Bound By The Life Left Behind

by Obsidian Rose (StillRose)

Summary

Largely a darkfic where Sam and Castiel failed to recapture Demon Dean. Now they must each fight to save each other, survive the demon's promise of "no mercy," cure Dean, and find a way to somehow keep the "Deanmon" from crossing lines from which they know Dean could never recover once human again. Yet, can they? Especially as the demon knows all of their past sins, the ways to hurt them, and ultimately the way to pervert everything Dean was and loved.

Notes

This is on the dark side. Please heed warnings. It has elements of Wincest but it is not a Sam/Dean story. Ultimately it will be Destiel and hopefully a testament to the bond between Sam, Dean, and Cas. Chapters betaed by Steeleye1 are noted, otherwise assume they have been posted unbetaed.
I debated, but I did add the Dead Dove warning. While this fic has a lot feels, it is dark. It's a Deanmon fic. However, it is the first of a two-part series.

Kudos and comments feed the muse.

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Ya just couldn’t leave it alone could you, Sammy?” Dean, or what used to be Dean, said waving
the hammer in front of Sam’s face. “I told you not to come looking for me and what do you do?
Come looking for me.”

“Dea-” The older Winchester pressed cold metal, still wet with blood, to Sam's lips silencing him.

“If I have to hit you over the head again, it won’t a be little love tap,” his brother said.

Sam swallowed. His head was still pounding from the earlier blow that had knocked him
unconscious. *The one I thought was going to kill me.* Sam fought back a shudder remembering how
his brother had chased and taunted him through the bunker. Dean had literally put holes through
walls and doors trying to get to him. He had no doubt his beloved brother, now a demon, was trying
to kill him.

For one brief moment, Sam had had the upper hand. Even with an injured arm, he’d managed to get
Ruby’s blade to Dean’s throat. Sam could have ended it, stopped it, by killing the demon. Yet, he
couldn’t because deep down he still believed he could save Dean, cure him. He loved Dean. He’d
failed him in the past, he couldn’t fail him now.

Then there had been Cas. Sam’s eyes glanced briefly to the corner where the angel was huddled,
head down, arms bound behind his back. When Sam had failed to kill Dean, and it looked like Dean
was going to recreate the sin of Cain, Cas had shown up. Wrapping his arms around the elder
Winchester, the angel’s eyes flashing blue with the power of his grace intoning with the voice of
heaven, “It’s over, Dean.”

Only it wasn’t. Dean was no ordinary demon, he was a Knight of Hell fueled by the Mark of Cain
and while Castiel was an angel of the Lord, his grace was stolen. Cas hadn’t been able to hold Dean.

Sam remembered Dean head-buttting Cas, taking the angel by surprise and breaking free. He’d
turned swinging around and clocking Cas in the face with an elbow knocking the angel to the floor
before turning back to strike at Sam. There had been an explosion of pain on the right side of Sam’s
head and the world had gone black.

“Hey.” Dean tapped the bloody hammerhead to Sam’s lips again. “Eyes on me.”

Sam jerked his head back and growled at his brother, “Stop it, Dean.” There really wasn’t much else
he could do. He was strapped securely into the same chair he’d had Dean in earlier when he’d been
trying to do the purification ritual in a failed attempt to turn Dean back human.

Dean must have found some perverse sense of humor in binding Sam in the same cell and letting him
wake with his wrists bound painfully to the metal chair behind him. The position should have put his
shoulder in excruciating pain, but there was none. *Why? Had he been healed? Cas? Why would
Dean have allowed that?

His ankles were also bound. Sam had tugged on them shortly after gaining consciousness and could feel cold steel. *Bound by handcuffs.*

“Are you just terminally stupid, Sam? What part of this situation don’t you get? *You* are not in control here.” Dean said snapping Sam’s attention back to his brother. He smiled coldly and his eyes bled black erasing away his naturally warm green color. “You never were.”

“So what’s the play now then? Huh?” Sam knew it wasn’t exactly smart to challenge Dean right now, but if his brother had been in his right mind and not a demon, he’d want Sam to. He’d want Sam to fight, to be stubborn, and even if he wouldn’t, Sam was a Winchester. They didn’t give up. *And what really can he do to me that Lucifer didn’t?*

Dean studied Sam for a moment then shook his head, withdrawing the hammer. He set it down gently on the floor and took a step forward. Putting his hands on Sam’s shoulders he suddenly straddled him. With his legs on either side of the chair, Dean slowly lowered his body and sat in Sam’s lap.

Sam’s eyes flew open wide and he grunted at the unexpected weight of his brother. *What the fuck?* He caught a glimpse of movement in his peripheral vision. It was Cas, lifting his head like a dog suddenly alert to danger.

The demon that was now his brother scooted forward, forcing groin to groin contact with Sam.

“Dude!” Sam barked out anger rising up like a hot wind.

Dean rocked side to side as if trying to get comfortable. He ground his ass painfully against Sam’s cock.

Sam’s mouth went dry and he glared at Dean. This was not happening!

“What are you going to do about it, Sammy?” the Demon purred.

Sam refused to think of this thing as his brother, not like this.

“Trying to shock me?” Sam scoffed. “You might have done time in the Pit. I did a year in the cage with Lucifer. You’re going to have to try harder.”

The demon threw back his head and laughed. It sounded so much like Dean after he’d pulled a prank on Sam, it made the younger Winchester’s heart hurt. He couldn't go soft though. He had to keep it together, for Dean. *I will bring you back, bro. I will.*

“See, I think this is why I changed my mind,” Dean said after letting his laughter subside.

Sam arched an eyebrow. He refused to ask the question. He didn't want to play the demon’s game.

Grabbing Sam’s chin, Dean brushed a thumb across his lips and wiped at the blood. “Not gonna ask?”

Sam shrugged.

“Sam, don’t start being a little bitch just when we are starting to have fun,” the demon said bringing its blood coated thumb to its mouth. It snaked out its tongue and slowly licked the red smeared pad. “Mmmm, you know I can almost still taste a hint of demon taint.”
Anger flared through Sam, and he couldn’t help but jump and jerk against his restraints trying to buck the abomination off his lap. Some sins of his past, were truly never behind him no matter the face he presented. They were deep and intimate, and he wouldn’t let this thing torment him about them. The fact that it did was more proof that it wasn’t his brother.

Dean! Are you truly gone? Sam fought the loss of hope losing Dean permanently as he bucked against the monster in his lap.

The demon Dean laughed and held on, staying firmly perched on top of Sam. “Damn! You’re a sexy ride!”

“Shut up!” Sam huffed as he settled, his flailings doing little more than entertaining the demon.

“Ask me why you are still alive,” the demon taunted.

“Because I’m going to get free, and get my brother back.” Sam glared at the creature with his brother’s face.

Dean grabbed Sam’s face and began to swiftly shake it side to side. “Bzzzt! Wrong!”

Sam struggled against the demon’s hold but Dean was too strong. The muscles in his neck twisted painfully. If Dean twisted too fast or too hard, he could kill him. And then how would I save him if I’m dead?

“Why? Why am I still alive?” Sam finally blurted out the answer the demon wanted.

“Well to punish you,” the demon smiled again as he stopped shaking Sam’s head and loosened his hold sliding his hand down until they curled loosely around Sam’s neck.

Punish me? Sam inhaled sharply. He didn’t want to think about what this demon version of his brother had in mind.

“I promised you no mercy,” Dean purred, his thumbs softly caressing the pulse points in Sam’s neck. He leaned forward, pressing their chests together and whispered into Sam’s ear. “You were warned.”

Then he leaned back and stared into Sam’s eye, arching an eyebrow daring Sam to ask the next obvious question. He squeezed Sam’s neck ever so slightly, making it clear there would be consequences to silence.

“What are you going to do?” Sam ground out feeling his Adam’s apple sliding against the hands over his throat. “What’s my punishment?”

The pressure on Sam’s neck eased up, but the hands stayed coiled where they were. “So glad you asked, Sammy. You know I thought about it real hard while your brains were leaking out on the floor, and Cas over there was begging me to let him save your life.”

What? How hard had this thing hit me? How bad was I hurt? Sam longed to look back to the strangely silent angel in the corner for some sort of answers, but he didn’t dare. This Dean had made it all too clear it wanted Sam’s attention on him, and only him. Sam swallowed and fixed his gaze on the demon.

“I think Cas over there thought it was a moment of weakness, or that he actually got to his Dean when I finally agreed to let him use a large amount of the pathetic grace he has left to heal you. However, the reality is, Sammy, killing you with a quick blow to the head? I mean, what kind of
punishment is that? I can do better. I mean, I’m a Knight of Hell, not one of Crowley’s back alley barflies looking to make a deal with some poor drunk sap who just wants a promotion and a trophy wife.”

“So what, I’m supposed to endure your bad guy monologue? Is that it? If so, you’re right. Rather listen to Lucifer, at least he’s mildly entertaining.” Sam snapped.

Dean scowled and his eyes seemed to darken even more. “You’re such a bitch, Sam.” Then the demon smiled and slid his hands down away from Sam’s neck to pat them lightly on his chest. “Actually, that was the inspiration for my first idea. I thought, Sammy’s such a bitch, why not make him one?”

A new low feeling of terror began to build in Sam. It was as if some deep part of his brain, his being, had come alert to some danger more terrifying than he could name.

Dean’s smile grew as if he sensed the new fear rising in Sam, and enjoyed it. “Oh yeah, Sammy. It also involved dogs. I know how much you love them, seeing how you left me in Purgatory for a year because of one.”

“Dean-” The demon silenced Sam with a finger before he could deny the accusation.

“Oh, I know there was a slut involved too, but it all started with the dog, didn’t it Sammy? You hit a stray dog and what? Gave up looking for your brother?” Dean removed his finger and shook his head. “Things get tough you just roll over and give it up don’t you?”

Sam hitched a breath but kept silent. This isn’t Dean. He had to keep reminding himself of this fact, no matter that the demon was using Dean’s memories and the worst moments between the brothers to hurt Sam.

“So, where was I?” Dean asked rhetorically. “Oh, so I was thinking I should just make you a proper bitch. I could go to Crowley and maybe borrow a hellhound. I mean I know they aren’t really dogs, not like the ones you like, but I figured close enough. I could get a stud, bring him back here, and let him mount you. What do you think about that?”

The terror raised to a new pitch inside of Sam. NO! His skin began to grow cold even as it developed a fine sheen of sweat.

“No? Nothing?” Dean asked tapping Sam’s left cheek. “You gonna tell me Lucifer did that to you?”

There had been only Lucifer, Michael, and Sam in the Cage. Sam had endured many things at the hand of Lucifer, many degradations and torture, some of which were too terrible he wasn’t sure his mind could even remember them clearly. Yet, what Dean was threatening was a new horror and humiliation all the more so because it was Dean proposing it. Sam’s stomach turned and bile rose up the back of this throat. No, not Dean. Sam had to remember this was a corrupted version of Dean threatening him with this violation.

“See, nearly perfect. Such a new and delightful way to punish you, Sam. Let one of those things you can’t even see, but I can now that I’m a demon, come back here and run you down. Let it hold you down, claw at you until you were stripped naked, and then let it shove it’s cock right up your tight ass until it knotted you and shot it’s load hot-”

“DEAN!” Cas’s voice boomed from the corner with all the authority of an angel of the Lord, angry and commanding.

Both Sam and Dean looked across the room, Castiel was on the floor in the corner, his hands behind
his back, but he was looking at Dean with eyes blazing bright blue.

“Easy, Cas,” the demon warned, “you don’t want to hurt yourself.”

What does he mean by that? Sam studied the angel momentarily forgetting about his own situation. Though Cas’s eyes were burning with grace, his face was drawn and pale as if he were in great pain. What’s wrong with him? What has Dean done to him?

“Stop,” Cas said ignoring Sam’s gaze focusing only on the demon.

“You are in no position to make demands, feathers.”

“We had a deal-”

“Keep ruining my fun and it’s off!” The demon barked. “Or do you want me to crack Sam’s head open again and scramble his brains like eggs for an omelet? Do you think you’ve got enough grace to put Humpty Dumpty back together again, even if I let you?”

The blue light in Cas’s eyes died as the angel fell silent. He shook his head.

“Good! Then shut up like I told you, and keep to your corner until I have a use for you!” Dean ordered before grabbing hold of Sam’s chin and forcing his gaze back to him. “What did I tell you, Sammy?”

“What did you do to Cas?” Sam demanded.

“None of your fucking business!” Dean growled into Sam’s face. Then he took a deep breath. “Now, where was I? Oh, yeah, I was talking about how I should let one of Crowley’s studs cream your hole but then I realized I was thinking too small.”

Once again Sam felt the fear claw at the back of his brain and down his spine. What could be worse than letting a hellhound… Sam couldn’t even complete the thought it was so vile.

Dean reached behind his back and tugged at something in his belt. “All that would do would is make you a bigger bitch than you are now Sammy, but it wouldn’t make you more fun nor would it make you my bitch.”

Sam opened his eyes wide as he watched Dean bring Ruby’s blade out from behind him. He held it up in front of Sam’s face.

“So I had another idea,” Dean purred.

No! Sam shook his head suddenly fearing where he’s demented brother’s mind was going.

Dean waggled his eyebrows and smiled like he’d found the toy surprise in the cereal box just like when they were kids. “Oh yes, baby brother. I figure you’re more fun when you’re all hopped up on demon juice.”

“Dean, don’t!” Sam cried as he watched his brother slice a deep cut into his forefinger with the blade.

Dean hissed and swore, “Damn that stings! You’re so gonna owe me for this, Sammy.”

“No! I won’t! I won’t do it, Dean! I won’t drink your blood!” Sam yelled and shook his head definitely.
“What? You’ll put out for that skank Ruby but not for me?” Dean smiled as he tucked the blade back behind him. “C’mon, Sammy. Not only am I way cuter than her, I got better blood. You were sucking on Lilith’s cut-rate whore. I am a Knight of Hell, Sam. Think about how much better it will be. You get a taste for me, and you’ll be begging me for more.”

“NO! I won’t do it!” Sam yelled again as Dean held up his bleeding finger to Sam’s face. Sam closed his eyes and snapped his mouth shut.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to insist baby brother,” Dean said as he used his other hand to grab and pinch Sam’s nose shut rubbing his bloody finger over Sam’s lips.

“Open up and take your medicine,” Dean ordered wedging his finger between Sam’s lips trying to get past his teeth. Sam twisting his head and bucked in the chair trying to jerk free from Dean’s hold. “Take your punishment!”

Dean’s grip on Sam’s nose was like a vice, strong and unrelenting his finger shoving incessantly. Still, Sam refused to open his mouth. I won’t go back! I won’t be that thing..that addict again! However, he was beginning to get light headed as his lungs started to demanded air. It didn’t help all of his fighting was burning up oxygen reserves he didn’t have.

“C’mon, Sam. Got nummies for your tummy,” Dean crooned in a parody of what he used to say when he was a young boy and Sam refused to eat his vegetables.

Tears formed in Sam’s eyes. Dean, please don’t. Sam’s body was starting to convulse with the need for air. Yet, he couldn’t, wouldn’t give in to the demon’s demand. Sam wouldn’t just be betraying himself, he’d be betraying Dean all over again. Sam had promised his brother he’d never drink demon blood again. What would this do to Dean when he was himself? And you will be yourself again!

Spots were forming in Sam’s eyes as he fought the involuntary response to open his mouth and breathe. He had to hold on, how could he save Dean if he couldn’t save himself?

“It’s gonna happen, Sam. You can’t stop me, so you might as well give in,” Dean said softly almost lovingly. “But the longer you fight, the more I enjoy it.”

A shudder ran through Sam as the need to breathe became too great. He opened his mouth to try and gulp a lungful of air. Dean’s finger wedging itself in between his jaws. Blood started filling his mouth, Sam choked as he inhaled it along with a lung full of air.

“Geesh Sam, swallow it. Don’t breathe it. Thought you were the smart one,” the demon chided as he forced his finger deeper down Sam’s throat.

Sam tried pushing it back with his tongue, tasting the salty iron of Dean’s blood with a tang of something other that Sam recognized was the demon taint. The finger remained, gagging him as more blood filled Sam’s mouth trickling down his throat. In a panic he bit down hard on the finger, hoping the pain would force Dean to pull it out.

“Oh..that’s right, use a little teeth baby,” Dean purred. “Gets me hot.”

Saliva and blood began leaking out of the corners of Sam’s mouth and down his chin, yet not enough. There was too much to get air around, and Sam still needed to breathe. In defiance of his will and horror, his body took over and swallowed. Tears streamed down Sam’s cheek as he could feel the blood sliding down his throat and pooling in his stomach. Opening his mouth wider, he breathed around Dean’s finger, before swallowing again. More blood flowed into him hot and bitter.
“That’s it, Sammy,” Dean said sweeping his finger over Sam’s tongue. “Swallow it all down.”

Sam tried to fight again, using his tongue to press against the back of his throat to block the stream of blood, but it was a stop-gap measure at best. Before long he was swallowing around Dean again and taking in the demon blood, just so he could breathe. Still, Sam didn’t want to give up, so it was a battle for each breath versus each mouthful of demon taint. He had no idea how long the fight lasted. It was probably only minutes but seemed like hours as he was forced to suck Dean’s finger or choke and suffocate.

At some point, Sam’s awareness was forced away from his struggles to breathe to a new horror where his groin was pressed against his brother’s. He felt something, a wrongness he could barely process. Dean is...he’s getting hard! Sam opened his eyes, dark with horrified revulsion, and stared at the demon version of his brother.

“Ah, don’t worry, Sammy. That ain’t for you...well not yet. Not until less you beg me for it,” Dean said as he slowly pulled his finger out of Sam’s mouth before tapping it against Sam’s cheek. “And you will won’t you? When the blood cravings start...and if that’s the only way I’ll give it to you.”

No! Never! Sam shook his head and began spitting out what remained of Dean’s blood in his mouth.

“Too late to spit, baby, not when you’ve already swallowed,” Dean laughed as he stood and backed away from Sam.

“Go to hell!” Sam snarled looking back at the demon.

“Been there. Done that. We both got the t-shirts.” Dean winked then turned and looked at Castiel who was still silently seated in the corner. “Cas, looks like you’re up. Crawl your feathered ass over here.”

“Dean, no,” Sam pleaded fearing for the weakened angel. “Leave him alone.”

“He’s gotta take his punishment too, Sam,” Dean said watching as the angel shuffled slowly and quietly over to him on his knees. He stopped in front of the demon.

“Don’t.” Sam tried again suspecting what was going to happen next.

Dean looked back at him and glared. “Keep talking and I’ll take an angel blade and start peeling Cas’s skin like an orange peel. You think he’s got enough grace to recover from that?”

Sam looked at Cas. The angel shook his head slightly. Cas! Sam bit back another plea and glared at the demon.

Dean cupped Cas’s chin almost gently and turned his head up toward him. Then with his free hand, he undid his belt, unzipped his jeans, and pulled out his semi-hard cock.

“Sammy’s got me all hot and bothered. So it’s time for you to open up your mouth, angel. You’re gonna suck me off and swallow a different kind of demon juice,” the Deanmon said staring into Cas’s blue eyes. “And if you protest or fight me in any way, I will give Sam’s ass over to a hellhound. Understand me?”

Cas nodded opening his mouth.

Dean smiled and began to ease his cock between the angel’s lips. “Good. That’s just heavenly.”

Sam turned his head and his heart broke as he heard Cas choking. It was bad enough he’d have to
listen to his brother violate their friend, he couldn’t watch. As Dean hummed and made grunting noise of approval, Sam wanted to cry. However, he forced back the tears.

He had to think. He had to figure a way out of this for himself, Cas, and Dean. He had to do it soon, before this demon Dean went too far, too far for the real Dean to be able to forgive himself.

“Cas, if your mouth is this good, can’t wait to try your ass!” Sam heard Dean say.

*If he hasn’t already.*
Castiel had been intimate with Dean Winchester from the moment he’d first met the Righteous Man. Cas had led a charge into hell to retrieve the hunter’s soul. As a seraph, Cas had fought through hell’s horrors and degradations, only to find the one he sought already fallen.

The angel had seen Dean, in the Pit laid low, a growing abomination delighting in pain and humiliation. Undeterred, Cas had gripped the twisted soul tight and lifted it out of perdition. He’d rebuilt Dean’s body cell by cell, restoring dead and rotting flesh to life. From skin to eyeballs, to the membrane around Dean’s heart, Castiel was familiar with every aspect of Dean Winchester’s mortal coil.

When he had restored the shell, the angel had gently restored the man’s soul. Castiel had used his own grace to soothe and cool the angry red scars of hell which had thrummed across and through Dean Winchester’s ephemeral being. In the process, Castiel had found he’d formed a bond with the human, one that had not dissipated once he’d gently reunited body and soul making the hunter whole again.

The bond had been tested many times in the intervening years since Cas had redeemed Dean, but it had never been broken. In many ways, it had only grown, even when Cas had fallen. Now, as this demon Dean ground his cock deep into his Cas’s mouth, the angel held onto the bond. We...it will survive this.

“That’s it, feathers,” the demon said, “open wider and relax your throat.”

Cas knew that the demon was trying to use this physical intimacy, this humiliation to hurt or break him. However, Castiel was an angel, and his true being was a celestial wave of intent. While, he’d been anchored to this vessel now for longer, and in ways that he or perhaps no other angel had, at his core he still knew the body was just a vessel. He could disassociate from it and what it endured because in the end, it was not him.

There was a sharp quick pain, as Dean flicked his fingers against Cas’s cheek. “Pay attention! What did I say?”

Cas swallowed around Dean’s dick, tasting sweat stuck to skin, the pungent musk of the older Winchester, and something else he didn’t recognize. He tried inching his jaws farther apart. They were already wide enough to ache slightly. Then as the tip of Dean’s penis slid over the back of Cas’s tongue to bump against his throat, the angel felt the need to retch. Gag reflex. I must control it or risk choking on my own vomit. Cas tapped into his grace to fight the reaction, setting off the runes in the cuffs around his wrist. Pain flared up his arms and he hissed around the shaft in his mouth.

“Mmm,” Dean purred as he buried his hands in Cas’s hair, using it to jerk the angel closer. “Look at me.”

Comments and kudos feed the muse. :) Now betaed by Steeleye1 - Thank you does not express my gratitude!!!
Cas struggled to keep his balance at the sudden pull and not accidentally biting down on Dean. He worked his lips over Dean’s delicate skin to act as a buffer without realizing he was creating a ring of tight suction of sensation. He looked up at Dean, blue eyes meeting green. It would be preferable if they were the demon’s black.

“That’s it, angel,” Dean said pushing his cockhead past the back of Castiel’s mouth and edging it down his throat before withdrawing briefly but shoving it sharply back again. “Bow down, Cas, and use that mouth of yours to profess your love unto me, your lord.”

Cas choked and the demon grunted as it savagely pushed it’s way deeper into the angel. Castiel was drowning in flesh and saliva as the muscles in this throat fought to swallow both down while his tongue worked to try and push the intrusion out. Tears leaked out of his eyes at the old shameful words he’d once used with Dean and Sam to kneel before him. The demon had found a way to violate him after all.

“Worship me, or I will destroy you both.” Dean eased his cock out a little just enough for Cas to catch a breath before slamming it back in again.

Castiel had little knowledge to draw on to aid him. He could remember in the film he’d watched long ago in the hotel room with Dean and Sam how the babysitter had done something similar to the pizzaman, however, she’d had use of her hands, a luxury Cas did not have. She also seemed to find the practice enjoyable, which I do not.

Still, for Sam’s sake, Cas did what he could. He used his tongue to lave around the intruding flesh in his mouth and continued swallowing around it convulsively trying not to choke. Spit leaked out of his mouth and ran down his chin his eyes never leaving Dean’s.

The demon grinned and began to pump his hips harder, face fucking Castiel so hard the angel’s throat was bruising and Dean’s balls were slapping his chin. Eventually, Dean let out a loud grunt Castiel's mouth began to fill with something thick and hot. Salty and bitter liquid flooded his mouth faster than he could swallow. It seeped out of the corners of his mouth and began to slide down his chin.

“Good boy,” Dean said grinding against Castiel's face. “Swallow it all down. You think you fell before, Cas? What will heaven think now? You on your knees swallowing my jizz down like communion?”

Castiel ignored the demon’s taunts and concentrated breathing through his nose and not choking. In truth, he knew heaven’s opinion of him was so low this act would probably not rate a glance. How could my victimization rightly compare to the sins of slaughtering my own brethren? Dean would know this was no comparison. Further proof this thing raping him was not really the human with whom he shared a bond.

Finally, the demon stilled then slowly withdrew its softening cock from Castiel's mouth with a soft “pop”. It glistened wetly with spunk and spit. Taking his dick in hand, Dean wiped the tip of it across Cas’s cheek.

“You can close your mouth now, Cas,” he said warmly, so much like Dean, the angel almost gasped.

Castiel closed his mouth. He swallowed reflexively, trying to get the taste of Dean’s semen out of his mouth.

“Always thought you’d make a great cocksucker,” Dean said finally tucking himself away back into his pants and zipping up. He bent down so he was eye level with Cas. “I mean, you didn’t think I
didn’t notice did you? The way you stared at me? All those long lingering looks? You wanted this, Cas.”

There were times in the past when he’d wondered what Dean would taste like. When Castiel had been briefly human, he’d found himself aroused on more than one occasion thinking of the older Winchester.

Castiel had never deluded himself. He loved Dean, and that love took many forms including agape and eros. However, he had always been content to let Dean set the boundaries and terms of their relationship. As in most things, Castiel followed Dean, and the hunter had never seemed to want more than a filial connection.

Castiel continued to keep his gaze locked on Dean’s. He could still see the human’s soul behind those eyes. Now, however, there were veins threaded throughout it, pulsing black with the demon’s corruption and they were growing larger. These were not scars his grace, if he’d had it, could heal.

“I wanted a consensual sexual encounter with Dean Winchester.” Castiel’s voice was hoarse and his throat hurt.

“Geesh! Will you listen to yourself? Let me tell you a secret buddy, the old me was never gonna fuck a cold clueless son of a bitch like you. I’m doing you a favor. You should be grateful.”

“I do not believe it is customary to thank one’s rapist,” Castiel ground out. He could not afford to let the demon know its words had found their mark.

Dean suddenly grabbed Castiel’s chin in a painful grip and jerked his head forward, once again nearly throwing the angel off balance and to the floor. “You will if I say you will, or I’ll start painting the walls with Sam’s blood.”

“Well then, thank you for a most instructive experience,” Castiel said between pursed lips.

Dean stared at Cas for a moment before shoving him backward. This time he did lose his balance falling to the floor and landing on his bound hands behind his back.

The demon stood up. “I wonder what’s it going to take to break you, feathers? What’s gonna shake that stick loose from your ass?”

Castiel glared back at Dean. “I’m not sure I-”

“What’s going to make you lose faith in me? To finally convince you I’m Dean now, and not the one you are pining for, the one who would never give in to any hidden desires to fuck an angel that was not a pretty redhead. That Dean is gone.”

“Nothing,” Castiel said simply as he rolled to his side and then managed to get back up on his knees. Another barb had found its mark. "There's nothing you can do."

The demon took a step forward and reached for Castiel, who somehow did not flinch. Then it rubbed a thumb across the angel’s chin wiping at the mix of saliva and semen still shining there. “You’re wrong,” Dean said bending down and wiping his thumb on Cas’s tie. “And I’m going to prove it to you. When I’m done with you, you’re not only going to not have faith in me anymore, you are going to wish you still had the power to smite me.”

Cas took a deep breath and slowly shook his head. He had faith he and Sam would find a way to restore Dean, to cure him of the blackness eroding him. They had to do it soon before the demon did things Dean could not come back from. Like killing Sam. That was the only threat Castiel feared.
Whatever else the demon did, whatever the torture it put Castiel through, if Sam were safe then Dean could ultimately recover from this.

Dean let out a long laugh then ruffled Castiel’s hair. “This is gonna be fun. But right now? I need a beer.” It looked at the angel and then over to Sam. “Now you two behave. I won’t be gone long.”

Then it turned and sauntered out of the room and shut the door. The tumblers of the lock falling into place seemed to boom like thunder.

“Cas?” Sam called softly.

Castiel turned his head and looked at the younger Winchester. His gaze was fixed on the angel and his eyes were wide with worry and something else.

“I am alright,” Cas said as he began crawling toward Sam.

“Alright? Dude, Dean just...he just-”

“I am keenly aware of what transpired between this demon version of Dean and myself,” Castiel said as he reached Sam’s side. “It does not change the fact that I am alright.”

“How can you say that?” It was clear now the something else in Sam’s eyes was anger. “What he did-”

Castiel shook his head and interrupted, “Sam, you are alive! That is what is most important here.”

Sam frowned leaning forward as far as his bonds would let him. “Did you not hear what that thing said? He wants to break you.”

“Good,” Cas sighed shifting until he was no longer on his knees and was sitting with his back leaning against the side of Sam’s legs.

“Good?”

Castiel was tired. His throat hurt, his knees ached, and his wrist burned from the slight uses of his grace of which he was down to so little. He was close to being human again, a thought which terrified him. The demon had promised to break Castiel which he could only surmise meant far more physical torment then he’d endured up to now. He’d need that grace to heal.

He sighed. He really just wanted to close his eyes and meditate. Take the few moments he had and clear his mind, shove back the memories of the last few minutes. He wanted to push back the insidious whispers in his celestial brain, the ones which were focused on the demon’s words about Dean’s hidden desires. *What did that mean? Demons lie, but...did Dean have...?* He had to focus.

He turned slightly so he could look up at the younger of the two Winchesters, the brothers who had come to mean so much to him. They were the humans he’d sided with over heaven itself. “Sam, I do not know how much time we have and there are things you have to understand.”

Sam’s eyebrows furrowed. “What things, Cas?”

“Dean...this demon is trying to corrupt you now with the demon blood. May even seek to corrupt you further in other ways, but ultimately I think it wants to kill you and we can’t let that happen.”

“The Mark?” Sam asked taking a sudden deep breath.

Cas nodded his head. “Cain killed Abel. I believe that is Dean’s ultimate goal here. He’s already
tried once.”

Sam tilted his head.

“When he hit you, earlier,” Cas began to explain. “It was...bad. You were gravely wounded, Sam. It was a mortal one. Your skull was cracked open and there was significant hemorrhaging as well as cranial swelling.”

The color drained from Sam’s face as he leaned back into the chair and listened to Cas.

