart. “Do you know how hard it is to go from a week to having you around me all the time, touching me, playing with me, making me feel…things, pleasurable things? And then a week after that, you pull back and there’s nothing to feel? At all? Do you understand what it means to me?” he didn’t wait for Castiel to come up with an answer. “It feels worse than a rejection. Worse than the feeling I felt when you told me to leave you in your bedroom, covered in food and looking so pale that your white shirt looked gray in comparison. Do you know how hard it was for me to walk away from that scene?”

“I don’t… I didn’t know,” there was something in Castiel’s throat that was preventing him from talking. He felt choked up. The last time he felt like this was when his father died and left him everything. It was an overwhelming feeling and he had buried it deep inside him. Never wanting to go near it again. Because it made him weak. He had to look strong and confident, or he’d be vulnerable. Now he felt vulnerable, because of Dean. Because of how he treated Dean. He was a terrible person.

His own hurt and the need to hide himself from people had clouded his vision of doing his job right. And which also included to take care of his sub, and let his sub to take care of him as well.

Dean was quiet all this time, while the thoughts swirled around in his head. They were silent. Castiel still had his hands wrapped around Dean’s wrists. He stared down at their hands together, noticing how different they looked; Dean’s hands were calloused, hard worked, a scar here and there from working on cars. Castiel’s hands looked bloody to him; murderers. Taking people’s lives just because they displeased him.

His hands were nothing but that. How could anyone want to be touched by these hands and feel good about it?

“There are things, in my life, that I won’t be able to share with you,” Castiel said, still looking down at their hands. “My soul, and essentially, heart, is yours. It will be on a limited access, but I will share some stuff with you. My body, however, it’s…” he let out a shaky breath and shook his head. “My body is something different. And I don’t want to corrupt you with it. I say my soul is yours,” Castiel explained. “Because I can control the information that I’d want to share with you. My body is something that I can’t control, if you’ll see what I see every day; be it in the mornings or at night.” He took another steadying breath, and said, “So that’s why I need to put up this barrier between us.”

“You agreed to let me see you naked, though…” Dean said, his voice hesitant.

“I did, indeed,” Castiel said. “And someday, I was going to let you ex…explore it, but… that, what we did there, was too soon for me. I need to… to mentally prepare myself for it.”

“What are you so scared of?”
“I’m scared of your reaction, I think,” Castiel answered truthfully. “I don’t want for you to look at me differently because of who I am, or what my life is. I like looking into your eyes and see…and see affectionate stare, instead of fear. Or… Or pity because of…” Castiel took a deep, shuddering breath. He’d never been this open with anyone before. And it was scary to think that someone out there, now, knew about his insecurities. Was Dean going to use it against him? In his line of work, which was his life also, people did that; they’d find his weakness and use it effectively against him.

Gentle fingers lifted his head up by his chin. Clear green eyes looked down at him, an understanding nature in them. Dean licked his lips, and after a moment of gazing at each other, he said, “Being vulnerable, and showing it to the right people… it… it isn’t always a bad thing, sir. It does take time, and had I known all you needed was time, I’d take this… ah, separation, a bit less emotionally scarring then I already have. You didn’t talk to me about it and I didn’t know what to do anymore…” Dean shook his head; he moved his hand to the back of Castiel’s neck and continued. “So I need us to communicate more. If something is triggering for you, which is what happened to you when I tried to… I need you to tell me to stop, instead of pushing me back that way, yeah? Because it’s harming me as well.”

“I’m sorry,” Castiel said. He lifted both of his hands and grabbed Dean’s face to pull him closer to him. “I’m sorry,” he whispered before he placed his lips on top of Dean’s. Thankfully, Dean kissed him back and Castiel released the breath that he’d been holding back. Their lips moved together in a deep embrace. Castiel controlled the kiss but Dean was giving it as much as he was receiving. Castiel moaned and pulled Dean closer to him even more. Dean placed his other hand on Castiel’s chest, and the hand on his neck started to play with his hair.

Castiel felt warm from this. It felt nice, and right, and he had missed having Dean like this with him. Feeling emotional and angry at himself for doing this to Dean, he pressed up more into the kiss. Opening his mouth wider, and biting and licking at Dean’s lips, sneaking his tongue inside Dean’s to kiss him more.

Eventually, it slowed down into a gentle kiss. Their lips moving together lazily, their hands caressing the places they were holding on to. Castiel pecked Dean’s lips and then moved the kisses up to his nose, his cheeks, his closed eyelids, his forehead, and back down to his lips. In between those kisses he kept apologizing to Dean for how he behaved. Whispered words on his lips, and on his cheek, close to his ear, down to his neck.

Castiel buried his face into Dean’s neck as he started to lick and suck and kiss on the skin. Dean tightened his hold on Castiel as he planted a kiss right under his ear; the skin sensitive there. They shifted and Castiel felt both of their erections brush up against one another through their clothes. Castiel let out a choked sound and Dean let out a sigh right close to his ear. They started to move their hips against one another.

Castiel needed more though. It has been a week, after all, and Dean had a glorious body that Castiel loved to touch and explore. Castiel moved his hands down Dean’s body, and moved them to Dean’s ass. He groped at the meat there and moved his hand away from it, to land right back on it with a loud smack. Dean’s breath hitched. He turned his head into Castiel’s neck and started to suck on his neck. “Don’t mark,” Castiel said absentmindedly and Dean eased on the pressure. Castiel let him have a go at it to his heart’s content, but he didn’t ease his spanking. Their hips were still grinding up against one another and Castiel couldn’t take it anymore.

“Wait,” he whispered and pushed Dean away to stand up. Dean looked at him confused but then his face cleared as he saw what Castiel was doing. Castiel started to clean up his desk, gathered his papers into a pile by the edge of the desk and placed his laptop next to it. Once he was satisfied, he grabbed onto Dean and pulled him close. Their lips met on a kiss again, and this time it didn’t have
any restraints behind it; teeth clashed together, tongues swirled around in a filthy way, their lips sucked onto each other.

Castiel turned Dean around and pushed him up on the desk. They separated long enough for Dean to do so and then Castiel was crowding into him, standing between Dean’s open legs. Their lips found each other again and they started to kiss. Biting down on Dean’s lower lip, Castiel started to take off Dean’s t-shirt; the newly exposed skin made Castiel to moan at the back of his neck. He started to kiss down Dean’s chest and to his navel, lapping at the belly button. Dean sighed and leaned back on the desk to give more access to Castiel.

Castiel bit down on the fat around Dean’s waist as he started to unbutton Dean’s jeans. His fingers brushed up against Dean’s erection, and his hips bucked up to get more of that friction. Castiel smirked up at him and moved his head further down Dean’s body and started to nuzzle at his member. Dean made a choked off sound and a hiss escaped his lips. Castiel was about to pull down his jeans when Dean’s phone went off.

Castiel stood back up as Dean sat up and started to get his phone out of his pocket. His breathing was uneven and his cheeks were warm with an aroused blush. As he looked down at the ID, Castiel saw him swallow before he looked up at Castiel. His pupils were blown wide and he seemed to be having some sort of internalized struggle with answering the phone.

“Go ahead,” Castiel said, his fingers brushing back Dean’s hair.

“Sorry. I’ll be quick. Hello?” he answered and Castiel heard a female’s voice coming through the speaker. Something zinged through his body that he would easily describe as jealousy, but he didn’t want to. Because he had nothing to be jealous of. Maybe it was Dean’s sister, but then he had said that he only had a brother… maybe a mother? Or an aunt? Or maybe a girlfriend? It wouldn’t be first time for an escort to be in a relationship…

“Yeah,” Dean continued, without even noticing how Castiel had gone very still, and what type of thoughts were swirling around in his head. “Yeah, I know. I’m gonna be there at 10 a.m. sharp- yeah I know I do remember my obligations - Oh, really? – No. You know what? No. I’m not gonna have this conversation with you right now, because – Oh my God. Are you serious?” Dean looked really upset now, Castiel made a move to get closer to him, frowning, but then Dean pushed away from the desk and walked to the furthest of the wall in the office. Castiel did try not to eavesdrop, he really did, but then Dean wasn’t talking low enough and, well… “I told you I’ll make due, before. I told you I’ll – Listen. I’ll make the deposit on my way to your place, okay? Hell, I can give it to you in person, if you want. Just…” Dean sighed angrily. He straightened up and shook his head. “Forget it. I’ll be there at 10 a.m. sharp. Make sure she’s ready so we can leave together. – Hah! No. I don’t wanna wait with you. – Yeah. Whatever. Bye.”

Dean ended the call and his shoulders dropped a bit. He hung his head forward and raised his hand to wipe at his face. Castiel didn’t know what to do; should he go to Dean, or wait for him to come back? What seemed to be only few minutes, but it felt longer for Castiel, Dean composed himself enough to straighten his back up, and walk back to Castiel.

His cheeks were still red, but they had an angrier tint to it. Castiel was becoming a pro at seeing the difference between his blushes. It was a disturbing thought, but he didn’t think about it much. Because when Dean walked back to him, he simply grabbed Castiel’s neck and pulled him close to his body and started to kiss him in earnest. Not wanting to change their roles, Castiel quickly got the reins back in his hands and started to kiss Dean back roughly. It seemed that this is what Dean wanted, and Castiel wasn’t going to disappoint. If it meant that Dean was going to have a blissful little smile on his face when they finished, then Castiel was going to do just that.
Castiel did a quick job of sliding down Dean’s jeans to his knees. He waited for Dean to toe off his boots and Castiel got the jeans all the way out. Dean’s face split into a grin as he sat back up on the desk and spread his legs out again. Castiel stood between them and gave Dean a searing kiss on the lips, before he pulled back again and pushed Dean down on the desk. Dean went willingly and wiggled about to get comfortable there. Castiel smirked at him as he noticed the impressive bulge in between Dean’s legs. He was still wearing his black boxer briefs.

Castiel placed his hand on top of his erection and squeezed it through his pants. He licked his lips as he stared at Dean’s stretched out body, wanting to take him right then and there. With a small start he realized that’s what he was going to do, anyway. He smirked and ran his free hand up Dean’s thigh. He toyed with the hem of his boxers and Dean lifted his hips up a bit to let Castiel take his underwear off.

Once it was off of Dean, his dick hard and red, standing up straight, Castiel told Dean, “Bend your knees at the edge of the desk. Push your hips off a bit… Yeah that’s it. Good boy.” Castiel praised him and Dean gave a full body shudder at that. Once Dean was situated, Castiel asked. “Are you okay like this? You’re not straining any muscles?”

“Not yet, sir. No. I’ll let you know, sir,” Dean said, his voice breathy.

Castiel draped himself over Dean’s body and gave him a hard kiss. He then continued down his body; he stopped to lick and suck on Dean’s nipples, earning him a loud cry, before he moved down. He paused when he reached Dean’s dick. Pulling back, he grabbed his chair and pushed it closer to the desk. He sat on and pulled himself closer to the desk. Once he was in a right position, he took Dean into his mouth, without hesitation. Dean let out a surprised cry and Castiel looked up to check Dean’s reaction. And it was an amazing sight to see. Dean’s eyes were blazing, his pupils were dilated with arousal, and his cheeks were red from it. His lips were parted as he panted out, and his blush was steadily spreading down his chest.

Castiel closed his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of flesh in his mouth. Dean was circumcised and it felt incredible on Castiel’s tongue. He was at an average length, unlike Castiel himself…

Castiel bobbed his head up and down Dean’s length, suckling on the head, and tonguing at the slit. Dean’s thighs strained from the feeling of it. Castiel went further down Dean’s length, until the head of it was at the back of his neck. He breathed through his nose, as to not choke on it. Dean was holding himself perfectly still, but his arms were restless as he tried to grab on to something; finally he bent them up and over his head, and grabbed on to the edge of the desk. He let out a loud moan through his mouth as Castiel moved back up, making slurping noises as he did so.

“Dean?”

“Hng?”

“Are you clean?” Castiel asked, his voice raspy.

It seemed to take a moment for Dean to realize that Castiel had asked him a question to which he needed to give a coherent answer. “What?”

“I asked, are you clean?”

“I clean myself up every day,” Dean said, his voice heavy with arousal. He was practically moaning his answer, if Castiel was honest.

“Hmm… good boy,” Castiel praised and his hands moved towards Dean’s ass cheeks. He pushed
Dean’s hips up and grabbed on the round cheeks and squeezed them. Dean’s whole body shuddered from it. “Are your legs bothering you?” Castiel asked casually as he pulled down a bit over the edge of the desk. “If they are, you can place them over my shoulders. I don’t mind.”

“Yes, please, sir. I’d like to,” Dean replied in a rush. Castiel sat more comfortably on the chair and helped Dean to place them over his shoulders.

This time, Castiel didn’t go for Dean’s dick. This time, he dipped his head down, pushed Dean’s cheeks aside with his hands and attached his mouth to Dean’s hole. The reaction was spontaneous. He gasped out loud, his feet pushing at Castiel’s shoulders, legs falling apart, and his hands scrambling up to grab on to the edge of the desk a lot harder. Castiel smirked and licked at the hole again, and again, until Dean was a shuddering mess. And then Castiel started to suck on the sides, tonguing it, and soon enough he could slide in his tongue. It tasted like skin and… pickles? Probably. He didn’t pay much attention to it, he just wanted to eat Dean out. He started to suck at the rim and when it was covered in split, he started to finger at the opening. He spat on the area, which made it easier to move his fingers in and out of there. He started to lick and try to squeeze his tongue in with his finger. Determined to make Dean covered in split enough to get his dick inside.

Soon he added another finger. Dean let out a choked off sound. He started to move his hips up, chasing Castiel’s fingers and tongue. Castiel chuckled at Dean’s efforts and started to move faster. Dean was letting out moans by now, and when Castiel inserted his third finger, Dean all, but cried out at the feeling.

Castiel moved back to look up at Dean’s face, and it was so filled with emotions and lust, that Castiel could’ve easily come just from the sight of it. His dick was leaking on his stomach steadily. Curious, Castiel stood up a bit and slurped up the jizz from there. Dean looked down at him as he did so; his mouth was hanging open in surprise and if it were possible, his eyes dilated further from arousal. Castiel smirked at him, and swallowed, he didn’t taste bad. He moved back down to sit on the chair again. Then he started to move his fingers in more, searching for that one spot to crumble Dean, when Dean started talking.

“Sir… Sir, I need more. Please give me more. I need more please sir. Please please pleeeease-aahhhmotherfffttiful-!” Ah, there it was. Dean’s back arched off the desk as Castiel continuously touched the same spot over and over again.

And then he moved his hands from Dean and Dean let out a squawk of outrage. “Why did you stop?” He asked in a breathy voice.

Castiel smirked as he stood up then placed Dean’s legs on the chair. He walked around the desk. Dean kept an eye on him as he rounded the corner and stopped by Dean’s head. Grabbing Dean by his underarms, he pulled Dean over to the edge and let his head fall over the edge. He started to unbutton and unzip his pants, and took his dick out of there. He was hard and red, but he needed to get it wet enough in order to fuck Dean. They didn’t have lubrication here, so they had to make due.

“Open your pretty mouth, boy. I need you to get this wet,” he slapped Dean’s cheek with his dick and Dean immediately opened his mouth to allow Castiel to enter him. Castiel didn’t hesitate to go all the down; down his neck and out again. He looked down and noticed how Dean’s neck seem to thicken with Castiel’s length, and go back to normal as he pulled back. He placed a gentle hand over it and he felt himself through Dean’s throat. He let out a grunt as he started to push in and out of Dean.

Dean really ought to get a raise from this, Castiel thought. He was very well... endowed when it came to his member. So, really, Dean was going to get a raise, because this felt incredible. “I could cum like this,” Castiel grunted as he eased himself out of Dean’s mouth; who let out a distressed
sound, and looked up at Castiel.

Castiel walked back around the desk, and situated himself in between Dean’s legs. He grabbed onto Dean’s hips and pulled him over the edge again. “But I have plans,” he said as he pushed Dean’s legs up and towards his chest. He grabbed his dick with his other hand and guided him into Dean.

Dean let out a loud cry as he slowly entered him. Dean was tight, tighter than he had anticipated Dean to be, and Castiel was quite big. But since Dean didn’t stop him from entering, Castiel didn’t stop from pushing in. It felt like Dean wanted to feel the rough stretch and Castiel was providing him with that.

Soon enough, Castiel bottomed out and he bent forward and over Dean’s body. Their lips were inches away from one another, their breaths mingling together. Castiel leaned forward and pulled Dean into a gentle kiss. When Castiel pulled back, he whispered to Dean’s lips, “I’m going to fuck you now. It’s not going to be gentle. It’s not going to be slow. It’s going to be hard, and rough, and quick. I want you to remember me for the next three days when you leave. I want you to remember who you belong to now, so you won’t do anything.”

“I wouldn’t,” Dean whispered out, his voice scratchy. He was completely covered in sweat. Castiel couldn’t help himself; he tilted his head down and licked at Dean’s sweaty neck. Dean turned his head to the side to give more access to Castiel. Castiel lingered there for a second longer, before he pushed back up, placed his hands beside Dean’s waist and started to move his hips.

It was uncomfortable at first; it was too dry, and it was pulling at Castiel’s dick in the wrong way. But after three more thrusts, he started to leak out of the tip and that helped with the lubrication. Once it was slick enough, Castiel started to move his hips faster, in a brutal pace. Their breaths puffed out of them at each movement.

Castiel levered himself on one of his hands while the other hand started to explore Dean’s chest. It was sweaty, yes, and it should’ve felt dirty, but Castiel loved the feeling. He kept on touching, squeezing at the fast on Dean’s waist, and then moving up to tweak Dean’s nipples in between his fingers. Then he moved his hand do Dean’s erection and started to roughly pump him with his brutal pace. With his other hand, he grabbed onto Dean’s waist and started to move faster.

Castiel was looking down at Dean’s face and he was fascinated by the emotions that were written there. Castiel knew that Dean was close to coming, and he didn’t say anything to Dean. He didn’t say when he could come, or how. He just looked down at Dean’s face and moved his hips faster. Dean grunted and he turned his head to the side to bite on to his elbow.

But then, Dean turned his head and looked at Castiel; his lips parted as he let out a choked off sound and without warning he streaked white cum all over his chest. He was a shuddering mess, crumbling all over Castiel’s desk. His ass muscles were squeezing down, hard, on Castiel’s dick, and seconds later, Castiel spilled himself inside Dean with a barely concealed cry.

Castiel bent forward, their foreheads touching, feeling spent and satiated after it.

Their lips met on a lazy kiss, and with a warm swell in his heart, Castiel realized that Dean wasn’t going anywhere. Well, he was about to leave for three days, but he was still coming back. Castiel deepened the kiss to hide his excitement. It wasn’t supposed to make Castiel feel like this, but it was. He didn’t know if it was a good thing, or a bad one.

He just knew that he wanted to kiss Dean for a bit longer; so he did just that.
At 10:00 a.m. sharp, Dean knocked on the door and waited as it was pulled open. Lisa hadn’t changed at all. She was tanned, her white teeth shone as she gave Dean a forced smile, and there were bags under her eyes. She looked tired, and yet, she still managed to look presentable.

“Dean,” she said.

“Hey,” Dean said and then indicated at the time on his phone, to show it to her. “See? 10:00 a.m.”

“I was only joking when I said that,” she said with an embarrassed chuckle. But Dean didn’t buy it. He huffed out a laugh and shook his head.

“The money should already be in your account,” he said instead. “And I hope that we won’t have this type of conversation every month, yeah? It’s one thing for you to divorce me because of a past that I had, and another when you doubt me and belittle me while doing so. I won’t stand for it. Now, is she ready?”

“Dean, I didn’t mean it in a bad way. I don’t kno-“

“Daddy!” she was cut off as a four year old, ball of energy threw herself at Dean’s legs.

Dean’s heart went into his throat, as he kneeled down to hug his daughter to his chest. God, but he had missed her so much. He closed his eyes and held on to her tighter. He felt the tale tell signs of tears springing into his eyes, but he held them back. He wasn’t about to start crying in front of people. He was just going to hold on to his daughter and kiss her head.

“Did you get taller?” Dean asked as he pushed back to look at Natalie, since she started to squirm.

“Yes, daddy. I’m so tall I can touch your shoulder. See?” she placed her hand on Dean’s shoulder and stood up on her tip toes. “See?”

“I see. Wow! You’ve gotten taller.”

“And also, we went to the park the other day and there were so many dogs, daddy. I petted all of them. And even one of them licked my cheek. How great is that?” she was blabbing away a mile in a minute, and Dean felt his heart soar. How was he going to live for the rest of his life, being unable to be around her so much? To see her play in the park all the time… go from a girl into a lovely lady, and… as Dean stared into her green eyes, her face round with full lips and button nose, her black hair long and moving around her frame as she animatedly talked about her adventures (some of them were something that never happened before), Dean realized that she was going to have boys run after her, to try to get her attention as they did so.

She was still talking as Dean stood up to look at Lisa. “Well, we better go,” he said over Natalie’s voice as she started to sing something that she learned from kindergarten.

“Yeah, of course. Let me get her bag,” and Lisa walked back inside and to the living room.

“Hey, Nat, where do you wanna go?”

“Uh… Can we go to uncle Sam’s office?” she asked, looking up at Dean with round eyes.
“Yeah, we can,” Dean said with a smile on his face, as Lisa walked back out and handed over a small suitcase with the Avengers on them.

“Dad! Dad, see? This is Captain America, dad. He looks like you and that’s why he is my favorite,” she said, her voice loud, almost close to a screech.

Dean felt flustered, and his chest filled with the warmth that only his baby could fill with. “Yeah…” he cleared his throat and said, “Say goodbye to your mom, so we can move.”

“Come here, baby,” Natalie went to her willingly and she even hugged her mom extra, and promised to be good and listen to her dad.

“Bye, Lisa,” Dean said as they made their way to Dean’s car.

Dean opened the truck and placed Natalie’s suitcase there. Then he went to the backseat’s door and got Natalie in. “Dad, can I watch some cat videos please?” she said as Dean started to strap her in. Once secured, Dean sighed and pulled back.

He turned around to ask Lisa where her tablet was, when he saw her coming back out of the house with a Fuchsia-pink tablet in her hand. Dean eyed it with distaste and Lisa shook her head, with a smile on her face. She said, “Don’t ask. Maybe she’s going through a phase.”

“Could be,” Dean muttered. He thanked Lisa and then ducked down to give the tablet to Natalie. “You do know that you won’t be watching this once we get out of the car, right?”

“Yes, daddy. And also, when I’m about to sleep. And use the bathroom. And wash up.”

“I… you… Jesus.” Dean muttered and shook his head. “Honey, no. Once we get to Sam’s office, the tablet isn’t going to work, do you understand?”

“Can I have some cookies, please?” And just like that Natalie went back to watching her cat videos.

Dean gave a once over to the way she was strapped in. Feeling confident, he closed the door of his car, and walked around it to get to the driver’s side. He stopped before he went in, because Lisa was standing on the porch of her house. *Their* house…. It was a beautiful place too. But…

With a tight smile thrown at Lisa’s way, Dean got into his car and started to drive at a reasonable pace. He hated slow driving, but he had a kid with him in the car and he needed them to get from point A to point B without any sort of incidents.

“Dad I neeeeed cookies,” Natalie whined again.

“You will, before we get to Sam’s job,” he said, trying to not snap at her. She loved being whiny. “Now, behave. Please.”

“Yes, daddy,” she chirped and then said, “Look at my toes wiggling.”

Dean chuckled and encouraged her into doing whatever she was doing in the backseat; which as it turned out, was to talk some more about her time at the kindergarten.

Dean didn’t even have it in him to get mad at her for kicking some girl’s leg for stealing the toy that she brought to the garden with her; he had missed her terrible. He’d give anything to have her around for the rest of his life.
Sam was buried deep in paperwork when Dean and Natalie got to his office. He lit up when he saw Natalie running up to him. He only had time to push back from his desk, and stand up, before Natalie pummeled at his legs and hugged him close. He let out a low ‘oomf’ when she did that, and then he bent forward, took her up in his arms and hugged her close to his chest.

Sam’s office was a small one, but it was nice looking; the walls were in beige color, and Sam decorated them with small paintings. He had plants on the windowsills and Dean didn’t know how he took care of them, while being so busy with work. The windows looked out to the city and the morning sunlight beautifully cascaded into his office.

His mahogany desk held family pictures; of him and Jess at their wedding, their dog, and Dean with Natalie. The picture of Dean’s family was missing from the table. Dean silently thanked Sam for it. There was also a picture of their parents on their wedding day. It was one of Dean’s favorite, and he and Sam had an argument over who was going to take it home with them. He ended up being the better brother and gave it to Sam.

Despite having so much paper strewn around the table, Dean was sure that Sam knew exactly where everything was. He remembered when they were kids, just to screw up with Sam, he decided to mix up at least 3 papers. When Sam tried to get the right paper, he ended up with an entirely different paperwork. It took him hours to find the right one. He was so stressed out, he actually started to cry. It was an awful thing to do by Dean to Sam, so it just stuck to him as something that he would never do himself.

“How is my favorite niece doing?” he asked when they pulled apart and he looked at her as if she was his everything. Dean felt warm inside by the display.

“Sammy?” she asked instead.

“Hm?”

“Do you have chocolate for me?”

Sam laughed and shook his head. He kissed her cheek and put her down again. “Tell you what, you and daddy go back home, and Jess will give you yummy chocolate cake.”

“No lunch time for us, then?” Dean asked.

“No, unfortunately, “Sam sighed and shook his head again. “I’ll be home by evening. Will you still be around?”

“If certain someone will behave, we might. We’re gonna hit the park first, get this excessive energy out of her. Don’t wanna put too much stress on Jess,” Dean said with a shrug.

“That might be a good idea,” Sam said as he stared at Dean. “You look well.”

Dean blinked at him and then looked down at his shoes. “I feel… I feel good, Sam.”

Sam stared at him some more and then nodded. “Talk more when I get home?”

“Sure,” Dean replied with a shrug.

Soon, with lots of kisses and promises of play time together from Sam to Natalie, Dean and Natalie
left the office, walking hand in hand. Couple of the ladies who worked there looked at them with adoring eyes. Some of them gave the sultry glances at Dean. But he didn’t pay any mind to them. He wasn’t interested in any of them.

He had Mr. Novak for that.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...

PS: I have no idea when the next update will be :(
Creepin' on a play ground.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for your patience and understanding. It's been couple of rough weeks for me, but I'm slowly pulling through. And I've a writer's block. Hurray! Anyway, I'm not gonna bore you with my "drama" :P

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

They didn’t go to Dean’s place to put their stuff in there before hitting the park. Dean thought that if they went there, he would have a hard time to convince Natalie to leave. So, they left their stuff in the car as they hit the park.

At the park, Dean sat by the bench while Natalie went wild on the slides there. She took turns on the various slides, then she hang herself from the ropes, smiling and giggling with the kids, then she was on the swings. One of the older boys there helped her out and started to push her. He looked like a nice kid, so Dean didn’t mind it much.

His eyes were trained on her every single move. He didn’t pay attention to his surroundings, nor the parents that would pass by him, and give him strange looks because he was the only man in the park who was alone. At first it felt weird for Dean the first couple of times he did this, while Lisa had to take care of stuff back in the house. But then in time, it started to feel natural. Now, however, they were at a new park, and while Dean felt at ease, he also felt tense. He didn’t like being stared at. It made him feel weird, and weak.

They had been in here for almost an hour, and Natalie was already covered in dirt from head to toe. At some point, she started to play in the sand and she turned her head around to yell out, “Daddy! Look at me!” And Dean had laughed and shook his head at her, waving at her from the bench. And then he started to relax because he started to get less of those weird looks.

Dean was so absorbed with looking at his kid that he didn’t notice the stranger dropping down to sit beside him. He did notice how close the person was sitting to him so he shuffled to the side a bit. He spared that person a glance and noticed that the person in question was a black man, close to Dean’s age by the looks of it. He was wearing casual clothes and he had a cup of coffee in his hand. His eyes were round and big, and they had this indifference, almost coldness to them that didn’t sit well with Dean. Warning signs rang in his head from this man, but he didn’t act on them. He turned around and continued to look at his daughter. Natalie was attempting to build a sand castle in the sand box, with the big boy from before, and they were both failing at it. It was rather adorable to look at.

“You gotta love Sundays in the park,” the man beside him said. His voice was deep and it had a
sultry tone to it.

“Hmm…” Dean hummed, still staring at Natalie. Still having that itch of unease at the back of his head.

“Your kid?” the man asked.

Dean spared him a glance, noticing him staring at her, before turning forward again, “Uh, yeah.” He said, clearing his throat.

“Mm… beautiful. You’ve a very beautiful daughter.”

“Thanks,” Dean said, shifting. “Uh…?”

“Gordon,” the man offered, “Name’s Gordon.”

Dean nodded. They sat in silence for a bit longer, than Dean asked, out of curiosity, “Do you come here often?”

“As often as I can,” Gordon replied, his lips turning into a smile that didn’t reach his eyes. His smile was unsettling for Dean; it was like he was remembering something that gave him immense pleasure. And well… wasn’t this the creepiest sight Dean witnessed today? “I come here to look at the kids.” Nope. This part was the creepiest.

“That’s not creepy at all, man,” Dean said, his voice pitched a bit lower than usual.

“No,” Gordon replied, his voice monotonous. It didn’t dip lower, or higher. It stayed on the same tone. “No, it’s not. Because there is something sweet and endearing about kids, don’t you think?” he didn’t wait for an answer, he merely continued. “They’re so innocent. Their faces look like it belongs to angels. Their hair is soft to the touch, skin-softer, chubby legs…” Dean officially felt creeped out by this man, but before he could do anything, Gordon continued. “There is so much innocence in them. They have never been touched before, by this awful life that we live in daily. They’re un-corrupted people. You can shape them up to be anything you want them to be.”

“Listen, man. No disrespect,” Dean paused, his face frowned with anger and disgust, turned to look at Gordon, who was still staring at the kids as if they were ice creams. “Actually, yeah, disrespect; you’re fucking creepy, and I suggest you leave this park immediately and never come back. Before I’ll drag your ass out of here myself, I swear.” Dean’s heart was beating so hard in his chest he was sure it was gonna beat out of there at any given time.

Gordon looked at him, and smiled. The smile still didn’t reach his eyes and there was something in there, something that was really unsettling… They stared at one another a bit longer than it was probably necessary; Dean glaring daggers at him, and Gordon smiling at him, indifferently. But then Gordon stood up, brushed a hand over his clothes, turned his back to Dean and started to walk away. Over his shoulder he said, “Look after your kid. I’ll see you around, Dean.”

Dean’s blood ran cold as he heard the words leave Gordon’s lips. He was pretty sure he didn’t give away his name to this fucker. And yet, Gordon knew it… Alarm bells rang in his ears and he turned around the park to look for his daughter, only to find her nowhere in sight. Heart kicking faster in his ribs, Dean stood up and walked to the playground.

“Nat?” he yelled out as he got closer. “Natalie?!?” He yelled again, a bit louder. He was getting dizzy. There wasn’t enough air around him. Kids screamed in delight and laughed and ran all around him, but there was still no sign of Natalie.
Desperately, he tired searching for the big kid with whom she was playing with, and found him back on the swings. He quickly made his way to the kid, and grabbed the swing as it went down and bent forward to the kid’s level.

“Hey,” Dean tried not to bark at the kid, but he couldn’t control his emotions. He was becoming jittery and it was never a good sign. The kid startled at the sudden appearance of an angry parent, his face freezing in terror as he stared up at Dean. “Where’s she?”

“Where’s who?” the kid squeaked out, looking absolutely terrified by now.

And Dean had to stop himself from physically grabbing the kid by his arms and shaking him to submission and answering to Dean’s questions without further questions. “The girl you were playing with a minute ago. In the sand box? Yeah. She has black hair, green eyes, yea-high. Tell me, where is she?”

“You mean Natalie?” the kid asked, waiting for Dean’s nod. “She went off with some lady, sir. I don’t know who she was though. Because she didn’t look like Natalie, and Natalie didn’t even say ‘mom’ when she saw her.”

“What did she say then?” Dean tried to keep his breathing under control, but it was hard; his daughter wouldn’t go off with some stranger; would she? “Who was the woman? What was her name?”

“She said-“

“Daddy! Look! Aunt Jess is here!”

It was Natalie.

It was Natalie.

Dean could pick her daughter’s voice out even if it was muffled in a crowded room. He would know his daughter’s voice anywhere in the world. Turning around, he saw Natalie dragging a very pregnant Jessica after her. Once she spotted Dean though, she let go off Jessica’s hand and ran towards Dean. Dean took two steps forward before he picked up his daughter and crushed her into his chest. Tucking his face into her neck, he took a deep breath to steady his heart beating.

Natalie was safe. She was safe, and she was with her daddy. “Daddy!” she giggled and hugged him back just for a second, before she tried to squirm away from him. “Let me down!”

“Never do that to me again, baby girl, okay?”

“Do what, daddy?”

“Go off like that.”

“But it’s aunt Jess!”

Jessica finally wobbled to them, her face etched with a confused frown. “Dean?” she asked, “Everything okay? You look really pale?”

Jessica looked like his mom, with a kind and understand features and full lips, and a pretty smile. Her hair was up into a messy bun at the top of her head, and she was wearing loose clothes. It was started to get hotter out and she looked like she needed some rest. Dean had no idea where she had been, or how she made her way here, since his brother’s house was couple of blocks away from the park.
Dean shook his head and said, “Nothing. I’ll tell you later on today. But right now, we need to get out of here.”

“But daddyyyy!” Natalie whined, her voice going squeaky and Dean knew she was seconds away from fake crying and demanding to have her way. “I wanna play with here some more!”

Jessica, the angel and life saver, stepped in before Dean had the chance to take a breath and not snap at Natalie. “We’re going to go to the diner just a bit far from here. They have the best ice cream there.”

“With chocolate cookies and mint?” Natalie asked, twisting around Dean’s arms to look at Jessica with wide eyes and a smile already working its way to her lips.

“Mhmm,” Jessica nodded enthusiastically. “And if you behave, you may come to our house and get to play with Ray.”

Natalie gasped as she always did when Sam’s Australian shepherd dog was mentioned. She loved playing with the dog, and Ray seemed to be very fond of her as well. They were partners in crime. When Dean was still with Lisa he had entertained the thought of getting a dog, and it was in the plans as well, even Sam had picked out the perfect dog for adoption for them. But then Lisa said that ‘the thing’ had to live in the garden because it was going to shed all over the place and it would ruin their ‘perfect’ house. And the reasons of not getting a dog kept piling up and up and up. In the end they didn’t get any pets, and few months later their lives turned upside down.

Dean hadn’t even thought about his allergy concerning any type of pets. He just wanted to see his daughter’s happy and smiling face all the time. Now, looking at his daughter smiling and safe in his arms, he shook his head and smiled at Jessica for trying to make Natalie agree to go with them. She didn’t even know why Dean was acting like this, didn’t even ask if he needed her help; she didn’t need to though, because she knew that Dean trusted her like his own brother, so she took the situation in her hands and gently stirred it into her way. Even though she had to bargain with Natalie to make her do what they wanted her to do.

“Daddy, do you know what we’re gonna do?” Natalie asked, looking at Dean with childlike happiness shining from her heart. Dean’s heart warmed at her face.

“What, baby girl?” he asked, if his voice sounded thicker with relief, then it was no one’s business than his.

“We’re gonna go to eat ice cream. And if I’m good I get to play with Ray. So let’s go now so I can play with Ray, yeah?”

“Okay, okay. Let’s go.”

Placing her back down on the ground, they walked out of the playground and to the street ahead. Dean held on to Natalie’s hand, and heard her talk about something to Jessica, but his attention was drawn to the fancy cars around the park. He gazed at some of them, but he couldn’t see if there were men inside them, since the windows were so tinted. He turned to look around the park, over his shoulder, and he noticed some men, and even women, subtly looking at his way. They didn’t look threatening… it was the opposite. They looked like they were there to keep an eye on him? But that didn’t sound right either.

If they were here to keep an eye on him, didn’t that mean that Mr. Novak was prying into his personal life, without getting Dean’s consent on the matter?
Hours later, after they had their ice cream, and lunch, and drinks, Jessica opened the door to her house, and held back Ray. Dean made his way through the small hallway and to the second floor to the guest room, with Natalie sleeping soundly in his arms. He gently placed her down on the bed, and Ray barged in through the door seconds later.

“Ray, down!” Dean whispered at the dog in a commanding tone, but he only sniffed at Natalie once, his tail wagging, and dropped down by her side with a huff. Dean sighed at the display, and shook his head; he wasn’t about to drag the dog out of there. He knew that Ray was a very well behaved dog and he wasn’t going to disrupt Natalie’s nap time. He took off Natalie’s shoes, placed them by the bed, and draped a light blanket over her small frame to ward off the gentle wind in the house. Even though it was beginning to get hotter during the day, Dean was still going to try and keep Natalie safe through the changes of the weather.

He straightened up and looked down at her pouty face, and rosy cheeks. He gave her the scare of a lifetime today. He didn’t know he could feel so much fear for her. He took a steadying breath and shook his head. It was in the past now. She was safe, at home with him, nothing was going to take her away from him.

He was about to head out again, but he glanced at Ray, and said in a low voice. “If you wake her up, we are gonna have a long talk, buddy. You hear?” In reply, Ray looked at him with the best impression of puppy dog eyes, but Dean knew that he understood what he meant. He gave a small pat on the head, looked at his daughter one more time, and then left the bedroom, leaving the door open after him.

Dean carefully made his way down the stairs and walked to the kitchen, seeing Jessica pouring them ice tea to cool off. She placed them by the counter and tried to get the chips from the tall shelf, but she couldn’t reach them. Dean walked up and got them down himself. “You’d think your brother would want for our boy to eat whatever he wanted, but no. He has to make things difficult.”

Dean paused and slowly placed the chips down on the counter. He turned around, with wide eyes, mouth hanging open. Jessica looked at him with a confused expression. “What?” she asked, tilting her head to the side.

“You’re having a boy?”

Jessica’s eyes rounded with realization. “Shit,” she whispered. “Shit! You do not know the gender of our baby, Winchester. If you breathe a word of this to Sam, I swear to-“

“I don’t care about my brother. Jesus, Jess. You’re having a boy!” then Dean hugged her. He
squeezed her to him, careful of the baby bump between them. She hugged him back, giggling and squeezing him close to her. Dean’s eyes prickled with happy tears, and he sniffed.

“Yup, uncle Dean. You’re going to have a nephew,” her voice was thick with emotion. Dean kept on hugging her, until eventually she said, “Air. Need. Air. Yup.”

“Oh, sorry,” Dean said as he pulled back, his eyes a bit blurry, a big smile on his face. “I’m so happy for you. Sammy’s gonna flip.”

“I know. That’s why I don’t want him to know the gender of the kid. Not now, anyway.”

Dean sniffed and shook his head, he thumbed at his eyes and said, “No words from me. Promise.”

Jessica looked at him for a moment, before she placed her hand over his cheek and said, “You big softie. Let’s go. We have about an hour to eat those chips and have our drinks before Natalie wakes up and Sam comes home.”

With that time frame in mind, they made their way to the living room and sat on the couch, facing the TV. The house in itself wasn’t big. It was two story house, with a beautiful garden in the back. There was a small porch up front that held rose bushes. It was sort of a hobby for Jessica to plant and grow flowers at the front. Their backyard had a brick fence, only because they got a dog, so he wouldn’t run away from the house. They had a comfortable looking patio where they’d hold BBQ parties from time to time.

The decorations of the kitchen and living room were similar; it was in a tasty brown and beige coloring, wooden floors and wooden, comfortable furniture. Upstairs, the house held three bedrooms; one master bedroom, one guest room, and another smaller room that they redecorated for their future baby.

“So, Dean, how have you been?” Jessica asked as they sat down comfortably on the couch. She leaned her back to the armchair, stacked up with pillows and her feet were crossed close to her body.

Dean tugged at her legs and placed them on his lap to massage her swollen feet. She hummed in pleasure and smiled at him in a silent gratitude. “I’ve been okay, for the most part.”

“Hmm… how is it without Lisa?” she asked in a lower voice.

Dean sighed and shrugged, “Honestly, I haven’t really had the time to think about it. I mean, when we separated, and started to work on the divorce papers, I knew I had little time to get everything ready for me to leave the house and leave it to her, because she had Natalie.”

“Do you think you’d still keep the house if it wasn’t for your baby?”

Dean took a sip from his tea and thought about it. Eventually, he shook his head and said, “No. I wouldn’t want to live in a house when it was never really mine, you know?”

“Mm…”

“Everything about it was about her. Even the windows were hers,” Dean sighed. “I don’t want to have anything in my life that is connected with her. Aside from Natalie, for obvious reasons.”

“Speaking of her,” Jessica said, as she grabbed the chips and started to eat. “What happened at the park today?”

Dean looked down at her feet as he kept massaging them. He was sure that Sam had already told her
about his life, but she would pretend that she didn’t know anything about it. Just to be sure that Dean could trust her anyway.

“I…” Dean sighed and tried again. “I think you already know where I’m living right now, and what I’m doing with my life.”

“I’d like to hear from you,” she said, and Dean’s suspicions were confirmed.

“Before everything else, before… well, before you, I used to work at… places where I would have to make money in ways that you can’t talk about at family dinners,” Dean said, choosing his words carefully. He wanted to just turn around and say “I’m an escort and I love doing my job”… Even though he had a feeling that Jessica would appreciate that over the longer way he was trying to tell her, this way it would make him look more of a…gentleman, than anything else. As if he needed to do that either. He snorted at his thoughts and Jessica shot him a look. He sighed again and said. “I had to make sure that Sammy had a roof over his head, and food in his tummy, and he’d get his dreams come true. Higher education, not worrying about money but only about his grades. Taking his girl out for dates and to the movies, without breaking a sweat. I had to make sure that my Sammy was being taken care of. So I did what I had to do to provide him with that.”

“And what’s that?” she asked, prompting him gently to say the words. It was like she knew he was trying to avoid saying the words out loud.

“I…” Dean tried to say the words, but he couldn’t get them out in the open. It was easier for him to talk about it to Sam, because Sam was his brother. But Jessica was an angel that graced his brother’s, and by extension his life as well. “I can’t say the words out loud.”

“Why?” she asked. “Do you think I’ll look at you different if you were to tell me? Even though you already know I know what it is?”

Dean rested his hands on her calves and caressed her skin. It was soft. “Your legs are soft.”

“Thank you. Your brother thinks so too,” she said and Dean grinned at her. She smirked at him and finished her drink. “Now, don’t change the subject.”

“I wasn’t,” Dean mumbled looking back down at her feet. “Look, I don’t want to hear a lecture over it, okay? It’s my life and choices, and I know I shouldn’t tell you what to tell me, because I’ve already heard it from Sam himself, I just want to be able to say it and not feel like… not feel like I’m a failure in this life and-and feel like I’m worthless of everything just because of the life that I’m leading.”

Jessica leaned forward a bit, and placed her hand on his arm. “Dean, look at me,” she said in a gentle voice and he reluctantly looked at her. “Nothing you tell me is going to make me think badly about you. Nothing will make me look at you differently than I do now, or ten minutes ago, or after when you tell me. You got that?”

“Yeah, yeah. I know. Just lean back now. Jesus, don’t squeeze my nephew,” Dean mock-grumbled and Jessica giggled as she leaned back again with a sigh. They sat in a comfortable silence. Dean grabbed his glass again and took a sip from it. Then he handed it to Jessica to finish it up with her chips.

“Well… as I said before I like what I do at my job, because the person that I’m doing it with actually is a considerate person, despite his reputation with the…” Dean waved his hand around —“outside world.”
“So, it’s a he?” Jessica piped up and Dean felt his cheeks flame, as he nodded. “You sly dog.”

Dean closed his eyes as his lips curled up into a smile, a huff of air leaving through his nose. “To be fair, I’ve had some ladies in the past who were into it, and they knew what they were doing. No disrespect to you, ladies, but with a man it’s different…”

“Before you start going all starry eyed on me, you still haven’t told me what it is that you do.”

“You’re gonna make me say it out loud, aren’t you?” Jessica looked at him expectantly, and Dean smirked at her and then said, “I am an escort. More of a whore, than an escort. Okay, no. uh… More of a sub, than an escort.”

“So… you’re a receiver?”

Dean looked down at Jessica’s toes now and pretended to be fascinated by the pedicure, and ignored the fact that he was nodding his head to her question. His cheeks were flaming from the embarrassment he felt. It wasn’t the fact that he did this job that made him feel this way. It was the fact that he was talking about it with Jessica. His brother’s wife. A very pregnant, and probably horny as hell, wife.

“So tell me more about your man. What’s he like? Who’s he?”

“Really? You wanna know what my boss is like?” Dean asked and he peaked at her from the corner of his eyes.

She shrugged and said, “We have literally nothing to do. There’s still about a good twenty minutes to go until Sam will be home. So… talk.”

Dean threw his head back and lowered his body down the couch, hands not leaving Jessica’s feet. He closed his eyes and conjured up an image of Mr. Novak. He licked his lips as he imagined him; looking down at the papers, the sunlight streaming through the windows in his office, illuminating him in a bright light. He has a white button down shirt in Dean’s mind’s eyes, and his hair was wind swept. He has one hand in his hair, the other one holding up a piece of paper. His blue eyes were thoughtful, and his usually bright blue eyes were in a darker shade. As if he was deep in his thoughts and he wouldn’t want to be disturbed. But then Dean called out his name, and he looked up. It only took him a heartbeat to realize that it was Dean who called out to him, his eyes cleared and the wrinkling at the corners of his eyes were a tale tell sign of him smiling. His full lips stretched open over his white teeth, his cheeks moving up his face, his eyes getting that amused glittering to them, and his hand going through his hair once again.

“Wow…” Jessica’s soft voice brought him back into present and he opened his eyes. He hadn’t realized that he talked about him out loud. Feeling slightly uncomfortable about it he cleared his throat and tried to come up with something to say, but he couldn’t find the right words. “I could never imagine him in that light, you know?” Jessica said in a still soft and low voice.

“We always judge a book by its cover. Sometimes it matches the pages, and other times…”

“Other times it’ll leave you breathless,” Jessica finished for him, and he nodded. There was no other explanation for it; he did feel breathless when he was around Mr. Novak. “You care about him,” Jessica said. “Does he care about you?”

“He does. So much,” Dean said. He chuckled and said, “But I didn’t realize how dangerous my life is going to be when I would be connected with him.”

“What do you mean?”
“Today, at the park, when I couldn’t find Natalie,” he said. “It was because I wasn’t paying attention to where she went off to. Or where she was. I turned away from the playground for just a moment, and she was gone.”

“I’m sorry, I should’ve approached you first, but she noticed me and she wanted to walk with me and show me everything there.”

Dean shook his head, flapping his hand about, “Nah. Don’t apologize. I’m just glad it was you and not somebody else.”

“What do you mean?” Jessica asked. Dean could hear the frown in her voice, even without looking at her to see it on her face as well. “What happened, Dean?”

“I was talking to this man. A creep, really. I may have overused the word creep while I was talking to him, in my head, but honestly, I have no other word but that to describe him by.”

“What did he want?”

“He was… I think he was a pedophile,” Dean grumbled, the memory of Gordon conjuring up in front of him. Jessica gasped, and Dean squeezed her legs. “He was saying some unpleasant stuff about the kids. I mean, it sounded awful coming out of his mouth. And then… then when he was leaving, he said my name.”

“How did he…?”

“I never told him my name, Jess. I knew his name, since I asked, but he never asked what my name was. And he said to… to keep a close eye on my daughter. And that’s when I realized that she wasn’t at the playground.”

“Oh, Dean… I’m so sorry, I should’ve-”

“It’s not your fault, Jess,” Dean said shaking his head. “It’s not your fault. You didn’t know what was happening at the bench.”

“But I should’ve come to you first, and then to Natalie.”

Dean let out a shaky breath and continued. “I’m just glad it was you. And when we were leaving, I… I had this… I think even if you weren’t there, even if you didn’t come after us at the park, no one was going to take her from me.”

“Why do you say that?”

“When we were leaving, I checked the park and… and I saw some fancy looking cars there.”

“It’s a New York, Dean. Everyone has a fancy car,” Jessica said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“No, that’s not what I meant,” Dean shook his head and tried to explain. “These cars are different. They have a certain… protective metal to them that you can’t see, until you’ve been working the job for a while now, and know the difference. These cars were different. And the people at the park?” he waited for Jess to nod, before he continued. “At least the 10 of them, be it a woman or a man, they were protections. For me.”

“How do you know this?”

“Because Mr. Novak wouldn’t want me to be unprotected. I told him that once, but I know him. I
know that he wouldn’t leave me behind, all alone.”

“Isn’t this breaching into your privacy, though?” Jessica said with a worried frown on her face.

“It is, but…” Dean licked his lips and looked at her. “If it means that my daughter can be safe, really truly safe, I’ll take it.”

“Are you going to ask him about it? Are you gonna tell him about what happened at the park?” she asked in a gentle voice. But before he could answer the front door opened and Sam came in. He had two grocery bags in one hand, a messenger bag on his shoulder, and a phone between his ear and shoulder. His other hand was holding the keys to his car and the door. He was talking into his phone about some sort of contract that neither of them understood.

Dean and Jessica shared a glance and both of them shrugged. Dean moved up and placed Jessica’s legs back on the couch. He bent forward and kissed her forehead, “Thank you for letting me share with you.”

“Anytime, brother. And hey,” she grabbed onto his shirt as he started to move, holding him in place. “If you need some advice on how to make him swoon, just let me know.”

“What? It’s not like that,” Dean said with a nervous laughter.

Jessica raised an eyebrow and said, “Honey, you talk about him as if he hung the moon for you.”

Dean’s face heated up at the words, but he rolled his eyes, gave her a look and left to help out Sam. Minutes later, Ray and Natalie came tumbling down the stairs. It was more of a slow walk, since Ray was taking one step at a time, and Natalie was holding on to his fur and from the railings at the same time. Ray was also a part of Natalie’s learning-how-to-walk journey. And he soon understood that this was a tiny human and she needed time to walk. Even though their visits started to get shorter and less often, Ray still recognized who she was and he was always gentle with her.

Her cheeks were rosy from sleep and her sweaty hair was clinging to her face. She looked adorable and Dean’s heart warmed at the sight of her. “Hey, baby girl,” he said as he walked to her. Swiping her off and into his arms, Dean breathed in her scent and felt himself relax. He heard Sam walk to where Jess was, heard them kiss in a greeting, and then heard Sam talk to the bump. Over Natalie’s shoulder, he could see his brother’s love stuck face as he spoke to his son, even though he didn’t know he was going to have a son. It was a feeling Dean knew all too well.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, princess. It’s going to be dinner time soon,” Dean said as they made their way back to the guest room, where Dean knew there was a small bathroom attached to it.

“Can I watch Rapunzel while I eat, daddy?” she asked in an excited voice.

“Oh course, baby girl. Anything my princess wants,” Dean said and he dumped her on the bed, making her bounce as she shrieked in delight. Dean went after her to tickle her sides and she continued to screech and laugh. Dean made sure to remember this sound, and her face, at this moment. He needed the motivation to continue with the life he was currently living.

He’d do anything for her. And if it meant selling his body to an extremely rich, criminal, then so be it.
After hours and hours of playing with Natalie, making dinner for them all, being convinced to spend the night over, Dean finally relaxed back on the couch with a beer in his hand. Natalie was in bed already, Ray by her side, after taking his walk around the garden and taking care of his business. Sam was sitting with Jessica on the loveseat, tucked close together. Jess was having tea and Sam was having a beer. He had an important case to take care, hence why he went to the office on a Sunday. It was something big; about some sort of company being accused of selling fattening products and it was Sam’s job to prove them all wrong. It was more of a headache than anything else, but if Sam could win this, he was going to get bumped up from his current position at the law company.

Right now, though, they weren’t talking about Sam’s job. Dean just finished re-telling about his day to Sam. He felt tense and on edge, every time the day played out in front of him, but he also felt relaxed because he knew that they weren’t in danger. Not really.

“Dean,” Sam said. “I don’t want to say it again, because I know the reason why you’re doing it, is, but… you can’t keep your personal life private from them. If this-this Gordon man knows about you, about Natalie, it… it’s not good.”

“I know, Sam.”

“She could be in danger. All the time.”

“I know, Sammy. Damn it, I know.”

“Sam,” Jessica spoke in a soft voice, her hand on Sam’s hand. She was squeezing down on his hand to prevent him from furthering Dean’s fear and anger.

Sam sighed through his nose and looked down at his wife. He licked his lips, and then asked, “Have you spoken to him yet?”

Dean shook his head, “No, not yet.”

“Why haven’t you?”

“Because I’m trying to enjoy a day, one day with my family without worrying about other stuff. I know, I should never stop worrying because I’m a father of a four year old, but just…” Dean drowned his beer in one go.

After a moment of silence, Sam said, his voice had a gentler tone to it, which Dean really appreciated, but he’d never say it out loud. “It’s gonna be okay. If you feel like that his men are keeping an eye out on you two, then it’s great. Amazing, actually. And it… by the looks of it, he’s better of a man than I gave him credit for.”

Jessica and Dean look at one another and they shared a smile at Sam’s confession. Sam looked at both of them, his eyes narrowing. “What… What’s going on? What am I missing out on?”

“Absolutely nothing, Sammy,” Dean said as he started to get up.

“Oh honey, you’ll grow up and learn about the ways of this life.”

“What is she talking about? Dean? Hey, Dean where are you going?”
“I gotta make a call,” Dean said as he made his way out to the patio.

“Ooooh!” Sam said after him, while Jessica sang, “Bow chicka wow-wow!”

Dean snorted out a laugh and closed the sliding door after them. They threw up their hands in defeat and Dean picked up his phone from his jeans pockets. He still hadn’t change from today’s clothes. He probably smelled really bad right now.

He sat on the chair that would enable him to look up at the night’s sky, which was full of stars, and he dialed Mr. Novak’s number a second later. The phone rang in his ear and on the third ring, a gruff voice greeted him.

“Hello, Dean,” Mr. Novak’s voice was calm, collected as it always was. And it never failed for Dean’s body to react in a certain way.

“Hey,” he breathed into the receiver.

“Miss me already?” Mr. Novak teased him and Dean closed his eyes, biting down on his lower lip.

“Nope,” he bit out. “Not at all.”

“Liar,” Mr. Novak said, sighing into the receiver. “Are you being a bad boy to me?”

Dean groaned and covered his face with his free hand. “Sir, I’d love to get into this at any given time, but I had an extremely trying day. And I needed to talk to you about something that happened today.”

The demeanor changed in a heartbeat. Not in a bad way, disappointed way, but more like, as if, Mr. Novak knew exactly what Dean wanted to talk about, but he didn’t say anything. “Of course. What happened today?”

Dean licked his lips and re-told the whole story for the third time today. He left out the part about his daughter, twigging the story a bit. “I was out today and I was approached by this man. And he was fucking creepy, man. In a way, that I believe if I had more than ten times a shower, I would still feel his presence by my side,” Dean said.

“You never told me what his name was.”

“Oh, sorry. His name’s Gordon. I don’t know last name since he didn’t say it.”

There was an eerie silence at the end of the call, and Dean pulled his phone back from his ear to check and see, - yup. They were still on an ongoing phone call. “Uh… Mr. Novak?”

“Are you sure that was his name?”


“I’ll handle it. You don’t have to worry about it,” Mr. Novak’s voice was clipped and short. “One second,” and then there was more silence. Dean tried not to feel anxious and worried about it, but he knew that Mr. Novak was going to help him out. He knew that this man was a dangerous man, and he should fear him, but knowing that Mr. Novak had his back and when he’d say ‘I’ll handle it’ he literally meant that he would handle it. “There. All done.”

“What did you do exactly?” asked Dean.

“I just contacted my men and told them to send out a search party on a certain man. He being
nonexistent on this earth is a must.”

Dean held back a shudder as he registered the words; he was going to kill Gordon just because he was a threat to Dean. Well, it was probably the most single, hot and terrifying thing that anyone has ever done for Dean in his entire life. “Well then,” Dean cleared his throat as he spoke; it was rather high pitched. “That isn’t scary at all.”

“Which part?”

“You. Doing this for me… making sure that, uh, that person isn’t breathing anymore,” Dean couldn’t shape his mouth to say the word; holy shit you’re gonna kill a dude for me?

“Hmm… Are you okay? Do you need me to…?”

The question hang open there, but Dean knew what he meant. If he needed Mr. Novak by his side right now, he’d be here before Dean would be able to end the call. But… talking to him on the phone was starting to relax him in a good way. “No… no, thank you, sir. You talking to me on the phone is helping me relax, actually.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” Mr. Novak said, and Dean could hear him smiling through the phone.

Dean hesitated before saying, “I know that you know.” There was a pause, where they only heard their breathing through the phone, before Dean continued. “I know that you know I twigged out the story a bit, to save my personal life from entering this life. You had your people at the park. I know it, because I recognized the cars. And let me tell you, they don’t really know how to be stealthy.”

“Some of them can,” Mr. Novak replied with a defensive tone to his voice. Dean snorted, and he heard a huff of air in his ear. And then Mr. Novak said, “I only know the things that you will, personally, share with me.”

