On a Leash

by ArivFroso, KagomeBenihime

Summary

It had been a few months now…
Sam and Dean together again… Saving people, hunting things, the family business. But Sam still felt like… something was missing… Finally the hear of a case in Springfield Ohio where a professor has been killed by a ghost. But when they get there they can't find any sign of ghost activity, and the janitor seems... familiar...

It had been a few months now…
Sam and Dean together again… Saving people, hunting things, the family business. But Sam still felt like… something was missing… after leaving school, burying Jess, and going on the road again with his brother he'd finally started to feel content again. But somewhere along the way… something changed…
He continued in their usual routines, hoping things would get better but so far there was no luck. After finding their dad again, the colt, the yellow eyed demon, and the accident… Sam tried to move on and keep working, he knew that hunting was how Dean was coping and he wanted to be there for him... Then came the case, a professor in Springfield, Ohio was killed by a ghost. At least that's what they thought when they first got there. First, they looked into the police reports and talked to students, next they went to the staff.
“s’cuse me!” Dean called to the man in coveralls ahead of them in the hall. “You the janitor?”
The short, golden haired man stopped and turned, a soft smile on his face “That's me. What can I do you for?”
Sam stopped, looking at the man like he recognized him but couldn’t quite place him. After a moment he remembered what they were doing. “We’re, uh, here to fix a problem in an office,” he said.
“Room 435” Dean added helpfully.
The Janitor looked thoughtful for a moment, shrugs, and turns. “Sure, I can let ya in. Down this
“So how long have you worked here?” Sam asked, making it sound like idle chit chat.
“I’ve been mopping these floors for six years,” the man said, golden eyes gleaming. He turned on a light as the three entered the office. “There you go, guys.” Sam nodded, pulling out his emf reader. “What the heck’s that for?” The janitor asked, looking at it.
Sam looked up. “Oh, just to find a wire in the walls.”
Dean pretend to be confused. “Why’s that?”
The janitor shrugged and said simply, “He’s dead.”
“Oh. What happened?” Dean started looking around the room.
“He went out that window. Right there,” the janitor said, pointing to a tarp covered window at the far end of the room.
Sam glanced at the window “Yeah?” Looking back at the golden eyed man, “Were you working that night?”
The janitor nodded. “I’m the one who found him.”
“You see it happen?” Sam asked as he heard Dean munching on some nuts in the bowl behind him. The janitor shook his head. “Nope. I just saw him come up here, and uh ... well.”
“What?” Sam asked.
“He wasn't alone.” The janitor said, his tone implying that it was that type of company.
“Who was he with?” Dean asked, mouth full of nuts.
“He was with a young lady. I told the cops about her, but uh,” the janitor shrugs, “I guess they never found her.”
Sam nodded. “You saw this girl go in, huh? But did you ever see her come out?”
The janitor thought for a minute, pursing his lips slightly in a thoughtful pout that Sam found... kinda cute. “Now that you mention it, no.”
Sam mentally shook himself and continued. “You ever see her before, around?”
The janitor hides a slight smile. “Well, not her.”
“What do you mean?” Dean asked, ignoring his brother's glare with him still talking around a mouth full of nuts.
The janitor hesitated for a moment. “I don't mean to cast aspersions on a dead guy, but uh . . . Mister Morality here? He brought a lot of girls up here. Got more ass than a toilet seat.”
Dean laughs at that and the janitor grins. Sam sighs, trying to get back on topic at least partly.
“One more thing. This building, it only has four stories, right?”
The janitor nodded “Yeah.”
“So there wouldn't be a room six-six-nine?” Sam asked, gauging the janitors reaction.
The janitor shook his head. “Course not. Why do you ask?”
Sam gave him a weak smile. “Aw, just curious. Thanks.” He reaches out to shake the man's hand.
The janitor seemed to hesitate for a split second before he took Sam's hand and shook. For a moment it felt like electricity shot through their hands. Sam's small white rune scar prickling at contact, and they both pulled back quickly.
“Well,” the janitor said quickly, “I guess I’ll leave you to your work. Just lock up when you leave, yeah?” After a nod from Dean he hurried out.