“I saw how significant the damage was and begged for your life. At first, I thought the demon was just going to swing again, finish what it had started, but then it made me an offer. It would let me save your life if I first went and retrieved a box from one of the storerooms. I had no time to deliberate, Sam. So I did. When I returned, Dean had his foot on your throat.”

Castiel paused. It was an image he would like burned from his memories, Dean standing with his boot on Sam’s neck while the younger brother was laboring for breath his brains leaking out onto the concrete floor.

“Cas?” Sam called out softly. “What happened next?”

“Dean, the demon, warned me not to ‘try anything funny’ and then gave me permission to heal you,” Cas took a shuddery breath. “The grace I have is not my own, Sam. I am...not as strong as I should be. I managed to save your life, even heal your shoulder but...you still have a slight concussion.”

“Hey, you did more than enough, Cas,” Sam reassured.

Castiel gave Sam a small smile. “I’m afraid it left me very weak.”

“So what was in the box? Those cuffs?” Sam asked.

Castiel nodded. “Dean told me to put them on, or he’d snap your neck. He correctly surmised I did not have enough grace left to restore you from that.”

A small shudder went through Sam. He gave a small shake of his head, “So, what are they? What do they do?”

The angel leaned forward so Sam could get a better look. He knew what the Winchester would see, thick leather cuffs scared with Enochian runes belted tightly over his forearms and around his wrists a pair of metal cuffs.

“They have some sort of Enochian spell on them. It binds my grace. When I try and use it, they burn. The more grace I use, the hotter they burn and the more painful they are.” Castiel leaned back against Sam again. “Understand, I am limited in how I can help you.”

“Help me? Cas, I’m not the one he’s threatening to break and I really don’t want to think what that means.”

He shifted around so he could catch Sam’s gaze with his own. “Sam, listen to me. No matter what, we need to keep his focus off you as much as possible. You have to believe me, if he fixates on you, The Mark will eventually drive him to kill you and if he does that, we will lose Dean.”

“Cas-”

The angel pushed what reserves of strength he had into his voice, using all the dregs of command he
once had in hopes to get Sam to listen to him. “Sam, what good will it do to cure Dean if finds himself human only to know he killed you?”

Sam fell silent for a long moment as Castiel's words seem to sink into him. He took several deep breaths and tears began to form in the corner of his eyes. “But Cas,” he began softly, “I can’t just let him hurt you. I can’t just sit here and watch...do nothing while he tortures you.”

“I do not expect you to,” Castiel smiled warmly. “Dean is not the only Winchester in whom I have faith, Sam. I know you will find a way...determine a means to get us out of here and get Dean back.”

Sam took another deep breath then nodded. “Okay, Cas. Okay, I just...”

“Now...how are you? Are you feeling any ill effects of the blood yet?” Castiel asked cutting Sam off from any further discussion on the previous topic.

“Not really,” Sam answered shaking his head. “I mean I can feel it, it’s a jumpy feeling under my skin like I drank too much coffee, but other than that nothing.”

The angel studied Sam, looking to see if he could find any taint to his soul. It was always harder for him to see these things in Sam. While he had also raised the younger brother from hell, it had not been in the same manner in which he had raised Dean.

“I...I don’t sense anything different in you yet,” Cas admitted.

Sam looked away and curled his fists, a deep flush rising up his cheeks. “He is right though. His blood is different. It’s...” Sam fell quiet and hung his head.

“We will get through this, Sam,” Castiel said softly offering reassurance.

“How?” Sam asked not looking at the angel.

“The way we always do, together.” He smiled grimly.

Sam lifted his head and back at Castiel. He held his gaze for a moment then returned the smile. “Team Free Will?”

The angel nodded.

Thunder boomed through the room again as the tumblers moved. The angel and Sam jumped turning and looked toward the door. It opened and Dean sauntered back in, his green eyes casting about the room taking inventory until they landed on Castiel.

“I just remembered, I hate drinking alone,” he said as he strode over to Castiel. He reached down and grabbed the angel by his collar and hauled him to his feet. “C’mon, Cas, come have a drink with me. You don’t mind do you, Sammy?”

Dean flashed a smile and black eyes at his brother.

“Dean-,” Sam growled.

With his free hand, the demon delivered a powerful backhand across Sam’s cheek nearly toppling the bound Winchester on his side. “Didn’t think so.”

Castiel locked eyes on Sam as he was jerked back, his feet almost flying out from under him. Blood was seeping down Sam’s chin, his lip was split. He moaned softly as he shook his head to clear the hair from his eyes. Then his gaze locked onto Castiel’s. The angel shook his head slightly.
“’Fraid there’s no night light down here. Hope you aren’t still afraid of the dark, Sammy” Dean said as he and Cas reached the door. The demon reached its hand over to the light switch and flipped it off, plunging the room into total blackness save for the light shining from the doorway.

Then Dean pulled Castiel out into the hall, slamming the door shut behind them and locking it. Wrapping an arm around Cas’s shoulder, Dean pulled the angel close and then whispered into his ear, “’C’mon, Cas. Let’s get this party started.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Pay attention to the warnings folks. Things are starting to get rough.

Ok, I wasn't planning on getting another chapter out so soon, but all the kudos spurred me on. As I say, kudos and comments feed my muse. Now betaed by Steeleye1 - many kudos and thanks!

Sam had one final look at Cas before the room was plunged into darkness. The angel’s face was inscrutable, giving no clue as to whether or not he was scared. However, Sam was terrified enough for the both of them. He knew the lengths Dean would go as a hunter to bring down a monster, he didn’t want to imagine what he would do to lay low an angel.

“Cas,” Sam whispered into the black all around then screamed in frustration as he tugged uselessly at his bonds. He knew it was futile but he had to do something, had to find some way to burn off the anxiety and the rampant energy running through his system.

He’d lied. Cas had enough to worry about, he didn’t need to know how swiftly Sam was falling again. He was feeling the effects of Dean’s blood. It wasn’t anything like a caffeine high, more like bees swarming just under his skin. Every nerve seemed to be alive with awareness and his being seemed to scream to do something.

When he’d been with Ruby, this feeling had naturally led to sex. With her, blood and screwing had all been intertwined until he’d associated the taste for one with the other.

Sam didn’t like to think of how long it had taken him not to have the lingering aftertaste of iron on the back of his throat every time he’d come down from a post orgasm high. Now, he didn’t want to think of the slow-burning arousal growing at the base of his spine.

He was not going to get hard from his brother’s blood. It was horrific enough Dean had sprouted wood feeding it to him. Think about Cas! However, those weren’t really welcome thoughts either.

How would he ever forget the image of Dean forcing his cock into Cas’s mouth or the sounds of the angel choking on it? And for me? To keep me safe. Sam let out another scream of rage.

Cas was always a self-sacrificing idiot. Yet, this was taking it to a whole new level. Rationally, Sam understood the angel’s argument. He did. Castiel was right, if demon Dean killed Sam, then a human Dean would be lost. His brother would never be able to forgive himself. However, Sam just couldn’t accept this sacrifice. Cas was family, and you didn't turn your back on family.

Sam let his head fall back and take a deep breath. He pictured Cas in better times. He thought of the angel’s puzzled expression when he’d fail to understand a reference, the ridiculously literal messages he’d use to answer his voice mail, or the devoted way he’d watch Dean when he thought no one was watching. Or even sometimes when someone was.

“Dean. Cas. You stupid idjits,” Sam said using Bobby’s favorite expression for when any of them were being too stupid for words but were loved all the same. The youngest Winchester raised his
head and sighed. Why was it he could see what his brother couldn’t? Cas was totally in love with Dean. And if Dean would ever stop captaining the good ship Denial, he might as well have inked “Property of Castiel” right underneath his anti-possession tattoo. There wasn’t anything Dean wouldn’t do for Cas.

Tears formed in Sam’s eyes but he refused to shed them. Maybe it was better this way, that they didn’t know. It was obvious the demon was perverting Dean’s latent feelings to torment Cas. Maybe it’s also another way to further corrupt Dean? Solidifying the Mark’s hold on him, like killing me?

How would his brother and Cas ever get past this? Didn’t the angel realize what hurting him would do to Dean? But we have to get him back first and to do that I have to get out of here.

Sam took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He tried to ignore the buzzing under his skin and the throb in his groin for a moment and think. He was good and stuck for the time being. There was no way he was slipping out of the cuffs, and even if he could, he wasn’t getting past the locked door.

So my chance comes when I’m out of this chair. He had to think. What could he do? What were his options?

His fingers twitched and his knees bounced. The restless energy was like a living creature seeking its own escape. Sam’s breath hitched. An idea was forming, it was a bad one, and no doubt half born from the addiction Dean was trying to reawaken in him.

Dean’s blood was powerful and potent. Exactly what would its effects be on Sam? Aside from craving blood again, would he have his demonic abilities again? NO! Some part of him rebelled at the thought. This was no doubt exactly what the Deanmon wanted.

Yet, maybe... Sam closed his eyes. Instead of pushing the energy away he reached for it. He called out to it, trying to gather it in his mind, flexing it like a muscle atrophied from disuse.

Suddenly an image burst in his mind. Cas bent over, half-naked, bruised, and hands fisted in pain. Then, there was fire reflected in his eyes, so close Sam could feel its searing heat.

“No!” Sam screamed, his head exploding with pain.

DEAN SHOVED CAS into a chair by the big table in the center room of the bunker. It was the table the brothers always gathered around when they were researching for a hunt, or having what Dean liked to call a “chick flick” moment.

Cas sat quietly watching as the demon grabbed a bottle of whiskey and two glasses from a nearby shelf. He sat one tumbler in front of the angel and another one in front of himself. Then he filled both glasses to the brim before setting the bottle down and taking a seat.

Dean lifted his glass and held it up toward Cas, “Here's to what goes in hard and stiff and comes out soft and wet.” Then the demon took a long sip.

Ignoring the toast and all of its connotations, Cas stared at Dean then glanced down at the glass in front of him. He looked back at the demon and leaned forward waving his bound hands behind him. “Am I supposed to imbibe with you or just stare at it?”

The demon snorted, “Could always make you lap it up like a dog, but already made Sammy bitch.”
Fishing a key out of his pocket, Dean scooted close to Cas and unlocked the cuffs. He removed them and moved back, setting the metal cuffs on the table.

Cas rolled his shoulders forward, trying to slowly ease the joints back into a stress-free position before bringing his hands forward and rubbing the red angry circles around his wrists. The leather bindings were still buckled securely around his forearms, the buckles causing an electrical tingling sensation as his fingers brushed near them. The spell would prevent him from removing them.

Dean picked up his glass and pointed at finger at Cas. “Drink.”

The angel wasn’t sure what the point of this exercise was, even with diminished grace it would take more than one drink to render him even mildly impaired. Yet, if this is what the demon wanted, for now, Castiel would comply. It was better than many of the other alternative options.

Cas picked up the glass in front of him and swallowed the contents in one fluid motion. The alcohol burned and tasted like stale coffee gone very bad. It was pungent and unpleasant but welcomed. It cleansed away the remaining tastes of Dean’s spend.

“Hard day at the office?” Dean teased before taking another sip of his own drink with one hand while reaching over with the other to grab the bottle and refill Castiel’s glass. “Guess you earned that.”

Castiel arched an eyebrow. Was he supposed to be grateful?

Dean leaned back in his chair and stared at the angel. His gaze was steady and focused as if he were trying to see past Cas’s vessel to see the very essence of the angel.

Cas stared back.

The demon grinned. It was an achingly familiar grin. It was the one Dean had worn the night before they’d faced Raphael together; that first night the hunter had put his arm around Cas and laughed.

Castiel picked up his drink and drained his glass.

“So how do you think this is gonna end, Cas?” Dean asked.

The angel set the empty tumbler back down on the table and glanced back at the demon. “With you cured and the Mark removed.”

Dean threw back his head and laughed. It was the same laugh, it was different. It sounded the same, but it was absent all the joy and warmth Cas associated with the hunter.

“You really are a poor dumb son of a bitch, aren’t you?” the demon asked shaking its head and returning to gaze at Cas.

“I am assuming the question is rhetorical as we both know angels have no mother, let alone one belonging to the genus Canis.” Castiel arched an eyebrow.

Dean reached over and refilled Cas’s glass. “Funny, feathers. Very funny.”

“How did you expect me to answer?” Castiel reached for the glass. This time he took a moderate sip.

“I expect you to realize there is no curing me. You talk about me as if I’m sick or something,” Dean said before finishing the last of his drink, “and I can promise you that’s not the case.”

“You are a demon, Dean. While that may not be an illness, it is not natural. It is not who you are nor
is it what you were meant to be,” Cas said.

Dean pointed his finger at Cas again. “Nope. There you are wrong. This is what I’m meant to be. This is very much the natural order of things. Me, like this? It’s evolution.”

Cas shook his head. He would not accept this. “You are the Right-”

“Bullshit!” the demon interrupted Cas, “Don’t pull that Righteous Man crap with me, Cas. We both know what I did in the Pit and what I started. Hell, what I did not ten minutes ago, tell me how fucking righteous that was?”

“You fell. You have fallen, but you are no less the Rig-” Cas began.

Dean slammed his glass down on the table. “Say it, angel. Say it, and I’ll cut your tongue out.”

Castiel stared at the demon a moment the sighed. “What is it you want me to say?”

“I want you to realize this Dean you have in your head? The one you think you can save? Is gone.”

“I can’t do that,” Castiel said without hesitation.

Dean shook his head and refilled his glass. Taking a sip, he leaned back in his chair watching the angel. After several long moments, he spoke. “You know I’m gonna kill him, right? Sam.”

The burn of the alcohol faded away from Cas’s senses as the demon spoke. Sam! Every instinct inside the angel screamed to protect the other Winchester no matter the cost. He had to tread carefully. Somehow Castiel had to keep the demon’s focus on him and not Sam.

Ever so slowly Cas sat a little straighter in his chair. He glanced down at Dean’s arm. “It’s the Mark.”

“Of course it’s the Mark,” the demon said rolling up its sleeve exposing the red ugly looking flesh that formed the ancient curse. “It’s a damned needling nuisance demanding attention. Kinda like boners in junior high. Only this thing wants blood, especially Sammy’s.”

“Dean…” Cas began.

The demon held up a finger. “Don’t start molting on me, feathers. I’m not gonna kill him, at least not today. Probably not even tomorrow. I told you, I’m still me, Dean Winchester, and I’m no one’s attack dog, not Crowley’s and not a damn scar’s!”

Cas let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and swallowed.

“However,” Dean started before slamming back the rest of his drink, “doesn’t mean it ain’t gonna happen. You and me, we both know it’s just a matter of time. Question is. What do we do until the time runs out?”

“It doesn’t have to happen, not if you let us help you,” Cas argued, pleading with his eyes for some part of Dean’s corrupted soul to hear him.

Dean tilted his head and stared back at Cas. This was the familiar dance with them, the long glances studying each other and saying things with their eyes they’d never say aloud. Yet this was not the same, the rhythm was off and the music was different full of dissonant chords.

“Kiss me,” the demon suddenly said rising from its chair moving closer to Cas.
“Wha..what?” Castiel asked clearly off balance.

The demon perched on the edge of the table by the angel, close enough Castiel could feel the heat from its body. It leaned forward slightly and whispered, “Kiss me.”

Castiel arched an eyebrow. What new game was this? Throughout the history of humankind and cultures, there was a multitude of variations on kissing and what it meant to “kiss.” What exactly does it want? Perhaps it was best to stick to the “basics.”

Tentatively Cas stood and shuffled forward. Keeping his eyes on Dean for any signs of danger or disapproval, Castiel slowly leaned forward and pressed his lips lightly to the hunter’s before quickly withdrawing. At least he’s stopped talking about Sam.

Dean suddenly reached out and gripped Castiel by the shoulder keeping him close. Dean’s green eyes locked with Castiel’s blue. “You can do better than that, Cas. What about the pizza man, huh? You’d put out for that skank Meg, but not for me? We both know I rank higher in Hell, especially since Crowley shoved a blade through her head.”

Meg. The Deanmon had scratched at another wound. Castiel swallowed back the memories and bittersweet emotions they evoked. He knew what the demon wanted now. It seemed both a betrayal of Meg and Dean. But if it keeps Sam safe...

Castiel surged forward wrapping one hand behind Dean’s shoulders while the other buried itself in the man’s hair. He pulled the hunter flush to him and molded their lips together. Running his hand down the hunter’s back and then up his side to caress his throat, Cas licked his tongue against Dean’s lips demanding entry.

Dean groaned, opening up, and letting Cas inside.

The angel gripped Dean’s hair, pulling it almost painfully and he tasted him. Castiel’s tongue mapped the demon’s mouth, chasing the taste of whiskey and something else. It was another flavor, a unique amalgamation of senses condensed into a zest whole unto Dean, one the angel associated with the Winchester’s soul. It was hot asphalt, the sound of the Impala’s engine, gun oil, and cherry pie.

Castiel bit at the demon’s lips. Hungrily, he sought more of that essence of his Dean, as if by this act alone he could somehow scour the human’s soul free from the demon’s taint.

The demon laughed against his lips and bit back. They were playful bites. Daring nips, urging the angel on as Dean raised his hands, pressing them to Castiel’s chest.

Cas leaned into the touch, his mouth finding a new way to worship Dean.

The hunter threaded his hands up over Castiel’s shoulders and began to tug at his coat, pushing it off and away.

Sighing against Dean’s cheek, Cas relinquished his hold letting his arms fall.

With a heady growl, the demon finished tearing the coat from Cas. Grabbing the angel by his waist he pulled him close, tucking him tightly between the “V” of his legs.

Castiel went willingly. This wasn’t real. This wasn’t his, Dean. Yet, it was what the demon wanted, it was keeping Sam safe, and it was better than what the demon had done before. That was the lie Castiel was telling himself. Among the many things the Winchesters had taught the angel, it was how to lie to oneself to justify the means to an end.
Cool air tickled at Cas’s chest. He broke the heated kisses and looked down in surprise to see that half of his dress shirt had been undone by Dean. The angel looked back at Dean.

Dark mischief danced in his green eyes. “I know so much more than the pizza man,” he said as he finished unbuttoning Castiel’s shirt leaving only his tie dangling down his chest.

Cas shook his head. This was going much farther than a kiss. “Dean…”

The demon pressed a finger to Cas’s lips. “Don’t start playing coy now, feathers.” Dean’s voice was soft and teasing, but there was a dangerous undertone to it.

Castiel swallowed, then nodded.

Dean smiled, moved his finger, and leaned in to press a gentle kiss to Cas’s lips. The demon ran its hands over Castiel’s shoulders and slowly began to ease the cotton shirt down the angel’s arms.

The slide of the fabric across Cas’s skin was a slow tease. He couldn’t help but hitch a breath. The sensuality of the moment had firmly locked him into an awareness of his vessel, and the sensory input was more intoxicating than the alcohol. Castiel was aware of his increased heart rate, the dilation of his eyes, and more urgently the increased blood flow to his penis.

The demon chuckled, ending the tease with Cas’s shirt half off. Dean leaned forward, opening his mouth, and latching on gently around Castiel areola.

“Dean.” The name slipped from the angel’s lips before he could catch himself.

Pain erupted in Castiel’s chest as the demon suddenly bit into the angel's nipple driving teeth into delicate flesh almost hard enough to draw blood.

Cas yelled and tried to jerk away, but the demon’s grip on his arms tightened, pinning him in place. He struggled, and the demon’s bite bore down harder. Clenching his fist, Cas forced himself to hold still.

The demon did not release his hold. However, as it continued to bear down on Cas’s flesh with its teeth, bruising the angel, it began to lick lightly at the wounded flesh.

The angel hissed. His vessel’s senses were in confusion as the demon alternated biting viciously and lapping gently. Pain radiated from the bite, and yet tiny jolts of pleasure thrummed through him with each pass of Dean’s slick tongue. This was too much. How was he supposed to process this?

“Stop,” Cas finally begged.

The demon laughed, letting go of Cas’s abused tit. It looked up at the angel, its eyes solid black. “Ready for a new game?” it asked playfully tugging at Cas’s tie.

“Why are you doing this?” Castiel asked.

“You know the answer,” Dean said sliding one hand down to the front of Cas’s pants cupping his budding erection. “However, if you want to stop, we can.”

“Please,” Cas said shifting back a step trying to move away from the demon’s touch.

“Uh, uh,” the demon said wagging a finger. “Don’t move. That’s the rules for this game. You stand still, and you don’t move. If you do, I’m going to find a new player and the only other one available is sitting downstairs all alone in the dark.”
Cas froze. He wasn’t sure what “game” the demon wanted to play, but he was sure he wanted to keep Sam from being a participant.

Dean smiled as Castiel stood absolutely rigid. It casually untied Cas’s tie from around his neck and dropped it on the table. “That’s one of the things I like about you, Cas, you follow orders so nicely. Must be from all those years as heaven’s butt-boy.”

Castiel frowned. He had been heaven’s soldier, avenger, and even its most wanted, but he had never been its “butt-boy.” That was if he understood the reference correctly.

The angel watched as the demon scooted back across the table, rolled to the side, and crossed the room. It fished along one of the other shelves before turning back around to face Cas. In its hand, it held a bright gleaming angel blade.

Cas swallowed. He suddenly had a very bad feeling about this new game.

Dean hopped back onto the table and scuttled across until once again he was sitting in front of Castiel with his legs on either side of him. The demon grinned as it raised the blade and ever so slightly began to slide the tip across Cas’s skin.

Goose pimples followed in the wake of the blade and Cas’s opened his eyes wide. The touch was so light he barely felt it, and yet he did. It was a disturbing sensation, yet not unpleasant. It was at once both enticing, and irritating causing him to want to swat the blade away and yet...laugh?

“Ticklish, Cas?” the demon asked as it drew the tip just above Castiel’s waistband.

The sensation intensified. Oddly, it also stimulated more blood flow to his penis, causing yet more to be trapped in his corpora cavernosa. Cas focused his gaze on the demon and breathed. He must not move.

“Sucks, doesn’t? These meat suits. So full of sensations. Wants and needs. Eat. Sleep. Drink. Fuck. Makes it hard to think.” The demon danced the blade up the center of Castiel’s chest until it rested in the hollow of his throat. “It’s hard to find any clarity. Funny, though. When I was down in the Pit, with Alistair, I found it.”

Cas frowned.

“See you think, I fell because I wanted the pain to stop. That’s just the story I tell myself. But the truth, Cas? The reason why I became his star pupil? It’s because I found the purity in pain,” the demon explained just before he pressed the tip into Cas’s flesh.

This time it wasn’t a slight stroke. This was no easy brush against the skin. This was a slow deliberate slice, cutting and rending the molecules binding flesh together, opening Cas’s skin up and making him bleed.

Castiel sucked in a deep breath as his vessel suddenly shifted from teasing pleasure to excruciating pain. The instinct to fight, or flee the assault, was so great Cas nearly swung around to knock Dean’s arm away. Only the thought of Sam enduring this pain stopped him.

“That’s it,” the demon crooned as it continued to carve into Cas’s flesh. “Let it sink in. Absorb it. Really feel it.”

Tears formed in the corner of Cas’s eyes. He felt his grace rise up to try and heal the damage being done to his vessel but he pushed it back down. It would only cause him more agony by setting off the runes in the leather cuffs. *Amusing the demon even more.*
There was no escape, so Castiel held on to the one thing he could, his purpose. He would protect Sam and save Dean. It was all that mattered. He was an angel, he’d seen the world come into existence. Twice his vessel had been utterly destroyed, and twice his Father had brought him back. He would, could, endure this torture. For Dean.

More of Cas’s flesh parted under the angel blade as the demon continued to cut patterns into the canvas of the angel’s chest. This was not new. Castiel had once desecrated his own flesh in the cause of protecting Dean, carving Enochian runes on his chest to banish his…

Castiel opened his eyes wide and glanced down at the mess that was his sternum. He looked past the blood and looked for the angry lines, the cuts in his skin.

“Paying attention now, are we?” the demon asked as it made another mark.

No! The angel was beginning to see the pattern in the demon’s madness, a terrible awful motif.

The demon met Cas’s gaze as it made its final cut and withdrew the blade. “I’m really very curious, how this is gonna work. Don’t panic. It’s not the one for banishing. It’s not like I want you to go anywhere. Look a little closer.”

Castiel didn’t need to look closer. Enochian was his native language, even under the ravages of the flesh and all that blood he recognized the rune. He began to tremble. Some part of him hoped the demon was only bluffing, yet Cas knew he wasn’t.

“Right,” Dean said, putting the bloody blade down. “Let’s see if we can help you find some clarity.”

The demon reached out and slammed his palm against Cas’s chest activating the ward against angels. Blue pain of righteousness blazed through Cas as his grace rose up trying shy from the ward on his vessel. As the essence of who and what he was surfaced, the Enochian spell on the cuffs activated sending his trapped grace feeding back onto itself. Pain burned through Cas like a live wire.

Light shown from his eyes, mouth, and the cuts on his chest. It burned like a blue flame. Castiel screamed until his vocal chords could not sustain a sound. The skin under and around the cuffs crackled and charred.

The angel had no thoughts of duty, of Sam, nor even thoughts of Dean. It was merely a caged celestial being of intent, and its intention was agony.

Castiel had no sense of how long his grace burned uselessly, how long he existed in a state of torment. It was eons, it was seconds. Yet, at some point in the millennia of his anguish, he became aware of a voice. It called to him. It beckoned him. It offered him shelter and he latched onto it.

“Shh, Cas, I got you,” the voice said softly. “It’s okay. You’re okay.”

Cas reached for the voice using it to ground himself, to orient his awareness back into his vessel. There was warmth at his back and cold underneath him. He was sitting on the floor, being held by someone.

“C’mon back, I got you,” the voice whispered in Castiel’s ear. He opened his eyes. When had he shut them?

Arms cocooned him. “There you are. That’s it. You’re doing great, Cas.”

Castiel took a shuddering breath and looked down at his chest. A long cut bisected the rune, voiding
it. He focused on the voice, so comforting and so familiar. *Dean!*

Cas turned slightly staring up into the beloved face of the man holding him.

Green eyes stared back. Dean smiled for a moment and then his eyes bled black.

*NO!* The angel had thought he’d been in agony before. This was a torture on another level and his whole being shuddered with denial. This time, the demon had hurt him badly.

The Deanmon pressed a gentle kiss to Castiel’s forehead before rolling him onto his stomach. He pulled Cas’s arms behind his back. Castiel offered no resistance, he had no strength to try even if he’d had the will.

Cas felt the cool slide of the metal cuffs wrapping around his burned wrists. He hissed as he felt them click shut.

The demon rolled Castiel back on his back and then pulled him into a sitting position, back against the table leg. “Did you find your clarity, Cas?” It asked as it fished around the top of the table with one hand while it held Castiel’s chin with the other.

Wha…? Cas tried to mouth an answer, but he was too sore and too tired. His grace was so low, and yet it was trying to rise up to heal him, but he didn’t dare let it. He wasn’t sure he could bear any more of the punishing pain from the cuffs.

“Yeah, I think you did,” the Deanmon said finally pulling down from the table what it was looking for; Cas’s tie.

Castiel blinked in confusion at it.

Dean smiled and tipped Castiel’s head back against the table leg. “You’re beginning to understand. I’m *not* your Dean. I may sound, taste, smell, look, and even *feel* like him, Cas but I’m not him. I’m going to keep breaking you down and proving it to you over and over again you dumb son of a bitch until you finally believe me.”

*I won’t.* Cas somehow found a spark of faith still dimly lit in the dark chaos of his despair. It was slight, but it was enough for the moment. He could fan it to life later.

The demon looped Cas’s tie around the angel's throat twice, pulling his neck taunt against the table leg. Then Dean knotted it securely. Any movement by Cas would cause pressure against his windpipe or carotid arteries, choking him.

Dean stared back into Cas’s eyes. “I have to be honest, Cas. I hope that won’t be anytime soon because I don’t think I’ll enjoy a broken you. I think, once you break, I might just have to kill you.”

Cas forced himself to return Dean’s gaze.

“However, I can see today’s not that day.” He reached around behind Cas and began to tug on the buckles of one of the cuffs. “So, let’s both get some sleep and start again tomorrow. Big day. I think I’m finally gonna try out that ass of yours. In light of that, how about I remove one of the cuffs, that way you can use a little of that stolen grace of yours and heal up. Be all fresh and ready for our big date? ‘K?”

Castiel knew he was free from one of the cuffs even before he felt it slide away from his arm. Before he could stop it, his grace sprang forward, like floodwaters finding a break in the levee. It burst forth and began to restore his savaged flesh. It was slow going, his grace was weak, but it still eased Cas’s
pain bringing a gasp to his lips.

The demon brushed a hand down Castiel’s cheek. “I can always count on you, Cas. I know you’re gonna make this last a good long time.”

“Long enough to get you back, Dean,” Cas ground out through his healing vocal chords.

Chuckling, the demon shook his head. Then he stood and walked away, leaving Castiel alone for the night.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Ok, I didn't expect to get this next chapter out so soon or for it to be so long. However, life has been pretty stressful and writing this seems to be what my muse wants to do. Thank you for the comments and kudos, they are sugar and spice and everything nice.

Please HEED the warnings on this chapter. If any of the warnings are triggers DO NOT READ.

Virtual brownies and ice cream to the stellar Steeleye1 for betaing this chapter!

Sam wasn’t sure if he’d ever slept, however, he was sure he hadn’t been entirely conscious. It was hard to tell swallowed in the darkness, but he was alert now. His breath sounded abnormally loud, and he could feel his heart pounding. He clung to those sensations. His brain needed the input. They also reminded him there were parts of his body not numb, unlike his legs.

He took a deep breath and licked his lips, they were getting a little dry. That was a reminder he did not need, how thirsty he was. Or how hungry. He leaned his head back. His shoulders ached. How long have I been down here? Hours?

There was an urgent need in his bladder, that was becoming almost painful. This was what had forced him into a state of awareness. If Dean didn’t come to check on him soon, Sam would have no choice but to soil himself. Another form of humiliation. He let out a groan of frustration. Pissing his pants wouldn’t just be shaming, it would be uncomfortable. He’d have to sit in his own urine. At least it’s not…

“Dean!” Sam yelled out forcing the other thought from his head. He doubted his brother could hear him and was certain if he did he wouldn’t answer. Yet, yelling was one of the few things he could do. Even trying to access his demonic powers were beyond him.

After he’d recovered from the head-splitting pain caused by the vision he’d had of Cas it had been obvious Sam had burned through whatever abilities Dean’s demon blood had reawakened. Thankfully it had not left him with any withdrawal symptoms. Yet.