And Dean, well, Dean was glad he was sitting down because otherwise he would be on the floor from relief. He closed his eyes again, his eyes prickling with tears. He hadn’t cried for a long while. He didn’t cry while he spoke about this to his family. But here he was, fighting back the sobs that were threatening to leave his lips, a stranger at the end of this call, hearing him go through a breakdown. It was too much for him. Too much at once and everything came at him with viciousness.

How Alastair had treated him. How his life turned upside down when Lisa found out about his past life. How they got a divorce. How it turned into a complete mess… how his daughter was close to being abducted by some pedophile.

He cried about everything. He was tired and he needed to be held and he needed to feel warm again. And there was the voice in his ear, the voice that knew how to ground him while he was crying about this mess that was his life. How much of a fuck up he was.

“You’re not a fuck up, Dean,” came Mr. Novak’s soft, gravel voice. “Just because bad things happened to you, and you made some choices to prevent it from happening more in your life, and just because some of those choices were poor choices, it doesn’t make you a fuck up.” Dean sniffed and he tried to speak again, but he couldn’t; he simply continued to cry. “Can I tell you something? I need you to give me a verbal response to this.”

Dean took couple of steadying breaths, and eventually, he managed to croak out, “Yes, sir.”

“Good boy,” Mr. Novak purred into his ear and Dean managed to take another steadying breath. “I am thankful for one of those poor choices you made, Dean. It made me meet you, didn’t it? So, how can I allow you to call yourself a fuck up, when you were a gift to me on earth?”
And well, how could Dean answer to this, but to sob even harder into his phone?

It took him awhile to calm down, and it took him a bit longer to say good night to Mr. Novak because he didn’t feel like ending the call. But then Mr. Novak told him he needed to sleep to gain some strength back into him so he could face the day. Dean agreed and he was promised a warm welcome when he’d go back home.

When Dean slipped inside, he thought that they were gone to sleep. He was just about to cross through the living room when Sam walked out of the kitchen, two bottles of waters in his hand. The brothers stared at one another. They didn’t say anything to each other; they didn’t need to. Sam just walked up to Dean and gave him a firm hug.

The Winchester boys never showed any emotion to one another, but at the end of the day, they were still brothers who cared for one another. And they showed it as much as they could, without exclusively using the words. Dean was grateful for his brother’s compassionate nature towards everything. He squeezed his little brother to him even tighter, before releasing him.

They didn’t say anything. They just walked up the stairs and into their respective bedrooms, where Dean curled up next to his daughter and fell asleep; feeling calm knowing that she was safe with him. He knew that he had to speak with Mr. Novak about his personal life. If these people knew about his daughter, he had to make sure that she was safe. And if it meant exposing her to Mr. Novak and his people, then so be it.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...

Leave me your thoughts!
Chapter Notes

Hey lovely people.
There's only 1 chapter ready (aka 10) after this one, and I'm still working on 11... The delay and slight time frame gap between me writing and posting the chapters is BECAUSE of how busy I am. I honestly hate reading WIPs for this exact reason:(
You people are amazing for being so patient with me. I'm not gonna go into details as to what's happening (if you're curious, you can ask, don't be shy), so I'm sorry I'm taking so long.
But here's another slightly insightful, and a bit more of plot thickening sort of chapter?
Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

Dean dropped Natalie by her mother’s house early in the morning. She hugged Dean tightly by the neck, not wanting to let go. Dean promised her that they’d hang out again soon enough. Dean hugged her tight to his chest, kissed her on the head, repeatedly, and then eventually they had to part ways. Lisa gave him a small smile, which Dean didn’t return. He merely nodded at her and walked back to his car. He sat behind the wheel for a second, gaining his breath back to normal, and then he hit the gas.

The last 3 days passed by in a blur. They had loads of fun together. Dean took her to the zoo, to the amusement park. They even rented out bicycles to drive around the park, since they didn’t take hers with them. The nights weren’t the easiest, since she would almost always throw a tantrum before bed, and it would take a while to get her to quiet down enough to sleep. But it seemed like she’d never run out of energy. Either way, Dean wouldn’t change the days that he spent with his daughter. He loved her too much to have her any other way.

Now, Dean drove down the familiar lane towards the mansion. He stopped his car by the curb and gave his keys to Jared who smiled at him in a greeting and got inside the car, looking excited. Dean smirked, knowing exactly how Jared felt while he was inside the Impala. He walked around the car, opened his trunk and got his bag out. Once he got it, Jared drove his car towards the garage.

“Dean!” it was Lora’s excited voice. Dean looked at the front door as she came out of the house and walked down the stairs. She hugged him in a greeting and Dean returned the hug.

“Hey, Lora,” said Dean releasing her.

“We’ve missed you!” she said with a smile. “Here, let me take this. I have no idea where Alice is right now.”

“It’s okay. I’ll-I can carry it.”

“No, no, no. I’ll take this. And you, go to the library. A certain someone’s been acting as if his
puppy died.”

“Is he okay?” asked Dean, feeling worried for Mr. Novak.

“Oh yeah, he is okay. But he’s been moping. For the last three days,” Lora said, and there was a suggestive tone to her voice, which made Dean pause in front of the stairs. He turned to look at her, and she smirked at him with a raise eyebrow.

Dean rolled his eyes, and said, “Don’t be so silly. It was only for three days.”

“Well, I know that, but…” she shrugged, not finishing the sentence.

Dean sighed and got up the stairs, and into the house. “Where’s he again?”

“Oh, uhm he is in the library. Go down the stairs and turn right down the hallway. The library is at the end of the hallway.”

“Thanks, Lor,” Dean said and Lora smiled at him. She took the stairs upstairs, and Dean took the ones that would lead him down to the basement.

The hallway was in darker colors, navy blue to be more specific, and the lights of the ceiling were turned down low. Dean spotted two different doors, on each side of the hall, but he didn’t check any of them. He simply went for the third door down the hall.

Grabbing the handle, he pushed it down and pushed the door open. He walked inside and stopped; the room was big. As big as the first floor was. All of the walls were covered in shelves which held way too many books. Books that looked like they were hundred years old. Some of them were even in a language that he was unfamiliar with. He briefly wondered if Mr. Novak could read them. He walked further in and thought that he walked into a replica of the library in Beauty and the Beast. He looked up and saw that the quarter of the wall was in glass, and it had grown trees surrounding it. So the library was basked in natural, outside, colors. Of course it had chandeliers; they were grand ones, and Dean wondered how any of the girls managed to clean the whole thing up. The lights were off, since it was still daylight.

The floor was covered in carpet and there were comfortable looking couches. But they were unoccupied. Sighing, Dean walked further more into the room and peaking over one of the shelves, he saw Mr. Novak sitting by the desk. A lamp was on by the edge of it, illuminating on some of the books that were scattered over the desk. He was in casual clothes. From where Dean was standing he could only see that he was wearing a black T-shirt, so he didn’t know what he had underneath the table. He was pouring over a heavy looking book, one of his hand was twirling around a pencil, while the other hand was perching his head up. His fingers were inside his hair, and when he’d wiggle his fingers to play with his hair, his biceps would tense up and relax by the movement. Dean tilted his head to the side, and noticed that Mr. Novak was wearing reading glasses.

Something zinged through his body at this sight. He never saw Mr. Novak with glasses on. It gave him another look that was so sexy, that Dean was starting to get hard in his pants. Mr. Novak was an attractive man, there was no denying it. Hell, he could wear the trashiest looking clothes, and he’d still be able to make it look sexy. Dean was attracted to him, there was no denying it. He’d be an idiot to deny it.

He walked to the desk and was a few feet away from him when he cleared his throat to get Mr. Novak’s attention. Clear, blue, icy eyes snapped up to him and Dean had to take a steadying breath and not run to him in a matter of a second. His eyes weren’t focused on Dean at first, it was like he was deep in thought, and then slowly his eyes cleared and Dean could see his Mr. Novak staring at
him. His eyes widened and his lips parted in a small gasp of surprise.

Dean’s lips quirked up into a small smile, “Hiya, Mr. Novak. Did you miss me?”

“Dean!” he said and for a second, Dean didn’t recognize his voice. It was deeper than usual. As if he was tired and hadn’t slept for days. On a closer inspection, that must’ve been the case, because Dean slowly made his way to the desk, and he could see how tired his eyes actually looked. “I didn’t know you were going to be back this early.”

“When was the last time you slept?” Dean asked in a way of an answer. He frowned as Mr. Novak took of his glasses and rubbed a hand over his eyes. He blinked couple of times as Dean rounded the corner of the desk, and then stood up to greet Dean.

They met in the middle, their lips touching into a kiss that neither of them really anticipated or, really, initiated. They parted and looked at one another in confusion, before they leaned forward again. This time it wasn’t a mere brush of lips. This time, Mr. Novak pried Dean’s lips open and slipped his tongue into his mouth and rubbed it against Dean’s tongue. Dean let out the breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding back. Mr. Novak’s hands easily rested against Dean’s cheeks as he continued to kiss Dean. It wasn’t a soft kiss, nor was it a rough one. But it was enough to make Dean’s heart rate go up. A pleasant churn start in his gut and he lifted his arms to wrap it around Mr. Novak.

Soon enough, Mr. Novak pulled back and rested his forehead against Dean’s. They breathed in each other’s scents and Dean’s lips quirked up into a pleasant smile.

“Hello, Dean,” Mr. Novak said, his voice was rough and there was a slight relief to it that wasn’t there before.

“Hi,” Dean breathed out. They squeezed each other close for a moment and then they released their hold. They pulled back, but not too far from each other. “So, tell me what’s been going on with you, and why do you look like you need more than a day’s worth of sleep.”

Mr. Novak looked sheepish. He sighed, as if he didn’t want to get caught. His hand lingered on Dean’s hips as he pulled away and sat back down on his chair. Dean noticed that he was wearing sweat pants to go with his T-shirt, and he was also barefoot. Dean suddenly felt overdressed. He didn’t linger on that thought though, because soon enough Mr. Novak tugged him down onto his lap. Dean went willingly, though he didn’t put much pressure on Mr. Novak’s leg.

“Are you uncomfortable like this?” Mr. Novak asked, with a raised eyebrow.

“No,” he said. “I’m alright.”

“You feel extremely light, though,” Mr. Novak pressed.

Dean narrowed his eyes and said, “Did you think I was heavy?”

Mr. Novak’s eyes widened in amusement and then he was shaking with mirth. “No! You’re anything, but fat, or heavy. No. I just meant that I can feel a tension in your body. I feel like you’re uncomfortable, or aren’t sitting all the way down…”

It was Dean’s turn to look sheepish. “I just didn’t wanna crash you,” he said, his cheeks turning red.

Mr. Novak gave him a flat look and tugged him on his waist, down to his lap. Dean let out a low grunt as he fully sat down on Mr. Novak’s lap, earning him a satisfied smile. His hand went under Dean’s shirt and started to rub his back up and down. Dean tensed at first, but then relaxed.
He was in his dom’s hands. He was safe.

“So,” Dean said, trying not to think of Mr. Novak’s hand on his back, rubbing soothing circles. “What’s all this?”

Dean’s eyes finally rested on the mess on the desk. It seemed like it was a map of some house. He frowned as he tried to make out the words around them, but he came up blank. The books were all in the similar language and it took Dean a second to realize that it was Italian.

“This is Casa Verde. The Italian family’s house,” Mr. Novak said, moving forward a bit and looking down at the map himself. Unaware of Dean struggling to breathe. He knew all about the Italians. But he never saw where they lived, or how the place looked like.

“Why are you studying this, though?” Dean asked fiddling with the old yellowed pages on the desk. He was leaning up against his elbow on the table. Trying to act casual, while his heart beat frantically in his chest.

Mr. Novak hummed. He looked like he was struggling with his own thoughts, and then eventually, he sighed and leaned back against the chair. Dean looked down at the grandness of the place and waited for Mr. Novak to talk.

“There is going to be a thing that is going to happen soon enough. I need to be prepared for it,” he said, and Dean knew that he was hiding something.

“That is so vague that I can’t even begin…” Dean sighed and shook his head. “I need you to be clear with me. What’s going on?”

Mr. Novak’s hand started to rub his back again and Dean shivered at the feeling. “I don’t want to drag you in this,” he murmured.

Dean turned around and looked at him for a moment, and then he looked back down at the map. Maybe he was right. Maybe he shouldn’t be prying into Mr. Novak’s life. He wasn’t ready to enter into the crime scene, but…

But he was associated with the most dangerous person anyone could ever get close to. So he was part of the family. He was as much of a target as Mr. Novak was. Especially how close they were. It wouldn’t be a surprise for Dean if they’d find out about his relation with Mr. Novak and wouldn’t use it against him.

“Sir… I think that shouldn’t be a reason for you to not keep me in the loop,” Dean said slowly. “I think that whatever you say to me, won’t change anything because once they find out about me, they won’t… they won’t keep their distance from me.”

Mr. Novak’s face hardened and he trailed his hand down Dean’s back and placed it over his waist. He squeezed the skin there and tried to relax. Dean turned around in his lap and scooted closer to him. Dean leaned up against him, and wrapped his arm around his neck. Out of mind, Dean placed a small kiss on Mr. Novak’s temple. Mr. Novak tightened his hold on Dean’s waist and he sighed out from his nose.

A moment later, Mr. Novak spoke, “For centuries, the Italians and the Russians didn’t see eye to eye. It has always been problematic from both parties to confront each other. There would always be casualties by the end of the meeting. To this day, it’s still like that. Although, I haven’t seen any of them, they’d been more… explicit with their actions to me.”

“Samandriel’s death.”
Mr. Novak nodded and said, “Precisely. They know how I am like when I’m with my family. They know what I’m like when they mess with any of my family members…” Mr. Novak licked his lips, took a deep breath and continued, “I haven’t done much… About Samandriel’s death, I mean. I haven’t confronted any of them, personally. I have, of course, sent them a message, but… there’s something big that is going to happen in the near future. And I wouldn’t want for you to be a part of that.”

“No? Is it dangerous?” Dean asked, trying not to let the fear of what Mr. Novak was saying get the best of his emotions.

“This life is always dangerous,” he replied, finally looking up at Dean. He was once again struck by how piercing blue this man’s eyes were. Dean could drown in them, if he wanted to.

But they held coldness to them that wasn’t directed at Dean; who shuddered at the thought of being at the end of it. Dean swallowed and nodded, showing that he understood what Mr. Novak meant.

Dean licked his lips and took a deep steadying breath. He needed to ask about the Italian family. He needed to know who was behind them now. Was it still Azazel? Or was it somebody else? How the hell was Dean supposed to live his life knowing that Mr. Novak, his dom, was under a direct attack from them? How the hell was Dean going to keep that part of his life a secret from Mr. Novak?

Dean looked down at Mr. Novak’s thoughtful face, and pondered about it for a moment; what would he think if Dean told him about his last dom? Or what would he say, or do, if he knew that his last dom was part of the Italian family? That he was the one that left scars all over his body? That he was the one that would torture him as a way of punishment or anything that would cause Dean more harm than anything else? Would he get angry? Would he want to go out there for revenge because of what they’d done to Dean?

Or would he, Dean’s heart started to rise up in panic at the thought, or would he dump Dean at the sidewalk, because he’d been used by his enemy? It wouldn’t be the first time to happen to him. It wouldn’t be the first time a dom told him to go away because he’d been with another person before them. Dean would snort at them and their dreams of finding a ‘clean’ sub. No one was clean. In this line of work, nobody was clean, because they wouldn’t survive.

“Dean?” Mr. Novak’s voice snapped him back to reality. He had to blink couple of times and take steadying breaths to be able to talk to Mr. Novak without blurtling out everything that was going on in his head.

“Yeah. Sorry, I just kind of zoned out,” Dean said. Choosing his words carefully, Dean added, “I’m just worried about you, sir.”

“Why?” Mr. Novak’s voice was filled with confusion.

“Because of this… this whole mess that is your life, man. I mean, you were born into this. It wasn’t a choice that you consciously made. It was something that was thrust upon you from the minute you were conceived. And now…” Dean snorted and shook his head, leaning away from Mr. Novak’s body. Mr. Novak started to rub his hand up and down Dean’s back again. It was torturously slow caress, which were leaving electrifying feelings behind them. Dean shuddered at the touch and closed his eyes.

Mr. Novak didn’t push him to end the sentence, instead he just continued to touch him. His hand never made their intentions to be in a sexual way. He simply rubbed his back, to soothe him. And to probably have a way to touch Dean.
Dean wasn’t complaining at all.

“Do you want to learn about their house with me?” asked Mr. Novak after some time of no words being shared between them.

Dean turned around to look at him. Mr. Novak’s gaze was warm as he looked at Dean, and after a moment of basking himself in the heat of Mr. Novak’s eyes, Dean nodded and said, “If it’s no bother.”

“Of course not. I wouldn’t offer if it was,” Mr. Novak said as he moved to sit up straighter.

Dean started to stand up, and say, “Do you want me to—oomph!” He was dragged back onto Mr. Novak’s lap again. “You’re going to complain about your legs when it’ll be time to leave.”

“Nonsense,” Mr. Novak said flippantly. Dean couldn’t help that smile that tugged onto his lips. He simply shook his head and sat down more comfortably on his lap. Mr. Novak grabbed his glasses and placed them on his nose again. Dean was having a hard time concentrating on anything that was on the desk right now, because Mr. Novak looked too good like this. “Now, where shall we begin?” he said, his lips pursing as he looked down at the maps in front of him.

He finally decided to start with the basement, and then go up. Dean listened to him attentively. The subject at hand wasn’t boring. And Dean found himself asking questions whenever he could. He was impressed by how much knowledge Mr. Novak held over his enemies’ lives. What made this even more awesome, was the fact that Mr. Novak’s voice was like pure sex to Dean’s ears. His voice was a low growl, every word that left his lips, vibrated his chest, which transferred onto Dean’s back. Dean leaned back against Mr. Novak to feel more of it; Mr. Novak only tightened his hold on Dean, unaware of his actions.

“So, Alastair likes having everyone under his control. He is obsessed with it,” Mr. Novak was saying and it took Dean a second to realize what he said.

“Woah, woah, woah, wait. Hang on,” he said, trying to not let the panic lace his words as he tried to speak through it. “So Alastair is the leader?”

“Mhmm,” Mr. Novak replied with a nod, not looking up at Dean. “He’s been their boss since… I don’t even remember when. He doesn’t have kids so his inheritance will be transferred to Azazel, after he dies.”

“Azazel?” Dean asked, feeling confused. There was a sick twist to his stomach. “I thought Azazel was their leader and Alastair was his right hand?”

Mr. Novak shook his head and said, “He wants them to think like that, because that way, people wouldn’t fear him that much. They’d think he’s Azazel’s right hand, so he isn’t a direct threat. Obviously they’re wrong.” Mr. Novak snorted and pushed away the maps and bought close one of the many books. It was written in Italian.

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“Obviously,” Dean said, not paying attention to the book in front of him. “Of course.”

“Mhmm,” Mr. Novak hummed, as he turned his head to Dean’s arm and absentmindedly placed a kiss on the exposed skin.

Dean tried to breathe through the panic, but it was hard. The information that he just received was something that he never thought would be anything to cause him harm.

This was big and bad. Bigger than anything, that has happened to him in years. He needed to be able
to leave this line of work. To get out until it was too late. Until the Italians, mainly Alastair, would hear that he is back on the scene, because he’d do anything to get his hands on Dean and when he would, he wouldn’t stop until he was satisfied with carving out Dean’s skin as if he were sacrificing Dean to the Gods. The man had been obsessed with Dean. And although he kept his distance for all these years, how could Dean be sure that he wasn’t going to try and harm Dean?

As the thought passes through his head, Dean looked at Mr. Novak’s thoughtful face; he was reading something from the book and he seemed to be deep in his thoughts. He seemed to be unaware of the turmoil that was going on inside Dean’s head.

Dean’s heart clenched; he always thought that he was free from Alastair’s clutches. That he would never hear from him, even if he thought, that he was Azazel’s right hand and his name being mentioned anywhere in the world would just be that. But here he was, almost in the middle of a war with his number one enemy. Being caressed by the said enemy, being taken care of by him… Being a target. An easy one. Alastair never liked it when people even looked at his ‘toys’.

Dean was his toy.

Another thought came to him as he continued to look at Mr. Novak; was he supposed to tell him about it? Was he supposed to let Mr. Novak know about how much of an animal Alastair was? That he was the one that marked Dean so severely that he would never be able to see a clear skin on his body? Was he supposed to share everything that he knew of the man with Mr. Novak? Would that help, or would that endanger their lives even more?

A full body, uncontrolled shudder went through him and Mr. Novak looked up at him, his hand stopping on its way down on Dean’s back. He frowned at Dean, his eyes clear blue through his glasses, a shadow of worry passing by in them. He took them off soon enough, placed them on the book and wrapped his other arm around Dean’s waist.

“What’s wrong?” he asked in a low tone, the vibration of his voice going through Dean’s body, and the feeling was so comforting, so familiar, that Dean twisted around a bit and threw both of his arms around Mr. Novak to hug him closer. He shuffled down a bit and buried his face at the crook of Mr. Novak’s neck and started to breathe in his scent. Mr. Novak still smelled like watermelon and it was starting to become something that Dean would never forget. He was going to become obsessed to this scent and it wouldn’t even bother Dean at all.

Mr. Novak tightened his hold on Dean’s body and pulled him in closer. Dean’s heart started to beat down slower, but he was still shaking from the realization. He had to tell Mr. Novak everything, before it would be too late, but he couldn’t move his lips. He squeezed his eyes shut, bit down on his lower lip, and pulled Mr. Novak even more to him.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay. I got you,” Mr. Novak whispered to him. His voice low, and warm, and awfully soft. It helped Dean to take more steadying breaths. “Sshhh… I got you. It’s okay…” He kept making shushing noises and kept saying reassuring stuff to Dean. It took him several minutes to realize that he was letting out broken noises.

His eyes didn’t feel damp so he was positive that he wasn’t crying, but the distressed sounds that were escaping his pursed lips were disturbing him. Mr. Novak resumed rubbing his back and soon enough, Dean relaxed into his arms. He started to shake, and he quieted down considerably. He took steady breaths to calm down some more, before he pushed back and leaned up against Mr. Novak’s chest. Dean couldn’t look into his eyes, so he kept his gaze averted. One of Mr. Novak’s hand reached up and cupped his cheek, caressing his cheek and under his eyes. Dean could feel his gaze on his face, moving them all over his face. Probably trying to figure out what went wrong.
“What’s wrong? Where did you disappear to?” he asked in a soft voice, and Dean spared him a glance. He quickly looked down because Mr. Novak’s eyes were filled with worry and concern. Dean knew that if he were to look into them, he would blurt out everything. And he would tell it in a way that wouldn’t make any sense.

So he took his time to compose himself, to make sure that he wasn’t going to say things that would cause Mr. Novak distress. He already had stuff to think about. He wasn’t going to add more to it. Not now anyway. In time, he would tell Mr. Novak everything he knew, but for now, he just wanted for them to be safe.

The feeling that coursed through him as he thought that was overwhelming. It felt warm, and right, and steady. It felt like the right thing to think about, so he accepted it, without question.

“So sorry,” Dean’s voice sounded hoarse to him. He cleared his throat and dried again, licking at his lower lip, “I’m sorry. I just… All of these stuff that you told me… It was just… I guess it was overwhelming. I didn’t know I was going to react this way, and I’m really sorry.”

Mr. Novak shook his head and tilted his head to the side to catch his eyes. Dean willed himself to maintain the eye contact, even though Mr. Novak’s eyes remained questioning, wanting to press him for more, his voice was calm and collected as he said, “You don’t have to apologize. Not now. Not ever. I know this life… this lifestyle can be rough and hard on anyone that is involved, and you may feel like you’re going to need some air from time to time, because of it… then that’s okay. I completely understand you. I even encourage you to let it all out in however way you want. Be it sex, or… or yoga, or working out. Even violence. If you feel like punching someone, go right ahead. Just make sure it’s the right person, before doing that.” Mr. Novak continued to look at him, and his eyes turned from questioning into fondness. Dean swallowed with a click because of how intense it was. “If it’ll make you feel better you can even punch me.”

Dean let out a laugh and he bit down on his lower lip. “I’m not gonna punch you,” Dean whispered, and if his voice had an affectionate tone to it, he didn’t regret it one bit. “But I will take your offer for sex any time.”

Mr. Novak laughed with him and it was probably the first time he gave Dean this smile because Dean’s throat clogged up; his eyes sparkled and his lips stretched over his white teeth. And when his laughter, or smile were genuine, his nose would crinkle up from it. It was the most adorable thing Dean had ever seen and his heart started to beat faster in his chest.

Before he could say anything ridiculous, Dean leaned forward and captured Mr. Novak’s lips into a kiss. It was a soft one; lips pressed up together, no tongue. Just their lips moving together in a soft embrace. Mr. Novak slid his hand to the back of Dean’s neck and grabbed onto his hair, and Dean did the same as well. Mr. Novak’s hair was soft in his hands. Dean’s hair was soft as well, but he used gel in them, from time to time if he wanted to style it, but Mr. Novak left his hair just the way it was, which made him look really good.

Dean pulled back from the kiss and looked into his eyes; everything made him look good. Even the silver in his hair looked good. Dean lifted his hand to brush Mr. Novak’s hair back. “I like the silver in your hair,” Dean murmured. Mr. Novak lifted his left brow; looking disgruntled. Dean hid a smile. “What? I like it.”

“I need to start dying it again,” he said casually and it was Dean’s turn to lift an eyebrow.

“Seriously? You dye your hair?”

“It’s to look younger than I do. I don’t want to look like an old coot. I’m not that old,” Mr. Novak
said, sounding defensive.

“You look anything, but old, sir. If you want to dye it, then by all means, go ahead. But I think…” Dean paused for a moment. He took a deep breath and forced the words out. “I think you look really fuckin’ sexy like this.”

Mr. Novak’s both eyebrows raised up in surprise and then a mischievous glint entered his eyes. “Oh, you’re mouthy today, aren’t you?” Without warning, he tipped Dean backwards and toppled them down on the ground. If Mr. Novak’s hand wasn’t at the back of his head, and if he wasn’t so strong to hold Dean up, Dean would’ve definitely hit the back of his head on the ground.

Now, Dean laid on the floor, with Mr. Novak hovering over him. Their chests heaved with labored breathing and they both shared a laugh. “Don’t you like it when I’m being mouthy, sir?” Dean asked. He bit down on his lower lip, trying not to laugh as he lifted his up and brushed it up against Mr. Novak’s thigh, which was wedged in between his legs.

“I like it when you’re being mouthy on certain places. Though, I don’t think I like it when you talk so much,” Mr. Novak said, the same glint still present in his eyes and Dean was sure that he wasn’t in trouble for voicing his opinion. “Also, you initiated a kiss.”

Dean froze up and his smile vanished from his face. He stopped breathing and a little sound escaped his lips, “Uhh… I was trying to take comfort? You said I could take it out on you.”

“I said punch me in the face if you have to, not kiss,” Mr. Novak’s eyes looked down on him and Dean’s mouth dried.

“Yeah… yeah you said that,” Dean breathed out. He blinked couple of times, waiting with bated breath.

Mr. Novak leaned in and nosed Dean’s head to the side, and buried his face in Dean’s neck. He kissed Dean’s neck, but it wasn’t a soft one. It was hot open mouthed, which placed Dean’s body aflame. Dean shuddered and he turned his head to the side and gave more access to Mr. Novak, who took it with a renewed intensity. “Mmm…” he growled right into Dean’s ear. He nibbled at Dean’s earlobe, electing a soft moan from Dean, and then whispered, “How should I punish you for taking, rather than asking?”

Before Dean could respond, he was being flipped over to his front so fast, he had a head rush from it. Anything after that was a blur of passion and warmth that made Dean tingle in a pleasurable way.

“Oh, hell to the no. Nope.”

After they were done with their… reunion, Mr. Novak said he wanted to show him something. That something turned into Mr. Novak wearing his boots, and asking Dean if he was okay with getting his clothes a bit dirty. Since Dean didn’t dress up, just a T-shirt and jeans, he shrugged and said okay.

Soon, Mr. Novak was holding his hand and dragging him out of the mansion, out on to the gardens, and walking straight to the edge of the forest. When Dean realized where they were going, he
planted his feet firmly in the grass, crossed his arms over his chest and refused to budge.

Even if the afternoon sky was casting shadows over the trees, and the soft light of it was playing over Mr. Novak’s features making him look angelic, and his intense blue eyes were even bluer in this light... he was not going to be dragged into the forest to be introduced to the wolves.

“Dean, don’t be difficult,” Mr. Novak said, his voice was firm, but his eyes were twinkling with amusement.

“I’m not being difficult! You’re the one who-who dragged me here to meet wolves? Who keeps wolves anyway?” he didn’t wait for an answer, he just continued with, “Crazy people! That’s who!”

Dean knew he was closing in on hysteria, but he couldn’t help it. This man, the gorgeous, sex on legs man, the Russian mob boss, wanted him, an ordinary looking guy, Dean Winchester, meet wolves. Actual live wolves. The gorgeous man was crazy.

“Dean,” Mr. Novak was suddenly in his space, grabbing onto his face, forcing him to look at him. “Dean, you gotta breathe with me, doll.” Dean realized that he couldn’t breathe. He really was hyperventilating. “Hold your breath.”

“W-what?” Dean gasped out, his eyes were starting to swim from the lack of oxygen.

“Hold your breath for me. Come on. Do it.”

Dean did as he was told. He held his breath, and then slowly he realized that he couldn’t breathe he let out a gasp of air and took in another one. Soon enough, his eyes were focusing on Mr. Novak’s concerned eyes. He was standing too close, almost hugging Dean to him, and his chest was moving up and down, in sync with Dean’s breathing.

When Dean felt like he wasn’t going to collapse he closed his eyes and rested his head against Mr. Novak’s. “Are you okay?” Mr. Novak asked him, and Dean nodded.

“I am. I’m sorry,” Dean said quickly.

Mr. Novak shook his head and said, “You don’t have to apologize. I understand why you’re afraid to meet the pack,” Dean tensed at the mention of them, but Mr. Novak’s thumb caressing his cheeks made him relax enough to listen to what Mr. Novak had to say. “But we have to do this. Because you’re slowly, but surely becoming part of my pack and I want them to get to know you, so there won’t be any mishaps.”

Dean’s eyes flew open, and he pulled back a bit to look at Mr. Novak. “Has there been any mishaps before?”

“Just once, with Alice. They still don’t accept her as one of mine. I don’t know why...” Mr. Novak looked away frowning. But then he shrugged and said, “Anyway, they do the same thing with Gabriel, so I’m guessing that they have preferences.”

“What will happen to me, if they don’t trust me, or accept me as one of your pack member?” Dean asked, his heart slowly starting to get erratic.

“Absolutely nothing,” Mr. Novak reassured him. “Okay, so, they have an Alpha, and then there are the Betas, right?” Dean nodded, Mr. Novak continued. “The Alpha is old. And she knows me. She’s going to show up with some of her pack members.”

“How old are these pack members exactly? Are they big or, what? I need details. For all I know, I’m
going to die here.”

Mr. Novak rolled his eyes and gave Dean a smile. Dean’s heart escalated a bit, which had nothing to do with the idea of meeting the pack. “Don’t be ridiculous. They’re sweethearts. You’re going to meet the puppies.”

There was a snap of a twig and Dean sharply looked up at the direction of the forest. He lifted his hands up and grabbed onto Mr. Novak’s bare forearms. “What was that?”

“That must be Silver. He is always so impatient. Never waits for me to call for him.”

Dean looked at Mr. Novak as if he grew out a second head. “You named them?”

“Of course. They’re mine. So I had to,” he said as if he was discussing the weather. “Now, how are you with dogs in general?”

“Out of ten? Sammy has a dog, so I’m okay with him. I’d say I’m about seven? I have allergy, though,” Dean spoke quickly as he heard more snapping. He tightened his hands on Mr. Novak’s arms.

“Do you break out, or…?” Mr. Novak asked him calmly and Dean took steadying breaths to calm down. “I mean, I don’t want to drive you to the hospital for severe allergic reaction.”

“No,” Dean said, shaking his head. “No. I just sneeze couple of times, but that doesn’t happen very often.”

“Okay, okay,” Mr. Novak said, nodding his head. “That’s good. Now, take a deep breath. Relax your muscles. Your face muscles, too. Because they are here.”

As he said it, a small puppy broke out of the forest and yipped once. Dean gasped and he froze again, staring at the puppy as if he was a beast. The puppy tilted his head to the side and regarded him with caution. Dean knew that this one was Silver, because of the fur. Under the sunlight it sparkled and Dean understood why he was called Silver. Silver yipped again and started to wag his tail. Dean was a man enough to admit that it looked adorable.

“Dean,” Mr. Novak said again. Dean pried his eyes away from Silver to look at Mr. Novak. “Can you let my arms go? I think it’s going to bruise if you will squeeze a bit harder.”

Dean loosened his grip on them and flushed. “Sorry,” he mumbled. He looked back at Silver who was making aborted moves to get closer.

“It’s alright,” Mr. Novak said, freeing his hands from Dean’s clutches. “Now, hold my hand and follow my lead.”

Dean did as he was told and tried not to drag his feet, but it was nearly impossible. The thought of meeting more puppies and then the Alpha of the pack was unsettling. He swallowed hard and walked behind Mr. Novak. “Hello, Silver,” Mr. Novak said and Dean peeked to see how he was going to approach Silver. He held out his hand and the puppy sniffed at it, once and then yipped recognizing who it was. Mr. Novak let go of Dean’s hand and Dean made an aborted move to hold his hand again, but curled his hand into a fist so as to not reach out. He let Mr. Novak have his moment with his puppy. He petted Silver couple of time before he hugged him up in his arms and turned to look at Dean again.

Dean had to remind himself to breathe because Mr. Novak looked too good like this. His face was relaxed, a big smile featured on his face, and his eyes… well, Dean couldn’t stop himself from being
mesmerized by them, over and over again.

Mr. Novak took a step closer to him and looked up at him. His face was so relaxed that Dean felt like he was looking at a different person. “Dean, this is Silver,” Mr. Novak introduced them and Dean had to look away from his face in order to look at the puppy. “Hold up your hand. Yeah, like that. Let him sniff you.”

Dean lifted his hand to Silver’s snout and waited for him to sniff, or do whatever he was trained to do. It took Silver only a second and then he was licking at Dean’s fingers. Mr. Novak chuckled and looked up at Dean. “I’m not even surprised,” he said. “He likes you.” Dean looked away from Silver to look at Mr. Novak. The warmth in his eyes made Dean shudder.

“W-“ Dean cleared his throat and tried again. “What should I do next?”

“Next, you’re going to hold him, because the others will be joining us soon,” Mr. Novak said as he passed Silver to Dean.

Dean fumbled for only a moment and then he was cuddling and scratching Silver’s fur in a matter of seconds. The puppy grumbled and then he went pliant in Dean’s arms. He looked drugged out, and Dean couldn’t help but chuckle at Silver.

Mr. Novak took a step closer to them and lifted Dean’s chin up with his finer. He leaned in and placed a soft kiss on Dean’s lips. “You look good with the puppy,” he murmured to Dean, and kissed him again, before stepping back.

He whistled once, loud, and a second later, five puppies, in different color combinations, burst out of the forest and ran towards Mr. Novak. They were all over each other trying to get close to him as fast as they could. Mr. Novak chuckled and knelt before them and soon they were jumping up to lick him on the face. One of them broke away from the cluster and zeroed in on Dean, standing there with Silver in his arms. Dean looked down at Silver, then at Mr. Novak, and then he knelt down as well. He placed Silver on the ground, who ran up to his siblings, and Dean lifted his hand up to the one who was staring at him with round brown eyes. His fur was a mix of brown colors and he looked so timid that Dean wanted to take him home with him.

“Come here,” he whispered. He knew that Mr. Novak heard him because he turned his body towards Dean, but didn’t acknowledge him. Dean was thankful for that. The puppy wobbled his way towards Dean and right away started to nibble on Dean’s fingers. “Easy, easy,” Dean said with a laugh. He pulled the puppy closer to him and started to pet him.

“That one is Ginger,” Mr. Novak said. “Under the direct sunlight, his fur turns ginger. This one here is Red,” he pointed out to a female puppy who had a mix of brown and ginger fur, who was also tugging onto Silver’s ear. “And these ones are; Blue,” he pointed a grey one with one blue and one brown eyed puppy who looked like she was about to sleep, “Iris,” silver and brown female puppy, who was pawing at Blue, “And that little tyke; Sirius.” His fur was in black, patches of white strikes here and there, he was gnawing at Mr. Novak’s fingers, and was letting out growls. “He likes to play rough.”

“I like Ginger,” Dean said. “He seems to like cuddling.” Dean sat on the grass, cross legged, and pulled him on his lap. Few seconds later, the others came at him and started to pull at his hands to get him to pet them all. Dean laughed and tried to pet them as much as he could.

A shutter of a camera went off and he looked up to see Mr. Novak lowering his hand with his phone in his hand. Dean blushed and smiled at him, then looked down at the puppies on his lap. “They’re a great stress relievers, aren’t they?” Mr. Novak asked, shuffling and sitting closer to Dean than before.
Some of them abandoned Dean to get into his lap.

“They are. I can literally feel myself relaxing. Do you come out here often?” Dean asked, glancing at Mr. Novak for a moment, and then back at the puppies.

“As much as I can get away with.”

They played with them for a couple of minutes more, when a man walked out of the forest. He was an old man, with plaid shirt, and jeans. He was wearing a cap and he looked like Uncle Bobby. He had a leash in his hand. He approached them and nodded at Mr. Novak. They started to speak in a language that Dean didn’t understand. It was probably Russian. The man had green eyes, and for a moment Dean thought that they might be relatives.

“Dean, this is Borya,” Mr. Novak said. At his name, Borya nodded at Dean and gave him a smile. Dean returned his smile. “He lives in the forest with the pack. He trains them as much as he can. Considering that wolves can’t be tamed. He’s like a wolf whisperer.”

“There isn’t a problem with them, right?” Dean asked. He didn’t want to admit it out loud, but he was becoming attached to the little ones. He didn’t see what the bigger ones looked like, but deep down, he knew he was going to like them as well.

“No,” Mr. Novak said, shaking his head. “It’s just Julie, that’s the Alpha, by the way, doesn’t feel like coming out. I thought that she would, but she doesn’t want to now.”

“Oh,” Dean said and he was surprised to hear the disappointment in his voice. “Oh, it’s alright. We can try it some other time. I don’t mind. Really.”

“Are you sure?”

“Oh, sir. We shouldn’t pressure her into it. She’ll come to us whenever she’ll be up for it.”

There was something in Mr. Novak’s eyes that made Dean stop talking and blush furiously. He quickly looked down at Silver who was pulling at his t-shirt. Dean smiled down at him, and started to pet him to distract himself from the fact that Mr. Novak hadn’t looked away from him yet.

Few minutes later, Borya and Mr. Novak started to speak again, and Dean let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding in. This man was going to give him a heart attack, or Dean was going to die from suffocation. “They’re gonna go back now because it’s time for their run or some other thing. I don’t usually know their schedule for training.”

“And you call yourself their owner,” Dean teased Mr. Novak who gave him a blank look. Dean had to fight back the urge to stick his tongue out at him.

Dean didn’t want to let them go, but he had to. So he stood up, reluctantly and watched as they all yipped and ran after Borya who whistled at them. He waited until they were all gone before he turned around to walk back inside, only to be bumped up against Mr. Novak’s chest. “Oomf! Sorry, I thought you walked back in.”

Mr. Novak didn’t acknowledge what he said, he simply took Dean’s face in his hands and pulled him in for a long, languid, firm kiss. Dean melted into it, and worked his lips with Mr. Novak’s. Soon, he was lost into the repetitive motions of their lips. Mr. Novak nipped at his lower lip and pulled back slightly. He was still holding Dean’s face so Dean couldn’t do anything but stare at Mr. Novak.

“You were such a good boy just now. You listened to what I said, and you managed to calm down
enough to do this. For me. This was very important to me, and you did it,” Mr. Novak told him in a low voice. Dean opened his mouth to protest, to tell him that he’d do it again, no matter the consequences, but Mr. Novak kissed him again, silencing him. He pulled back again and said, “I’m going to reward you now. Let’s go.”

Mr. Novak held his hand and practically dragged Dean back into the house.

*Castiel*

It was well past midnight when his phone vibrated at the night stand. Castiel reached up to it and brought it close to him. He unlocked it and didn’t look at the wallpaper for too long. After he took the picture of Dean with the puppies, he quickly changed his wallpaper to that. Dean’s face was relaxed and had a smile on his face so pure, and so full of love, that Castiel wanted to see that as much as he could.

His phone vibrated again with another message. Castiel stared at the picture a bit longer then he went to check the message. It was from Lucifer. He swallowed, licked his lips and clicked on the message icon to read it.

**Lucifer:** I know the locations for the upcoming events in 2.5 months.

**Lucifer:** 5th ave.

**Lucifer:** I-49.

**Lucifer:** Andrea’s Bakery.

**Lucifer:** 7th block.

Castiel read and re-read the addresses and tried to calm his erratically beating heart. In two and a half months, Alastair was going to bomb the cities. According to Lucifer, these were the locations for the said bombings. He trusted his brother with this information, because Lucifer never lied to him.

Castiel had threatened him more than once what would happen if he were to betray Castiel. He went over the list again.

Fifth Avenue; it was the same location where Samandriel had been shot. It was their street. It was their main local business street and the people who lived there were nice, and friendly, and they had the best bakery shops in there.

I-49 was also their highway. Which led them to their main base. They didn’t take their victims there, because a lot of people who knew about the Novaks, knew about that base. They couldn’t risk being caught by the police, even if the majority on the force were behind Castiel.
Andrea’s Bakery; It was owned by a couple who got married here, moved to Spain, opened the main Bakery shop there, and branched out in the US. They made the most tasteful muffins in the city, but Castiel would never tell Mrs. Debbie from the 5th that he loved theirs much more, than hers.

“Sir?” a sleepy, grumpy voice said from his right. Castiel looked down at Dean, who fell asleep on his chest, after having hours and hours of play time together. He looked rumpled in the best way possible. His biceps tensed as he moved, his back muscles rippling with his movement. He was blessedly naked, while Castiel wore his PJ’s to bed. Castiel locked his phone, and placed it back on the bed side table. He’d think about it more in the morning, right now, he needed to hold Dean close to him and get him back to sleep.

“Sshhh, I’m here,” Castiel said, and he tightened his right hand on Dean’s back.

“Everything okay? You looked worried,” Dean asked, perching himself up on his hand and looking up at Castiel. The bedroom was dark, there was only a small light spilling through the windows. The moon was high up in the sky tonight.

“Yes. Everything is okay,” he replied and his hand started to rub Dean’s back.

Dean hummed and blinked couple of times. Then he reached out with one hand and brushed his thumb in between Castiel’s eyebrows. “You’ll get wrinkles like this, if you won’t stop frowning like that.”

“As if I don’t already have wrinkles,” he said, snorting.

“You do, but you don’t need to deepen them. Even though it doesn’t change the fact that you’re sexy as fuck,” Dean said bluntly. Even though his cheeks flamed from the comment, he maintained an eye contact that made Castiel believe that he meant every word.

Something low and purring settling in in Castiel’s chest. Making up his mind at the spot, he flipped Dean back onto his back and attacked his lips into a searing kiss. Dean followed him right back. Soon, Castiel was turning Dean back onto his belly, pushing Dean’s legs apart, and working him right open for another amazing night time sex.

Dean didn’t complain from the roughness of it all, he just encouraged Castiel with small gasps, and moans, and pushing his hips back onto Castiel’s dick over and over again. He kept repeating for Castiel to go harder, and faster, and rougher with him, and Castiel had no other choice but to do as he was told.

Castiel doubled over Dean. The exposed neck was right under his mouth, so he started to kiss and nibble at it, but Dean seemed to have other thoughts on it. He twisted his arm and grabbed onto the back of Castiel’s hair. Dean moved his head to the side and growled out, “Bite me. Bite me hard. Mark me. Please.”

Castiel’s drugged out head didn’t even think about it twice, before he was sinking his teeth into Dean’s flesh. Dean let out a cry and it seemed that the pain, mixed up with the pleasure, brought something out of Dean, because he was fucking back on Castiel’s dick with an almost unrestrained brutality. Castiel let out a groan and he released Dean’s neck. Even in the semi-darkness of the room, he could see the redness of the mark he left. Something seemed to snap within him because he straightened up, twisted Dean’s arms behind his back. He got both of Dean’s wrists in one of his hands, and with the other one, he bent forward and pushed Dean’s face down on the bed.

He didn’t even take a second to take a breath; he simply continued with his brutal pace and Dean was a hot, writhing mess, underneath him. Dean’s back glistened with sweat, Castiel wasn’t far
behind. He could feel the pull of his orgasm at the lower part of his gut. He moved the hand that was holding Dean’s wrists behind his back and grabbed onto Dean’s dick. His heart warmed at the fact that Dean clasped his hands together behind his back and didn’t place them down by his sides.

“Come for me, baby boy. Come on,” Castiel murmured loud enough for Dean to hear over the noises that he was letting out. Three pumps later, and two brutal movements of his hips, Castiel was spilling into Dean, while Dean was spilling over Castiel’s bed-sheets. Dean let out a loud cry, and Castiel shuddered. His brow was knitted together, and his mouth was hanging open as his orgasm hit him.

Dean melted down on the mattress, puffs of air leaving his lips. Castiel slowly pulled out, and Dean shuddered with a wince. Castiel worried and asked, “Did I hurt you? I’m sorry.”

Dean shook his head and let out a laugh. “Not even close. Jesus,” Dean groaned and turned around to look at Castiel. “That was mind blowing. Ten out of ten would repeat it twelve times more in a day.”

Castiel laughed and hang his head. He closed his eyes and shook his head. “I don’t know about you, but I don’t think I can perform again tonight.”

Dean snorted and shook his head, “Old man,” he teased and Castiel pinched his ass. “Ow,” Dean said, a laughter bubbling out of him.

“Let me get a cloth and clean you up, before sleep. You don’t want to wake up all sticky,” Castiel said as he got off the bed.

He was about to leave for the bathroom, when Dean grabbed his forearm and pulled him down for a kiss. Castiel indulged him for a moment, letting the sensation wash over him. Dean pulled back, and said, “Don’t be long. I need some serious cuddling now.”

Castiel rolled his eyes, pecked him on the lips, and walked to the bathroom. He closed the door after him and started to change into different clothes that he had stored in here. He didn’t look at himself in the mirror, because he knew what he was going to see. Castiel was feeling great and he didn’t want to ruin his mood. Once dressed, he grabbed a towel, got it under the faucet to get it wet, and walked back out of there.

The moonlight was directly at his bed now and Dean was laying down on his back. His face was looking his way, eyes open, smile dopey… his half hard dick lay on his belly, the bed sheets were twisted around his ankles. He was still sweating, and his chest was still red from arousal, and Castiel could swear that he had never seen such a beautiful man in his entire life.

Before he could blurt out stuff that he would regret, he walked up to the bed and started to clean Dean up. The wet spot on the bed was so large that Castiel had to make Dean get off the bed so he could quickly change the bed sheets. This only made Dean sigh in annoyance, and as Castiel set up to work, he didn’t even have it in him to tell Dean off, as he started to hug Castiel from behind and leave butterfly kissed at the nape of his neck.

When he was done, they went back into bed and Dean clung onto him like the octopus he could be. Castiel relaxed back on the bed, and let Dean’s slow breathing lull him into a deep slumber.
Leave me your thoughts in the comments~

PS: I hope I still have my mini-fans waiting (im)patiently for updates...

PPS: if you'll see any mistakes, kindly let me know so I can take care of it later on.
There’s blood on my hands.

Chapter Notes

HELLO BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

Quick WARNING: a graphic character's death. I'm pretty sure that I'm going to get lots of angry reacts from it, but as they say shit happens...
I'm not sorry for killing this character, because he's not on my Favorite Top Supernatural Characters.
BUT I do hope that you won't stop reading/enjoying the story because of it.
The chapter does get lighter at the end, so there's that to look forward to. Right??
Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

“Why did they pick these places?” Crowley asked, looking down at the map of the city. Castiel had rounded the places on it which Lucifer gave him a week ago. “I like Andrea’s cakes.”

“I think they chose these places, because they know we go there more than the other ones… I think they want to hurt us more than anything else.”

“Hm…” Crowley said, staring at the map again and then walking around the table to sit behind it. Castiel placed his glasses back down on the table and ran a hand over his face.

He was tired. A week of staring at the map, trying to figure out when it was going to happen, or how, was taking its toll on him. A blessed distraction from this fuckery was Dean. Even though he kept a respectful distance from this, he was still worried about Castiel. He was at work right now; having to work at the garage with his uncle had its perks. Dean could leave and come home to Castiel any time he wanted. But Castiel needed him away for now, so he could concentrate on this.

In two weeks he had to leave for his sister’s wedding in Spain. Castiel had to prepare for anything when they would return a month from now. He had to make sure his family was at a safe distance from these places. It was selfish, he knew, only thinking about his family, but he couldn’t take care of everyone. It had been a hard lesson for him to learn years ago, but he had to do what was right.

“We need to make arrangements and we need to get armed against these people,” Crowley said, looking up at the ceiling and then back at Castiel. “Even I don’t feel comfortable calling these animals ‘people’.”

“I knew you had heart in there somewhere;” Castiel said, trying not to smirk at Crowley; he got glaring at in return.

“I’ll show you who doesn’t have heart,” Crowley grumbled, fetching out his phone from his pants and typing away on it.
Castiel bit down on his lower lip and shook his head; Crowley was someone that made Castiel feel on edge and at ease at the same time. He wasn’t a nice person, at all, nor was he a bad person. He was in between and it never stopped Castiel from being at the edge of his seat because he never knew how he was going to react to the things that were happening in their lives.

The only personal thing he knew about Crowley was that he had a mother who lived in England. She was an old woman, but looked like she was in her forties; she was a woman who could easily charm anyone to do her deeds for her without breaking a sweat. She had bright ginger hair, an accent that was incredibly sexy, and a sharp tongue that would make Crowley shut up in a heartbeat. Even though they weren’t in the healthiest relationship, Crowley still loved his mother and spoke to her on the phone at least three times a week.

“Do you have news about who was responsible for Samandriel’s death?” Castiel asked, looking out of the window, and then back at Crowley.

Crowley looked up from his phone with a raise eyebrow. “You’re still on it?”

“Yes.”

“Might I ask why?”

“Because a kid died under my watch. My men were responsible to keep him safe. But they didn’t… so it falls on me,” Castiel said with a sigh. He shook his head and continued, “His family is mourning his death. I need to find out who was the idiot that let the killer in.”

“I may have some ideas on who may be at fault in here,” said Crowley, after staring at Castiel for a bit.

“So you know who it is.”

“It’s pretty obvious isn’t it? Who was the one that didn’t argue with you when you told him to stay at the hospital and keep an eye on everything?”

Castiel sat there staring at Crowley. After a moment he got up from his chair and walked towards the window. The windows were tinted so the afternoon’s blazing hot sun wasn’t too harsh in the office. Castiel placed his hands in his pants pockets and stared out. His gardeners were heavy at work and Castiel noticed a person who wasn’t supposed to be in the midst of them all.

Dean.

Dean who was wearing a dirty t-shirt, garden gloves and jeans. He was kneeling down beside one of the gardeners who was tending to the roses. Dean was helping him out. From afar, the sweat wasn’t so noticeable, but Castiel knowing Dean, knew how much the man sweated usually. He curled his hands into a fist so he wouldn’t go out there and touch Dean’s sweaty body.

He had thought that Dean was at work at this hour, but he was here. Perhaps he came back early…

Dean was an extremely great distraction for him. But he couldn’t afford that distraction today. He had a job to take care of. He sighed and leaned his forehead against the window. He closed his eyes, and took a deep steadying breath, letting the quietness of the room lull him into a deep mindset…

Since he was a little child, Castiel has met many people in his life; from family, to friends, to acquaintances. Some of them stayed in his life for a long period of time, some of them had left the lifestyle, or died during crossfires in between the families. Being his father’s sidekick, and learning of the ways of the family, Castiel has learned that not all of them had their good intentions concerning
his family.

Thinking back to the night when his father had to take out a family members’ life… It was something that stayed in Castiel’s head for years. The man was his cousin, twice removed. And at the end, his father turned around, his face covered in splatters of his cousin’s blood, had said in Russian, “Фамилия не кончается с кровью. Но иногда, ты должна будешь окончить это. (Family doesn’t end in blood. But sometimes, you must be the one to end it.)”

His father sounded indifferent. As if he didn’t just kill his cousin in front of his son’s eyes. As if he was just talking about the weather. It was a hard thing to witness, but it was something that made Castiel be stronger in life. To not expect anything less, or more, from people. To demand loyalty and honesty from his people, from his family. To not be afraid to question family… To be able to take the gun in his hand and the life of the person who betrayed his trust.

His eyes flew open and he stared at the trees of the forest, at the sun cascading its shade all over them, making the green shine on, even under the tint of the windows. It looked so beautiful. A loud laugh caught his attention and he turned his eyes down to see Dean, head thrown back, sweaty neck exposed under the sun, mouth open in a laugh as his body moved with it. Oh how Castiel wanted to go there, grab Dean and kiss him senseless, to tear him apart and take him until they wouldn’t be able to walk…

But… he couldn’t do that now. He had more important things to attend to.

He turned his back to the window, looked at Crowley, and said, “Get the cars.”

The club was full by the time Castiel arrived. He drove around the city, stopping by the shops to see how everyone was doing; their businesses, their lives, families… He listened to some of their complaints and stored them away to fix later on. Some of them had money issues, and Castiel wrote more than three checks, with three different sum of money. A single mother of four couldn’t pay this month’s bills, so Castiel took five months of bills on him. She cried and hugged him tight.

It made Castiel feel better about himself, and about what he had to do.

Now, it was night time, and Castiel made his way through the club; grinding hot bodies surrounding him, but his men made a small barricade around him so he could walk through the people without any of them touching him. Castiel walked up to the bar and the bartender immediately walked to him.

“Where’s he?” he asked.

“Downstairs, sir.”

Castiel nodded and turned around to look at way too many people. He cleared his throat and said, “Shut the place down in twenty minutes.”

“Sir?” the bartender looked confused. He looked young, probably in his twenties. He was handsome
and Castiel could see why people would find him attractive; the looks that he was receiving from the patrons didn’t go unnoticed by Castiel. He didn’t want any of these people to suffer, if it got out of hand.

“Do as I say,” Castiel settled on saying. The bartender didn’t say anything, he just nodded and then hurried off to the other side of the bar, to leave. Castiel tracked him with his eyes until he was lost in the crowd.

Castiel took the elevator down, with Crowley and two other men with him. It was quiet, no sound could be heard from here. There used to be an obnoxious music playing on the short ride down. Castiel was just glad that they had finally decided to cut it out.

The doors opened and the smell of sex and alcohol was almost suffocating to Castiel. But he walked in with confident strides. “What the-“ The exclamation came from the blonde chick, who was only wearing her panties, her hands on the shoulders of the man sitting at the chair. A black haired girl could be seen under the desk.

The man that sat behind the desk, half dressed, head thrown back with eyes closed, looked up, his eyes popped open and widened in surprise. A lazy grin appeared on his face as he said, “Cassie! So good to see you, brother.”

“Out,” Castiel said to the girls, his voice a low growl. The sloppy sound that the girl made as she retracted herself from his lap was lewd. She wasn’t wearing anything. Both of the girls grabbed their robes and quickly left the office. The elevator doors hissed shut after them.

“Aw, we were just getting started,” Gabriel said as he tucked himself in and stood up to do his zipper. “To what do I owe this visit?”

“Just thought I’d come by and see how you’re doing,” Castiel said, slowly making his way to the drinks at the far side of the room, and pouring him some whiskey. He didn’t ask if Gabriel wanted any.


“Business is booming, I see,” Castiel commented. He walked towards the desk and leaned up against it. He took a sip from his glass and stared at Gabriel.

Gabriel nodded and smiled. “Mhmm… no complaints from me, really.” He paused, and then asked. “How’s your boy toy?”

“Dean?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“He’s okay.” Castiel didn’t elaborate just how okay he found Dean. He wasn’t here for that. “So,” Castiel said, changing the subject. He drowned his glass in a big gulp. He didn't place his glass on the desk. Instead he held it in his hand; with a vice like grip, staring at it.

“So…?”

“Gabby, Gabby, Gabby…” he hadn’t called Gabriel that for so long, he was a bit surprised to see Gabriel tensing. He knew what it meant when Castiel called him that; it meant he was displeased with something. “Tell me; where were you the night Samandriel died?”
“What?” Gabriel asked, looking thrown off by the question. He gave a somewhat nervous chuckle, as he said. “I don’t remember what I had for dinner, let alone remember where I was that night.”

“Crowley,” Castiel addressed Crowley, turning his head up to look at Gabriel, “Where was Gabriel that night?”

“Down the street from the hospital,” Crowley replied, a smirk on his lips.

Castiel raised his eyebrows at his brother, nodding. He turned his head to look at Crowley, then back at Gabriel; the smile that he had on his face slowly fading. “And where did I tell him to be?”

“At the hospital, sir.”

“And did I also tell him to have someone with Samandriel at all time?”