After they finished, finding jack in their search,they headed out towards the car. When they reached the ground floor Sam saw the back of the janitor disappearing down the stairs to the lower levels.
“Ready for some dinner? Saw a burger joint up the road that looked promising.” Dean turned to look at his brother when he didn't get a response “You ok Sammy?”
Sam looked up. “Huh? Oh, ya.”
Dean looks around for a sec, eyebrow raised slightly in confusion. “Whatever… you coming?”
Sam watches the man disappear down the stairs. “I’ll catch up with you.”
Dean shrugs. “More for me I guess.” He claps his brother on the shoulder and walks out, fully
intending to enjoy every bit of the diners famous pie.

Once Dean is gone, Sam slips down the stairs, following the janitor. His hand scratched absently at
the rune on his other wrist.

Sam sneaks through the double doors at the end of the hall to see the Janitor standing with his back
to Sam in front of a long line of lockers, the one right in front of him open as he pulls off his
coveralls, underneath is a white tank top and dark boxers. He takes a second to stretch and work
out the kinks in his neck before carefully hanging up his coveralls in the locker and pulling out his
pants. “Enjoying the view?” He asked softly before glancing over his shoulder at the young hunter
with what could be considered a ‘come get me’ smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye "Sam?"
Sam’s eyes widened. “Loki…” The word is barely a breath. The memories flooding back seem to
knock the wind out of Sam.

Loki turns to him, smile widening, his clothes suddenly shifting back to the tunic from that
amazing night. “The one and only.”

“Wh… what are you doing here?” Sam wants to close the distance, wrap his arms around the
trickster, but something holds him rooted to the spot.

Loki shrugs slightly. “My job… little chaos here, some just desserts there.” The trickster looked
thoughtful when he mentioned dessert, quickly he snapped a large lollipop into being and started
eating before glancing at Sam. “You want one?”

Sam shook his head. “So the professor. That was you?”

Loki sighs softly around the lollipop before nodding slightly. “But I do have my reasons.”

“You killed him,” Sam says. The fear and… disgust evident in his eyes.

“Not by choice!” Loki looked defensive, scared, almost breakable for a moment before the
swagger and joking dropped back into place like he's pulling on a mask. “Ever hear of a binding
spell? Someone summoned me...now they're calling the shots...sure, I killed people when they
deserve it but, I like to play with my food.”

“Food?” Sam shook his head, even more disgusted. He hates himself for his feelings for… a
monster...

Loki’s mask drops away again for a moment, looking at Sam with clear earnest eyes. “What if I
wasn't...?” he asked softly

Sam shakes his head. His voice is pained. “But you are. Nothing can change that.”

Loki reaches out to him slightly, eyes pleading. “Sam… please don't look at me that way…” Sam
stepped back as he reached for him and Loki sighed weakly, his arms dropping back to his side's,
shoulders shaking. “I wish… I wish I could tell you everything, Sam…” he thought “I wish I had a
way to explain to you…” Loki looked up at him again, eyes broken. “I'm so sorry, Sam…”

Sam's expression hardens. “Who’s got your leash? You said someone made you do this? Who?”

Loki sighs, “Her name is Jen… you talked to her at the bar this afternoon actually… the professor
gave her a D because she wouldn't sleep with him… next is her cheating jerk of a boyfriend… and
her psychopath boss… that's all I can say…”

Sam nods. “Then we’ll stop her.” He turns away and starts back the way he came.

It almost came too soft to hear, but when Sam heard it he felt his whole body tingle. “Thank you,
Sam…”

He stopped and turned to face him. “What about Jess? Was that part of your plan?” His voice is
even, carefully blank.

Loki’s eyes flash with sadness, shakes his head. “No… I only brought Dean to you… Jess was
taken by...Azazel…” The name was said with more than slight disgust.

“Azazel...?” Sam was glad he couldn’t blame her death on him.

Loki looked at him. “You know him as “the yellow eyed demon”’

Sam looked confused. “You know about that?”

Loki chuckled darkly. “Most of the supernatural world knows about that kiddo… Azazel isn't
known for being quiet…” Loki’s caught by a sudden bout of hacking coughs, doubling up and
hugging his chest.

Sam’s eyes widen. “Loki?” He steps forward, concerned.
Loki straightens after a moment, looking drained. “Binding spells… can kill the one bound if not done right… Guess I'm just that unlucky…”

“Is there a shrine or something? Something I can break to free you…” Sam is torn between wanting to help Loki and wanting to walk away.