What had the vision meant? Had it been what was happening to Cas at that moment? Was it going to happen? What the fuck are you doing to him, Dean? Some part of Sam’s empty stomach twisted painfully, and it wasn’t from hunger. There’d been something in the way Cas had been clenching his fists. It had disturbed memories Sam had worked very hard to quiet and push down deep a long time ago.

Images of his time with Lucifer flashed through his mind. Visions of his own fists clenched swam in his mind’s eyes. Sam’s breath shuddered through him. Sometimes, curling his fingers into his palms was the only thing he could do while the devil…

A hot stream flooded the seat of Sam’s pants and he beat back a sob of frustrated anguish. He wasn’t
sure whether his bladder had simply given up trying to hold back the need for release, or whether his memories had triggered a fear response he couldn’t suppress. Even alone in the dark, he wouldn’t admit the truth. *But it’s a fool who doesn’t fear the devil...*

However, it wasn’t Lucifer he had to worry about at the moment. It was Dean. Sam tried shifting in the chair, his ass had grown numb, but now he was keenly aware of it soaked in his own piss.

Having a vision was a start, but the sight wouldn’t get him free. *I need more power and for that, I need more blood.* Sam looked toward where he thought the door would be. For more blood, he’d need Dean. *How much blood? How far down the rabbit hole do I go?*

Even if he did get enough blood to power up enough to move things with his mind, contain his brother, what then? How would he wean himself off the demon blood? Would he want to? *And would these powers really even have any effect on Dean?*

Sam licked his lips again. How long was his brother going to leave him down here? Briefly, he thought of praying to Cas, maybe the angel would hear him, and find some way to get his brother to check on him. *At least bring me some water, or let me change my pants!*

Yet, Cas had said he had to keep Dean’s focus off Sam. So even if the angel heard the hunter’s prayers, would he risk saying anything to the demon? *Cas.* The thought entreaty slipped out before Sam could catch himself. He shook his head and took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

No, he could ride this out a little longer.

**********

“Morning sleepy head,” Dean’s voice called out as he entered the center room holding a coffee cup in his hand. He walked over to the table and bent down in front of Cas. “Sleep well?”

“I have enough grace not to require sleep,” Cas said meeting Dean’s gaze. “However, I did find it difficult to meditate.”

“Yeah? A lot on your mind?” Dean asked smiling around his mug before taking a sip.

Cas paused before answering, weighing his words carefully balancing the needs of the situation while trying to calculate the demon’s reactions to his responses. “Last night has given me much to contemplate.”

The demon laughed setting the cup down before reaching around the back of Castiel’s neck. “Me too. I especially liked thinking about how good you looked on your knees with my cock shoved down your throat, you?”

“I am more concerned about how Sam is fairing,” Cas said as Dean unknotted the angel’s tie.

“Ah, now there you go ruining the moment,” Dean said pulling Castiel slightly forward, draping the tie once again around the angel’s neck before once again tying it. However, this time the demon didn’t knot it to restrain, rather he fixed as if getting Cas ready to go off to work.

The angel looked down. The tie hung tidily over his bare chest which was smooth and healed, but still, bloodstained. It was a blue strip of fabric over bare skin hung between his open and equally sanguine sullied shirt. It seemed a study in contradiction. Cas glanced back up at the demon.

It shrugged. “What can I say? The tie does it for me.” Once again it reached behind Castiel. This time it picked up the spelled cuff and quickly secured it over the angel’s free arm.
Castiel’s breath caught at the swift sensation of his grace being once again completely restrained. It was as if his wings were being somehow clipped. *In a manner, they are.*

Then Dean reached into his pocket and pulled out the key to the handcuffs. He waved it teasingly in front of Castiel.

The angel sighed forcing his numb legs to move despite the prickling sensation it caused and managed to get to his knees and turn around to present his wrists to the demon. He felt the demon’s hand wrap briefly around his arm before he heard the click of the lock turning on the metal cuffs. Then suddenly he was free.

The demon tucked the cuffs into his pocket. Next, he grabbed his coffee and Cas’s tie before standing up. He gave a quick yank, almost pulling the angel backward. “See why I like it?”

“It is both a tool for and a symbol of dominance,” Cas choked out as he got to his feet.

Dean laughed and circled around Cas to face him, never releasing his grip on the blue scrap of fabric. “Feathers, we are going to have so much fun.”

Castiel arched an eyebrow. So far he’d had anything but fun, however, it was evident the demon was enjoying itself. The angel could cope with that, as long as Sam was safe. Yet, Cas was worried. At some point in the night, he’d heard Sam. It wasn’t exactly a prayer, but Cas was sure the younger Winchester had called out to him.

“Awfully quiet. Not a morning person?” Dean asked.

“What would you like me to talk about?”

The demon wrapped an arm around the angel’s shoulder and began to move them forward. “Well, you could begin with how much you want me to fuck you.”

Cas’s foot seemed to catch and he almost tripped. Dean caught him, even as he kept them moving. What? The angel looked at Dean. “I have no desire—”

“Ah!” the demon said carefully as it held up its mug. “Think carefully, Cas. Choose your words wisely. See, I really want to drill your ass today, but if you’re not into it well then…” Dean shrugged.

Then? The answer swiftly became obvious like an answer to a math problem: add two plus two and the number equals four. This was another of the demon’s games. If Castiel didn’t assert that he wished for Dean to copulate with him, then the demon would rape Sam. “Yes, please.”

“Yes, please?” Dean laughed as he continued to herd Cas along through bunker. “That’s how you ask a guy to plow you? I think you need more lessons from the pizza man.”

“Wasn’t the point of this latest game of yours for me to consent to my own debasement in order to protect Sam?” Cas asked finally noting where they were heading, to the kitchen. *Did the demon wish to have sex there?* It seemed unlikely. Perhaps, the threats of rape were simply more assertions of dominance. Maybe the forced fellatio would be the extent of the demon’s actual acts of sexual degradation. It was also a possibility Cas was in denial, in part brought on by the very behaviors he was now discounting. *Or perhaps I still have faith that some part of Dean exists, is uncorrupted, and can be reached.*

The demon gave a playful squeeze to the angel’s shoulder. “Cas, you make it sound so sordid. I thought we already established how much you want me. We talked about all those long
lingering looks, and what about last night? The way you kissed me! Gotta say that was hot.”

Cas frowned. What was the right thing to say? “I have had desires, of a carnal nature, toward Dean Winchester. However, not as you are now, but as you truly are.”

Dean sighed as he let loose of Cas before pushing him into the kitchen. “Well, I’m the only game in town. The only Dean Winchester there is.”

Somehow Cas managed to keep to his feet and not stumble. He turned and looked at the demon who simply pointed to a chair at the kitchen table which was set for two. Cas sat. Only then did he realize the kitchen was filled with an aroma of bacon, eggs, and freshly brewed coffee.

The demon stalked over to the stove and picked up a pan. It brought it back and set it on the table before turning around and fetching the coffee pot. It poured a steaming portion into the cup in front of Cas, before setting the pot on the table and sitting down in the other chair. Dean waved his mug at the angel. “Dig in.”

“I don’t require—” Cas started to say.

“I didn’t ask if you were hungry or if you required food. I said ‘dig in.’” Dean leaned forward and made little air quotes emphasizing the word “required.”

Castiel nodded and reached for the pan. He wasn’t sure what game this was. Was it connected to the previous one or was it a new one? Or was it simply another assertion of the demons dominance over the angel? Whatever it was, Cas would comply.

Inside the skillet was scrambled eggs and strips of bacon. Using a spoon by his plate he dished out a small portion of the eggs before edging two pieces of the fried pork to his plate. He set the pan back down and picked up a fork and took a bite. He chewed slowly and thoughtfully, analyzing the composition, texture, and flavor as well as how the molecules danced on his tongue. He looked at Dean who was watching him carefully. “It is good, thank you.”

Dean chuckled and shook his head before setting his coffee down and reaching over to the pan. He emptied the rest of the contents on to his plate before beginning to stab hungrily at his food. He ate quickly and with gusto, making loud sounds of pleasure, and licking his fingers obscenely after eating his bacon. He was done long before Cas.

“What about, Sam?” Cas asked as he was almost finished. The demon watching him take every bite.

“What about him?” Dean answered before taking another sip of his coffee. While the demon had eaten quickly, for some reason it seemed to savor and linger over its drink.

Cas put down his fork, a half a piece of bacon and a small bite of egg left on his plate. He leaned back. “Did you make some for him?”

“No,” the demon answered.

The food seemed to turn in Cas stomach. He ate when he didn’t need it, while Sam had gone hungry? “Why not?”

Dean shrugged. “I’m sure he ate yesterday. It’s not like he’s going to starve in a few hours. Think of it as a timeout for bad behavior.”

“But…why…?” Cas stammered. “I don’t need to eat. Surely he must be hungry by now and have other—”
The demon slammed down its cup and leaned forward. “Geesh, one blowjob and you start nagging like Alice Kramden! Sam, this and Sam that! Shut up about him, or I will give you a reason to really get your balls in a knot.”

Cas took a deep breath and bowed his head. He’d gone too far, miscalculated. An uneasy quiet settled in the kitchen. Castiel heard the demon pick up the coffee pot and pour another cup of coffee.

“Quit fucking sulking,” it finally said.

The angel looked up and stared at the demon. “I was making a display of submissive behavior, not holding myself in an aloof manner often attributed to young and emotionally underdeveloped humans.”

“Young and…?” Dean burst out laughing. “Right you were sulking. However, if you want to claim you were just metaphorically bending over for me, fine by me. We both know you’ll be doing it literally later. Right?”

“I believe I have already answered that question,” Cas said.

Dean smiled. “Maybe I want to hear you say it again.”

Castiel bit back at the sense of anger and frustration rising inside of him. What was the point of these games? However, even as he asked himself the question, he knew the answer. The demon had already told him. They were meant to break Castiel.

The demon tilted its head, silently demanding an answer.

“Yes, I will ‘bend over’ for you, Dean,” Cas said simply. Though, he could not believe it would go that far.

Dean shook his head. “Got to work on that dirty talk. No matter, we got time.” He leaned back and picked up his coffee mug. He glanced at Cas’s plate. “You going to finish your breakfast?”

“Of course,” Cas bit back a sigh feeling guilty. Sam, I tried. The angel picked up his fork and continued eating.

There was a screeching sound as Dean suddenly started scooting his chair closer to Cas. It echoed through the kitchen and set the angel on edge. He quickly finished what was left of his meal.

“So, I gotta ask you a question, if it’s not too personal,” Dean said leaning in close.

“You have already asked for my assent to ‘fuck me’,,” Cas replied turning to look at Dean. “What could be more personal?”

Dean smiled, a dark light dancing in his green eyes. “Last time I saw you, you were running low on the angel juice, and then next time? You show up like the energizer bunny. So I gotta wonder where’d you get it? What happened? I mean are you going all ‘anglepire’ on me, Cas?”

Castiel couldn’t help but flinch and look away. He had been the slayer of so many of his brothers and sisters, and now this demon was right. He’d become some sort of parasite feeding off them. Even if I hadn’t asked or wanted to.

The demon reached out and cupped Cas’s chin gently. He turned the angel’s face back toward him. “Tell me.”
“I did not seek this grace out. I was content to...die,” Castiel forcing himself to meet Dean’s gaze. “However, there was a confrontation with another angel, Adina, who wished revenge on me. I killed her...I killed another angel with whom she was close.”

“Kinky,” Dean said rubbing his thumb just Cas’s bottom lip. “Well you know what they say, incest is best. Why go across town when you can go across the hall?”

Cas looked and Dean sharply jerking his out the demon’s grasp. “The union between angels cannot be equated to the base joining of-”

“Monkeys? Hey, I’m not judging. Don’t forget I sprouted wood from Sammy sucking on my fingers,” Dean grinned.

“That’s the demon, not you,” Cas glared.

Dean shrugged. “I’m the one in the driver’s seat now. Anyway, finish your story.”

“I was already severely weakened, dying,” Castiel continued carefully weaving the story, to tell the truth without giving away any more information than was necessary. “Adina was winning when Crowley appeared. He killed her and fed me her grace before I could stop him. He expressed his dissatisfaction with your relationship. You had become a nuisance in Hell.”

“That son of a bitch!” Dean growled before latching hold of Cas’s tie. “So Crowley juiced you up and sent you here? Bad enough he double deals me with Sam for the Blade, but sends you too?”

Once again Cas tries to calculate the correct response. “He correctly anticipated Sam would need my help.”

He twisted the tie in his fist, almost strangling Cas, yanking him out of the chair. Dean shoved Castiel up against the wall hard enough to knock the wind out of him. He pressed their bodies together, chest to chest and groin to groin. “And some help you are.”

“Yes, well it appears he overestimated the extent of my abilities,” Cas managed to gasp out once he was able to inhale enough oxygen to speak.

Dean’s eyes shifting black. “Perhaps, he underestimated mine.”

Cas was uncertain whether to agree with the demon or not. Whatever erroneous assumption had been made, one thing was certain. As usual, Crowley had managed to avoid the fallout.

“In any case, it doesn’t matter. You both failed and we both know he's too self-serving to come to your rescue leaving you down in the dirt with me, paying for Sam’s poor life choices.” The demon tilted his head and leaned forward. He sniffed from Cas’s shoulder to his jawline. “Tell me, Cas, how far do you have to fall before you stop smelling of heaven?”

Castiel blink. He had no answer for that question. “I was not aware I sm-”

The demon suddenly mashed their lips together silencing the angel. Angrily, he bit at the angel, until Cas opened his mouth. Dean’s tongue swept inside tasting of bitter coffee and bacon. It wasn’t a passionate kiss, but a bruising assault.

The hunter’s hands released their hold on the angel’s tie and wrapped around his throat, holding him in place. Ever so slightly Dean squeezed, even as he continued to plunder Castiel’s mouth, using the kisses to punish the angel for Sam’s sins and Crowley’s betrayal.
Cas struggled to breathe, as he tried to remain passive while letting the demon vent his anger on the angel’s body.

Dean pulled back and growled, “I know you can do better than that, feathers. Or is this as low as you go? Maybe I should check on my baby brother. See how he’s doing. Make sure he’s not bored.”

The angel fixed his blue eyes on the demon’s black. They were a murky pit of darkness devoid of any emotion he could easily read. However, it didn’t matter. Its threats were quite clear. Cas licked his lips and shook his head. “That won’t be necessary.”

The demon flashed a slow easy smile before assaulting Castiel’s lips again.

This time Cas met the demon halfway. Castiel was a soldier fighting for the two humans in all of creation worth defying both and Heaven and Hell for. He used superior tactics to overwhelm the demon and claim a victory taking charge of the kiss. He bit at Dean’s mouth demanding entry, then slid his tongue over Dean’s, in a war for dominance, once he had it. It was Cas who was exploring Dean’s mouth, running tongue over teeth while he wrapped his hands around the demon’s waist and pulled him closer still. The angel curled his fingers into the hunter’s flesh, hard enough there would be bruises.

The seraph was acting on some instinct, some vestigial remnants of the carnal desires he always had for the human he’d lifted out and restored from Perdition. They raced through his body, alighting his nerves. These were wants and needs he suppressed both as human and as an angel, but now he stoked them to life, in the service of satisfying the demon. Of saving Sam...and Dean. Once again his body began to respond. He was getting hard, and his erection pressed against Dean where their groins met. Cas wasn’t the only one who was aroused.

The demon chuckled breaking the kiss. It slid its hands away from Cas’s throat. It slid them over his shoulder and jerked the angel’s dress shirt down his arms. This time Dean did not stop until he’d stripped it completely off Cas.

Castiel froze, remembering what happened the night before when Dean had bared the angel’s chest. He stared at the demon.

“What would your brothers think, Cas? You popping a boner for a Knight of Hell,” the demon purred as it placed its palm on the wall beside Cas’s head while it walked finger’s down the angel’s chest with its other hand.

“Given the multitude of my transgressions, I am uncertain they would give it much consideration.” Castiel flushed. Whether or not his brethren would notice this latest sin, Cas did. However, while he felt shame for his reaction to the demon, he could not feel it over his desire for Dean.

The hunter walked his fingers to the waistband of Cas’s pants. He danced them along the edge as he ground his groin into Cas’s, pressing his erection into the angel’s. “I can help you with this, angel. I can make you fly again, so high you’ll think you’re in heaven.”

Jolts of pleasure shot up through Cas from where Dean was rocking his cock against Castiel’s. For the first time, Cas truly understood temptation. Maybe this is what the Deanmon had been alluding to, and why Cas would willingly assent to it.

This was the pleasure, the most intimate form of a connection humans could achieve, and the next step in his bond with Dean the angel had begun to crave. It wasn’t allowed. It was forbidden, and yet, Cas had given in to wanting it anyway. It had disturbed many of his meditations, and when he’d been human it had haunted many of dreams. Demons lie. This is a lie, and it’s not what Dean wants.
“This is not what you want. Not what the uncorrupted, human you wants.” Cas’s voice was husky
and yet firmer than he’d expected.

The demon took a slight step back breaking contact between them. It walked its fingers down to
stroke Cas’s shaft lightly through his pants before traveling a little farther to cup the angel’s scrotum.
“That’s not an answer. What do you want?”

Cas sucked in a breath as lightning swept through him. He longed for his grace, it would help ground
him. It could give him the ability to calm his body and his mind, help him center and focus. Yet, the
demon was now lightly stroking Cas through his pants, further rendering the angel vulnerable to his
body’s most base responses. It was heady, confusing, and too much as all that flooded through the
angel was the need for more!

The hunter adjusted his touch. He began to palm Cas, with slow firm strokes along his shaft until it
was firmly erect and a small stain of precum began to soak through the front of his pants. It watched
as Cas leaned his head back against the wall desperately biting back the whimpering sounds clawing
to get out.

Their gazes were locked. The demon had shifted its eyes back to the familiar green, the ones Cas had
stared so much into. Those were the windows to Dean’s soul where the angel had seen the depths of
the man’s courage, compassion, and in the darkest moments his loneliness. Cas would willingly
march into Hell for them again.

“Dean,” Castiel whispered not sure now if he was afraid, pleading, or denying something more.

The demon leaned its mouth close to the angel’s ear. Its lips just brushing against Castiel’s skin.
“This is such a fun game, Cas, and you are so easily played.”

Suddenly crippling agony flared through Castiel as the demon squeezed and twisted Castiel’s
testicles. It felt like they were in a vise, being crushed, filling him with so much pain for a moment it
was as if that was all he was.

“However, today’s rule is, it’s all about me. It’s all about getting my rocks off, not yours.” Dean said
twisting again.

Cas let out another scream and curled over nearly disgorging his breakfast. Tears leaked out of his
eyes, and he grabbed futilely at Dean’s arm trying to tear the demon’s grip away.

“Hey!” the demon said bending over to keep his face in front the angel’s without losing his grip.
“Look at me, Cas. C’mon, pay attention.”

“Please, Dean, stop!” Cas yelled squeezing his legs together, trying to force the demon’s hand away.
Dean gave another twist causing Cas to howl. “I said look at me!”

The words began to sink into Cas’s consciousness past the pain. He swallowed and forced himself to
meet the demon’s gaze.

“What did you learn last night? I’m not your Dean. I’m the guy who’s going to fuck you, Cas, and it
ain’t going to be some rainbows and sunset fantasy. Today it’s going to be raw and real, and it’s
going to be about me tearing you open. Why? Because I’m not the Dean Winchester in your head
and I’m never going to be again.” The demon used its free hand to begin playing with Castiel’s tie.
“Unless you changed your mind. If this is where you want to stop the bus, just say so...and I’ll go
get, Sam.”
“No!” Cas gasped. If these were the games the demon was playing with the angel, what more would it do to the younger Winchester?

Dean smiled as it released its hold on Cas balls and tie.

The angel dropped to the floor curling up in a huddle on its side and trying to breathe through the agony still coursing through its body radiating at its root.

The demon bent down over Cas and began to gently card its finger through the angel’s hair. “Don’t think I don’t know what you are doing. You’re playing your own game, the one where you keep my attention away from, baby brother. I get it, Cas. I do. You’re hoping to run out the clock. Hoping he’ll find a way out of this before I play with him too badly...before I kill him. It’s not going to work, but I get it. But let’s be clear here, everything that happens...between you and me? Is because on some level you want it. It’s your choice. It doesn’t matter whether or not it’s because you still believe I’m that pitiful loser you follow around like some lovesick schoolgirl with a secret crush, or if it’s because you are doing it to save Sam. Bottom line, you asked for it angel, and as long as you do, I’m going to keep giving it to you.”

Castiel opened his eyes and forced himself to look at the demon who so deceptively wore Dean’s face. It is Dean! Cas could still see parts of the human’s soul drowning under the pulsing veins of black threading throughout it. Yet, as waves of pain washed through the angel, he felt hooks of despair begin to sink into his faith. He wanted to deny the demon. He wanted to rise up, challenge it. Castiel was an angel of the Lord! None of this is what he wanted! Agreeing to the demon’s demands to save Sam was not the same as wanting them! He did not seek to be violated or debased and no matter how far from Heaven’s favor he had fallen, there were limits to these games he would play.

Even as denial rose up in him ready to unfurl like his broken wings restored, he knew refusing would have grave consequences for the Winchester brothers. They needed him. He had to be their guardian angel in this moment when they had no hope for another. If he faltered, then he failed Sam. He failed Dean. I cannot fail...if it is a choice between them or... Black fear began to bubble just under Cas’s grace. He could see the twisted logic of the demon and it was beginning to stain him.

Something of Cas’s confusion and doubt must have shown in his eyes.

“Such a tiny little crack. Now to watch it grow,” the demon said laughing softly before placing a tender kiss to Castiel’s brow. Then it stood and wiped its hands on his pant legs. “Why don’t you just take a moment and recover? Think about things. I’ll tidy up here, and then we’ll head to the garage.”

SAM LICKED HIS lips. They were dry. He still had some moisture yet in his mouth, so he was not too dehydrated. How many hours had he been down here now? He could no longer feel his butt, legs, or fingers. His neck and shoulders were screaming agony.

He swallowed. His throat felt thick. He was thirsty, more so than hungry. I can go several weeks without food. Water on the other hand. He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. It was too early to think along those lines, yet, he couldn’t help it.

The room wasn’t too hot, so no need to sweat. It wasn’t cold, so didn’t need to use excess energy to maintain his body temperature. That helped to conserve water. Well, except for those time when he pissed himself. Not only losing water, burning energy to fight the chill of sitting in it. One more thing Sam didn’t want to think about, but it was necessary.

He was bound to the chair. His movements were limited. Not much physical exertion. Another, point toward water conservation. He took another breath. He’d need to focus on that, keeping it slow and steady. Moisture was lost during exhalations. Be sure to breathe through my nose, help to keep my
mouth from drying out.

Sam tried to roll his shoulders, to find a moment of relief. He gasped in pain. His brain latched back onto the water equation. The standard rule of survival was: three minutes oxygen, three hours without shelter in a harsh environment, three days without water, and three weeks without food.

He estimated he couldn’t have been locked up for more than a day. So by the rule of three, he had at least two more days. Assuming Cas or Dean don’t come for me. They will. They have to. However, if they didn’t…

The younger Winchester shook his head. The standard rule of three didn’t apply. He’d done the math. The demon was being cruel, but he’d set Sam up in an environment where he could last longer than three days: he just wasn’t using up enough water.

Doesn’t mean it's not going to suck. First stages of dehydration were thirst, followed by headaches, discomfort, and loss of appetite. After that it gets fun. Sam remembered his dad listing them off to him as a kid; confusion, fatigue, and seizures. That level of dehydration required intravenous fluid and medical intervention.

What he didn’t want to think about, was if Dean left him down here that long strapped to a chair, what would that do to his circulation and joints? Sam shifted in his chair, causing spasm to ripple through the small of his back and down his leg. Perhaps it was better to feel pain for a while then to think.

CAS WATCHED DEAN dry wash the last plate and stack it in the drainer. His scrotum still ached, but the pain had subsided significantly. As it had receded he’d begun to think. He’d focused not on the words and taunts of the demon but its actions. The angel had begun to see a pattern.

This Dean had displayed moments of brutality and comfort. He offered pain and then pleasure. While Castiel clung to his faith in the human, that some part of him remained and ultimately his goodness would prevail, the angel was not deluding himself. Those tender and blissful moments were not stemming from Dean’s soul. They were part of the demon’s “game,” or methodology to breaking Castiel.

They are contrasting experiences. One for me to shy away from, the other for me to seek out. I have control of neither, nor can I always predict when he will offer one or the other. Yet, it would be instinctive to try.

What was more disconcerting to the angel, was the ways the demon could not only manipulate Castiel with those experiences but condition him as well. The sudden shifts, from a gentle touch to torture, creating chaos in the senses. At what point does Cas begin to confuse the two? As his grace weakens, the more human he becomes, and the more susceptible to his body’s ability to be overwhelmed by them.

“What’s up, feathers?” Dean asked as he crossed the kitchen to where the angel was still huddled on the floor.

Cas slowly straightened and rolled to a seated position with his back against the wall. “Pleasure and pain. They are blunt, but effective tools for control and manipulation.”

“Figured that all by your lonesome, did you,” the demon said reaching down and grabbing Cas’s tie. The angel rose to his feet before Dean had a chance to yank on it. He chuckled.

“I merely had time reflect on your pattern of behavior,” Cas said shrugging.
“And you think you can predict what I’m going to do?” the demon asked arching an eyebrow.

Cas tilted his head as if torn between shaking and nodding it. “On an abstract level yes. I surmise you will continue to deploy these tactics as they are both effective, and they amuse you. However, I cannot predict in what way you will use them, when, or precisely what method you will choose.”

“You know, I really won’t be surprised if I do find a stick up your ass when I stick my cock up there,” the demon laughed wrapping an arm around Cas’s shoulder as he began to herd him toward the door. “C’mon, time to go to the garage.”

Why? Were they leaving? What about Sam? “Are we going somewhere?”


Castiel watched as the demon slipped away and walked over to the stove. It picked up a small coffee can tucked along the back before heading back towards Cas. Once again it threw its arm around the angel.

The seraph raised a questioning eyebrow as once again they started walking, leaving the kitchen.

“Bacon grease,” Dean answered the unasked question. “Lube. Don’t want to chafe my dick.”

For a moment Cas’s brain shorted out at the implication of the demon’s words. On an intellectual level, he understood the connotations. Dean had to gather pork fat renderings to use as a lubricant while engaging in anal intercourse with Castiel. He had full faith now in that the demon would carry out his threat. These were rudimentary concepts, basic and easy to understand, yet, Castiel could not seem to do it.

They were heading for the garage? Why? The demon had said tradition. What tradition?

Anal intercourse was an act in which Cas had never engaged. He’d only ever had sex once, that was with the Reaper April and had been vaginal. She had tried to kill him later. Yet that sex had been consensual and enjoyable.

This act would be neither. The demon had stated it would not be so. Was it lying? Would there be pleasure after all? Did Cas even want it to be pleasurable? His stomach knotted. That would add a layer of debasement to the act, finding gratification in it. Had that been what the demon meant?

There was already a thin layer of psychological dissonance Cas could not resolve in that he was consenting to an act he did not want; at least not with the Deanmon. As a human, he had engaged vague musing of what intercourse with Dean would be like. Even as an angel, the thoughts had interrupted his meditations. Yet, the demon had proven twice now, that any intimacy between them was not Dean. It would gladly create the illusion that it was if only to garner the response it wanted from Cas.

The clang of a door opening drew Castiel away from his musings. They had reached the garage.

“Watch your step,” the demon said releasing Cas’s tie and taking his hand like a doting lover and began guiding him up the steps into the garage.

Suddenly Cas wanted to be gone. The urge to both reach for his grace and snatch his hand from the demon’s light hold was almost too much for him to ignore. He stumbled slightly.

“Hey, easy now, Cas,” Dean said, his voice full of concern and comfort.
The knots in Cas stomach twisted tighter and a slight shudder began to ripple through him. He looked anywhere but at this thing pantomiming to be Dean. He focused on the vehicles. Bright gleaming cars, perfectly preserved from the nineteen fifties when the bunker had been abandoned.

One car, in particular, caught his attention. It was younger, sleeker than the other cars. It was more beloved and it was as much a Winchester as Sam and Dean. Cas’s heart fluttered as his gazed locked on to it. Dean! This was some part of Dean that was still whole and unsullied. The older Winchester called it Baby. To him, it was more than just a car. It was “home” and safe harbor.

Vaguely Cas was aware of Dean leading them down the stairs, his mind almost floating, as he kept his focus rooted firmly on the shining black top of the Impala. A sharp twisting dread began to anchor him back to the present as he realized that’s where the demon was leading him.

No! Castiel stopped without thinking, both mind and body rejecting the realization.

“Shh, it’s gonna be, okay, Cas,” the demon said tugging on Castiel’s hand.

Demons lie. The angel’s heart thudded so loud he was sure Dean could hear it. He turned and looked at the possessed Winchester brother. He smiled, the one where a pretty waitress had just offered him a slice of pie on the house.

“Don’t,” Cas intoned. This mockery he couldn’t, wouldn’t take.

Deanmon tugged on his hand again. “Thought we already had this conversation, buddy. Don’t tell me you were just being a cocktease?”

A righteous anger surged through Castiel, almost enough to trigger the spell on the leather cuffs still wrapped securely around each forearm. He held onto it and let the demon lead him forward.

It only took a few more steps to reach the Impala. However, it was long enough for the anger to burn out and be replaced by something else. The feeling was heavy, oppressive, and although the garage was cool, it left Cas covered in a thin sheen of sweat.

The demon led Cas around to the back of the Impala, letting go of the angel’s hand it sidled behind him. “You know the first time I did an angel, was in the backseat of this car.”

This car...not Baby...not Dean. Cas tried to fix his gaze on the Impala, trying to find that floaty place he’d found once before. He was unable to when the demon stepped closer behind him, putting its mouth to Castiel’s ear.

“Oh, so technically she was still human. Hadn’t got her grace back. Almost like you now, with your stolen grace all bound up. Anyway, she was hot, Cas. So hot and wet for me. Did her while I think Sam was screwing that skank, Ruby. That was back then when you used to show up all the time, popping in the kitchen, the bedroom, and even the bathroom. Hell, I’d wake up, and you’d be watching me sleep. Remember?”

The words, the memories, kept Cas from finding that place. He remembered Anna, the angel who’d helped him fall. More importantly, he remembered those times when his simplest and sublimest joys were to watch Dean Winchester. This was the man who had taught him the priceless value and the terrible consequences of free will. This was the man who introduced him to the joys of hamburgers. In all of creation, Castiel had never adored anyone or anything as much as he had the Righteous Man.