“Cas-”

“Did I?” Castiel snapped. His smirk vanishing, his eyes flashed cold blue as he stared down at his brother.

Gabriel ran a shaky hand through his hair and shook his head. “Cas, brother, c’mon-”

“We know who’s behind the attack,” Castiel said and Gabriel paled. “We also know our suspicions as to who was the one that let these men in.”

“Cas-”

Castiel threw his glass right at Gabriel’s face. The glass shattered and Gabriel let out a howl of pain as some shard cut through his skin. Castiel didn’t allow him to push himself away from the desk; he just leaned forward, grabbed him from the neck and pulled him over the desk. He flipped Gabriel over to his back and tightened his hold over Gabriel’s neck.

Gabriel looked up at him, with his eyes wide open, terrified, and his mouth hanging open as he tried to form words, to scream, to make a sound, but Castiel didn’t relent. He clenched his jaw tight, as he looked down at his own brother, at his own blood… the person who betrayed him. The person who made the killing happen.

“I thought Lucifer was going to be the one who’d stab me behind my back. I thought he was going to pull shit like this. But I didn’t…” Castiel curled his free hand into a fist and dropped it down on Gabriel’s face, not caring where he hit. “I never thought that you— another hit- “would be the one—” hit “to” hit “betray—” hit “ME!” Another blow landed right on Gabriel’s neck, and he gasped for air.

Castiel didn’t let him take another breath; he simply wrapped his hand around his neck again, grabbed Gabriel’s hair. He lifted his head up and hit the desk with the back of his head. Castiel released Gabriel, and he started to struggle for breath.

“Why did you turn on me?” Castiel growled at Gabriel, who was desperately trying to get his breathing back under control.

“I dint- I dd-nn-uh,” Gabriel was trying to say something, but Castiel didn’t listen. His ears were ringing. He was raging.

“You’ve the audacity to lie to me?” Castiel snorted angrily and shook his head. “Gabby, Gabby, Gabby…” Castiel had a moment of regret, and it wasn’t about his brother. He was surprised that he
realized that he didn’t care about his brother’s life. What he cared about was that his white shirt was getting bloody by the second. He hadn’t realized it; but his hits had brought blood, and it was splattered all over Castiel’s shirt.

Never mind that. Castiel held out his hand and Crowley stepped forward presenting Castiel with his gun. He took it, clocked it, and hit Gabriel’s solar plexus with the butt of it. Gabriel doubled over and a wheezing sound left his lips. Castiel rolled his eyes at the display and grabbed Gabriel’s hair and roughly brought him back down.

“Now tell me, the truth now Gabby, or this’ll hurt more than anything in the world,” Castiel said, leaning over his brother. He was already starting to bruise, his nose was blooded, and there was blood coming out his mouth. He looked awful, and Castiel had nothing in him to feel sorry for him. “How did you decide that the Italians were the good boys? How did you decide that it would be a great idea to betray your own blood? How much did they pay you, to take the innocent blood of an innocent boy?”

“This blood isn’t innocent,” Gabriel snapped, without missing a beat. His blood splattered out of him, and Castiel’s mouth curled up in disgust. “Our blood has never been innocent.”

“The boy was innocent. He just got in and you-“

“He did, indeed, just got in. But he was in the wrong family.”

“Was he?”

“Oh yes.”

“Why did you run to him, Gabby?” Castiel asked. He was curious. He needed the answer to get this; to get why his own brother betrayed him so…

“La tua cantante,” Gabriel whispered, his lips turning up into a smile. “Your blood sings to me. Only works for the people in the Italian family.” He said, his face turning into a sneer as he looked up at Castiel. “Your blood is worthless compared to the king. And that king is Alastair. You’re nothing compared to him. You’re nothing compared to his greatness. You’re going to lose this war, because of your heart. Because you wear it on your sleeves. You’re never going to make out of this alive.”

Castiel’s eye twitched as he heard the words leave his brother’s lips. As he confessed to his crimes. As he confessed to betraying Castiel and his own family. “We’ll see about that.”

Gabriel only had a second of looking up at Castiel, his eyes widening in horror, as Castiel brought his gun to his forehead and pulled the trigger.

Once…

 Twice…

Three times… Gabriel’s eyes rolled up in his head, and his mouth hung open as he twitched on the table and then; he stopped.

There was so much blood.

Castiel took a steadying breath and pulled back from his brother. His heart was beating fast in his chest. His gun was loose in his hand as it dropped down on the floor. He took couple of steps back from the desk and looked down at his hands; there was so much blood on his hands. His shirt was worse for wear.
He didn’t say anything to anyone in the room. His mouth was glued shut with shock, his tongue was literally at the roof of his mouth. He turned around from the scene and walked out of the office, into the elevator and out on the club. There was no one in the club and Castiel realized that they had all cleared out. Even the young bartender wasn’t behind the bar.

Castiel made his way out of the building and into one of the awaiting cars. No one said anything as they took in his appearance. His driver spared him a glance through the rearview mirror, but didn’t comment, as he drove away from the club.

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Castiel could hear Dean before he burst into the bedroom. Dean looked alert, but Castiel could see that he had been sleeping. He was wearing a deep grey t-shirt and boxers. His feet were bare, and his legs were muscular. He looked incredibly hot. Castiel was lucky to have him in his life. He didn’t want to bother Dean with this; he could’ve easily taken a shower, taken some medicines to calm down his nerves, sleep it off, and see Dean in the morning as if nothing happened. But he had promised Dean that he would try to let Dean in more, that they would communicate more, and that he would allow Dean to take care of him.

He needed Dean.

Dean who looked as if he saw seeing a ghost; or Castiel covered in blood. Dean who was talking to him, but Castiel couldn’t hear him. Dean who looked so concerned that it hurt something raw in Castiel.

Castiel took a deep breath and said, “I just need you to… I just need you to help me clean up.”

Dean looked down at his bloodied shirt, at his hands, and then back up at his face. He dropped to his knees in front of Castiel, licked his lips and said, “Tell me how to do this.”

Castiel was glad he could hear Dean’s voice, and his lips curled up into a small smile. His face muscles ached from it, but he didn’t mind it one bit. If it meant that Dean would stop looking at him like that; with so much concern in his eyes, and worry, he would smile as much as he could.

“I… I need to take off this shirt,” he said automatically. “But-But we can’t do that, can we? Because… Fuck. Because I’m so fucked up that I can’t go shirtless in front of you.”

“Sir, I can help you. I won’t… I won’t judge.”

Castiel shook his head and let out a bark of laughter. “You won’t judge,” he said, his voice cracking. He shook his head again and said, “I need to wash this…” he didn’t finish the sentence, merely lifting up his hands and wiggling his fingers.

Dean nodded and said, “Okay. Okay. We can do that. I’m going to walk with you to your bathroom, okay?”

Castiel could only nod. Dean stood up and carefully helped him up. Castiel wasn’t hurt. Not physically anyway. He was just tired, his body ached from all of this. “I’m not hurt,” Castiel managed to say as they made their way to the bathroom.
He could feel Dean’s body relaxing beside him, but Dean said, “I know you’re not. I just… I don’t know what happened. And I don’t know what to do here.”

“It’s alright, doll. You’re already helping me out,” Castiel said, squeezing Dean’s hand.

They reached the bathroom and Dean walked a step forward from him to turn on the light. Castiel then walked inside and sat down on the closed lid of the toilet. Dean walked to the shower and fiddled with the temperature of the water. When he was satisfied by it, he walked back to Castiel and knelt before him. “Sir, you need to take a shower. It’ll be the best way to take care of this. What do I do now?”

“I don’t want you to leave me,” Castiel said, wanting to reach out to touch Dean again, but then he saw the dried blood stain on his arm. “I’m sorry,” he said, indicating at Dean’s arm.

Dean looked down at it, then shook his head. “It don’t matter. I want you to be okay now, alright? I also want to be here.”

“I want you to be here, too. But…” Castiel swallowed with a click. He looked down at his hands again and then back up at Dean.

“Okay,” Dean said nodding, understanding. “Okay.” He stood up and started to take off his clothes. Castiel frowned in confusion and stared at him.

“What are you doing?”

“We are going to take a shower together.”

“Dean-“

“I know about the whole not seeing, not touching rule. Don’t worry about it,” Dean, now naked, hunched forward a bit so he could look straight in Castiel’s eyes. “Now, do you trust me?”

“I… I do.”

Castiel knew he sounded confused and it probably reflected on his face, because Dean placed his fingers under his chin, tilted his head up a bit, and gave him a small kiss. Castiel didn’t even have the time to get into it, before Dean was moving back and turning off the light in the bathroom.

Castiel understood the minute Dean turned around and walked to him. The bathroom was dark, but the small amount of light coming from the bathroom’s window and the ajar door, provided a little bit of light for moving around and not bumping into things. This way, Dean could help Castiel to shower, without having the risk of exposing himself to Dean’s eyes.

For the first time in years, Castiel’s throat tightened. He didn’t say anything as Dean knelt before him once again, and started to take off his shoes and socks. Then Dean helped him up and started to unbutton his shirt. He took it off and dropped it on the floor. Next, he undid Castiel’s zipper and pulled his pants down. Castiel leaned on his legs in turn as Dean took his pants off. Castiel tried not to shiver with the realization that this was the first time both of them were naked. Even though Dean couldn’t see his body, Castiel had never felt this exposed before.

When he stood back up, he took Castiel’s hand in his and they made their way to the shower. Dean made sure that Castiel was the first one in, and the first hit of water on his skin felt amazing. He closed his eyes and let out a small moan. He felt Dean’s body heat behind his back, and he fought down the urge to lean back against Dean’s naked body. He felt the need as a physical pull. The need to touch and let Dean touch him was so much that it felt painful to even have the warm water
cascade down on his body.

“I’m wearing these glove like, hand sponges, so I can wash you up without touching you,” Dean said in a low voice, but the quietness of the bathroom made it sound like he was screaming.

Castiel felt the same emotions as before, only ten times worse. But he couldn’t say anything. He didn’t even nod his consent for Dean to do it. Dean just started to wash him. Castiel felt… he felt raw. Naked. Not the physical part, but more emotionally naked than he had ever let anyone see him. He never felt this vulnerable in front of anyone, never let anyone to see him this way.

But now… now he was trusting this young man, who was his escort and his sub, to take care of him as he was a little baby.

“Turn,” Dean’s voice was a breath that was whispered in the fog of the bathroom, but Castiel heard him loud as church’s bells. Castiel slowly turned and his whole body tensed up as Dean started to clean his chest. He hadn’t realized he was letting out whimpers, until Dean started to soothe him. “I’m almost done… I’m almost done, sir. Deep breaths for me, come on. Y-You got this. I got you… that’s it.”

His front was done and over with so then Dean started to scrub at his hands. The bathroom was too dark to be able to know if Castiel’s hands were free of blood, but Dean was determined to scrub the life out of his fingers. “When working with cars, you can get oil stains at the every corner of your hands. I’ve been cleaning up my hands for as long as I can remember, and I’m familiar where it sticks to the most…” Dean said as he started doing his fingers one by one. “Blood isn’t different.”

“H-How would you know?” Castiel asked. The water was beating down his back, making the aching muscles relax.

“I’ve had my fare share with blood,” Dean replied, grabbing Castiel’s other hand, and starting to work on it.

Castiel wanted to ask Dean what he meant by that, he wanted to know whose blood had been on his hands, he wanted to know if Dean had killed anyone in his life. Maybe someone got hurt and he had to help them out? It could’ve been that. Yeah, Castiel couldn’t see Dean hurting anyone. Although, if it came to his family, he would probably not hesitate to take the matters of saving his family in his own hands. Even if it meant killing.

“We are done. I’m sort of hoping that I got it all. If I didn’t, I’ll wash them again by the sink,” Dean said as he reached behind Castiel’s body and turned off the water. Castiel stood there, unmoving and could make out Dean’s shape in the dark, as he walked to the shelves to get them towels. He wrapped one around his hips and walked back to the shower. He grabbed Castiel’s hand and walked him out of there. Dean wrapped a towel around his hips, and dropped a bigger one over Castiel’s shoulders, making sure that Castiel was holding on to the edges, as he stepped back. “There. You’re covered. I’m gonna turn the lights on.”

As he switched the lights on, Castiel blinked couple of times to get used to the lights. Dean’s hair was hanging low on his forehead. He looked much younger like this. Dean gave him a small smile as he walked back to him, but his eyes still looked worried. Castiel swallowed, hard, as Dean ran his hand through his hair. Castiel closed his eyes as he felt Dean’s fingers massage his scalp. “I’ve never seen you like this…” Dean mumbled, his fingers moving through his hair, over and over again.

“Do I look different?” Castiel asked, his voice was merely a whisper in the quietness of the bathroom.
“You look… I wouldn’t say nice, because you’re… uh… handsome,” Dean blushed as his eyes ran over Castiel’s face, restlessly. Something warm fired up underneath his skin, but he pushed it down as much as he could. “You just look different. Like, good different.”

“Good different,” Castiel said, nodding, trying to look serious, but failing.

“Shut up,” Dean mumbled and then looked down at Castiel’s hands, which were clutching at the towel. “May I?” he indicated to his hands. Castiel took turns by letting Dean take his hands to inspect. He would hold the towel with one hand, and then the other. Dean looked at his fingernails closely. They weren’t the cleanest, but they looked acceptable.

Castiel said so, and it looked like Dean wanted to press the issue, but Castiel was quick to say, “I’m tired. I want to sleep.”

Dean nodded and they walked back to the bedroom. Castiel sat on the bed as Dean started to rummage through his drawers for underwear, pants and a t-shirt. He grabbed them and walked back to Castiel. He placed them by Castiel’s hip and took a step back. “Uh… I’m gonna go to the bathroom and get changed. You okay to do this yourself?”

Castiel looked up at him for a moment, and then nodded. “I believe so.”

“I’ll be back soon,” Dean said. He walked away and Castiel checked out how his ass looked in the towel. When the bathroom door was shut behind Dean, Castiel let out a loud sigh. He sat there for only a minute, before he started to dry himself up and get dressed. He was pulling down his shirt when Dean walked out of the bathroom. His hair was still wet, but it wasn’t hanging over his forehead as before.

“Hmm…” Castiel hummed as Dean stepped up in his personal space. Their forehead brushed against one another, their noses bumping. Their lips met in a soft kiss. Castiel’s hunger grew as he felt Dean’s hands on his hips, resting there, just to hold him close.

Castiel grabbed onto Dean’s face and pulled him closer, prying his lips open to deepen the kiss. Dean was quick to follow him and soon they were hugging and clutching onto each other in a vice like grip. Dean moaned as Castiel nipped on his lower lip harshly. His hands moved down Dean’s body and groped at his ass. A shiver ran down his spine as he felt Dean’s erection brush against his.

He bunched up Dean’s T-shirt up his body, and glided his hands under Dean’s boxers. He squeezed Dean’s ass cheeks, his fingers close to Dean’s hole. He moved his lips down to Dean’s neck, biting and sucking on the skin.

It felt amazing. The small puffs of breaths that were leaving Dean’s lips were intoxicating. Castiel wanted to do nothing more than to bend Dean over his bed and fuck him until they couldn’t walk anymore.

As if he was burnt, Castiel pulled back from the kiss. He snatched his hands out of Dean’s ass and closed his eyes. He could feel Dean’s confusion and worry, coming at him in waves. But he couldn’t allow himself to look at Dean. He didn’t want to see it written all over Dean’s face. He just needed… He just needed to compose himself and try not to have a breakdown in front of Dean.

“How about we just go to bed?” Dean asked, his fingers brushing Castiel’s cheek in a soft caress.

Castiel, not trusting his voice, nodded. He opened his eyes and looked down on the floor as Dean started to move around him. He took the towels off the bed and got the blankets down to the bottom
of the bed. He helped Castiel to get into bed, and then walked to the bathroom to place the towels there. Dean walked back to the bed. Before he got in, he took off his shirt, dropped it by the bed, and got in.

When Dean leaned forward to get the blanket up and over them, Castiel pushed him back down and draped himself over Dean’s chest. This was something that they hadn’t done before, and Castiel was feeling out of his element. Although, it was he who initiated this position, he was still cautious about it.

Dean, on the other hand, didn’t say anything. He dropped the blanket up to their hips, and wrapped his arm around Castiel’s body. He didn’t pull him close, he didn’t squeeze; he just placed his arm around Castiel. This was better. This felt better. He knew Dean wasn’t asleep, not the way he was breathing, or in the way he started to caress Castiel’s arm that was draped over Dean’s torso.

“I killed someone tonight,” Castiel whispered. His head was on Dean’s chest, and he could hear the steady beating of Dean’s heart underneath his cheek. Dean didn’t say anything, didn’t even stop moving his hand. He was here to listen.

“I killed someone tonight,” Castiel said again. “And that someone was… that someone was family.”

He fell silent. His eyes were staring at the windows, to the black skies, but he couldn’t see anything beyond the images that were in his mind’s eyes. He couldn’t shake off his brother’s face as he hissed at him, the hatred that he’d seen in his eyes. The way he struggled for breath. And the way he stopped moving.

Castiel didn’t feel anything. He just felt numb from the act. He just felt… He didn’t know how he felt. He just knew that he had to tell someone about this.

“He betrayed me…” Castiel whispered. “He betrayed me. I had to take care of him. I had to take care of the person who broke the trust in me.” Castiel growled. His eyes were starting to get blurry, with anger, or with grief, he didn’t know. Nor he cared. “I killed my blood. My own brother.”

He heard Dean’s gasp. He felt Dean’s heart stuttering in the steady beat. “Sir…?”

“I killed the person who introduced me…” Castiel leaned up on his elbow, while his other arm pushed down on Dean’s solar plexus, not too hard, but enough to make a threat. Castiel looked up at Dean’s face, his eyes boring into his eyes. “To you.”

Dean’s eyes widened in surprise, his mouth hanging open in a gasp. “Sir…”

“You were his first,” Castiel continued, his hand still pushing down on Dean’s chest.

“I was never his. We never had…” Dean blurted out. His chest was moving up and down in fast breaths. He was scared. Castiel felt sick, for pulling this at Dean, but he had to make sure.

“Fine. You knew him first…” Castiel said, his eyes growing hard. “Do I need to fear the same treatment from you?”

“No,” Dean was quick to answer. His hand curled into a fist behind Castiel’s back, his fingers clutching at the fabric. His other hand curling around Castiel’s forearm on his chest. “I would never do that to you.”

“How can I trust you?” Castiel murmured. “How can I trust someone who knew my brother, the traitor?”
Dean moved his hand down and over Castiel’s hand on his chest. He didn’t try to grab on it, he placed it over Castiel’s hand. He tried to steady his breathing back to normal as he said, his voice serious, “I swear on my life, on everything I hold dear… I will never, ever, betray you like that. Never.”

Their eyes met; Dean’s eyes were wide, and before Castiel could only see worry and confusion, now it held honesty in them, and something more that Castiel couldn’t place his finger on. They stared at each other for a minute more, and then Castiel relaxed back on the bed. The tension that was in his body the minute he walked inside his house, left him in a rush. His body turned into liquid as he placed his head, face down, on Dean’s chest. He breathed in and out, through his nose, trying to calm down his wildly beating heart, but he couldn’t. It was too hard. It was hard to breathe.

And then Dean’s arms were there again, and this time, Dean didn’t hesitate to pull him close to his chest. This time, Dean’s hand ran through his hair, over and over again. Until Castiel melted against his chest even more, turned his head to the side, and ignored the dampness in his eyes. It didn’t take him long to fall asleep, but before he did, he felt Dean let out a shuddering breath, and then his lips brushed up against Castiel’s forehead in a soft kiss.

For the next couple of days Castiel’s phone didn’t stop ringing with messages and phone calls. His family was persistent in talking to him about it from all the angles. His associates kept asking him if he regretted doing it. His answer was a firm no. Sometimes, Crowley would snatch his phone away and answer some of the calls for him, when he could see Castiel was on the verge of going on a murder spree on more than one family member.

Another bright light in these hard times, was Dean. Dean who would stand by his side, as an anchor, and a person to hold his hand if he would shake from anger, or would get too upset to even think straight. He’d make sure that Castiel would eat, shower, and just generally take care of himself. On more than one occasion, Dean helped him out with his shower. They’d do the same thing when he first came home that night. One time, he even allowed Dean to get handsy with him and Dean started to jerk him off. Castiel came with a silent cry, their foreheads against each other. Dean had kissed him softly after that and it was the best thing he’d ever felt for a long while.

His sister was the hardest one to talk to, out of all of them. She had cried and called him names, and even threatened to cut him off from her life. But Castiel talked to her for hours on the phone, telling her what happened and why he did what he did. He wasn’t going to risk it again. He wasn’t going to risk his life just because it was his brother. Anna had calmed down, considerably, and even laughed when he asked her about the wedding and how the preparations were going. She had brightened up, until they had to end the call because she had to go and attend a function for children’s hospital.

A week away from the time Castiel had to leave for Spain, he was making his way down the hall to his bedroom, when Dean burst out of his bedroom. Castiel jumped back in surprise, and thought something bad has happened, when he registered Dean’s excitement and the way his cheeks blushed from it. His eyes were wide and he had a big smile on his face.

“Mr. Novak! Sir! I was just about to come and see you,” he said, his voice loud.

“Okay? I’m here. What’s happening?” he asked, frowning.
“I need to leave. Sam just called. Jess is going to have her baby. I need to go now. Is that okay? I
hope it’s okay because I need to be with my brother now,” he spoke loudly, and fast, his eyes
widening by every second. He looked so happy that it warmed something deep in Castiel’s chest.

“Of course it’s okay,” he said, his lips turning up into a genuine smile. Dean’s happiness was
contagious. “I’ll drive you there.”

Dean paused in turning back to his bedroom. “Uh… You sure?”

Castiel paused himself and realized what he just said. This would breach the privacy between Dean’s
lifestyle and personal life. Was he ready to meet this infamous brother, Sam, that Dean loved to
speak of so highly? He wasn’t nervous about it. Of course not. “As long as it’s okay with you. I
don’t mind it at all.”

“I…” Dean ran a hand through his hair once, shook his head and said, “Yeah. Get dressed.”

“Don’t tell me what to do,” Castiel told him, half serious, his lips twitching up into a smile. Dean
froze for a moment, but he probably saw the amusement in Castiel’s eyes because he merely rolled
his eyes and walked back into his bedroom.

Ten minutes later, they left the house in Dean’s car. It took Castiel about five minutes of talking to
Dean to give him the Impala’s keys so he could drive them there, or they were going to take Castiel’s
car. And that would definitely draw more attention to them than they needed tonight. “Scratch her
and…” Dean said and Castiel shut him down with a look.

“Just get in,” Castiel said snatching the keys and rolling his eyes at Dean’s worried look.

Castiel took short cuts to the hospital and Dean was making phone calls on their way there. He spoke
to someone named Ellen, and someone named Ash, and then there was a light hearted argument
between him and a girl called Jo. They were about five minutes away from the hospital when Castiel
realized that he was probably going to meet the whole clan of the Winchesters. Or everyone that had
any sort of connection with the Winchesters. His grip tightened on the wheel and then he relaxed as
he drove to the closest available parking space there. Dean was out of the car before Castiel cut the
engine.

“Bobby’s here,” he said once Castiel stepped out of the car. Suddenly Dean looked nervous, running
a hand over his mouth. Castiel leaned up against the car, his hands going into his sweatpants pockets.
He was wearing casual clothes, with a black T-shirt that was a bit tight on him, but he liked feeling
the stretch.

“I can wait for you here,” Castiel offered and Dean looked at him sharply. Castiel had a moment of
fear where he thought Dean was going to agree, but then he shook his head and held out his hand.

“We’re going to go in together,” Dean said and Castiel sighed in relief as he grabbed Dean’s hand
and led the way into the hospital.

They got up to the fifth floor, and as the elevator stopped, Castiel let go off Dean’s hand as the doors
opened. From the corner of his eyes he saw Dean’s hand twitch by his side, and pursed his lips.
Castiel thought it was for the best if they walked up to Dean’s family in a civilized manner. He didn’t
really care what they thought of him, but he’d rather keep his distance from them, then make Dean
go through the awkward scene of telling them who Castiel was to him.

At the end of the hallway he saw a tall man in casual clothes, and a redneck looking man standing
before him. They were talking to each other and the tall man was running his hand through his long
hair over and over again. Nervous gesture, or something that he’d do unconsciously? Castiel didn’t
know.

But he did grab Dean’s elbow and stopped them from walking to them. “Dean,” Castiel said and Dean
looked from them to Castiel, his eyebrows raised. “What are we going to tell them?”

“Tell who what?” Dean asked looking surprised.

“Your family,” Castiel said. “Aside from your brother, the others don’t know about my existence. Or
who I am to you.”

“Oh,” Dean said his mouth shaping up in a perfect ‘o’. Castiel teared his eyes away from his lips,
before he’d do anything stupid such as leaning forward and kiss him in the middle of the hospital.
“Well, we’ll just tell them I work for you. Just try to avoid giving out any details to them. They can
get nosy. If you can’t handle any of them, let me know.”

“That’s comforting,” Castiel said with a frown. Dean licked his lips and gave him a cocky smile.

“You’ll be fine, sir,” he said. “Now, it’s time to see how my Jess is doing.”

Dean walked down the hallway, and after a moment Castiel followed him. The tall man spotted him
first and his face transformed into one of happiness. They hugged tightly and then Dean moved on to
clap the redneck’s shoulder, squeezing it hard.

“How’s she doing?” Dean asked his brother, just as Castiel reached them.

“She’s doing amazingly well, actually. Her contractions are well timed, and she’s been breathing
through pain just as well. They kicked us out because the doctor’s in and he had to check… I don’t
ev even know what,” he said and ran a hand through his hair again. And then he turned his gaze at
Castiel; who was trying to slink back to the wall, and make him as invisible as he could. But
obviously he couldn’t do that.

It took Dean a moment to realize that his brother stopped talking and Castiel was at the end of his
stare. Well, he was at the end of the redneck’s stare as well. Castiel tried not to swallow, but it was
damn hard not to. He never felt nervous before, but now he was feeling a bit… uncomfortable.

“Uh, right,” Dean said gruffly. “This is, uh, Mr.- I mean, this is Castiel. This is Uncle Bobby, we just
call him Bobby,” Dean said indicated to the redneck, who nodded at him. His eyes were hard
though. And Castiel knew that Bobby knew who he actually was. But he was going to pretend that
Bobby didn’t know. “This is my brother, daddy-to-be, Sam.”

Sam held out his hand to shake, with a small smile on his face, “Pleasure to meet you. Finally.”

Castiel shook his hand, returning the pleasantry, “Likewise. I’ve heard great deals of you two from
Dean.”

“We heard nothing about you, Castiel,” Bobby grumbled at him. Castiel raised his eyebrows and
turned to look at Dean.

Dean rubbed a hand at the back of his neck, a sheepish smile on his face. “Well, it never came up,
Bobby,” he said with a tiny bit of whine in his voice.

“Sure. It never came up that you’re working for Red Hand,” Bobby replied and everyone froze.
Castiel really didn’t want to be in the middle of this. He’d rather wait for Dean by the car, then stand
here and inevitably be at the end of the Winchesters hatred just because of who he was, or what he’d
done. Using one of his nicknames that people gave to him, was not something he wanted to hear from the people that meant so much to Dean. These were good people, he wasn’t going to hurt them. And he hoped that Dean was going to at least try and make him look like a good person too.

“Bobby-“ Sam started but Bobby held out his hand to silence him.

Bobby turned to Dean and said, “We need to talk. Now.”

“Excuse us,” Dean said to Castiel, and he nodded at him. They went down the hall, away from Castiel and Sam.

Castiel sighed and scratched at his forehead. “I told him I could wait by the car. So this wouldn’t happen.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Sam said with a glance at them. He turned to look at Castiel, as he said, “I just hope you’re treating my brother right and he is not in under direct threat because of you.”

“I kept him a secret. I don’t know who knows about him, but I’m not going around town, showing him off.”

“You’ll protect him if…” Sam didn’t need to finish his sentence; Castiel got it.

“I promise you, I will.”

“You care for him,” it wasn’t a question. It was a statement, and Castiel turned around to look at Dean; who was talking to Bobby. They didn’t look upset, which was good.

“I do,” Castiel admitted in a soft voice. Sam didn’t say anything back, but Castiel could see the way he relaxed.

Few minutes later when Dean and Bobby got back to them, the doctor came out of the room and their attention was drawn back to why they were here in the first place.

“She’s doing amazingly well. I’m going to give her about two more hours and then she’s going to be ready to push.”

“Can we go in?” Sam asked, looking so excited that Castiel was surprised at how much he was holding himself back.

“Of course,” the doctor said, clapping him on his shoulder and walking away.

Jessica was a beautiful lady. She had blonde hair, which was up into a messy bun on her head. She didn’t have any make up on, and her eyes looked tired, but it still didn’t stop her from being so pretty. Castiel could see why both of the Winchesters were so smitten by her. She had a nice smile that she flashed at Bobby the moment she saw him, and an even bigger one when she spotted Dean. She received their hugs and kisses, and spoke to them animatedly. Castiel hung back by the door, at a respective distance from the family.

“Why don’t you come in?” she asked him, her smile still present on her face. “I promise I don’t bite.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to impose,” Castiel asked, slowly making his way inside.

“Nonsense,” she said. “I’m Jessica. These two idiots forgot their manners, it seems.”

Dean blushed a bit while Sam laughed. “Shut up,” Dean said. “This is Castiel. Castiel, Jessica, my pain in the ass sister-in-law.”
“Pleasure to meet you,” Castiel said, extending his hand for a shake.

“No, no, no,” she said shaking her head. “I’m a hugger. Come here.”

Castiel shared a look with Dean, who just shrugged at him, and took a step back from the bed. Castiel walked up to the bed and bent forward to hug her. For a woman who was going through a painful time in her life, she had a dead grip in her arms as she squeezed Castiel to her.

“There,” she released him and looked at him with curious eyes. “You smell nice.”

“Thank you,” Castiel replied with another glance at Dean.

She gave him another smile and then turned to Sam and said, “Honey, I want some ice cubes.”

“I’ll get it,” Dean said. Castiel looked at Dean, and he indicated for Castiel to follow him out.

Once outside in the hallway, Castiel let out the breath he hadn’t realize he’d been holding back. “Your family seems…nice,” Castiel said, for a lack of better thing to say.

Dean snorted as he tried to track down a nurse, “This was literally nothing, Mr. Novak. You haven’t even seen them when they’re not behaving, and there’s also Jo, Ellen and Ash added to the mix.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah,” Dean said, flashing a smile Castiel’s way. “Hey, I didn’t know how to introduce you to them, name wise, that’s why I went for your name. I hope that was okay.”

“Yes, it was okay,” Castiel said, after a moment he added. “Punishment comes after a crime after all.”

Dean tripped over his feet. “Son of a-Really?” Castiel gave him an innocent look. Dean shook his head and walked a step ahead of Castiel. He didn’t complain, really. This way he had a great view of Dean’s ass, so this was a win-win.

Soon, Dean got ahold of ice cubes and they were walking back to the room. They were about to go in, when Dean turned around and stopped Castiel with a hand on his chest. Castiel looked down at the hand, and then at Dean. He raised his eyes in a silent question and Dean seemed to be hesitating, before he said, “Wait here.” He went inside, and came back out few seconds later. He grabbed Castiel’s hand and they walked further down the hallway.

Dean looked around the hall, and then he went in the bathroom, tugging Castiel in after him. The door was barely locked behind them when he was pushed up against the wall.

Dean followed him right up and kissed Castiel with everything he had. Castiel, feeling confused but not displeased, kissed Dean right back with the same enthusiasm. Their kiss was fast, rough, and biting, but it held something underneath it, that Castiel couldn’t name. Dean licked into his lips and Castiel opened up to him quickly; their tongues tangled up together in a synchronized dance. After a moment, Dean pulled back and rested his forehead against Castiel’s. Dean’s hands convulsed around his hips as they breathed in and out, faces close together.

“What was this for?” asked Castiel, his hands lifting up and holding Dean’s face. His thumbs caressing his cheeks.

“Just a thank you,” Dean breathed out, tilting his head to the side, their noses touching one another.
“What for?” he asked again.

“For allowing me to come here,” Dean said, letting his lips brush up against Castiel’s. “For coming with me here.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” Castiel said, not letting the overwhelming emotions lace his words.

“But I do. And I have, so deal with it,” Dean said with a chuckle. Castiel shook his head and smiled at Dean.

They kissed some more, and then pulled back. Making sure they looked presentable, they left the bathroom to go and see how Jessica was doing. This time, Castiel was a lot more relaxed.

After the week that he had, this was a blessing. Spending time with these people felt like a fresh breath of air. He needed the change, and Dean provided him with that, with no hesitation. He was supposed to be the one to thank Dean for this, not the other way around.

Once they’d go back home, Castiel would let Dean know how much he appreciated this small distraction.

Sam and Jess’ son was a wrinkly, pale, little thing that squirmed a bit in Jessica’s arms, and looked like a tiny coffee cup in Sam’s gigantic arms. Bobby only touched his hand, but didn’t hold him, saying that he was awkward with tiny kids and didn’t hold any babies that were below six months. Dean had no problem with holding him close to his chest.

Castiel refused to even go close to the baby. He didn’t give an explanation as to why, but Bobby looked at him with a level of understanding that made Castiel feel uncomfortable.

He didn’t want to touch something so pure, never touched by the bad in the world before. His hands weren’t clean. He didn’t want to defile this child with his hands. He wasn’t a clean man.

Chapter End Notes

So... yeah, that happened. I'm just gonna go and hide now. *goes and hides*
Leave me your thoughts, though!
“Oh hell no.”

Dean had his arms crossed over his chest. His brow furrowed while he glared at an amused Mr. Novak; he looked incredibly hot in his tight black jeans and black button down shirt, with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He was wearing sunglasses and his hair was ruffled and soft looking, fluttering a bit from the light breeze at the small airport. Dean was wearing a red plaid shirt, with black jeans, and boots. It was the day of the flight to go to Spain for Anna’s wedding, but Dean hadn’t realized that in order for him to go with Mr. Novak, he had to fly to Spain in the first place.

Sam had told him, excessively about what he was going to face when he’d agreed to go with Mr. Novak. Dean had flapped a hand around, dismissing Sam’s attempts to make him see why it was a bad idea in the first place. Dean was more concerned as to what the next course of action for them was going to be. Them, as in, Dean and Natalie’s monthly visits. He had to make a legal document stating that he was not going to be in the States to have his time with Natalie. So when he’d get back, he would have a legal permission to have Natalie for 6 days instead. Lisa had agreed with it, without batting an eyelash. Natalie, however had thrown a fit, which took literally everyone in the room to calm her down. In the end it was Sam, who asked Dean if he could interfere, that spoke to her in a low tone and explained to her as much as he could, without overbearing her four years old brain. She hiccupped once, then twice, and then nodded, her lower lip wobbling.

She then threw herself in Dean’s arms and managed to hug Dean so tight that Dean was sure he was going to get choked like this. Dean had promised that he’d bring something amazing from Spain for her, and she had mumbled something along the lines of “costumes will be nice daddy”. Dean and Lisa exchanged a glance over her shoulder and they both sighed in relief. Crisis was averted, for now.

Few days later, here Dean was, getting ready to leave on a Queen jet that looked incredibly big for being a private flight. Mr. Novak had assured him that the inside was so comfortable looking that Dean wouldn’t even know he was in an airplane, nor that he was flying. Dean had hang on to his words as if he was a drowning man, but now here he was, minutes away from actually flying, and his nerves were kicking in.

“I’m not going in,” Dean said glaring first at Mr. Novak, then at the jet, and then back at Mr. Novak. “You can’t force me.”

“Dean, you’re being difficult,” Mr Novak said, and from the way he said it, Dean was sure he rolled his eyes at Dean. “If I wanted to force you, you would’ve been inside already and we would’ve been in the sky thirty minutes ago.”

Mr. Novak took off his sunglasses, and the sun made his blue eyes look sharper and brighter. He tucked the glasses in his pocket and then made his way to Dean. There were about five visible
people, at least, around the area, but it seemed that Mr. Novak didn’t care about them, because he grabbed Dean’s face with his hands and pulled him close for a kiss. Dean stared at Mr. Novak’s closed eyelids, and then he melted into the kiss. He knew what Mr. Novak was doing, and he sort of appreciated it, but at the same time he wanted for the jitters to go away on their own. He wanted to do this on his own… with a jolt, he realized that he wasn’t thinking of running away from the situation.

Dean opened up his mouth and accepted Mr. Novak’s tongue into his mouth, as they deepened the kiss. Dean lifted his arms, wrapped them around Mr. Novak’s waist, and pulled him close, as their tongues glided against one another.

Much too soon, Mr. Novak pulled back, his breathing ragged, like Dean’s, but his voice was steady as he said. “Dean, I know you’re scared, and that airplanes don’t make sense for you. But please, trust me when I say, you won’t even know you’re in the air.”

Dean licked his lips, and gave a small shake of a head. “What if something bad happens? What then? What if it’ll start thundering and shit like that? What are we supposed to do then?”

“Nothing is going to happen,” Mr. Novak said as he leaned his forehead against Dean’s. “I promise you, we’ll get there in one piece. And besides,” he added, a small smile gracing his lips. “I’ve a small surprise for you.”

“What surprise?” Dean was completely engrossed in having Mr. Novak so close to him. The smell of him was incredibly intoxicating and Dean greedily inhaled. If Mr. Novak noticed this, he didn’t say anything.

“You’ll see if you come with me.”

It took about ten seconds for Dean to groan and agree. “Fine. But I’m going to sit by the window.”

“You can sit anywhere you want, doll,” Mr. Novak pulled back slightly, bent Dean’s head a bit forward, and placed a small kiss on his forehead. Dean’s inside got flooded with butterflies.

Mr. Novak grabbed his hand and made his way up the stairs, dragging Dean behind him. Dean really hated flying. He did it once, when he was younger, with his family. And that was it for him. They got to their destination alright, but for Dean it felt like he had been in the air for more than three hours. And he’d been sick afterward. They had to go to the hospital and yeah, Dean didn’t wanna go back to the hospital ever again.

Now, however, was a different experience; he was an adult. While he was excited to fly in the mysterious tube when he was little (look at how that turned out!), now he was aware of it. Now he knew what the consequences of a flight could mean. What if he got sick again? Mr. Novak was going to fire him, for sure, if he puked all over his expensive clothes. He took a deep steadying breath, curled his fingers around Mr. Novak’s hand tightly, and marched inside the jet.

Well, Mr. Novak was right. Dean didn’t feel like he was in a plane at all. It was wide, extremely well furnished, there was even a bar at one of the far side of the plane. There was a sitting area and as Dean walked in more, released Mr. Novak’s hand from his clutches, he realized that one of the sofas could be turned into a bed. Dean licked his lips and turned around to inspect the area more. The colors were in soft tones of different shades of grey. Some accessories, and the pillows, were in red.

Dean turned around and looked at Mr. Novak, who was leaning up against the wall, with his arms crossed over his chest, the shirt stretching up against his chest, making him look more puffed up then he usually was. He looked incredibly hot like that.
Trying to hide how nervous he felt, Dean wiggled his fingers at his sides as he regarded Mr. Novak for a bit, and then said, “Well? Where’s my surprise?”

Mr. Novak gave him a smirk and pointed at the box on the small table by the armchair. Dean hadn’t noticed it at first, too preoccupied with the furniture and the colors. He made his way to it and picked up the box. He rolled his eyes as he saw the pink ribbon bow on top of it, and turned around to look at Mr. Novak. Dean blushed as he caught Mr. Novak’s eyes flickering up to his face, from his ass. “You were staring,” Dean pointed out, wiggling the box in his hand, trying to figure out what it was.

“Yes,” Mr. Novak said, and that was it. Dean rolled his eyes at him again and then starting the pull at the ribbon. It fell through his fingers and he took off the lid from the box. There, nestled on pink satin cloth, was a vibrating butt plug. Which was pink also. Dean eyed it for a moment, recognizing it as one of his own, and then looked up as Mr. Novak walked to him.

“This is my butt plug,” Dean said.

“Yes,” Mr. Novak said again.

“You went through my box.”

“Yes.”

“Without asking me first.”

“Are you going to punish me for that Mr. Winchester?”

“I might,” Dean said, eyes narrowing at Mr. Novak. He wasn’t really upset for Mr. Novak going through his stuff, because, well, the box that was in his bedroom had nothing but sex toys inside. Dean wasn’t ashamed of the fact that he liked his toys being colorful.

Mr. Novak’s lips twitched up in amusement, his eyes staring into Dean’s intensely, as he stopped in front of Dean. Mr. Novak took the box from Dean’s hands and placed it on the armchair. He placed his hand inside his pocket, and seemed to hesitate. “I found something else. Which I’d like you to wear, occasionally. Whenever I want you to.”

Dean waited for Mr. Novak to show what he was talking about, and then he started to get a full body blush from the object in his hand. It was his pink panties, gently folded in his palm. Dean scratched at his eyebrow and tried not to let his nervousness show. “Ahh… So you found it.”

“I did,” Mr. Novak said and he looked proud of himself. Dean rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“You had free time in your hands, haven’t you?” Dean grumbled. But really, he wasn’t upset over it. When Mr. Novak said surprise, he really did mean surprise. “When do you want me to wear it?”

“Well, not now. But I’ll let you know. For now, we must be seated, because we’re going to take off in about ten minutes.”

And just like that Dean’s nerves skyrocketed again, but he nodded as he sat at one of the armchairs, close to the window. He squeezed his eyes shut and started to breathe in and out, slowly through his nose. He heard Mr. Novak leave, probably to talk to his pilot about something.

The minutes passed by in a blur and then the next he knew, Mr. Novak was back, sitting before him, and buckling himself to the armchair. Dean looked at him and started to buckle himself to the chair as fast as he could. His fingers were starting to shake from nerves, and he was starting to breathe faster and faster as the jet’s engine started to roar up in tandem. He heard the buckle snap, and then Mr.
Novak was there, taking control over his belt. Mr. Novak secured him to the chair, leaned forward and placed a kiss to his temple. Dean closed his eyes and leaned to the kiss. Mr. Novak placed another kiss to his cheek, but then he was gone back to his own seat.

All the way to the sky, Dean’s eyes were squeezed shut, his hands gripping the sides, and he was humming Metalica. If Mr. Novak found it weird, he didn’t say anything. Couple of times, Dean had peeked from underneath his eyelashes at Mr. Novak, to find him staring at Dean with a look of concern on his face. Dean had tried to give him a reassuring smile, but he was hundred percent sure that it looked more like a painful grimace, than anything else.

What felt like forever later, but it was probably few minutes, Dean heard Mr. Novak unbuckling his seatbelt and standing up. Dean peaked up at him again and saw him stretch his arms above his head. He moved to the bar and got a big bottle of water from there. He walked back to Dean, placed the water on the floor and started to unbuckle Dean’s seatbelt. Dean’s jaw was clamped shut so hard that he didn’t even have the nerve to tell Mr. Novak to not do it. So he simply sat there, and stared at Mr. Novak’s face.

He had shaved that morning, and his skin looked smooth to the touch. Dean had felt how smooth it was underneath his skin, but right now, he wanted to touch his face. This close and under the daylight, Dean could see how tired Mr. Novak actually looked and how old he was. There were laugh lines around his eyes, a permanent wrinkle between his eyebrows. His forehead had worry lines. The gray in his hair was a bit more prominent now, but Dean had never seen such a beautiful man in his life. Probably ever. His lips looked slightly chapped and dry, and Dean fought down the urge to move forward and kiss them, to make them shiny again. He licked his own lips and it seemed that it drew Mr. Novak’s attention to them, because his eyes flicked to them, and then back down at his hands as he worked on his seatbelt.

Which, come to think of it, was taking forever to take care of. He, rather reluctantly, let his eyes fall down to see what’s up when his eyes widened. Mr. Novak not only undid his seatbelt, he was also undoing Dean’s belt. “Uhm… What are you doing?”

“I’m undoing your belt and zipper. What does it look like?” Mr. Novak asked. “Up.” He said, tugging at his jeans. Dean lifted his hips up to allow Mr. Novak draw them down.

“What if someone comes in?” Dean asked, toeing his boots off. He wasn’t even thinking about his actions anymore.

“No one is gonna come in, unless I say so,” Mr. Novak said, handing him the bottle of water. “Drink. And try to relax a bit.”

Dean didn’t say anything else, as he accepted the bottle and started to drink from it. He went to the half of the bottle, before he placed it down to the floor again. He sighed and sat back and waited for more instructions from Mr. Novak. He pulled Dean’s jeans all the way off, and placed them on the armchair where he sat before. He pulled at Dean’s shirt. Dean started to unbutton it, but then Mr. Novak knelt before him, pushed his legs apart settling between them, and batted Dean’s hands away. He leaned forward as he started to unbutton, and placed soft kisses on the exposed skin.

Dean’s lips parted open as his skin started to tingle. When Mr. Novak got close to his underwear, Dean’s thighs tensed up when he nosed at his clothed, half-hard dick in his underwear. He mouthed at it a bit, and then pulled back. “Off,” he whispered and started to take Dean’s shirt off of him. That joined his jeans too.

Mr. Novak stood up and held out his hand for Dean to hold. Dean licked his lips and then stood up. He was still nervous about the fact that he was flying in a tube, up in the sky, anything could go
wrong at any given time, but wrapping his fingers around Mr. Novak’s hand was the only thing that felt right at this moment.

Mr. Novak pulled him up and they walked to the big sofa, grabbing the vibrator on their way there. Mr. Novak sat down and pulled Dean to his lap, making him straddle his hips. He placed his hands on either side of Mr. Novak’s head and nosed at his neck to kiss and breathe in his scent. Mr. Novak’s hands started to rub his thighs, up to his ass cheeks, squeezing them down to his already hard dick. Dean let out a small sigh of pleasure, and his skin shivered from anticipation.

“You ready for this?” asked Mr. Novak, his voice breathless in his ear. Dean shuddered from it and nodded. “Good boy. Get on your hands and knees for me, however way you want.”

Dean scrambled up to obey. He moved to the side of the couch and got onto his hands and knees. As he did so, he heard Mr. Novak get off the couch and walk away. He was back few seconds later and Dean felt his hand on his back. Mr. Novak rubbed his hand up and down his spine, and then pushed Dean’s front down on the sofa, so he could jut his ass in the air. Dean breathed in and out of his lips softly, getting himself relaxed. He closed his eyes, as the anticipation started to kill him. Soon though, he heard the familiar sound of a lube bottle being popped open and squirted generously on Mr. Novak’s fingers.

Without warning, there were two fingers, at once, in his ass. Dean let out a gasp, and then a groan left his lips. His body started to shake from Mr. Novak’s fingers; who didn’t wait for him to get adjusted to the pressure, he simply continued pressing his fingers inside Dean’s anus.

Dean was letting out groans and moans, and he realized that he was starting to get louder so he turned his head into his arm and muffled his noises. Mr. Novak kept working him open with only his fingers. Dean’s eyes rolled back when Mr. Novak used a third finger, and then after a moment of wiggling his fingers inside of him, he added his pinky to the mix and Dean nearly blacked out. The plug wasn’t that big, but maybe Mr. Novak wanted to get him loose and ready for it.

Suddenly there was a hand in his hair and he was being pulled back up a bit. Mr. Novak’s voice was soft and low as he said, “I want to hear you. Do not hold back on it. If you get loud, I swear you’ll have more than one orgasm.”

Dean’s strangled up cries left his lips without a problem. He gritted his teeth and tried not to fuck back onto Mr. Novak’s fingers. He panted with the rhythm of the movements and then the feeling was gone. Dean turned around to glare at Mr. Novak only to see him lubing up the plug. Dean’s eyes went down his body and his mouth watered as he saw how really excited Mr. Novak was about this.

“Hold your ass open for me, doll,” Mr. Novak said and Dean obeyed. He placed his cheek on the sofa and grabbed on to his ass cheeks to spread them open. He didn’t give Dean any warning as he went in and Dean’s eyes shuttered close at the feeling.

Mr. Novak moved the toy in and out of him for couple of time, and then it was settled in. Dean squeezed his muscles down on it and gave a full body shudder. He went on to do it again when suddenly the toy started to vibrate. Dean felt his body jerk up and he let out a cry of pleasure. He kept mumbling something but he didn’t know what it was. He was too far gone, but Mr. Novak promised him more than once orgasm, and well.

Mr. Novak didn’t disappoint.
The weather was crazy hot in Spain as they arrived. Castiel adjusted his sunglasses on his face and, patiently, waited for Dean to descend the stairs of the jet. His cheeks were flushed from arousal, his hair was sweaty and was clinging to the sides of his face. Dean kept fanning his shirt on his body, but it didn’t seem like it was helping him. He had a frown on his face and every time he walked Castiel knew exactly why he was wincing. On their way to here, Castiel had used every level on the vibrator to make Dean come. He had bent Dean in different positions, with the vibrating butt plug, still inside. He blew Dean one time and got a mouthful of come. Dean’s taste was something that Castiel wanted to taste for the rest of his life.

Castiel was insatiable.

He praised Dean’s participation to the act, it was remarkable just how well he was trained to be obedient to Castiel. How in tune he was with Castiel’s need for something. They had an amazing time on their way to here, and in the end, Castiel suggested they take their small…play time to the outside world.

It was decided that the vibrator was going to stay in Dean’s butt and the controller to it was in Castiel’s hand. Whenever he’d feel like it, he’d end up tuning the acceleration up.

As Dean finally stood next to Castiel’s left side, looking thoroughly fucked, Castiel took pity on him and placed the remote in his pocket. He turned to Dean and placed a soft kiss on Dean’s forehead, and said, “I’m proud of you, baby boy. You’re doing so well. So well… You’re making me feel so satisfied and so happy, you know?”

Dean’s eyes fluttered closed on the praise, his lips parting a small choked off sound leaving his throat. Castiel kissed his cheeks once more, and their car arrived. They were going to head off to Castiel’s house in Barcelona, and then they were going to drive out, just a bit off of the country side to Anna and her fiancé, Emilio’s house.

Dean had fidgeted all the way to the house. Castiel knew that sitting down now was hard, well, doing anything was hard right now, but he’d been holding on to this in such a positive way that it made Castiel… God, he just needed to take Dean. He’d been hard all the way to hear, focusing on Dean’s needs, Dean’s orgasm, Dean’s face.

His face was the best thing Castiel had ever seen for a long-long while. He had the best “O” face and Castiel was needy. He needed to see it again, and again, and make Dean come all over his body again. His breathing got quicker as he continued to stare at Dean’s sweaty face. What he’d give to bury his hands in Dean’s hair and just grab at it and pull and fuck into Dean’s body without a care in the world.

Castiel barked, in Spanish, at the chauffer to drive the car faster to his house. The man gave him a nod and pressed down on the gas. Dean looked at him, his brow furrowed, trying to figure out what happened. He took one look at Castiel’s face, looked down on his lap, and then back up again. His face cleared a bit as he realized Castiel’s state. Castiel watched as Dean’s neck worked when he swallowed, and Castiel’s lips parted. He wanted to drag his lips over Dean’s neck and bite on it, lick it, and suck it until he’d leave bruises behind. He knew that he didn’t have the right to leave bruises, but he wanted to do it so badly. Maybe he could persuade Dean into giving it to him.
Thankfully, they arrived to Castiel’s house and he refrained himself from running up and into the house while dragging Dean behind him. His pants were doing nothing to hide his erection from the people who worked there, and frankly he didn’t give a damn if they saw how hard he was. Really, he was around Dean almost every day, and Dean was an extremely attractive man. So it was obvious that he was going to support a hard-on even just by looking at Dean.

The house wasn’t as big as his mansion, but it was still big enough to have four spare bedrooms. This one was in warmer colors; brown, beige, and white. The furniture and the interior design all held an antiqueness to it that Castiel was fond of, so he never got around to changing anything in here. He dragged Dean after him and into his bedroom which was on the second floor to the right. He didn’t pay attention to any of the details. He was too concentrated on Dean and their need right now.

Once inside, he shut the door after him and practically pounced onto Dean. Their lips clashed together in a heated kiss, their tongues rubbing against one another, sucking and biting on each other in heat. Dean let out a low moan from the back of his throat and started to run his hands over Castiel’s body. Castiel shuddered at the touch, wanting nothing more than to rip his shirt off of him and let himself feel Dean’s hands on him, but he couldn’t. Not yet.

Instead, he grabbed Dean’s shirt and ripped it open at front. Feeling greedy he ran his hands over the exposed skin and he ripped his lips away from Dean’s to lick and suck onto his chest. He latched his mouth onto Dean’s nipple and sucked on it, hard.

Dean let out a cry and his hands snaked up to Castiel’s hair, to grab onto them. Castiel growled at the feeling and he started to work on Dean’s jeans. He pushed them down his legs and Dean let out a whimper as he shifted his weight to get them off of him, boots and socks with them. Castiel dropped down to his knees, mouthing along Dean’s harness and nipping at the top. He’d been leaking steadily, it seemed, because Castiel could taste him through his underwear. Castiel took it off of him and took Dean into his mouth, sucking on the head, to the point of Dean bending forward and letting out a choked off sound.

Castiel pulled back up and stood up, his lips going for Dean’s right away. They kissed and made their way to the bed, where Castiel pushed Dean down on and he draped himself over Dean; who was moving his hips in different directions. Castiel knew what he was doing; since the plug was still in his ass, Dean was trying to get more pleasure from it.

Castiel didn’t blame him. Instead, he encouraged Dean to do it. He wrapped his hand around Dean’s dick and lazily stroked him. Dean panted into his mouth and Castiel couldn’t help but kiss and nip at Dean’s open lips. He licked his way into Dean’s mouth, but didn’t stop his hand movement on Dean’s dick.

The rest of the day went like this. Eventually, Castiel fucked Dean into the mattress, fast and hard and brutal. Dean probably blacked out during, but Castiel managed to take care of him. Castiel’s phone rang couple of times, but he ignored it. They didn’t leave the bed for the rest of the day, they didn’t even go to his sister’s house. They stayed in bed where Castiel made Dean come one more time. This time around, though, he managed to come too.

The next morning when they woke up Castiel blinked up at the ceiling. He fell asleep with his clothes on in his bed with Dean. He turned to look at his right side, where Dean should’ve been at,
but that side was empty. He frowned up at the ceiling again and then he heard the shower running in
the bathroom. He relaxed back again and closed his eyes. He wasn’t particularly fond of this place,
since it brought back unpleasant memories of getting caught in his bedroom with another man way
too many times by his father, he also enjoyed being here.

His bedroom was vast and the whole house was far warmer than his one at the States. The bedroom
held knick knacks from over the years that he had spent in here. His bed was luxurious and big. The
blankets were silk and cotton, and it felt incredibly nice on naked skin. He couldn’t be able to enjoy
it this time around, unless he’d explicitly tell Dean to sleep in one of the guest bedrooms.

Maybe someday he’d be able to share his body with Dean…

The soft sunlight that cascaded through the windows and the curtains were breaking the harsh glare
of it. Castiel looked at the windows for a moment, then he heard the bathroom door being open.
Castiel turned his head to the bathroom and he licked his lips at the sight of Dean. He was still wet
from the shower, his hair damp on his forehead, and water sliding down his body. He had a towel
wrapped around his waist and Castiel licked his lips again.

“The shower’s in here is amazing,” Dean said as he walked back to the bed. “I don’t know who it
was but someone knocked on the door this morning. She spoke in Spanish and I have zero
knowledge of the language. In the end she pointed to the bags by the door and I dragged them in.”

Dean indicated to their stuff by the door and Castiel glanced at them, once, and then back at Dean.
He was staring at him with something his eyes that Castiel couldn’t really pin point, but it vanished
as he looked away. “Anyway, we better get dressed. You gotta take a shower and go to your sister’s
place, right?”

“You’re gonna boss me around now?” Castiel asked, though there was no heat behind his words.

“If I have to, I will. Since you’re being lazy,” Dean said with mock-seriousness. But then he cracked
and gave Castiel a wink. “C’mon old man, chop chop.”

“Old man?” Castiel asked, raising up an eyebrow. “Old man?”

Dean froze as he stared down at Castiel. “I… uhm… I didn’t- I don’t thin- Oh come on,” Dean
sighed as he saw the serious expression on Castiel’s face. He scratched his forehead, exhaled, and
said, “What’s it gonna be now?”

Castiel sat up and swung his legs over the bed. “Bent over my knee. Now.”

Dean dropped his towel down and knelt down on his knees, and bent over Castiel’s thigh. Castiel
grabbed onto his hands and held them in a grip. He rubbed Dean’s ass cheeks with his free hand and
then started to spank.

“I’ll show you who the old man is,” Castiel grunted as he delivered a particularly hard one. Dean’s
moans only ascended in crescendo with each hit.

*Dean*

Anna had ginger hair, wide green eyes and a smile that blinded Dean for half a second. She was
wearing a black summer dress with heels that looked almost impossible to walk on. She had a soft
tinkling laugh and her eyes sparkled whenever she’d speak about how excited she was about her
wedding.
Dean was here as Mr. Novak’s date, and no one batted an eye on it. Of course, Dean was sure that they all knew who he really was, but he was remained completely oblivious to the weird stares that he and Mr. Novak were receiving from the dinner party.