Loki shakes his head. “Just a charm… Jen has it… couldn't go against her if I tried…” He winces slightly as he looks up at him. “You should probably get going… tell Dean what you're up against…” Then came the weak smile and those eyes… those golden eyes seeming to be saying goodbye. “If you guys have to hunt me… I'll understand…”

Sam looks away. He hates seeing the pain in those golden eyes. And he hates that he hates it. “I'll do what I can to set you free. Soon as you can, get the hell outta dodge.” He looked at him again, the inner battle evident on his face even if the trickster couldn’t read his mind.

Loki sighs softly, shaking his head. “I can't… holding up his hand to stop Sam from asking before sighing, “I can't… leave knowing you might still be in danger…” Looking at the ground, too scared to see the anger or rejection in Sam's eyes. The golden eyed man suddenly tensed. “She's coming.” He hissed "You have to hide, Sam, quick!"

Sam rushed forward and squeezed into Loki’s open locker and pulled it shut.

“What are you wearing? I thought we agreed you’d draw less attention as the janitor,” a girl sneered at him as she stepped into view.

Gabe snapped into jeans, a dark button up, and a green jacket as the brown haired girl entered the room. “You're still here.” She said, sounding slightly surprised. "Good... have you dealt with my boyfriend yet?” Loki kept his eyes down and fists clenched. "Answer me.” She said sharply and Loki flinched like someone had stabbed him with a needle. "Yes..." He replied softly, and the girl nodded.

"Excellent. Next is my boss... what would be a good recompense for him..." she thinks for a moment and claps her hands. "Oooo how about the alligator in the sewer legend! It's perfect for a man like him!" She looked at Loki expectantly and when he didn't move she sighed "Do we really have to do this again?" She reached into her shirt and pulled out a small sealed bottle on a chain "You do what I say..." the bottle starts to glow slightly and Loki chokes, grabbing at his chest and gasping, "Or I end you... we clear?" Loki nods and she drops the necklace against her chest again. As the light in it fades Loki's body relaxes gasping for air and shaking slightly. "Now..." Jen said quietly, "Alligator, in the sewers, to kill my boss. Do it." Loki hung his head slightly in defeat, raising his hand slowly, he snapped. Jen smiled. "Good little Loki." She crooned laughingly before turning to leave, but then she stopped at the door and turned again. "Oh... one more thing... there are two FBI agents in town. I'm sure you know who I'm talking about." Loki’s shoulders tensed slightly. "I want them dealt with... one way or the other... you hear me?" Loki nodded mutely and she smirked. "I'm glad we understand each other." She turned on her heel and left, leaving the shaking god of mischief in her wake.

Sam waited a minute after she left before knocking softly on the locker, waiting to be let out. Loki stands, shaken, and opens it, offering Sam a hand to help him out, eyes dull.

Sam’s expression is soft. “I’m sorry… Loki…”

Loki nodded slightly, taking his hand. As soon as their hands touch, sparks dance across their nerves. Loki’s eyes widen slightly and their color returns, before he realizes what he's doing, he finds himself shaking with unshed tears.

Sam’s eyes widen. “What...?” He’s not sure what’s happening, or how to stop Loki’s tears. The fact is he wants to help him, even though everything in his life has told him he shouldn’t.

Loki turned away, trying to hide this... this vulnerable side of himself... he was the great Loki damn it! he was stronger then this! “Sorry...” he said, trying to get back his swagger. “M-Must have got something in my eye…”

“Don’t” Sam said, the pain clear in his voice, “don’t lie to me.”

Loki flinched slightly, looking back at him, as soon as their eyes met Loki couldn't stop the words that tumbled out of his mouth. “I didn't want you to ever see me like this… I wanted to be… better… for you… I tried not to kill and I helped people where I could and now-” Choking slightly,
he shuts his eyes tight, shaking, “now I'm a lap dog on a leash…”
Sam wrapped his arms around the trickster, nuzzling his nose in his hair. His voice was soft but confident. “I'll stop her, Loki. I’ll free you.” He hesitated before continuing. “When I do, you have to run. Please, Loki… I… I don’t want to hunt you…” He squeezed him gently before stepping back to look him in the eyes.
Loki, looks up at him, eyes sparkling with tears as he gives the smallest of nods. “Ok…”
Sam looks on the verge of tears himself. He nods and turns away again, as he forces himself to take each step forward, each step taking him farther away from Loki.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!