“I remember,” he said keeping his voice neutral and hiding how deeply those memories affected him.
Dean leaned into Cas, pressing his flannel-clad chest to the angel’s bare back. “So I gotta ask, did you watch? Hmmm? Did you watch me do her? Did you spy on me then Cas, curious to see me fuck another angel and wish it were you? Were you happy when you heard big brother Michael iced the bitch?”

“NO!” Cas’s voice boomed through the cavernous garage as the runes on the cuffs flared. He grunted in pain as his graced arched back through his spine. He’d reached for it, needing it to satisfy the instinctive need to silence the demon and the blasphemies it was spewing. No matter his feelings for Dean, he’d never abused their bond in such a way. He’d never take advantage to spy on an intimate encounter, and he’d grieved Anna’s death, even as he rejoiced she’d failed in killing the Winchester brothers.

The demon chuckled and took a step back from Cas. “Can’t blame a guy for asking.”

“Is this why you brought me down here to tau-” Cas started to ask as he turned to face Dean.

The Winchester put his hand on the angel’s back stopping him. “Keep facing forward. Yes, and no. I mean, like I said, I had to ask. However, I brought you down here because it’s tradition.”

“Tradition?” Castiel snapped the vestiges of pain and anger crowding out the oppressive feeling from earlier.

“You really are dumb some days, Cas,” Dean sighed behind him setting the coffee can down nearby on the trunk. “First time I fuck an angel, got to do it in the Impala.”

Cas’s mouth went dry, he blinked as he tried to process the words. They were more concepts that on the surface should be easy to understand but yet he couldn’t make sense.

“Of course, I just don’t think it would work out quite the same for you and I in the back seat,” the demon continued. “So, I’m thinking bending you over the trunk counts. What do you think?”

Cas couldn’t think. In fact, he was finding it difficult to breathe as if the air in the room had suddenly grown thin, even though he had detected no change in the air pressure.

“Castiel, buddy,” the demon said touching Cas’s shoulder lightly causing a shudder the angel to flinch. “I need you to stay with me. Else this is no fun.”

Fun? Cas clenched his fists. All of a sudden he felt exposed, raw as if the demon had peeled back his skin. There had been a question. What was the question? He shook his head.

“You don’t think the trunk counts?”

Counts? Trunks don’t count, they have no actuary functionality. Nothing the demon was saying made any sense. “What...what is you want me to say?” Cas asked, trying to suddenly understand why nothing was making sense, why he couldn’t breathe, and why his skin was so clammy.

“If I can’t fuck you in the back seat,” the demon said slowly as if speaking to a child, “then drilling you over the trunk is almost the same thing.”

A realization was lurking now just under his awareness like a large fish under the water. If it surfaced then things would make sense, but the oppressive feeling was getting worse and the air was getting thinner. Cas fell forward, his palms landing on the trunk, and his head hanging down. He drew in a deep shuddering breath. He closed his eyes and forced his mind to focus. In lieu of his grace, he used the cool feel of the steel metal underneath hands to ground him. His thoughts settled and understanding crested.
Dean, the demon, was going to rape him over the back of the Impala.

“I think you will ‘fuck’ me whether it ‘counts’ or not,” Cas finally answered.

The Winchester brother laughed, “You have a good point, Cas.” Once again it stepped up close behind the angel, this time it slid its hands gently around his waist. The angel could feel the demon’s arousal brush against the back of his leg. “You’re almost in the right position. So you gonna sweet talk me now, baby?”

Bile rose up in the back of Cas’s throat. He swallowed it back down, “Sweet talk?”

“You know,” Dean said as his hand slid around to begin unbuckling Cas’s belt. “Beg me to fuck you.”

Pain. Pleasure. Cognitive dissonance. They were just tools, on the physical and mental level. The demon was employing them on both fronts. Cas pressed his fingers into the Impala. “Please, Dean, fuck me.”

The demon undid the button at the top of Cas’s pants. “We have got to work on your dirty talk, Cas.”

Castiel stared down. He could see his hands pressed so hard on to the top of the Impala’s trunk the back of them were almost white. He clenched them into fists. They made a stark contrast to the weathered leather cuffs on his forearms. Hanging down from his neck, and brushing the black paint of the car, was Cas’s tie. A shudder went through him as he felt his pant zipper being pulled down by the demon.

“Ca-aa-as,” the demon sang. “I’m waiting. Or have you changed your mind?”

“No,” the angel answered immediately.

The demon’s hands paused, holding Cas’s pants open. “No?”

“I have not changed my mind,” Castiel said.

Dean began sliding Cas’s pants and boxers slowly down the angel’s and then his legs. He let them drop to pool at Castiel’s feet, took a small step back, and then gave a low soft whistle. “Don’t let that ass do all the talking, feathers. Use your words.”

“I...I want,” Castiel sucked in a lungful of air. There just wasn’t enough. Why was it so cold in the garage? What was the right combination of words? How do you beg a demon to violate you? How would he beg Dean to copulate with him? NO! Whatever happened, whatever was said, he couldn’t think of Dean, not the real Dean. That would be the debasement he could not bear. Shuddering, Cas forced a string of words out and hoped they would suffice. “Fuck me, please. Shove...drill...shake the stick loose from my ass with your cock. I want you to. I’m asking you to. I’m begging you to.”

“Much better,” the demon said laying a hand on Cas’s back. “Gotta say, that’s got me real hot and I was already half a load ready to go just seeing you bent over so nice and eager.”

The angel jumped.

“Easy,” the demon said pushing slightly. “Just need ta get ya in the proper position for a good plowing. So bend over a little more and rest your head on your arms. Step out of your pants and spread your legs a little wider.”
Cas obeyed almost grateful for the simple commands which required little more than obedience. This he could do, or he thought he could until the demon’s hand move slowly down the angel’s spine. Shudders rippled through him which intensified as they settled on Castiel’s ass cheek.

“Let’s take a look,” the demon said as Cas suddenly felt both of the demon’s hands.

Cas bit his lip and drove his nails into his palms. Some part of his brain screamed at him, this was just his vessel, but that part seemed as far away to him as his lost grace.

The demon parted Castiel’s ass cheeks. There was a sudden burst of cool air that blew over his sphincter causing it to flutter and him to nearly fall forward. “Love me a virgin hole,” the demon chuckled, “better than pie.”

This wasn’t his Dean, but wasn’t he in there somewhere? *Father no!* How much of this would Dean remember? It had been a while since Castiel had prayed, but now he was tempted. The hands left him and he heard the sound of Dean undoing and dropping his pants.

Cas’s essence cried out that Dean be spared these memories, and yet Castiel could pray. Then, in his peripheral vision, he spotted the demon picking up the coffee can, at that Castiel found his prayers stopped. He could not reach out to Heaven even if the bunker was no doubt warded against such things now. He could not let them see Dean fall so low. *Can’t let them see me.*

“Won’t be long now, Cas,” the demon said as the angel heard a soft squelching noise. “Just need to get my dick lubed up. Don’t want to chafe in a dry channel.”

Castiel closed his eyes. He didn’t want to be here. He wanted to be somewhere else with bees…

The hands were back. This time they spread Castiel’s cheeks wide. The demon’s weight settled between the angel's legs as the demon moved close, lining itself up. It teased something soft, slick, but firm over Cas’s sphincter. *The tip of its penis.*

“Just lining up,” the demon said before going still, the head of its cock pressing at Cas’s entrance. “You might want to take a deep breath. This is gonna sting like a bitch.”

Cas opened his mouth to inhale.

The demon abruptly grabbed the angel’s waist and began shoving.

The angel cried out in shock and pain. Then for a moment, it seemed as if some part of Castiel was finally fighting back. His guardian ring didn’t care about his weakened grace or protecting Sam. It pushed back against the invader.

Dean growled, gripping Cas tighter, and continued to push until with a small tear Cas’s body finally capitulated and the demon slammed past the barrier to begin burying himself into the angel’s core. “So much better than pie!”

Castiel's screams filled the garage with the sound of his anguish until he had no more breath. He was being split in two, impaled, relentlessly as the demon continued to cram its fully engorged cock past Cas's small opening. The angel choked as his body seized trying to both breathe and scream again at the same time.

“Gotta go deeper, Cas, gotta find that stick,” the demon said, continuing to push inside. “Damn, you are so tight. It’s like I can feel your heart beating around my dick.”

The angel leaned forward, trying to get away from the blunt force prying him apart.
Hands yanked him back, driving the demon’s dick further inside of him. “Where you going, Cas? This is just the foreplay. We haven’t got to the fucking yet.”

Cas shook his head groaning. No. He couldn’t do this.

“Something on your mind, Cas?” the demon asked as he finally stilled, seated fully inside of the angel.

“Please,” Cas croaked not even sure at this point what he was begging for.

“Since you asked so nicely,” the demon said as it slowly began to pull out.

It was over. It was done. Cas started to breathe again.

Then Dean pushed back in again. He slid out and pumped back in. He started to fuck Cas.

Castiel stiffened in horror, pain shooting through his back and legs. It was undoing him. He bit back a sound welling up from deep inside. It wasn’t a scream, it was something else, far more primal.

The demon began to pick up speed, rutting in and out of the angel. Its prick slid through Cas's tight channel easier as blood from the small tear mixed with the bacon grease coating the demon’s cock.

“Buddy, I should have done this a long time ago. Should have just got over my Tab A goes into Slot B issues, slapped these cuffs on you and reamed this ass because I gotta tell you. I rode a lot of asses in the Pit, but not one as good as yours.”

The angel buried his face in his arms on the Impala. He tried to remember what the cool metal felt like warmed by the sun after a long day of driving. He imagined he could hear the hum of the engine. Instead, all he heard was insensible words and grunting from the demon.

It gripped him harder now, snapping its hips faster, and driving its cock so deep its balls were slapping against Castiel. Over and over it drove into Castiel's body until the angel was certain he was split so wide he’d never be whole again.

Then it pounded into Cas with a sudden deep thrust as if it was trying to drive its dick all the way through the angel. It stilled for a moment, and the angel could actually feel the cock twitch inside him.

“Cas,” Dean called out softly like a prayer just before something hot began to flood inside of the angel.

Tears, Cas had refused to shed escaped. He was marked now, stained by this thing that had been his best friend. The one person he had loved above all things. Quickly he wiped at them, he would not let the demon see this pain.

The angel felt a kiss on the back of his neck. “I didn’t ask for that,” he snapped surprised by his own vehemence.

The demon laughed and began to slide out of Cas. He pulled out with a slick “pop.”

Castiel felt something hot begin to dribble out of his anus and down his legs. *Cum. De...the demon’s cum.* Then the angel groaned as the hands around his waist began to turn him. He wanted to resist. The last thing he wanted to see was the demon with Dean’s face. However, he was hurt, sore, and wanted everything to just stop.

The demon turned Cas around. Its cock was soft and glistening with cum, grease, and the angel's
blood. Castiel wanted to retch. The demon reached down, pulled up its boxers and jeans and fastened them closed.

The angel’s shaky legs gave way and he fell back, leaning against the trunk of the Impala, propped up on his elbows. Somehow he found the strength to stare at the demon.

“So should I call you my morning angel?” Dean chuckled stepping forward and leaning over Castiel and snaking a hand down Castiel’s chest. “Though, you probably don’t get the reference do you?”

“It is no book, TV show, or movie, Metatron ever read,” Cas said as if part of himself was detached from his debauched and battered naked body still pressed against the Impala’s trunk.

“It’s a song. Juice Newton. Angel of the Morning,” the demon said it’s hand traveling lower to snake between Castiel’s legs. Dean leaned closer over Cas, their lips almost brushing together. He began to softly croon in Dean's smooth timbres, serenading, Cas. “There'll be no strings to bind your hands...Not if my love can't bind your heart. And there's no need to take a stand...For it was I who chose to start.”

As he sang the demon reached back and slid its hand through the mess dripping out of the angel. The tune died away from its lips as it brought its hand, slick with cum tinged red with blood, up and held it in front of Cas’s face.

“Now tell me honestly, Cas? Even if you could get your Dean back how would you explain this mess to him? Hmm?” the demon eyes shone bright green.

“This was not him. Not you, Dean,” Cas said firmly without hesitation.

The demon wiped its soiled hand on the angel’s tie. “Oh, but it was you, Cas. You asked for this. You begged to do it.”

“I had no choice .”

Pain exploded across Castiel’s right cheek as the demon reared back and punched him. Then grabbed his chin forcing Cas to look at him. “You had a choice. I gave you one.”

“You doing this, or worse to Sam, is not a -”

The demon struck the left side of Castiel’s face. The angel could taste blood now. Once again the demon forced Cas to look at him. “I told you, we could stop whenever you want. You just say the word. That’s the second rule, Cas. You can stop this, but you’re not going to are you? Because deep down you want this, and it is the only way you are going to get it. So you’ll use any excuse...Sam..to justify it. I’m not complaining baby, but just be honest.”

“No,” Cas shook his head. Suddenly he was crying out and choking on blood, as cartilage bent and bone shattered under the impact of the demon’s fist to his nose. He tried to curl to his side and bring his hands up to cover his face, but he was too battered and sore.

The demon grabbed and rolled him back on his stomach. Once again Castiel’s bare ass was presented to Dean. The angel began to buck and scream. He tried crawling over the trunk to get away.

Dean grabbed him by the neck, shoved him down, and placed a knee on the small of his back pinning him in place. “Calm the fuck down.”

Castiel continued to squirm, the words not registering.
The demon grabbed one of Cas’s hands and trapped it under its knee. Then he wrestled with the arm, eventually pinning him.

Cas felt the familiar slide of metal around his wrists followed by the click of the cuffs locking into place. Then the demon rolled the angel onto his back.

Castiel stared at the demon, one of the angel’s eyes swelling making it difficult to see. Blood was still sliding down his throat from his broken nose while also dripping down his chin from a broken lip. His ass throbbed and the ache seemed to radiate deep within. Muscles down his legs and up his spine were sore. He began to shake. “Dean, please…”

“This the part where you tell me you need me, Cas? The part where I’ve beaten and battered you bloody, but you’re on the floor staring up at me, pleading with your heart and soul but still too chickenshit to say the words ‘I love you,’ so you say, ‘I need you.’” The demon pulled Cas’s face close. “Or was that me? You remember that don’t you?”

Castiel closed his eyes and nodded. Yes, he’d remembered. He’d nearly killed Dean, because of Naomi. No, he had killed Dean. He’d killed Dean many times, just not his Dean. Because I couldn’t no matter what Naomi did to me.

“Cas, open your eyes,” Dean ordered.

The angel did.

“Tell me. What’s rule number two.”

Cas was tired. He hurt and he needed time. He needed a moment to think. Everything was getting muddled and confused. He knew the answer. They were just words. Magic words that would make it all stop. At least for a little while. He stared up at Dean. “I want this. I can stop this, but I won’t because I want this.”

The demon smiled and leaned down brushing its lips tenderly across Castiel’s. “Morning angel,” it murmured before standing up. It reached down and picked up Cas’s pants. Gingerly it guided each of the angel’s legs inside, then it pulled them up as far they could go with the angel still draped across the Impala.

“C’mon, up and at ‘em, Cas,” the demon said talking on the angel’s arm.

Cas let out a groan as muscles seized but somehow he stood.

The demon finished pulling up Cas’s pants, refastening them, and buckling them tight. He stared at Cas for a moment then said, “Hate to tell you this buddy, but you look like shit. Might have to take a cuff off again so you can use your grace.”

“No,” Cas said weakly.

“No?” Dean asked.

“Please,” Castiel pleaded. “I...I need to save it for Sam. He may need it again. You..”

The demon chuckled as it began half tugging and half carrying Cas away from the Impala toward a corner at the other end of the garage. “Hey, don’t worry. There’s plenty more where that came from.”

Cas froze in horror, becoming a dead weight in the demon’s arms. His whole body began to shake,
“Oh, that was a big crack,” the demon said bending down running a finger over Cas’s swollen lip. “I think we need a break, else I just might break my toy in one day.”

Castiel raised his head. His eyes were bloodshot but shone clear. “I can’t, Dean.”

The demon raised its hand up as if in surrender. “Ok, I won’t ask you to kill an angel for their grace to save Sammy from me.” It pulled Cas back to his feet and once again began hauling him to the corner.

Once they reached the demon’s destination. He gently lowered Cas to his knees. “I know you feel like shit, and your ass is probably killing you, but want you to curl up into as small a ball as possible.”

“No, no. Scoot out away from the wall. Tuck those knees under your chin.”

Cas groaned but did as he was told.

The demon stood up. “Hey, I offered you a chance to heal up quick. You changing your mind? Your choice.”

No. Castiel meant what he said. He had to save his grace for not if, but when, Dean’s attention turned to Sam.

Dean shrugged. “Guess it’ll be slow going and miserable for you then.”

The angel looked at Dean, trying to decipher his meaning. However, the hunter simply walked away and headed back toward the Impala. Cas didn’t want to watch. He wasn’t sure he could ever look at Baby again. However, he had to know what the demon was doing next.

It dug around in its jeans pocket and fished out its keys before opening the trunk. It hissed for a moment, and Castiel’s heart skipped a bit. There was devil’s trap back. Could it…?

Dean scooted to the side and started rooting around the edges of the trunk. He was keeping outside the boundaries of the spell. Eventually, he pulled an earthenware jug out of the pack, along with something small he tossed briefly in the air before catching again.

Singing, “If morning’s echo says we’ve sinned, It was what I wanted now,” the demon walked back over to the corner where Castiel was huddled. It looked him over carefully and said, “Seriously, Cas, scrunch up them fingers and toes and keep everything tucked up closer.”

Cas made himself as small as possible. He curled his fingers into tight fists behind his back.

“Perfect,” Dean said as he pulled the topper of the jug and begun to pour its contents on the floor in a circle around the angel. “You know I’m being really nice here. I could make you be up on your knees for this. What can I say, popping your anal cherry like I did just put me in a sweet mood.”

The angel watched in sick dread as the liquid splashed out onto the concrete. He recognized it immediately. It had been him who’d told Dean Winchester the power it had over angels. Some oily
drops splashed near the angel, and he quickly scooted as far from them as he could, which wasn’t far. Dean was pouring it in a very tight circle, leaving Cas barely any room to move.

When Castiel was completely encircled by the contents of the jug Dean opened the palm of his hand and wiggled a lighter in front of Cas. “So, here’s the thing. I gotta go and raise some literal hell for a few days. Make it clear to Crowley to stay out of my business. So you are going to be good and stay inside your ring of burning fire, and when I get back we can play some more. Maybe I’ll actually let you have some fun, you know get your rocks off.”

“Dean,” panic beginning to rise up overriding his exhaustion and pain. “Sam-”

“Shh,” the demon said flicking the lighter open and igniting the flame. “Don’t ruin my morning afterglow.”

The demon dropped the lighter. The flame hit the floor, and the circle ignited around Castiel. Heat from burning holy oil blazed at him from all sides, close enough his bare skin quickly grew too warm.

Dean turned away and headed for the Impala. Castiel wanted to scream after him, yet, his breath was caught his throat. The demon had already warned him. It didn’t want to talk about Sam.

*But days! Castiel’s mind screamed as he heard Dean climb into the car. Sam’s already been locked down in that room in the chair with no food, water, or light. Now, Dean was living him for days? How many?*

Despite the heat from the fire, Castiel began to shiver. How would Sam survive? Had Cas endured...had he agreed to let Dean rape him for nothing?

Chapter End Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HTzGMEfbnAw

Angel of the Morning
Juice Newton
There’ll be no strings to bind your hands
Not if my love can't bind your heart
And there's no need to take a stand
For it was I who chose to start
I see no need to take me home
I'm old enough to face the dawn

Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby
Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Then slowly turn away from me
Maybe the sun's light will be dim
And it won't matter anyhow
If morning’s echo says we've sinned
It was what I wanted now
And if we're victims of the night
I won't be blinded by the light
Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby
Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Then slowly turn away
I won't beg you to stay with me
Through the tears of the day, of the years
Baby, baby, baby

Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, baby
Just call me angel of the morning, (angel)
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, darling
Just call me angel of the morning, angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me, darling
Moving right along. My muse really wants to get this story out. **Thank you for the kudos and comments. They are helping fuel the writing fire.** Betaed by the astounding Steeleye1. Many kudos to her!

Sam was rotting meat in the dark that didn’t have the good sense to know it was dead. He had been left behind like the other forgotten relics in the bunker; useless, broken, and past their time. He groaned, his heart and a few other organs refused to stop causing a brief firing of synaptic activity in the brain, and his conscious roused against his best efforts to keep it otherwise.

_Cas_. It was always his first thought now. It used to be, “Dean,” or “please” but now it was always the angel’s name. It wasn’t a prayer for deliverance. It was one of grief. Castiel was dead or worse. There was no other explanation as to why Sam had been abandoned. The young Winchester called out for the angel rather for than for his brother. If he thought about Dean…

Sam shifted his head setting off a cascading ripple of agony from multiple areas of his declining body from his distended shoulders, the open sores forming from sitting in his own waste to the metal cuffs cutting into his swollen ankles and wrists. The pain chased away the thoughts and sometimes triggered a seizure.

Seizures brought oblivion. They were blessed freedom from the overwhelming grief stemming from the realization his brother was truly lost to Hell. They were a sign he was dying, _Cas, find a way to drag him out again and don’t let him blame himself._

The younger Winchester would cry if he could, but he had no spare moisture for tears. Sam wasn’t afraid of dying. After the first few times, he’d become a pro at it. However, he was scared what his death would do to Dean. Would it push him beyond the help of the cure? Would it make the Mark permanent? Even if it didn’t, would a human Dean be able to live with what he’d done to Sam...to Cas.

_Dean_ … Sam bit his lip hard enough to drop blood. His hands shook and his eyes rolled back in his head. Oblivion.

*******

The first twelve hours Castiel had spent in his ring of fire he’d focused on just trying ground himself. His body had ached in places he didn’t want to acknowledge. It had seemed like wetness continually seeped into his pants, even if he logically knew that could not be the case. He’d been forced to breathe through his mouth, as his broken nose swelled closing off his nasal passages. His one eye was also almost completely swollen shut. Then, despite the heat of the fire, he’d randomly started shivering so hard his teeth rattled.
The physical discomfort had been only one reason why he couldn’t ground himself. There had also been the unexpected emotional responses. Sometimes he had realized he was crying. Tears had rolled down his cheeks, falling from his chin like he’d stepped into a sudden summer rainstorm. Except he couldn’t remember when he’d begun crying? Or why?

Then there had been the moments of anger so intense he’d nearly called upon his grace, triggering the cuffs. Instead, he’d let out a roar of rage that bounced around the walls of the garage. There were no words hidden in it. This was just a visceral manifestation of an extreme emotion. His voice had been his only outlet.

However, there had also been those moments where he’d tucked his chin against his chest in fear. Tremors had ricocheted through his body as he’d feel the demon’s hands on him again, opening him up, impaling him, and degrading him.

It had taken Castiel every minute of those twelve hours to begin to pull all of those threads together, anchor them to his essence, and then begin to process their relevance. He’d come to understand he was in shock. The demon’s tactics and actions had overwhelmed him. They had made “cracks” in his psyche, ones he’d have to find the energy and understanding to repair should they grow bigger.

As the angel had begun to process and find tentative grounding he’d reminded himself of truths he had to keep clear in his mind. His stolen grace was bound and low which put him at a dangerous disadvantage. It was far easier for him to succumb now to his vessel’s natural frailties than normal. When he’d acknowledged those realities, that’s when he’d finally been able to meditate.

Two hours later his meditation had been interrupted by the first of Sam’s prayers. *Cas, hey man. I could really use some water.*

Castiel had jerked his head up, almost as if he could actually hear Sam’s voice. “Sam!”

While Sam’s words had been light, the entreaty behind them had not been. The younger Winchester was suffering. The angel had rocked in frustration, his hands nearly brushing against the flames of the burning holy oil.

He needed to help Sam, but he was bound and confined. There was nothing he could do.

*Sam, do not give up!* Castiel knew that the man could not hear his prayers, but the angel had not lost his faith. Perhaps he could still feel the power behind them?

He focused on his breathing and calmed his mind. Dean would be back. He was certain, and when he was, Castiel had to be grounded, ready for the next round of the demon’s games, *that* was the only way he knew how to help Sam. Cas anchored his concerns for the younger Winchester and tried to center himself again.

A few hours later, after he’d focused on bringing his emotions in check, and blocking out his physical discomfort. He’d brought forth the memories of his experiences at the demon’s hand and began to weave them into the tapestry of his existence. From there, perhaps he could draw insight or clarity. Gain useful knowledge on how to survive similar assaults in the future. He was sure when the demon returned, he had to believe he would return, there would be more attacks.

As Castiel focused his mind, calming his emotions, he began to see patterns within the patterns. They were bright colored threads woven keenly through each assault and they had given the angel not only pause but something new to contemplate with enough concern and trepidation to cause him to lose his new grounding.
“Don’t think I didn’t notice...should have done this a long time ago...got over my Slot A into Slot B issues...pleading with your heart and soul but still too chickenshit to say the words ‘I love you,’ so you say, ‘I need you.’” The demon had said all those things. Yes, they had been taunts, barbs aimed at wounding Castiel but looking past their objective they revealed more.

Were these Dean’s thoughts? Yes, Castiel knew demons lie, but their greatest deceptions were built on truths. Had the demon been using Dean’s deepest secrets against Cas? If so, did that mean that the older Winchester had feelings for the angel, ones that were not as platonic and filial as he’d led Castiel to believe?

That’s when a new terrible fear had gripped the angel. What if he’d miscalculated, yet again? The Mark was driving the demon Dean to defile and pervert everything about the human that was good and everything he loved until ultimately he killed Sam. The demon needed to corrupt all of Dean’s humanity. If Dean Winchester had feelings for Cas, it would need to twist them as well.

The bond between the human and angel would be a rich enough target for the demon to destroy, but if Dean actually loved Cas? Oh, Dean!

New tremors of sorrow and fear had begun to rock through Castiel. Even if they were successful, in curing Dean, what would be left of the angel? How far would the demon go to pervert Dean’s feelings for Cas, and would Dean ever forgive the angel for letting the demon defile him? Giving him permission to do it.

*****

Castiel, I’m dying. Sam whimpered. There was no good reason for him to be conscious. Why couldn’t his body just let him die in peace? Ya think I’ll get to heaven this time?

A spasm racked through Sam’s body. He wasn’t sure if was a cough or a seizure.

If it’s hell, can I ask a favor? Find a way to get me out? I’m not asking for another pass. You can toss me into Purgatory. Just don’t want to be near Lucif-

Another spasm hit. Sam didn’t lose consciousness, but the pain was too great for prayers.

*****

Castiel’s blue eyes were bright with righteous rage without the benefit of his grace. It had been two days since the demon had left. Sam had been down in the dark, dying, alone and in misery. Cas had heard each of the man’s prayers and had been able to do nothing. They were becoming more infrequent now.

Without Sam… Castiel had no reason to submit. The demon had no leverage. Without Sam, there was no saving Dean.

*****

“Honey, I’m home!” Dean yelled as he exited the Impala and shut the door.

Castiel managed to get to his knees. He watched the demon silently as it walked from the car to the far wall. It grabbed a small fire extinguisher and headed the angel’s way. Cas glared.

“Hey, no need for the stank face,” Dean said as he started to spray foam on the burning oil. “So it took me longer than expected. Picked up some supplies. Had a little trouble with o-”
“Sam is dead,” Castiel growled rising to his feet as the fire was snuffed out. “Or dying.”

“Whoa, someone’s got an attitude,” the demon said putting down the extinguisher. “And not the one I was expecting. Knew you’d miss me bu-”

Cas stepped forward into the demon’s personal space, jutting his chin close to Dean’s. The angel’s eyes all but flashing. “You were gone three days. I can’t hear Sam’s prayers anymore.”

“And if you don’t step back you won’t, ever again,” the demon growled meeting Cas’s enraged gaze with one of growing irritation.

Castiel tilted his head. “You think you have leverage against me? If Sam is dead, then you have nothing.”

“Be careful, be very careful,” Dean snapped as he suddenly reached out and grabbed Castiel by the throat.

“Or what?” Cas challenged forcing his voice out past Dean’s punishing grip. “If Sam is dead, then both Winchesters are lost. What incentive is there for me to play your games? None.”

The demon glowered at the angel who returned the angel’s gaze with equal fury. Swearing, Dean shoved the Castiel to the floor. “I should just turn around and leave for a few more days until your attitude improves.”

“Leave, and I will dedicate my existence to destroying you.”

The demon laughed, his voice dripping with doubt, “Destroy your Dean Winchester?”

“No, the Mark of Cain’s attack dog,” Cas said his voice eerily soft but full of conviction.

Once again demon and angel stared at each other, their wills clashing in their gaze until the demon swore again and bent down. He grabbed Castiel’s tie and yanked the angel to his feet. “Fine, you wanna see, Sam. Let’s go see him. Baby brother’s overdue for his medicine anyway.”

Castiel used his fear and anger to mask any signs of relief as the demon began leading him out of the garage. The angel had meant every word he’d said to the demon, but they meant less to him than Sam Winchester’s survival. Please, Sam, do not be dead.

The angel was willing to endure any torture, participate in any twisted game the demon conceived of, as long as Sam was alive. If they were too late, if the worst had happened, then Castiel was determined the only joy the demon would get from the angel was his death.

The two walked through the bunker in silence, both creatures radiating fury. As they made their way to the room where Sam was held, Cas couldn’t help but notice how quiet it was. Like a tomb. Sam Winchester deserved better.

Finally, they reached the door. The demon released its hold on Cas and fished into its pocket, pulling out its bundle of keys. It turned toward the angel. “You do what I say, when I say it, without any crap, or I will turn around and leave for another three days...or longer.”

“If Sam is alive,” Cas retorted.

Dean narrowed his eyes briefly, then turned toward the door. He unlocked it, then turned the handle as he pushed it open. Immediately a ghastly stench of fetid human waste filled the hall.
The demon looked at Cas. “I’m not going to say you were right or you had a point, but maybe I could have come back a little sooner.”

Cas narrowed his eyes at Dean. You are more under the influence of the Mark than you want to acknowledge.

“Sammy?” the demon called out grabbing hold of the angel’s arm as it drug him into the room.

There was no response from the other man.

“Sammy!” Dean cried out louder bringing them closer.

Hope stirred in Cas. He could see Sam’s soul clinging to the young man.

The demon let go of Castiel and seized a handful of Sam’s hair and pulled his head back.

The bound man let out a groan.