He was wearing an emerald plaid shirt with grey jeans pants. Whereas Mr. Novak opted for a navy colored shirt with navy pants. He had asked Mr. Novak if his outfit was presentable, and Mr. Novak said that it was going to be a simple family dinner.

That simple family dinner consisted of lots of people who looked intimidating even when they were laughing and talking amongst each other like normal people. He took a drink from his red wine and tried not to show just how uncomfortable he was feeling.

Mr. Novak was talking to one of his cousins from around, and his Spanish was as fluent as his English. Although, he could still detect the underlined Russian accent in there, it wasn’t noticeable. Dean knew he didn’t belong in this crowd. He didn’t have to be here with them. He could’ve easily stayed back at the house and ate his dinner in his bedroom while watching TV, but Mr. Novak told him he had to go with him. Dean knew that he was going to get paid for this outing. He was an escort, after all, with a dash of something more. But it still didn’t make him feel comfortable having dinner with a Mafioso family. What was more uncomfortable was the fact that the Spanish side of the family kept throwing him looks as if he was a scum of this earth. They were subtle looks but Dean caught them. He wasn’t sure if Mr. Novak saw them as well, or not, but there were there. He didn’t know what to do with it.

Dean toyed around with his food and tried to swallow around the knot that suddenly formed in his throat. He wanted to get out of here. Even if Anna was lovely and shook his hands when Mr. Novak introduced him as his partner for the event. Even if Anna gave him a smile that blinded the whole room, and Emilio gripped his hand tight for a handshake… Dean didn’t belong here. He was used to banquets and business meetings and charming his way into people’s pockets for his boss’ deal’s to go through, but this; this was different. He didn’t need to charm anyone. He just needed to be a… a companion for his boss for a wedding. He needed to survive this without getting himself killed in the process.

Suddenly, there was a warm hand on his knee and Dean looked to his right. Mr. Novak was looking at him with worry and concern in his eyes, but his face stayed neutral. Dean was so lost in his own thoughts and didn’t even notice that the food on the table had been replaced by dessert and his wine glass had been refilled. He wrestled the dryness in his throat and breathed out through his nose. He hadn’t realized how stressed he was, until he felt the calming presence of his dom’s hand on his knee. He placed his hand over Mr. Novak’s hand and squeezed it tight. Something loosened in his chest when Mr. Novak squeezed his hand right back.

“Dean?” his name was called from all across the table and everyone got quiet as Dean looked up and saw that it was Anna who called his name. His hand tightened even further on Mr. Novak’s hand.

He gave her a smile and said, “Yes?”

“Castiel says that you’re a mechanic. Is that right?”

“Y-yeah. He’s- yeah, I am,” he blabbered out, desperately trying to ignore the blush that was creeping up on his cheeks. He knew that he was starting to look like a blushing school girl, but he didn’t care. These people were intense and frightening, okay?

“Do you have a degree on it, or…?” she asked, leaving the question hanging.

“Uh, no. I don’t. I work with my uncle. It’s his shop. Uhm… w-we’ve, as in, me and my brother,
used to spend a lot of time with him. And because I’d get bored and get into more troubles than it was worth, he… uh… he ended up teaching me all about cars. I got fascinated with them and well…” he ended his little speech with an awkward laugh at the end and a shrug.

Her eyes were sharp and nonjudgmental as they settled on him. Dean felt like he was being interrogated, and trapped. The only thing that was keeping him sane and not bolting out of this room was the hand squeezed in his. Mr. Novak’s thumb was caressing his knuckle; it was soothing.

“What type of cars do you usually work on, Dean?” the question came from Emilio. Despite the fact that he was a charming man with beautiful blue eyes, and a thousand watts smile, with dark hair and stubble on his face, and was built like a wardrobe, he also looked like a Disney prince, Dean still felt intimidated by him. He knew that his blue eyes could turn into an icy cold ones if anyone stepped out of line and disrespected him, so Dean was very cautious with them all. Especially Emilio. He was, after all, the oldest son of Galicia family. Dean knew that Emilio was going to become the head of the family sooner than later. And Dean also knew that he was going to be good at his job. He had a blinding smile; personality wise, Dean was unsure.

“I can fix any car I can get my hands on. Although my favorites are the old ones.”

“Your Impala’s been a project for you since you were a teenager, yes?” Dean turned his eyes to look at Mr. Novak, and some more tension bled out of him. He was a silent supporter for Dean right now, and he appreciated it immensely.

“It was,” Dean replied, remembering one of the many nights they spent talking to each other about Dean’s teen life. There wasn’t much to tell to Mr. Novak, but the details that he was willing to share with him seemed important enough for Mr. Novak to remember.

“What year?” Emilio asked, looking interested. The conversation picked back up around him again, but it didn’t disrupt their ongoing one.

“It’s a ’67 Chevy Impala. It was pretty beat up when my dad had it. Even though he loved the car, he wasn’t really good at taking care of it,” Dean said, remembering those days vividly. “When I was in high school, he gave up the keys to me and told me to take care of it.”

“And you took it to heart,” Anna said with a small smile on her face.

“I did,” Dean nodded at her, a smile curving on his lips. “I’d work on it whenever I could. Day and night. I got fascinated with it because it was different than these days cars.”

“Dean doesn’t enjoy today’s advanced…stuff,” Mr. Novak interrupted. There was an amused smile on his face, and Dean rolled his eyes, a smile on his own curving up his lips. “You still left the stereo the same, right?”

“You still use a cassette player?” One of the cousin’s said to Dean.

Dean turned to look at him with raised eyebrows, and shrugged. “Sure, why not? It’s a lot more interesting this way, for me, at least, then having a CD or an iPod or whatever you guys call them.”

“What type of music do you listen to in the car then?”

“Mostly classic rock. Today’s music frankly sucks,” Dean said bluntly, and unapologetically. Although, his heart was hammering away in his chest so badly he was sure half the table caught up with the sound. His hand was starting to get sweaty while holding Mr. Novak’s hand, but he wasn’t going to release the hold on it. Not yet.
“Wow, this is... this is actually pretty amazing,” Emilio said and Dean swallowed in relief. “I have some vintage cars in the garage that need some working on. Do you think you can take a look at them while you’re here?”

Mr. Novak tightened his hold on Dean’s hand and Dean wasn’t sure what he meant by it; was it a warning to not decline this offer? Or potentially excitement at a new opportunity? What would happen to them, specifically, to Dean if he declined? But then if Emilio said the cars were vintage, and Dean was a sucker for them, he wasn’t going to let the opportunity to get his hands on old beauties pass.

“Yeah, sure. I’d love to give them a once over,” Dean said with a shrug. He felt Mr. Novak relax beside him and after that the conversations flowed around him. Dean was sure that he’d need a moment, or half a millennium for his heart rate to get back to normal and for his legs to start working again after this dinner. But all in all, it was a successful one.

Once they were ready to leave, Anna hugged him goodbye and asked him to stop by again to help her out with some preparations for the wedding. Dean gladly agreed. Although, he didn’t know if he should’ve agreed to spent more time with her, considering his position with her brother.

Later that night when they were getting ready for bed, and Mr. Novak was already in bed, with his glasses on and a book in his hand, Dean laid back beside him with nothing on, but his underwear.

“Hey, Anna asked me to stop by her house again to help out with the wedding,” he said. “I’m going. I hope that’s okay, right?”

Mr. Novak looked at him and then back at his book. “That’s a good idea,” he said. They were quiet after that for some time. Dean was texting with Jess, back and forth, letting them know he was okay and he was having a good first day. He received several images of their son. He sat up in bed as he stared at them again, a big smile breaking over his face.

“What’s got you so happy?” Mr. Novak asked after another minute of Dean looking at his phone with a grin on his face. Mr. Novak’s hand was a warm presence on his back and Dean leaned back into it.

“Just Sam sending me pictures of my nephew,” Dean said, he turned his phone for Mr. Novak to see an up close picture of his nephew yawning into the camera. His face softened as he looked at the image, his hand starting to rub up and down his back.

“He’s adorable,” Mr. Novak commented.

“Thanks,” Dean said as he turned his attention back to his phone. Few minutes later he got a new message from Lisa asking how he was doing and how he liked Spain after one day. Dean replied with a positive message. After speaking to each other, for several minutes, he got an image of Natalie with a kissy face and a sign in her hands that said, “I miss you daddy!” His heart clenched at the image. He quickly changed that into his wallpaper and locked his phone before he’d start crying.

His life had always been complicated since he was a child. His mother died when he was young, his father died because of alcohol consumption. Then he started to whore himself out for Sam, and never gotten the chance to make something out of himself. After that he got married, and made a small family for himself and that turned around to bite him in the ass. Now, he was an escort for a Mafioso. He had fucked up way too many times and he still managed to come out of it alright. This time, he fucked up real bad and almost lost his daughter, but he was glad that she was still part of his life.

He hadn’t realized that he started to cry, until he felt Mr. Novak brushing up a tear from the corner of his eye. He sniffed and rubbed at his eyes with the back of his hand. He turned around to look at Mr.
Novak’s concerned face. “You got lost in thought again,” Mr. Novak said, his voice was laced with concern as well. “Are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah. Sorry. I was just thinking about my life, in general, and it’s just…” Dean couldn’t finish the sentence. His lower lip wobbled and he snapped his mouth shut. He swallowed around the thickness of his throat and shook his head. “Sorry.”

Mr. Novak placed his book on the table by the desk, his glasses on top of it. He turned around again and cupped Dean’s face in his hand, his thumb caressing his cheek. “You don’t ever have to apologize to me for expressing any sort of emotion, okay?”

Dean stared into Mr. Novak’s blue eyes, and leaned forward to place his forehead against his. He closed his eyes and breathed in the comfort that Mr. Novak radiated. Mr. Novak turned his head to the side and placed a kiss on his cheek. “You had a tough day today. Do you want to go to sleep?”

Dean nodded. They got comfortable under the thin blanket. Dean moved close to Mr. Novak and draped a leg over his hips. He placed his head on Mr. Novak’s chest and breathed out a contented sigh. Despite the fact that he wouldn’t take off his clothes in front of Dean, Dean still felt like they were closer together in these moments then when they were fucking. He liked laying down with Mr. Novak and just relax after a hard day they both had. He liked the small movements that Mr. Novak would do as he’d get more comfortable. Dean liked how Mr. Novak would take deep breaths, or how he’d turn his head and breathe in Dean… Did he feel the same contentment that Dean felt whenever they’d have these moments together? Was he, also, getting comfort just by breathing Dean in? What was going on in his head?

Dean would never know. He wasn’t about to ask either, although he knew that if he’d ever ask, he’d get blunt, honest answers to his questions. He wasn’t sure if it would scare him, or make him more attracted to Mr. Novak.

Dean swallowed through a dry mouth, and tightened his hold on the body underneath him. Unwilling to give up what he had, and knowing what it could mean to him in the long run… what it meant to him right now. He knew, deep down, it was going to cause him problems, but for now, right here right now, he was willing to bask in it as much as he could.

Anna and Emilio’s house had a beautiful backyard. People were working around the clock to make it presentable for the wedding that was a week away from today. The fountain that they had in the backyard was going to be decorated with real and colorful flowers. The path that would follow from there onward had a veranda where the ceremony was going to be held. This, too, was going to be filled with flowers, but it was going to have white flowers. The seats were placed on either side of the long isle, and they had white bows at the back. From then on, to the right side, they were going to have a white tent perched up over the reception area, with twinkling lights and more flowers. Right in the middle was going to be the dance floor, and surrounding it; the round tables. At the far side of the tent was going to be the small stage for the live music.

Anna was pointing this out to Dean, while they were inside the house. It was extremely hot outside and they didn’t feel like going out and getting in the way of the people working there. Dean was nodding his head along to what Anna was saying to him. She was wearing a white dress today, with sandals, and her hair was up in a ponytail. Dean was wearing jeans with a white t-shirt. His hands were inside his pockets as he looked on the scene before him. It was going to be a beautiful day for
them, he could see it in his head already. Anna had a great taste, that was already a given, seeing as she was going to marry Emilio who was extremely gorgeous.

“I think it’s gonna look amazing,” Dean commented once they moved away from the window.

“Do you really think so?” she asked, looking excited and anxious all at once.

“Yeah. Of course!” Dean said enthusiastically. They sat by a table that was filled with wedding plans and table charts. Dean picked up one of papers there and quirked up an eyebrow; it was in Spanish, and Dean dropped it down on the table.

“I feel like there’s something missing, and I don’t know what,” she said as she sat in front of him, going through the papers.

“You’ve the cake, got the decorations down, almost, sent out the invitations, know what you’re going to serve to your guests,” Dean pointed these out, and she nodded along to him, in confirmation. “The only thing missing from it is you, in your wedding gown and your husband, who is gorgeous, by the way, by your side.”

“He is pretty, isn’t he?” she whispered to him with a blinding smile and full of love in her smile. Dean nodded at her, and swallowed hard. He remembered how he was in love with Lisa and how he thought that they were going to have forever together. And now… now he was back to his old lifestyle of living, in order to be able to see his daughter.

“Hey,” Anna said, placing her hand over his on the table. He looked up and she was giving him a small smile with concerned eyes. “You alright?”

“Yeah, yeah,” he said and gave her a smile. “Sorry, I just got caught up in my head a bit. Sorry.”

“You wanna talk about it? I swear, I’m a great listener, and even better secret keeper,” she laughed and shrugged her shoulders. “Even from my brother.”

Dean looked at her for a moment, not knowing how to reply to this. In the end he settled with, “Thank you. Maybe someday when I get to know you more, I’ll share some stuff with you.”

“Fair enough,” she replied and then her hand left his to ruffle through the papers again. One of her maids came in later and brought them cold refreshments. “I’m hoping the weather will break down come next week,” she commented as she took a sip from her drink. Dean sipped on his fruit juice, liking how it cooled off his body.

“You’ve a back plan if it won’t, right?” Dean asked casually and was pinned on the spot with a glare that would ravel her brother’s.

“Of course I have! Why wouldn’t I think of that?”

“Hey, was just checking. I know you have everything under control,” Dean said, dispelling her from turning into a bridezilla. “I just don’t know what you have as a back-up plan to everything, okay?”

She sighed and closed her eyes. When she opened them, they were full of apology, “I’m sorry. I’m just so stressed out-“

“Don’t apologize, okay?” Dean told her gently. “You don’t have to apologize to me. Or to anyone, for that matter.” Dean paused, before adding, “Also, you look scary similar to your brother when you’re glaring.”
“So you’ve been at the end of his glare, too, huh?”

“Oh you have no idea,” Dean replied and took a sip of his drink again, just as she said.

“I know you’re an escort.”

Dean promptly snorted out the drink through his nose and onto the papers. He looked up at her, horrified, and at the table. “Shit,” he said and started to wipe at them with his fingers. “Shit. I’m so sorry.”

“Dean,” she said, placing her hands on his; stopping his movements. “Dean. It’s okay. Okay?” Dean swallowed, hard, unable to meet her eyes. “Listen to me, please. My brother… Castiel, he isn’t… he isn’t the most open person, right?” Dean nodded, not trusting his voice to answer to her verbally.

“And, all this time, he’d always have different partners in his life, which we didn’t get to meet. He wouldn’t share anything about them with me, despite us being supportive of his life choices, and his sexuality…” she paused, probably waiting for Dean to say something to her, but he kept his mouth shut. She sighed and continued, “Despite knowing that you’re his escort, he chose to introduce you as his partner, it means something entirely different for us all.”

“What do you mean?” he mumbled, his hands still trapped underneath hers.

“He wouldn’t introduce you to us if he wasn’t interested in you in more than one way,” she said softly, her hands squeezing his in a tight grip.

Dean swallowed around the tight knot inside his throat as he processed the words that left her lips. “Isn’t this dangerous, though?” he finally asked. There were too many questions floating around in his head, but he settled for the most obvious one.

“Of course it is dangerous. Our whole life is dangerous, but we don’t live in fear,” she said. “We don’t care what others think of us, or how we live our lives. He doesn’t care either.”

“Most of the time I’m more scared of what they’ll do to him, than what they’ll do to me, if anyone would ever find out about us,” he said, surprising himself with his honesty. If Anna was surprised, she didn’t show it; although her hand sort of tightened on Dean’s hand.

“He can protect himself, Dean. He has a big support from different families. They’d die for him in a second, then let anything happen to him,” Anna said, her voice filled with conviction and firmness. “He will protect you, as well. I really do hope that nothing will ever happen to you, because I know how he will react to it. And Dean?” Dean looked up at her, seeing her face open and full of support for this whole thing. “He will kill everyone that will ever lay a hand on you, or has ever laid a hand on you.”

Dean knew that she was right. There was no argument against the words that she spoke. There was no doubt in it. He knew what Mr. Novak was capable of, but he wasn’t sure where he himself was at on his list of priorities. Hearing Anna tell him that he was important for Mr. Novak was something he never realized that he needed to hear.

He freed one of his hands from underneath her hand, and ran it over his face. He turned the other one to grab her hand in his. He licked his lips and sighed through his mouth. “I don’t… I don’t know what to do. I’ve never been like this with a…client, before. I’ve never… I don’t…” He couldn’t finish the sentence, because he didn’t know what to say. When he tried to come up with something, his phone rang with a new message. “Sorry,” he mumbled and picked up his phone from his pocket.

**Mr. Novak:** *I’ll be there in 5. Ready to leave?*
“It’s Mr. Novak. Asking if I’m ready to leave,” Dean mumbled. “Do you need anything else?”

“No, no,” Anna said with a smile directed at him. “You can tell him to come and pick you up, if you want to.”

“Thank you,” Dean said, as he replied with an affirmative message. Then he looked up at Anna, hesitated, and then asked. “You won’t tell him any of this, right?”

“Of course not,” she replied with a frown on her face. “I told you, I’m a great secret keeper. He won’t know anything that we talked about. I promise you that.” Dean swallowed and nodded. He really, really, didn’t want for Mr. Novak to know what he talked about with Anna. It was something that he had to tell Mr. Novak himself.

They stood up when Dean received another message from him saying he was outside. Anna hugged him again, as a goodbye by the front door. When they pulled back, she cupped his cheek and smiled at him. “Everything’s going to be okay.”

“I hope so,” he replied with a nervous laughter. He turned and walked to where the car was waiting for him. Outside, the weather was still stifling hot, but when he got inside the car, it was actually pretty cool.

Mr. Novak had his sunglasses on, and he had a serious face on. Dean didn’t say anything when he didn’t even look at him. He just honked once and started to drive his car out of the lawn. They were silent, on their way back to Mr. Novak’s house. Dean fidgeted with his phone in his hands, and tried to come up with something to talk about, but his mind was blank.

He didn’t know what Mr. Novak was upset about. He certainly didn’t know if it was connected with him, or not. What if it was? What if he had done something to upset Mr. Novak? But what could it be? Was it because they didn’t have kinky sex since they got here? Was it because Dean fell asleep earlier than usual? Or was it because he had a small meeting with Anna? The questions were unlimited, and they kept on piling up and up in his head. He didn’t know which one to ask, nor did he know if he should even ask anything about it.

So he kept his mouth shut, and rode along the silent train with Mr. Novak.

Once they got back to the house, and Dean silently followed Mr. Novak up to his bedroom, his curiosity and anxiety for the silence was through the roof. His hands were starting to shake from it all, but he kept his mouth shut, until they were inside, and the door was safely closed after him.

He didn’t walk further in the bedroom. He stopped by the door and waited for Mr. Novak to acknowledge him. He licked his lips and crossed his arms over his chest. He leaned back against the door, looked as Mr. Novak drove a hole on the carpet as he paced, and waited.

And waited…

And waited some more.

Finally, Mr. Novak stopped by the window. He placed his right hand on the window, and leaned up against it, while the other one went to his pocket. Dean noticed that he was wearing a loose white shirt, and beige khaki pants. He looked good. Casual and simple, and something about that image made Dean’s heart rate pick up. He wanted nothing more than to go close to him and wrap his arms around Mr. Novak’s lean waist, but he held himself back and waited for him to speak.

He didn’t have to wait any longer, because his shoulders drooped and he said, “Two of my family members are traitors.”
Dean straightened up and frowned at Mr. Novak’s back. “What-What do you mean?”

“I just found out that two people. From my family. Are traitors.”

“Who?” Dean asked stepping forward into the bedroom some more.

But Mr. Novak shook his head, “I have no idea. I just… I just found out, that… I just…” the last part was breathed out of his lips. He pushed away from the window and covered his face with his hands.

Without thinking about it, Dean moved to Mr. Novak and wrapped his arms around him, from behind. Dean rested his chin on his shoulder, and tightened his grip on his body. “I’m sorry. We’ll get through this.”

“What wrong have I done to any of them to be treated in such way?” Mr. Novak growled, in anger and hurt. “I don’t know how… and why. I just… I can’t even wrap my head around it. How can they, any of them, do this to me? Have I been too kind to them? Too nice? Is this my repayment for being the person that I am today? For not being an ass to any of them? For not being rough or brutal, or-or even aggressive? Abusive? To any of them? What have I done wrong to be treated in such way, Dean?”

“I don’t know,” Dean answered truthfully, his arms tightening around Mr. Novak. “I don’t know and I can’t answer for any of them. But-“ he hesitated, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, before uttering the next words. “But let me tell you this; when you find out, when we find out, who these people are, we will make them pay. We will make them suffer.”

Mr. Novak turned around to look at him; Dean didn’t release his hold on him. “Dean… you don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I know, and I realize what I’m saying. I’m not drunk, or high, or any ridiculous thing that might be happening in my head. I actually only had a sweet, cold, drink with your sister. And just- It doesn’t matter. What matters, is that I hate seeing you hurt, because I know what type of person you are,” Dean said, without hesitation. Because he knew that being honest with Mr. Novak was the only way he could get through to him. “I know that you’re a kind person, who doesn’t like being toyed with. You demand honesty and devotion from your people, and they have to do nothing, but give it back to you with in full. If they can’t, they either have to leave, or you make them leave. Be it permanently, or otherwise, depends on how they behave to your decision.” Dean paused, waiting for Mr. Novak’s eyes to clear with understanding to what Dean had told him. When he saw his eyes widen and his lips parted in exhale, Dean continued, “I’m not gonna leave you. I’m going to stay by your side, no matter what happens. I’m not gonna betray you, or your trust in me. I know we are new to each other, and there are some stuff that we are not willing to share with each other, but I’m willing to stand by your side, and fight, if I have to. Although I’m a bit rusty on the fist fighting, or gun fight, I know I’m gonna need a lot of training, but just kno-“

He didn’t get to finish his sentence since he was being attacked by two vicious and soft lips. The kiss wasn’t soft, or nice, or slow, it was hard, demanding, almost hurting his lips, but he didn’t care. He just gave up his lips to Mr. Novak to be kissed in a way that he wanted to kiss. He just held on and tried to follow his lips movement, as best as he could, wincing every time Mr. Novak clawed at his back, or pulled his body closer to his. But Dean didn’t care about any of that. He just held on as much as he could, and gave up his body to Mr. Novak, once again.
Dean stared at himself in the mirror, walked away from it, came back to it, and stared some more. He was wearing a suit that was a brand. A real brand. For the first time in his life, he was wearing an Armani suit. And it was made just for him. Mr. Novak took him to the tailor that he visited whenever he needed a new suit in Spain. They knew exactly what he wanted, - bulletproof, light, and classic design to it, -and Dean went along with it. He ran his fingers at the tip of his suit jacket, feeling the rich material underneath his fingertips.

The color of his suit was in deep grey colors, his shoes were leather. His black button down held the same bulletproof material in it which his suit held as well. He didn’t have a tie on, so he left the three buttons close to his neck unbuttoned. He took a picture on his phone and sent it to Jess and Sam. He placed his phone back in his pocket and ran a hand over the light stubble on his cheek. Last night he wanted to shave it off, but Mr. Novak went a little crazy on it, and in him, so in the end he left the stubble.

Dean ran his hand through his hair and nodded, feeling satisfied with the outcome altogether. He adjusted his pants a bit, feeling himself blush from remembering what he was wearing for underwear. It was the pink panties that he received as a gift on the plane. Mr. Novak told him to wear them for the wedding the next day, and Dean had no other choice then do it.

So here he was wearing a pink, lacy underwear, with probably thousands of dollars worthy of a suit, and looking like a *GQ* model, if he said so himself; waiting for his dom to come out of the bathroom so they could go to the wedding.

As if he could read his mind, Mr. Novak stepped out of the bathroom and Dean swiveled around to look at him. And what a beautiful sight it was. Mr. Novak, as usual, donned a black suit, from head to toe. He had a slim tie on, and everything fit him as a glove. His hair was styled up in a way that made Dean want to run his fingers through them. Mr. Novak ran his hands over the front of the jacket and looked up at Dean. His eyes went down his body and slowly, very, very slowly, glided up his body and unto his face. By the time he got there, Dean was feeling flustered and tense, and a little bit hard in his pants. He could feel his face burning from a blush.

He cleared his throat, his eyes unwavering as he stared right back into Mr. Novak’s blue ones. “You look very handsome, sir.”

“You look extremely delicious, Dean,” Mr. Novak said at the same time. Dean thought that if they weren’t getting ready to leave for the wedding, they would be at each other in a matter of seconds. But since they had to leave, Dean just simply smiled at him, and made himself move forward, Mr. Novak met him halfway.

“Come here,” he extended his hand to Mr. Novak, who took it without a hesitation. Dean tugged him close to his side and took a step back to the mirror. “Can I take a mirror selfie with you?” Dean asked, wanting to cherish this moment more than just a simple memory.

“Oh, of course, sure,” Mr. Novak nodded and waited for Dean to take out his phone.

Dean activated the camera without unlocking his phone, needing to protect his privacy and the image of his daughter, and posed his phone in between them, directed at the mirror. They looked a bit awkward and not into it. He said so to Mr. Novak who just huffed and moved his arm to wrap it around Dean’s waist, effectively bringing them close to each other. Dean smiled at the proximity of them and started to take pictures.

“Now let’s take a selfie,” he said excitedly and pressed the front camera to activate. He held it up and
their faces squished up together. They both had big grins on their faces as Dean took several pictures of them. And then suddenly, Mr. Novak turned his head and kissed Dean’s cheek. Dean kept on grinning like the idiot he was, but then Mr. Novak lingered and Dean kept taking picture after picture. And then he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the closeness and the warmth of Mr. Novak’s breath on his cheek. He let his hand drop and turned his head to the side. Mr. Novak captured his lips into a soft kiss, which Dean returned chastely. Goosebumps erupted all over his skin, and he opened his mouth to deepen the kiss, but Mr. Novak pulled back from it.

Dean sighed and let their foreheads rest together. “We can’t do it now,” Mr. Novak rumbled, his eyes close, their lips touching each other softly. “We need to head out before my sister will come after us.”

Dean chuckled and shook his head. “Yeah you are right. We need to go. You’re gonna have to walk her down the aisle. And she’ll have both of our heads if we muck up her day.” Castiel huffed out in amusement at that, looked at Dean and shook his head. Dean grinned at him, shrugging.

They left the bedroom holding hands.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me your thoughts~
**Time for a wedding!**

Chapter Notes

My life suddenly took a turn so I've been extremely busy these past few weeks. I started a new job and it's melting my brain. I have nothing written for the other chapters, but do not fret. The updates will not be as fast as I hoped them they were going to be, but I haven't given up on the story. I'm still working on it. And I definitely am not going to let you down. Okay?

In return, I'll just have to ask for you to be patient with me, as much as you can, please.

Thank you so much for the love you're giving to this and to this story.

Now, enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

The ceremony was absolutely beautiful. Emilio cried when he saw Anna, and cried some more when she read her vows to him, and cried even more when they exchanged the rings. Seeing a tough man break down like this on their wedding day was something that Dean didn’t get to witness every day. Anna’s dress looked expensive, and it fit her like a glove. It was long and had a small tail. It was a corset dress, but it had a chiffon bust to it that continued up to her shoulders, and down to her back. The embroidery on the dress was hand woven and it had real diamond rocks on it that glittered off under the sun. Emilio's suit was an expensive three piece one, which was designed by a famous designer that Dean didn’t know how to pronounce. He looked extremely hot in it. Thankfully, the weather wasn’t too hot today, because Dean was sure that he wouldn’t be able to pull it off.

And as for Mr. Novak; he was a sight for the sore eye. Dean wanted nothing more than to go back to the house and have their way, but alas, it wouldn’t happen until late to the night.

The ceremony didn’t last very long; the couple was asked to kiss each other and as they did, they were blessed by everyone cheering them on. Their smiles were blinding to the people. Dean even sniffed a couple of times, and subtly brushed at his eyes with his fingers. Weddings made him emotional, okay?

If Mr. Novak noticed it, he didn’t say anything. But of course he had noticed it, since he kept glancing at Dean from the corner of his eyes and either winking at him, or giving him a soft smile. Dean was going to give him extra kisses for not outing him on it.

The party moved onto the reception area, and Dean breathed out a sigh of relief when he saw that it was exactly like Anna had wanted it to be. The evening sun was starting to set, and Dean knew that in about 10 or so minutes, the lights were going to be turned on and the party would really start.

Dean craned his neck up to try and find Mr. Novak, but he couldn’t find him in the crowd that were mingling about, trying to find their rightful table and seats. The wedding planner and co, started to
interfere and soon enough everyone were seated. Dean was sitting with some people that he didn’t really recognize, and he really didn’t pay them much attention, because he was busy trying to find where Mr. Novak was really at. Was he going to be sitting away from him? Dean thought trying not to panic. He really didn’t know anyone in here, aside from Mr. Novak and Anna and Emilio. He was just about to get up and physically seek Mr. Novak, when the spare chair beside him got pulled back and a body sat on it. Dean turned around to see who it was and nearly jumped out of his skin.

“You scared me,” Dean breathed out as he placed his hand on Mr. Novak’s knee. “I couldn’t find you. Where were you?”

“I’m sorry. I got caught up with talking to people that I don’t give a shit about,” he told Dean in a whisper, close to his ear, where he also placed a small peck on his cheek, before straightening back up.

Dean blushed a bit, a warmth that had nothing to do with the lovely weather blooming over his chest, and settling down in a contented hum on his heart. He ignored it as best as he could, as he leaned a bit forward and said to Mr. Novak, “I have no idea who we’re sitting with.”

It turned out that most of the people from their table, were Mr. Novak’s cousins. Since one of his brother’s couldn’t be here because of his position in the family, and the other one was dead. The cousins eyed them with distaste and unhidden disgust on their faces, and at first, Dean wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do with it, but he noticed that it didn’t seem to bother Mr. Novak much, so he just shrugged and ignored them as well. There were introductions, of course, and they tried to be polite with him, and cautiously respectful to Mr. Novak, but they both saw through their bullshit.

These people were the only ones that were blood-related to Mr. Novak. And Anna probably thought it would be a great idea to have them sit with them. Dean wasn’t sure that it was a great idea, but he wasn’t going to express his opinion on the matter.

Dean started to help himself to food and Mr. Novak started to drink. There would be people coming to their table and shaking hands with Mr. Novak, more than once. But Dean was never involved in any of the conversations. It was better this way.

Soon the music started and the majority of the party started to dance to it. Dean’s face split up into a wide grin when he noticed that Anna was dancing away to the music as well, with her bridesmaids. Emilio was still sitting at their table, but he was staring at her with a fond gaze. It made something warm, in Dean’s chest, clench at the sight of these two. Their love looked pure.

Anna caught him staring at her and, if it was possible, gave him a big smile. She started to wave her hand around, indicating to him to come and join her. He wanted to, because he liked dancing. So he nodded at her and turned around in his seat to get up when he suddenly noticed that Mr. Novak was staring at him.

“Going somewhere?” he asked, quirking up an eyebrow.

“I wanna dance. That’s okay, right?” Dean leaned in close to him and whispered to him close to his ear. “Please, sir. Let me dance.”

“Yeah, okay,” Mr. Novak breathed out, turning his head and placing a soft kiss on his cheek. “On one condition.”

Dean sat back up straight and cocked his head to the side, waiting. Mr. Novak drank his whiskey, snapped his fingers and a waiter poured him another glass. “You need to leave your jacket behind.”

“Done,” Dean said as he jumped to his feet. Without breaking eye contact with him, Dean started to
unbutton the one button on his jacket, and too it off. He gave it to Mr. Novak, shot him a smirk, and then walked to the dance floor, joining the people already there.

He could feel Mr. Novak’s intense stare at the back of his neck, and without realizing it, he felt a bit more confident. He didn’t care that he didn’t know anyone there, aside from Anna, but soon he was dancing and laughing with the bridesmaids, and some older ladies who got charmed by him. In between these moments, Dean kept shooting glances to their table, where he noticed Mr. Novak staring at him. His eyes were clear blue, and intense, as he looked at the way Dean danced to the upbeat music.

Dean might have moved his hips in a flirtatious manner a bit more to the beats, when he noticed this. He wasn’t even embarrassed by it.

It was starting to get dark outside, the sun setting at the horizon, giving a nice glow to the area. There was a slight wind in the air, and it was soothing on their heated bodies. Dean was dancing with a little girl when he heard the planner call out for order; it was time for Anna and Emilio’s first dance. Dean told the girl to go and find her mama, and turned around to move back to his table. Only to find Mr. Novak’s chair vacant. He frowned and looked about, but there was no sign of him. He was probably in the bathroom. He shrugged and walked back to his table. He sat down and fetched out his phone to check for messages. There wasn’t any from his brother, or Jess. He locked his phone and placed it back into his pocket.

Dean started to drink from his whiskey when the soft music started to play. Michael Buble’s version of “The Way You Look Tonight” started playing and Dean sat up straighter to look at them as they danced. She had a blinding smile on her face and Emilio looked like he was being constantly shot by the Cupid. Dean could feel the idiotic smile he had on his face but he didn’t care about it. He was happy for them. And he wasn’t ashamed to show it.

When they were done everyone clapped for them, and the lights started to turn back on. Dean stood up from his table and walked to the bar to get a new drink. He waited for his turn, since there were some other people there to get their drinks. He looked around again, trying to find Mr. Novak but there was still no sign of him. When it was his turn, he ordered scotch and waited to be served.

“Novak is an extremely private man,” he heard some lady talk behind his back. He didn’t turn, but he strained his ears to hear what they had to say.

“He is,” another lady replied. “It’s such a shame, though. His… life choices prevent him from reproducing. It would’ve been great for him to settle down and have a wife, and a family, don’t you think?”

“You are absolutely right,” the first one replied back. “But his partner is an eye candy, don’t you think?”

“He is. He so is,” there was a dreamy sigh from one of them. And Dean let himself smirk. “It’s another shame though.”

“What is?”

“His *date* is actually an escort,” one of them said. Dean swallowed around the knot in his throat.

Of course they’d know what he was. What did he think was going to happen? Everyone knew how escorts looked, it was like they had an invisible flashlight blinking over their heads that they were, in fact, escorts, and these people were smart. So really, he didn’t have a choice in the matter. They’d always see him as an escort and nothing more.
Drink in hand, Dean pushed back from the bar. He gave one more look at the table, finding no sign of Mr. Novak again, and headed to the house to use the bathroom.

The path that took him back was filled with flower beds on either side of them, and lights that prevented him from stumbling his way around here. He rounded the corner and up the stairs, and into the house. There were some people here as well, having quiet conversations between one another, drinking their expensive alcohols. Dean tipped back his glass and drank it all. Placing the glass down at the nearest table, Dean took the stairs up to the second floor for the bathroom.

Once inside, he leaned forward on the sink and let his head dip forward. He was having fun at his dom’s sister’s wedding. He didn’t allow himself to think of who he really was, and how he got himself landed at this wedding, or who these people were. He just needed to let loose and enjoy himself, and that’s what he’d been doing. He shut off that side of his brain, which usually whispered that he didn’t belong here, whenever he’d outings with his employees. He turned on the faucet and splashed some cold water on his face.

He quickly dried his face with the towel on the rack, ran his hands through his hair and left the bathroom, after checking his reflection and tugging on his shirt. He shut the door after him and turned to walk down the hall, when he heard a door being closed behind his back. Dean turned around and his heart started to beat faster in his chest.

Mr. Novak came out of a room down the hall, but he wasn’t looking up, he was doing something on his phone, which gave Dean a minute to admire the way his shirt was stretched over his chest. He had rolled up his sleeves on his arms to show off his forearms, and probably kill Dean. His pants were tight on him and they made his legs look so good. His hair looked rumpled. Well, more rumpled than it was before.

“There you are,” Dean finally said, and walked to him at a slow pace. Mr. Novak looked up at the sound of his voice, his eyes squinting. For a moment Dean saw his eyes widen, but then they went back to normal size. He placed his phone back in his pocket just as Dean approached him. He extended his hand and Dean took it, squeezing his fingers, and then lifted his hand up to kiss his knuckles. Dean squirmed, and blushed at the gesture, but didn’t say anything. He merely gave Mr. Novak a soft smile, which he returned.

“My apologies. I needed to answer a phone call… or ten,” he rolled his eyes. Dean frowned down at their hands and then looked up at him.

“What’s going on? Everything okay?” he asked, trying not to worry too much when Mr. Novak gave him a soft smile, that didn’t reach his eyes.

“Yeah. It’s going to be okay. Not right away, but soon,” Mr. Novak replied with a slight nod. His eyes went out of focus, and Dean didn’t like seeing that. So he grabbed Mr. Novak’s other hand and pulled them closer.

He turned his head to the side and brushed their lips together in a soft kiss. It was just that; a small reassurance for them both. They pulled back and Mr. Novak stared at him for a moment. “I want you to forget about your job. Just for tonight, you’re Castiel Novak, and you’re attending your only sister’s wedding. She’s so happy. You should see her smile today,” Dean said a smile of his own tugging at the corners of his lips. “I know your job, your life, never stops even when you’re attending some functions, but just for the night, please…”

Mr. Novak closed his eyes, took a deep steadying breath, released it, and nodded. “You’re right. I’m sorry. I’ll do better now. We should head back.” He leaned towards Dean, tugging at his hands to make Dean bent a bit forward. Dean did, and Mr. Novak placed a soft kiss on Dean’s cheek, and
Dean closed his eyes, cherishing the warmth of his lips on his cheek.

The cake was delicious. It probably had unicorns and rainbows mixed up with the frosting because Dean couldn’t help but moan around it. They cut the cake when the sun set, and it was dark out; the only lights coming were from the decorations. Dean and Mr. Novak stood side by side, smiles on their faces as the bridal party fed each other the cake and then drunk their champagne. Anna made eye contact with Dean, and she winked at him. He just smiled brightly at her.

Mr. Novak leaned in to him, when he took another bite from the cake and let out yet another moan, and said, “If you won’t stop those noises, I’m gonna have to bend you over my knee. Right here. Right now.” And Dean promptly started to choke on his cake. He turned his head to glare at Mr. Novak because what the fuck.

Mr. Novak only lifted an eyebrow at him, but it didn’t stop Dean from glaring at him. He tried not to make a sound on another bite of cake, but it was too damn hard. The cake was that delicious! Dean needed to know where they got it from because he needed to know the recipe to make it for Natalie. And Mr. Novak. When he’d stop being a grump.

He finished off the cake in a record time, and drank his glass of whiskey. He frowned when he was done with the glass, and then eyed Mr. Novak’s glass. He glanced at him, finding him already staring at Dean. Dean, suddenly finding some sort of courage out of his ass, without breaking the eye contact, grabbed Mr. Novak’s glass and drowned it as well. Mr. Novak made a jerky move to… Dean didn’t know what he was going to do, but he seemed to take control of his actions. Dean gave him a self-satisfied grin before standing up. He walked around his chair, deliberately taking the side where Mr. Novak was sitting on, looking down at him as he passed.

Mr. Novak’s face was expressionless, but his eyes dilated further, and then asked in a low gruff voice, “Where are you going off to?”

“I’m going to dance some more. I need to sweat this food out. You coming?” Dean asked, holding out his hand, even though he knew the answer was going to be a negative one.

“Not now,” Mr. Novak said. “I’d like to admire the view from afar, for now.”

Dean chuckled at him and shook his head. “Enjoy the view, then,” he said as he made his way to the dance floor, where the bridesmaids cheered up when they saw him and dragged him into the middle of their small dancing group.

The music was upbeat, but Dean recognized the way it was winding down. And then the next thing he knew the DJ was calling the last dance of the night. Everyone quickly found their partners for the last one song, because it was going to be a slow one. Dean turned around to make his way back to his seat, when he collided with a chest that he’d recognize anywhere.

“Wanna dance?” Mr. Novak asked, and the apology that was going to leave Dean’s lips faded into the background. Dean’s lips parted as he stared at Mr. Novak for a second, who was staring at him right back, unwaveringly. Dean’s mouth dried at the offer and he had to clear his throat couple of times to be able to speak.
“I’d love to,” Dean croaked out eventually.

Mr. Novak’s armed snaked around his lower back, with no hesitation, as he pulled him flush to his body. Dean sucked in a breath as he felt their belts clank together. Then Mr. Novak’s other hand moved down his shoulder, to his bicep, to his elbow, to his forearm, and grabbed his hand. Dean’s heart rate increased, his lips parted and a breath left them as electric shock passed through his arm through the gesture. They moved slowly to the beat of the music. Swaying from side to side…

Their foreheads met and Dean couldn’t interpret Mr. Novak’s expression, so in the end he simply closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Mr. Novak’s smell, coated with just a tiny bit of sweat from the heat of the night, was intoxicating. He wanted to do nothing, but bury his nose into the crook of his neck, and never come out of there. He hummed at the thought, and the hold on him tightened. Dean moved his hand up from Mr. Novak’s shoulder, where he had placed it at first, to the nape of his neck and started to play with the soft hair there.

It was Mr. Novak’s turn to hum at the gesture, and Dean huffed out through his nose, his lips turning up into smile. He opened his eyes a fraction, and saw the soft smile on Mr. Novak’s face that made his heart go into overdrive.

Mr. Novak turned his head slightly to the side, their noses brushing against one another, and for a wild moment, Dean thought he was going to be kissed, but he merely stayed like that, in that position. And honestly, Dean didn’t complain at all. He just liked the close proximity of their bodies.

Dean was waiting for Mr. Novak to go home, by the foyer, when a man in a suit approached him. Out of courtesy, Dean nodded at him, but the man didn’t nod back. Instead, he just stood there and looked at Dean for some time. By the second minute, Dean started to squirm, feeling uncomfortable.

“Can I help you?” he finally decided to ask before he’d lose his head over this.

“I know what you are,” he said and Dean sort of frowned at him.

“Huh?”

“I know what you are,” he repeated again, and this time he sounded angry. “Homosexuality is a sin and you’re doomed for life for even entertaining the idea of being with Mr. Novak.” Ah… so this was the homophobic rant of the evening that Dean didn’t really want to hear, or give a damn about. He gave a half a thought as to what Mr. Novak would say, or do, if Dean punched this man.

“I don’t think it’s appropriate of you to talk to me in such way. Especially when you don’t even know who I am,” Dean said with a slight shrug and a raised eyebrow.

“I know exactly who you are,” the man hissed at him. And Dean set his jaw in a stubborn manner. “A man who can be bought is not a man worth having. You better learn this lesson early on in your life, before you’ll screw up for good.”

His breath hitched in his throat. He was familiar with those words. He knew who said it to him the first time. And as they say, you can’t forget your first time. It didn’t matter what it was.
“Dean, Dean, Dean…” the voice hissed at him, breath filled with alcohol. Dean couldn’t see his face, because he was blindfolded, but that voice… “A man who can be bought isn’t a man worth having, Dean. You’re not worth it. You’re not worthy of anyone. I hope you can learn this sooner rather than later. For your own good.”

Dean blinked couple of times, and brought himself back to the present. He took a shaky breath in and looked back at the man. But before Dean could form words, or think of a response to what the man said, he was already out of the house. Dean swallowed around, what felt like sand paper. He ran a clammy hand over his mouth and he tried to take a steadying breath. His hands were shaking and he felt out of place; he needed to take off everything from him and just scrub himself clean.

Dean suddenly felt very dirty.

“Oh, there you are!” a tinkling voice said behind him, and he schooled his features into something assembling a happy face, as he turned around and got an armful of Anna. Dean squeezed her to him and sighed.

“Hey, girl,” he said to her. They pulled back and she smiled up at him.

“Hey, yourself! Did you have fun?” she asked.

“Of course! Everything was great. Really. This was probably the best wedding I attended to,” Dean said.

“I’m so glad,” she said, and she looked so relieved as if Dean’s opinion on her wedding day was the most important part of the day. This made him feel tiny bit better. “Also, I’ve discovered something else.”

“Which is what?” he asked, genuinely curious.

“My brother’s been undressing you all night long with his eyes,” she whispered to him, leaning forward.

Dean froze for only a second, before his face started to burn from embarrassment, and he tried to laugh it off. “You’re silly. We were just having fun!”

“You’d rather have another type of fun, wouldn’t you?” she wiggled her eyebrows at him and he couldn’t help the nervous laughter that left his lips. “I know the feel, though, so…”

Dean shook his head and just then he spotted Mr. Novak walking to them. He was talking to Emilio. And knowing him, he was probably talking about his work. Dean rolled his eyes at the man; he could never stop working. And Dean had to learn to accept that, one way or another.

They said their goodbyes, and Mr. Novak promised Anna that they’d meet up soon to go over some stuff. She hugged Dean goodbye, and gave him a wink as she pulled back. He couldn’t help the laughter that bubbled out of him. Mr. Novak gave him a quizzical look, but Dean only shook his head; He didn’t want to share this with him. Mr. Novak shrugged, and they left the house.

And when Mr. Novak tried to take his hand into his, Dean placed his hands inside his pockets, and ignored the look that Mr. Novak shot at him. Dean really needed to take a shower tonight.
When they got back to the house, and back to their bedroom, - because, really, Dean wasn’t even using the spare one in the house, - he started to unbutton his shirt with jerky movements. His fingers were shaking, and his heart was still hammering away in his chest. How did one of Alastair’s man sneak inside? And no one noticed him? How did they find Dean? How did they know where he’d be? How-

His thoughts stopped abruptly when he felt cold hands on his own, stopping his motions. Dean deeply breathed in and out of his nose, as he struggled to calm down. “Dean?” Mr. Novak’s voice was calm, but Dean could detect a hint of concern in it. “Tell me what’s wrong. You look pale.”

“I…” Dean swallowed, not knowing what to say. He frowned and looked down at their hands. He twisted his hands around and held on to Mr. Novak’s. He squeezed his fingers and took a deep breath. “I heard some comments… during the wedding. They weren’t nice.”

Mr. Novak’s face cleared with understanding. “Oh, Dean…”

Dean shook his head and said. “I… I’ve learned to not take these stuff to heart, but…” he squeezed his eyes shut. “But there… there was this man. At the end. He… he approached me, and I didn’t know who he was. I can’t even remember his name, to be honest. He just…”

“What happened?” Mr. Novak asked, his hands tightening on Dean’s to prevent him from moving. And unknowinglygrounding Dean as well.

“He said a thing to me that my-my former dom used to tell me,” Dean said. He shook his head as he remembered, a ghost from his past, coming to him in the present. “I just need to take a shower. I feel dirty. I just need to clean myself up. I don’t even know how you can even touch me right now.”

Dean tried to pull his hands away, but Mr. Novak pulled him close to his body. He released their hands and wrapped his arms around Dean.

Dean didn’t struggle; he knew it was a futile thing to do. So he just stood there, motionless, his hands by his sides and waited for Mr. Novak to release him.

“You’re not dirty,” Mr. Novak said gruffly. His voice holding an edge of urgency for Dean to understand and accept what he was saying. “You’re the purest man I’ve ever had the privilege to touch. Don’t you ever think that you’re worse than anyone else in this life, okay?”

Dean tried to relax, but he couldn’t. His skin was buzzing and he felt clammy, and he really just wanted to take a shower. “Please,” he whispered, finally finding his voice. “Please, just let me shower first.”

“The only way I can allow you to shower is because you feel like you need to, but not because you have to because of a comment that means literally nothing to me, because I know you, Dean Winchester.”

Dean’s mouth dried at the statement, and after a moment of hesitation, he breathed out and his body released the tension that he didn’t even notice he adopted. He lifted his arms up and hugged Mr. Novak back and he felt the same thing happen to his body. They both took comfort from the embrace.

Mr. Novak was the first one to pull back, but he didn’t stray too far. Instead, he moved his hand up and cupped Dean’s cheek, and brought their lips together for a kiss. Dean responded with no hesitation. Their lips danced together in soft movements, and then Mr. Novak was deepening the
kiss. Dean was quick to follow and he clutched at Mr. Novak’s shirt, pulling him closer.

Mr. Novak pushed away from the kiss but didn’t go too far. “I wanna do something else tonight,” he nipped at Dean’s lower lip, which made him shudder. “Something we haven’t done before.”

They kissed again, with tongue this time. Dean moaned low in his neck, wanting to kiss this man as long as he could. He was starting to get hard in his pants and he wanted to rut his hips against Mr. Novak’s but he couldn’t. He wasn’t allowed to.

“What do you—What do you wanna do?” Dean asked as they broke out for a breath. Mr. Novak started to unbutton his shirt. He didn’t answer Dean’s question, not yet. Instead, he dipped down and lapped at his exposed chest. He bit down at the meat on his sides, which made Dean yelp; not in pain, but in pleasure. Dean quickly shrugged off his shirt, just as Mr. Novak licked his way up Dean’s body; over his navel, chest, and neck and sneaking in his tongue into his mouth. Dean moaned and grabbed on to Mr. Novak’s neck to keep him in place.

“I love it when you sweat out like this,” Mr. Novak hissed at him, when his hands started to rub up and down his back, where Dean was definitely sweating.

“Are you into it?” Dean asked, sounding puzzled. They never really spoke about it, and it was news to him.

Mr. Novak pulled back and looked at Dean, with his eyebrow raised that made Dean want to drop to his knees and let Mr. Novak take control over his everything. Which, come to think of it, Dean had already agreed to, but the feeling was at strongest when Mr. Novak looked at him like that. “I don’t think it’s your place to judge my kinks,” Mr. Novak said, sounding defensive.

“What? No!” Dean quickly said, his thumbs caressing Mr. Novak’s neck. “I don’t care what your kinks are. I just didn’t know you were into it.”

Mr. Novak huffed out, and said, “Yeah, well.”

Dean shook his head and smiled at him, before he leaned in again and placed a kiss on his lips. “You never told me what you wanted to do with me tonight.”

Something passed over Mr. Novak’s eyes that Dean couldn’t really identify. So he waited for Mr. Novak to speak. And waited some more. What felt like five minutes had passed, but it was only a minute probably, Mr. Novak sight and rubbed at his forehead. He didn’t put distance between them, but Dean could feel the small gap between them. Not liking it one bit, he took a step forward to have them flush against each other. Mr. Novak spared him a glance, but didn’t say anything.

“I have never done this before. With anyone,” he said. He paused for a moment, before sort of bobbing his head, he continued. “Well, I have done the act, but never in the way have I intended to do it tonight, with you. And it’s not something that I’d want for us to do regularly, because of… yeah I don’t.”

“Mr. Novak…”

“I wanna make love to you,” he blurted out, his eyes looking at him, and then quickly away. “Tonight. I wanna make love to you. You can say no,” he said, slightly frowning. “And I’ll understand as to why. But also you can… you can negotiate something with me in return, and I’ll… I’ll give it to you. Be it money-wise, or anything else.”

Dean didn’t know what to say. His brain sort of stopped working as he registered the nervous words that were pouring out his mouth. Mr. Novak wanted to have sex with him. That was one thing that
Dean understood since they did it regularly, and in different positions, and in different scenarios. Dean was cool with that. Now, though, he wanted to make love with Dean. Which was something that Dean had done before, but from what he understood Mr. Novak never done it before. When he said he had done the act, he meant the sex part of it, where his dick was inside another person’s body. Not the love making part.

It wouldn’t be a problem for Dean to do it. He could easily switch off that part of his brain, and just think of it as a regular fucking. He could also ask Mr. Novak to pay him triple for the service. He could easily do that, so it wouldn’t leave an emotional dent inside his heart, but...

But he wanted it. He wanted to feel that closeness with Mr. Novak. Maybe it was for selfish reasons, because he wanted to feel like a human being, and not some dirty person who had an awful past with some dangerously awful people… He didn’t care. He wanted this to happen with Mr. Novak. And he knew exactly what he wanted in return.

“You told me I could ask for anything from you, in return, for this service, right?” Dean asked, to just re-check and see if he got it right.

“Yes,” he replied with a nod and a serious expression. “Of course. Anything you want. However much you want.”

“No. I don’t need the money,” Dean said with a chuckle, shaking his head. His hands made their way down Mr. Novak’s chest and snaked around his back. “I want you.”

Mr. Novak frowned at him and tilted his head to the side. “But you already have me…”

“No,” Dean said and shook his head. “No. I do, but I don’t at the same time.”

“I don’t understand…”

“I want you. I want to feel you. I wanna be able to… to touch you,” Dean said, and to make his point, his moved his hands up behind Mr. Novak’s clothed back. He earned a fully body shudder from it and Dean let himself hope for just a fraction of a second, before Mr. Novak grabbed his biceps.

“I… I told you. I can’t. I can’t do that,” he said, but there wasn’t urgency behind his words that indicated Dean that he meant what he said at this moment.

“Why not, sir? We can… we can figure out a way around this. I just,” Dean sighed and collected his thoughts. “Look, I’ve done this before, and I know what a fake one feels like, and what a real one feels like. Which one do you wanna experience?”

Mr. Novak looked down at Dean’s bare chest, his eyes glazed over as he thought about it. After a moment of silence, he said, “I want to experience the real one.”

“Okay,” Dean said, sighing in relief. “Okay. So, if you need to experience the real one, you have to… you have to let me in, somehow. Even if it’ll be in a small way. I just need for us to be close. Don’t you want it, sir?”

“I do. Of course, I do. That’s why I asked you to do this with me,” Mr. Novak said. He looked up, into Dean’s eyes and said, “I trust you.”

That was the only encouragement Dean needed. He gave Mr. Novak a smile, before he moved forward and took Mr. Novak’s lips into his, slowly kissing him. His hands moved to the front of Mr. Novak’s body, and glided up to the collar of his shirt. He took off black tie without a hitch, and Mr.
Novak didn’t stop him. As they continued to kissed, Dean started to unbutton his shirt. He could feel how badly Mr. Novak started to shake, and his kisses were becoming more erratic. He wasn’t relaxed, he didn’t feel like he was into it, and that was putting Dean off. He gave a firm kiss to Mr. Novak before pulling back. He didn’t look down at Mr. Novak’s exposed chest. He only managed to do four buttons, but it was more than he had ever got the chance to see on a regular basis. He kept his eyes up, staring into Mr. Novak’s ice blue ones, as he tried to think of something to make him relax a bit. Because as much as he wanted to do this, he needed for Mr. Novak to take control of their actions.

“I can’t push you into doing this, where I can feel that you’re not comfortable with it,” Dean said. “How about, I turn off the lights, leave one of the curtains open for a bit of a light to get inside, so we won’t trip and break out necks—’ that earned him a small huff of laughter, ‘—and we can take care of this in the dark, hm? Will that be okay for you? Will you be able to do it?”

“I can. I will. I do want to do this,” Mr. Novak was quick to answer. Dean relaxed and nodded. He walked to the switch, and shut off all the lights in the bedroom. His eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness and he made his way to where Mr. Novak was waiting for him.

Dean rested his forehead against Mr. Novak’s, breathing in his scent as he started to unbutton his shirt with nibble fingers. Mr. Novak’s chest was heaving as he breathed in and out, and Dean moved in to kiss him. When their lips touched, Mr. Novak grabbed him by the neck and pushed in his tongue to kiss Dean into a stupid stupor. Dean finished taking care of his shirt, and pushed it off of Mr. Novak.

Mr. Novak grabbed him by the hips and pulled them together. Their chests brushed up against one another and Dean couldn’t help the groan and the violent shiver that went down his body. He pushed up closer, and wasn’t disappointed when Mr. Novak did the same with him. Dean didn’t dare to let his hands wander, because he didn’t know if he was allowed to touch yet, but his brain stopped working when Mr. Novak turned them around and pushed him until he fell down on the bed. He toyed off his shoes, and bent forward to take off his socks, before he was pushed back down onto the bed by Mr. Novak.

Mr. Novak straddled his hips and bent down to lick and kiss his sweating chest. Knowing about Mr. Novak’s kink, he lifted one of his arm up, feeling silly and hesitant at first. But it felt like Mr. Novak’s senses were in overdrive, so he bit down on his nipple before moving to the side of his body and…

“Oh god,” Dean moaned as he felt Mr. Novak sniff under his arm, his face buried in. A low rumble started at the back of his throat, and Dean feeling it through his body, started to sweat a bit more. Mr. Novak nuzzled his face there some more, kissing and licking. And Dean… well, Dean wasn’t feeling weird about it. He was actually enjoying it. He was enjoying the extra attention he was getting. And from it, he was getting harder in his pants.

When he shifted his hips, he felt Mr. Novak’s hardness against his. Mr. Novak grabbed his other arm and pushed up against the bed; locking both of Dean’s arms there, he gave the same amount of attention to his other armpit. He licked and nuzzled and kissed the sweat off of Dean’s armpits; which was making Dean squirm in the best way possible.