Cas surged forward only to have the demon hold up a halting hand.

“Down!” Dean barked pointing to the floor. “Don’t you move and don’t you say a word until I tell you to, angel.”

Without hesitation, Castiel dropped to his knees, his eyes never leaving the young man in the chair. Sam was alive!

“Ok, baby brother nap time’s over,” the demon said lightly slapping Sam’s cheeks while Castiel curled his fingernails into his palms. “Wake up.”

The younger Winchester groaned again.

“That’s it. Open your eyes,” the demon said.

Sam’s eyelids fluttered. He swallowed. “Dean?”

Castiel’s heart broke at the hoarse sound.

“The new and improved,” the demon said shuffling behind his younger brother while keeping hold of the young man’s head. He pulled it back forcing Sam to look up at him. “Gotta tell you, bro, you look like crap.”

“If...this is m...more bad monologue,” Sam grunted his words thick and hard to hear. “D..don’t forget to get the light on your w..way out”

Dean laughed and kissed the top Sam’s forehead. “Funny. Actually, it’s time for your meds.”

Sam gave a little shake of his head.

Castiel held his breath fearful of what Sam’s obstinace would cost the young man.

“Hey,” Dean said looking down at his brother. “C’mon play along. You’re twisting Cas’s panties in a knot.”

“Cas?” Sam tried tilting his head down.

The angel shifted, nearly rising to his feet at the cry, but caught himself. He remained still and silent.
Ignoring Sam’s query, the demon kept firm hold of his brother’s head preventing him from seeing the angel. “You gotta be hurting worse than you look. So here’s what’s gonna happen. You’re gonna open your mouth and take your medicine. You do that, and I’ll not only let Cas use a little of that stolen angel juice of his to make you feel better, but I’ll give you two some quality alone time. I’ll let him get you cleaned up.”

For the first time since entering the room, Castiel shifted his eyes from Sam to Dean. The demon was offering some comfort. The angel had learned the hard way, that didn’t come without a painful price.

“No! Cas glared at Dean. The angel was cooperating! Sam was supposed to be off limits.

“Leave Cas alone,” Sam croaked.

Dean released his hold on Sam before reaching back behind him and withdrawing the demon blade. He held it up so his brother could see it, then the demon slow slid it across its wrist parting skin and releasing a stream of blood that began to spray and splatter on Sam’s face.

Sam jerked and sputtered in shock.

The demon tucked the knife under its belt at the small of its back and with its uninjured hand, grabbed hold of Sam’s head again. “Now, open up and take a good long drink. After all, you a gotta be thirsty.”

Opening his mouth, Sam glared at his brother.

Dean smiled and lowered his bleeding wrist to the younger Winchester’s mouth. “Now latch on, and don’t worry about being greedy.”

Cas watched in a mix of relief and horror as the younger Winchester did as he was told. He closed his lips around the brother’s bleeding wrist, and his throat began to convulse as he swallowed down the demon’s blood. The angel knew what he was watching was an abomination, but he also knew it meant Sam would survive. If they could cure Dean of being a demon, they would find a way of dealing with the other Winchester’s addiction. If it should happen.

“Mmn, that’s it, Sammy,” Dean said releasing his hold on his brother’s head. He began to softly caress the younger Winchester’s cheek. “Reminds me of when you were a baby and it was time for your bottle. Course, it would remind me more if you were sucking on my cock.”

Sam choked, blood bubbling down his chin.

Cas snapped his focus back to Dean.

The demon winked at Castiel and stroked a hand down the side of Sam’s neck. “Easy, baby brother. You’re in no shape to make that any fun. ‘Sides, I got something special planned for Cas, as long as he keeps being good. Savin’ my wad for that.”

The smooth rhythmic motion in Sam’s throat returned as he resumed swallowing Dean’s blood. The demon smiled. “Now, this is the start of a good homecoming.”

SAM HATED EACH swallow of Dean’s blood. Sam craved it. It wasn’t just that it eased the unbearable dryness in his throat, somehow it alleviated some of the terrible agony that was his entire
body. With each mouthful of thick salty and irony liquid, Sam could feel it not just sliding down to pool in his stomach, but it seemed to be starting to energize him. The bees were waking up under his skin. The sensation brought pain, as awareness to long numb limbs returned to him. it also brought that same erotic pleasure he couldn’t help but associate with demon blood.

In a mix of pain, pleasure, and horror, Sam began to feel himself stir. It should be impossible. His body was so far gone, so near death, and yet his body had been well trained to respond to demon blood causing his cock to swell. The skin along his neck, where Dean caressed him, seem over sensitized and each soft touch seem to send a jolt straight to his groin.

“Cas, I think Sam’s getting a little happy to see me,” Dean chuckled.

Sam’s face flushed in embarrassment and anger. Still, he continued to keep his lips wrapped as closely around the slit in Dean’s wrist as possible, and sucked down his brother’s blood.

The angel did not say anything. Cas? Sam longed to talk to the angel who had not said a word since entering the room. The younger Winchester had not even seen him yet, and he was worried. Dean’s threat against Castiel had been obscene, and Sam had no doubt he would have carried it out. Sam’s brief vision still haunted him.

The demon’s caresses continued. “It’s ok, Sammy. I understand it’s Pavlovian. Ruby trained you to be a proper bitch, didn’t she? We’ll get you cleaned up and if you want to spank one out, go ahead. Heck, you can even think about her if you want...for now.”

Sam closed his eyes trying to block out the demon. Yet, still, he swallowed.

Dean laughed. “Just a little more.”

The sensation of bees swarming under his skin was almost too strong now, Sam thought he could hear them humming. However, he didn’t turn his focus away from the sensation. It was better than acknowledging the erection pressing against his rough and soiled pants.

Suddenly Dean’s wrist was gone as the demon pulled it away. “Okay, that’s enough.”

Sam gasped. The loss was unexpected and felt like a life preserver had been snatched from him.

“Cas, move your ass and get up here,” Dean barked.

Opening his eyes, Sam searched for the angel. He spotted him rising from the floor. The sight of the angel was enough to help kill the Winchester’s unwanted arousal. Cas was dressed only in his dress pants and a tie. There were dark purple half-moons under his eyes and a deep crook in his nose. One eye looked vaguely swollen and there was dried blood caking his face. Cas!

The demon motioned Castiel closer to him. Dean made a circular motion with a finger.

The angel turned around putting his back to the demon.

Sam hated how the obedient and silent the angel was. He tried catching the angel’s gaze, trying to gauge what was going through his mind, but it was if Castiel was deliberately avoiding him, focusing his attention solely on Dean.

Dean unlocked a set of handcuffs around Cas’s wrists. “Remember what I said, feathers. Exactly, what I say and no crap!”

Cas nodded.
The demon began to undo the buckles on one of the leather cuffs around the angel’s forearms. Once the straps were undone, Dean jerked the cuff off Cas’s arm. Then he grabbed the angel by the shoulder and spun him around. The older Winchester pointed at Sam. “Heal him up just enough to get him mobile. No more...doubt you’ll do less.”

Once again Cas nodded, then he glanced at Sam. The angel flashed him a fleeting smile, so quick, the younger Winchester almost missed it. It wasn’t a happy grin, just a brief expression of reassurance. Then Castiel reached out with his uncuffed hand and touched Sam’s forehead.

A warm feeling flooded through Sam, causing him to immediately relax and sigh in relief. Pain receded like the tide so swift and so welcome it brought tears to the younger Winchester’s eyes. Feeling returned to his legs and arms. His stomach twisted with hunger, and his mind cleared.

As swiftly as the feeling had come, it was gone. In its wake, Sam was left with an awareness of his swollen stressed joints, his abraded skin, and his fingers so bloated he could barely move them. Still, he was more alive than dead, and that was an improvement. He looked at Cas.

The angel had grown paler, the dark purple moons more pronounced against his skin. He was offering his uncuffed arm to Dean.

“Heaven’s butt-boy,” Dean said re-attaching the cuff. “Now mine.”

Cas flushed but did not say anything.

The demon turned back to look at Sam and bent down. “You did good Sammy,” Dean said, unlocking the cuffs from his wrists. “Keep behaving and everyone’s gonna have a good day.”

Everything in Sam wanted to fight. He wanted to take a swing at his brother, but he couldn’t. It wasn’t just that he didn’t want to piss the demon off, his joints had been too long stressed. While Cas had healed him, it hadn’t been quite enough to give him a full range of mobility. He felt the demon manipulate his wrists together and re-cuff them.

Next, Dean moved around and began to unlock the cuffs from Sam’s ankles. “Cas, give him an arm up.”

Immediately Castiel hooked an arm around Sam’s upper arms and lifted.

Sam hissed but leaned on the angel as he tried to rise to his feet. Blood rushed through him and a moan of pain escaped before he could stop it. There was a squeeze around his arms, but no other response from the angel.

“Chop, chop. I got a hot date,” Dean winked at Cas while beginning to walk backward toward the door keeping his eyes on the other two men.

“Leave him alone!” Sam glared at his brother.

“Don’t be jealous, Sammy. I can always see about hooking you up with that hellhound,” the demon said.

The angel tightened his grip on Sam.

Sam leaned on Castiel and took a shuffling step forward. He cried out again in pain, his knees nearly buckling. Gritting his teeth he managed to stay upright.

Cas grunted but held on to Sam.
Slowly, and under Dean’s watchful eye, Cas and Sam began to make their way out of the cursed room. The younger Winchester hoped he’d never see it again. *Not that I got to see much of it anyway.* Exactly how long had he been locked down there?

Eventually, they made it to the door where Dean waited for them. Sam glanced at him. What was next?

“Right, follow me and behave yourselves,” the demon said before turning and leading them down the hall.

With Castiel’s help, Sam managed to keep his feet under him and moved one foot in front of the other. Pain was in every step, as was concern for the silent angel. He was so preoccupied, he failed to notice where Dean was leading them until Cas gave him a sudden squeeze. Sam focused and realized his brother had stopped outside one of the little-used bathrooms in the bunker.

Dean opened the door, ushering them inside. He did a sweep through the room collected a few items, such as razors, and threw them out in the hall. He looked at Cas and pointed to the far side of the room. “Corner. Now.”

Reluctantly the angel let go of Sam.

Then Dean grabbed Sam by the collar, snatched the demon blade from behind his back, and started slicing through the hunter’s layers of shirts.

“Hey!” Sam cried out nearly losing his balance.

“Pipe down,” Dean growled till carving through Sam’s shirts. “Trying to do you a solid.”

“Why begin now?” Sam snapped.

The demon tugged Sam’s shirt off. “Because I’m keeping my word. You two behaved. So I’m going to give you and feathers here some quality time while he cleans you up. You two can chat, swap recipes, plot...hell he can help you knock one out.”

Sam’s shirt fell to ribbons on the floor. Dean spun Sam around and looked at him. “However, your hands stay cuffed. His magic bracelets stay on, and you both stay locked in this room until I come and get you. If either of you do anything to piss me off, I will make good on my threats before leaving you right back in that cell chained to the chair for a month of Sundays. Got it?”

Anger rose up hot and fast through Sam giving him a burst of strength. “And what happens next?”

Dean shrugged. “Whatever I want.” Then he looked at Castiel. “Here’s your precious, Sam. Enjoy your time. Be good, and I’ll let you finish healing him up. Fuck up, and I’ll fuck you both.”

Then the demon shoved Sam toward Castiel sending him stumbling and crashing into the angel. Cas somehow caught the larger man, however, the momentum sent them both tumbling to the floor.

Chuckling, Dean left the room, the door slamming shut. There was silence for a moment, then the sound of metal sliding against metal.

*He’s wedging something in the door securing it.* Sam couldn’t help but assess the situation.

“Sam,” Cas said his arms wrapping tightly around the younger Winchester.

The hunter turned in the angel’s arms and smiled. “Hey, Cas.”
“It is good to see you,” Castiel said, his eyes shining. “When I could no longer hear your prayers...I feared...”

“Yeah,” Sam said then tried scooting to sit up. “I was afraid too.”

Cas nodded and helped Sam get comfortable. Sam studied the angel. “Cas, are you...okay? Don’t take this wrong, but you look like shit.”

The angel smiled. “You bear some resemblance to feces, yourself. Though you smell like it more.”

Sam laughed. Whatever had happened to the angel, he hadn’t been broken. “Yeah, I guess I do. Uhm, you think you could help me...” The hunter took a deep breath. He really wanted out of his jeans and to bath but the only way that was going to happen was with Castiel’s help. *And if Dean did what I suspect...* Sam knew the last thing Castiel would want to do was help Sam get naked.

Cas smiled warmly at Sam. “I remember when humans routinely wore little clothes. I have walked among many cultures over time where they regularly bathed communally. I have no problem assisting you.”
CAS HELPED SAM to the back of the shower and glanced into his eyes trying to gauge the human’s comfort level.

“I’m okay,” Sam reassured the angel again as he leaned a shoulder against the smooth gray tiles.

The angel examined the hunter’s skin along the back of his thighs and buttocks. There were patches where the flesh had barely been restored, the skin bright red with lingering infection. Castiel had healed the bedsores, the minimum needed to get Sam mobile, but he hadn’t really been able to fully restore the human.

“Cas,” Sam turned, now leaning against the shower wall using the back of his shoulders for support. “I’m fine.”

Castiel looked into Sam’s eyes. “The water will hurt.”

“Trust me, it will feel great,” the hunter gently argued. “I just want to get clean.”

Clean? Cas briefly contemplated the context of that word. He couldn’t help but glance to the corner where Sam’s discarded clothing lay. There were little chunks of the human’s matted and rotted flesh meshed into the fabric of them. Sam had sat in his waste, his skin rotting into his pants. Would water be enough to render him unblemished?

“Hey,” Sam called out gently, drawing the angel’s attention back to him. “You with me?”

Castiel tilted his head and gave a small smile. “I am here in the bunker’s shower with you, Sam.”

“I mean what were you thinking about?” Sam asked.

The angel shook his head. “The water will remove the traces of your ordeal, but will it be sufficient to leave you...unsullied?”

Sam sighed. He stared at the angel for a long moment, hazel eyes studying blue. “It won’t wash away the memories, but it will create some distance. Help me to know they are in the past, and the shower will help me feel better. More in control.”

“But you aren’t really,” Cas observed. “Ultimately we are still observing Dean’s edicts.”

“He’s not here though. Not at this moment, I...we can take a break and reclaim a sense of autonomy. Clear our heads,” Sam explained.

Castiel’s eyes narrowed. “But it is an illusion. From what I have observed in his behavior, there is a high probability he will reassert his dominance in either a painful way or in a way to designed to humiliate.”
“Then we shouldn’t waste the time and opportunity we have,” Sam said quirking a smile. “Besides, I’m starting to get cold.”

“Apologies!” Cas flushed, then moving quickly toward the front of the shower. Turning the faucet on, he began to adjust the water, blocking the spout until the temperature was moderate; neither too hot or too cold.

“It’s all good,” Sam said sighing as water began spitting out around Cas. The human opened his mouth wide and stuck out his tongue, catching the droplets.

Castiel frowned as he stepped aside letting the water begin to fully rain down on the human.

“Careful, Sam. If you drink you too much too fast, you may become ill.”

“If guzzling down some of Dean’s blood didn’t make me sick,” Sam argued. “I doubt a little water will.”

*He may have a point.* Cas smiled still, he adjusted the shower head slightly so the spray was not angled directly on the hunter’s face but more towards his chest. It was easy to do given Sam’s height. Then Castiel reached outside the shower and pulled a plain white washcloth from a slim metal rack. Next, he grabbed a small brittle and cracked bar of soap from the little silver shelf mounted to the shower faucet. He moved back to Sam’s side.

“You know, you could take the opportunity to clean up too.” The hunter said watching as Cas took the soap and held it under the cascading water, soaking it.

Cas shook his head. “Dean did not mention anything about me showering. He was very specific about assisting you.”

“Sooo,” Sam drug the word out as Cas began rubbing the bar between his hands and the rag trying to coax some lather out of it. “You just gonna stand in here with me getting your pants soaked?”

The angel shrugged. The feel of wet fabric clinging to his legs was uncomfortable, but it was nothing compared to what he’d endured the last seventy-two hours. He glanced at Sam, the hunter looked like there was more he wanted to say.

“Cas,” Sam said. “While I was...when I was...” The hunter took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

The angel arched an eyebrow halting his attempt to generate a lather. What was so difficult to say?

“I had a vision,” Sam finally said locking his gaze with the angel’s.

Castiel tilted his head. “A vision? As...”

“As in Dean’s blood did have an effect on me.”

*Sam lied?* Cas blinked in confusion. “Why the deception?”

“Because I didn’t want you worrying about me,” Sam said. “I knew you would if you realized it did, and there’s nothing either one of us can do about it right now.”

The angel sighed. “You still should have told me. I”

“You what, Cas?” Sam asked.

“We are in this together,” the angel answered an unspoken accusation in his voice and his eyes heavy with veiled hurt.
The hunter nodded. “I know. I’m sorry.”

Castiel scrubbed at the cloth again with the soap. “And now? Are you feeling…?”

Sam nodded. “It’s like ants or something crawling under my skin.”

Castiel studied Sam for a moment then sighed. He nodded acknowledging the apology before holding up the slightly sudsy rag. “Should I start with your face?”

Smiling with a look of grateful anticipation, the hunter nodded.

“What did you see? Anything helpful?” Cas asked reaching and gently beginning to rub slow circles on Sam’s cheeks with the wash rag.

Sam leaned into the touch and closed his eyes. “I saw you.”

“Me? Cas frowned swiping the cloth over Sam’s forehead.

“I…” Sam pursed his lips for a moment as if choosing his words carefully. “You were bent over, Cas…you were-”

He saw the Dean violating me? Castiel went rigid with tension, flinching from Sam without thinking.

“Cas, don’t,” Sam said opening his eyes to watch the angel.

The angel shook his head. “What…It…” For some reason, Castiel’s command of language was suddenly impaired.

Sam swore under his breath but kept his gaze fixed on Castiel. “Whatever happened, it wasn’t your fault. You had no choice.”

“I had a choice,” Cas said firmly shaking his head, finding his words and moving again. He drug the cloth down Sam’s nose. “It was a clear one.”

“It’s not a choice if you are trying to protect me,” the hunter said.

Castiel wiped along the human’s jawline and across his chin. “I’m not going to let Dean-”

“Hurt me?” Sam interrupted. “Cas, he already did…is”

The angel shook his head again. “It could be so much worse.”

“And you think sacrificing yourself makes it better? Changes things?” Sam argued.

Castiel wiped the cloth across Sam’s mouth. What did the other Winchester want from him? “Yes, in a manner of speaking. Dean could never forgive himself if...there are things this demon could do that you two could never recover from.”

“What about you?” Sam sputtered as Cas removed the rag. “Don’t you think this demon is trying to corrupt Dean by hurting you? By-”

“Sam!” Cas pleaded not wanting to argue. He had made his choice, and it would not, could not, change. He tugged the hunter forward slightly to rinse.

The Winchester sighed and let himself be led under the spray. He held his head under the water, face
turned up to the cascade until his face was free of soap. Then he stepped back and leaned against the wall again. He looked at the angel.

“I’m sorry, Cas,” Sam said softly. “It’s just...I care and I think you underestimate how much Dean cares...for you.”

The angel sighed and reached out to begin washing the human’s chest. “I...I may have initially miscalculated your brother’s feelings regarding myself. However, it would not, does not change anything.”

Sam met the angel’s gaze. “What happens when we get him back because we will get him back.”

“I don’t know,” Castiel shook his head. “I believe the correct metaphorical response is, ‘we will cross that bridge when we come to it.’ I just hope it does not collapse beneath us.”

The hunter gave a small nod, then fell silent as the angel continued to bathe him. His shoulders sagging, as if he were tiring.

Cas kept his ministrations efficient and impersonal, but gentle and thorough. He monitored Sam closely, taking note how heavily he was now leaning against the wall, how he was breathing, and the pallor of his skin. He also tried to see what he could of his soul, looking for any stain of abomination from the demon’s blood.

“It’s ok, Cas, I’m good,” Sam said catching Castiel’s worried gaze.

“Dean should have let me heal you completely,” Cas replied. “You are still dangerously dehydrated, your joints are painfully swollen, and an infection remains.”

“Well, it’s at least a distraction from how hungry I am,” Sam said in an obvious attempt to make light of the situation.

Castiel soaped down the human’s arm. “I thought it better not to mention your malnutrition.”

Sam smiled. Then nodded his chin toward Cas as he began dragging the cloth across the hunter’s other arm. “You’re good at this.”

“While I was in the asylum suffering hallucinations, there were times I was bathed by others,” the angel replied carefully turning Sam so he could begin washing his back.

“Meg?” Sam asked curiously.

Castiel movements stilled for a moment. He rarely spoke of the demon who called him Clarence. He’d had a special fondness for her, an attraction even. Whatever fledgling connection they shared should never have been, and yet it had existed. And the Deanmon tried to pervert my memory of it.

“Cas?” Sam asked, his voice soft with worry. “You okay?”

The angel resumed sliding the rag across the back of Sam’s shoulders. “Apologies. I was...lost in thought. Yes, Meg had cared for me in a similar fashion.”

“I didn’t mean to bring up painful memories,” Sam said. “I had my issues with her, but I know that you two had...something. She called you her unicorn.”

Castiel smiled. That both sounded like something Meg would say and at the same time it didn’t. “She was a unique demon.”
“And you?” Sam pressed. “Was she yours?”

*Maybe? Possibly?* Cas honestly wasn’t sure. There had been a connection with the demon, he would not deny it. However, it paled in comparison to the one he had with Dean. Every relationship he’d formed was eclipsed when compared to that bond.

“Perhaps as close as another could come,” Cas said, choosing his words carefully as he wrung out the rag. He tugged Sam gently under the spray to rinse.

The hunter was silent as he stood in the rain of water, letting the droplets sluice grime and suds from his body. He turned front to back, rinsing as thoroughly as he could before stepping back.

“Shall I do your backside and down your legs next?” the angel asked.

“Please,” Sam said stepping forward towards the back wall. He leaned his forehead against the cool tiles and lifted his bound wrists as high as he could. Then he hissed and winced as Castiel touched him.

The angel paused, holding the rag lightly across Sam’s red and barely healed skin. “I’m sorry. “

“No, it’s good,” Sam said through clenched teeth. “Just...let’s just keep talking.”

Castiel nodded to himself as he resumed his attendant duties. He was silent for a moment as he picked through the possible topics of conversation, before settling on one from the more urgent categories. “Was the vision the only manifestation of your old abilities?”

“Yeah,” Sam tensed.

The angel wasn’t certain if it was from the question or from the cloth delicately sliding between the globes of Sam’s ass. “Were you able to control it?”

“Are you asking me if I could control what I saw?” Sam huffed. “No, but, I won’t lie. I was trying to see if I could do...something, anything. In hindsight since I had a vision. That’s how everything started last time.”

“Sam, are you sure that’s wise?” Cas asked as he held the rag out under the water and rinsed it, before soaping it up again.

Sam gave a small shrug. “Wise or not, I think it’s our only shot.”

“To actively try to reactivate the abilities brought on by demon blood?” the angel asked bending down and beginning to soap up Sam’s legs.

The hunter widened his stance a little to make it easier for Castiel to reach. “Cas we don’t have many options here. If Dean’s demon blood gives us an edge, then I say we use it.”

“We do not know what its effects will have on you,” the angel argued. “And should you get addicted again, how are we to cure you?”

“I have a theory about that,” Sam answered, “but first things first. We need to cure Dean.”

The angel stood up and tapped the hunter on the shoulder. “You realize, it is highly likely Dean will anticipate you developing your abilities again.”

“Probably,” Sam said stepping backward under the spray, “however, my brother always underestimated my powers and what I could do before.”
“He’s a demon now,” Cas said watching the hunter carefully, “and he’s older. He may not make that same mistake twice.”

Once again Sam shrugged. He stood under the spray longer than he did previously. He leaned back, letting the water pour over his face and soak his hair. He opened his mouth, letting some pool into it, before swallowing. Then he tilted his head forward. His hair clung to his scalp, water dripping down small his cheeks in small rivulets. He shuffled toward the back wall, turning around and leaning back. Closing his eyes he breathed heavily.

He’s getting tired. Cas rinsed the washcloth one more time. There were only two more areas which needed washing, Sam’s groin and scalp. Logically he would want to both clean, but would he want me to bath both?

“C’mon, Cas, let’s get this over with,” Sam said without opening his eyes. “Just go ahead and wash my junk. I apologize now if I...uhm...you know.”

“If you become erect,” Castiel said soaping up the rag.

“Yeah.” Sam nodded. “It’s nothing personal...I mean not that you aren’t a good-looking guy but, it’s not...you know…”

The angel stepped close to the younger Winchester, then began carefully run the washcloth over Sam’s penis. Cas used as delicate a touch as possible. Sam’s skin was red and just short of raw. It was healed, but barely. It had been chafed bloody and infected from the hunter’s ordeal, prior to the partial restoration from the angel’s touch.

Sam hissed again, and a shudder rippled through his muscles. Just as he feared, his shaft began to harden as Cas slid the rag down its length. The hunter’s face grew flush.

“It is physiology, Sam,” Castiel tried to reassure. “It is your human body responding to sensation.”

The hunter shook his head. “It’s more than that Cas. It’s the blood. It’s Ruby. It’s how fucked up I am.”

“No-”

“Please, can you just hurry this along?” Sam shut down the angel’s attempt to argue. “And can you turn on the cold water?”

“Of course,” Cas agreed as he quickly washed the hunter’s scrotum.

Sam was now fully hard.

Castiel stepped forward and reached for the faucet. He adjusted the settings, turning the hot water down.

Sam yelped as the spray hit his feet. He opened his eyes, then moved away from the wall to walk face forward into the raining water. He clenched his jaws, standing still there several long moments, shivering until his erection wilted.

Quickly, Cas readjusted the temperature, turning the cold water back stopping just shy of hot. Then he stepped back reaching out for Sam who suddenly seemed to sway on his feet. The angel wrapped his hand around the hunter’s elbow and helped lower him to the floor.

“I really wanted my hair washed,” Sam almost whined.
The angel pulled hunter closer, leaning the taller man’s back against Cas’s chest. “I believe it would be easier for me to do it this way anyway.”

The Winchester gave a small laugh nodding.

Castiel dropped the rag and rubbed the bar of soap in his hands. “I am afraid this is all I have.”

“Trust me when I say, it’s better than nothing,” Sam said.

The angel nodded. Once he’d worked up a generous lather, he set the soap down and then began to work his sudsy hands through Sam’s wet hair. It was slow going. The hunter’s hair was thick and tangled, and the angel did not want to hurt him.

After working in silence for a little while, Cas said, “I know you cared for the demon Ruby. Yet, what she did—”

“Betraying me? Tricking me into releasing Lucifer?” Sam interrupted his voice laced with bitterness. “Which part do you want to talk about Cas?”

“I was referring to how she perverted your body’s response to sexual pleasure,” Cas said. “That was one of my father’s gifts, and she was a demon that reconditioned you to associate demon blood with...you are not ‘fucked up’ Sam. You were a victim.”

Sam suddenly sat up and leaned forward. He turned and looked at Cas, staring at him for a long moment before speaking. “Look, I don’t know all the details of what’s going on with you and demon Dean, but you do realize he’s perverting what’s between you and my brother too, right? And it’s not just Dean’s feelings. I’m not blind Cas, I know you feel something for Dean, something special. He...it...is trying to twist...recondition that as well.”

The angel did not return Sam’s gaze at first. Instead, he looked over the hunter’s shoulder, gathering his thoughts and trying to ground himself. The hunter’s words were more unsettling than the angel cared to admit. Finally, he looked back at Sam and said, “What I feel for Dean...the demon will not affect.”

“I hope not, Cas,” Sam said earnestly. “Because, when this is all over, Dean is going to need you. He leans on you. He lets you see the parts of him he won’t let me see. You’re good for him. You...make him laugh like he doesn’t have the weight of the world on his shoulders. No one else does that, Cas.”

Castiel stared at Sam. He wasn’t sure what he was going to say, but he was certain it wasn’t the words he said. “I need him too.”

*****

Sam wasn’t sure how long Dean had been gone. He wasn’t even sure how long it had been since Castiel had grown oddly quiet after his admission of needing Dean. What Sam did know was that he was getting cold sitting on the bathroom floor with a towel wrapped around his waist.

He watched Castiel pace quietly around the room. He’d been doing that ever since he’d finished washing Sam’s hair and drying him off before leaving him tucked safely in the corner. Then the angel had started walking around the room.

The younger Winchester had not said anything, figuring the angel needed some space. Sam couldn’t really give him that, but he could give him quiet. Plus, the hunter was exhausted after the shower. He wasn’t entirely sure but he was fairly certain he may have dozed for a bit. *How long?*
He sighed. However long his possible cat nap was, he was certain it was enough quiet. “Cas, stop. You’re making me dizzy.”

The angel paused mid-pace and glanced at Sam. “Sam?”

“The walking back and forth? Trying to get your steps in for the day?” the hunter asked.

Cas tilted his head and blinked. “I...find that I have an excess of energy, despite how depleted my grace is and the extent of my injuries. I was attempting to-”

“You were restless,” Sam explained patting the floor beside him. “Sit.”

The angel opened his mouth as if to object then nodded. He walked over to Sam, and then sat down.

“So,” Sam began. “I never asked. How long was I down there.”

“Three days, twenty hours, and twenty-three minutes,” Cas said.

*Four days!* *Almost four days.* Sam swallowed back a feeling of panic that tried to rise at the back of his throat. Dean had left him to die, a very slow and agonizing death. “Why?”

The angel leaned his head back against the wall. “He said he had to make it clear to Crowley to stay out of his business. Then when he returned he said it took him longer than he expected.”

*Crowley!* Sam turned his head and looked at the angel. “Do you think he can help?”

“The King of Hell?” Cas snorted. “Do you have something else of value to trade?”

“Right, good point.” Sam turned and look back toward the bathroom door. “How long have we been in here?”

“Two hours and seventeen minutes,” Castiel said.

Sam chuckled. “So is that an angel thing? Keeping time like that?”

“Yes,” the angel said simply.

“What do you think he’s doing?” Sam asked.

Cas shrugged. “I am uncertain, although whatever it is, I am sure it is something neither of us will enjoy.”

Sam closed his eyes. He could still feel the pull of Dean’s blood under the skin. There was a temptation to reach for it, use it. “I could try-”

“No,” Cas said quickly. “Any use of those abilities might just...you might become addicted quicker.”

“And if I don’t use them, I might not get strong enough for them to make a difference when the time comes,” Sam argued.