When he felt like Mr. Novak was relaxed enough he twisted his hands a bit to release his hands from Mr. Novak’s hand. Thankfully, Mr. Novak was quick enough to release him, and Dean tugged Mr. Novak’s head up for a kiss. He didn’t feel weird, or disgusted, for having his face under his sweaty armpits. It was actually making his heart beat faster in his chest. Making him harder in his pants. But he needed for them to slow down a bit. Just a tiny bit…
“Pants. We need to… pants,” Dean breathed out, but he continued to kiss Mr. Novak. His hands moved down Dean’s body, and he did a quick work on them. He pushed back, and Dean let out a dissatisfied sound; he didn’t want for them to have any sort of distance between them.

“I forgot about your panties,” Mr. Novak said as he dipped his head down and wrapped his lips around Dean’s dick. He had been steadily dripping cum, and the panties had gotten wet already. Dean’s hips buckled up. Mr. Novak moaned, placing kisses around the head. He pulled back and Dean tried not to sound too disappointed. “I’m gonna fuck you with the panties on, Dean.”

Dean gasped out, because he couldn’t make his lips work to form words. Instead, he lifted his hips up and helped Mr. Novak to take off his pants. Dean pushed himself up on the bed some more, and waited for Mr. Novak to come to bed again. The dark silhouette that Mr. Novak’s body made, made him look a bit more muscular than he actually was. Dean shivered when he heard Mr. Novak’s pants drop down on the floor. The bed dipped as Mr. Novak got on it, and he made his way up to Dean.

Dean let out a sound that he couldn’t quite figure out exactly what it was, because this was the first time Dean was feeling Mr. Novak’s naked body on his. He had also taken off his underwear with his pants and this felt incredibly. This was the first time he was feeling Mr. Novak’s heat. The slight body hair that he had on his legs, and around his navel. He had chest hair which Dean hadn’t felt before. He wanted to reach out and touch every space available, so much, that he couldn’t think of anything else. His whole body was covered in sweat. He was feeling light headed and Mr. Novak was starting to smell so good.

Mr. Novak was sweating as well and Dean tilted his head to the side to kiss his neck, and the taste that he felt on his lips made his eyes roll back. He moaned and lapped at the skin there, his hands carefully away from his body, clutching at his head and face, to keep him in there. He couldn’t identify what he was tasting exactly, but the need to kiss and lick everything that he could reach was strong.

“C-can I touch you?” he breathed out, his voice hitching. He was feeling needy and he wanted nothing else but feel Mr. Novak everywhere. “Tell me where I can touch? Please, please, sir. Tell me I can touch you somewhere.”

“J-Just the… fuck,” Mr. Novak shuddered as Dean dragged his teeth down his neck and to his shoulder. His hips bucked down and Dean gasped out, bowing his body down; wanting to feel it again, but not, at the same time. His senses were high wire and he wanted to feel more. “Touch my shoulders and my arms. But anything below that, I…”

“I don’t care. Holy shit I can touch you. Fuck,” Dean moved his hands down to Mr. Novak’s shoulders; his skin was so smooth there. Mr. Novak let out broken noise, which he buried it in Dean’s lips. Their kiss was rough and Mr. Novak started to shake again. But it wasn’t from discomfort. It was from pleasure. Dean kissed him back with as much passion as he could muster up.

While he was kissing, and exploring his shoulders and arms, Dean started to move his hips up and down to feel Mr. Novak’s dick alongside his clothed one. The lace was thin and it almost felt like it wasn’t even there. Mr. Novak didn’t disappoint though; he dropped his hips down and started to move against Dean’s dick. He was letting out noises that Dean had never heard before, and Dean wanted to hear them as much as he could. Mr. Novak’s hands wandered down his body and he grabbed the back of Dean’s thigh; he lifted his hips up and onto his ass. Dean clutched Mr. Novak’s shoulders tighter and threw his head back. Mr. Novak took this as an invitation to lick his exposed neck.

It felt amazing. Their bed was steadily getting wet from their sweat, and they haven’t even started to have sex. This was just a foreplay, and as much as Dean wanted to drag this out, he also wanted Mr.
Novak’s dick inside him.

“In me, in me, in me, in me,” Dean hadn’t realized that he had started to chant these words, until Mr. Novak shushed him with a kiss and flipped them around. A bit of an adjustment and Dean was sitting up in Mr. Novak’s lap. He didn’t know where to put his hands, so he leaned forward and braced himself on his arms; which he placed on either side of Mr. Novak’s head.

“Can I go in like this? Do you think you can take it?” Mr. Novak whispered into the darkness, and his voice was a low growl which made Dean shiver again.

“Let’s try. If not. Lube,” Dean grunted out.

“Ohkay, let me just,” Mr. Novak didn’t give him any warning as he quickly dipped his hand under his panties, and wrapped his hand around Dean’s dick. He started to jerk him off.

“Sonofa-hhnning,” Dean moaned as he breathed out through open mouth.

“You’ve such a filthy mouth, Dean Winchester,” Mr. Novak growled in his ear, though he placed a soft kiss under it. Dean huffed out through his nose just as he felt Mr. Novak gather the pre-cum from his dick on his fingers.

His free hand pulled Dean’s ass cheek and panties to the side, while the other one, which was filled with cum, started to pump in and out of his ass. It felt uncomfortable, and too dry, but his body was sweating out so much that they were using it to this advantage. “A bit more,” Mr. Novak mumbled to him, placing another kiss to the side of his head, as Dean fell to his elbows, because it was starting to get too much for him.

“Just go in,” he moaned into Mr. Novak’s neck, and tried not to chase the fingers that left his ass open.

“Let’s try this then.”

Mr. Novak aligned him and slowly made his way into Dean. It felt too dry, and it was hurting a bit, but Dean felt like he needed the stretch. He was too far gone to think of the consequences of his actions, but he honestly didn’t care right now. Dean pushed himself down on Mr. Novak’s dick, bracing himself on his thighs now. He threw his head back and cried out as his ass stretched out to accommodate Mr. Novak’s dick in him.

It felt too much. Mr. Novak was bigger than the average size, but at the same time, Dean couldn’t stop. Dean closed his eyes and started to move up and down his dick. He was saying something that he didn’t understand, or know what it was. He just knew that his lips were moving, and he was forming words, and he was saying something, but his head was clouded by the feelings he was experiencing right now.

Dean was moving slow, too slow, the drag that he was feeling in his ass was a bit painful, but not too much. He enjoyed the pain and his body kept buzzing with it. His thighs were starting to shake from this, and Mr. Novak seemed to notice it, because he grabbed Dean around his waist and flipped them back around. Now Dean was laying down, while Mr. Novak aligned himself again to push in, since he had slipped out.

This time he went in without a hitch and Dean moaned again. He wrapped his arms around Mr. Novak’s neck and pulled him close for a kiss. Mr. Novak was grunting into his mouth as he started to move his hips, slowly dragging out, and then pushing in just as slowly. Dean moved his lips down to Mr. Novak’s chin, where he bit at it, and kissed it, and mouthed along to his ear. Mr. Novak was
grunting and moaning, and he dropped his head down to Dean’s neck. Dean turned his head to the side and gave more access to Mr. Novak.

Their movements didn’t gain more rhythm to them, even when they got close to coming. Mr. Novak’s hips were moving in and out of him, in slow moves. His hands were touching every available surface of Dean’s body. Grunting, and moaning, his hands squeezing and caressing his body… and Dean was feeling close. So close. And the way that Mr. Novak’s moves were starting to get a bit shorter and a bit faster, Dean knew he was close too.

“Come for me, baby boy,” Mr. Novak grunted into his ear and Dean shivered from the roughness. If it were possible, his voice had gone lower than it had been few minutes ago. “Come for me, baby. That’s it, come on…”

Dean arched his back, his hands clawing at Mr. Novak’s back, unknowingly, at a territory that he wasn’t allowed to touch. He was so far gone, so out of it, that he hadn’t realized that he’d been doing it, before Mr. Novak literally screamed and he spilled into Dean. Their lips met on a desperate kiss and Dean quickly moved his hands up to the back of Mr. Novak’s neck, where he ran his fingers up to his hair, and down to his neck and shoulders. It was a silent apology, and the way that Mr. Novak was kissing him, meant that he forgave the slip up.

Dean was glad that it didn’t trigger anything with Mr. Novak. Which was when later on in the night, that he realized something, - when they were laying down on top of one another, their limbs tangled up together with satisfied smiles on their faces,- that Mr. Novak wasn’t scared of being touched. He was scared of showing Dean what his body looked like. And then possibly, not being touched because of what Dean might see, and think after it.

Dean didn’t know what he was going to say to Mr. Novak, or how he was going to approach this subject and try to coax Mr. Novak into trusting him enough to share, but knowing that the thing that he feared wasn’t being touched on his bare skin, was actually relieving.

Chapter End Notes

Did you catch that as well? The background-played-at-attraction of our beautiful boys?

*swoon*

Leave me your thoughts please~
There is something about burning hot.

Chapter Notes

I'm really sorry that it's taking me to update the chapters.
I'm hoping that you won't be discouraged as to not read the story because of this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

When Castiel woke up the next morning, he spent a few moments in bed, staring up at the ceiling. Quickly, he got up and put on his T-shirt and sweatpants. He turned around to look at Dean, who was still asleep. Castiel swallowed around the lump in his throat, and waited for the regret to set in; the hatred he would surely feel against himself for doing this to Dean…

However, it didn’t.

Dean had enjoyed himself last night. Dean had made sure that he was comfortable with everything they’d do. Even though it was Castiel’s job to do, Dean made them comfortable. Castiel liked what they did, and feeling Dean’s hands, or body, close to his naked one felt amazing. Castiel shivered as he remembered the night he had with Dean, having his body so close to his, without any barrier between them. He felt euphoric. He wanted to have that with Dean all the time, but he knew it was impossible, for now. He just needed a bit more time to be able to expose himself to Dean and to let him in fully. And having Dean touching him like that?

Castiel took a steadying breath as he made his way back to bed. He laid back on it, on his side, not bothering with the blanket.

Dean’s body was glowing under the morning sun. They only left one of the windows open, without covering it with the curtains, but it was enough to give off the light inside. Dean was laying down on his front, his hands clutching the pillow underneath his head, his full lips pouting, his face relaxed. He looked incredible pretty like this and Castiel leaned forward to place a soft kiss to his cheek. Not wanting to move back yet, he moved his lips down to kiss him on the lips too. He watched as Dean’s lips twitched at the contact. Something warm settled inside his chest and he shuffled closer to hug Dean close to him. He wrapped his arm around Dean’s sleeping form and brought them together. Dean sniffed once, and nuzzled closer to his neck. He unwrapped one of his arms from around his pillow and draped it over Castiel’s body. He turned his head up and sleepily kissed Castiel’s chin.

Castiel closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Dean. He felt at ease, even though what they did was crossing some sort of a boundary between them, Castiel had no regret in him. If he could, he would do it every night, because it felt that amazing to have Dean so close to him. He just hoped that someday he’d have the courage to be fully naked in front of Dean again, but this time when he’d be able to see the real Castiel.

Placing another kiss on Dean’s forehead, he pushed back from him and got up. Dean made a
distressed sound, but otherwise, he stayed asleep. Castiel had to meet with his sister in an hour, so he had to leave soon. He didn’t want to wake Dean up.

So Castiel went to take a quick shower, without sparing a glance down his body. Drying himself off with a towel, quickly, he wore jeans, with a pale blue button down shirt. He rolled up the sleeves, and left the three buttons on his collar. He ran his hands through his hair couple of times, looking at himself in the mirror, he stopped. His face looked…different. Not much from the previous thousands of times he’d seen himself, but he just looked different. Good different. He frowned at his reflection, shook his head, and then left the bathroom. He glanced at the bed and found that Dean was still asleep, and he was still gloriously naked. Castiel wanted nothing more than to get into bed with him and not leave for hours on end. But he couldn’t have that. Not now anyway.

So with a resigned sigh, he grabbed his phone and keys, and was about to head out, when he turned around and walked to the bedside table, where he had a small notebook placed with a pen beside it. He wrote a small note for Dean, and placed it on his pillow. He couldn’t help himself when he leaned forward and placed another kiss on Dean’s lips. He didn’t stir at all.

Castiel sighed as he straightened back up, and when he walked to the bedroom door, this time he actually left.

“I can’t believe you still do that,” Castiel observed with a mild amusement on his face, with a crease on his forehead. The weather was nice today. With the sun almost high up in the sky, and a slight breeze in the air, Castiel and Anna decided to have their breakfast date at a café in downtown. Well, downtown was a loose term to use here. It was more of a famous café in the middle of a busy street of Barcelona. One of Emilio’s cousins owned it. They were sitting outside, under the shades. Some of Castiel’s men had flew in with him and Dean, so they were spread out on the streets. Anna’s bodyguards were spread out around the café.

Castiel stared at his sister, as she packed up her pancakes on top of one another. She layered each one of them with ice cream, and fruits. At the end of the small ministration, the stack was so high, Castiel was sure she wasn’t going to be able to finish it all. But then, knowing her, Castiel was sure that she’d manage it. “I love the taste of it,” Anna moaned around a mouthful of food.

Castiel’s lips pursed together in disgust as she tried to chew and speak at the same time. Castiel sipped on his coffee as he ate a piece of toast with it. “That is disgusting,” he finally said, shaking his head in exasperation.

“I would stick my tongue out at you, but I’m not, because I’m sure if I do, I’m gonna end up spitting this deliciousness at you,” she said with a shrug. “Mmm... Anyway. I haven’t spoken to you since last month. Everything okay back home?”

“Yes. I believe so. I’m actually waiting for a phone call from Crowley.”

“I can’t believe he’s still around. You’d think that him being your, -practically, - right hand and lawyer, they’d take him out…”

“Knock on wood, sister. I’m not ready to lose him yet,” Castiel said as he took another sip of his coffee. He grabbed his sunglasses from the table and placed them on his nose, to shield him from the glare of the sun. Or not to look into his sister’s eyes.
“We’ve been losing a lot of men lately,” she said, finally sitting back from the monstrosity that was her breakfast and taking a huge gulp of coffee. Castiel didn’t answer her. Instead, he looked at the people passing by, and eventually looking at her from the corner of his eyes. She was staring at the table, with unseeing eyes, and Castiel knew that she was going to bring up the subject that he was desperately trying to avoid talking about. It wasn’t like they didn’t talk about it on the phone, on multiple occasions. And she already knew why he did what he did… It was the right call. So he braced himself for the questions and the accusations to come from her because of his rightful actions. 

“How are things with Dean?”

Castiel was taking a sip of his coffee, when he promptly choked on it. “What?” he croaked out, eventually, when he stopped coughing and trying not to spill it all over him.

“Jesus, Castiel, you’d think you can hold in your drink. Here,” she said, giving him napkins to clean up a bit. “And I asked how Dean has been? Why isn’t he with you right now, anyway? Did you guys have a fight?”

“What? No! Christ, Anna. No. We’re fine. Great. He’s… he’s at home. Sleeping, or whatever,” he knew his answers were short and clipped, but he was feeling rattled. As if his sister asking about Dean was something that he didn’t think was going to happen. He shook his head and dropped the crumpled napkins on the table. “We’re fine.”

“I hope you are. Because he’s a beautiful man. You deserve to be happy.”

“Anna, you do know that he is a- an escort, right?” he asked. And saying those words out loud made him want to vomit all over the place at once. For some reason, even remembering this yesterday night, didn’t make him stop for a minute, but now that he was talking about Dean, out loud, made him realize the mistake he’d done. Dean was a beautiful man, with a definitely tragic background, and an even bigger reason to get back into the scene. Castiel was the Don of their city. They could never be together. Dean’s life was probably already in danger.

“He is still a human being. You are still a human being,” Anna said in a hushed voice, urgency lacing her words. “I don’t want to see you get hurt because of this.”

“I’m being careful Anna.”

“At the wedding, there was no walls up,” she said in a voice that brooked no arguments. Castiel just closed his mouth and sat back. “I saw how he was staring at you, and vice versa. When you weren’t around, you should’ve seen his face; it was as if someone had kicked his puppy. And that last dance that you two shared?” Anna didn’t need to finish the sentence, because it was loud and clear, as to what she meant. Because he had felt it too.

“What am I supposed to do?” Castiel mumbled, turning to stare at the tourists taking pictures of the place, and eyeing them a bit.

“I think you two would make a great couple.”

Castiel sighed and rubbed a hand over his forehead. He felt frustrated, all of a sudden, at his sister, but mostly at himself; because of the situation he placed him in. He should’ve known that Anna was going to confront him about it. Part of the reason as to why he kept his distance from Dean that day, was because of this.

“We can’t be together, Anna. He’s my employee. He needs this job. For personal reasons, which I cannot share with you.”
“Because they’re not yours to share?” she asked, with a raised eyebrow.

“You’re goddamn right, it’s not.”

Anna snorted, and said, “You yourself don’t know why he needs this ‘job’.”

There was a pause, where Castiel curled and uncurled his fists, trying to calm down. He knew the exact reason he was feeling frustrated, but he’d be damned to let her know that she was right in what she was saying.

He cared for the man that he left in bed this morning.

“Look, Castiel, it’s your life, and you make these decisions, but…” she sat forward and didn’t continue until he was looking at her. “I just want you to be truly happy.” Anna’s red hair was framing her face beautifully. They were sibling, and where Castiel was exactly like their father, Anna looked like their mother. Who wasn’t in the picture anymore… He didn’t want to remember, or think, as to why she wasn’t around anymore. Anna gave him a small smile and he sighed, shaking his head.

“I’m fine,” Castiel insisted, but there was something heavy in his chest that seemed to grow and press in on his solar plexus, making it a bit harder for him to breathe.

Castiel cared, with everything he had, but he didn’t catch feelings. Because it would be unwise of him to drag in someone else, and make him look weak in front of the enemy. Even though Dean had barged into his life, and made an almost permanent existence somewhere within his chest, he could still push Dean away. But just the thought of that made him feel uneasy. Just then his phone rang with multiple messages.

Anna resumed eating her breakfast, while Castiel took out his phone from his pocket. There were messages from Dean.

Dean: Good morning! Where r u?? I woke up and u weren’t here.

Dean: I swear if I know u’ve ditched me here I won’t talk to you for a day, or two.

Dean: also sad face :( be I wanted rnd 2 and you weren’t here for it

Dean: when do u com back? altho I wanna head out and see a friend that lives around here. Is that ok?

Even though the way Dean texted was cringe worthy, Castiel still found himself smiling as he re-read through the messages.

Castiel: Hello, Dean. I have left a note on my side of the bed. I believe you might’ve not seen it there. Anyhow, I’m sorry I had to leave so early. I had a breakfast appointment with my sister. We’re almost done here. And yes, you can go and see your friend. I’ll ask one of my men to take you wherever you want. I’ll come and pick you up in two hours, if that will be okay with you.

Castiel placed his phone back on the table as he waited for an answer. He snapped his fingers and
one of his men came to him. Castiel told him to arrange a car to take Dean out to wherever he wanted to go. He received a nod in reply. He drunk his coffee and avoided the looks Anna was shooting at him. He knew if he were to give her an opportunity to speak, she was going to bombard him with questions about the texts. So he just continued to have his toast and drink his coffee. Few minutes later he got a message from Dean.

Dean: Sorry. I was showering. And yes that’ll be great actually.

Dean: Also I found your note.

Dean: You can be such a sap when you want to be, you know that? :P

Castiel: Yes. I know. If you’ll behave we might get round 2 tonight.

Dean: and if I won’t behave, will I get spankies? (I actually miss it…)

Castiel: Well, you’ll get that regardless.

Dean: yes! Oh and also:

Castiel looked down at his phone and his mouth went dry. There was a selfie from Dean. He looked so gorgeous Castiel almost regretted coming out with his sister. Dean was wearing a grey button down, and the way he had tilted his phone, Castiel could see his whole outfit; he had black jeans on that had holes on his knees. And he was wearing white vans. He had his sunglasses hanging from the V of his shirt. His hair was beautifully styled, and he was standing close to the window, it seemed, because his skin was glowing and his eyes looked bright green. Castiel wanted nothing more than to see him in person. Castiel didn’t know how to reply to the message, so he just locked his phone and placed it in his pocket. He finished his coffee and soon, they were leaving.

When they stood up, Castiel reached for his wallet in his pocket, but Anna told him off, saying that it was Emilio who would take care of it. Castiel gave her a blank expression, before taking his wallet out and placing some bills on the table. Anna rolled her eyes at him and shook his head, and they left together. They hugged each other, and Anna held on to him a bit tighter before releasing him. She was silently apologizing for drilling into Castiel like that, but Castiel had no discomfort towards her for it. He placed a kiss on the side of her head, and she rolled her eyes at him.

“Be good, okay?” she told him when they pulled a part. Castiel nodded at her and she went into her car, and drove away.

“Sir? It’s for you,” Castiel was presented with a phone, and he sighed as took it.

“Hello?”

“The information that you have is false,” a deep voice told him. It was one of those automatic voice messages that left Castiel puzzled.

“Wh-“

“They’re going to attack, but not in the way that you know. I have no answers to your questions, but protect what’s yours before it’s too late. This phone will burn when this call ends in 5… 4… 3… 2… 1…”

Castiel threw the phone at the nearest trash can he could find and the phone exploded. He ducked
and four of his men ducked over him, with their backs to the explosion. Thankfully it wasn’t a big one and there was just some trash scattered all over the place. He was ushered into the nearest car that came for him and it left the scene with a loud roar and a screech of tires.

He sat there trying to get his breathing back to normal. Okay. So it wasn’t a direct attack on him, or his family. It was a phone call that gave him that message. He didn’t even see who gave him the phone. Castiel ran a hand over his face and grabbed his phone from his pocket. He dialed Crowley’s number and after the third ring, he answered.

“What’s happened?”

“What’s happened is that I got almost attacked,” Castiel snapped at Crowley, his heart still hammering away in his chest.

“Are you alright?” He could hear the concern in Crowley’s voice.

“Yes,” Castiel said shaking his head. “It was a voice recording, or something, because it sounded like an automatic voice. He said that whatever information I have on the events are false. I need you to contact Lucifer as fast as you can and demand answers. If you have to, drag him in for questioning. Beat him up. I don’t give a fuck. If I find out he’s one of the many that is a traitor to me I will destroy everyone to the ground. Am I clear?” He ended the call, and opened his text app.

Castiel: where are you? I'm coming after you. I need you safe.

Castiel didn’t have to wait long. He got the reply right away, and he told his driver to take him there as fast as he could. There was a slight traffic on the road, but they managed to get through them fast.

Andrea’s bakery wasn’t far off from where they were. But his driver took the longer route to get there for safety. Castiel tried not to choke him with his bare hands. He just sat there and tapped his foot restlessly. Finally, finally, they turned on the street and the car stopped with another screech. Dean was waiting for him by the curb already. Castiel’s hands shook as he opened the car door and scooted to the side to let Dean in. Once Dean was inside, the door shut after him, locked and the car was moving again, Castiel grabbed Dean by the back of his neck and pulled him in for a rough kiss.

Dean let his lips go pliant underneath Castiel’s insistent mouth, and let him ride it out. Castiel was sort of thankful for that and as much as he needed the reassurance that Dean was with him, and he was unharmed, Castiel still felt unnerved by the whole thing.

“What’s wrong?” Dean asked as soon as Castiel allowed him to have a breather. “What’s happening?”

“There was an attack,” Castiel said, not wanting to lie to Dean, because he owed him that.

“What?” Dean almost yelled. He pushed back and looked at Castiel’s body; his eyes roaming frantically over his chest, and were filled with worry. “Are you okay? What happened exactly? Who was it?”

“Calm down,” Castiel said. And for some reason, directing all of his care and concentration on Dean’s worry, was helping him to calm down. “I’m fine. It was a small explosive that went off as soon as the call ended.”
“What call? And wait, did you just say explosive?” Dean said his eyes widening. “Woah wait, where is Anna? Is she okay? Was she with you?”

“Dean! I need you to calm down, okay?” Castiel said. “Anna’s fine. She wasn’t with me when this happened. I don’t have any answers to any of your questions. I’m waiting for Crowley’s call now. He might know something.”

Dean opened his mouth to ask him another question again, probably, but Castiel’s phone rang again and this time it was because of an email. Crowley had sent him an email which held a video. Feeling a bit unsettled, Castiel opened it up and waited for it to download so he could play it.

It was a footage from yesterday, around midnight. Castiel recognized the scene as being one of their frequently visited restaurant’s kitchen. It looked like it was a busy night and the chef was working pretty fast trying to get the orders out. He’s working close to the frying pan, and then, out of nowhere, the chef dropped down. Castel looked closely, pulling his phone closer to his face, and waited for him to get up, but then the floor started to get matted with blood. Castiel let his hand fall down on his lap. He felt numb. He didn’t know what to do.

There’s another email, and Castiel quickly downloaded the video to watch. It’s in the similar setting, only this time, the footage has more action. There are people coming in from the outside. There’s an open fire at everyone that has been dining there. Castiel felt like his heart was going to burst out of his chest.

“Oh God,” he heard the small words leaving Dean’s mouth. For a moment, he had forgotten that Dean was there and was watching the videos with him on his phone. He wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do there, so he just locked his phone and held it in his hand. They were silent for the rest of the ride back to the house. Dean had been shooting him glances on the way. When Castiel felt like he was ready to snap at Dean to cut it out, he turned his head around and looked out of the window.

When Dean held his free hand, Castiel simply closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Dean’s.

They got to the house in a record time and they were rushed inside by more men. Emilio was in the living room, already talking on the phone with someone. Anna wasn’t around, and it was for the best that she wasn’t. As soon as Emilio saw him, he nodded at him, but didn’t end the call. He was speaking in rapid Spanish, and honestly, Castiel didn’t have enough energy in him to pay attention.

He sat on the couch and sighed heavily. Closing his eyes, he rubbed his forehead with his fingers and sighed again. The couch dipped and he felt the familiar body press up beside him. Not fully close, but close enough for Castiel to know that he was there, by his side.

Emilio ended his call and shook his head, as he sat opposite Castiel. “I was on the phone with my network, and they say they can’t track down the call because it was a burner phone. Which they had planted it with an explosive.”

“And the man that handed it to me, who was he?”

Emilio shook his head and said, “They found his body at an alleyway close to where you were. My men can’t identify him because his face had been brutalized.”

He felt Dean twitch by his side but he didn’t say anything. Castiel didn’t know if he liked the silent support, or if Dean would voice out how he was feeling about all of this. It was going to start to get more dangerous, and Castiel wouldn’t be surprised if Dean would walk out of it as soon as they’d go back to US.
Something twisted in his chest at the thought of it…

“We will get to the bottom of this sooner or later, Castiel. I cannot stand this type of behavior at my own birthplace.”

“I apologize for any inconveniences I have brought with me,” Castiel replied, feeling unsettled.

“Don’t apologize,” Emilio said, with a flicker of his hand. “Just know that we are by your side no matter what, alright? Even when you get back to America, know that you have strong allies with us in here. We’ve got your back.”

“Thank you, Emilio.”

Castiel got another phone call from Crowley, stating that he didn’t have any news on the matter as to what was happening. Castiel instructed Crowley to get a hold of Lucifer, since Castiel wouldn’t be able to do it himself, unless he wanted to sell out Lucifer’s position in their world.

Emilio left soon after they spoke some more on the matter, and they promised that they’ll be in touch. All of this happened, while Dean sat silently beside him, not moving, nor even making a sound. Castiel wasn’t exactly ignoring him, but he wasn’t talking to him either. He wasn’t sure why he was doing it exactly, but… he was just keeping his distance for now…

When he bid goodbye to Emilio, he didn’t go back to the living room, he just went up the stairs and into his bedroom. He shut the door after him, but didn’t lock it. He got in and started to change out of his clothes and into more comfortable ones. He was just about to pull his T-shirt over his head when he heard a knock on the door. Panic seized up his chest so fast and hard that he got stuck in his T-shirt. He knew that Dean wasn’t going to come in just like that, until Castiel would tell him so, but he couldn’t help the panicked feeling at the mere thought of Dean seeing him like this.

And here he was thinking that someday soon enough he was going to let Dean see him like this… Hah. As if.

When he got the T-shirt back in order, he took calming breaths and called for Dean to come in. “Hey,” Dean said softly as he came inside the bedroom. Castiel only nodded at his direction, still trying to get his head back in order. Dean didn’t move in too much to the bedroom, but he wasn’t close to the door either. He seemed unsure of himself. “I just came in to see if you were doing okay.”

“I’m fine,” Castiel replied, moving to the bed. He sat on it, and swung his legs up, his back resting against the headboard. He placed his phone by the bedside table and crossed his arms over his chest.

“I just came in to grab some comfy clothes to change into. And then I’ll just leave you alone,” Dean said as he moved further in the bedroom and went for the closet.

“What?” Castiel asked, feeling dumb, sitting up a bit. This was new.

“Clearly you don’t want me around, so I’m just gonna change into something else, and go to one of the guest rooms. I’ll be there if you’ll need me.”

“Dean.” Dean stopped and Castiel could see how tense his shoulders were. Castiel swallowed through a dry mouth and said, “I don’t want you to leave.”

“Are you sure?” Dean asked, and his voice sounded formal and clipped. Castiel hated it.

“Come here,” Castiel said. He was an idiot. He hadn’t realized his behavior was going to affect his boy too. He clearly wasn’t thinking as he shut himself away from everyone else around him.
Dean sighed and dropped whatever he had been holding in his hands and moved to the bed. Castiel lifted his hand and waited for Dean to grab it. Dean toed off his shoes first, and then he grabbed Castiel’s hand. When he did, Castiel pulled him up the bed and close to him. Dean laid down on top of him, with his clothes still on. He was a soothing height on top of Castiel.

Castiel wrapped his arms around Dean, and rested his cheek on Dean’s temple. Dean had his head right underneath Castiel’s jawline, and he was breathing in and out deeply. Castiel closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Dean’s body. He felt so warm and soothing that Castiel wanted nothing more than to just live in this moment. To have Dean for himself, all the time, and to never let him go. Close out the world outside of this bedroom, and just live with Dean in a quiet life, with no troubles and worries.

“I don’t know why you do it, if it’s a knee jerk reaction or just a habit that you can’t seem to snap out of, but… sir, I need you to know that I’m not gonna look at you any differently. I’m not gonna leave you when things get like this… I’ll leave you only when I won’t be able to stand this. When things will get difficult between us. Personally. And even then, I don’t think I’d want to leave, because I like being here…” Dean said, breath tickling Castiel’s neck. His voice low as if he was just talking to himself, but loud enough that made Castiel’s heart soar. Castiel didn’t know what to do, or how to word out whatever he wanted to say, so he just turned his head and placed a small kiss on Dean’s temple.

Eventually, Castiel sighed and said, “It’s not that I don’t trust you… It’s that I’m scared of what will happen to you if they’ll get their hands on you.” Castiel frowned and tightened his hold on Dean.

They were quiet for a moment, and then, Dean said, “Sir?”

“Hmm?”

“I have something to tell you…”

“What is it?” Castiel asked curiously, frowning slightly and turning slightly to look at Dean. He was biting down on his lower lip, and Castiel moved his hand and cupped him by his jaw, thumb caressing over his chin to loosen up his lip. “That’s mine to bite,” Castiel growled at him. Dean looked up into his eyes, and a small smile played by the corners of his lips. He then sobered up and took a steadying breath. His eyes were restless and he was just about to say something, when Castiel’s phone went off. Again. Castiel sighed and grabbed his phone from the table; it was Crowley. “I have to take this, I’m sorry. We’ll talk later, yes?”

Dean seemed to hesitate, but he nodded nevertheless. Castiel leaned in and kissed him on his forehead. “Yeah?” he answered his phone, and watched as Dean moved out of bed and walked to the wardrobe to get changed again.

Crowley didn’t really have any sort of news, just some updates over the attacks that happened. There were some casualties, even kids that had been in the middle of the crossfire. Castiel closed his eyes as Crowley went into details as to how many people were just injured and how many were dead. He rested his forehead on his open palm and tried to control his breathing. They had to head back as soon as they could. He had to go back and take care of this.

It was getting out of hand, and fast, and he needed to take care of it before it was too late. Before they’d destroy his family and what he had built over the years. He needed to take care of the Italians as soon as he could. Crowley promised him, again, that he’d get a hold of Lucifer as soon as he could.

“And, Mr. Novak? Remember the other day when I told you we have traitors?”
“Yeah?”

“I know who one of them is,” Crowley said, his voice suddenly turning grim. “We don’t know what she did, exactly, but… we found her body in the woods.”

“In the woods?” Castiel asked, frowning. If she was found in the woods, that could only mean one thing. “Crowley, tell me what happened.”

“I think, well, Borya thinks that Julie got to her before anyone else could.”

“Julie?” she has always been skeptical about people. She either trusted them, or didn’t at all.

“Yes,” Crowley said. “I’m assuming you already know who I’m talking about?”

Castiel ended the call after that, locked his phone, placed it on the table and stared right ahead at the far wall. Dean had gone to the bathroom to get changed. Despite it being around lunch time, they were both getting dressed in comfortable clothes for the rest of the day. Their day has been pretty much ruined already, so they’ve decided to just be indoors.

Castiel sort of zoned out and he jumped a bit when Dean got into bed, and sidled up towards him again. He was wearing shorts and a wife beater that looked a bit loose on him. He looked good like this, and it gave Castiel more skin to touch.

“What happened?” Dean asked, as they got comfortable on the bed again.

“Remember when I told you I had two traitors in my family?”

“Mhmm… what about them?”

“One of them has been found dead. In the woods.”

Dean pulled back a bit and levered himself on Castiel’s chest. He frowned at Castiel and tilted his head to the side. “In the woods?”

“Yes… Julie got to her,” Castiel said, feeling a bit hesitant with admitting about how they found her.

“Julie? As in the Alpha Julie?” Dean asked, his eyebrows raised. Castiel nodded. “Oh,” Dean said in a small voice as his eyes ran all over Castiel’s face. “Who was it then?”

“Alice.”

“Alice?”

“Alice.”

“Wow.”

“I know.”

“Is that why Julie wasn’t so accepting of her?”

“I think so…” Castiel frowned and ran his hand through Dean’s hair. He stared at the way Dean’s hair got through his fingers, and seemed to fall back to the way it had been before his fingers disturbed them. He kept at it for couple of minutes, deep in thought, while Dean continued to look at him. They didn’t say anything to one another, just relaxing deeper in each other’s presence…
Not long after, Dean’s eyes started to droop and Castiel moved them around a bit to get more comfortable in bed to sleep. Dean had tucked himself closer and under Castiel’s chin. Castiel had wrapped his arm around Dean’s form, running his hand up and down his spine, feeling how his body shifted as he breathed deeply in and out. Castiel felt himself being lulled to sleep himself, by the calmness that emitted out of Dean.

Castiel felt safe and warm like this. And he really didn’t want to let go, at all.

*Dean*

In two days, they were going to go back to America.

Dean sighed and he turned on his back, lifted his hands up and under his head. He looked up at the ceiling and watched as the shadows of the trees from the outside played tricks on it. The moon was high up in the sky tonight, and it looked magnificent. Mr. Novak was out with Emilio and some other families, they had to discuss their next course of actions. And as much as Dean wanted to be a part of it, Mr. Novak had angrily told him to mind his own business.

“Why the fuck am I not allowed to be there? Because as far as I know, I’m part of the team now!” Dean had snapped back at Mr. Novak; his face hard and lips pursed in a hard line.

“Because I don’t want you to get fucking hurt! Get it through your fucking thick head, Dean,” Mr. Novak snapped back, his voice hard. “If you get hurt; I will literally die from the pain.”

That shut Dean up faster than if Mr. Novak were to kiss him. Dean had simply walked away from Mr. Novak, leaving him standing in the middle of the hallway, looking angry, but there was something in his eyes that didn’t make Dean feel bad about their fight.

Now, here he was in his bed, hours later, staring up at the ceiling and wanting to do something before they had to go back. Dean was positive that the streets were lively now since it was the weekend, and as much as they’d been cooped up in the house and were trying not to leave the premises as much, Dean wanted to go out. With Mr. Novak. He wanted to have fun and just have a great time. He grabbed his phone from the night stand and sent a message to Mr. Novak.

Dean: when are you finishing up?

He placed his phone on his stomach and waited for the reply, which would come soon. Mr. Novak didn’t like replying to his messages late. And just as the thought passed through his head, his phone lit up with a new message.

Mr. Novak: I can be free right now as well. Why?

Dean: Wanna go out?

Mr. Novak: where?

Dean: Just around the town. I know you said it’s not safe. But it’s our last day here...

Mr. Novak: Alright. One of my men will bring you to where I am.

Dean: Okay.
Dean hopped out of bed and went to the bathroom to take a quick shower. Once he was thoroughly cleaned up and done, he dried himself up with a towel and went in search for something light to wear. It was a hot night. He finally decided on jeans and a white loose shirt, with the couple of buttons on his chest open, and the sleeves rolled up. He styled up his hair quickly, grabbed his phone and left the house in record time. The car was already waiting for him. Another car was right behind his. Dean sort of felt weird for being treated this way, and he had a half a mind to tell Mr. Novak to cut this out, but then he remembered the way he looked today when they were arguing and just sighed. He shook his head and got in the car. As soon as he was seated, his chauffeur drove the car into the city.

Just as Dean predicted; downtown was alive with people. There were tourists and local people, and just drifters with the big ass bags on their backs, looking at maps and searching places to go. They had no problem with going through the streets, despite it being filled with people. The second car wasn’t having a problem with following right behind them. It took them another ten minutes to get to the place that was holding the meeting. It looked like it was an old antique shop when Dean squinted into the shop, from the car. He could see that there were some people walking out of the shop that didn’t look like they were antique collectors. As Dean watched on, more people kept coming in and out of the shop, and they all looked non collectors.

Dean’s hand twitched as he caught a glimpse of Mr. Novak through the window. He grabbed the door’s handle to go out, but it was locked. “I need to get out here,” Dean said as he looked at the rearview mirror. His chauffeur looked right back at him, and shook his head.

“Mr. Novak didn’t allow, yet.”

Dean sighed and looked up at the ceiling of the car. Mr. Novak and his meetings and his rules and his stupidly blue eyes that were staring right into the car and right at Dean. “Jesus Christ, warn a man next time,” Dean sort of squeaked out as he looked back at Mr. Novak, who had an eyebrow raised and an amused smile on his face.

“Hello, Dean,” he said. “Ready to go out?”

“Oh, am I allowed now?” Dean fought down the urge to stick out his tongue. But he did role his eyes as he stepped out of the car. “Hello,” he said as he bumped into Mr. Novak. He smelled of smoke and he looked a bit tired, but he still had a smile on his face that looked pleased. So maybe the meeting was successful. Just then, right in the middle of an open street, Mr. Novak leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. Dean closed his eyes and enjoyed the small kiss for a bit, before they pulled back.

Dean touched his lips as they started to walk down the street. Mr. Novak was wearing khaki beige pants, and a white shirt as well, with the sleeves rolled up and couple of buttons loose. He was at ease, and even if the meeting was an important one, it wasn’t one that required for him to wear a suit and be presentable.

“Did I tell you, you look nice today?” Dean asked as they crossed the street.

“No, I believe we were shouting at each other when I left, but thank you, nevertheless,” Mr. Novak said, his voice a bit teasing.

“Yeah, yeah,” Dean mumbled.

“Where would you like to go?”
“I don’t really know. I just wanted to go out and just walk around,” Dean said, as he looked around himself. He noticed some people looking at them, but they were just passing glances. Dean didn’t really notice how close they were walking together, when Mr. Novak’s hand brushed by his. He glanced down at his hand and looked up at Mr. Novak’s profile, and then looked forward.

They walked around a bit, stopping by a small kiosk where Dean looked at some souvenirs and picked up some small stuff that he could give to Natalie. He went out to shop a couple of days ago for Natalie, and some stuff for his nephew; who was growing up by the second. He had a file on his phone with about hundreds of pictures of him by now. Jess would send him pictures in the morning and at night as well.

He paid for them and stepped close to Mr. Novak. “Mika will take them from you,” Mr. Novak said as one of his men, who materialized out of nowhere, took the bags from his hands.

“Ah, thank you,” Dean said. Mika only nodded and then left for their cars. And they continued walking down the street.

When they got into a part of town where the night clubs where at, Mr. Novak suggested they turn into another way. Dean nodded and they turned sharp right as another street opened up for them. When they were walking down here, the streets were slightly older than what they saw before. And it was a bit darker than the main streets. They’d been silent for the most part of the night, but neither of them felt the need to fill in the silence.

Mr. Novak’s hand brushed up against his again.

A tingle ran up and down his whole arm. Dean shook his hand a bit and tried not to pay too much attention to it. That’s when he heard the music. Curiosity piqued, Dean walked down the street a bit faster and Mr. Novak followed him. And just like that, Dean found the hole in the wall heaven.

This was more of his area, outside of his lifestyle. This was something that he loved. Something that he’d enjoy a lot more if he had known about this place. The music was lively. People were more laid back and casual than what he’d seen while out with Mr. Novak. The lights of the café were low and hanging from the ceiling with mismatched lengths. The customers of the place were either drinking and having conversations between them, or dancing close to each other; their bodies grinding against one another to the music.

Dean knew that he had an idiotic smile on his face as he turned around and looked at Mr. Novak only to find him already staring at his face. He had a soft look to him that Dean had seen in the private of their bedroom when he was almost asleep, and he’d see Mr. Novak giving him this look. Dean’s smile only grew as he said, “I wanna go there and dance with them. Can we?”

“Are you sure it’s a good idea of me coming along?” Mr. Novak asked, his head tilting to the side.

“I don’t care about what they’ll say. I just wanna have fun with you,” Dean said as he took a step forward. He hesitated for a moment and then lifted his hand up and placed it on Mr. Novak’s chest. “I wanna let loose before we go back. I know there’s something big that’s gonna happen. I just need us to have a night just for us.”

Dean looked into Mr. Novak’s eyes and he could see the struggle in them. These people knew who he was, of course they knew. But Dean had a feeling that these people wouldn’t hurt him, or throw stuff at him, be it verbally or physically. Though it didn’t take long for Mr. Novak to just sigh and nod his consent. Dean’s smile grew as he grabbed Mr. Novak’s hand and tugged him to get close.

The people from there immediately noticed them. Good thing was that the music didn’t stop playing,
bad thing was that a lot of the elders there stood up. Dean could feel Mr. Novak tensing up beside him, but they weren’t stopped by anyone. They made their way to the bar and Mr. Novak ordered them drinks. Dean squeezed Mr. Novak’s hand as they waited for their order. Dean leaned back against the bar and watched the people dance to the music. While Mr. Novak was looking at the elders who hadn’t relaxed their stance. Dean waited, feeling anxious to see how this was going to turn up.

Finally, one of them nodded once at Mr. Novak and Dean felt his body relax minutely beside him. Mr. Novak nodded back and everything seemed to go back to normal. Their drinks were placed on the bar and they grabbed them. Mr. Novak turned his head and held Dean’s gaze, and he lifted up his glass of rum to drown it in one go. Dean did the same. He licked his lips and nodded, “Not bad.”

“Another?” Mr. Novak asked, and after that Dean lost count as to how many they drunk, one after another. Soon, they were woozy from the alcohol and their bodies had gravitated towards each other. Dean could feel him sweating a lot, and try as he might, he couldn’t wipe off the beads of sweat from his face. So he just let himself be. Mr. Novak wasn’t far behind on the sweating.

It took all of Dean’s willpower to not lean forward and kiss the nape of his neck. He kept biting his lower lip whenever he’d feel the urge come up in him. He shook his head and grabbed a shot of tequila. Mr. Novak did the same and the drowned them in a heartbeat.

There was a heavy, but slow music playing, where the people that were dancing, found their partners and started to girth their bodies against one another under this music. It looked incredibly hot and sexy, and Dean wanted to do that right away.

“We’re going dancing,” Dean said as he placed his shot glass on the counter and grabbed Mr. Novak’s hand.

“What? No. Dean-“ Mr. Novak’s retort was cut short as they stopped right in the middle of the dance floor. “Dean, I don’t know how to dance to this music.”

“That’s alright. I’ll show and teach you,” Dean said, as he turned Mr. Novak around and pulled him flush to his body. Their chests were pressed up so close to each other, that Dean could feel Mr. Novak’s heartbeat against his. The music kept on playing, and Dean lifted Mr. Novak’s hands to wrap around his neck, while he placed his hands around Mr. Novak’s waist. “It’s just like sex, Mr. Novak,” Dean said, his voice low, their foreheads now rested on each other’s. Dean moved their hips together, as he continued. “You don’t let your brain move you, though. Let your body take control.”

Mr. Novak’s movement were a bit stiff, so Dean turned his head down a bit, and placed a soft kiss at the underside of his ear, “Most importantly,” Dean whispered hotly into his ear, and Mr. Novak shivered. “Let it go…”

Their hips eventually started to move in rhythm. Their hands clutching each other’s bodies closer and closer. It was getting hotter by the second in here, they panted into each other’s mouths, their sweating foreheads sliding against each other. Dean’s hands moved up to Mr. Novak’s neck and one of his hands’ glided down to his chest. He clutched at the shirt’s fabric, his other hand clutching at the nape of his neck, as their hips continued to move, grinding together.

The people around them who were dancing with them, kept brushing or bumping against them, but the two of them didn’t pay them attention. They were so into each other… their heat, their scent, their hands against one another… They didn’t want anyone else. Dean didn’t want anyone else touching him the way Mr. Novak’s hands kept touching him. The way his hands were moving all around Dean’s body, the way they clutched and pulled him closer.
Dean pulled back tiny bit and looked at Mr. Novak; his eyes have darkened with arousal, and Dean could feel his hardness against his thigh. Dean tilted his head to the side and dipped close to catch Mr. Novak’s lips into his.

This was possibly the most dangerous act they were doing right now, kissing like this in a public place, but Dean didn’t care. If someone was going to kill them, then he’d die with the man that made him feel things that no one really managed to arouse in him.

He simply didn’t care about anything, but his lips moving against the most dangerous person everyone knew about.

The bedroom door banged against the wall as they frantically made their way inside. Their lips locked together as they tried to take off their jeans and underwear without stopping their kiss. There was a bang as one of them closed the door. They stumbled their way to the bed and Dean dropped back on it, carding his hand through Mr. Novak’s hair and kissing him harder.

Mr. Novak nipped at his lower lip, and then moved his kisses down to his neck, sucking and biting on the skin. Dean tipped his head to the side and exposed more of his neck to Mr. Novak. His hands clutched at Mr. Novak tightly, grinding his hips up to move this whole thing faster. Good thing Mr. Novak was in the same boat as him because he licked and nipped his way down his body. Dean still had his shirt on, they both did, but their jeans were unzipped and unbuttoned and when Mr. Novak made his way down his body, he simply dragged down Dean’s underwear and took him into his mouth.

And all Dean could remember from that night was him gasping and thrashing about on the bed, and wanting more of Mr. Novak’s touches and kisses. Not knowing what was happening back home, not knowing what they were going to face in the next few months.

All he cared about was Mr. Novak and how incredible his lips felt on his body.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me your thoughts please!
Death doesn’t happen to you. It happens to the people around you.

Chapter Notes

Another chapter, another... Well, keep on reading. I'll be here.
I hope you'll enjoy it~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

_The chair was extremely uncomfortable. Castiel’s arms were crossed over his chest, his face a careful mask of minute-anger and frustration. Inside, he was screaming with desperation. There were people coming in and out of here, but he never acknowledged them. He didn’t leave his chair for anything other than to use the bathroom._

_He didn’t talk to anyone._

_He only moved when the doctor would come in to give him the news._

_It was usually the same; blood pressure was high, but they were trying to keep it steady. There was still a rattling in his lung, but that was to be expected. He was healing, slowly, but he was. The shoulder that got dislodged from its socket was back in its place. But overall, he was steady. He just needed to wake up. The doctor would end these small things with; he’s going to be just fine._

_Castiel panicked, though. He couldn’t not panic. On the bed was lying the man that was his everything…_  

_Dean Winchester never looked so pale, or broken in his life._

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Alice’s pictures were gruesome. She was almost unrecognizable in them, but she did have her maid outfit on, and there was the Novak family’s crest, as a tattoo, on her thigh. It was her. Castiel felt sad, but he didn’t let it to consume him enough to feel bad about her demise. He just felt sad that after everything that he had done for her, to get out of a bad relationship with her boyfriend who beat her up at every given chance, to leave her house that was a toxic environment for her… she turned out to be a spy for Alastair.

Castiel threw the pictures back on the table as he heard the conversations flowing around him. He called in a meeting for this to figure out what their next move was going to be. Half of the table said that they had to plan out a careful plan of attack, so they wouldn’t have any casualties. Castiel agreed
with them. He never liked it when people got in the way and got hurt in return.

Castiel was glad that Dean wasn’t home. When they got back from Spain, he took a week off for ‘personal shit’ as he stared at Castiel with those green eyes of his. Castiel agreed, and they kissed goodbye this time. Too tired for anything else. Dean got in his car and drove off, leaving Castiel staring at the spot where his car was before.

Few hours later, Castiel held this meeting. He pinched the bridge of his nose as he stared at endless footage of people getting killed in various scenarios. The people who placed their faith in his hands, trusted in him and his family, wanting to be under his protection; they were all being slaughtered to death. And Castiel felt like shit. He was surprised that these people’s family members didn’t come to his house to kill him themselves. Maybe they were scared that they’d get murdered as well.

The thought made Castiel sick. He had closed the video on the screen as a young boy was getting his neck sliced open with a knife.

Castiel stared at the far wall of his conference room. His men had quieted down considerably, waiting for him to voice his opinion. He didn’t know what to do. Was he going to attack back and potentially lose more people? Or was he going to have a word with Lucifer since he was the one that gave him this wrong information? And even if he would decide to have that word with Lucifer, how heavy was it going to be?

Was there going to be a price to pay for his false information?

More questions ran in his mind as his men started to converse in between them for a solution to this problem. Castiel locked his eyes with Crowley, who was sitting at his left side. His face didn’t give away to his thoughts so Castiel didn’t know what he was thinking about. Sighing through his nose, Castiel closed his eyes. He needed to think about this whole mess and come up with an attack plan.

That one came to him in a heartbeat. He had to come up with a plan to attack Alastair. He needed to plan out more than just that. Diversion. Where to go first. How to approach this. Who and where to take out first.

Enough was enough. He was starting to feel angry and useless. He made a promise to protect the people of this city and he had done everything but that. Families lost their members because he didn’t do anything about it. If only he could shut down the part of his brain that cared too much and felt like a complete pile of shit, he’d be able to come up with stuff that needed to be done.

“We attack.”

His men turned and stared at Castiel. He looked at Crowley, who smirked at him and sat back on his chair. Castiel licked his lips as he gathered his thoughts some more, and continued. “Crowley, get the maps on the table.” Castiel stood up and took off his suit jacket. He threw it on his chair as Crowley unrolled the map on the table with a flourish. And another one close to it. First map was the map of the city; second one was the Italians house. Castiel stared at them, his eyes lingering on a certain point on the first one, and then he took a deep breath and started. “So here’s what we are gonna do…”

Castiel’s hands were shaking. He couldn’t seem to stop shaking. The car’s windows were tinted, but he was sure that Dean knew he was there. Castiel stared at his fingers, twisting them together to calm
down a bit, then he looked up and was caught by the beauty that was Dean with his daughter. He was laughing and chasing his daughter who was wearing a pink flowery dress. Her hair was up into a bun and her smile was contagious enough for Castiel to smile at the scene. Dean was wearing an old T-shirt and jeans, with boots. His cheeks were flushed as he caught his daughter and tickled her. She shrieked with laughter and said something that Castiel couldn’t hear.

Castiel was an ass. He knew it. He shouldn’t have done this, but he had no other choice but to make sure that Dean was safe for now. He needed to make sure that he was still alive. More people were dropping dead and Dean could’ve been one of them. But he was here. And Castiel’s men were surrounding the park tightly; a small something out of place and they’d be on it in a second. Castiel wanted to trust his men that they’d have his back. He took one more look at Dean, before he flicked his finger up and his chauffeur drove the car away from the park.

Castiel’s plans worked out in the way as he wanted them to.

His first plan was to take out the warehouses that held their fake products that they were selling in the market. He didn’t bomb the building into the ground, because that would cause too many problems for him. He simply took out everyone that worked in the facilities, not the civilian, innocent ones that were just doing their job to make money; including the women. He told his men to make sure that the innocent people would leave the premises before their attack. Everything else that they could find was burnt. The buildings still stayed up.

In one night Castiel managed to take out ten percent of the Italian family. In one night, Castiel managed to shake the Italians so much that Lucifer texted him and told him to keep his head up, and be on alert. Specially to keep an eye on his boy.

He had called his men on duty, who were assigned to look after Dean to see what was happening. They told him that he was back home at this time of the evening, and hadn’t left the building yet. Castiel relaxed back in his chair and looked at his phone again.

He still hadn’t spoken to Lucifer about his false information. He wasn’t sure why he was dragging this on so much. Was it because he was afraid of the truth? That one of his traitors was Lucifer? As far as he knew, he and Lucifer were close, and there wasn’t any sort of animosity between them for Lucifer to give him false information. It didn’t happen before, and Castiel wasn’t sure why it would happen now either.

His thoughts were interrupted when Crowley came in, looking excited.

“I know where Alastair is tonight,” he said. “I’ve been told he’s expecting you to show up.”

“Is he now?” Castiel mumbled to himself. He wasn’t sure how to feel about this. Was he to go there and talk to the man, or was he to ignore the subtle invitation for dinner? He knew, deep down, that if he were to decline this offer, he was going to pay for the consequences of his actions. And probably get more blood on his hands than it was necessary.

Castiel licked his lower lip as he thought about it some more, before he stood up from his chair. Crowley gave him a look that was full of satisfaction. Castiel rolled his eyes as he made his way out.

“Get the cars ready. We leave in ten.”
“Yes, sir.”

Castiel walked to his bedroom where he changed his clothes to his favorite and probably the most expensive suit he owned. It was an Armani suit, and completely in black. The fabric felt amazing to the touch. The sims of it clean cut. The tailor had done an amazing job on it, since it fit him like a glove and he loved how it made him feel confident. Castiel walked to his dresser where he kept his ties and watches. He had a small black box at the far back of the drawer where he reached for it and pulled it out. The box held a ring that he hadn’t used for a very long time.

It was his father’s ring, which he would wear all the time to represent who he was and which family was his. Castiel grabbed the ring and stared at it for a moment, admiring their family crest on it. It was a white gold diamond ring. Their family crest was of angel’s wings. Only the highest members of the family had black wings. The others, and the one that Alice had tattooed on herself, was of white wings.

Castiel placed the ring on his right hand’s ring finger. He didn’t feel any different from what he felt from moments ago, but there was this sense of ease in his body and he started to breathe a bit more easily. There was this calmness that descended on him as he made his way out of the bedroom and walked down the stairs.

Before he went outside, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and opened the texting app. He wanted to send a message to Dean, to say something, but he didn’t know exactly what he was going to say. He knew if he were to start texting Dean he was going to tell him where he was going right now. And he didn’t want to ruin Dean’s time with this. Especially when he was spending it with his daughter.

He shook his head slightly, placed his phone back in his pocket, and left the house. Crowley had gathered at least ten cars to go with at least a dozen of his men waiting for instructions.

“The restaurant he was dining at tonight was empty. There were no cars around, no people. Absolutely nothing. Castiel had an uneasy feeling about this whole thing. The restaurant was one of the most famous and one of the most expensive restaurant in town. La Lune was known for its extensive winery. The people who worked here were extremely snobbish. Which Castiel was never a fan of. As the car stopped and most of his men got out of their own vehicles, Castiel looked at the building of the restaurant. He licked his lips as he reached for the car’s door handle.

“Don’t you think this is too much?” Castiel asked as he walked to the car waiting for him with the door open.

“There’s no such thing as ‘too’, Mr. Novak,” Crowley replied as he got in the car with him. Really from the amount of times Castiel had rolled his eyes at anything Crowley would say, he was surprised that his eyes didn’t get stuck at the roof of his eyes.

The cars started to drive as soon as Mr. Novak nodded at his driver. He wasn’t feeling nervous; he wasn’t feeling antsy. There was a sense of calmness that he didn’t know he was going to feel as he made his way to where Alastair was. He always thought that he was going to feel anger and hatred about this whole thing, but really, he was feeling calm. Maybe because it was just a dinner between them…?

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“I’m going in alone,” Castiel got out of the car. He heard Crowley scrambling up behind him to follow.

you mean by that?”

“I don’t want anyone in there with me,” said Castiel. “I know it sounds strange, but this is an order.”

“This is suicide,” Crowley said. And for a moment Castiel saw a slight worry in his eyes. The gesture touched Castiel’s heart but he needed to go in there alone. He was sure that this way, he would be able to prevent any sort of gunfire that might occur inside. “Have you actually thought about this whole thing, or are you just going in blind?”

“I have, actually.”

“And when was that?”

“Just now,” Castiel said easily. Really, he would be fine. So long as he had any sort of weapon on him. “I need your gun.”

Crowley’s jaw dropped in shock and he stepped closer to Castiel, and hissed at him, “You’re not gonna kill him here. Are you out of your bloody mind?”

“Who said anything about killing anyone?” Castiel frowned at him, feeling confused. “I just need it for protection. If things go south.”