The angel looked sharply at Sam, “And we don’t know if they will.”

“You said you trusted me to figure a way out of this.” The hunter pinned the angel with his gaze.

“I do, but there has to be another w-”

The sound of something scraping at the door echoed through the room. Both Sam and Cas looked at
Castiel took hold of Sam’s elbow and helped him to his feet. Standing side by side they stood and watched the door swing open. Dean stood in the doorway smiling. In one hand he held an angel blade, in the other he held a pair of sweatpants.

“Look at you two, behaving,” he said tossing the pants in the air toward Cas. “I figured it was fifty-fifty chance I was going to have to throw these or use the blade. Not sure if I’m disappointed or not. Put those on, Sammy, will ya, feathers?”

Sam glared at his brother while Castiel caught the clothes midair. Then he glanced at the angel and nodded. Cas had already bathed him, might as well dress him. *Thankfully am not having to put on the jeans again.*

It didn’t take Castiel long to help Sam get dressed. As when he bathed the hunter, he was efficient and impersonal. He kept his focus on the task.

Sam, however, kept his focus on the demon at the door. Dean just grinned the entire time.

“Okay, let’s get going,” the demon said once Castiel finished pulling the pants up over Sam’s waist.

“What about shoes and socks?” Cas asked looking at the pile of Sam’s discarded clothes “Shirt?”

The demon flashed black eyes at the angel. “What part of ‘let’s get going’ don’t you understand?”

Sam nudged Castiel with his arm. The angel sighed, and they began shuffling toward the door. Once again, Sam leaned heavily upon Cas. Every step was agony on the hunter’s joints.

“Keep being good, and I’ll let you use some more mojo on Sammy,” the demon said leading them down the hall. “Keep mouthing off and I’ll give you a reason to.”

The younger Winchester felt Cas stiffen at the demon’s warning. Sam hated that he was the leverage Dean was using against Castiel. *How far will Cas go to protect me?* The hunter took a deep breath and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other. For the moment they were relatively good. They just needed to stay that way.

It was slow going for Sam, and he was surprised the demon was patient as it was as it led them through the bunker. It generally just hummed AC/DC’s “Hells Bells” as they walked. However, it started to chuckle when it spotted Sam stumbling as the younger Winchester realized where they were headed.

Cas’s firm grip saved Sam from falling. He looked at the hunter in confusion and concern.

*We’re heading back toward the room!* Sam tried to will Cas to read his thoughts.

The angel stared at Sam in confusion. He tilted his head, trying to understand the panic which must have shown on the hunter’s face. Then Cas opened his eyes wide before turning and glaring at Dean.

“Ah ah,” the demon said wagging his finger, “be good.”

Fear and fury radiated through Sam. He did not want to go back to that room, but what choice did he have? Neither he nor, Cas could take Dean right now and if they tried they would end up in a worse condition than they already were.

Eventually, they ended up outside the door of the room. Dean held up his hand to halt them. “Got a
few surprises for you, Sammy. Maybe it’s a bit of a chick flick, but hey, if I can’t spoil my baby brother, who can I spoil?”

Then with a flourish, Dean swung the door open. He gestured inside.

Swallowing back his fear, and leaning on Cas, Sam stepped forward. Right away he noticed a difference in the room. Not only had it been cleaned but the chair had been replaced. There was a new one, sitting along the wall near the door. However, along the far wall on the floor was small gray twin sized mattress. On top of it was a thin flannel blanket. Above the mattress was heavy iron eye hook which had been sunk deep into the wall. Looped through the hook and locked, was a heavy chain.

Sam turned to look at Dean. “What is this?”

“Your doggy bed!” Dean grinned taking Sam’s free elbow and jerking him away from Castiel.

“Sam!” Cas cried out.

Dean whipped around and glared at the angel. “Stay here while I get Sam settled.”

The angel froze, then nodded.

Sam swore under his breath.

“What was that, Sam?” Dean asked tugging his brother toward the bed.

“It doesn’t have to be this way, Dean,” Sam tried to argue.

Dean nodded, “You’re right. You could have left me alone like I told you,” he said shoving Sam onto the mattress.

Sam landed hard. The thin bed wasn’t much of a cushion to soften the fall. He bit his lip to keep from crying out.

Dean bent over and fished something out from under the blanket. It was a thick black leather collar with rings studded onto it and a lock on the buckle. He looked at Sam. “On your knees, Sammy.”

“You, can’t be serious!” Sam said even as he struggled to get to his knees.

Dean shrugged. “I could still always make you a hellhound’s bitch.”

Sam knelt in front of his brother, the younger Winchester’s eyes flashing in anger and defiance.

“There’s that bitchy attitude,” Dean chuckled as wrapped the collar around Sam’s neck.

The leather was supple, so it didn’t chafe. Though it wasn’t tight, the hunter felt like he was choking. He nearly panicked as Dean buckled the collar in place and closed the lock. Sam would have torn at it, except his hands were still bound behind him. He looked up at his brother.

Dean reached out and took Sam’s chin. “Almost done, Sammy.”

He let go of Sam and stepped behind him, before picking up the chain and feeding it through one of the rings at the back of the collar. Next, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small lock and securing the collar to the chain. Grinning, he stepped back around in front of Sam.

Sam swallowed thickly trying to beat back the waves of panic welling up inside of him. He was on
his knees, chained to a wall by the neck, and his hands were cuffed behind him. He was still weak and in pain from nearly dying. **What did Dean want next?**

The demon reached out and tousled Sam’s hair. “Who’s a good boy?”

“Dean!” Sam growled.

“Oh, almost forgot.” The demon snapped its fingers and trotted over to the corner. It picked up a large box and brought it back over to the bed. Setting the box down in front of Sam, Dean opened it. “Got everything for the care of a puppy.”

He reached inside and pulled out two large metal dog bowls. Dean waved them in front of Sam’s face before he set them down in front of him. Then he pulled out a bottle of water, opened it, and emptied it into the bowl. Reaching into the box again, he pulled out a can of vegetable beef soup. Humming “Don’t Fear The Reaper,” he pulled the lid off it before dumping the contents into the other bowl. Then he scooted the box back and looked at Sam expectantly.

“No,” Sam said looking first at the bowls in front of him and then at his brother.

“If you’re not hungry or thirsty,” Dean said stepping forward and reaching for the bowls. “I can bring them back later when you are.”

Sam wanted to call his bluff, except he knew the demon wasn’t bluffing. “All right!” Sam snarled. He could deal with humiliation, he couldn’t deal with days of dying in the dark again.

Inching forward, he looked at the bowls. His stomach twisted. He’d already had a little water, but no food. Disgusting or not, humiliating or not, he needed to eat something. With a sigh, leaned forward and lowered his face over the bowl with the soup. He stuck out his tongue and began to lap at it. It was cold, salty, and without much real flavor. Still, in some ways it was amazing. Sam’s body craved it and he worked hard at getting up not just the broth but the little chunks of pulpy vegetables and stringy meat as well. It was difficult and exhausting, trying to maintain his balance as he bent over the dishes without the benefit of his hands.

Broth dripped down his chin and nose. He tried to slurp it up to make it easier to get at solid bits. His tongue and jaws were getting tired, and yet he was getting thirstier. The salt from the broth taking its toll.

“That’s it eat up, Sammy. Eat your dinner. Maybe you’ll get a treat!” Dean laughed.

Sam lifted his head and glared. Broth ran down his chin and pooled along the edge of his collar.

Dean bent down and stared Sam in the face. Once again he reached out and tousled Sam’s hair. “Beginning to see why you like dogs so much, Sam. Now, if you’re done eating, drink your water.”

*This isn’t Dean.* Sam focused on remembering that fact as he leaned over the other bowl and began to lap at it. His jaw ached. He pushed his face closer and tried to suck the water up into his mouth. The entire time, Dean kept petting him.

Sam drank as much as he could, his body shaking with exertion. *No more.* He sat up, more liquid ran down his face, dripping on to the collar, then down his chest.

“All done?” Dean asked.

Sam nodded.
The demon chuckled, withdrawing his hand. He stood up and without turning called for Cas.

The younger Winchester’s eyes immediately looked for the angel.

Castiel moved quickly toward the two brothers. His blue eyes were wide open and full of worry. They were fixed solely on Sam.

“Hold out your arms,” Dean ordered.

The angel obeyed without hesitation.

“See how he does that, Sam?” Dean said as he began to undo one of the cuffs on Castiel’s arms. “No attitude.”

“You think he’d do that if you weren’t threatening me?” Sam asked.

“Oh, I know he wouldn’t,” Dean answered pulling the cuff off Cas’s arm. “That’s what makes this so much fun, how easily he just bends over and takes it just to keep you safe. Do you think about how he wouldn’t have to if you’d just listened to me?”

Fury flooded through Sam, and he couldn’t help but lean forward. There was nothing he could do, but it didn’t matter.

Dean turned away from him and focused on Castiel. “Go ahead, heal him all up.”

“Cas, do-” Sam didn’t want the angel to do any more for him. Especially if it’s what Dean wanted. However, the words were barely out of the hunter’s mouth before the angel touched him.

Once again soothing and warm energy filled Sam. Only this time it just didn’t fill in the cracks. There were no stop-gap measures. Sam felt it roll through him restoring all that had still been left sore and sick. He felt strong and rested. Then watched in horror as Cas turned pale and his knees buckled.

“Whoa, I got ya, Cas,” Dean said catching the angel as he fell.

The angel looked up at him, his eyes unfocused.

The demon brushed the hair away from Castiel’s forehead. “Looks like that took a lot out of you.”

Cas blinked and licked his lips. He nodded. “My grace is...there is little left.”

“Hardly seems any need for these then,” the demon said cuffing the angel. “Still, don’t want to take any chances.”

“Why? Why did you have him do that? He didn’t have to heal me all the way!” Sam asked angrily, scared for Castiel.

“I promised him he could,” Dean said picking up Cas under the arms.

Castiel managed to get to his feet with the demon’s help, though he leaned against him. He looked at Sam. “It’s okay. I just need a moment.”

“It’s not okay, Cas!” Sam yelled.

Dean helped the angel to the chair and sat him down, before turning and heading back to Sam. He fished in his pocket and pulled out his keys. “You wanna bitch? Or do you want to turn around and let me take those cuffs off you?”
Sam looked at his brother as if he was looking at a madman. *He’s worse.* Still, the lure of having his hands-free was too much. They’d been bound behind him so long, he feared permanent damage if Cas hadn’t healed him. If left restrained, who knew how long Dean would keep him cuffed. He didn’t think the angel could heal him again.

*Tactically it was better to have them loose than not.* He turned his back toward Dean.

There was the rattle of keys and then a tug at his wrists. He heard the click of the lock turning then suddenly his hands were free. Thanks to Cas’s healing he could swing them in front of himself easily, with no pain. Sam rubbed his wrists even though there were no longer red rings from where the metal had bit into his flesh. He looked at Dean.

“Time for my date now. Promised Cas a good time when I got back. Looks like he could use one. However, don’t want you to get bored.” Dean said, backing up. He picked up the box then turned it upside down dumping all the contents out.

Bottles of water, protein bars, and cans of soup landed with thuds onto the concrete floor and rolled about. Dean kicked at them, further scattering them around the room.

Sam hadn’t stood up and tested the range he had with the chain, but he was fairly certain everything was outside of it. He looked up at Dean and silently raged. This was almost worse than when the demon had last left him. At least then he hadn’t been taunted with food and water just outside of his reach.

“Now stop with the bitchface, Sammy,” Dean said. “I gave you a nice bunch of blood earlier. I’m sure if you get desperate enough, you’ll start to remember how to use it. You used to be able to move furniture and throw demons with your mind. I’m sure you’ll be able to move a few snack bars and plastic bottles.”

The soup in Sam’s stomach turned. Dean not only suspected Sam could use his abilities again, he *wanted* him to do it. *Why?*

Sam looked at Cas. The angel’s color had returned a little, but he still looked drained. There was worry clearly etched in his furrowed brow.

Dean shuffled away from Sam and toward the angel. The demon bent down and wrapped an arm around Castiel, helping him to his feet before turning and looking at the younger Sam. “Off to take care of Cas now. He’s suffered so much because of you, baby brother. Think carefully, before you make him go through more.”

Then Dean and Cas moved to the doorway. The demon closed the door behind them, locking. This time it left the lights on.

Sam fell back against the mattress and stared at the door. *Cas!* He continued staring for a long time, feeling the weight of his inability to help the angel. Eventually, he forced himself to his feet. The angel was depending on him. He had to think of a way out of this, for all of them.

Turning slowly, Sam began to study the room again. He examined the contents, how he was bound, and all the resources available. Deep down, he knew what his options were. They were few, and they weren’t good. However, like Castiel, he didn’t really have any choice.

Sitting back down on the mattress he focused on the bottle farthest from him. He reached for the buzzing feeling under his skin and concentrated.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Ok, long and pretty smutty chapter with a heavy dose of angst at the end. Kudos and comments welcome! Beautifully betaed by Steeleye!

Castiel wasn’t sure what disturbed him more, once again leaving Sam bound, helpless, and alone in that cell, or needing to lean on the demon for support as it led them through the bunker. Leaving Sam. The angel realized the answer almost as soon as he pondered the question.

Whatever degradations or games the demon had next in store for the angel, he could suffer them as long as Sam was okay. While the younger Winchester brother wasn’t exactly safe, he was better than he had been. He’s alive. He’s healed. He has food and water...a bed and a blanket. Some range of motion.

Yes, Sam was chained to the wall like a dog and had been forced to eat out of bowls like one, but given what he’d endured the last several days, Cas had to concede the hunter’s situation had improved.

Then something twisted deep in the angel’s stomach, and he stumbled. I am feeling grateful Dean has treated his own brother like an animal!

“Hey, easy there, feathers,” Dean said tightening his hold on Castiel and catching him before he could fall.

Cas kept quiet and refused to look at the demon. It scared the angel how quickly the demon was conditioning him to see such twisted acts as generous. He had to focus, but it was hard. He was so tired. His grace was so low he was close to being human again. Close to death.

He had nothing left to heal Sam again, and might not even have enough to sustain himself should Dean badly injure him. Given the demon’s past behavior, the angel could only believe Dean would hurt him again. Soon.

If he had a little time to rest, he might be okay for a little while. He would at least have human levels of energy, for a time. However, he doubted the demon would be so magnanimous.

“Giving me the silent treatment, eh?” Dean asked. “It’s okay. I know you’ll be calling out my name again soon.”

More sexual violation then. Castiel could at least mentally prepare himself, now that he knew what was coming. He hadn’t been sure if the threats of “a big date” had just been taunts, words meant to goad a response out of Sam. Maybe, Castiel had just been in denial. It was hard to tell. However, now he was certain.

He looked around and focusing on where they were in the bunker, half expecting the demon was taking him back to the garage to once again rape him over the Impala. However, the angel was surprised to see they were very near the bathroom by Sam and Dean’s bedrooms. The angel looked at Dean quizzically.
“While I know you spent plenty of time in the shower with Sammy, I also know you didn’t clean up. Quite frankly you’re a mess, Cas,” the demon said answering Castiel’s unasked questions.

“And who’s fault is that?” Castiel let slip before he could stop himself.

Dean leaned back his head and laughed. He tucked Castiel closer to him, in a one arm hug. “Sam’s. Crowley’s. Your’s. But hey, what’s done is done. All we can do is make the best of it.”

The angel bit his lip and looked away. What was the point in arguing with the demon?

Eventually, they reached the bathroom. It was larger than the one where Castiel had bathed Sam, it was also used more. There was not only soap but shampoos and plenty of thick towels. As they entered, the demon loosened his hold on Castiel. He turned him gently and leaned him against the far wall. “Wait here for a moment.”

The angel stood, as instructed, and watched as Dean walked over to the shower, turned the faucet on, and adjusted the water temperature. Did the demon intend to rape him in the shower? Castiel pushed back against the images rising up in his mind of being on hands and knees on the floor, the water pounding on his back as the demon pounded inside of him.

Castiel clenched his fists, not in rage, but in something else. It felt like when he had been human, and Dean had asked him to leave the bunker. The angel had been alone in the world, confused, and unsure. Hopeless.

Dean turned around and looked at Castiel. Winking he untucked his flannel shirt from his jeans and began to unbutton it.

His undressing. It was a simple observation, but one that rolled through Castiel like the knelling of a bell. Things were swiftly progressing from his imagination to reality. His stomach turned again. What if the demon made him beg for it as he had down in the garage? The angel’s fingernails dug into his palms. He couldn’t do this.

The demon was pulling off his T-shirt now, exposing the hard chiseled planes of Dean’s chest and abs. The dark anti-possession tattoo was etched high above his left nipple, above his heart. Its black ink stood in high contrast to the golden tones of Dean’s skin. It mocked Castiel. It had no more protected the Righteous Man than the angel had.

As Dean began to unbuckle his belt, Castiel closed his eyes. He had seen Dean naked before. There was no part of the older Winchester’s body or soul, the angel had not touched. He knitted together, healed, Dean’s flesh many times. Castiel had been his angel and friend.

Yet, not this way. Dean Winchester had never exposed himself to Castiel like this. It was another perversion of the bond between them. Even if Dean had some feelings he… Cas pushed those thoughts from his head. He could not would not, speculate on any hidden desires his friend might have based on what the demon said. Demon’s lie.

“Cas.” Dean’s voice ghosted over the angel’s skin. “You missed the show.”

Castiel’s fluttered his eyes open. The demon was standing naked, a hand’s width apart and staring at him. It reminded the angel of another time when Dean had admonished him about “personal space.”

“You did not instruct me to watch,” Castiel replied gazing back at the demon wishing it would shift its eyes to black rather than looking at him with Dean’s emerald ones.

A slow smile spread across Dean’s face as he leaned just a little closer and began to unfasten the
angel’s pants. “My bad.”

Castiel locked his eyes on the shower head behind Dean’s right shoulder. He tried to focus on watching the water rain onto the tiles, rather than the feel of his pants being tugged down his legs.

The demon stepped forward, pressing their bodies lightly together. The angel was overwhelmed with awareness. He chest meshed with Dean’s, hot skin sliding together. A heavy musk scent rose where their groins melded, Castiel’s soft cock nestled under Dean’s half-hard one. Then a shudder rippled through the angel as Dean pressed a kiss to pulse point just below Cas’s jawline.

“Mmm, fear or arousal?” Dean asked against Cas’s skin, each word a kiss of its own.

Castiel’s hands ached and he wondered if his muscles seized. Would he be able to unclench them? “You figure it out,” his voice was stronger and more defiant than he expected.

The demon ground his semi-erect shaft along Castiel’s flaccid one. “Fear,” the demon said before biting down on the delicate skin with its front teeth while suckling at it the same time.

The angel’s heart raced, both with pain and distress. This was a primitive terror, one he wasn’t used to, and he wouldn’t feel if his stolen grace weren’t so depleted. He was vulnerable, exposed, and a predator was literally at his throat.

Dean chuckled and bit down harder.

Castiel gasped.

The demon shifted the bite back to a gentle kiss, then licked at the spot. “That’s gonna leave a bruise,” it said before taking a step back.

Cool air washed over Castiel’s skin as Dean stepped away. It was like a barrier between them. The angel knew it didn’t really shield him from the older Winchester, but he clung to the illusion of it.

The demon ran a finger along the angel’s chin, forcing his gaze away from the shower.

Castiel looked at Dean.

“I remember when I was afraid of you. When you first walked into that barn, and I had no clue what you were. An angel of the Lord? Never even crossed my mind. Sammy was always the one who believed, not me. There you were, this being that just breezed by every ward and sigil Bobby and I knew like a fart in the wind. You stood there with sparks flying and your wings spread and I was afraid,” Dean said staring into Cas’s eyes while his fingers caressed the bite mark on the angel’s neck. “Then, later, not a week outta the Pit, so fresh out of it I could still smell it’s stench, you casually threaten to throw me back in. You know, I think I drank that night out of fear of you, and not to forget my time on the rack.”

The words tear at Castiel, biting him deeply in a different way. He remembers that meeting with Dean, standing in Bobby Singer’s kitchen. He had been so sure of Heaven’s cause, such an obedient soldier, he hadn’t thought twice of threatening the very soul he’d fought to save. Had he ever apologized to Dean for that? He stared into the green eyes, boring into him.

“Is this what this about? Revenge?” Those aren’t the words he wanted to say to Dean, but then again, this wasn’t really Dean.

The demon leaned forward and rubbed its nose playfully against Castiel’s. “This? Nah, this is fun, but it’s also kinda sad. See, you used to be one scary son of a bitch, Cas. Now?” It slid its hand
slowly away from the angel’s neck and down his chest until it gently cupped Castiel’s scrotum.

Cas tensed, remembering what had happened in the kitchen.

“Now, you just ain’t got no balls,” Dean chuckled giving Cas’s sack a gentle squeeze before letting it go. Then he reached, took hold of one of the angel’s fists, and tugged on it pulling him toward the shower. “C’mon let’s go get washed up, then we’ll take this fun into the bedroom.”

THE SHOWER HAD not gone anything as Castiel had imagined, quite the opposite in fact. After Dean had pulled the angel under the cascading water, he had been nothing but attentive and almost gentle as he conscientiously lathered soap over Castiel’s body before pulling him under the warm spray to rinse. There were no taunts or threats. Instead, Dean had hummed a song the angel did not recognize, changing tunes when he washed Castiel’s hair.

Only after they were both done in the shower, and Dean had dried them off did he say anything. He cupped the angel’s chin, forcing Castiel to look at him. “See, now that wasn’t so bad, was it, feathers?”

Maybe it was the demon’s earlier taunts, or perhaps he was still angry over the way it had treated Sammy. It could have been Castiel was just too close to being human and his emotional control had been compromised. Whatever it was, something inside of him snapped, and he slapped the demon’s hand away snarling, “And now what? How are you going to torture me next? Because that is the pattern is it not? Something pleasant, behavior that is almost normal followed by pain and humiliation?”

Dean’s eyes shifted to black, and for a moment Castiel was certain he was going to strike. Instead, though, he reached out again to run a thumb over the angel’s cheek. “Not neutered after all.”

Castiel raised his arm to once again slap the demon’s touch away, only to have it caught fast in the grip of Dean’s free hand.

“Don’t,” Dean warned.

Cas wanted to yank his arm free, and fight, but even his token resistance was beginning to wear on the reserves of energy he really didn’t have. He settled for jerking his face away, slipping free from the demon’s caress.

The demon tightened his grip on Castiel’s arm and pulled him close until their bodies were nearly touching. “Stop.”

Castiel felt the heat radiating off of Dean. It was hot, like the hood of the Impala after a long drive. The angel couldn’t help but wonder if it was a natural heat, or if it was somehow fueled by fires from the pit. He glared at the demon, tempted to burn out the last of his grace with a righteous gaze. It would have little effect on the demon, but at least Castiel would still die an angel of the Lord.

“Think of Sam,” Dean said gazing back into the angel’s eyes almost as if reading his mind.

Three words, it took the demon just three words, to drain Castiel of his defiance. Sam. Without the angel, the younger Winchester would be left alone. There would be nothing else, no one else, to distract Dean from The Mark. The demon would kill Sam, and Dean would be lost forever.

Without the fuel of his fight, Castiel’s arm grew lax in Dean’s grip. His body sagged. Once again, he felt the weight of his own exhaustion. He was done. He bowed his head and said, “Then just get on with it. I am too tired for any more of your games.”
“No games,” Dean said his voice a low like the rumble of the Impala’s engine. “You behaved, so gonna make you feel good, feathers. Give you a treat.”

“Demons lie,” Castiel replied raising his head looking the demon in the eye.

Dean smiled as his eyes returned to their grassy green. It was a familiar smile, the warm welcoming one Dean flashed at the angel when they’d reunite after being parted for some time. “We do, but I give you my word, all I want to do is give you a little taste of heaven.”

“Why?” Castiel asked.

“Because it’s fun? I want to?” the demon shrugged. “Does it matter? I can either give you a taste of heaven, or I can give baby brother a taste of hell.”

“No!” Castiel was surprised to find he had a spark of resistance.

Dean’s smile widened, and he let go of Castiel’s arm to grab his hand. “Then stop with the melodramatics and let’s go. I wanna hear you call out for daddy while I’m buried deep inside your ass.”

CASTIEL STOOD NAKED outside Dean’s bedroom and watched the demon open the door at a loss as to what to expect next. It had promised him pleasure he didn’t want, yet he’d given no indication of what Castiel was actually supposed to do. Other than blaspheme, How could the demon think it would be possible for the Castiel to do such a thing as to cry out for his father while committing carnal acts with it? Just recalling the demon’s words left the angel feeling sullied.

“Come on in. Don’t be shy,” Dean said as he entered the room and gestured for Castiel to follow.

The angel gave himself a mental shake and proceeded inside. Looking around he paused. He’d been in Dean’s room many times, but he hadn’t seen it like this before. Normally the room was tidy and utilitarian. The bed was made, void of any domestic touches.

The room was suffused in dim lighting, with a lone lamp lit on the stand by the bed. The covers were neatly pulled back, giving a warm inviting feeling. Near the lamp on the nightstand were a few bottles and a soft rag. In another time and place, it could almost be romantic.

Castiel’s chest grew tight. He struggled to force air into his lungs. He turned and looked at Dean standing nude in the faint light, his skin seemed to glow along with his green eyes which were fixed on the angel.

“I can’t,” the angel whispered taking a step back and shaking his head.

“Of course you can,” Dean said softly reaching out and grabbing Castiel gently by the arm. “I mean we both know this is what you want.”

“No, not like this,” Castiel insisted. The demon was playing with him, mocking his feelings for Dean. Perverting Dean’s!

The demon pulled the angel close, letting skin slide upon skin as their bodies slotted against one another. “I know what you’re thinking, and you’re right. The old me, your Dean would never do this. He’d never get past his hangups. You know the ones he tells himself in order to deny what he wants. About how you’re an angel, how you have the wrong parts between your legs. Or, how on those really bad nights when he just wants to jack-off to the thought of your eyes staring up at him.
with your lips wrapped around his dick, he’ll think of the time in the Pit with Alistair instead. Let me tell you, that kills a mood quicker than a cold shower.”

Dean! Castiel stared at his friend looking past the corruption and trying to see into the soul. What was the demon saying about Dean and Alistair? The angel had seen so much of Dean’s torments not only the in the Pit itself but in the human’s dreams. Yet, had he missed something? Had Dean hid things from him? Was it possible?

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” the demon purred. “It’s not like I have those hang-ups. Plus, I was a very good student. I can make this real good, Cas.”

“This isn’t what he...you want,” Castiel argued.

Dean smiled making a little circle motion with his hips and grinding his growing erection against Castiel’s soft penis. “You’re wrong. Besides, it’s not like you have to worry, feathers. I ain’t gonna regret this because your Dean isn’t coming back. It’s okay, you can even play the shy virgin if you want. Our fun ride over the Impala aside, we both know you gave it up for that Reaper bitch.”

Castiel flinched. He didn’t want to think of either of those times.

“All you gotta do is just lay back and relax, and take what I’m offering,” Dean continued.

*Lay back and relax.* A shudder went through Castiel as his stomach knotted. This was almost worse than the garage. The demon was proposing the angel not just submit to his own violation, but to enjoy it. How?

“C’mon,” the demon said gently turning the angel and pulling him toward the bed. “We’ll take this nice and slow. Why don’t you lie down on your stomach, face, and arms across the pillow?

For a moment the angel let himself be led. However, as they neared the bed, Castiel’s legs bumping against the bed, he balked.

“Hey,” Dean said leaning in and placing his hands on the angel’s shoulders while whispering into the angel’s ear, “I’m not saying lie back and think of England but you can think of Sam if you want.”

Castiel twisted out of the demon’s light hold. He glared at it for a moment before turning back toward the bed and climbing on top of the mattress. He tried not to think at all as he lay down, folding his arms across the top of the pillow. Turning his head away from Dean, he rested his cheek on his hands while concentrating on forcing a deep breath past the tightness in his chest and not think about how vulnerable he was.

The mattress dipped as the demon clambered up on to the bed. It swung its legs on either side of Castiel’s hips, straddling the angel and its ass sliding over Castiel’s.

Cas bit his lower lip. Warm calloused hands suddenly began to knead his shoulders, thumbs digging in lightly at the corded muscles.

“So tense,” Dean said as he worked. “I can fix it, though. I’ve dumped enough quarters into enough magic beds to know how to work out all the kinks.”

The angel remained quiet. What was there to say? He hated this and yet, as Dean worked Castiel’s skin grew warm. The muscles began to relax as the demon would first massage gently to loosen the tissue, before digging his thumbs in deep to really work at the knotted flesh.

Dean stared at Castiel’s shoulders and neck and then slowly worked his way down the angel’s spine.
He took his time, coaxing and wooing with his hands until the angel’s breathing was no longer forced.

As the demon continued the massage, Castiel began to make little gasping noises. They’d slip out before he could catch them. He tried to remain stoic, and yet Dean’s thumb would press just there and not only could the angel feel tension suddenly bleed away it seemed to do so with a small noise.

The more Dean worked, the more relaxed Castiel grew and the more the gasping noises became dangerously close to moans. The angel’s mind and body seemed to split as rationally he fought against succumbing to the demon’s ministrations, and yet he was suddenly involuntarily moaning.

Dean chuckled as he dragged his hands slowly down Castiel’s sides. “You have a beautiful back, Cas. All this sleek pale skin pulled tight over lean muscles. I want to mark it. I want to take a knife and carve wings on it.”

Castiel gasped. It had nothing to do with the massage.

“Hey, don’t tense up again,” the demon said digging its thumbs deep into Castiel’s shoulders muscles. “Too bad you don’t have your grace. I’d like to see your wings again. Hell, if I thought you had enough grace to heal from it, I’d be tempted to give you wings. Do it the old fashion way. Slice your back open, break open your rib cage, and pull your lungs out onto your shoulders.”

“Blood eagle,” Castiel said going rigid underneath the demon. “The age of the Vikings was not that long ago to me.”

The demon leaned forward, his weight pressing down on the angel, pressing a soft kiss at the nape of Castiel’s neck. “Such a nerd.”

Castiel’s hands formed into fists under his cheeks. Was that what the demon had planned next? Was that what it was calling a taste of heaven? Demon’s lie. Then the angel flinched as suddenly he felt a hot wet heat began to slowly slide down his spine.

“You taste good,” Dean said as the wet heat stopped for a moment. “I’m gonna lick my way down and taste the very center of you, feathers.”