“Have you thought about what I’m going to answer to a certain someone if you’re not back home in one piece?” Crowley growled at him as he reached for his gun and discreetly gave it to Castiel.

Castiel swallowed as his brain registered what Crowley just said. Dean didn’t know where he was. Dean didn’t know he was meeting up with Alastair. How angry was he going to be with Castiel, was a question that he didn’t have an answer to. But he knew, that if he were to tell Dean about this plan, he was going to try and tell him to not to do it. He was going to talk Castiel out of this, but he didn’t want it. So he wouldn’t know about it, until Castiel would let him know, personally.

“Just, wait for me here,” Castiel said as he tugged on his suit, and shoulder passed Crowley. “Be ready for anything,” he said over his shoulder as he walked through the doors. The Maître d’hotel was waiting for him as he walked inside. He was a tall, thin man, with just a little too large ears, but he held himself composed.

“Mr. Novak,” he said respectfully. Castiel nodded at him as he passed by.

This place was gorgeous. High ceiling with eccentric accessories and beautifully architectural paintings on the walls were something that Castiel rated very high in his books. On a normal day he’d feel extremely at ease here, but now, his back was straight, his shoulders back, his head held high as he walked to the door and opened the doors.

Alastair was a tall and extremely thin man, with his hair cut close to his head. He had sunken cheeks and a slight goatee. He had bags under his eyes that made his eyes look extremely sunken. The colors of his eyes were lighter than the blue sky in the mornings. That would’ve looked attractive on some other people, who had better face features, and definitely didn’t look like they were about to kill dozens of people.

Castiel walked to the table that he was sitting at, realizing just how silent it was in the restaurant. So he really didn’t have any people around as he dined. Just a few staff members here and there, probably. He was having meat, and it was full of blood, Castiel could see the blood oozing out of it as he would cut through it. He really tried not to show his disgust at the image in front of him. So he just sat by the table and leaned back against the chair.
In a second, there was a waiter by him pouring him a glass of red wine. Castiel could smell the age of the drink, and how thick it was with sweetness that an old wine would bring. Another waiter walked to the table and asked, “What would you like to have, sir?”

“I’ll have the lamb, please,” Castiel said, without leaving his eyes off the person sitting in front of him. Who still hasn’t said a word to him.

“How would you like for your meat to be cooked, sir?”

“Medium rare, please.”

“Thank you, sir,” the waiter left their table in such a hurry that Castiel was impressed he didn’t trip.

The table was silent. The only sound there was, was of the squelching the blood would make as it would leave the meat. And the clattering of the silverware as he cut the meat. It was disgusting. Castiel didn’t know how he was going to be able to eat his meal, but he was going to try anyway. Castiel stared at Alastair as he placed the meat in his mouth and let out a hum of content, his eyes fluttering shut, and then re-opening again. His eyes landed on Castiel as he swallowed, and said.

“This isn’t even cooked all the way through. Just a slight burn on the sides, still raw inside, it’s the best… mmm…” Castiel held back the shudder and the disgust he felt inside, in control. It would’ve been awful if he were to show how much this man affected him on daily basis. It wouldn’t be wise to show anything right now. “So. Castiel…” his name rolled off Alastair’s tongue in a way that Castiel felt uncomfortable in his own skin. “What an interesting name… I have always thought about you, and your name, and how you’re going to grow up. What type of…person you were going to be like.” Castiel stayed silent. He wasn’t going to reply because really, he didn’t want to.

The waiter came with his order and placed it in front of him with a flourish. Castiel didn’t thank him, and the waiter didn’t wait for anything else. He left in the same fashion as before.

“You grew up to be a handsome man,” Alastair continued, without a pause, cutting his meat and eating it while talking. “But I didn’t peg you for a fool.”

“Now, now, Alastair. No need to talk about yourself in such manners,” Castiel said, adding a bit of humor in his voice. He took a sip from his wine and it melted on his tongue. Exquisite, was the word that ran through Castiel’s head.

Alastair chuckled, but didn’t say anything to him. He merely continued. “How many men have you lost these past few weeks? Forgive me, but I have lost count.”

“I wasn’t counting.”

“No? I thought perhaps you were since I have lost just as many men as you have,” Alastair said. He placed his cutlery down and drank his wine in one gulp. He snapped his fingers and a waiter materialized out of thin air to refill his glass again. “I know for a fact, that you are going to lose more men. And another one in just about-“ he looked down at his watch, and nodded, “Yeah, in just about ten minutes.”

Castiel froze, his heart started to hammer away in his chest. He wasn’t sure who Alastair had. But it seemed to be someone important to Castiel for Alastair to bring him in here to confront him about this war. He hadn’t touched his lamb, but after this revelation, he was sure he wasn’t going to eat at all.

“I’m sure that one of us is going to come at the top. Whether it’s going to be you, or me, one of us is going to have to lose,” Castiel replied, trying to really keep his voice down and even.
Alastair chuckled and replied, “Of course, Castiel. I wouldn’t think of this ending in a way where you would survive.”

He snapped his fingers again and another person came forward. She had an envelope in her hands which she placed by Castiel’s plate. He didn’t touch it, or look at it. He kept his eyes on Alastair as he took another sip from his glass of wine. “Delicious. These people know how to make their wines, don’t they?” Alastair sighed and he sat back on his chair. “Open it.”

“What’s in it?”

“You must open it, Castiel. I wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise I prepared for you.”

Castiel really didn’t like the sound of that. Trying not to shake, he grabbed the envelope off the table and ripped it open. There were at least 3 pictures in there. Of dead people. One of them was an adult lady, with what used to be dirty blonde hair, but now was coated with blood. Her eyes were closed. She had fair skin, but after her killing, there wasn’t any white spot left on her body. Her white dress was covered in dirt. She was laying down on the ground, with her hands on her belly. A white rose underneath her hands.

The next picture was of a boy, who was seven years old. His blond hair was coated in blood. His eyes were open. His icy blue eyes unseeing. His school uniform was dirty and bloody. He was laying down on the ground in the similar fashion as his mother. A white rose underneath his hands.

Next one was a toddler. A girl, just starting to walk around the house. Her curly hair, used to be ginger, like her mothers’ were when she was a baby herself, it was now coated with blood. Her whole body was slashed open. But she still had her hands on her belly. A white rose underneath her hands.

This was Alastair’s favorite way of killing people. He would mutilate their bodies, and then he would place them at the scene of the killing, a white rose underneath their hands.

Castiel let out the breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding back. His hands were shaking. His heart was hammering in his chest so fast he was sure that Alastair heard it. These people were his family. These people were Lucifer’s family.

“I’m not done yet,” Alastair said. And this was when Castiel heard the muffled voice. He turned his head to his left side and gasped as he stood up on his shaking legs.

There he was, Lucifer, bound to the chair. His face was unrecognizable with the bruising and the swelling that he received from all of the beatings he got on his face. He was wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants, and he was barefeet. They got him from his own house. They killed Lucifer’s family, and they were going to kill Lucifer too. In front of Castiel.

The realization made Castiel feel sick.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Castiel asked, turning back to the table to stare down at Alastair.

“What I’m doing is called payback, Castiel,” Alastair replied calmly. “You’ve taken my right hand. I couldn’t not do the same to you, could I?”

Castiel stood up straighter as he realized who Alastair was talking about, “Gabriel…”

“My sweet Gabriel… He only wanted to be recognized for the great person that he was,” Alastair said, and if Castiel wasn’t so full of rage, he could hear the slight regret in his voice. But he didn’t.
He had no feelings towards his traitor of a brother. “You see, I wanted to hurt you back in such ways that you wouldn’t be able to survive the pain. What better way to do it then to kill a truly loyal person to you? And of course, to take out his family as well.”

Lucifer let out such a heart wrenching sound that it ripped at Castiel’s heart. His breath stuttered in his chest, but he still kept himself grounded. “You can’t do this,” Castiel said shaking his head. He looked at Alastair, looked at Lucifer, and then back at Alastair. “Whatever frustration you have, take it out on me. Not him. Please.”

“You’re so sweet, Castiel. Begging me like this. But…” Alastair shrugged. He lifted his finger and, it happened so fast, seconds later Castiel heard the rifle cocking. When he turned his head, there was a shot. His mouth fell open as Lucifer’s eyes bugged out, and then his head fell forward, as blood oozed out of his forehead, where he had been shut. “I can do it. And I did it. Doesn’t this feel like a sweet, sweet, thing to witness?”

“You. Sadistic bastard,” Castiel gritted out through his clenched teeth. He balled his hands up into fists and turned on Alastair. “His family were innocent people. Those children are never going to grow up now, because of you. Who the fuck are you to decide who gets to live and who doesn’t?”

“Didn’t you get the memo? I’m the new King of hell. I run this place. You don’t. I win. You lose. It’s simple as that.”

Castiel had to drag himself away from the table. He turned to look at his brother, wanting to go to him and get him out of that chair. To take care of him. But he didn’t. He couldn’t. He rubbed a hand over his face and shook his head. It was better to just walk away. He turned around to walk to the doors when Alastair called his name. Castiel stopped, for some goddamn reason he stopped, but he didn’t turn around.

“Castiel, forgive me, but I forgot to tell you something else,” Alastair said. His gravelly voice was making Castiel’s skin prickle with unease. “In Spain, when it was your lovely sister’s wedding… I, well not personally me, but someone from my side of the world, made a little visit with your ‘boy’.” Castiel’s heart stopped at that sentence. His mouth dried and he had to will himself to not react in any way. “As if he was ever yours. He needed the reminder to whom he actually belonged to. I hope the message was understandable.”

This made Castiel feel so confused, but he didn’t show, or say anything about it. He started to walk out of the doors, never looking back, never saying anything. He just kept on walking.

He needed to see Dean.

The ride back home was silent. Crowley was staring out of the window. It was well past midnight now, and the street lights were casting shadows in the car. Castiel sat, immobile, staring ahead but not seeing anything. He felt numb. Completely numb. All he wanted to do was to go to Dean and just… he just wanted to see Dean.

Soon they were pulling up by the mansion and Castiel got out of the car, without waiting for anyone. He went up the stairs quickly, and went to his bedroom. He snapped the door shut after him and started to undress with quick jerky movements. He just needed to get out of these clothes and wear
something else before he left. He hadn’t even called Dean to ask if it was okay to come over. He
didn’t even know where he lived…

He’d have to talk to Crowley about this.

He walked to his wardrobe and opened up the drawer where he had his t-shirts. He grabbed his
black one, and grabbed his black skin tight jeans that he liked to wear. He put them on quickly.
Castiel then had to wear his boots with his outfit, and because he didn’t really want to be recognized
by anyone, he opened another drawer that he rarely used, to pull out a black cap from.

He placed the cap on his head, grabbed his phone, and walked out of his bedroom. He went down
the stairs where Crowley was waiting for him. “Going somewhere?” he asked, and Castiel walked
by him.

“I’m going to Dean’s.”

“I don’t think that’s a wise decision.”

“I think it’s an excellent decision.”

“You think so?” Crowley asked, following him.

“I know so. In fact, I’m goi-fuck, I forgot,” Castiel turned and walked back to the house again,
taking the stairs two at a time. Crowley was following him.

“Have you called him about this? Because if you haven’t noticed, it’s actually pretty dark outside.
And I’m pretty sure he wouldn’t want you to walk in on him and his daughter’s lives like this. Not
when he hasn’t even introduced her to you.”

“I know that. That’s why I’m not going to spend the night there. I’m just going to talk to him and
come home.”

“Is that why you’re making your way to the play room?”

Castiel’s hand was on a door handle of the said room, when Crowley asked him that. “None of your
business as to how I wanna speak to him.” Castiel turned and walked back to the house again,
taking the stairs two at a time. Crowley was following him.

“Have you called him about this? Because if you haven’t noticed, it’s actually pretty dark outside.
And I’m pretty sure he wouldn’t want you to walk in on him and his daughter’s lives like this. Not
when he hasn’t even introduced her to you.”

“I know that. That’s why I’m not going to spend the night there. I’m just going to talk to him and
come home.”

“Is that why you’re making your way to the play room?”

He walked out of the room, shutting the door after him. Crowley was still waiting for him by the
door. He went to open his mouth to speak, but Castiel cut him off. “Look, I know what I’m doing
right now is irrational and irresponsible as fuck by me. I know it.”

“I just wanted to give you his address,” Crowley said, giving him a piece of paper.

Castiel gave him a deadpan look. He snatched the paper from Crowley’s hand and walked down the
stairs, and out through the main doors. There was a car waiting for him with his chauffeur waiting by
the door. Castiel shook his head and said, “You’re dismissed for the night.”

“Travel safe.”

His chauffeur nodded, looking confused, but he still held out his car keys for Castiel to take. Castiel
walked around the car, got in, and drove the car from the lawn. In his rearview mirror he saw two of
his men get into the car, and follow him down the road. Castiel pursed his lips as he sighed out his
frustration. He wanted to call Crowley to get them off of his tail, but he didn’t, because he knew he
wasn’t going to win this argument. So he just let them be, for now.

He looked down at the address again, and he made a right turn to get on the street. He passed by few cars, and read the numbers on the buildings, but then he spotted the Impala and he knew that he was getting close. There was a free spot after it, so Castiel parked it before it. He cut off the engine and looked up at the building. The lights were all off. Castiel was sure that Dean was fast asleep, and he was really an idiot for doing this to Dean, but he had to. He needed Dean.

So he got out of the car and walked to the building. He was glad that there wasn’t a code or anything on the door, so he simply pushed the front door open and walked inside. He looked down at the paper, and the apt number. He walked up the stairs and on the floor that Dean lived at. He slowly made his way to the door that his sub was living at and took a steadying deep breath. Now that he was here, his hands started to shake again. His breathing elevated and he felt like he needed to turn back around again. But he didn’t. because he knew he needed to see Dean first before he could leave for home again.

Castiel raised his hand and knocked on it couple of times. He strained his ear to hear any sound, but there was nothing. He knocked again and this time he heard a shuffle and a thump from inside. He locked his hands behind his back, and waited for the door to open. He heard the bolt slide, and the door unlock, before it got swung open and Castiel reminded himself to breathe.

Dean was incredibly hot and gorgeous. His hair was a mess, all over the place on top of his head. His eyes were squinting at him and he looked tired. He was wearing his boxer shorts to bed it seemed, and he didn’t have a shirt on. Castiel wanted nothing more than to gather Dean in his arms and kiss him senseless and cuddle him forever.

“What.” Was the first thing that Dean said. “Mr. Novak.” Was the second.

“I’m sorry to bother you at this hour.”

“Yeah no shit,” said Dean, as he tried to blink the sleep out of his eyes.

“I just needed to see you.”

“A phone call to tell me you’re coming over was out of the question?”

“I wasn’t really thinking, Dean,” Castiel said, already starting to feel worse than he had before. He looked down at Dean’s chest and then closed his eyes. He pursed his lips and ran a hand over his mouth. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have come. I’ll just leave.”

“Wait,” Dean moved fast to grab onto Castiel’s arm. The warmness that was radiating off of Dean’s skin was grounding for Castiel. He stopped, of course he would stop. There was something warm in his chest that he didn’t feel before. He got here for this. He needed to see Dean for this. To be able to think like a rationale human being. To be able to just be himself again. “Don’t go. Tell me what’s wrong?”

“Why do you think something’s wrong?” Castiel said, hesitantly turning around to look at Dean. They were standing close to one another now, and Dean was eyeing at the cap.

“I’ve never seen you with a cap before. Hell, I don’t think I’ve seen you looking this casual before.”

“Why, don’t you like it?” Castiel asked, frowning a bit.

“I actually dig you in anything, so. Yeah. This is… fuck, do you wanna come in?”
“Uh… I don’t wanna intrude. I actually didn’t think about all of this in a reasonable manner.”

There was a small pause between them where they stared at each other. Castiel knew that Dean was thinking about his daughter, since he was thinking of her too. This was going to cross some boundaries that they placed between them. Castiel wasn’t sure if this was going to be a wise choice to make, and he would leave in a second if Dean told him so, but then Dean tugged at his arm and pulled him inside. He quietly shut the door after Castiel and he turned on the lamp on the small table. The apartment was a small one. The living room and the kitchen were joined and there were cereal boxes and dirty dishes in the sink. He didn’t have much stuff here, but Castiel started to feel at ease and at home in a matter of seconds.

“Feels cozy,” Castiel commented.

“Uh, thanks,” Dean said as he fidgeted with his fingers. “It’s nothing much, but-“

“I love it,” Castiel turned to look at Dean, who smiled at him with a self-satisfaction that meant getting Castiel’s approval of his living situation was the highest compliment in his life.

“I don’t have booze around,” Dean said as he walked to his kitchen, Castiel following behind him. “I have orange juice though, if you want.”

“I want you,” Castiel said and he cornered Dean by the counter, from behind. His skin smelled amazing. A mix of sweat and the morning’s soap that clung to his skin. Castiel nosed at the back of his neck and Dean leaned up on his hands on the counter. Castiel kissed his spine, just as Dean let out a sigh through his nose. Castiel moved his hips around his neck and kissed underneath Dean’s earlobe. Dean tilted his head to the side to give more access to Castiel.

“You never told me what happened, and why are you here,” Dean mumbled.

“Isn’t this obvious?” Castiel asked, nipping at the skin there.

“Oh I know why you’re here, in general, but…” Dean turned around to look at Castiel. “Don’t get me wrong, I like this, but I’m not on the clock here. I wanna know why you’re actually here.”

Castiel looked down, sighing through his nose. He wanted to take a step back but Dean grabbed onto his T-shirt to prevent him from doing so. Castiel looked up and into Dean’s eyes, before he looked down again. “Lucifer’s dead. I saw it happen. And I couldn’t do a damn thing about it. I needed to be here so I could clear my head before I’d go after the son of a bitch who did this.”

Dean was unresponsive at first, but then Castiel was being hugged by him. And Castiel had no other choice but to hug him back. He tucked his face under Dean’s chin and breathed in the sweet smell of him. “I’m sorry,” Dean whispered into his ears, and Castiel tightened his hold on him. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t—you didn’t tell me. Why didn’t you tell me?” there was a slight disappointment in Dean’s voice that Castiel didn’t like. He didn’t like feeling the disappointment coming out of Dean. It was the last thing he wanted to hear.

“I didn’t want to tell you,” Castiel mumbled. “Didn’t wanna drag you in this mess.”

“It’s not a mess, Mr. Novak,” Dean told him, moving his hand up to knead at the back of Castiel’s neck. “How many times do I have to tell you that we’re in this together? As long as you’ll have me around, I’m with you here.”

Castiel pulled back a bit and started to kiss Dean. He responded immediately and soon, Castiel was pushing Dean back on the counter again. Dean took off his cap, and placed it on the counter, his hands returning to his hair to mess up. Castiel’s arms wrapped around Dean, he kept tightening his
hold on the naked man that he liked to touch and explore so much. His hands moved up his back and grabbed onto his shoulders to pull him in closer to his chest. Dean bit down on his lower lip as he brought their hips together. Castiel could feel how hard Dean was in his boxers, and he quickly moved his hands down Dean’s back and underneath his underwear, to ground the meat in his hands. He dragged out a low moan from Dean’s throat, as their tongues explored one another’s.

Castiel pulled back slightly, but Dean continued to pepper his lips with kisses, and moved down his kisses to his neck. “Please, oh fuck right there, please tell me we can do something because I need to do something to you. Oh fuck yes right there,” Castiel whispered into Dean’s ear, trying to keep his voice and noises down.

“Fuck yeah, we can, sir. She sleeps like a dead rat,” Dean bit down on his neck and Castiel shuddered. He grabbed Dean’s hair and pulled his head back.

With his free hand he slapped Dean’s cheek and watched as Dean’s eyes fluttered at that. “You like this, don’t you, my baby boy?”

“Yes, sir, I do. Please, slap me again,” Dean whispered to him, his voice desperate, his hands on Castiel’s waist, gripping the skin there with tight hands.

Castiel slapped him again and Dean’s mouth fell open. His lips were red and wet from Castiel’s kisses. The hand that was gripping Dean’s hair, fell down to his neck. He cupped his chin, and dipped his thumb in between those lips. Dean quickly wrapped his lips around the finger and started to suck on it. Castiel’s breathing started to elevate as he stared at how enthusiastic Dean looked. “Fuck,” Castiel breathed out when Dean looked up through his eyelashes; his pupils were dilated. “I need you. Where can we-“

“To my bedroom. Go,” Dean released his thumb with a wet pop and pushed them back to the direction of the bedroom. It was dark inside so Castiel didn’t get to see what it looked like. And honestly, if he were to look around, he wouldn’t be able to register anything. He was too busy with all of the skin that Dean presented him.

He bit down on Dean’s chest, licked his way up to his neck and sucked at his pulse point. His legs hit the bed and he sat down on it, Dean following him up by straddling his hips. Dean tilted his head up by his neck and kissed his lips. Castiel sighed and placed his hands over Dean’s hips to push him over his own erection. Castiel had forgotten about the objects in his jeans until they started to dig into his butt cheeks. So he, rather reluctantly, pushed Dean away from him. Their lips parted with a wet sound and Castiel wanted to hear that sound for the rest of the night.

“What, why are you pushing me away? Don’t tell me it’s your goddamn phone,” Dean said grumpily, and Castiel had to smile because of the adorable pout he was sporting.

“You’re adorable,” Castiel said, his smile still present on his face. “But no, it’s not my phone. I actually brought stuff that I wanted to try. Hang on.”

Dean stepped away from him and Castiel stood up. They were standing close to one another, and Castiel liked feeling Dean’s heat on his bare arms. Castiel reached into his pockets and took out the handcuffs and the cane.

“Wow,” Dean breathed out and Castiel looked up to see him eyeing the objects in his hands. Castiel felt slightly nervous, because this was really getting out of bounds. Since this was Dean’s day off, he could easily tell Castiel off and Castiel would have to leave because that was his wish. But then-

“Where do you want me?”
“Uh,” Castiel swallowed. He had to shake his head slightly because he was sure that Dean was going to tell him to go home. But he didn’t. Jesus fuck. “On the bed. Boxers off.”

“Are you gonna get naked too?” Dean asked him as he started to take off his underwear. When he stood up straighter, Castiel slapped him, hard across his cheek.

“Do as I say,” Castiel commanded him. Dean knelt beside the bed and rested his chest over the bed. He had his arms under his head. Castiel jingled the handcuffs and Dean quickly placed his hands over his back. Castiel handcuffed Dean’s hands behind his back and he could see how Dean was relaxing back on the bed. Castiel felt at is himself when he saw it.

Grabbed the cane from the bed and pressed the button on it where the extension came out from the tip. It was a thin one and it was going to bruise and leave marks. Dean knew it, but Castiel wanted to make sure that he really got it before Castiel would start.

“I’m going to cane you for some time. I want you to keep quiet. As quiet as you can. Remember that we are not alone in this apartment.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good boy,” Castiel murmured. “After this, I’m going to spank you. Remember when in Spain, I told you I’m going to spank you for making those noises?”

“Jesus Christ,” Dean groaned and Castiel saw him grinding his hips down on bed. Castiel quickly whipped the cane on both of his butt cheeks. The sound that resonated in the room was sharp, but not too loud. Dean grunted at the impact, his muscles tensing, his hands curling into fists.

Castiel did it again, and he saw the same reaction as before. Castiel kept up with a pace, and soon, his white skin was red, and there were cane marks starting to show up there. Castiel loved it. There was a bead of sweat gathering at the arch of Dean’s back, and Castiel wanted nothing more than to lick it.

So he did just that, he dipped down, and licked at his spine. His face got close to Dean’s hands. Dean unraveled his hands and tried to grab Castiel’s face, but he pulled back quickly and hit Dean again. “Behave,” Castiel said in a growl.

“I can try, but you’re just too damn hot,” Dean replied. He was shaking, and his voice was slurring a bit, but he still had his cocky smile on his lips that Castiel found infatuating.

Castiel hit him with the cane five more times. Dean’s hips had lifted up from the bed as he tried to get more hits on his bare skin. Soon, Castiel dropped the cane down on the ground and sat beside Dean. “Come here,” Castiel said, and he perched his leg up on the bed, to pull Dean over it. He kneaded the reddened and bruised skin there. Dean reacted in a violent fashion, but not in a way for Castiel to stop. He writhed and hissed as he felt Castiel’s hands on his abused skin.

“Are you ready to get spanked?”

“Yes, sir,” Dean groaned out. And by the way he was moving his hips, Castiel believed him.

“Do you know why you’re getting spanked?”

“I let out noises in public that were inappropriate for sir,” Dean said. “I need to get punished for that.”

“You’re such a good boy to me,” Castiel said. “Before we start, do you have lube?”
“Bedside table.”

Castiel walked to the appointed table and pulled the drawer. He took out the half full bottle of lube and walked back to the end of the bed. He got positioned again and placed Dean back on his leg. “Where were we? Ah yes,” Castiel landed swift slaps on Dean’s cheeks and Dean wriathed in pleasure. Castiel could feel Dean’s erection rubbing over his thigh, and he was sure that he was started to leak and his jeans were going to get ruined, but there was a way to clean this up, right?

When he got to five slaps, he stopped and grabbed the bottle of lube. He coated two of his fingers with it, placed the bottle down on the bed. He pulled Dean’s cheek aside and prodded at his entrance with them. Dean let out a litany of curses under his breath and Castiel smirked. He started to push his fingers in and out of his hole. When it was slick and loose enough, Castiel crooked his fingers and Dean groaned a bit louder than before. He had found the sweet spot.

“Good boy. You’re doing so well, baby boy,” Castiel praised. Dean started to hump his hips down on his leg. He was pulling at the handcuffs and Castiel didn’t like how red they were starting to look. “Dean, don’t pull so much at your wrists. I don’t like it.”

“I just… fuck, you are… just… fuck,” Dean mumbled, moving his hips erratically.

“I know,” soothed Castiel, slapping his ass again. Dean groaned. “I know, doll. But I need you to not do it, or I’ll stop.”


“Good boy,” Castiel said. He landed the next four slaps on his ass with hard strikes. His fingers kept moving in and out of him. He could feel Dean becoming closer and closer to the edge, so Castiel didn’t stop.

“So close, so close,” Dean kept hissing. Castiel placed his now free hand at the lower part of Dean’s back, to keep him in place as he worked his fingers in Dean.

Much too soon, Dean arched his hips a bit and he was coming all over Castiel’s jeans. Dean kept grunting and groaning all the way through his orgasm, remembering he had to keep quiet because he was ordered to. Dean dropped back down on the bed, but Castiel didn’t allow him to relax. He pushed him up on his knees. This was the first time he was seeing Dean’s face; he was red from arousal and sweat. His eyes looked wet from tears. Castiel lifted his clean hand up and wiped at his eyes. “I’m not done, yet. Are you up for it?”

“Tell me what I’m supposed to do,” Dean said so readily, that Castiel had to lean forward and kiss him softly on the lips.

“Clean up your mess first, and then you gotta take care of me,” Castiel said. Dean nodded and he leaned forward and lapped at the mess he had made. Castiel liked how thorough Dean was with it, with long stripes of his tongue and slurping at bigger places. When he was done, he sat back and eyed Castiel’s erection. Castiel quickly unzipped himself and shoved his jeans down a bit. When he sat back down, he directed Dean’s head to his lap and guided his dick into Dean’s mouth.

Dean was quick to start sucking on the head and twirling his tongue around the head. Castiel was already so close to the edge, that he didn’t need to be teased. So he grabbed Dean’s hair, shoved him down a bit more, and started to fuck his hips up to Dean’s mouth. Dean relaxed his throat muscles and Castiel moved his hips a bit faster than before.
Dean wrapped his lips around his dick when Castiel’s hips started to stutter, since he was so close already. Few more moves up to his mouth, and Castiel was coming down Dean’s throat. He bit down on his lower lip as he spilled himself into Dean’s waiting mouth. Dean being the good boy that he was, swallowed every drop, licked Castiel clean and licked his lips and all around it to get everything.

His eyes were still wide with arousal and Castiel leaned forward and kissed him on the lips, grasping him by the chin to keep Dean in place. Their lips glided together, and when Castiel slipped his tongue inside Dean’s, he sighed through his nose in content as he tasted both Dean and himself on his tongue. His grip tightened on his chin as he chased after the taste, Dean opening up to him more and more by the second. When Castiel had his filling, he pulled back. He smirked as Dean made an aborted move to chase after his lips.

“You look tired,” Castiel whispered to him, running his hand over his features.

“I am, but I liked this,” Dean murmured pushing his head into Castiel’s open palm. He turned his face and placed a kiss on Castiel’s hand. This action was probably more intimate than anything they’ve ever done. Something warm settled in in Castiel’s chest. He leaned forward and kissed Dean’s temple.

“Let’s get you out of those cuffs,” Castiel tucked himself back in, but didn’t bother with the zipper. He got the key from his pocket and unlocked the cuffs. Dean’s wrists were a bit red, from what he could see in the dark room anyway, illuminated a bit by the street light. “You’ve hurt yourself.”

“I’m fine,” Dean said, moving his hands forward and staggering to stand up. Castiel helped him up, and Dean squeezed his hand. “Really,” he said as he turned to look at Castiel. “I’m fine. This is nothing.”

“Let’s get you cleaned up. And let me take care of your bruising before I leave,” Castiel said, feeling a bit uneasy by the way Dean shrugged the bruising off from his wrists. “Get in bed. But tell me where everything is.”

“Bathroom is the door next to mine. There’s an oil in a basket under the sink,” Dean said as he laid down on his stomach.

Castiel admired how the muscles on his back moved with his movement, and how perky and red his ass was. The visible marks of his ownership on Dean’s body was making him feel dizzy with the need to do it once again and just kiss him all over his body.

Castiel shook his head and walked out of the bedroom to walk to the bathroom. He went in and was greeted by an average looking bathroom with a shower, and a sink and a toilet. He washed his hands in the sink and splashed some water on his face. When he looked himself in the mirror, he was reminded, once again, just how old he actually was. There were tired circles under his eyes, and they were way too many wrinkles on his face. He turned his head to the side and saw how much gray hair he had.

He truly was getting old.

“You’re beautiful.”

Castiel jumped in his skin at the sudden voice from the door. Dean was leaning on the doorframe, his arms crossed over his bare chest. He only had his boxers back on, and his hair was all over the place. He was certainly the one who looked beautiful. There was no argument about it. No questions asked. He was simply beautiful.
Dean walked to him and butted his forehead by Castiel’s temple. His arms wrapped around Castiel’s waist and he was pulled in for a hug. “What are you doing here? I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Sorry, I was just washing my hands,” Castiel said. He wasn’t going to talk about Dean’s comment. It had been said in a way that was just an off compliment. And Castiel didn’t want to talk about his appearance right now. “So now that you’re here, let me clean you up quickly.”

“I don’t feel like showering,” Dean was quick to say. Castiel smiled at him and nodded.

“I don’t want you to shower. I like the smell your body is emitting right now.”

“Gross,” Dean said with a cute wrinkle, but Castiel only continued to smile at him.

Once they were done with cleaning up Dean, and with Castiel adding some lotion on his bruises, and thoroughly groping Dean’s ass, Castiel walked to the counter in the kitchen and grabbed his cap. He placed it back on and waited for Dean to walk him out. Dean stared at him for a moment, before he said, “Stay for the night.”

Castiel’s hands fell to his sides as he looked at Dean’s face, trying to find something in his expression that would suggest he wasn’t being serious. But the only expression he could find was a sincere one.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

The words spilled out of them fast, as if they just needed to vocalize their agreement, since they already wanted to do this. Castiel took off his cap again and placed it on the counter again. He walked to where Dean was waiting for him and wrapped his arms around his waist. He nosed at his neck, and placed a kiss on the skin there.

They walked back to Dean’s bedroom soon after. Castiel took off his jeans and boots, and got in bed with only his T-shirt and boxer briefs. Once he settled in, Dean moved to him and Castiel wrapped his arm around his bare back.

“Sir,” Dean whispered after a few seconds of silence.

“Hm?”

“I gotta tell you something,” Dean whispered, and Castiel tightened his hold on the naked body.

“I know you do,” Castiel whispered back, and he heard Dean’s breath stutter. “Whatever it is, we will talk about it…later. When you come back to me again.”

It took Dean couple of minutes to relax, but once he did, his weight was a comforting blanket on Castiel. “Sir,” he said again. “I know I’m probably going to sound out of line here, but… I gotta tell you something else.”

“What about?”

Dean pulled back and perched himself on his elbow. “You.”

Castiel looked at Dean for a moment longer, before he sighed through his nose and let his body relax on bed. “What about me?”
“I see how you look at yourself in the mirror,” Dean said, just as Castiel closed his eyes. So it was that one. “I saw how you were looking at yourself just now.”

Dean moved and Castiel opened his eyes to see him hovering over his body, his legs straddling Castiel’s. “Let me prove to you, just how much I found everything about you attractive.”

Castiel’s heart started to beat erratically in his chest, just when Dean leaned his head forward and grabbed Castiel’s lips into his in a small kiss. “I like the way your lips move when you talk. There is something fascinating about them,” he whispered as he moved his lips to his cheeks. “I like your cheeks when they get a bit stubbly, and it grates on my skin. I like your eyes,” Dean kissed Castiel’s closed eyelids. There was a tightness in Castiel’s throat that wasn’t there before. “I like how intense they look when you’re angry, or when you’re about to do filthy things to me. Or when you think I can’t see how soft you are, underneath all the Don mask you wear for your people to see.”

“I like your soul. And heart. And everything that is you,” Dean continued. And then his hands were moving. His hands slowly made their way down Castiel’s arms and they seemed to shake, before Dean looped his fingers underneath the hem of Castiel’s t-shirt and his hands were underneath the shirt.

“Dean,” there was a slight panicked warning in Castiel’s voice as he said it. His hand clutching at Dean’s forearms.

“Please, Castiel,” Dean used his first name in a way as if he were a man thirsty for water. Castiel’s will crumpled as he let his hands fall to his sides. He could hear Dean swallowing hard just as he moved his hands again; they were shaking on Castiel’s skin.

“Whatever hides underneath your shirt,” Dean continued, his fingertips leaving electrifying shocks after their wake. “I will still want to be with you,” Dean passed by something there that made Castiel twitch. But he didn’t stop, didn’t ask. He continued. “I will still want to be your sub. To be your boy. To please you however way you want me to… I’m not going to leave you, Castiel.”

The only thing that Castiel could do right now was to grab Dean, pull him to him and kiss him with everything he could, without uttering a simple word between them. He was certain that Dean got the message, because as soon as he could move again, his hands left Castiel’s body to shove Castiel’s underwear down. That night, Castiel let Dean to take a small amount of control for their actions.

There was warmness that was all over Castiel’s body. The heat from Dean’s bare body on his back, and the sun glaring from the outside on his front. He let out a sigh of sleepiness and scratched at his arm. He tried to go back to sleep, but he felt the feeling of being watched. As far as he was concerned, Dean was fast asleep. He was also certain that Dean had drooled on his back during the night.

No, it wasn’t Dean that was awake in this room. There was someone else. That was for sure. He could feel them standing close to the bed. He wasn’t sure who they were, and what they had in their hands, or just about anything that was connected with the intruder in the bedroom, but Castiel was certain that he didn’t like this feeling.

Slowly, very, very slowly, he opened his eyes. What greeted him made him feel… he didn’t know how exactly he felt, but this ‘intruder’ wasn’t a threat. No. He could see the resemblance in her features, in her endless green eyes, in the pout of her lips and her nose. Her dark black hair was not something she got from him, but she was still the prettiest little girl he had ever seen in his life.
This was Dean’s daughter.

Chapter End Notes

You gotta love these cliffhangers...
Leave me your thoughts?
Leaving is the only option.

Chapter Notes

As you can see, I've added the chapter count by now, which means, I'm done writing the story.
What a ride this has been...

In this chapter we get to see some other sides of Castiel. This is the only heads up I can give without giving away stuff.

Enjoy this one, lovelies.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

Castiel froze. He wasn’t supposed to be here at this hour. He was supposed to be have gone home by the time the kid would wake up. He made this small promise to himself just before they fell asleep last night. But here he was, staring at the kid. She was staring at him with indifference and Castiel just noticed, she had a bunny in her hand that had definitely seen better days.

Castiel slowly perched himself up on his elbow and eyed her for a bit before he said. “Uh… Do you want me to wake up your dad?” She shook her head and continued to look at him. “Okay.”

“I don’t know you,” she said, and her voice had an adorable squeakiness to it that made Castiel smile.

“I’m Castiel. Your dad’s…friend.”

“Daddy doesn’t have any friends,” she said with a shrug.

“Oh?”

“Mhmm,” she replied with a nod. “He doesn’t have any of them. His best friend is me and my uncle Sammy. And aunt Jess. He’s not living with my mommy anymore because they don’t like each other anymore.”

Wow. This kid was a chatter box. She was giving him way too much information about Dean’s personal life than he was willing to learn about. Certainly, he didn’t want to hear about it all from Dean’s daughter. “Uhm, okay. Are you, uh, hungry?” Maybe the kid was actually hungry and went out in search for her dad.

She shook her head, her hair bouncing around her frame. “No. I just wanted to sleep with daddy.”

“Oh,” Castiel turned to look at Dean. He was still pretty much naked, but he had put on boxers sometime during the night. “I guess you’re okay to come to bed.”
“Hm. Okay. Scooch over. You’re in my spot.”

She didn’t wait for Castiel to move and make space for her; she just went up in bed and, ow, yep. Kids and flailing arms and legs early in the morning weren’t something that Castiel wanted to feel. Especially after the night he had. She tucked herself close to Dean’s chest, who sleepy dragged her closer to him. So this was a thing that they’d do, it seemed. And it was a scene that tugged something at Castiel’s heart.

Castiel got comfortable back on the bed and when he rested his head on the pillow, he looked up at her, but she wasn’t asleep. She kept staring at him with her green eyes that were so like her father’s that Castiel was having a hard time looking away from them.

“I want pancakes.”

And she was someone who would get her way, even if that person was the most dangerous person in the world. “Okay.”

So that’s how Castiel found himself in Dean’s kitchen, with sweats he borrowed from Dean’s wardrobe, trying to figure out where everything was. She sat at the small table that Castiel hadn’t noticed yesterday. She had cookies perched on top of one another as she nibbled on one.

“I don’t really know where everything is,” Castiel admitted as he straightened up from grabbing a bowl from the cupboard.

“You’re doing great,” she said, with a mouthful of cookies.

Castiel shook his head as his lips twitched up into a smile. “Alright, missy. I’ve never done this before, and I don’t know how to make pancakes.”

“You’re old, though.”

“Not every old person knows how to do things.”

“Daddy knows everything.”

“Your daddy is a superhero then,” Castiel told her, because in a way, he agreed with her. Dean knew how to do everything. He was a man who knew how to take care of the people around him. He was definitely a man who knew how to rock Castiel’s world, literally. So really, he was the best dad this kid could ask for.

“Yeah. He is. He is Batman, did you know?” she said enthusiastically, and went on a story about how he was Batman last year for Halloween. She had a way with words that Castiel couldn’t help but laugh at her. She was adorable and Castiel wanted to spend as much time as he could with her.

He started on the pancakes soon after. And he was pretty sure that they shouldn’t have looked this…

“Gooey. They look extremely gooey.” She said as she looked into the bowl. She was shuffling her feet on one another and she was standing close to Castiel.

“I don’t think I was made to create food,” Castiel said looking at the contents in the bowl. “This looks awful. Do you want to just have some cereal?”

She sighed in an overly dramatic way, and said, “Fine. But you gotta mix up two boxes together.”

“Of course,” Castiel said. “I’ll mix up five boxes so long you’ll eat something and I’ll stop feeling like a failure, Castiel thought to himself as he found the cereal boxes in the cupboard closer to the fridge.
He got two boxes down, and a small bowl for it. He then got out the milk from the fridge and prepared the breakfast for her. He was about to place the bowl in front of her, when Dean literally threw himself out of the bedroom. His daughter jumped and looked at her dad with surprise written all over her face.

“Daddy, you’re naked.”

The two men didn’t pay her attention. They were too busy staring at one another. There was a silent conversation going between them that Castiel had to put down the bowl in front of her. He made his way to Dean, his hands up in a placating way.

“Dean,” Castiel said, “I know I had to leave before she’d wake up. But I forgot to put the alarm on my phone. And to be fair, she woke up around six am, I believe. She didn’t want to sleep so she asked me for breakfast.”

Dean continued to look at him. There wasn’t anything in his expression that would give Castiel any sort of answer as to how he was feeling about this whole thing. “I know, this isn’t something that you wanted to happen, but…”

“Do you want pancakes?” Dean asked him. His voice was gruff with sleep. His face was still unreadable. Castiel didn’t know if he were to say yes, or no. This wasn’t his space. And it was definitely not his time to stay.

“I don’t think I should stay.”

“But I think you should stay. Because my daughter? She’s gonna wanna drill me with questions that I can’t really answer. About you.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“So… you want me to stay? So I’ll answer to her questions?”

“Yes.”

Castiel hesitated for a second. He pursed his lips, while he thought about it, but then… he had no other choice but to agree to this, right? “Okay, I’ll stay. But if she asks some stuff that I don’t know how to answer, you’re going to have to help me out.”

“Yeah, sure, we’ll see about that, Mr. Novak,” Dean said with a quirked eyebrow. He had a smirk on his face that Castiel wanted to wipe off with a kiss. But he didn’t do that. Instead, he glared at Dean, who didn’t even flinch from him. He just kept smirking at him. Damn it.

They went back to the kitchen where Castiel sat by the table and Dean dropped a kiss on top of her daughter’s head, before he went on to make them pancakes. He grabbed the bowl with the ruined pancake and frowned down at it. “Do I wanna know?” he asked, looking up at Castiel, tilting the bowl at his direction.

“Nope,” both Castiel and she answered. Dean stared at them both, and then shook his head, and went back to work. Castiel stared at his back, and then looked at her. “You know, you never said what your name is.”

“Natalie,” she replied crunching on her cereal.
“That’s a pretty name,” Castiel told her truthfully. She just nodded and mumbled “I know”. Castiel chuckled at her, before directing his attention to Dean.

He was mixing up the bowl in his hands, and with every hand motion the muscles on his back would move with it. Castiel’s mouth dried up at the display. He balled his hands into fists so he wouldn’t go up to him and actually touch him inappropriately, given who their audience was.

Soon, the kitchen was filled with the smell of pancakes, and Castiel actually managed to help Dean out. Well, he set the table and got the syrup and the butter from their respectful places, but still. He had never done this before, since he was brought up in such a household where people would do these for you. It felt nice, and such a mundane task that Castiel enjoyed every second of it.

They sat by the table and Natalie adjusted her feet a bit so she could be sitting higher than she did before, by tucking her legs under her. Her hair kept falling forward, and while Dean sat there eating his breakfast and drinking his coffee, Castiel’s hands twitched to at least tuck the strays back over her ears. Before he knew what he was doing, he reached his hand and did just that. Natalie was oblivious as to what he had done, but the other side of the table was extremely quiet.

Dean was staring at his hands with a blank expression. Castiel was frozen in time, it seemed. This was so out of his comfort zone that he was unsure as to what he was supposed to do. He dropped his hands back onto his lap, and Dean’s eyes looked up into his. There was something in Dean’s eyes that Castiel didn’t know how to interpret. He opened his mouth to apologize-

“What was your name again?” Natalie asked as she wiggled in her seat.

“Castiel,” he replied, reluctantly tearing his eyes away from Dean’s to give his full attention to the kid.

“That’s a very pretty name,” she said seriously, with a smile on her face.

“Thank you,” if Castiel wasn’t melting before, he was already a pile of goo. She had the most beautiful features he had seen on a toddler’s face. He had no idea what her mother looked like. But knowing how beautiful Dean was, he would bet his gun that she looked like any straight men’s wet dream come true.

“If I were to ask you to do something for me, would you do it?” she asked, her eyes unfalteringly looking into his.

“Y-Yes,” he replied, feeling hesitant. There was a twitch from Dean, but Castiel didn’t look at him.

“Can you add more syrup to my pancakes?” the question was so out of the blue and so not the question that Castiel was expecting her to ask, that he closed his eyes, hung his head forward, and shook it in disbelief.

He looked back up at her and said, “If your daddy will allow you to have more, I will add it.”

“He already said yes.”

“But you didn’t ask him,” Castiel said with a nod at Dean’s direction. “Go on.”

“Daddy, can I have more syrup?” she asked Dean.

“Sure,” Dean replied, but his voice sounded distant. Almost automated. Castiel swallowed hard as he looked at Dean. He still had the same expression on. Castiel didn’t know what it meant so he just kept his mouth shut, for now, and poured some syrup on Natalie’s pancakes. “You gotta finish it all.
Castiel pushed the chair away from the table and stood up. He walked to Dean’s bedroom, knowing Dean was following him. He got in, and heard the door being clicked shut after him. “I’m sorry,” Castiel blurted out before Dean could say anything. He turned around to look at Dean and forced himself to look sincere so Dean would know he meant every word. “I didn’t mean to fall asleep here for so long. Like I said she came to you, but saw me, and asked me for breakfast. I couldn’t possibly say no to her. Have you seen her? She can ask me anything in the world and I can give it to her.”

“Why?”

“Because she’s yours,” Castiel said with a frown. “She’s yours, Dean. I can’t do her wrong. I just can’t…”

“What was that at the table?”

“I’m sorry I touched her that way. Her hair was getting in the way and I just. I thought I’d help. I was out of line there, and I’m sorry.”

“Mr. No-“

“No,” Castiel shook his head and continued. “You don’t have to say anything. My hands are too dirty to touch an innocent child.”

He jumped in surprise when Dean enveloped him in a hug. He stood there, frozen, his eyes trained at the door. Slowly, he lifted his arms up and wrapped them around Dean. He felt puzzled and bewildered by the sudden display of affection, but he was going to soak himself in it, and hold on as much as he could.

“You stupid, stubborn man.”

“What.”

“I’m not angry with you,” Dean’s voice was muffled as he tucked his face closer to Castiel’s neck. Castiel’s eyes fluttered close as he tightened his hold on him.

“I thought you were. Your face didn’t give away to anything, so I just…”

Dean shook his head, his breath tickling Castiel’s skin. “I was just…” Dean pulled back and cupped Castiel’s cheek. “I’ve never seen you with a kid before. I never thought you would be so…”

Castiel felt his cheeks flaming and he frowned. “It’s not a big deal.” It was a big deal. This was Dean’s whole world. He was in that part of Dean’s life that meant the most to him.

“It is a big deal.”

“I shouldn’t have touched her,” Castiel said, shaking his head. “Not in this way. Not when my hands aren’t clean.”

“Castiel,” Dean said and Castiel had to close his eyes because of the emotions he was feeling when Dean said his name like that. Dean rested his forehead against Castiel’s. He took Castiel’s hands in his from his waist, and brought them up to his chest. Castiel could feel the steady rhythm of Dean’s heart thumping underneath his open palm. “Look at me. Please.”

Castiel’s eyes blinked open and he looked up. Dean’s eyes were open, and something caught in
Castiel’s chest and throat, his breath stuttered into a full stop. There was honesty in them, passion and heat, and an undeniable love towards him. Towards Castiel.

“I’d rather have you, touch my daughter the way you did just now, than have any other bastard even breathing the same air as she does.”

“Dean-“

“I mean it. I honestly mean it,” Dean said fiercely, his hands tightening on Castiel’s. “I’d rather have you here, with me, than anyone else.”

Castiel realized that they have reached a territory that he has never been to before. They have reached to a point where feelings had seeped into their work, and it was a feeling that Castiel wasn’t really familiar with. He knew how to keep his emotions at bay. How to keep himself closed off and not feel love or any of those silly things for other human beings. He was okay with caring, but love? No. He refused to love.

And he certainly refused to let another human being to love the broken shell of a man that he was.

So he did the only thing that he could do right now; he ran.

Castiel didn’t go to Lucifer’s funeral. He didn’t ask his men to go for him. He didn’t send flowers.

He threw himself back into work and started to plan out the biggest attack. He wanted to destroy everything that Alastair stood for. He wanted to burn everything to the ground. He wanted to erase the son of a bitch off the map. There wouldn’t be a person alive who would think of this man with a fond memory connected to him. There wasn’t going to be Italian family anymore.

Castiel was standing by the window in his office. He was wearing his black pants, with navy blue button down; the sleeves were rolled up. He had a black vest on that hugged his chest in a way it made his shoulders look wider. He had work to do. Human trafficking was something that Castiel never liked, never condoned it, and he certainly didn’t like it when they had children stored up in the facility who were no older than ten years old.

Their next attack didn’t go as smoothly as Castiel had hoped. They were waiting for Castiel’s men to show up, and Castiel lost this one. He wasn’t a man who liked being surprised. He really, really, wasn’t.

The man that betrayed them was amongst the men who went in that warehouse, to get the kids out. They had the footage of the whole scene. And they had seen how he changed tactics and started to shoot Castiel’s men in the head. He had helped Alastair’s men to get the kids in vans and run off like the cowards that they were.

Crowley managed to get him in less than twenty-four hours’ time.

The man in question was a new recruit. He wasn’t even supposed to be on this case with them, but somehow he managed to squeeze in at the very last minute. Now Castiel knew why he was in there with them.

Castiel was waiting for the green light to leave for whichever warehouse they kept the bastard at this
moment. He wasn’t even going to speak to him. He was just going to end that miserable piece of shit’s life like he was just a fly on the wall.

There was a knock on the door. Castiel half turned as the door opened. Crowley came in and said, “He’s here.”

Castiel turned his back to the window and walked out of the office, Crowley walking behind him, who was uncharacteristically quiet. Castiel hoped he wasn’t going to be the next one to kill off. He really hoped he didn’t have to kill his family as well. All of them.

They had a shed in the garden that had a small room underneath it. The man was tied to a chair, his mouth taped shut. His clothes were covered in splatters of blood, and Castiel was disappointed to see that, since it meant that his shot wasn’t going to be as visible as he wanted it to be. Sick satisfaction for him, he guessed.

Beside the chair, there were two of his men standing. “Clean up his face,” Castiel said as he sat on the stairs. Crowley handed him his gun, and he checked to see that there was only one bullet inside. “Don’t expect me to miss?” he asked clocking his gun, holding it in his hand.

“Never seen you miss,” Crowley replied.

His men didn’t question his motives. There were buckets of water at the far wall of the small room, so both of them grabbed a bucket and splashed it at the man, who tried to gasp and blink the water out of his eyes. They dropped the buckets down and took a step back.

“I don’t miss,” Castiel said. His eyes zeroed down at the almost clean forehead that belonged to the man. He lifted his hand and shot the bullet. There was a crackle as the bullet left the man’s head. Castiel sighed. He stood up, gave the gun to Crowley, and went up the stairs.

“What’s next?”

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Castiel was getting drunk. He never got drunk. It took him a while to get truly, point blank drunk. Maybe the third bottle of whiskey would make him blank out now? He stood up, on a rather shaky legs. Maybe he sat for far too long that’s why he was so shaky. Could be it. And the room was spinning on its own. It wasn’t his head spinning. Nope.

He very, very slowly made his way to the bar in his office and grabbed another bottle of whiskey. It was still new. Castiel uncorked it and started to drink straight from the bottle. He was sure he had spilled some on his clothes, but he was too drunk to care. Oh. Right. He wasn’t drunk yet. Just, everything was rather woozy and blurry.

He draped himself over the bar and groaned. He shouldn’t have gotten this bad. It just… Everything hurt so much. Why was this his life? Why did he have to kill people who betrayed him? Why would he had to do these stuff to the people in his life because they pissed him off?
Why would anyone want to piss him off?

Why would anyone want to love him?

Why would Dean want to love him? He wasn’t anything special. He wasn’t anything. He was a killing machine and that’s it. That was it. He was just a mindless killing machine. And Dean, pure, simple, beautiful Dean wanted to love him. Wanted to prove to him that he was something worthy of having. He wasn’t. Why wouldn’t Dean just leave?

Even when the thought crossed his mind, something sharp stabbed at his heart and he doubled over in pain. He didn’t want for Dean to leave him. He didn’t want for Dean to just give up on him. He wanted Dean for himself. He wanted Dean to be his.

He loved Dean.

He hadn’t realized that he was laying down on the ground. He hadn’t realized that the whiskey was spilling on the floor, being wasted away. He certainly hadn’t realized that he had started to cry. And it wasn’t a silent one. It was a full blown, whole body shuddering with the sobs being ripped out of his chest.

He didn’t know why he was crying anymore. He didn’t know why he got drunk in the first place. He just loved feeling the relief that he was feeling at this moment. Just this moment where he was getting rid of the bad feelings and emotions in himself, he felt relief like nothing else. He was talking. He was saying something, but he didn’t know what it was. He was just so tired.

There was a sound nearby that he was too tried to interpret. His eyes couldn’t see what it was, he couldn’t hear because there was some sort of ringing in his ears. But then he was being pushed up into a sitting position and there was a solid muscled chest behind his back, pulling him close to that warmth. For some reason, he started to cry more. He turned his head to the body behind him and he felt that familiar calmness descent on him. He smelled the familiar scent of that body, felt secure when those arms hugged him and held him close to the heat.

“I got you.”

He heard those words and he could breathe again. He was drowning, and now he is saved. He is saved by those beautiful words. That voice which would make him go through cement walls to just get to that person.

“I can’t… I can’t…”

“I know,” Dean said, tightening his hold on him. “I know. You don’t have to say anything. I got you.”

“Dean,” Castiel whimpered, burying his face deeper into Dean’s chest. “It hurts,” he whispered. “It hurts so much.”

“I got you. We can take care of this. I swear, Cas. It’s gonna be okay.”

“It hurts,” Castiel repeated. And he really didn’t have any control over his mouth, he just blurted out. “It hurts just how much I love you.”

In the morning he wouldn’t remember saying these words to Dean. In the morning, he would be a different person. But here, right now, he didn’t have any filter. He just kept repeating the same words over and over again. But Dean didn’t say anything back to him. He didn’t say he loved him back. And that hurt more than anything else.
“Let’s get you into bed, yeah?” Dean suggested some time later. Maybe it was just a minute later, or an hour later, Castiel didn’t know. Castiel nodded and tried to get up, but his legs wouldn’t support him. He tried again but he just toppled over some wet stuff on the floor.

“It’s all wet,” he mumbled, running his hands through the wet stuff on the floor. He didn’t know what it was, maybe there was a pipe that got blown off. That would’ve been funny. For some reason, the thought made him giggle.

“C’mon,” Dean said as he tried to get Castiel up to his feet. Castiel managed to stand on his own for half a second, before he just draped himself over Dean. His world swum as he felt his feet leave the ground. Then he realized that Dean had took him up in his arms, bridal style.

“Wha-“

“I’m not gonna drag you to your bedroom."

“K…” Castiel wrapped his arms around Dean and pulled him as close as he could. He had closed his eyes all the way up to his bedroom. He just breathed in the scent that was Dean, and relaxed further in Dean’s arms.

Too soon, Castiel felt the soft sheets of his bed and he clung on to Dean’s shirt. “Don’t go,” he whispered frantically. “Please don’t go. I want you here. I need you here.”

“Cas, listen,” Dean’s face floated above his and Castiel’s hands moved to cup Dean’s face. He looked so beautiful.

“You’re so beautiful.”

“Mr. Novak, I need to get you in clear clothes. You’ve whiskey spilled on you. And you’ve been laying in whiskey for a long time,” said Dean, his voice serious, his face unreadable. “You stink, basically.”

“I do,” Castiel nodded. “I do. But you’re so beautiful. Have I told you this? I don’t think I have.”

“Mr. Novak-“

“Call me C-Cas. Dean, call me Cas. It sounds so pretty when it comes out of your pretty lips,” Castiel looked at Dean’s lips, hovering over his and he just went for it. He pulled Dean down by his neck and kissed him. It wasn’t his finest performance but he still gave it all. Even though it was a sloppy one, and his tongue had no control over his action.

He felt aroused just as sharply as he felt the stab in his heart earlier in the evening. “I want you,” he growled and with the sudden strength that came out of nowhere, he pulled Dean up to his bed.

“Mr. Novak, I don’t think we should do this,” Dean said, clutching and swatting Castiel’s hands away from him.

“You don’t give orders around here, boy,” Castiel said and he flipped them over so he was hovering over Dean. His vision swum again, but he needed to have Dean right now.

“You’re drunk."

“I want you.”

“I’m not gonna have sex with you, while you don’t even know what you’re doing.”
“I know what I’m doing,” Castiel said dipping his head down and biting on Dean’s lips, hard. He loved kissing these lips so much. “I love your lips.”

“Cas. Listen to me. Please, you don’t… you don’t wanna do this now.”

But Castiel knew what he was doing. He forced Dean’s hands above his head and grabbed onto them, tightly with one of his hands, the other one titled and held Dean’s head up to kiss him on the lips. Dean wasn’t kissing him back, but it didn’t matter for Castiel. He just needed to have Dean. Have some release.

Castiel dropped his hips down and shuddered as his lower region connected with Dean. He started to rut against Dean’s hips. Somehow Dean managed to get his hand out of Castiel’s grip and he started to push Castiel away. Their lips left each other’s in a wet sound, and Dean rushed to say, “You aren’t even hard, Cas. Just don’t do this now. I’ll stay the night, if you want me to, just don’t do this.”

“I do what I want,” Castiel mumbled and he tried to move closer, but Dean quickly shoved him to the other side of the bed.