What? Castiel was confused by the demon’s words. However, this time he did not flinch as Dean once again began working his tongue down this angel’s spine. Rather this time, Castiel became aware of a new sensation inside himself. It was a low heat of his own, like an answer to the demon’s lascivious tasting of the angel’s flesh.

Dean’s tongue traveled all the way down to the very top of the crack of Castiel’s ass, he paused there a moment before suddenly biting lightly at the spot. The demon chuckled as Castiel gasped and twitched, jumping a little. “Think I want a little more appetizer before I start on the main course.”

The heat was growing into something both intensely pleasurable and decidedly unsettling as the demon began to make tiny licks back up Castiel’s spine. Blood coursed through the angel’s body, thickening his cock pressed into the mattress beneath him. His heart pounded and he wasn’t sure if it was from fear, arousal, or both. How many times had the demon elicited these responses in him only to hurt him?

“I can smell you, feathers,” the demon said alternating tiny kisses down each side of Castiel’s back. “It’s in the sweat on your skin. You taste like morning air, but you smell like a storm at midnight. Ozone, wet air, and shadows.”

The words were as intimate as the demon’s touch, and like its kisses they made Castiel grow hotter.
He groaned and shifted a leg, pulling his knee closer to his chest, creating friction against his erection while opening himself up.

Dean swirled his tongue at the small of Castiel’s back before suddenly sliding it down the angel’s crack.

The angel gasped and pulled away reflexively, tucking his knees underneath him. He froze as Dean gently grabbed his hips.

“Stay, just like this,” the demon said tugging and positioning Castiel until his hips were raised, his ass in the air. “And keep your hands and head on the pillow. No touching yourself.”

Small tremors rocked through Castiel as he held the position. He was confused, aroused, and afraid. Was Dean going to rape him now? While this experience had been more pleasant than the brutal assault of the garage, he was still not ready to be penetrated again. He doubted he ever would.

His fear only increased as he felt his ass slowly caressed. Dean’s hands were warm, and they were stroking Castiel’s firm mounds as if the Winchester were trying to soothe and gentle the angel.

“Please,” Castiel muttered as he felt his ass cheeks being parted by Dean. The angel wasn’t sure what he was pleading for, only that he was.

“There’s that little hole, all puckered and just waiting for me,” Dean said. “I’m gonna fill it, Cas. I’m going to stretch it wide and feed it good, but first...I’m gonna make it hungry for me.”

“I don’t under-” Castiel began to say before his words were short-circuited as his body was buffeted with a new sensation. Dean’s tongue, his sinful tongue, was licking and tasting the angel’s sphincter.

The sensation of wet heat, caressing and stroking Castiel’s most secret of places was like a live wire straight to his cock. Deep noises erupted from him as he bucked and squirmed, both trying to get away and to get more.

Dean held on and continued to plunder the angel’s hole as if it were a treat to be savored. Each swipe of his tongue, sending shock waves through Castiel until he was panting and nearly keening.

Some part of Castiel’s brain tried for rational thought, but it was like a swimmer going against a riptide. The waves of pleasure crashed over him, drowning out his mind. Desperately he sought for something to cling too. He was rock hard now, he ached and yet he didn’t. His nerves sang and all he wanted was more.

Finally, he began to rock back into Dean, chasing that sensation, clinging to the dizzying jolts rocketing through him. Castiel was rewarded. “Dean!” The angel cried, as the Winchester’s tongue slipped inside him.

Now, Castiel whimpered as Dean’s tongue danced deliciously inside him. The angel ground his ass back into the demon, trying to get more of the sensation. There was no thought, just pure instinct.

Dean obliged, continuing his assault on the angel’s hole until it clung around him. Only then did he retreat, pulling back and chuckling as the angel made a sound close to a sob.

Castiel felt the demon brush a finger over his entrance. Still, in the throes of bliss from being eaten out, he bucked back against it as if begging to be fucked.

“Told you I was gonna make it hungry for me, feathers,” the demon chuckled as it continued to tease Castiel’s hole with too soft touches. “You should see it, all shiny and red. Just asking to be opened
“Dean,” Castiel pleaded both afraid and eager. His mind and body both heady with need and arousal.

Once again Castiel felt Dean’s hands on his hips. “Ok, angel, roll over. Time for my dessert.”

Castiel struggled to make sense of the words. What was he talking about? Yet, even as he tried to puzzle it out, Dean tugged at him guiding him. Castiel rolled over, spreading his legs to either side of the demon. His eyes locked onto Dean’s. They were so brilliantly green, they almost glowed. For a moment, the angel was lost in them.

The demon smiled at Castiel. “Look at you, Cas. Your legs spread open for me, your cock bobbing up in the air. My falling angel. Enjoying the ride?” Awareness returned to Castiel and his body seized as he flushed realizing what the demon saw. Castiel was stretched out in front of Dean, his legs splayed and his penis fully erect wet with precum. He’d lost himself to a baser nature. He’d given himself over to the demon. Castiel threw an arm over his eyes, seeking a place to shelter from the debasement he’d shamefully embraced.

“Don’t hide from me, feathers,” Dean ordered. “I want those baby blues fixed on me for this next part. I want it seared into your memory.”

I can’t. The demon was wearing Castiel down, turning his own vessel’s responses against him, making him beg for this obscene union in a different way. It was perverting the angel’s own desires for the human he cherished, tainting any hope he had for them to ever be made manifest.

Castiel withdrew his arm and opened his eyes. He had to, not wanting to face the consequences of refusal. Dean knelt between the angel’s legs, a statuesque monument to human perfection. It wasn’t that he was without flaws, certainly, his skin bore the scars of the Winchester profession. However, there was a symmetry to Dean’s body that testified to the wonder of creation.

Dean was lean lines and hard muscles under golden skin. He radiated strength and passion from the hard set of his jaw, down the firm curve of his biceps, and up the length of his thick cock which jutted out from his body.

Castiel studied Dean’s erection for a moment, looking at this part of the hunter that had invaded the angel’s body before and would soon do so again. While he had seen it previously, never like this. Before it had been soft, and flaccid, tucked gently against Dean’s body. It had seemed an innocent part of the human. Now it was long and thick, with it’s mushroomed shaped head purple with blood. At the tip, peeking out from the slip was a pearl drop of pre-cum.

The angel looked down at his own cock. It wasn’t as thick as Dean’s but it was longer. It was curled up, almost pressing to his stomach. He began to tremble with shame. He should not have been moved, reduced to this. What would Sam think?

Castiel looked away from his body, no longer wanting to bear witness to the wanton thing he was becoming. He glanced back at Dean’s face, staring into his eyes bright with amusement and lust.

“I can see it in your eyes. You’re thinking about this way too much, angel,” Dean said with amusement and he leaned over Castiel placing one hand on the angel’s hip and the other on the mattress. “When you’re having great sex, you shouldn’t be thinking at all. You should just be feeling.”

“Is that what we’re doing here? Having great sex?” Castiel asked not hiding the bitterness and
contempt in his voice.

The demon wrapped a hand around Castiel’s shaft and gave it a long slow stroke causing the angel to gasp and arch into it involuntarily. “Well, we certainly aren’t playing Sorry.”

Castiel wanted to shake his head in denial. He wanted to turn away from the demon, instead, he bit his bottom lip and watched as it opened its mouth and hovered over the angel’s cockhead before wrapping its lips down and around the glans. Castiel clenched the sheets with his fists as the moist heat enveloped and teased him. He watched as Dean hollowed out his cheeks, adding suction to the angel’s sensual torment.

“Deaan!” the angel screamed as the Winchester licked at Castiel’s slit.

The demon chuckled, sending vibrations down through the angel’s shaft.

Castiel tilted his hips, arching up into that heat and sliding his cock through Dean’s grip. His vision whitened out a moment at the intense sensation. Sparks seemed to gather at the base of his spine. He gulped for air, and yet oxygen was not what he needed.

Suddenly the wet heat was gone as Dean pulled his lips away with a “pop.”

“No!” Castiel gasped in protest.

“Shh, I got ya, Cas,” Dean said stroking lazily down the angel’s length in a firm grip. “I’m not done. Told you, this was my dessert, and I’m not nearly done sucking on your cock. I just wanted to let you know you didn’t have to worry. I’m not going to let you come until I’m ready. So no need to hold back. Beg, moan...cry. Do whatever. I got ya. Just don’t close your eyes.”

Castiel was hot, his skin flushed and sweating. Yet, he shivered. He stared at Dean and in his heated gaze, Castiel saw himself. He was a buffet, a sensual snack for the demon to feast on and take its fill. The angel should be disgusted, and he was, but not as much as he was aroused especially as he watched his cock being swallowed down again.

This time Dean didn’t stop at Castiel’s crown head. This time he took the angel deeper into his mouth. Castiel tried to thrust himself up into that cavernous wet heat, desperate for more of it on his length. Yet, the demon held him down with this free hand. Almost whimpering, Castiel watched, mesmerized by the sight of Dean fellating him even as another part of him tried to gain control.

Dean’s tongue snaked and twirled around the angel’s shaft, saliva beginning to drip down making it easier for the demon’s hand to stroke Castiel. The angel gave up control and made little stuttering sounds at the back of his throat.

Castiel was lost again to sensation. It was spit-slick skin, palming down him while lips kissed and teased. There were long licks that went from the base of his shaft to the tip, where the tongue seemed to try and gain entrance probing for tasty treats. Sweet suction drew out moans from him while he tried to thrust in vain into a tight channel, held down by a firm hand.

However, when lips began to nibble at his scrotum, teasing his ball sack, and ultimately drawing his heavy balls into that sweet wet mouth, Castiel began to beg. He wasn’t sure in what language, all he knew is as Dean’s tongue began to lave the wrinkled skin over his testes, he began to plead. He spasmed, pre-cum wetting his cockhead again, and his balls trying to pull up away from the tortuous pleasure. Pressure and heat pool at the base of his spine. “DEAN!”

Suddenly the demon’s grip was hard and fast at the base of Castiel’s shaft. The angel bucked as if he’d been suddenly running toward a precipice only to be jerked back at the last moment.
“Please,” Castiel panted, sweat pooling at the back of his neck.

The demon laughed, keeping his hand gripped firm around the angel. “Not yet, feathers. Though I like the way you beg. Do it again.”

Castiel stared at the demon, its lips were slick, puffy and red from debauching the angel. Some part of Castiel’s heart broke. He knew that image would be seared into his memory for his existence. This was the picture of everything Castiel wanted with Dean, and yet it wasn’t Dean. “Please, either stop this or get on with it.”

Dean licked those shiny lips and smiled. “Still gotta work on that dirty talk.” Then he shrugged. He held onto Castiel for a few more minutes, watching the angel carefully, noting all the little signs as Castiel’s ardor began to cool but not slack.

When the angel’s breathing had returned to something resembling more normal Dean slowly released his grip. He gave Castiel an approving smile as he noted the angel’s cock remained rock hard. Then he scooted out from between the angel’s legs and off the bed to step over to the nightstand.

Castiel watched Dean’s dick jutting out from his body fully erect, fascinated. The demon stroked it idly as it walked the few steps, almost as if indulging itself. Pearls of cum dribbled down its length. The demon picked up a tube from the small table and climbed back onto the bed.

“Okay, bend your legs back and grab the back of your knees,” Dean said as he popped open the tube settling in front of Castiel’s ass. “Make sure you spread them good and wide for me.”

“What?” the angel asked not quite sure he understood the directions.

The demon grabbed hold of one Castiel’s legs, it’s hand slightly wet and sticky. It lifted and folded the limb back over the angel’s chest. “Grab the back of your knee and hold it.”

The angel swallowed and did as instructed. First, he grabbed the leg the demon had raised, before lifting and grabbing the other. Castiel once again began to tremble with shame. He was holding himself open and vulnerable to the demon, offering himself up even more than he had in the garage.

“Now there’s that hungry little hole of mine,” the demon said as Castiel heard the squelch of something being squeezed from the tube. “So puckered and pert. Still so cherry...and I gotta say sweet, Cas. So sweet. Think I could just spend a day finding all the ways to fuck it.”

Castiel closed his eyes as if shutting them could shut out the demon’s words. Then he felt pressure, small and light at his entrance sliding something slick around it. He tensed and held his breath.

“Hey, none of that,” Dean said. “Trying to loosen you up. You gotta breathe and push out while I’m pushing in.”

The angel nodded. He took a deep breath, letting it out as he pushed. Something slicked up, lean and slender began to twist and work its way inside of him.

“That’s it, feathers,” the demon said. “Open up. Looks so good nibbling on my finger.”

Castiel gnawed at his lip, riding out the strange sensation as the demon worked its finger deeper inside the angel. It wasn’t really painful, more like a burn, but it added nothing to angel’s arousal. In fact, it was having the opposite effect. However, Castiel made no move or sounds to try and stop the demon.

“Can’t wait to get inside you again,” the demon said pushing in deeper, burying its finger up to the
knuckle. It paused there a moment, twisting and turning, causing little jolts of sensation to rocket through the angel before suddenly pushing past Castiel’s guardian ring.

“Ngh!” Castiel groaned not sure if the sudden sensation hurt or felt good.

Dean placed a kiss on one of Castiel’s ass cheeks. “Hold on tight, feathers. You’re about to go flying.”

“What?” Castiel asked before suddenly arching back his neck, clenching around, Dean’s finger, and letting out a filthy moan. The demon had bent his finger and brushed something inside the angel shooting currents straight to his cock and overloading his senses.

“Good huh?” the demon said brushing the spot again and again.

“Fu...Dean! Please!” Castiel clenched his knees, bruising them. He twisted his head back and forth. He felt like his vessel was no longer his own.

Dean laughed and slid his finger back, twirling it as he went.

“No...no,” Castiel begged suddenly missing the full feeling inside of him.

“Shh, I got ya,” Dean said.

Castiel’s entrance burned again as he felt more pressure. He moaned as Dean began to work two fingers inside of him.

“That’s it. Eat ‘em up.” Dean twisted and pushed his fingers inside the angel, thrusting them in and out, stretching his hole wider.

All of Castiel’s awareness was centered on what the demon’s fingers were doing to him. He shouldn’t want them, shouldn’t need them but he did. As they pushed in and out of his body, thrusting deeper each time he couldn’t help but want them to go further. He wanted them to brush up against that spot again, to light up that place inside of him where all thought was impossible.

“Please, Dean...again,” Castiel begged when the fingers paused just shy of the spot.

“You want more?” Dean teased twitching his fingers inside but not moving them.

Castiel knew he would regret this later, but right now he didn’t care. “Yes!”

The angel’s nervous system lit up and his cock twitched as Dean’s fingers pushed right up into that secret spot. “God!” The cry slipped out of Castiel’s mouth without thought or intent. It was just a raw primal entreaty of exigency.

The demon laughed slinking its fingers back, this time pulling them all the way out of Castiel’s body. “Daddy, can’t give you what you need.”

“No!” Castiel tears forming in his eyes. It was both a denial of what he’d uttered and a desperate plea for Dean not to stop.

“Just need a little more lube,” the demon said as Castiel heard more squelching. Then the pressure was back. This time there was no teasing, no preamble. There was just a steady, thrusting and a burning sensation as Dean opened the angel up with three fingers.

Castiel cried. He wasn’t sure if it was shame, arousal, or just from being overwhelmed. Maybe it was a combination of all them. It didn’t matter. He was just as keenly aware of the tears leaking out of the
corner of his eyes as he was of the fingers twisting inside him.

“Gonna keep you around for awhile, Cas,” Dean said finger fucking the angel. “You’re my personal little glory hole, angel.”

No! This time it was denial. Castiel was not the demon’s, he never would be. Dean. What little grace he had called out for the soul he loved.

Once again the fingers withdrew and Castiel tried to collect himself. He had a sense of what was coming. He began to tremble as he remembered how the demon had painfully thrust into him, tearing him, as it raped him over the Impala.

There were more squelching sounds and Castiel pulled his knees closer to chest trying to curl into himself, though it only opened himself up more for the demon. He could hear Dean chuckling, then he felt the heavy blunt presence of the demon’s cockhead pressing up against him.

“Open your eyes, feathers,” Dean said as he began to push inside. “Look at me.”

Once again, the angel did as he was told. He opened his eyes, watching as the demon took hold of each of Castiel’s legs and pulled them to drape over the demon’s shoulder. The demon bent over Castiel, folding him in half, while it began to thrust harder against the angel, until there was a sudden give and the demon pushed through inside the angel, filling him up.

“Too much,” Castiel groaned as his body stretched and burned around Dean’s cock.

“You can take it,” the demon insisted continuing to grind his way into the angel’s channel.

Castiel could feel every inch, sliding into and stretching him. He stared up into Dean’s eyes as the demon leaned farther over. It slid its hands across Castiel’s chest before gripping his shoulders. Then Dean used them as leverage as he continued to drive into the angel.

This wasn’t like the garage. This wasn’t searing pain and terror. Yet, this wasn’t the mindless arousal the angel had been feeling before. This was an acute awareness of Dean’s slow slide in, invading every inch of him. Castiel gripped the demon’s shoulders, unsure if it was a silent plea to stop or continue.

Then with a guttural groan, Dean was suddenly seated fully inside the Castiel. His balls tickling at the back of the angel’s ass. Sweat dripped down his chest and stomach, slicking Castiel’s heated cock bobbing between them. Dean smiled at the angel, the one he wore while he drove Baby down a long stretch of empty road singing along to Ramble On.

“Gonna fuck you now, Cas,” Dean said as he began to ease out and back into the angel. “Gonna fuck you until all the celestial intent is focused on coming around my cock.”

Castiel widened his eyes. He was an angel, no matter how fallen. He would not be-

Suddenly he gasped and he bucked up into Dean’s next thrust as the Winchester pushed his cock up against that spot inside Castiel. Blue eyes locked with green. Then the angel was lost as Dean rutted with earnest into his body.

Castiel clung to Dean, yelling out in Enochian as the demon pounded into him over and over hitting that special internal place every time. It was brutal and beautiful. It was just raw sensation, overwhelming physiology. There was no shame, no guilt, or fear. It was just primal. The angel clawed at Dean’s back, trying to get at something more. He thrust back against the demon, trying both to keep pressure on the secret place inside and to get friction on his weeping cock.
“Dean...please...I need, fuck,” Castiel managed in English leaning back his head, arching his neck in passion and unconscious submission.

“Tell me what you need,” Dean said, one of his hands shifting away from Castiel’s shoulder, his rhythm unstopping.

Castiel moaned as he felt Dean’s hand slide under his head, under the pillow. “More...harder….to…. nnnght!” The angel couldn’t articulate what he needed, all he could do was just succumb and plead with his sweat-soaked body writhing under and around Dean.

The angel was vaguely aware of Dean withdrawing his hand out from under the pillow, mainly because the hunter had paused in his rutting. Dean smiled and suddenly grabbed Castiel’s head by the hair with one hand, then brought his other hand up to the angel’s face. Castiel somehow focused his glassy eyes onto the demon. “Time for that taste of heaven, Cas.”

Castiel furrowed his brow in confusion.

The demon let go of Castiel’s hair and used his free hand to wrap around the angel’s sorely ignored cock. Castiel arched up into the grasp staring at the demon. For a moment fear broke through his sensual haze as Dean’s eyes went from green to black. The demon began to pump Castiel’s dick with one hand, while the one in front of the angel’s face opened to reveal a small vial of swirling blue energy.

“No!” Castiel cried in a mix of horror and erupting pleasure as the demon expertly worked his swollen cock.

Grinning, the demon popped the lid on the vial and shoved it under Castiel’s nose releasing the swirling energy while dragging his other hand up to work his thumb right at the base of the glans where the artery pounded thick with blood. Dean’s cock twitched inside the angel.

The world fell away from Castiel in a blast of blue and white as he was overwhelmed. His body erupted in a spasm, spurting his release even as the grace from the vial flooded into his vessel. It was all too much. It was bliss of body and spirit. Grace seeping back into him, replenishing him even as his nervous system sang with the release of tension the demon had been winding up inside of him.

The angel had no idea how long he was adrift, lost in the powerful orgasm of his vessel’s release and the simultaneous restoration of grace. However, as the world came back into focus he first noticed the sounds of loud grunts and long moans of undeniable pleasure. The grunts were from Dean, the moans were his own.

Next, Castiel realized he was clinging to the demon, who was still rutting inside of him. The movements were sharp and erratic, no longer controlled as if they were reaching a pinnacle. The angel could feel aftershocks of his own orgasm rippling through him causing his ass to clench around the demon. Then suddenly, Dean stilled, let loose a deep moan followed by a fluttering in his cock. Liquid heat spurted inside of Castiel.

The angel stared up in horror at the demon who was now looking down at him while making little circling motions with his hips as if to milk the last few moments of pleasure out the angel’s body.

The demon had fed Castiel grace at the pinnacle of their union using it as an aphrodisiac. He’d torn every conceivable pleasure from the angel, to enhance his own. An angel had died for his gratification.

Anger and humiliation rose up inside of Castiel like twin flames. Righteous fury blazed from his
eyes, triggering the cuffs to sear his forearms. He ignored the pain, beating at the demon on top of him and inside of him. “Get off! Get off! Get off me!”

The Deanmon laughed, backing away from Castiel’s blows, pulling out of his body.

Castiel rolled off the bed falling to the floor. He fought back waves of nausea while he tried to breathe. He could feel the demon’s semen leaking out of his body, and tears wetted his cheeks.

“Tsk, tsk,” the demon laughed. “You know if you did get your Dean back, feathers. What would he say? How would he feel knowing you let me fuck you? Let me put his cock up your ass and ride you like a rodeo bull? Not just let me but begged me to and that you liked it, shooting off like a goddamn firework! I mean last time, we all could understand wasn’t much fun for you. But this time? What would he think, huh, Cas? What would your Dean think right now your belly coated with jizz and my...his cum leaking out your hole and down your thighs? You think he’d ever forgive you for this, Cas?”

Castiel scuttled away from the bed. He tried to get to his feet, he needed to run. No, he needed to fly. Yet, he could do neither. He stumbled to the corner, turning and staring at the demon who was stretched out on Dean’s bed on his side, his head propped up on his hand leering at the angel.

A new and terrifying feeling swept through him as he stared at the demon. Hate. I hate you. The grace fired fury sputtered and died as the horror of what he was feeling doused it like a flame. How could he hate Dean? He couldn’t, yet as he stared at the thing on the bed, he felt poisoned with it. Desperately, Castiel tried to see remnants of Dean’s soul, but his vision was clouded as sorrow began to rock through him. If he could look upon Dean with hatred that meant the demon was winning. With a strength of will he did not know he had he pushed those thoughts away. He had to focus on something else, anything else. The grace!

“You’re better off with me, feathers,” the demon said reaching out to the nightstand to grab the soft rag left there. “I’m not gonna judge you.”

“The grace,” Castiel growled latching on to his own distraction.

“What about it?” the demon said wiping at the lube and cum slicking its cock now laying soft against its thigh.

“You said you wouldn’t make me kill another angel for its grace,” Castiel snapped.

The demon threw the rag at the angel, hitting him in the face. “You didn’t. I did.”

Nausea twisted through Castiel as he snatched the cloth from his face. It was slick in spots with the demon’s cum and smelled of a musky combination of both the angel and the demon’s scents.

“Why?” Castiel asked, not really wanting to ask the demon for anything but needing answers. He had to try to understand how this creature thought.

The demon shrugged and sat up. “If I’m gonna continue to teach Sammy a lesson, and you’re gonna be any fun...you needed the grace.”

Castiel closed his eyes and clutched the rag in his hand as pain tore through him. Yet one more of his brethren was dead because of his devotion to Dean Winchester. How many more?

“That’s what took me so long.” Castiel heard the demon get off the bed and rifle through the drawer of the bed stand. “Had to hunt me up an angel. Found one...obviously. What was her name? Haley? Holly? Haz-?”
The angel’s eyes flew open, a new grief gripping his heart. He knew the angel’s name, the sister angel who was kind and compassionate. She was brave and had been an ally, more of one than Castiel had deserved. He stared at the demon who is now walking towards him, swinging a pair of handcuffs off his finger. “Hannah.”

“That’s the one!” Dean said crouching down in front of Castiel. “She was prowling around not too far from here. Can’t say she was happy to see me. You know given how she felt about me killing ...what was her name? Damn, how many angels have I killed? Anyway, she seemed awfully worried about you. Think she was kinda sweet on you, feathers.”

Castiel swung at the demon. It wasn’t tactical or even well aimed. It was just a blind extension of the emotional maelstrom in which he was caught.

The demon countered, catching the angel’s arm and using his momentum against him, swinging him around pounding his face into the wall, Swiftly the demon latched the cuffs around one of Castiel’s wrists.

The angel snarled in rage, tucking his legs underneath him for the leverage, and bucked back against the demon. It tumbled backward. Castiel swung around, ready to pound a fist into its face.

The demon struck out with its legs, sweeping Castiel’s out from underneath him.

Falling backward, the angel head slammed against the wall. Pain exploded through his skull as his vision darkened for a moment.

Dean grabbed him by the arms and jerked him forward, rolling him onto his stomach he straddled the angel, and used his weight to pin him. The demon grabbed hold of the cuffed wrist and dragged it to the small of the angel’s back.

Castiel scrambled to keep his one arm free, but he was disoriented and at a disadvantage. Roaring in frustration and desperation he struggled to keep his arm free, trying to use it to leverage himself up and out from underneath the demon.

“Dammit, Cas!” the demon yelled shoving the angel’s cuffed wrist under his knee pinning it before grabbing the angel’s head by the hair. He yanked it back then slammed it back into the floor. “You fucking make me hurt you bad enough to use that grace. I’m just gonna have to go out and hunt me another dick with wings. You want that? Huh?”

The angel tasted blood and he could barely hear Dean over the pain roaring in his ears. Still, something of what the demon said made it through and he went limp.

Dean snatched up Castiel’s free wrist and jerked back behind the angel. Next, he leaned back, freeing the pinned hand before quickly securing the cuff around both the angel’s wrists. Then he shifted to the side and rolled the angel over onto his back.

Castiel stared up at the demon, hate and heartbreak in his eyes.

“Fuck you’re a mess,” Dean said glancing at the angel before searching around for the rag discarded in the fight. Spotting it he leaned over and picked it up.

Silently the angel watched as Dean wiped at the angel’s stomach, cleaning up what cum hadn’t been smeared across the floor. He closed his eyes as the demon used the rag to swipe at the blood flowing from a cut above his right eye and his bottom lip.

“You done now?” the demon asked tugging Castiel into a seated position.
Castiel opened his eyes. He wasn’t sure how to answer the question? Done with what? Done with Dean? Done with fighting back? Done sacrificing himself for the Winchesters? “I am subdued.”

“Yeah, I guess you are,” Dean said balling up the rag into his fist. “Stay that way, or I’m gonna go downstairs and shove this rag up Sam’s ass. You hear, me? One more outburst, one more little act of defiance, and I’m ripping baby brother open.”

The angel nodded.

“Good, now open your mouth...wide.” The demon ordered.

Castiel opened his mouth, wincing as he stretched his battered lip wide.

The demon shoved the balled up rag past Castiel’s lips and teeth almost to the back of his throat. “Keep that there and stay put. I don’t want to hear one more sound out of you, Cas, not a whimper...not a rustle of movement. Just fucking sit there and stew.”

The demon stood and stalked back to the bed. It climbed in, reached over to the lamp on the bedside and turned it off plunging the world into darkness.

Castiel sat there, quietly in the dark, fighting back more tears that threatened to spill as he tasted blood and cum on the cotton wedged in his mouth. He fought to draw deep breaths of air through his nose. It wasn’t broken, but badly swollen and bruised.

He mourned. He grieved for Hannah. Heaven had lost a much-needed angel. Though his sorrow was much deeper than the Host’s loss. At his core his being cried out for Dean. He trembled. He had told Sam he had miscalculated, only now did he realize how badly.

Yes, the Mark would ultimately seek to kill Sam. It would be the final corruption of Dean. Yet, Castiel could see now that it wasn’t just Dean who was in danger of being corrupted. As he felt the hate rise in him again, he realized he was growing more and more afraid of the demon, he understood, it wasn’t just about corrupting Dean past redemption. What happens if the angel fell too far? What would happen if Castiel no longer cared? If he grew to hate and fear the one soul he cherished above all? What would happen if he abandoned Dean?
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Wanted to get more done. I got the next chapter already in my head. Anyway had a big project at work launched and champagne chilling. So maybe I'll write more tomorrow (not that I'll get it posted). **Anyway, thank you so much for the kudos and comments.** Seriously, they help me a lot when I get blocked, and this chapter I had a few moments where I was stuck. So please keep them coming.

Betaed by Steeleye1 - great job as always.

Sam fell back onto the mattress closing his eyes and throwing an arm over them trying to block out the bright light overhead. His head was throbbing and felt like a balloon was inflating inside his skull, trying to push his brain out through his ears and eye sockets. For all of his effort, he’d only been able to roll one water bottle. One! Rolled, not thrown or jerked, just got it to tumble slowly toward him.

He groaned. How had he done this in the past? When he’d been with Ruby, he’d been able to hurl bodies against the wall like action figures. Hell, even before the demoness he’d been able to move furniture. **Maybe it’s because I really don’t want to.** Sam moved his arm and ran his hand down his face.

After they’d set Lucifer free, after they’d mysteriously ended up on that plane 10,000 feet above the desecrated church, he’d been free of not only his addiction to blood but his demonic abilities. He’d had no visions, no ability to exorcise demons, and unable to move objects and people like toys in the playpen he’d never had. He’d never missed them either. There had been no temptation drink blood or to find out if he could reactivate them. It was immediate detox, a miracle.

Sam let out another low guttural noise. Now he needed to use them, was being forced into it. Dean had made it clear he not only wanted his brother addicted to blood again, he wanted the younger Winchester to be using his powers. **Why? What was the benefit to the demon?**

More importantly, what would happen to Castiel if Sam couldn’t do it? **Or make progress fast enough?** The hunter forced himself up into a seated position and leaned against the wall. The stone was cool against his back.

He did and didn’t want to think of the angel. **What was Dean doing to him?** Castiel had left Sam’s prison barely walking. He would have no ability to fight back or defend himself against the demon. **Not that he would.**

Sam’s gut twisted. He’d already had a glimpse of what the demon had done to Castiel. From its taunts, he knew that it planned to continue to sexually abuse the angel. **And there’s nothing I can do about it!** Worse, there’s nothing Cas will do about it!

The hunter had never asked the angel to sacrifice himself, but Sam knew he would. Castiel would because that’s what he did for the Winchester’s. **For Dean.** With Cas everything stemmed back to Sam’s brother, they had a “profound bond.” However, over the years, Castiel and Sam had also forged a relationship. While it wasn’t the same, they had become as much family as the angel could
ever have with humans.