“You’re a handful when you’re drunk,” Dean stood up. And Castiel noted the hint of anger in those words. Embarrassment and shame clung onto Castiel’s face and chest as he realized that Dean actually didn’t want him. That Dean didn’t wanna be with him right now.

And why would he? Castiel was the fool that fell for him. He had embarrassed himself just now. It was a cluster fuck. So the only thing that Castiel could do right now, was to turn his back to Dean, curl himself up into a tight ball, and close his eyes.

Darkness consumed him faster than he had anticipated.

When Castiel woke up the next morning it was to a pounding headache. The sunlight from the outside was warm on his clammy skin. He was extremely hungover. He would groan if he had any energy in him. He twitched up a bit on his arms and he looked down at his pillow, noticing that it was covered in drool. He wiped at his chin with the back of his free hand and turned to his side.

He almost jumped out of his skin when he saw that Dean was sleeping on the couch he had in his bedroom. There was a fuzzy memory connected with Dean that he couldn’t remember exactly what… What really struck was the fact that he was here. In his bedroom. On his day off. Why was he here? And why did he come here in the first place? Who called him?

Castiel struggled to sit up and the world stumbled in front of his eyes. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath when his insides flipped from the motion. He took another steadying breath when he stood up. He made his way to the bathroom. The door bounced off the wall a bit when he opened it, his movements feeling heavy. He made his way to the toilet and released himself. He washed his hands and looked at himself in the mirror.
He looked terrible. There was no other word to describe how he looked. Maybe fucking ugly would be a better way to describe himself right now. Memories from the last few days came crashing down on him and he leaned forward on the counter and squeezed his eyes shut. Dean telling him how he saw Castiel wasn’t something that sat well with Castiel. Because the way he said it, had meant something else entirely. It almost sounded like a… a confession of some sort. A confession that he actually felt something for Castiel. This broken, awful, dangerous shell of a man.

“You think too much,” the gruff voice from the doorway made Castiel jump.

Castiel looked at Dean. He swallowed through the clog in his throat. His heart was beating a bit too wildly in his chest, and his breathing was becoming more ragged. “Dean…” he breathed out.

“You back to the living world?” Dean said, leaning against the door frame.

Castiel tried to swallow again, leaning against the counter. “I… I guess I am.”

“Good.”

The silence and tension in the air were so thick Castiel could have cut through it with a knife.

“I don’t know why you’re here, though?” Castiel asked, frowning. There was a headache working itself up to the front of his head. His face was starting to feel numb from it.

“Well, I was enjoying my day in my house, with my daughter. Remember her?” Dean asked, but he didn’t wait for an answer. “I get a phone call from Anna. She says to come over as soon as I can. I ask her why, and she tells me you need me. I take Natalie to Sam’s, and they already have a kid, and added energy that is Natalie is like throwing fuel on fire. You just ignite it some more. But he takes the kid in, because he is that way. He can never say no to me.”

Castiel shifted his legs a bit, an uncomfortable feeling in his chest. “I come here, and I’m told you’re in your office. I tell your people to stay away from the office. I come in, and what do I see?”

“Dean-“

“What the fuck do I see?” Dean stepped forward into the bathroom and Castiel’s whole body tensed up. “You’re not only drunk off your ass, you’re also- you look so fucking broken. You look like you’re… you’re in pain. In so much pain. And I can’t do anything about it, because I don’t know what’s wrong. I don’t know why you’re that way. And I don’t know how to… how to help you out.” Dean was two feet away from Castiel. And Castiel was shaking from head to toe. He could feel the sweat on his back, on his day old and dirty clothes that still smelled like whiskey. “Do you realize how helpless I felt?” Dean whispered, his hands clenched at his sides.

Castiel had never felt Dean’s anger so close, and so much. There was something else beneath all of that anger, though, as Castiel stared into Dean’s eyes. Worry clung to his frame and Castiel felt more terrible than he had before.

“I don’t…” Castiel sighed through his nose, looking away from Dean. Not knowing what he wanted to say.

“I don’t think I’ve ever felt this way about anyone in my entire life,” Dean told him, his voice a bit louder than a hiss. The words reverberated in the air between them. Dean’s shallow breathing louder than the thumping in Castiel’s ears.

“You can’t… Dean, you can’t.”
“Don’t tell me what I can and can’t do,” Dean hissed at him, angrily. His whole frame shaking from the rage that was close to the surface. One thing from Castiel, and it would explode. Dean would explode and Castiel would lose him. “You can’t tell me this. Not after what you told me at last night.”

“Wha-What did I say?” Castiel stuttered out. His hands were clutching onto the counter for dear life.

“You don’t remember?” Dean asked. He breathed out through his nose and shook his head. “Fucking typical.” He turned around and walked away from him. He placed one hand over his hip, and placed the other one on his face. “I need to go and get Natalie. I’ll be back in three days.”

“Okay.”

“Yeah.”

“Sure.”

“Whatever.”

“You don’t get to speak to me like that,” Castiel said to his back. Dean shook his head, and without looking back, he made his way out of the bathroom. Castiel stumbled after him. His mouth didn’t want to cooperate with him though. “You don’t get to talk to me at all. I’m not your brother, or kid, or whatever. I’m your boss. I’m the one who pays you to get fucked by me,” he spat, and he didn’t even have it in him to shut up because his words were stabbing at Dean. He was literally going to wreck him if he continued, but he couldn’t shut up. “You’re nothing but a whore to me. And you’re nothing but just a good fuck for me. Nothing more.”

Dean’s shoulders straightened as the words slammed into him, one after the other. Castiel could see the physical pain it was giving him. Dean didn’t even look at him, as he walked out of the bedroom. He didn’t even slam the door shut after him. He closed it in a quiet way, as if there was someone sleeping inside. As if he didn’t want to disturb the quiet fury in the bedroom that he had left behind.

Suddenly, Castiel dropped to his knees, feeling like a puppet on a string, his threads being cut. He fell forward and he breathed through the panic and anxiety clogging his throat. He breathed through his nose, and out through his mouth. His eyes squeezed shut as he tried to regain control over himself. But he couldn’t.

He couldn’t.

He was such a failure.

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The days dragged by. The time for Dean to come home came and went, and he never came back.

Castiel didn’t eat. Even when Anna made him his favorite food, he didn’t touch it. Didn’t even gave to its temptation. The only thing he could do was shower, and sometimes change his clothes. But he didn’t cut his hair, or shave. There was a constant stubble on Castiel’s face. He ran his fingers
through them and then snatched his hand away from his face, as if burnt. It reminded him of the way it felt when he touched Dean’s face.

He clenched his jaw as he looked out of the window. He hadn’t seen his pack for a long time now. He wondered if they’d forgive him for this…

His thoughts were interrupted when Castiel’s phone rang. He ignored it, just as he would whenever it would do at first, and then he’d check who it was from and continue ignore it. But this time the call was pretty insistent. He frowned when the door to the office knocked with loud thumping. Whoever was waiting from the other side didn’t wait for Castiel to call them in.

It was Crowley. He burst into the office, his eyes wide, and if Castiel knew better he could say that the man was pretty shaken. Something had happened.

“What is it?” Castiel asked. He frowned at Crowley who didn’t know how to respond, it seemed. “Fuckin hell, Crowley. The fuck’s wrong?”

“It’s Dean.”

Castiel’s whole body seized up in a panic. His shoulders straightened up and his brain stuttered to a stop. But then his whole body unraveled and he reached for his phone. There was an unfamiliar number on his screen, with about five missed calls. He called back, and on the second ring, a familiar voice answered.

“Where are they?” Sam Winchester’s voice was panicked in his ear. There were voices in the background that Castiel didn’t recognize. “If you have anything to do with this. If you did anything to them, I swear to you Novak, you won’t come out of this alive.”

“What’s wrong?” Castiel asked. There was that sharp feeling in his chest again and he struggled to breath. “I thought he just didn’t want to come back. We had a fight. And I didn’t want to call him.” He said as truthfully as he could. “What do you mean they?”

“Y-You don’t know!? Don’t bullshit me, Novak.”

“Sam…” Castiel recognized Jessica’s voice from the background.

“Don’t. Jess, Dean’s missing. And Natalie too. The kid is missing with Dean! And this fucker here doesn’t even have an answer for me,” Sam’s voice sounded a bit far from the receiver. “You heard that? Dean is fucking missing. Where the hell is my brother?”

“How long have they been missing?” Castiel asked Crowley. His hands were starting to shake.

“Couple of days, it seems.”

“And why am I being informed about this now?” Castiel hissed at Crowley, feeling angry and on edge. “Sam,” he turned his face to his phone and started talking into it. “I swear, on my life, I’m going to find Dean and Natalie. And if I fail, you will have a clear shot at me.”

The threat that Castiel placed on him was a clear indication as to how serious he was being. The silence from Sam’s side was tense. “You find them. Alive. Get it?”

“I swear I will.”

The line went dead. Castiel threw his phone away from him. He lifted his hands to his face and sighed through his nose. He raked his fingers through his hair and let out a frustrated growl. “Dean’s
missing. *Dean is missing.* And I hear about this from Sam? What the fuck Crowley?"

“I didn’t know. I was busy with making attack plans for the last few days!”

“Who was on Dean’s team?” Castiel asked, and then he shook his head. “You take care of those bastards. Make them fucking suffer. I don’t give a fuck. I need to find Dean.”

Castiel turned away from Crowley, to hide the emotions from him which he could feel were making their way out on his face. Dean was missing. His daughter was missing too.

What the fuck?

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Chapter End Notes

Should I hide? I'm gonna hide.
The bed was cold. That’s all he felt when he woke up in the morning. The bed felt too big for him. Castiel stared blankly at the ceiling, feeling a heavy weight on his chest, constricting him into small gasps of breath.

Dean wasn’t around. He was still missing. It’s been a day since Castiel got the news. Crowley suggested he get some shut eye for a while, but he didn’t have it in him to sleep. Because he didn’t know where Dean was, and who he was with, and if he were well and alive, and just…

He just needed to know that Dean was okay.

His men had been working tirelessly; looking into every nook and cranny for him, but there was no sign of him. Castiel was at a loss. He didn’t know where to look for him. Didn’t know if he was kidnapped, or was just missing. Crowley has been working on this just as much as Castiel was, maybe even more. Maybe he knew what Dean meant for him. Maybe he had the goodness of heart, despite acting like the cold person that everyone thought he were.

There was also the question of Natalie missing. The sweet little kid who still had to learn of the way in life, and to learn what it was like to be a teenager, and fall in love, and have a boyfriend, or a girlfriend, and just… live her life.

Castiel really hoped that he was going to find them well and alive. He didn’t know what he’d do if he didn’t find them. Castiel sat up as his breathing got a bit shorter than before. He closed his eyes and breathed in and out as slowly as he could. He never gotten so bad before. He knew he had depressive tendencies, and his anxiety was always close to the surface, but this was different. This was like a storm that he couldn’t handle with his shaking hands. This was like a tsunami waiting to sweep Castiel up and just leave him hanging.

He needed to find them. He needed to touch them and be sure that they were okay. He needed to-

His phone rang and he literally threw himself at his nightstand to get to it on time. The screen ID said unknown number. Castiel knew that this wasn’t going to be good.

“Hello?” he answered his call. There was a rustling breath on the other side of the call. Castiel’s heart started to beat faster. “Hello?”
“C-Cas… S-Sir, don’t do an-anything,” came the choked out reply from a voice that Castiel would give anything to hear.

“Dean? Dean where are you?” There was more rustling and a painful cry. Castiel gripped his phone tighter, his eyes growing wider. “Dean!?” he yelled into his phone, his nerves fried over the edges.

There was a cold chuckle, a lot closer to the phone this time. A huff of breath and a cold voice spoke, sending shivers down Castiel’s spine. “I got your pet,” he sang out, dragging out the ‘e’ in ‘pet’.

“Alastair,” Castiel said, his voice turning into ice, his spine straightening up.

“Castiel,” Alastair mocked back. “’sir’ really? You wound me, Dean.”

There was another thud and a painful grunt from Dean. Castiel would recognize Dean’s voice everywhere. “Alastair,” Castiel said again. “Leave him. If it’s me you need, let him go.”

“Oooh, you sound so sweet, it’s actually breaking my nonexistent heart,” Alastair said, his voice mocking and full of sarcasm. “I actually have tears in my eyes.”

“Let him go, or you’ll get what you deserve.”

“A threat? From a kitty? Tsk-tsk,” Alastair said, his voice getting colder. “Your daddy never knew how to raise you. Never knew how to make you into a man. Although,” Alastair’s voice sounded like he was deep in thought. “Being a faggot suits you, doesn’t it?”

“I will end you,” Castiel said coldly. His voice broke no argument. He had never been this serious in his life. Knowing the threat that was hanging over his… his Dean, he had to do something about it.

“I’d like to see you try.”

“Where’s the kid?”

Alastair cackled at that and the sound made Castiel shudder. “Oh, she’s in good hands,” he replied. “Gordon has her.”

The rippling sound that left Dean’s mouth was not something Castiel could ever forget.
them.

“What’s the plan?”

Castiel licked his lips before he continued. “We go all in. I asked Kevin to trace this call to find where it was from. Also asked him to search for Gordon’s place.”

“Words on that?” one of them asked.

“None,” Castiel replied, recognizing him as one of the men who used to be on Dean’s former team. He should have never changed the gang. He should’ve left them as they were before. The other team was dust now. On Castiel’s orders.

“We split in two,” Castiel said. “I’ll go with the ones that will head to Alastair’s. The others; for Gordon.”

Everyone nodded their consent and they relaxed back into the familiar conversation of how they should attack. It was nothing but a waiting game now for all of them. Despite having a plan, Castiel felt jittery with the need to go out there and tear everyone a new one. Or just tear them into nothing.

He pushed away from the table, and grabbed his phone. He had promised that he’d keep Sam updated, so he was going to do just that.

The phone rang only once and Sam answered it. He sounded tired, “Hello?”

“Sam, hello,” Castiel said. “It’s me.”

“Yeah, I know. Any news?”

“Uh… I know who got him, but I don’t know where exactly he is at,” Castiel said.

“Who has him?” Sam asked, and Castiel could hear the frown in his voice.

“Do you know who Alastair is?” Castiel asked, feeling hesitant.

The other side went quiet. Castiel frowned and looked at his phone to see if Sam was still on the line. Once Castiel was sure that he was, he placed the phone back to his ear and heard some muffled voices from Sam’s side. Castiel’s frown deepened as he heard Jessica’s hysterical voice say something, but Castiel couldn’t hear a word of it.

“Sam?” Castiel spoke in the phone. “Sam, what is it?”

There was a rustling and Sam’s voice sounded as if he was trying to keep himself calm, “Hey. Yeah, I’m here sorry. Just…”

“Sam, if you think that there is anything I need to know about, you should tell me.”

“Wait,” Sam said. “What exactly did Dean share with you from his past?”

“He… He told me that he had bad experiences with his former…employers.”

“Right. Bad experiences,” Sam huffed out and Castiel wasn’t sure what that sound meant. “I… I don’t think I can say what he didn’t share it wi-”

“Listen to me, your brother’s in danger. I can’t do this right now, so I need you to tell me whatever you have about Dean and his background,” Castiel hissed at Sam, at his wits end with panic. “Tell me.”
“He’s his last one,” Sam bit out. “Alastair. He’s been his last dom.”

Castiel felt like the floor gave out from underneath him. His heart felt heavy in his chest, as it started to beat out of its usual rhythm. This was something different. This was something that didn’t even make sense to him. This was something that he never got the word from Dean. He just… Dean just glossed over his past as if it didn’t matter. As if this news didn’t have any sort of effect on Castiel’s life. Somehow that hurt more than anything else that Dean would’ve kept from Castiel. He didn’t dwell on it, even though the questions were choking him. He just took a deep steadying breath and let it out slowly. He wasn’t about to lose control over this, and he wasn’t about to find out about this from Sam.

“Thank you for telling me about this, Sam,” Castiel said, and he winced at the way his voice sounded. Cold. Distant. Monotonous.

“Whatever had been his, Dean would’ve told you about this himself,” Sam said. “In time.”

“I’m sure he would have,” Castiel said, nodding. Even though his mind was another matter right now. If he had kept this a secret from Castiel, what else has he kept from him?

Castiel worked his jaw in frustration. This was a big news for him. And he was starting to get obsessed over it, because there was nothing else in the world that Dean would tell him, and it would make Castiel look at him differently.

“I’m sorry if this wasn’t something that you were prepared to hear. Especially from me,” Sam said, and he did sound apologetic as he said it.

“It’s fine,” Castiel said. He heaved out a sigh and said, “Actually, it’s not even close to being fine, but I’m sure he’d have his reasons as to why he wouldn’t tell me about Alastair.”

“Yeah. Just… try and understand this whole thing from his point of view? I guess? I don’t even know, man. I just… I just need him home. I just need him to be safe. With you. I know he was safe with you.”

This was a first. Castiel never really thought what Dean’s brother had thought about their relationship. He never asked Dean about it either. Surely they had some sort of an agreement together about this whole situation? Or why would Sam just simply agree for his brother to be an… escort to Castiel.

They finished talking shortly after Sam’s son started to cry and their dog started to bark like crazy. Castiel told him that he’d keep him updated. They didn’t even talk about whether or not it was wise for Sam to join the search party for Sam. Even if he would’ve asked, Castiel would shut him down. He wasn’t about to lose another Winchester. And this one had a newborn in his hands.

And the one that he lost, personally, had a four-year-old kid. Going into five. Castiel just hoped that he would find them, both of them, soon.

“Sir?” Crowley walked to him, but his body was directed at the office, for Castiel to follow him. “We’ve got something.”

*Dean*
The air in this place was cold. His whole body shivered whenever there was a breeze.

There was a dull ache somewhere between his shoulder blades; he was sure he was bleeding out from somewhere around his lower back. There certainly was a headache that he couldn’t seem to shake off. His wrists have stopped hurting so much as they did hours ago. He was sure that he had cut the skin there. He was naked. Completely, butt, naked. He was bounded to this giant X like pillars.

What was worse, that he actually didn’t care about this.

He didn’t care that his body was being sliced open whenever they felt like they were bored. He didn’t care that he was going to get more scars than he had before. He just wanted to know where Natalie was and if she was alive and well. He just needed to know that his daughter wasn’t suffering because of her father. He just needed to know that his lifestyle wasn’t going to cost him his daughter’s life…

Dean closed his eyes as he started to cry silently. He was surprised that his eyes still produced tears. He was sure that he had cried everything out.

He was tired. He was hungry. He stank.

There was the familiar clanging when the back door opened and he stiffened with preparation for the pain to start. The familiarity of the shoes that made their way over to him, made him tag on the restraints on his wrists a bit more. The sharp pain from the cuts were distraction enough to keep him grounded.

Alastair had gotten older. That was the only difference Dean could see on his features. Other than that, he was still the same ol’ son of a bitch that ruined him for everyone else. Well, not for everyone else… A certain blue eyed person, an angel, had actually took him in and he had shown Dean so many emotions that it was overwhelming.

This man that was standing in front of him, with his hands behind his back, looking at him as he was the tastiest dish he had ever seen in his life. Remembering their times together from the past, Dean was sure that Alastair never had any sort of feelings towards him, other than the desire to torture him and play with him in such way that was destroying him.

Dean was slumping forward, but now he had his head high and he was staring right into Alastair’s eyes. “Where’s my daughter?” Dean asked and he didn’t care that his question was going to get him an electroshock to his system in 3… 2… 1.

There was something about being electrocuted. There was the one that he loved getting; for pleasure. It was a low hum just underneath his skin that would make his nerves tingle with it. And then there was this; a torture. Nothing pleasuring about it. Just constant pain that made him twitch a bit longer than he as comfortable with.

“I believe that you don’t get to ask questions,” Alastair said and his voice was carrying an edge to it. Normally, that would’ve made Dean tense up. But not today.

Today, he was at his wits end. Today, he needed to get some answers. Today, he needed to know about his daughter. And he wasn’t about to be silenced by this monster. “I asked you a question, and I expect an answer to it,” Dean slurred out. His teeth clacked together as another wave shocked through his system.

“I don’t think you know when not to be so mouthy, Dean,” Alastair drawled. He was standing closer
now, and Dean lifted his head to look at him with as much hatred and loathing as he could.

“I don’t give a fuck what you think I should be doing. I need to know where my daughter is.”

Alastair looked at him for a moment, and then his lips split into a grin; a grin that Dean remembered from all those years of torture. This time, he couldn’t hide the shudder that ripped through his body. He closed his eyes and prayed that whatever he was about to do, wouldn’t give him more scars to look at.

*Castiel*

One of the many things that Castiel didn’t like doing was waiting. He could be patient, incredibly so when it came to stuff that would give him pleasure. But right now, he was at a snapping point. He clenched and unclenched his hands as he looked at the map on the table. He had the whole thing memorized, into the last detail, in his head, and he was ready to go. But he still couldn’t move.

He was waiting for his men to gather up all of the needed equipment. Once that was done, they needed to head out to separate places. In the time of their waiting to get some answers, they received an anonymous tip as to where Alastair’s right hand was dining tonight.

Azazel was known to go to cheap diners to get his pizza share. That man just loved eating his gooey pizzas. Castiel wasn’t sure when he was supposed to leave to go after him, since that’s what’s going to happen, so he went up to his bedroom to get his suit on. He was going to need to wear nice clothes to take care of his business tonight.

Once in his bedroom, Castiel went to take a shower. He let the warm water cascade over his body as he hung his head forward and squeezed his eyes shut. He wasn’t going to break down here. That would seem incredibly cliché and a B-rated movie where the main character always ended up crying over hurt feelings in the shower. He wasn’t going to be that character. And yet. Here he was. Biting down on his lower lip to prevent him from crying. He could feel the tears at the front of his eyes, wanting to burst out. Instead he raised his fist and punched the tile wall of the bathroom. He punched once. And then once more. And then another one. He couldn’t seem to stop himself from hitting over and over again. He could feel his knuckles were starting to hurt, but he couldn’t stop. He simply couldn’t stop himself from punching the goddamn wall.

Soon though, the energy seeped out of him and he rested his forehead against the wall. Breathing heavily, he brought down his fist. He gritted his teeth in frustration. Squeezing his eyes shut he breathed in and out of his nose.

He missed Dean.

He missed having him around. He missed him for the fact that he could easily calm him down right now. But now he was on his own. And he couldn’t calm himself at all. The only way he could do it was to find Dean and put all of this behind them.

Once he was done with the shower, he went to get dressed. He didn’t look at his naked body in the mirror. Like he always did, he avoided it at all costs. Today, especially today, he didn’t need to see the reminders of who he really was. He needed to concentrate and keep his mind clear.
He put on his navy blue button down, black pants, and his leather shoes. Once he straightened up, that’s when he looked at himself in the mirror. He ran his hands through his hair. The hair fell down all over his head and he sighed in dissatisfaction. His hair was unbelievable. He wasn’t going to try and take care of it anymore. It was to no avail.

He went down the stairs and when he was about to go to the office to talk to his men, he heard a sniffle. He turned around and saw Lora standing close to the wall, her shoulders shaking with silent tears. Castiel frowned and walked to her. When she noticed him she straightened up and wiped at her eyes with the back of her hands.

“Hello, Mr. Novak,” she said, her voice shaking slightly. Her eyes were red and puffy. She had been crying. “What can I get you?”

“What’s wrong, Lora?” he asked, talking to her softly.

Her lower lip wobbled slightly, and then she burst into tears. Castiel was at her side in an instant, wrapping an arm around her frame and bringing her in close to his side. “It’s alright. You can tell me what’s wrong, yeah?”

“What is not wrong, Mr. Novak? Everything is falling apart around this whole family, mainly around you. How many people have you killed because they had betrayed you?” She asked, and Castiel thought that she was angry with him because he had spilled an innocent blood. “Why the fuck would they betray you?” she said.

And suddenly, Castiel’s thoughts vanished and in their place was the fact that this young lady, was crying because Castiel was going through a war. She was upset that he was in pain, that there were people who didn’t believe in him and who he was and so they had no other choice but to do this to him. So he had to kill them. He wondered if-

“I understand why you had to kill them,” she said, sniffling wiping at her eyes with a handkerchief. “But, I don’t understand them. And it’s frustrating as hell!”

“I know what you mean. Trust me, I do.”

She nodded and looked down at her shoes. And then, in a small voice, she asked. “You’re going to find Dean and bring him back, right?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Make it happen. I miss having him around.”

Castiel didn’t reply to her. He just squeezed her to his side and let her go. She went back to her work, while Castiel made his way back to the office.

“Are we ready to leave?” Castiel asked as he looked at his men in the office. Crowley was on the phone, and a minute later he nodded.

“All set to go.”

“Let’s go then.”
Music playing at low volume. The diner was full of chatter and laughter of the customers. Castiel slowly made his way inside, the door ringing to alarm his presence. He stood at the front for a minute, looking around. Some people noticed him, but they got back to their food. Too many casualties if there was going to be a gun fight.

Castiel made his way to the back of the diner. One of the waiters noticed him there, and he froze; his eyes widened and he tightened his hold on the coffee jar. He nodded at Castiel, before he continued with his job. Castiel noticed that his hands were shaking as he refilled one of the customer’s coffee mug.

Castiel saw the manager looking anxiously at him from her place by the bar, but she didn’t make a move. It was like she knew what was happening, but she didn’t want to be in the way, it seemed. Castiel noticed her swallowing, and then she looked down at her computer screen.

The place was run by Italians. So it was the only logical reaction for these people to look at him as the wolf in a sheep’s den. Maybe he was… Maybe he was the wolf and the monster they thought he was. Maybe he was the bad bad wolf after their sheep.

But he wasn’t. He knew this, in his heart. He was bad for the people who were involved more in the life, and who were responsible for his Dean’s kidnapping, but he wasn’t going to attack the innocent people in here. He wasn’t going to prove to them just how bad of a person he was, according to their lore on him and his family.

Once he was close enough to where Azazel was sitting, he realized that he was going to be ambushed. He knew that Crowley had his men all around the perimeter, surrounding the building. If there was even an attempt to take Castiel down, his men were going to get their revenge on it right away.

“Castiel,” Azazel said through a mouthful of pizza. “What an unpleasant surprise.”

Castiel walked around him, his eyes never straying off from the man. Azazel indicated for him to sit and Castiel sat, first unbuttoning his suit jacket. He sat across from the man who was chewing with his mouth open. Castiel sighed and grimaced at the same time, a small frown appearing in between his eyebrows.

“Azazel,” Castiel said. He looked down at the table, noticing the half-finished pizza, coffee, coke in a glass, and scattered napkins. He tried not to grimace at the table, just barely.

“I would offer you something to eat,” Azazel said, chewing on another piece of pizza.

“I’m not here to dine and wine, Azazel,” Castiel said. “I’m here for information regarding my employee.”

“You mean your boy toy?” he said, slurping on his coke loudly. He smacked his lips loudly and glanced at Castiel for a second, before he looked down at his plate again. “I have no idea where he is.”

Castiel’s face turned into stone, his gaze turned cold, and his eyes were ice. His back straightened, and his hands tightened into fists. He was at the end of his wits. He needed to calm down before he’d have to kill the man. He needed to get the information out before he’d strike. There were at least five men in here. If he were fast enough, he’d take at least three of them. And he’d have to fight the other two. If they were good enough fighters.
It was as if his own words didn’t want to cooperate with his body. The next thing he knew, he had reached inside his jacket, pulled out the gun and shot at Azazel’s men. It was a sloppy affair; his shots off center, but still managing to get through their foreheads. As much as they were part of their family, their training didn’t seem to be at the same level as Castiel’s. They were too slow to react. One of them was twitching slightly, and Castiel tried to take out the other two, but then they were being shot down from the outside. Crowley was behind the shots, Castiel knew it.

Castiel heard screaming and people running out of the diner. Azazel stood up with a roar and went for Castiel; he wasn’t fast enough and Azazel managed to knock him down to the ground.

They both went down with a grunt and Azazel started to punch his side. On the way down, Castiel’s gun got knocked out of his hand. He brought down his elbow and punched Azazel’s shoulder blade, since he was still laying down on him. The man grunted in pain and it gave Castiel an escape to push the man away from him. They scuffled around, but Castiel was lean and quick, so he turned them around. Azazel was now on his back and Castiel was kneeling over him. He was holding Azazel down with one hand on his neck, close to squeezing his windpipe. The other one was curled into a fist ready to strike over Azazel’s face.

"Tell me where they are. Right now."

Azazel laughed at him. “I like seeing you like this. You’re so uptight all the time.”

“Azazel.”

“Castiel,” Azazel mocked him. “I won’t ever give away where he is.”

“Okay.” Castiel said, nodding. He looked around, but his gun was too far from where they were. In the moment of his distraction, Azazel kicked him on the back and Castiel toppled over with a grunt. Azazel pounced on him, a fist collided with his stomach and he doubled over. But he didn’t care about it.

His eyes were searching for a weapon to strike this fucker. There. At the corner of the table, was a pen on the floor. He didn’t know how it got there, but he wasn’t going to question it. He quickly kicked Azazel by his shoulder to keep him away, and scrambled towards the pen. He grabbed it just in time for Azazel to punch him again on his spine.

Castiel hissed out in pain, his anger mounting. He needed to end this fucker before he lost this petty fight. Azazel was standing and he was ready to kick Castiel again it seemed. Castiel was quick to stand up. Azazel didn’t have the chance to do anything before Castiel grabbed him by the lapels of his suit jacket and threw him on a table. Azazel’s head collided with the dishes and the pizza, the glass from the utensils cut through his skin and he howled in pain.

Castiel held him down by leaning over his shoulder, his elbow holding Azazel down. Azazel struggled to move, but Castiel held him down tighter. “You’re gonna tell me where they are, and I’ll let you go. Probably,” Castiel growled. “Or, if you decide not to. Well…”

He held the pen close to Azazel’s eyes and noticed with satisfaction as Azazel’s eyes widened. “You can’t do this! Castiel! You can’t and won’t do this!”

“Tell me the truth. Tell me where they are.”

“In his house. Underground. He has your boy there. Please! Castiel! Please let me go!”

“What about the girl? Dean’s daughter?”
A nasty smile made its way over Azazel’s lips, and Castiel knew that it wasn’t good. “Gordon has her.”

Castiel tightened his hold on Azazel, forcing his head over the shattered glass. Azazel winced in pain. “Where exactly?”

“The warehouse on the 11th street,” Azazel grunted out. “I told you everything I know. Now, let me go. Please!”

“Of course, I did say I’ll let you go,” Castiel said. “But I didn’t say how.”

Castiel jammed the pen inside his eye. Azazel howled in pain, his eyes blooded and his mouth open in a scream. Castiel pulled out his pen and did it again, and again, and again… until there was nothing but gargling coming out the man’s mouth. He didn’t hesitate when he pulled out the pen and jammed it through his ear couple of times, just to be sure that the damages he was receiving was going to leave him twitching.

Castiel pulled back. Azazel went down to the floor like a rag doll. Castiel breathed out through his nose and went to retrieve his gun from the floor. It was covered in specks of blood. He wiped it on his pants, but it didn’t help much. He clenched his teeth and shook his head. When he was about to leave, he noticed Azazel’s leg twitch. He clocked his gun and pointed at Azazel’s forehead and shot, once. The man stopped twitching.

He left the diner, which was mostly empty. The manager was cowering over by the bar and Castiel stopped to look at her. She seemed way too young to be working here. Something twisted in Castiel’s gut, but he ignored it. “I’d advise you to call a clean-up. I wouldn’t go in there if I were you,” Castiel told her. She nodded, her eyes wide and terrified. “I’m sorry about the mess.”

Castiel left the diner and Crowley was quick to greet him. His eyes were full of concern, but he didn’t say anything as he took Castiel’s appearance. “Had fun?” he asked. “I think you didn’t need any sort of assistance there.”

Castiel ignored his remarks. He continued to walk to one of the cars. “I know where they are. I’m going after Dean. You,” Castiel said pointing at Crowley. “Take some men with you and go after Gordon.”

“Are you hurt otherwise?” Crowley asked him, just to be sure.

Castiel shook his head, trying to clean up his bloodied gun. “I need a new gun.”

“Castiel,” Crowley said again. Castiel looked up at him. He knew his face was blank, and his eyes were still ice cold. But he didn’t have it in him to show it on his face. He wanted to find Dean. He had a single minded mission in his head, and it was that.

“Get your man, and do as I say,” Castiel got into the car and shut the door after him.

“They’ll follow you,” Crowley said.


“Of course.”

“Take care of her. Call her… call her uncle. Sam Winchester? When you get her, call him and tell him all about it.”
“I know, Castiel,” Crowley said. “Mother says hello.” It was their code for Crowley showing that he actually had heart and he actually cared. Castiel nodded at him.

Castiel took a steadying breath, his hands clutching the wheel. He closed his eyes, trying to calm down his racing heart. In a few hours, once he was done with everything, he was going to have Dean back. He was going to see Dean and he was going to be safe with Castiel, once again. He took another steadying breath, and then started the car. He drove down the street with his men following him behind.

*Dean*

Dean regained consciousness when he felt prodding in his lower half of his body. He gritted his teeth as he felt something hard and slightly dry go up his anus. He knew what it was and he internally groaned at it.

“Wakey, wakey, Dean,” Alastair said in his sleazy voice.

Dean clenched his teeth in discomfort. “Fuck you,” Dean gritted out.

Alastair chuckled and dipped the ginger a bit and Dean gasped out. It was set in a way that it was brushing up against his prostate. Figging was something that Dean never liked, but it was Alastair’s favorite form of torture. That, and yep. There it was. Dean pursed his lips together as another shock wave went through his body. He growled as Alastair walked to his front and quirked up an eyebrow.

“I know how much you love these two combined together, Dean,” he said. “Let’s make you scream, shall we?”

The next wave that came was too much and Dean couldn’t hold back the scream that left his body. He wasn’t going to survive this. He wasn’t going to see his daughter.

And he was sure as hell wasn’t going to see Castiel ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me your thoughts?
Come hurt with me.

Chapter Notes

TW: Rape. Murder of certain characters.  
Badass Castiel up ahead though.  
Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Dean*

Dean grunted when he was unceremoniously thrown to the ground. There wasn’t anything to soften his blow, since the flooring was concrete and he was still completely naked. He tried to pick himself up, but he couldn’t make his arms move. They were buzzing from being held up in the air for far too long. He tried to pick his head up, but it seemed like his body was working against him. He tried to make a sound but his throat was too dry. He was thirsty. He was hungry. He wasn’t strong enough to do anything.

Dean was completely drained of energy. He was just a toy for Alastair to play with. And it seemed like he was going to do just that.

Dean was grabbed by his arms and off the floor in a flurry of fast motions. He then was placed over a hard surface, on his back. His arms and hands got chained to the surface, his legs spread apart and got chained too. Panic started to claw at Dean’s inside as he got chained up again.

“No,” Dean groaned out. He tugged on his chains, but they wouldn’t budge. “No,” he whispered again just as he was gagged. He bit down on the cloth and tugged on his chains again. His skin started to burn from it, but he didn’t care.

His legs were pushed up slightly, since the chains there were slightly looser. He started to writhe and wiggle, the chains clanging as he tried to move away and just to stop this whole thing, but he couldn’t. He was trapped.

Alastair sneered down at him from above and Dean screamed behind his gag, his heart beating frantically in his chest. Dean could feel Alastair’s hands on his hips, bruising him as they held Dean’s body down. His breathing turned erratic when he felt Alastair’s hardness brush up against his inner thigh. He was close to puking from the feeling, but he didn’t have to even do anything. Alastair’s hands moved down his hips to his butt and Dean felt himself being stretched by dry fingers. Dean’s whole body seized up at the intrusion and he tried to shuffle away from them, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t do anything but lay down there and ride this whole thing out.

Alastair leaned down and nosed at his jaw. Dean growled in warning, to keep the creeper away. But it fell on deaf ears. Dean didn’t expect anything less from him. And then Alastair was lining himself up to go in Dean.
Dean panicked. His body screamed in protest, he felt like his ass was going to be ripped open. He was surprised to feel how lubricated Alastair’s dick was, and it eased his soreness a bit, but it still didn’t feel pleasurable. It was painful, and Dean wasn’t aroused by it at all. His dick hung limp and shrunken into itself on his belly.

Alastair let out a low noise in his throat as he sunk all the way in Dean, and he shuddered as if this was the most beautiful thing in the world. Knowing Alastair, it probably was. His face was still close to Dean’s neck and Dean could feel the hot breath on his skin. It made him want to go and have a long shower. He pulled back and looked into Dean’s eyes. His cold grey eyes stared down into Dean’s, and moments later, he snapped his hips forward. Dean screwed his eyes shut and he cried out in pain.

Alastair’s hot breath fanned over Dean’s face as he started to move his hips faster and faster. Dean tugged on his chains again, feeling the abused skin tingling with pain. Dean would take that pain over being raped any day. He cried out and tried to scream and tried to tell Alastair to stop. Using any sort of way to let Alastair know that he wanted him stop, but he wouldn’t stop. Just like Dean knew that he was never one to stop. So all he could do was shut down his brain, completely, let his body relax on the hard surface, and let the man do whatever he wanted to do to Dean.

This was pure torture. There was nothing else Dean could do.

When Alastair came, Dean’s insides were coated by his seed. His mouth hung open and a silent gasp left them. He stared down at Dean’s blank face and smirked down at him.

“Good fuck,” he commented, before he grabbed Dean by his hair, pulled him up a bit and then smacked his head down; Dean blacked out in a second.

*Castiel*

*Casa Verde* was heavily guarded from top to bottom, but Castiel had been staring at the map for so many weeks now, that he knew the secret passageways to the house by heart. They parked their cars away from the main road and the streets that definitely had people guarding them. Castiel and his men would take care of them later.

He got out of his car and grabbed onto the duffel bag that was in the trunk of the car. It was heavily loaded with weaponry. He walked to the underground’s entrance where he knew it was mostly deserted. He dropped the bag to the ground, and squatted down before it. He took off his jacket and unzipped the bag. He took out his two side arms; *Glock 26*. He got the gun holsters on him first, and then placed the guns on each side of his body. Castiel took out *Hi Power* from the bag next, with its leg holster. He secured it on his calf and placed the gun in there. He took out two *P30L’s* next from the bag and checked to see if they were full. He breathed it out in relief to notice that.

Next he grabbed onto the bullets and filled his pants with them, as much as they would hold. At the bottom of the bag were the *Kel-Tec KSG* shotgun and *Coharie Arms CA-415* machine gun. He zipped up the bag again, placed it over his shoulder.

Castiel walked down the passageway, his steps echoing around the tunnel. At every few steps, there was a lightbulb, giving light to it from time to time. Castiel could feel himself getting colder and colder as he made his way further down. There wasn’t anyone else around. Which was unnerving for Castiel. It could only mean two things; they were all huddled up in one place at the end of the
tunnel, or they didn’t care about this passageway.

His steps slowed down as he heard voices talking and laughing not so near from where he stopped. He crouched down and placed his bag on the ground, not making a sound. He re-checked his gun before he took a steadying breath and turned the corner.

About fifteen men were standing there and they all gawked at him, clearly caught by surprise. His eyes quickly scanned them, noticing the ones who went for their body to get their guns. He took them down quickly by his gun; delivering one shot to each of them, aiming for their arms and legs. Even if the shots were sloppy, the bullets were temporary wounds on their bodies, keeping them away from Castiel for now.

There was at least five men running at him at full force. Castiel ducked down as the first man tried to punch him. He grabbed the man by his waist and shot him on his side, and then aimed his gun at his chin. The man went down. The others were delivered the same fortune.

Another man ran at him with a roar and Castiel side-stepped him and pointed both of his guns at the man. He shot; the man went down.

Castiel walked up to the ones that he shot first, writhing in pain and grunting, holding to the parts where they were bleeding from. He pointed his gun at the first person closest to him. “Where’s Alastair?”

“Fuck you.”

Castiel pointed his gun at the man’s head and shot. “Wrong answer.”

He moved to the other men, and they all declined to answer him. Castiel clenched his jaw and walked to the only man who was still alive. He looked so young, barely eighteen. Castiel swallowed around the dryness in his throat. “Tell me the truth, and I let you walk away,” Castiel said, pointing his gun at the cowering boy.

“Please don’t kill me.”

“Then tell me the truth!”

“He’s-He’s at the east side of the manor. He’s got this-this place in here, which is like a torture room. But it looks like a warehouse,” the boy blabbed in nervousness. “Please don’t kill me. I gave you everything I know.”

“Not everything,” Castiel said. He was on the right side of the manor, at least. “How many men are in the house?”

The boy looked at him, his eyes widening. “I don’t know! I’m stationed here right now. I don’t know!”

“Liar,” Castiel pointed his other gun to the boy’s leg and shot. The boy howled in pain and doubled over.

“You told me you’ll let me go!”

“Give me the truth and I will!” Castiel snapped. “How many men?”

“I don’t know, about fifty? Sixty? Fuck man, I don’t know!”
“That’s a good enough answer,” Castiel said, lowering the arm that he held up on his leg first. “Thank you for this.” He hesitated for only a moment, before he pulled the trigger on the one that was held to the boy’s head. The boy only had a moment to draw in a sharp breath, before he slumped down and didn’t move.

Castiel took a step back and gasped in a sharp breath. He never liked killing people, but there was no other way to go through than this way.

He walked back to where he came from. Changing the bullets in his guns and grabbing his bag from the ground, and continued his way through the only opening. This tunnel had more lights than the previous one, and as he went further in he could hear shouts and footsteps. So they had heard the gunshots. Or maybe his men had done a good job outside for these men to grow concerned.

He dropped his bag down as someone shot his gun at his direction. He ducked down and clocked his guns quickly and charged forward. He lost count as to how many men were running at him at once, but he held both of his hands up and started to shoot blindly. He could see men falling and yelling, so he knew he wasn’t so bad at shooting at them. His right hand’s gun’s bullets were quickly finishing up so he dropped it to get the one from his sidearm, but he wasn’t quick enough.

A bullet grazed through his bicep and he grunted at the sharp pain. He noticed an alcove and hid there. He changed the bullet pocket from his gun and turned sideways to shoot them. They were getting a lot closer than Castiel wanted them to be. Guns weren’t going to help him much, so he needed his machine gun.

The bag was slightly away from where he was, but he still managed to duck, shoot and grab the bag. He was probably the luckiest person alive, or these people never learned how to shoot properly, because holy shit he was going to come out of this alive. Bruises and grazes here and there were nothing to him. He knelt and grabbed his machine gun from his bag and clocked it. He hesitated for only a second, before he grabbed his shotgun, got the sling on it quickly, pulled it over his back and left his now empty bag behind.

Making sure he got the bullets at the fullest, he took a deep steadying breath and turned around; and charged at them. He didn’t let his finger relax from how many time he had to shoot at them. More bodies went down and he still walked further down the tunnel. He had to be more careful with how he used his bullets now. He couldn’t afford to wait around anymore, or slowdown.

When he got closer, he had to literally walk over dead bodies. Castiel shot once at one of the men who was the closest to him, grabbed his gun from his hands and shot two times in his head. He used the same gun to shoot at the others. He lost count at how many times he had shot from the same gun, but soon he was out of bullets. He didn’t let the disappointment crush him, because then he realized that they were three men left and they were looking at their own guns in surprise. All of them were heavily built and Castiel sighed in resignation; it was going to take him a bit longer to kick these assholes down. Although, Castiel was leaner and much faster than these heavy men. Castiel dully noted the blood on his shoes and pants. He sighed.

They all stopped, stared at one another and then, one of them went for Castiel. He didn’t hesitate to throw his gun at the man’s head and kick him on his solar plexus. The other two went for him but Castiel was faster. He ducked down and struck out his leg. One of them toppled over with a painful grunt, the other one got a hold of his shirt. Castiel struggled to break free at first, holding onto the forearms of the men, but he wouldn’t budge at all. Castiel, feeling reluctant, grabbed one of his sidearm and pointed it at the man’s head. He shot and watched as the man’s eyes rolled back into his head, his mouth hanging open. He released Castiel and went down with a heavy thud.

Castiel didn’t relax. He turned around and shot the first heavy man that went down. And then the
other one who was just starting to get up from the ground. The man slumped forward and didn’t even twitch. Castiel heaved out a sigh, and moved forward. Not even taking a second to compose himself. Not even looking at the bodies he had left behind.

He turned a corner and was greeted by a heavy oak double door. He knew he got close to the entrance to the manor, but it was far quicker than he had anticipated. There were two men guarding it, and they looked alert. Castiel knew that they had been informed about his presence. He managed to shoot the one on the right. The one on the left was just as quick, but he was sloppy. He shot far faster than he should’ve, and the bullet hit Castiel’s thigh.

Castiel grunted as the bullet almost managed to tear through his pant, but to no avail. He was glad that his pants had protective fabric in them, or he would’ve been limping more than ever. “Where do these doors take me?” Even though he knew that manor by heart, he still needed to ask.

“Fuck you!” the guy spit out.

“You guys need to learn a new thing to say,” Castiel said, shooting the guy on the leg. He went down with a howl. “Tell me where this is gonna take me.”

“Close to the east side,” he bit out. “There are more of us out there.”

“Thanks,” Castiel said and shot him in the head.

Castiel walked to the double door and checked the bullets in the sidearm that he had to use. His shotgun was still on his back and he didn’t use that one yet. And there was the other gun at the back of his pants. He took a steadying breath before he opened the doors.

The hallway was silent, with no men in sight. It was brightly lit and the rich Italian design was an eyesore for him. They had style, but they would sometimes go overboard with it. No time to enjoy it though, since he was here to rescue the one man that actually meant something to him.

Castiel licked his lips and started down the hallway. His steps were slow, unhurried, since he didn’t know who else was there. The first hallway was empty. He turned to his right, where a door stood ajar. Peeking inside, he saw that it was the kitchen. The stuff members were working on a meal and Castiel wanted to turn to the other side and find another doorway, without having to kill these people, but then he noticed that they weren’t actually working. They all had knives in their hands. They were ready for him.

He counted them; only four women. He could take them down no problem. Castiel pulled back, and got his jumbled up thoughts in order. He sighed through his lips and straightened his back. He could do this. He had to do this.

He opened the door with a bang and shot whoever was close to him, right through her head. A young girl got on the counter and jumped up at him. He tried to shoot at her, but she threw herself at him. They both went down with a grunt. The girl straddled him quickly and brought her knife down to stab him, but he blocked her by his forearm. It slashed through his shirt and he hissed at the sharp pain. He grabbed her forearm as she tried to stab him again. Castiel held her hand and twisted the knife around and pushed up.

Castiel gritted his teeth as she fought back by pushing his hand down. She let out a scream, but that didn’t stop Castiel from ending her. He kicked her back by his leg and she grunted and fell forward with a grunt. The knife went through her throat and her blood dripped down onto Castiel’s face. He closed his mouth and buckled her off from him. He took the knife out of her neck and he blindly threw it at the other girl who charged at him. It went to her thigh, but she didn’t stop. Castiel quickly
got up and threw his hand out to grab onto something; a pan. Great.

He swung it at her face and she went down with a groan. The fourth girl threw several knives at him, but he ducked down. He dropped to the ground and shuffled closer to the girl that he hit with the pan. With his free hand he punched at her windpipe and she wheezed out. She was struggling to breathe, but Castiel didn’t stay behind to see her recover. He moved forward some more and pulled the fourth girl’s leg. She went down with a shout, the knife she had in her hand dropping. Castiel lounged for it, just as the girl’s hand covered the tilt. Castiel still grabbed it and as he twisted her arm, her bone snapped in an unnatural way and she cried out in pain. Castiel pushed the knife down into her mouth and she gagged around it. Blood sprout out of her mouth and her eyes bugged with the blood. It wasn’t a pretty sight, but Castiel didn’t stop. He moved her hand up and down, stabbing herself more than once, to make sure she was dead.

Castiel pulled back and looked at all the blood on his hands. His face felt wet and he reached up to feel why; it was blood. “Fuck,” he whispered as he got up. He grunted at the sharp pain that he felt around his body. He forgot just how much it actually hurt to be hurt by others, and not in practice. “Fuck.”

He leaned over the counter, not looking down at the bodies and the blood, he made his way to the sink and got the water running. He needed to get some of this blood off of him. He did a quick job of it on his hands and splashed some on his face. It wasn’t the cleanest job, but he needed to at least be able to see where he was going. When he was done, he grabbed one of the nearest towels and dried his face and hands up. When he was putting it down, it was covered with blood. So much for trying to be blood free.

Castiel sighed and he took another steadying breath. He pushed back from the counter and made his way to the door, but then he heard a whimper behind him. Right. That’s right. One of the girls wasn’t dead. He turned back from the door. He grabbed a knife from the counter; it was a butcher’s knife. He shrugged and went to the girl that he punched on the throat. She was staring up at the ceiling, wide eyed, and she was so young. Way too young to be working for these people.

“You fight good,” she said to him, smiling up at him.

“You do, too,” Castiel said, holding the knife in his hand.

“Don’t make it painful,” she said.

“You’re way too young.”

“And you’re way too much of an idiot to come here alone.”

“Who says I’m alone?” Castiel asked, quirking up an eyebrow. “My men have been doing their job outside. And by now, they’re inside as well.”

She chuckled, blood came out of her mouth as she did so, and shook her head. “You’re close, though.”

“Care to tell me how close I am?”

“What do I have to lose, right?” she said, her voice thickening. “Just down the hallway.”

“Thank you,” Castiel said. “I’ll make it quick.”

She smiled up at him, just as Castiel swung his arm and sliced through the air and cut clean through her throat. Castiel didn’t stay after that. He didn’t need to see the life leaving through her eyes. He
already had enough nightmares to last him for a life time. He didn’t need to add one more.

It didn’t take long for Castiel to reach his destination. It really was at the end of the hallway, just as the girl said in the kitchen. Castiel had dropped the knife back in the kitchen and had taken hold of his own gun. He had dropped all of his other weapons behind. His shotgun was too bloody for him to use anymore. So he only had the gun that was tucked away in his leg, and one of the side-arms. He was slow in his footsteps.

It was too silent here, and he didn’t know what he was going to be greeted with when he’d open the doors. Taking a deep breath, he reached for the door handle. He was just about to turn it down, but he felt a presence behind him. He lifted his hand off the handle, slowly, and then tightened his hold on his gun.

He turned around and stopped short. His heart thudded in his chest as he looked at the scene before him. He tried not to faint, but his knees were starting to get weaker, and he was starting to get short of breath.

Alastair stood at the end of the hallway. A lazy smile on his face, as he stared at Castiel with a blank expression. His hands were bloodied, and he looked like he had fun with what he had done. He looked triumphant as if killing people gave him pleasure. Castiel never felt better for the killings he had to do. He never felt an ounce of self-satisfaction. It was the complete opposite for him. Right now, though… Right now the blood wasn’t enough on his hands. The blood that he has filled the halls with meant nothing to him, as he saw who was lying down on the ground by his feet.

Crowley never looked so pale to him. He never looked so inhumane as he did at this moment. His face was unrecognizable. It was covered in blood. His eyes, it seemed, had been stabbed, or punched in, Castiel wasn’t sure. What he was sure about was the fact that he didn’t have eyes anymore. And he was most certainly dead.

“Eye for an eye, as they say. Right, Castiel?” Alastair said. His voice was a hiss, close to a snake’s. He seemed angry now. Oh, his whole body language screamed of triumph, but his face was full of rage. Even his voice betrayed his real feelings. And it was so good to see, that Castiel’s heart started beating again in staccato.

“I can’t see ho-“

“He killed Gordon,” Alastair was quick to interrupt him. “I killed him for killing him.”

“Gordon was a pedophile.”

“Gordon was mine, and not yours to take.”

“We take what we can, Alastair,” Castiel said, taking a step forward. “You know it.”

“Ah, yes,” he said nodding. “That’s why I took Dean.”

“Dean was never yours to take.”
“He was mine first, and always,” Alastair hissed at him. “He’s always going to be mine.”

“You and I both know, you’re wrong Alastair,” Castiel said.

“Am I?” Alastair sneered at him. “Am I really? You should see him. He looks so beautiful. All dolled up for me to use. Oh,” Alastair said, his face mocking. “I already used him.”

Castiel saw red. He lifted his hand to shoot but… Castiel doesn’t know how it happened exactly, but somehow, Alastair wasn’t alone anymore. There was a little girl in his arms now. Looking dirty, with her clothes ripped and her feet bare.

Castiel snatched his gun arm back to his body as if he had been burnt. Her hair was a mess, and she looked sickly. Her tiny body looked smaller than Castiel remembered her being. Her lips were chapped and she looked close to tears again. She looked at him with wide and scared eyes. The green in them made her look almost like a doll.

“Natalie…” Castiel breathed out, his hands shaking. He clenched his hand around his gun as he tried to regain control over himself.

“Castiel,” she whimpered and she reached out to him.

“Tsk, tsk, little one,” Alastair said, wrapping his arm around her body. Castiel started to shake uncontrollably. “No need to do anything irrational, right?”

“I don’t like! I want to go to Castiel!” Natalie screamed at Alastair, and she started to cry. “Castiel is nice!”

Castiel’s heart seized up in warmth as he heard her crying like that, talking like that. “Alastair, let her go.”

“You’re so adorable,” Alastair sneered at him. “Aw, look at you. Are you going to play daddy Castiel with her?”

“Let her go,” Castiel repeated, when Natalie started to struggle to break free again. “Let her go. She didn’t do anything.”

“Oh, but you see, Castiel, she did.”

“She’s just a child,” Castiel gritted out through his clenched teeth. His insides felt like they were going to burst at any given time.

“You are right,” Alastair said, his whole face changing. His body slumped forward. He turned his head and looked at the girl. Natalie hiccupped once, twice, but her tears never stopped. “Shhh….” Alastair shushed and Castiel didn’t like where this was going. “If you quiet down, little one, we will play a game.”

“Alastair.”

“Castiel,” Alastair mocked Castiel with an eye roll. “Really? You’d think saying my name was going to make stop for what I’ve planned for you all?”

“Alastair, leave her be. Take your business out on me.”

Alastair chuckled, and the sound sent a shiver down Castiel’s spine. “Nah, this is much more fun. You know why? Because I know you can tolerate physical pain. I know your weakness is your
Castiel took another small step forward, but he stopped as he saw Alastair’s hand tightening on her thigh. Castiel looked up into Alastair’s eyes and the man gave him a quirk of an eyebrow. “You actually wanted to take that risk… Oh, Castiel, I love how naïve you can be some times. No, really.” Alastair stepped forward, crossing over Crowley’s dead body. Natalie was now hiccupping, her hair was all over her face and her eyes looked red-rimmed from crying so much. Castiel’s hands itched from wanting to go to her and take her away from Alastair’s dirty hands.

“Don’t do anything stupid that might hurt you in the end,” Castiel warned.

“Let’s talk about someone you care about,” Alastair said completely ignoring what Castiel said. “Dean Winchester. Did you know that he was mine before he left to have a normal life?” He mocked the words as if they were the most disgusting thing he ever had to say. “He was pretty. The pretty little slut wanted to have a life, wanted to have a family. I told him to remember what he was, because he would never be able to get out of it fully.”

Natalie was staring at Alastair with a blank expression. Even though Castiel knew that she was only 5 years old, and wouldn’t really remember any of this, he still didn’t want to have this conversation in front of her.

“I don’t think this is the right place to talk about this.”

“But Castiel, every place is the right place to talk about this!” Alastair cried out and it was such an unnatural sound that Castiel had to close his eyes to regain his composure back. “Don’t you understand? I can do what I want. Don’t you think I can?”

“You don’t have the authority for it.”

“Oh, but you’re on my ground, remember? I’ve every right to do whatever I want.”

“Let the kid go, and we can talk about all of this freely.”

“Thank you for reminding me of that,” Alastair said and Castiel really tried not to shiver. He really was going to combust at any given time. This man was crazy, but he looked so calm at the same time. It was unnerving. “Now, little girl,” Alastair said, turning his back to Castiel. His arm moved with his turning, but Castiel didn’t pay too much attention to the movement. He was too busy thinking of something.

Castiel had a wild moment where he could pick up his gun again and point it at Alastair’s back. He could shoot him, right now, and they could walk away without any consequences. But then he noticed that Alastair’s hand that moved with his turning, had a gun in his hand. Castiel’s gut churned with uneasiness.

This didn’t look good.

He brought his gun hand and held it aloft in front of his body, with his free hand. His bruises were throbbing with how much he had been holding himself up and tense because of this whole situation. But he ignored them in favor of getting the kid safely to him. Although, the uneasy feeling was still very much present in him.

“Little girl,” Alastair said. “We’re going to play a game, okay?” He jostled her a bit and her lower lip started to wobble. Alastair leered at her. “Castiel, you’ve seen Game of Thrones, haven’t you?”

“Alastair, give me the girl. Now.”
“Oh I will, don’t worry about it. You’ll get your precious little girl,” Alastair said and he sounded annoyed. “There is a scene that I really loved. I’m going to recreate it here, right now… Little girl, you’re going to run to your fake daddy. Don’t let the bad guy catch you though.”

He dropped her down and she ran to Castiel; he in turn, moved to her. The hallway wasn’t a long one, but it felt too short for her little legs to carry her to him in time. He knew what was happening even before he reached to her. It all happened so fast. Castiel looked at her terrified face, her dirty hair bouncing over her frame. In the background he saw Alastair lift up his gun, and he aimed it at them.

There was a shot just in time for Castiel to wrap his arms around her frame, and kneel on the ground.

She slumped down in his arms, not even a sound leaving her lips. “No,” he whispered, his eyes blurring. “No, no, no, no.”

Castiel grabbed her closer to him, his hands getting soaked up in her hot blood. “Natalie, no. You can’t... You can’t do this not yet. Your daddy’s... daddy’s waiting for you.” His heart was going to stop. This wasn’t good. This was the worst thing ever that could happen today. He was supposed to get them both back home, safe. To their family. He was going to have more time with them both, and get to know her better, and see her go to school, and even make sure that no guy or girl would hurt her. She was too young.

In blind rage, he clutched her to his chest, and aimed his gun at Alastair. The man in question, lifted his arm to shoot, but Castiel was faster. He pulled the trigger, more than once. He shot at Alastair’s head, shoulder, chest, arm, legs, and more and more places. He made sure to aim to kill, his arm unwavering. He simply poured his bullets in that body of the man that killed a child, that killed his brother, and his family. The man who was so heartless that he simply never thought about any of the consequences of his actions.

Castiel stopped when he was out of bullets. Alastair had been on the ground for a while now, maybe after his fifth shot. Castiel stopped counting long ago. He dropped his gun down and hugged the little body closer to his body. He turned his head to her hair, and exhaled. His face contorted in pain, as he tried not to let him cry. But he couldn’t help but give in to the pain. To give in to the feeling of this grief. He couldn’t do anything, but to hold on to her.

From the corner of his eyes he could see Crowley’s body still there. He had lost way too many of his men, of his family. He wasn’t going to let them take Dean from him. He wasn’t going to lose him, too. He didn’t know what waited for him behind those closed doors, so he placed her down on the ground. He still couldn’t look at her. He didn’t think he could ever be able to look at her like this.

Castiel stood up, feeling heavy. He felt hopeless. Maybe Dean wasn’t even behind those doors. Maybe he wasn’t even here anymore. Maybe he was already gone, just like his… Castiel didn’t finish that thought. Castiel made his way to the doors. He wasn’t armed. He didn’t care if they were going to kill him. Maybe that would be the best outcome for him from this mess.

He opened the doors, and he felt his heart elevate from the sight in front of him. The room looked like a storage, and it was cold in here. Even though it was still hot outside. He left the door open as he made his way to the cross in the middle of the room. He didn’t look at what the room had on display anymore. Castiel simply didn’t have it in him to care at all. He just wanted to see if Dean was…

“Dean,” Castiel breathed out. Almost collapsing in his haste to get to the men on the pipes that looked like a cross. Castiel stood up before the man that he loved, the man that he did all of this for… Dean looked so different. He was bloodied, and he didn’t open his eyes even when Castiel touched
his cheek. He didn’t even say anything. His breathing was hard and heavy. It didn’t sound like a healthy breath.

Trying not to panic, Castiel slowly let him loose from the chains, and held him close to his body. Dean was completely naked, and Castiel didn’t let himself feel alarmed by the fact that Dean was in this condition for days. Castiel made them both sit on the ground. He cradled Dean close to his chest, resting his head over Dean’s. He closed his eyes and tried not to cry again, but it was so hard. He bit down on his lower lip and squeezed his already shut eyes. Trying to stop himself from feeling. He needed to get him to the hospital and take care of this.

Castiel grabbed his phone and saw that he had multiple missed calls. Most of them from Sam. Something tight gripped his windpipe, and he breathed through the clawing panic. He would talk to Sam once they’d reach the hospital. He saw that his recent call was from one of his men that was in Crowley’s team. It was one of his new men, his name was Gadreel. He was a good man. Castiel dialed his number, and tried not to sound so choked up as he told him to find them in here.

Castiel dropped his phone and pulled Dean closer to his body, trying to keep the man warm. “I got you,” Castiel whispered. “I got you, Dean. I’m never letting you go… I’m right here.”

*Dean*

There was something happening outside these walls. There were shouts and grunts and screaming. There were guns being shot and just a general ruckus that didn’t sound good at all. Dean’s eyes fluttered as he tried to open them, but he couldn’t keep them open for too long. He was dehydrated, and tired. So, so tired, it would be great if he could just close his eyes and sleep, but he couldn’t even do that. His whole body felt like it was on fire. He was so tired that he couldn’t even make himself go to sleep.

He could feel himself grow heavy. Being chained up to the X for so long it was taking its toll on his body. He imagined a familiar voice calling out his name. He imagined the warmth of gentle hands on his face. He imagined being cradled towards a warm body as he was lowered from there.

It was amazing to be able to dream again. To dream of the warmth of the man he loved.

*Castiel*

The chair was extremely uncomfortable. Castiel’s arms were crossed over his chest, his face a careful mask of minute-anger and frustration. Inside, he was screaming with desperation. There were people coming in and out of here, but he never acknowledged them. He didn’t leave his chair for anything other than to use the bathroom.

He didn’t talk to anyone.

He only moved when the doctor would come in to give him the news.

It was usually the same; blood pressure was high, but they were trying to keep it steady. There was still a rattling in his lung, but that was to be expected. He was healing, slowly, but he was. The
shoulder that got dislodged from its socket was back in its place. But overall, he was steady. He just needed to wake up. The doctor would end these small things with; *he’s going to be just fine.*

Castiel panicked, though. He couldn’t not panic. On the bed was lying the man that was his everything…

Dean Winchester never looked so pale, or broken in his life.

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna hide now, but... Leave me your thoughts, please?
Save me from myself.

Chapter Notes

So, we are at the end of this long as, and beautiful, journey, people. I loved writing it and I sure as hell loved it when I got to share with the best readers I have had in a long long while. Thank you so much for sticking with me for so long.

Special thanks to my husband you basically had backed me in the corner and forced me into writing this and actually ending it. So without him, I wouldn't be able to share this with you all, guys.

On with the chapter we go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Castiel*

They took Dean down the hallway and start taking the white sheet off of him. It was the first thing that Gadreel could get his hands on when Castiel called him. Castiel just stood there, on the side, as his men started to gather Dean up in a bundle. Dean was mostly unconscious, he clung to Castiel’s hand and refused to let go. Castiel had to let go now. He had to just stand there and let the nurses take his boy away from him. He was bloody and dirty. His body hurt like a bitch. The wound grazes, and the scratches his got were starting to sting. He was coming down from his adrenaline rush it seemed.

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” a short lady said with a hard face that looked eerily similar to Crowley’s. She had brown hair and dark brown eyes that seemed to bore into his eyes.

“I’m fine,” Castiel said, his hand twitching at his side.

“You’re terrorizing the patients here,” she drawled with a raised eyebrow, sounding bored. “And I’m not going to go back into Mrs. Figgs’ room to calm her down because she’s terrified from what she’s seeing out here.” Castiel gave her a blank look. She shrugged and said, “She smells of old piss.”

“Do they know you speak so highly of your patients?” Castiel asked quirking up an eyebrow. Fuck, even that hurt.

“Get into the exam room,” she replied with an eye roll.

Castiel clenched his jaw and hesitated. He knew he wasn’t going to be able to go and see Dean right now. He looked down the hall, and noticed that most of his men were being treated to gunshot wounds. No one seemed to be injured heavily. Castiel had a tickle of pride in him as he noticed this, because this meant that his men were truly well trained.

They had his back. All this time, they had his back. He wouldn’t be able to survive this without having them outside, shooting and taking down as many men as they could. His throat tightened.

The nurse was staring at him like a hawk. Castiel nodded, once, and she seemed to sigh in relief as
she led him into one of the exam rooms. It seemed to close out the noise from the outside and as Castiel sat on the bed, he realized that he had an awful headache. He needed this silence.

He closed his eyes and took a deep steadying breath, letting the smell of the hospital go through his system. But he coughed, because the smell of blood on him was far too strong.

The nurse came back to him with a tray. She placed it on the table beside the table and eyed him for a moment. She sighed. “You’re gonna need to shower, you know? We have spare clothes here-“

“One of my men should be here with clothes soon enough,” Castiel cut her off. She nodded and left the room. Minutes passed by, and then she came back in, and she had a purse in her hand.

“This was brought to you. Go in there, take a quick shower, put at least your underwear back on, and come out,” she said briskly, and in a commanding voice. “I need to take care of every wound you got.”

“I’m fine,” Castiel insisted, not wanting to be naked in front of her.

She gave him a blank stare that was heavily masked with an expression that said *I dare you to fight me on this* and Castiel had no other choice, but sigh and go to the small bathroom. He quickly shed his ruined clothes, and got the water running. He hissed as the first drops of warm water cascaded down his body.

He looked down and swallowed. The water there was red.

Blood.

He closed his eyes and lifted his head up, letting the water hit his face. Unbidden, the image of Crowley, lying down on the ground, looking so…*dead,* and staring off to the distance came to his mind. He took a steadying breath and started coughing as the water went down his throat. He lifted his hand up, placed it on the wall, and leaned forward. It was inevitable. He knew that someday he was going to lose his right hand man, but he never thought it was going to be so soon. He never thought he had to say good bye to the man that had been by his side all this time. Helping him out with all of the bullshit that was Castiel’s life.

He tried to breathe in again and there it was. The image that he never wanted to see in his life. He never wanted to even think that it was going to happen. But there it was. There it fucking was.

Natalie left them. Natalie died right in front of Castiel’s eyes. She had been running to him, and Castiel wasn’t able to help her. She had been too young for this. She had been too pure for this. She had been, in some ways, Castiel’s also. Castiel had accepted her as part of him because he was involved with her father. Even when they wouldn’t have worked out in the end, he was still going to take care of the girl as if she was his own kid. But he couldn’t do that anymore. He wasn’t going to have that anymore. She was gone.

Dean was going to be so devastated. He was going to learn the truth about this. And he was going to leave Castiel. He was sure of it.

Dean was going to leave and he wasn’t going to come back.

There was a knock on the door and Castiel jerked a bit. He grabbed the soap and started to run it up and down his body. His movements were automatic. He did a quick job, his hands going over the scrapes and bruises slower than usual. He took care of his hair as well, as much as he could. There was another knock on the door, and he huffed out. That nurse was really impatient.
He quickly rinsed and stepped out of the shower. He grabbed the towel off the rail and started to dry himself up. He put his underwear on, and hesitated only for a moment, before he grabbed his clothes in his hands and walked out. Thankfully, the only person that was in the room was still the nurse. She eyeballed him for a moment, before she turned her head and started arranging her tray by the bed.

Castiel sat at the edge of the bed, and placed his stuff beside him. The nurse didn’t say anything to him, but he could feel her wanting to question him about everything she was seeing. But she kept herself composed when she finally turned and started to work on him. There was a lot of things to take care of that Castiel hadn’t even realized were there in the first place.

He sat there as she applied a gauze here and there. She then started to stitch up his more pressing wounds. She then started on his face, and Castiel could see something there that reminded him of Crowley. He closed his eyes with a huff of breath leaving his nose.

“I don’t think this is hurting you much.”

“No,” Castiel said. “You just… I apologize.”

“Hm?” she said, dabbing at a bruise close to his left eye.

“You just reminded me of someone. I recently lost him.”

“I’m sorry. Was he a family member?”

“Close,” Castiel whispered. “He… uh… he was never good in combat.”

“When did you lose him?” she asked. Her voice sounded soothing.

“Today.”

Her hands froze close to his face, and Castiel looked straight ahead at the wall. Not daring to talk. Not daring to look at her face. He wasn’t going to break down in front of a stranger. That was out of the question.

She exhaled and resumed working on him. “Can I ask you something?” she asked.

“Hm?”

“Does he know what you’re hiding underneath all of your clothes?” Castiel looked at her then, really looked at her. She seemed to be mature enough to understand whatever that was happening on his body had come from all these years of being a mob boss in this country. She didn’t look like a woman who could be messed with. She meant business and she looked smart enough to work out who Dean was to him. Maybe it was in the glance that Castiel threw at Dean. Maybe it was in the way that Dean had clutched at his hand when they pulled him away and took him to the emergency room. Or maybe because everyone knew that he was gay.

“No,” he finally said. “No, he doesn’t.”

“Is he ever going to?”

“Why are you the one that is treating me?” asked Castiel, trying not to snap at her. “Are you the most idiotic one out of them all?” Castiel flipped his hand at the general side of the hospital.

“No,” she said. “I’m simply don’t care who my patient is today. Or any other day, for that matter.”
That shut Castiel up faster than he was ready to admit to anyone. He worked his jaw for a moment, but then he relaxed and breathed out through his nose.

“Name’s Meg, by the way,” the nurse said, as she started working on his shoulder.

“Castiel,” he said, unnecessarily.

“Don’t I know it,” she said seriously, but she shot him a smirk and a wink. Castiel relaxed further.

“Collapsed lung, fractured rib, dislocated shoulder. His blood pressure is high, but it will go down soon enough. He is mostly asleep, but I could also call it a coma. He’s been severely dehydrated. He’s going to survive this, but he’s going to need some time to recover from it.”

Castiel heard this all from standing at least five feet away from Dean’s family. It was only Sam and Jessica with their baby boy, Mark, in Sam’s arms. He seemed to be barely keeping it together and Mark in his arms were keeping him grounded. Jessica was running her hand up and down his back; she looked exhausted. Her hair was in disarray. She seemed to be at the verge of tears.

“And the… the kid,” Sam said his voice rough, unconsciously tightening his hold on his own baby. “Natalie. What was… how did she…”

The doctor looked apologetic as he sighed and looked down at the baby in Sam’s arms. “She had a gunshot wound at the back of her skull. It seemed that she had been shot from a distance, but it never left her head. It was still in there when we got her.”

Jessica let out a sob and covered her mouth as her shoulders shook. Castiel looked down at his feet and blinked couple of times. He tried to keep him composed but he couldn’t. There were hurried footsteps from down the hall and Castiel looked up to see a lady with black hair and a bit tanned skin, come running down the hall. She seemed harried, distressed. Her round eyes and nose, somehow, resembled the person that Castiel knew she belonged to. He clenched his jaw and waited for the weeping mother to learn the truth about what happened to her daughter.

She let out a distressed sound and it was so heartbreaking that Castiel had to turn his back on them. Her sobs and cries of her losing her baby was ringing clear as a bell in Castiel’s head. He closed his eyes and took couple of steadying breaths. He wasn’t going to cry. Not now.

“You!” he heard the scream and the footsteps approaching him from behind. He stiffened and turned to look at the tiny lady marching toward him. Her face was red with anger, and Castiel didn’t blame her when she came close to him and slapped him clear across the face. The sound reverberated through the hallway and everyone froze.

Castiel’s men jumped to their feet and Castiel noticed all of them going for their guns. He quickly lifted his hands up and called out, “Осторожно! (Careful!)” All of them stopped in their places, but slowly, they lowered their hands down and eyed her as if she was ticking bomb. They didn’t relax at all.

“You! You did this! My baby’s dead because of you!” she screamed at his face, and all Castiel could do was stand there and take it. Because she was right. This was his fault. He didn’t do fucking anything. He just… He was just there to watch as that tiny baby girl got shot and died in front of him. There literally was nothing that he could ever do. “I knew the minute I heard he was connected
with you something like this was going to happen!” she continued to scream.

“Lisa-“

“No!” she yelled at Sam now. “No! You don’t get to talk to me. This is... All of this is your fucking fault. All of this is your fault!” Castiel didn’t know what to tell her. He was just standing there, shell-shocked, as she stared at the grieving lady in front of him.

Even an apology wasn’t going to stop her from yelling at him like this. Nothing that Castiel could say to her was going to fix any of this.

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Hours later, Castiel sat beside Dean’s bed. Lisa had left. Castiel didn’t get yelled at again. Mostly because Sam managed to separate them to the best of his abilities. He didn’t look at Castiel the rest of the time they were in the hospital.

Sam of course tried to tell Castiel to leave, but obviously Castiel didn’t listen to him. Not one bit. That’s why he sat beside Dean’s bed and didn’t move at all. The machine kept beeping. The oxygen tank kept hissing with Dean’s breathing. The doctors kept coming in and out of the room, checking and re-checking everything they could get their hands on. His blood pressure was high again, and Meg came in and gave him a shot. It turned the pressure down considerably.

Hours later, Dean’s temperature spiked up, and Meg was quick to give him a shot for that. Soon, it was back down to normal again.

At these moments, he looked small and vulnerable to Castiel’s eyes. He never looked like this for Castiel.

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Days passed by. Dean didn’t wake up long enough to hold on a normal conversation. Sam would come in early in the mornings, check up on his brother, not even acknowledging Castiel’s presence in the room. He spoke to the doctors, the nurses. But never to Castiel.

He would then leave, and come back again in the evening after work.

One day, he came in, and his eyes looked heavy and red rimmed. He sat beside the bed and touched Dean’s hand with the tips of his fingers. Castiel knew why he looked like that. Of course he knew. It was Natalie’s funeral.

Castiel looked away as his eyes started to sting with unbidden tears.

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It was late in the night and Castiel had laid his head down on the bed when he felt a twitch. Castiel sat up quickly and he saw Dean’s eyes fluttering open. His lips were chapped and Castiel looked as he licked at them slowly. Castiel stood up and grabbed the glass of water beside the bed and held it out to Dean’s lips to drink, through a small straw. Dean didn’t look at Castiel, and that was fine. So long as he got some water in him.
“Dean?” Castiel asked, and Dean turned his tired eyes to look at Castiel.

“H-hey,” Dean’s voice was scratchy and he grimaced at it.

“Shhh, don’t talk,” Castiel said sitting back down on the bed, placing his hands in his lap.

“How long… how long was I out?” Dean struggled to say.

“Couple of days,” Castiel answered truthfully.

Dean turned incredulous eyes at him and raised his eyebrows. “Seriously?”

“Yeah,” Castiel said nodding.

“Feels like couple of hours,” Dean mumbled. He closed his eyes and he seemed so tired, as if the couple of words he just said felt like running a marathon. “Hey, Cas?”

He’s been letting the name slide from Dean for so long, that it felt natural to hear his name being uttered by those lips. “Yeah?”

“Where’s Natalie?”

“Oh, you’re awake!” Meg came bustling in, with a tray in her hands. It had way too much stuff on them and Castiel wasn’t sure why it was for. “You,” she said to Castiel, as she placed her tray down on a table beside the bed. “Out. I need to examine him since he’s awake.”

Castiel was quick to oblige. He nodded and stood up. He was about to leave, but Dean quickly lifted his hand and grabbed his. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“Dean, I need to take your blood and shit, so you better let your guy here leave, so we can get on to it,” Meg said slowly and deliberately.

“Listen to the nurse, she can be very persuasive.”

Dean looked reluctant to do it at first, but then he nodded and released Castiel from his hold. “I’ll be right outside.”

Castiel didn’t wait for an answer. He just bolted out of the room, and leaned against the wall outside of the door, which clicked shut after him. He breathed heavily in and out. This was going to be complicated and awful. He was going to tell Dean everything. He slid down the wall and sighed out. He placed his arms over his bent knee and closed his eyes. He was pretty sure that Dean was going to kick him out. He was going to break things off and he was going to tell Castiel to never contact him again.

In a way, this was what was going to happen. Castiel was going to do whatever the fuck Dean was going to tell him to do. Even if Dean would tell him to go off and throw himself off a bridge, Castiel was going to ask *Which one’s the highest?* And he was going to comply with it.

He was going to tell Dean all about this. There was no question there.

He covered his eyes with his hand and sighed, trying to calm his wildly beating heart in his chest. He was nervous about this whole thing. Castiel didn’t feel like he was strong enough for this conversation. He had a half made up thought to call Sam in for this, but… they weren’t on speaking terms exactly. Sam had been avoiding him like a plague whenever he’d come in to see his brother. Even when Castiel would sit in the corner of the room, and do nothing but exist.
The door opened and out came Meg. She had blood examples in her hand, as she closed the door after her. She looked down at him on the floor, and shook her head. “Pathetic,” she muttered as she walked away. Castiel frowned at her back, but didn’t say anything.

“Is it comfortable on the floor there, or do you need a cushion for your tush?” Balthazar’s voice reached to him as he made his way to Castiel.

“What do you want?”

“I don’t know. I just love the smell of a hospital,” Balthazar said, leaning up against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest. He smirked down at Castiel. “I got this for you,” Balthazar reached into his pocket and held out a picture. Castiel took it and looked down at it. There it was. Natalie’s smiling face looking back at him.

“Where did you get this?”

“It was in Gordon’s house. It seemed like he had set his eyes on your guy’s kid for a long time.”

Castiel pocketed the picture and nodded in thanks. He sighed and shook his head a bit. “Is that all?”

“I came to see how you’re doing.”

“I’m fine,” Castiel replied, sighing. Balthazar struck his hand down for Castiel to grab. He did. Balthazar got him up with a grunt and Castiel sighed as he straightened his shirt down.

“You’re not fine. Your boy toy is in that room there,” Balthazar pointed to the room’s door. “Also, now that Crowley isn’t in the picture anymore, you’re going to need a new consigliere.”

It’s true. Castiel had thought about it. He does need a new consigliere, now that Crowley is… Castiel clenched his jaw and he looked up at Balthazar after a moment. Balthazar had always been there whenever Castiel needed him. Even if it was mostly to kill people that wronged Castiel, or pissed him off.

“Take care of the bills,” Castiel finally said. He kept staring at Balthazar to gauge his reaction to what Castiel was telling him to do. Maybe he’d get it without having Castiel tell him about it explicitly. “Make sure that the guys get at least a week off. Let them go and do whatever they want. Only for a week. When they’re back, we have work to do. We still need to take care of a lot of stuff that has been left behind Alastair and Gordon.”

“Wait, what are you-“

“Child trafficking is not something that I like. Let’s burn those fuckers down and destroy everything in this city that they represent,” Castiel said, looking down the hallway. There were some patients walking around, and some nurses walking with them. “I want this city clean.”

“Wait a minute. Just hang on a moment,” Balthazar said straightening up. Castiel raised his eyebrows at Balthazar, his lips twitching. Castiel turned to the door, hand resting on the doorknob. “Are you saying… Am I getting this right?”

“Prepare everything for now,” Castiel said, turning the door open and going into the room. But not before seeing the pleased smile on Balthazar’s face. He made the right choice.
Dean woke up early in the morning. They get the tube out that helped him breath. He looked better and he even cracked a joke with one of the nurses. They had blushed and tittered prettily at him. Castiel just gave Dean a blank look over their shoulder. Dean had smiled and gave him a wink.

He looked tired. And worn out. But when he smiled, he brightened up the whole room, and even Castiel’s dark mood felt lighter in his chest. It felt terrible for Castiel, because he was about to dim out the sunshine that was Dean Winchester.

“Dean?” Castiel asked, in the middle of afternoon. He just got his blood pressure checked, and Meg had taken more blood samples from him. He was healing pretty well, his lung was okay, his crack rib was healing. Everything was fine after the surgery.

They hadn’t touched each other. Not in a sexual way. They had kept their distance, with their hands respectfully at their sides. They remained distant from one another. Castiel didn’t know if it was going to make this more difficult, or easier to speak about.

“Hm?” Dean said, looking up from his book. His eyes seemed distant, but after a moment of staring, they cleared and Castiel shuffled a bit in his seat.

“We need to talk.”

“That never sounds good,” Dean said, closing his book and placing it by the bed.

“I know. But you… Remember when you asked me about someone?”

Dean stared at him for a moment, and then exhaled, “Uh… I think so? Well, yeah. I mean, I wanted to know where Natalie is. And I don’t know why I’m so chill in asking you about her right now, but know that I’m probably high as fuck from these meds and—“

Castiel reached into his pocket and gave Dean the picture. Dean took it, frowning. “I… Where did you get this?” Dean asked, not tearing his eyes away from the picture. “This-I lost this when I came to live with you. I thought I forgot it back home, but it wasn’t there either.”

“We found that at Gordon’s house,” Castiel said, his throat tightening.

“What do you mean? Are you telling me Gordon had this?” Dean frowned and looked at Castiel, his frown deepening. “Are you telling me Gordon ha—“

“She’s dead.”

The room went silent. Castiel not only could hear the monitors whirring around Dean’s bed, he could also probably hear Dean’s heartbeat, outside of the machine. His was drumming away in his ears. It wasn’t a pleasant thing, since it was way too erratic for his liking.

“What.”

It wasn’t even a question. It just fell flat out of Dean’s lips and into the tense air between them. The smile was gone from Dean’s face. Even the small cracks that might’ve showed that he was smiling just a minute ago, was gone. It was replaced with this darkness that was steadily getting bigger and bigger.

“She… she got shot.”
“Cas,” Dean said. And Castiel had never heard that voice before. Never heard it from Dean before. It was… This was something that Castiel had been waiting for, but at the same time, actually hearing it… Castiel took a steadying breath because he needed to compose himself. He owed this to Dean.

“I’m sorry,” Castiel whispered.


“Just… Dean, you need to calm down.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down,” Dean snapped at him and Castiel clenched his jaw. “She was-she was just a kid. What the fuck happened? Tell me everything. Right now. I swear to God, Castiel. Tell me everything.”

And so Castiel does. He tells him about how he started searching for them both at the same time. How he killed Azazel trying to find the exact location for them both. How he single-handedly killed off a lot of people. He tells him how he saw Crowley dead in front of Alastair. And then he tells him about Natalie. And it’s a lot more painful than he had ever imagined it being. It’s a lot worse than anything else he ever went through.

Because then Dean started to cry. Big fat tears leaving his face and down his chin. Because Dean… Dean lost someone so dear to him. And he can’t help it, his eyes start to tear up as well. But he doesn’t cry. He doesn’t cry.

“I’m sorry,” he said as he tried to touch Dean, but he left his hand to himself. He wasn’t about to try and touch Dean.

“Get out,” Dean whispered. “How could you do this to her? To me? How…How could you?”

“Dean-“

“No. Don’t. Just… don’t. This is… this is worse than. Holy shit. My baby girl…” Dean closed his mouth with his hand to prevent him from crying out loud. “Y-you killed her.”

“Dean, I didn’t-“

“You watched it happen,” Dean hung his head forward then and he looked so tiny. It was unnerving for Castiel. “You were part of it.”

Castiel didn’t know what to say. He kept his mouth shut, as his chin wobbled. This was it for them. This was the end of Dean and Castiel. He didn’t say anything back, because there was nothing to be said. He stood up and looked at Dean for a moment; Dean had started crying. He was a silent crier. His cheeks red and wet from tears. He had his head hung forward and he was clutching the picture in his shaking hand.

Castiel couldn’t look at him any longer. He had to leave. He turned around and walked to the door. He rested his hand on the doorknob, but before he left he looked at Dean over his shoulder and said, “For what it’s worth, I’m truly sorry. I’d give anything, anything, to be in her place right now. Anything, Dean.”

And then he left, but not before hearing Dean let out a sob.
Castiel threw himself back into work. Balthazar proved to be a good consigliere. He had been ruthless in his attacks and his planning. Castiel admired it a lot. It took them about one month and a half to clear up the mess that had been left behind the Italians. Some of the people who worked for the family had thanked him and pledged their loyalties to Castiel. Some of them wanted nothing to do with the world.

This job had been a great distraction from the burning inside his chest. But he couldn’t shut it down when he laid in his bed at night, awake for hours on end, looking up at the ceiling and thinking of the warmth that was missing in his bed.

Sleep deprivation didn’t sit well with him. He snapped at his staff. It went to the point of ripping his white button down shirt in half because there was a wrinkly at the end of the wrist. Kayla had backed away from him as if he was a monster, eyes wide and scared, her chest heaving with heavy breaths. When she left, Castiel stayed inside his bedroom for hours; feeling ashamed of his behavior.

It went on like that for a month longer. So now, he hadn’t spoken to Dean for 2 months. No contact, not anything. He had at least two people keeping an eye on him. He specifically told them to let him know if there was any sort of trouble. He didn’t want to know where he went or who he spoken to; he just wanted to know that Dean was safe, and was out of trouble. It wasn’t creepy or anything. He kept telling himself that to keep the guilt of not-really stalking his sub since he wasn’t around anymore. And it was for a good reason.

Castiel was out in the woods with his pack when he received a text from Lora.

Lora: HE. IS. HERE.

Lora: He’s in the living room.

Castiel had frowned down at the message, and then paled. Instantly, he knew who she meant. Julie sniffed at his hand, letting out a low growl in her chest. Castiel dropped his hand on top of her head, petting her fur, relaxing a bit as he felt the smoothness of it in between his fingers.

“I’ll be fine, girl,” Castiel whispered to her, and she huffed a bit. She looked up at him for a moment, before she turned around and left back to her place with her puppies.

Castiel took a steadying breath and went back to the mansion. He used the backdoor to go in so he could get out of his dirty boots. He was wearing one of his black t-shirts and a red leather jacket on top, since it was starting to get a cold outside. The bottom of his black jeans were muddied up, and he brushed them off with his hands. It didn’t clean up much, but it did some of the job.

He got his black shoes on and went inside. He went through the kitchen and noticed how his staff sort of froze as he walked through it. Somewhere in his chest, he felt a discomfort to know that for the last couple of months he had been unbearable to deal with. He clenched his jaw as he walked down the hallway and to the living room. The doors stood ajar, and Castiel had to clench his hands into fists. He took a deep steadying breath, and then walked inside.

Dean was standing with his back to the door, hands crossed behind his back, looking out of the window which looked at the forest. So he had seen Castiel come out of there just now. Castiel’s hand twiched at his side. Dean looked… perfect. There was no other word to describe the man that was part of Castiel.
Castiel swallowed through a dry mouth, and he walked inside a bit more. It seemed that Dean hadn’t noticed him entering the living room. Castiel let out a breath through his mouth, and said, “Hello, Dean.”

He noticed how Dean’s shoulder’s tensed a bit, but he turned around, slowly. Castiel’s heart dropped out of his chest as he looked at Dean’s face. He looked…terrible. He was still beautiful to Castiel, but he looked so…worn out. He had bags under his eyes, eyes bloodshot, and he looked paler than usual. He was wearing a red plaid shirt, underneath a navy blue jacket. He had dark gray jeans on with his boots. He looked… fuck. Castiel wanted nothing more than to close the distance between them, but he didn’t. He stayed rooted on the spot, his hands feeling useless beside his body.

“Uh, hey,” Dean said, his voice gruff. He licked his lips in the quick way that he does whenever he was really nervous or uncomfortable about something. “I, uh, I came back to give this back.”

Dean reached inside his jacket and he took out an envelope that was thick. Castiel didn’t need to look into it to see what it ways. Castiel’s jaw twitched. This wasn’t supposed to happen. It wasn’t like Dean didn’t do his job and Castiel had to get that back. This was something else.

“That’s yours to keep,” Castiel said. His voice sounded odd to his ears. As if someone else was speaking instead of him.

“Not mine. I don’t need this anymore,” Dean said. He was avoiding eye contact, staring somewhere around Castiel’s chest.

“Dean…” he took a small step towards Dean.

Dean clenched his hand around the envelope, his face hardening, eyes starting to burn. Castiel’s heart clenched knowing that Dean was feeling the same way as he was right now; wanting to be closer to each other, but can’t unable to do so,

“Castiel, please. Just take this, and let me leave,” Dean said, his voice monotonous. “Please.”

“I can’t accept that. Dean,” Castiel sighed and ran his hand through his hair. He took a step forward and Dean’s hand lowered a bit. “I want you to stay. Whatever differences we had, and whatever happened…”

“What happened is that my kid died because I couldn’t keep my personal life separate from my job.”

“Dean,” Castiel started again.

“I can’t stay,” Dean said and his eyes started to fill with tears. He let out a harsh laughter. “Jesus… What’s worse is that I can’t hate you either. Because I love you.”

It felt like the ground shifted under Castiel’s feet. Castiel felt his heart racing, beating right out of his chest, ripping through him like he was nothing. It crashed and burnt everything around him. It burned something awful. Dean was in love with him, just like Castiel was in love with him. But because Castiel didn’t do feelings, he stayed silent, and looked as the man who held his world at the palm of his hand, broke down in front of him.

And he couldn’t do anything. His mouth didn’t cooperate with his thoughts, with his feelings. So he just stood there, and looked at Dean, who sniffed and lifted his free hand and wiped at his eyes angrily. “Right,” Dean said, gruffly. He waved the envelope a bit, placed it at the table beside them, and walked away from Castiel. Who didn’t do anything to stop him.

The door shut behind Castiel with a soft click, and Castiel was alone once again.
Cars were easy. They didn’t talk. They didn’t move. They didn’t do anything other than be able to transport people from point A to B. Easy. They didn’t whine, didn’t complain. They just sat there and waited to be put to work.

Dean was underneath this old lady’s car, fixing up the clinking sound she kept hearing. One thing led to another, and Dean found himself immersed in her Bug. Fixing this and that. And then he changed her tires. It was starting to rain outside and she needed an oil change. So he brought the car inside the garage and started to work on it some more. He was even tempted to paint her, to make it look all brand new.

“Hey, idjit,” the voice was followed by a kick on his calf.

“Jesus,” Dean muttered. He let out a frustrated sigh and he rolled out from under the car. Bobby looked down at Dean with a bored face; his hands deep inside his jeans pockets. “What?” Dean barked at him.

“Tone down the attitude, boy,” Bobby said. He pointed his thumb behind his back and said, “The old lady needs her car back already.”

“I just need to check something.”

“You’ve been fretting over it as if she needs more thing to get it done to her,” Bobby said. “Give the keys to the lady and be done with it."

Dean clenched his jaw, feeling like he needed to check everything again, even though he knew that everything was in a perfect condition. “Fine. Okay. Let me just get this screw in right and she can have her car back.”

Dean rolled back down again and fiddled with the screw again. He loved working on old cars. They had a story to tell, every one of them had seen life and went through struggles that only they understood. Dean got them. He got their struggle and pain, and he was sympathetic of them.

He rolled back out. He stood up, fetched the keys from the wall and threw them at Bobby to give the car back. “Lunch break,” he grumbled. On his way out he threw the screwdriver inside his tool box, the sound reverberating through the garage.

Walking out of the garage, he went straight to the cooler that was under the shades. He opened it up with his bare hands, grabbed a bottle of cold beer and opened it up. He drunk the whole bottle in two big gulps and threw the bottle down in the garbage can beside the cooler. He grabbed another bottle and opened it again. He was just about to take a sip, when it was taken from his hand. “Hey!”

Bobby looked at him with an angry face. “The hell are you doing boy? You’re at work. Or have you forgotten about it?”

“I haven’t,” Dean said, feeling uncomfortable. “I just needed to take the edge off.”

“Take the edge off. By drinking during work?”

Dean didn’t answer to him. Instead, he walked away to the back lot where they had thousands of wrecked cars. He liked walking through this side, because it was so relaxing. He heard Bobby following him, but he didn’t stop. He wanted to go to the car that he had his eyes on. It was an old
'69 Ford Mustang that had seen way better days. He was planning on fixing it someday.

“I think we gotta talk about this, boy.”

“There’s nothing to talk about Bobby.”

“You’re miserable.”

“My kid got killed,” Dean yelled, spinning around. Bobby’s expression shifted from anger to sadness in a second. “I got my kid killed because I knew better than to introduce her to someone who was a danger to all of us.”

“You didn’t know this was going to happen.”

“I had to know, though,” Dean said. “I had to at least think about the consequences of my actions.”

Bobby sighed through his nose and shook his head. “I’m about to tell you a story, son.” Dean closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose with his fingers. “It was about… I don’t remember how long ago it was when I got shot.”

“What?” Dean looked at Bobby with a raised eyebrow. He had seen the wound on his shoulder, but he never asked him about it.

“I got shot by the Russians, because I didn’t want to cooperate with them. They needed a new mechanic to take care of their cars, promised me a better working environment and better money, and I refused. So I got shot. They told me that if I didn’t want to work with them, then I had to pay them, I told them to fuck off.”

“You can’t tell them to ‘fuck off’, Bobby,” Dean said sounding amazed.

“I know, but I did,” Bobby said with a shrug. “There was a snort of laughter from a certain someone from the back. I didn’t see who it was at first, because I was focused at the gun that was now pointed at me.”

“What happened?” Dean asked, wanting to know who that person was, but at the same time, not wanting to know.

“I got shot, obviously. And then they drove off,” Bobby continued. “I drove myself to the nearest hospital and got taken care of for the shot. While I was there, he came in.”

“He? As in…?”

“We used to call him Red hand back then, now he had more nicknames then I can count on one hand.”

“Wh-What happened?” Dean asked, shuffling his feet a bit.

“He came in to check and see how I was doing. Told me that he had paid for my hospital bill.”

“What?”

“Out of his pocket. His daddy didn’t even know about it.”

“Really?”

“Mhmm,” replied Bobby. “He also paid the mortgage that I had that kept piling up over and over. He
told me now I had nothing to pay for. He would take care of everything and nobody would come after me.”

“Why did he do that though?”

“Because he wanted to be the good guy when it would be his time to take care of the family,” Bobby said. “His words, when I asked him.”

“What are you saying Bobby?”

“I don’t know what happened at the Italians that night,” Bobby said. “And why things happened the way they did. But all I can say is that, Castiel would’ve done everything in his power to prevent that from happening. He sacrificed his life, and his family, and his men to come and rescue you. I don’t think if he were a liar or a bad person, he would’ve done something like this for just one man.”

Dean looked at Bobby for a while, after he finished his speech. They stood like that, couple of steps away from each other in silence. It started to rain lightly, so Bobby went back inside, but Dean stayed outside. He leaned up against the Mustang and sighed as the rain got heavier. Dean knew that Bobby was right. Castiel would’ve done everything that was in his power to prevent from happening whatever that had happened. But… the whole thing was too fresh in Dean. He had lost the love of his life, his whole world, and he couldn’t just go back from that.

The Christmas tree that Sam and Jess had placed in their living room twinkling merrily at Dean as he stood beside it, a beer bottle in his hand. He watched as the lights turned from blue, to green, and back again. The red turned orange, and then red, and so on and on. The colorful balls that they hung from them reflected the lights in them. It was a beautiful tree. That kept being shaken by their son who was in his walker already.

“Hey, hey, no,” Dean bent down and pried one of the toys from his hands. “Don’t do that. Play with these.” Dean gave him one of his toys and Mark was soon distracted by the rattle it was making. Dean stood back up and watched as Mark walked away from him. He looked just like Sam when he was that age.

Dean turned around and stared at the tree again. He brought the bottle to his lips and took a sip when he felt a nip on his fingers. Dean almost choked on his drink at that. He looked down and frowned at Ray. “What?” Ray looked back up at him, with sad little eyes, and Dean knew that he knew he wasn’t going to see his best friend anymore. There was this sadness around Ray.

One afternoon they had taken Ray to Natalie’s grave and he had pawed at the ground, letting out whines and these pathetic sounds. It had broken Dean’s heart so much to hear them, and after that, Ray had never been the same. He had gotten quiet, and mellow, and he wasn’t like himself. Sam had worried about him being sick and they had taken him to the vet. The doctor said that he was going through a depressive episode and to just give him time to grieve through it.

Dean lifted his hand up and petted Ray’s head a bit and swallowed, “I know, buddy. I miss her, too.”
It was almost midnight when he got a phone call. It had been a quiet affair, the Christmas dinner, just
the three of them and baby Mark sleeping up in his crib. Dean had sat in the living room, on the
couch, with Ray in his lap. He had fallen asleep by the lull of the tree’s lights and the fact that it was
snowing outside. It was a beautiful and silent night.

Dean grunted as he lifted his hips up to get to his phone. Ray had picked up his head to look at Dean
for causing him distress. “Sorry,” Dean muttered at him. He looked down at the call ID and frowned.
It said unknown. Shrugging he answered the phone.

“Hello?”

“Is this Dean Winchester?” an unfamiliar voice said to him with an accent, and Dean sat up a bit
straighter.

“Yeah, who is this?”

“My name’s Balthazar,” the man replied. “I’m calling on behalf of Castiel Novak.”

“Is he okay?” Dean’s heart started to beat erratically in his chest. Was he shot? Was he dead? What
happened? Was he in the hospital because he got in a fight? What happened?

“He is mostly okay,” Balthazar said.

“What do you mean?”

“Look, can you come to Red Palace?”

“That’s a casino.”

“Yes.”

“…Why?”

“Because we need you to take this psycho back home.”

“This psycho.”

“Yes. Is it hard for you to understand words? How many times must I repeat myself for you to
understand what I’m saying?”

“If you need my help so much, you better watch that tongue of yours.”

He could hear Balthazar rolling his eyes at the end of the call. “Would you please come here?”

“Fine. I’ll be there soon.”

Dean ended the call quickly after that and stared at the coffee table in front of him. Was he crazy?
Running back to the man that… what? What did he do exactly?

Dean didn’t know. His body was already moving before he actually formed a plan or anything else,
really. He put his boots on and grabbed his jacket from the door. Ray wagged his tail on the couch,
looking at him with these eyes that Dean had to go to him and pet him on the head again. Ray sighed
and dropped his head back down on the couch, closing his eyes. Dean shook his head and huffed out
laugh.
He walked to the front door again and hesitated for only a moment, before he opened the door and walked out. It was too cold outside for him to be outside, but here he was, freezing his ass off to go to the casino and see what was happening. It must’ve been serious if Balthazar had called him in. He shouldn’t have, in the first place, since he didn’t work for Novak anymore, but Balthazar, underneath his smarmy voice, sounded worried. Dean realized that as he backed out of the lot in his car and drove down the road. His phone chimed with a message and Dean opened it to see who it was from. It was Sam.

Sam: *where did you go to?*

Dean: *got important thing to take care of. go to sleep.*

Sam: *Is it him?*

Dean: *yeah.*

Sam: *

Sam: *okay. Be careful. Night.*

Dean didn’t answer him. He locked his phone, placed it on the dash and revved his engine to get there faster.

It was eerily quiet inside as Dean walked in. He ignored everyone around him and the terrified looks that the people there threw at him, staff and Castiel’s men. Dean worked his jaw as he walked further in and a man with bright green eyes, and blond hair walked to him. He had this smile on his face, but his eyes betrayed the real feelings underneath the façade. He greeted Dean by a clap over his shoulder and then slung it over his shoulder. Dean looked down at his hand and then back at Balthazar with a curl of his lips.

“I’m glad you’re here, Dean,” he said, and he actually did sound like he was glad for it.

“What am I here for exactly?” Dean asked instead.

“He’s in there. He’s drunk. And he already shot one person. We don’t want him to do it again.”

“He shot-He shot a person? Why? Who?”

“Go in and talk to him,” Balthazar said and Dean looked at him for a moment. He did actually look worried. And his voice was laced with desperation.

“Fine. Jesus,” Dean muttered and opened the door of the private VIP room.

He was sitting by the table that was placed in the middle of the room. His back was to the door, his shoulders hunched. There was an empty bottle by his hand and a half full whiskey close to it. His glass was filled to the fullest, no ice. So he was definitely drunk.

Right next to his glass was his gun.
Dean swallowed and walked further inside the room. The dealer was a young lady, probably in her early 20’s. She looked up at him, her eyes wide and terrified, her frame was shaking, but her hands were steady. Dean eyed the table and realized that they were playing Black Jack.

Castiel knocked on the table two times, and the dealer gave him another card. Her shoulders relaxed and she let out a sigh. Castiel’s card read 2, 7, and a Jack. She gathered the cards and the chips from the table and started to deal again. One up for her, on up for him, one down for her, one up for him. And she froze. It was an Ace and a 10. She swallowed, and her hand started to shake violently.

Dean looked at her and saw that she was pale as sheet. Dean flicked his eyes to Castiel and his heart clenched. He looked terrible. He looked drawn out, and he looked like he hadn’t slept for days. He looked extremely tired. He was drunk. Too drunk.

“You know the rules by now, Samantha,” Castiel said, his words slurring. “Don’t make me win. It’s a simple fucking goddamn rule.” He reached for the gun and Dean acted without a thought.

He dropped his hand down, hard, on Castiel’s hand to hold his gun down. Castiel whipped his head around to look who it was. Dean felt a lick of fear inside his chest at the murderous look that Castiel shot him. Abruptly it changed. His whole face crumpled down from the murderous rage to a surprised one. His eyes weren’t focusing on his face. They were shaking and he was looking all over Dean’s face. And they were standing so close, so close.

Dean swallowed and looked at the dealer. “Leave. Now.” She didn’t need to be told twice. She just backed away from the table and ran out of the room. The door banging close after her. Dean looked at the door, making sure that it was actually closed, and then looked back at Castiel. “Release the gun. Now.”

“Dean,” Castiel sighed and his breath wrecked of whiskey. Dean ignored it.

“The gun, now, do it.”

Castiel’s hand released the gun in a second and Dean pushed it off and away from the table, letting it fall down to the floor. Castiel turned his hand and clutched Dean’s hand in his so Dean couldn’t tug his hand off from his hand. “Dean. You’re touching me. You’re here. And you’re touching me. Dean…” he whispered his name in the end. And then he leaned forward as if to kiss Dean, but Dean turned his head to the side and closed his eyes. “Come on,” Castiel whispered, clutched at Dean’s hand harder. His other hand cupped Dean’s cheek and tried to turned his head, but Dean didn’t budge.

“Don’t,” Dean whispered. “Don’t do this.”

“Dean, please. I missed you. I’m not like-I’m not like myself. I’m not. I’m a bad person. Worse than I could ever be. I just shot a man on the-on the shoulder. It won’t be serious. You know how I am with my shots. I aim to kill, or not. I know where I shoot. I shot Alastair in the head. I shot him and he died. And I killed so many of them. I have blood on my hands, Dean. I killed all of them because they laid a hand on what was mine. It was you Dean. You. They touched you. They did. They did unspeakable things to you. So I killed them all. They broke us apart, and-and I let them. I didn’t know and I let them. I know better now. Please Dean. Please let me just…”

Dean wrenched himself away from Castiel and breathed through his nose. He was… he didn’t know what he was feeling. Sadness, yes. Anger, heartache, oh yes. He ran a hand over his face and sighed. This was so fucked up. It was Christmas and this fucker was here, getting drunk and shooting people, and threatening to shoot a girl just because, what?
“Why are you shooting people?” Dean asked, not turning back.

“Dean, please.”

“Answer me!” Dean snapped at him, now turning back to look at Castiel.

Castiel worked his jaw, and his hand twitched. As if he wanted to reach for something, anything, to hold in his hand. Maybe a gun, who knew…

“I made a rule. For them. They weren’t going to let me win. Any round. If I’d get a winning combination, any combination, I was going to shoot them. Not kill them. Just… shoot them somewhere.”

“Are you out of your fuckin head?” Dean bellowed at him. “Holy shit! It’s fucking Christmas! And you’re shooting people? What for?”

“I can’t win! I can’t win at anything. I lost the person who meant something for me. In my entire fucking life, I met a man who actually accepted the real fucking me! And now he’s gone and I can’t win anything. Fuck. You left me!” the words were like a slap on Dean’s face. “And I’m coping however way I can!”

“By shooting people. That’s your way of coping with all of this?”

“Yeah. And how are you doing, Dean?” Castiel snapped at him. “What have you been doing? Drinking beer into the night? Spending hours on cars that don’t need to be fixed?”

“How do you know this?” Dean asked in a low voice.

Castiel snorted and shook his head. “It doesn’t matter.”

“It fuckin does!” Dean yelled at him. “How do you know this?”

“My people kept their eyes on you.”

“So you’ve had people stalking me. Great.”

“Not stalking. Just… keeping you safe.”

“Safe? From what?”

“I’ve been busy,” Castiel answered with a clipped voice. For someone who was drunk of their ass, Castiel sure as hell kept it together.

“With?”

“Cleaning up the city.”

They were silent, looking at one another from a distance between each other. Dean could feel the tension in the air between them. It was suffocating him. He suddenly realized that he didn’t want for Castiel to not be part of his life. He realized that he needed Castiel in his life. Right now. He needed him back into his life. But there was so much that he didn’t know about the man in front of him. And one of the many things was the fact that Castiel wouldn’t allow him to touch him. The way Dean wanted to touch him.

“Let me take you home,” the words left Dean’s mouth even before he had formed his thoughts all the way through.
Castiel’s eyes doubled up in sizes and he stared at Dean with his mouth hanging open. “What?”

“Let me take you home, but on one agreement.”

“What is what?”

“We’ve got to open up to each other.”

“I’m already open with you. What do y-“

“You’ve got to tell me what’s underneath your clothes that you don’t want me to see,” Dean said. His voice forceful and full of urgency. “If you want us to work, you’ve got to let me in. Every way.”

“Dean-“

“I mean it, Cas. This is my proposal. If you want me to go back with you, then this is what we’re going to do.”

“What do I get in return?” Castiel asked. “Aside from you.”

“Anything you want,” Dean said lifting his shoulders up in a half shrug.

“I want you to tell me about Alastair. Everything.”

Dean’s jaw clamped shut and he sighed through his nose. It was fair. Castiel was going to show him whatever it is that he had been hiding from Dean, and Dean was going to share his deepest darkest side of his past. It was only fair.

Dean nodded his consent. Castiel looked so relieved that he actually closed his eyes as his lower lip started to wobble. Dean hesitated for only a second, before he stepped back into Castiel’s space and grabbed him into a tight hug. Castiel didn’t even think about it twice, he simply wrapped his arms around Dean and hang on to him tightly. His shoulders started to shake and Dean realized that he was trying to hold back his tears. Dean worked his jaw to prevent him from tearing up himself. He hugged Castiel closer to him and turned his head to the side to place a small kiss at the side of Castiel’s head.

“I was young when I got into the scene. I was naïve and thought I could do it. But I did it only to get cash, and fast, because I needed it to help Sam out. I wanted him to have everything. I’d do anything to give him everything. So the only rational thing for me was to do just that. My first dom was a woman. She was kind to me and she eased me into the lifestyle. I liked her, but we couldn’t do it more than a month. After she left me, because she had to leave for Europe, and obviously I couldn’t leave with her because of Sammy, so I had to find someone else to replace her. And after that, it sort of got out of hand. I started to go to the clubs and go to the backroom with anyone who just glanced at me. I was short on my hand so I needed the money. That’s when I got introduced to him. By Gabriel,” Dean shifted a bit, before he continued. “Alastair was never kind to me. I was his sub for years. The only reason I stayed with him because he paid really good. Like really good money. He was abusive. Borderline psychotic. He would… he raped me, almost every other day. He raped me and he didn’t even care. He never liked it when I’d safe word out of the scene. That would land me
into a punishment. So I stopped doing that. And just let him take what he wanted.”

“How did you get out?” Castiel whispered beside him.

“The time that he landed me in the hospital, Sam had already graduated and had a normal life and had a job, and Jess on his arm,” Dean said, remembering the whole thing vividly. “I was half-dead, and I don’t really know what Sam actually did, but he got all lawyer-y on the whole thing. He helped out. Got me into therapy. I got myself back up together. Met Lisa, got married, and then we just broke because she didn’t know about my past. Then she found out about it, and well… here I am.”

Castiel was silent after this. They were lying down in Castiel’s bed; Dean on his back, Castiel on his side, looking at Dean as if he hung the moon for him. Even if Dean were to ask Castiel, he’d probably convince the president that Dean actually did hung the moon for him. Dean snorted and shook his head.

“Hm?” Castiel hummed, but Dean shook his head again.

“Nothing.”

“Thank you for telling me this,” Castiel mumbled, his eyes starting to close.

Dean turned his head to look at Castiel. He reminded himself to keep breathing because Castiel looked angelic. Even though he still looked tired, even though he didn’t look like the composed self that Dean was used to seeing, but he still looked so…beautiful.

“Sleep tight angel.”

“Don’t leave,” Castiel mumbled, his hand moving closer to Dean’s body. He seemed hesitant. So Dean met him halfway. He placed his hand over Castiel’s, just to hold his.

A breath of sigh left Castiel’s body, and soon, he was fast asleep. Leaving Dean to look at him for as long as he needed.

It had snowed some more while they were still asleep. When Dean woke up he found that Castiel was awake and out of bed already. He was standing by the window, his back to Dean, his hands deep inside his pockets. The scene before him must look amazing at this hour, but Dean’s eyes were trained at the way his shirt looked loose on him. Dean’s heart started to beat in his chest faster. This was it. This was when everything was going to be clear for Dean. Dean laid out his secret to Castiel the night before, now it was Castiel’s time to tell him what he’d been hiding from Dean all of this time.

“Morning,” Dean said gruffly. His mouth felt dry. There was a glass of water by the bed on the table and he reached for it. He gulped it down in two and he placed the empty glass back down on the table.

“Good morning, Dean,” Castiel said. His voice was clipped. Nervous. Dean crossed his legs on the bed, and sat straighter, waiting.

“In my line of work, some things happen without us having control over it. Some things leave scars. Permanent scars. Be it your skin, or be it in ink. I have both of them. Some scars are bigger than the
others. Some scars hold more than I can explain. I can’t promise you that I can tell you everything that you will see on my body today. Maybe in time, if you will still want to be with me after this,” Castiel said, lifting his hands up and gripping the front of his shirt. “I want you to be vocal with me, okay?”

“Okay,” Dean whispered his reply.

Castiel didn’t make Dean wait long. He simply took off his shirt and Dean gasped. On his back, that Dean had never seen before, was angel wings. Dean stood up from his bed and walked closer. Right in between those wings, was a weeping angel. Dean’s hands itched with the need to reach out and touch, but he could see how tense Castiel had gone. And… the tattoo wasn’t as smooth as he thought it was. There was… there were scars. Deep scars that Dean had never felt underneath his hands, because he had never really touched Castiel, did he?

It was gruesome, sharp around the edges, and deeper than they looked on the surface. Dean wanted to reach out and touch, but he couldn’t. Not yet, so he stayed back. On his lower back, on two sides, was what seemed to be swallows. But they weren’t alive, or healthy looking. It was their skeleton with some feathers featured here and there.

“Can I-Can I see the rest of you?”

Dean heard Castiel swallow, and as he turned around, Dean walked closer to him. He looked at his front and his jaw clenched. There were so many scars in there, so many of them that Dean didn’t even notice, or felt. How he had never felt this uneven scaring was beyond him. He had more tattoos in here that Dean didn’t even understand what they meant.

“All of these tattoos… they represent me, as a crime boss. A head of a mafia. The angel wings is our family crest. And the other represent things, such as; freedom, death, peace, chaos,” Castiel said pointing the tattoos in question. Freedom were the swallows on his lower back. Death was the one that took most of his side. It was of a wolf, mouth wide open, with a human skull inside his mouth. The peace sign was of an elephant, but it didn’t look healthy either. Instead, it was filled with thorns, and it was bloodied. Chaos was the one that stood out the most for Dean. It was in a circle, arrows shooting in all directions.

“This is why I never showed you…this whole thing. I’m not a clean person. My hands aren’t clean. My body isn’t clean. I’m never going to be clean,” Castiel said, his voice full of urgency, as if he wanted for Dean to understand what he was saying. And Dean understood him. He didn’t need to make himself clear for Castiel, because Dean understood him.

Dean accepted him the way he was. And the longer they stood there, the longer Dean looked at Castiel’s body, he realized that he wouldn’t change anything about Castiel.

“Are you disgusted by me?” Castiel asked, his voice sounded small. As if he was building up the walls to keep him safe from Dean’s rejection.

“Mr. Novak… Castiel, I’d rather have you, this way or not,” Dean said. His eyes finally leaving his body to look into Castiel’s clear blue eyes. “I wouldn’t change you. At all.”

“Dean…”

“Can I touch you? I want to touch you.”

Castiel’s eyes closed and Dean reach out to touch his bare skin. His fingers tingled from the warmth that seemed to be constantly leaving Castiel’s body. Castiel shivered, violently, and a sound left his
lips that Dean couldn’t interpret what he had said.

He ignored it, in favor of running his fingers through the story that was painted on Castiel’s skin. His other hand joined him on Castiel’s bare chest, and they both explored the story there. He stepped closer to Castiel’s body, and Castiel tensed. His hands clenching on his side. A tear left his closed eyes, and Dean ignored that as well. His eyes tracing the scars. His eyes landed on one that was close to his heart.

Without even thinking about it, he bent forward and kissed him right there. Castiel’s whole body shuddered and he let out a sob, and then he started to cry, the tears leaving his eyes, and Dean ignored the tears. He kept peppering Castiel’s chest with kisses. The deep wounds, the scars, the tattoos, everything.

Dean kissed his way up to his neck, kissing him on the pulse, kissing him underneath his ear, and then wrapping his arms around Castiel’s shaking body. He pulled him closer and Castiel just...broke down. He didn’t hold back anything. And he kept crying and crying, and Dean kept holding him to his body.

“I love you,” Dean whispered to him. “I love you. And you’re beautiful. I’m not going to change anything about you. You’re perfect for me.”

Castiel didn’t react, besides holding on tighter to Dean.

Dean closed his eyes and turned his head down to bury his face close to Castiel’s neck.

They held on to each other, two broken men, with two different backgrounds, but so similar to each other. They had each other now. They were far from okay; Dean had his demons to fight, and Castiel had the whole world to fight because of who he was, but together? Together they could heft each other up if they had any bad mishaps, if they had anything bad happening to them. And it was something that made Dean sigh in relief.

He was back home.

Chapter End Notes

For one last time; leave me your thoughts?

End Notes

To be continued...

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