If it meant saving Sam and Dean, Castiel would sacrifice himself. He’d rebelled against heaven and killed his own brethren for them. What was torture or rape to him? Knowing Cas, he probably thinks he deserves it.

Sam clenched his fists. Cas was wrong though. He didn’t deserve this any more than Sam or Dean. They’d all made a bad call and done worse things on their own personal roads to hell which were sometimes quite literal.

Furthermore, every piece of Cas’s psyche the demon tore into, every act of defilement was one more scar Dean would have to live with when they got him back. Sam knew his brother. What the demon was doing to the angel was going to break something inside of his brother. Dean’s already barely hung together with duct tape and bourbon.

Groaning, Sam forced his eyes open. Once again he looked around the room. Grey concrete walls, floor, and ceiling surrounded him. In the far corner was the steel chair. Scattered about were the water bottles, cans, and protein bars.

He reached around and tugged at the lock on the collar on his neck. He could feel it, but not see it. He’d already tested the link of the chain. He had enough room to stand and take a few steps off the mattress, but not much more. Don’t even have a bucket to piss in.

Sam locked eyes on the water bottle he’d moved earlier. More motivation to get the things moving toward him. It wasn’t just that he’d need the food and water, but he’d need to recycle the containers for waste, assuming his brother was going to leave him alone for days again.

Would he? The thought sent a slight tremor through his system. It was a small frisson of anxiety, that rolled just below his thoughts. He didn’t want to name it, didn’t want to give it power.

He swallowed. He recognized the sensation and wanted to deny it. It can’t happen this fast? Can it? He’d only had Dean’s blood twi-

Sam pushed the thoughts away. He couldn’t go there. He had to focus on the problem at hand, the things he could control. He and Castiel were trapped. For the moment, the demon had the complete upper hand. They needed to find a way to turn things around.

Despite the headache, and pushing past the anxiety, Sam could still feel a slight buzz under his skin. He still had some juice left. Dean wanted this. He was actively facilitating the reactivation of Sam’s powers.

Sitting up a little straighter Sam began to rethink the situation. Sometimes the way out was through. Once again he looked around the room and then back at the chain. Dean Winchester was the best hunter in the world, maybe even better than John Winchester had been. However, one of the many mistakes both he and every god, monster, and thing that went bump in the night made was they always forgot just how smart Sam Winchester was.

He had an idea. It wasn’t pretty and it wasn’t without risk. It’s definitely gonna hurt. Once again he locked eyes on the water bottle and reached for that crawling sensation thrumming through him. For his plan to work, he needed to move more than some plastic and tin cans, and he had to start somewhere.

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Castiel blinked as the room lit up, as Dean flipped on the lamp by the bed. It has been eight hours,
nineteen minutes and twelve seconds since the demon had plunged the room in darkness. The angel watched as the demon threw back the covers and sat up. Why the facade? Demons didn’t need sleep any more than angels did. They didn’t need food either, and yet Dean had made breakfast the other day. Why go through the motions? Was there something of Dean still inside the demon driving it toward these human actions?

These were dangerous thoughts. They inspired hope that somehow the angel could reach his friend and that was a dangerous fallacy. Castiel had to be careful. Bit by bit the demon was tearing at the bond between Dean and the angel. It wasn’t just corrupting it from the hunter’s side, but Castiel’s.

“Still awake over there, feathers?” Dean said standing and stretching his arms high above his head.

While Castiel had briefly been human he had come to understand some of the myriad ways humans associated nudity with vulnerability. It wasn’t just that they were bare, and had no protection against the elements or defenses against an attack, but they were quite literally exposed. Many humans had an innate fear of being judged by their body.

The angel knew, Dean Winchester had never had that fear, even if he’d been the kind of person to worry about his looks. He had always been someone comfortable with his body, and despite what the demon had done to Castiel, he still found that body not just beautiful but bordering on art.

It was different than the vessel Castiel had come to inhabit. His body was leaner, the hairs on his legs darker. His hip bones were more pronounced, and gluteal muscles were more compact giving a smaller looking ass. He also had a dark thick thatch of pubic hair around his penis which was longer than Dean’s but not as wide.

Chuckling demon dropped its arms and began to walk toward Castiel. “Yeah, you’re awake.”

Only then did the angel realize he was staring. He dropped his eyes.

The demon wrapped a hand around Castiel’s arm and tugged. “Rise and shine.”

Castiel shuffled to his feet. His mouth was dry, though the rag inside it was damp. Through the long hours, the angel had drooled with the cloth soaking up the saliva until he no longer had any spit. Still, the damp rag had left his tongue stewing in the tastes of musk, iron, and bitter seeds of enmity. He glared at the demon.

The demon slowly ran a finger around Castiel’s lips while studying him. “I honestly didn’t expect you to keep quiet, not with a crack that big, but you’re one stubborn son of a bitch aren’t you, Cas? Not sure whether to be disappointed or not. Was kinda looking forward to playing rough with Sammy. However, I am enjoying our quality time together.”

The angel stiffened. He wasn’t sure if it was in fear or rage, probably both. However, it wasn’t arousal. He took some measure of pride and comfort that the soft caress along his lips did little more than nauseate him.

The demon slipped the finger inside Castiel’s mouth and began plucking at the rag. “Let’s get this out. Kinda hard for you to suck me off with that stuffed in your mouth.”

Minute tremors of anger radiated through the angel as the demon worked the rag out from between Castiel’s jaws. Even if he had the slightest willingness to fellate the demon, the angel’s mouth was too dry and sore from the cloth. Such an exercise would be an act of cruelty, but then what did he expect from the creature?

The demon threw the rag on the floor and smiled. “Nothing to say?”
Castiel forced his tongue to forward, working it around his mouth trying to work up enough moisture for words. He winced at how sore his muscles were. He met the demon’s gaze. “As I have queried before, what is it you wish me to say?”

“You could start with ‘good morning,’” Dean replied.

“Why?” Castiel managed to keep from snapping. “It is not one for either Sam or me, and I do not desire felicitous dawn salutations for you.”

The demon clutched a hand over its heart and opened its eyes wide. “Cas, I’m hurt! You don’t want your Righteous Man to have a good morning?”

“As you have said, you are not my Dean.”

The demon grabbed hold of Castiel again and began tugging him toward the bed. “So the angel learns!”

Dismay flooded through the angel numbing him and seizing his limbs and rooting his feet to the floor. He couldn’t! Hadn’t the demon had enough of him? What would it be this time? The brutal assault like in the garage or the parody of lovers? Both were stripping pieces of the angel away, tearing at his bond with Dean.

“Simmer down,” the demon said yanking on Castiel’s arm forcing him to move. “I’m just getting the keys to the handcuffs before we hit the showers.”

“The showers?” the angel asked trying to process the demon’s past the fog of fear.

Dean picked up his keys from the nightstand and began leading Cas toward the bedroom door. “Yeah. In case you didn’t notice we’re both a little ripe. We smell like stale spunk, sweat, and blood. Being a demon I can appreciate those scents in the moment, but I have standards. Doesn’t mean I gotta go around smelling like Alastair’s armpit.”

Castiel wasn’t sure what to say in reply, so he remained quiet as Dean led them through the bunker toward the bathroom they’d used the night before. The further they moved away from the bedroom, the more his anxiety began to recede. However, he was still on edge. The demon wasn’t done with him.

Once they reached the lavatory, Dean shoved the angel under the showerhead then spun him around. He unlocked the left side of the cuffs, leaving the set to dangle from Castiel’s right wrist. “Get cleaned up,” the demon ordered as he set the keys on a shelf near the soap dish.

Castiel narrowed his eyes for a moment and studied Dean. All the demon wanted was for the angel to shower? While it was probable, it seemed highly unlikely.

The demon leaned it’s shoulder against the wall, crossing its arms over its chest. It jutted its chin toward the faucet knobs. “Don’t have all day, Cas.”

Grinding his teeth, Castiel turned away from the demon and started the water. He reached over and grabbed the soap from the dish. Resolutely, he began to lather and wash himself. He did so as quickly as possible, fearing that once he started the demon might demand he stop or worse. Perhaps, the demon would assault him while he bathed?

As he washed himself, Castiel could feel the demon watching him, as if its lasciviousness was a sentient presence all its own. It was no more keenly felt than when the angel was cleansing his most intimate of places. Then there was an element of hunger in the air as if he could feel the demon
wanting to devour him. It wasn’t so much a literal desire to consume Castiel’s flesh, though at this point he wouldn’t put cannibalism past the demon, rather it was almost a need to ruin and debase him.

Once he was done, Castiel put down the soap and turned back toward the demon. The water still pounded down around him. He hadn’t been certain whether demon wanted to go next or not, so he’d simply let the shower run.

“That wasn’t much of a show,” the demon said straightening before shuffling forward.

Without thinking, Castiel moved in response, stepping to the side and back so Dean could slide under the showerhead without trapping the angel between him and the wall. “I wasn’t aware you wished me to make one.”

Dean shook his head chuckling and reached out to wrap a hand around Castiel’s arm. “You really need to up your game, Cas.” He pulled the angel back to him, then swung Castiel behind toward the back of the shower. “Get on your knees and watch me.”

Castiel knelt down and lifted his head to look up at the demon. Spray from the water pelting him and running down his face. He licked his lips, drawing in the moisture to his dry mouth.

Dean picked up the soap, and keeping his back to the shower, began to lather himself up. While the angel’s shower had been quick and efficient, the demon’s was slow and sensuous. It was a revel in hedonism as Dean slid his soap-slick hands over his skin, caressing his limbs like a lover. They were long loitering strokes going from hip to throat in one continuous movement like a snake. He touched himself as if he were exploring his body and mapping it for Castiel. He teased too. He’d brush his hand low across his stomach, or high across his thigh, his fingertips almost grazing his cock or balls. However, he wouldn’t actually palm himself.

The demon didn’t actually handle himself until he’d washed and rinsed the rest of his body. Then he’d rubbed the soap in his hands generating a generous pool of suds, before placing the bar back on the soap dish. Then he took himself in hand, first sliding his cock through a soapy fist in one smooth elegant stroke, while his free hand cradled and lathered his balls.

Dean smiled at Castiel, fixing his green eyes on the angel, as he languidly began to pump his prick through his slippery fist. He tugged gently at his scrotum setting up a rhythm while he fist ed himself until he began rocking his hips his cock growing thick and hard in his hand.

“This is a show,” he teased his voice rough with desire. He swept his eyes down the angel’s body. “Looks like it’s wasted though. Doesn’t appear you’re in the mood.”

Castiel forced back the bile at the back of his throat. Maybe once this would have caused his blood to flow thick, and his breath to get short, but not now. He had learned. This would only lead to pain and humiliation. He would not let the demon lull him into believing otherwise.

The demon shrugged, turning around and stepping full on into the cascade of water. It stayed there a few moments letting the suds sluice off it as rinsed itself. When it was done it reached out turning the knobs and shutting the shower off. Then it turned around, stepping back toward Castiel, it’s erection bobbing in front of it.

“I’ll make you a deal, Cas,” Dean said moving closer until the head of his cock was almost touching the angel’s lips. “If you get yourself off, I’ll make Sammy a nice hot breakfast.”

Castiel’s eyes opened wide. Once again the demon’s tactics had surprised him. They were still about
humiliation, but the method was unpredicted. *He wants me to debase myself in front of him.* The angel stared up at the demon, ocean blue eyes locking with mossy green. Then Castiel furrowed his brow and narrowed his eyes. He’d been fooled by the demon’s loose use of semantics and language before. “Your blood does not constitute a ‘hot breakfast.’”

Dean’s tilted his head back and laughed thrusting his hips forward just the extra distance needed to brush his cock against Castiel lips.

The angel flinched, jerking his head back.

Suddenly the demon buried his hand into Castiel’s wet hair, and gripped it tight, digging his fingers into the angel’s scalp. He held it in place as he took a half step and shoved his cock forward, swiveling his hips a little to drag it across the angel’s cheeks. “Don’t you fucking pull away from me!”

Castiel opened his mouth to apologize.

The demon’s shoved his cock past the angel’s lips. “Hold still and pay attention!”

The angel froze, the taste of soap and skin on the tip of his tongue where it brushed against the demon’s cockhead.

“Now, the deal was if you cleaned your pipes for me, I was going to take Sam a nice breakfast. Not just my blood, because he’s getting that no matter what, but bacon, eggs, and possibly some Eggos.” Dean inched his prick a little further into Castiel’s mouth. “However, since you seem to have an attitude problem this morning I guess we’ll make this a little more interesting.”

Castiel clenched his fists as Dean’s cock slid over his tongue. He refused to look at the demon, instead, looking to the right and past its hip to the far wall. Whatever the demon was about to say next, the angel was certain it would be anything but interesting.

“But now the deal is,” Dean said thrusting more of his cock into Castiel’s mouth, forcing the angel’s mouth to open wider. “You get off, Sammy gets breakfast. You get off before I’m ready to blow my wad, you get to swallow. However, if I’m ready to go and you’re still priming the pump? I’m gonna string you up with my creampie dripping from your face and Sam’s gonna have to settle for whatever he can mojo his way while I take a nice long drive and go out for flapjacks.”

The angel snapped his eyes back to the demon’s. They were black as the corruption running through the Righteous Man’s soul. What it was proposing...he couldn’t! How? To achieve sexual release the angel would have to have at least some feelings of desire. All he felt was revulsion.

“It’s up to you, Cas. You want Sam to go hungry? You wanna swallow my jizz or wear it?” Dean stared back at the angel for a moment, before once again sliding it’s cock around inside the angel’s mouth. “And don’t make me do all the work. If you don’t start working my shaft, and giving me the kinda lip service I really want, I’m walking out of here. You won’t like the deal I offer Sam.”

Castiel gave an almost imperceptible nod. He was certain he would not like any deal the demon offered the younger Winchester. Inhaling through his nose, the angel began to tighten his lips around Dean’s cock and laving its spongy head with his tongue. He licked at the slit, worrying it gently, forcing himself to remember how the demon had pleasured him the night before.

Meanwhile, he reached down with his right hand and took hold of his flaccid penis, the handcuff bouncing off his thigh. He fondled it, trying to coax a reaction out of it, hoping physical stimulation would be enough to reach a state of arousal.
“Wish I’d thought to bring a camera, feathers. We could make our own edition of Casa Erotica. Though your big brother could really be a shit, how many times did he kill me? Sort of wish he was still alive and could see you down on your knees trying to rub one out while sucking me off.”

Castiel tried to block out the demon’s words. Instead, he focused on the tasks at hand. How long had it been since Sam had had any real food? Five days? Even though the angel had healed him, the human needed sustenance. *I have the means to see that he receives it. I can do this.*

However, the angel struggled. He neither wished to fellate the demon nor masturbate. Castiel began to realize trying to achieve the goal of one, he faltered in his efforts towards the other. If he concentrated all of his attention caressing the shaft of his penis while fondling the glans with his thumb, he stopped swirling his tongue around Dean’s tip.

If Castiel began to hungrily bob his head up and down the demon’s length, saliva dripping down making it slick for his left hand to fist around and slide where his mouth wasn’t, then the angel’s right hand went still. His half hard cock would begin to wilt.

As the demon began to pant, thrusting more into Castiel’s mouth, the angel was tempted to just focus on trying to achieve his own release. However, Dean had also warned if he had to do ‘all of the work,’ he would leave. Castiel hollowed his cheeks and sucked while edging his lips back up under the head of Dean’s glans before sliding back down until his cockhead hit the back of the angel’s throat.

“Fuck!” Dean ground out almost yanking Castiel’s hair out. “Just like that, angel!”

The angel closed his eyes and made a fist with his right hand. He began to thrust his semi-hard cock through his grip as he moved his mouth up and down Dean’s.

The demon let go of Castiel’s hair. It cupped its hands around the back of the angel’s head. “C’mon, that’s it...that’s it....” Dean panted.

Castiel’s delicate skin was rubbed almost painfully in his fist as it caught on the palm of his hand. He needed some sort of lubricant, *Soap.* He remembered how easily Dean’s cock had slipped through his soapy hands while he’d simultaneously showered and pleasured himself to a state of libidinousness. However, the angel doubted the demon would let him stop his ministrations to get the bar.

“Nng! So close, feathers,” Dean groaned grinding his cock as far into Castiel’s throat as he could.

Castiel choked and gagged, but managed to keep his lips and tongue working Dean’s shaft even as his own hand began to frantically tug and pull at his reluctant penis. Tears began to leak from his eyes. His throat hurt and his phallus was beginning to feel raw.

Suddenly, Dean pulled out of Castiel’s mouth shoving the angel back slightly. The demon kept one hand at the back of the angel’s neck while the other began to pump its member with quick firm strokes. Once, twice, and suddenly hot thick ropes of semen erupted from Dean’s slit painting Castiel’s face.

The angel blinked and tried to jerk back as the hot cum landed on his nose and high above his eyes, but the firm grip of the demon held him in place even as it continued to milk itself through the last of its orgasm. White viscous fluid began to drip down his forehead into his eyes. Forgetting his own organ, Castiel reached to wipe the semen away.

“Leave it!” the demon growled grabbing Castiel’s hand.
The angel closed his eyes and let the demon’s spend drip down his face settling on his cheeks. Then once again he felt the spongy head of the demon’s cock, slick and wet with its sperm, as the demon wiped across Castiel’s lips and down his throat.

“Gotta say, I’m surprised by your choice, feathers,” Dean said when he was done wiping his member on Castiel’s skin.

Tangled and bitter emotions rolled through Castiel like a ball of snakes. The rage and humiliation he could deal with, but the acidic burn of hatred threatened to once again scar him. It was not only dangerous but damaging. He hung his head as the demon yanked him up by the arm.

“Well let’s get a move on,” the demon said dragging the angel under the shower head. “Thanks to you, I still got a bit of a drive before I get to eat.”

Why? Unlike your brother, you do not require it! The question was hot and bitter in Castiel’s mind but he dared ask it. He was afraid other words would come out, dark ugly utterances, ones once said could never be taken back.

“Raise your hands over your head,” Dean ordered.

Castiel obeyed, the metal cuff bumping against the leather one on his right forearm.

“Higher,” Dean said. “Up on your tiptoes if you have to.”

The angel strained to reach as high above his head as he could. He felt a tug on the metal cuff. Tilting his head back and opening his eyes he looked up.

Dean was looping the cuffs around the pipe coming off the wall just above the broad base of the showerhead. Once the rod was encircled, he grabbed Castiel’s left wrists and latched them shut around it.

Castiel lowered his head and watched as the angel stepped back. Already he could feel the strain in his arms as stretched to keep from hanging by his wrists. However, he could also feel the tight pull in the back of his calves as he struggled to stay up on the front pads of his feet. He looked at Dean.

“Back in the day, they knew about plumbing. This will hold you,” he said lightly and slowly running a finger down the angel’s side.

That strange giddy feeling he’d felt the first night the demon tormented him washed over him, causing his skin to pebble. His gasped and jerked back and lost his footing. Immediately pain flared in his wrists as they sagged against the metal cuffs bearing his full weight. “Ahh!” Castiel cried trying to get his feet back under him.

“Someone’s ticklish,” Dean chuckled as he watched the angel get back up on the pads of his feet.

Castiel bit his lip to keep from snapping at the demon and tasted the salty musk of its release. A bitter reminder how much control the demon had over him, even the angel’s defiance was tainted by it.

“Mmm, that’s a sight,” the demon said.

The angel forced his attention back to it.

Dean was staring at Castiel’s lips, a thoughtful expression on his face. Then he stepped back before sweeping his gaze slowly down the angel’s body before settling back on his lips. “Tell you what, Cas, I’m feeling generous today. How about I make you a new deal?”
A new deal? What more did this creature want from him? “And the incentive would be what?”

“Same thing as before. Sammy gets a good meal. A breakfast just like his big brother used to make.” Dean said crossing his arms over his chest and smiling.

Castiel narrowed his eyes. He wasn’t fooled. This offer did not come without a price. “And what would I have to do in exchange?”

Dean shrugged. “Same as before. Just get off.”

“I believe you grossly overestimate my abilities for self-gratification, especially given my current situation,” Castiel said looking up at his bound hands then looking back towards the demon. “Even if my hands were free, given recent events, I can attest I am not as you say ‘in the mood.’”

“Do you ever listen to yourself?” Dean laughed and shook his head. “Dude, no one calls jacking off ‘self-gratification.’ Don’t worry that your pump isn’t primed. I got ya, all you gotta do is ask.”

A shudder went through Castiel causing more strain on his wrists. He winced.

Dean waggled his eyebrows. “Look, I’ll put the original deal back on the table. You get off and Sammy gets breakfast.”

“With your help.” Castiel could sense the trap but he still couldn’t see it.

“My help or not, you just have to get off before I walk out of here,” Dean said before suddenly unwinding his arms and holding up a finger. “But, if I do help you then you pay...say a fee for it.”

“A fee?”

“Think of it as a service fee,” Dean grinned.

Castiel grunted. “What? What is you want me to do?”

“I want you to hurt, Cas,” Dean said stepping so close to the angel he could feel the heat from his skin. The demon leaned forward, putting his lips close to Castiel’s ear, almost brushing it. “I want you to beg me to do it, and when I’m done, I want you to thank me.”

Dean leaned back a little so he could look Castiel in the eyes.

Castiel stared back. His calves burned from the strain of keeping up on the front of his feet and his wrist ached from the metal rings of the cuffs biting into them as the weight pulled on them. His skin was beginning to itch where Dean’s cum was drying on it. Inside, a ball of snakes twisted and turned. He felt as if he was watching himself being peeled apart in slow motion. He wanted it to stop, needed it to end before it all went too far.

_Humpty Dumpty._ That was one of the books Metatron read. It was a metaphor Castiel now understood and unfortunately, he began to understand how it applied to him in this situation. If he continued to crack and break, would he ever be put back together again?

One snake uncoiled within, and it hissed temptation toward self-preservation.

“And if I don’t take this deal?” Castiel whispered.

Dean smiled, searching the angel’s face as if trying to read his thoughts. “Oh, you’ll hang for a long while. You’ll be in pain. It’ll suck, but Sammy will go hungry and you’ll have to think about that as you dangle here. You’ll have to think how you could have made sure he finally got to eat a real solid
meal, but you didn’t. Who knows when he’ll get that chance again?”

The angel dropped his head forward. How could he? Sam and Dean Winchester were more than just his charges, more than his family. They were the best of humanity. They were flawed, terribly so, but they had fought against Heaven and Hell to save the world more than once.

“Hey,” Dean said running a hand gently through Castiel’s hair, urging the angel to look up again. “I’ll even throw in a pot to piss in...well a bucket. I mean, Sam doesn’t even have that down there. Think what a luxury that will be, huh? So what do you say, feathers? You wanna get your rocks off?”

Dean, forgive me. Castiel nodded.

“You need my help?” The angel began to nod again only for the demon to grab his chin. “Say the words, Cas.”

Snakes of self-loathing and repulsion slithered inside of him. “Please, assist me.”

The demon reached for the bar of a soap still slick and wet from the shower. “It’s not ideal for lube, but hey we work with what we got, right?” the demon said as it rubbed it between his hands.

Castiel closed his eyes, trying to shut out the world around him and the pain in his wrists and legs. He focused on his breathing and tried to will his body to a different state of awareness. He wanted to get through this as quickly as possible. He had limited experiences with sexual congress, and unfortunately, all of them had involved unwelcome memories from his time with April to the previous evening.

Except for Meg. While the angel had never had intercourse with the demoness, they had shared a passionate kiss and she had indicated a desire to sleep with him. Castiel had been tempted by her, and had she lived perhaps they would have “moved some furniture.”

As the demon began to fist Castiel’s phallus in its slick grip, the angel let himself think of the sarcastic and cynical demon who called him Clarence. He didn’t want to sully her memory, didn’t want to use her like this, but he could not think of Dean and he did not want to relive his previous experiences. Yet, perhaps she would not have minded. She had always seen the world, and him in a different way.

Castiel gasped in pain and surprise as he slipped putting more weight on his wrists while Dean began kissing and teasing one of the angel’s nipples into a pert nub. Pleasure radiated down his chest through his penis which was growing engorged and heavy in Dean’s hand.

The demon nibbled teasingly with his teeth at the nub he’d made while lengthening and tightening his strokes on Castiel’s member. His other hand cradled the angel’s scrotum, rolling his sac gently.

Blood was rushing through Castiel. He pictured Meg, she was blonde the last time he’d seen her. He wondered if she would have needed a combination of pain and pleasure. Certainly, she had made many allusions to it. Once, while administering to her badly infected wounds, she had told him he made her ‘nethers quiver.’

A small moan escaped as Castiel’s cock twitched, Dean’s thumb circling its bulbous head. He leaned his head back ignoring the jolts of pain it sent down through his arms and remembered picking her up, spinning her around with her back against the wall, and kissing her.

“I’m thinking little brother’s gonna get some Eggos after all,” Deans said kissing his way across Castiel’s chest to tease and work his other nipple.
“Shut up,” Castiel licking his lips trying to ignore the taste of Dean on them, and to remember how Meg had tasted. She’d had been dark licorice, sulfur, campfire smoke.

“Someone’s trying to top from the bottom,” the demon said teasing the angel’s slit.

Castiel ignored him, the pain shooting up his legs, and tearing down his arms. He focused on soft lips, long hair that cascaded over his hands, and slender fingers holding onto him. Something coalesced at the base of his spine. It didn’t roar through him as much as ghosted through like an unexpected memory, or a sudden gust of a wind.

He bit his cheek, and let out a pained grunt before gasping as his hips began to rut into the demon’s hand. It was agony dotted with bliss as he spurted his release over Dean’s fist while he lost his footing and jerked against the handcuffs. *I remember the pizza man, and it’s a good memory.* The words held a new and more powerful meaning for Castiel now, and he knew he would mourn Meg all over again.

Dean pumped him faster, the hot cum mixing with the soap to make Castiel’s shaft a slippery mess until the angel cried out, trying to jerk away. “Too much?”

“Enough,” Castiel panted, opening his eyes and glaring at Dean. “I have done as you asked. It is your turn.”

“Seems to me I’m doing all the work,” Dean sighed releasing Castiel and stepping away. He reached for a towel and wiped his hands while making an obvious show of looking up and down the angel. “Though I gotta say, I’m happy with the results. Castiel, the angel of the Lord, would be god, and the fallen seraph who knocked all the other dicks out of heaven...hanging naked in my bathroom with my spunk drying on his face with his junk hanging out after a handjob. Is it really worth it, Cas? Am I worth it?”

The tiniest snake in the ball, the one with the deadliest venom, slipped free. It coiled deep in Castiel’s gut and readied to strike. The angel looked away. “Conversation was not part of our arrangement.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Dean said throwing the towel toward the hamper. “Time to go feed puppy. We’ll talk later.”

Castiel watched the demon turn and walk out of the bathroom then hung his head. He shook as tears began to slip down his cheeks. He wasn’t sure if he was crying for himself, Meg, or if he was beginning to mourn the loss of Dean.

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Sam stood up and faced the door as soon as he heard the tumblers in the lock falling. He resisted the urge to clench his fists, but he braced himself. He also ignored the twisting ache in his gut and the dull throbbing pain in his head. He tried to tell himself it was just because he was hungry.

He’d only been able to move one can of soup, two protein bars, and three bottles of water within reach. *I’m hungry and slightly dehydrated.* He was lying to himself. He recognized these symptoms, just as he was familiar with the restless energy causing his leg to bounce. However, he would not admit what was wrong, not even to himself. If he did, Dean might see it.

The door opened and Dean stepped in carrying a tray in one hand and swinging an empty bucket with the other. On the tray was a covered plate and a plastic coffee mug.

Sam cast a worried glance behind his brother. *Where’s Cas?*
“Morning little brother,” Dean said dropping the bucket and setting the tray down on the seat of the chair and picking up the mug. “Now don’t get any ideas. The keys to your collar are not on me, so don’t do anything stupid.”

“Where’s Castiel?” Sam asked worriedly.

“The angel?” Dean asked turning as if looking behind him, before glancing back at his brother. He shrugged. “He’s hanging around.”

Dread leaped past the restless energy and Sam surged forward as far the chain would allow. “What have you done to him?”

“Whatever I like,” Dean snapped. “Don’t start getting your panties in a bunch, Samantha. Cas arranged for you to have a nice breakfast. You gonna throw away all his effort?”

Cas arranged…? What did that mean? What exactly did the angel do? Castiel. “Look, I just wanna know if he’s okay, Dean.”

“He’s alive. I even gave him some more angel juice. If you really cared, you wouldn’t have dragged him into this in the first place.” Dean walked towards Sam stopping just beyond his reach. “If you had just dropped some balls like you should have done in the seventh grade and left me the hell alone, he wouldn’t be here in the first place. He’d probably be off seeding some clouds with that angel Hazel instead of living off her grace like some angelpire.”

Hazel? Sam frowned. “You mean, Hannah?”

“That’s right. Why can’t I ever remember that bitch’s name?” Dean shrugged. “Yep, tagged and bagged her. Got her grace for Cas, not that he’s grateful or anything.”

Sam could feel the blood draining from his face. Castiel would not have wanted another angel to die, not for him and not so that he could live off their grace. Especially a...friend.

Dean held the mug out to Sam. “Here, now take your vitamins and minerals.”

“I take it that’s not coffee then?” Sam said leaning forward as far as he could to reach the mug. He could argue and fight, but he feared what would happen to Castiel. At least that was what he was telling himself. It had nothing to do with the faint smell of iron and the sudden spike in his heart rate as his the balm for his aches was within his grasp.

“No, but it is hot, fresh, and will give you something like a caffeine rush.” Dean handed the mug of his blood to Sam’s outstretched hand.

Sam wrapped his fingers around the handle and pulled the cup to him. He looked down at the contents. It was full. The sight and smell of thick red blood should have repulsed him. Knowing that it was demon blood, Dean’s blood should have made him fling it across the room, but the ache in his gut had turned into a slow burn and the throbbing in his head had become a needling whine. Before he had time to think about what he was doing, he cradled the mug in his hand and began to sip at it.

Dean chuckled taking a step back. “That’s it, Sammy. Drink it all down and then you can have your breakfast.”

The sips became long droughts as the salty viscid liquid clotted at the back of his throat, forcing him to take deep swallows to force the gunky mess down his throat. Over the rim of the mug, he watched his brother and tried to ignore the tingling sensation rising up under his skin.
“Gotta say, little brother,” Dean said looking around the room. “I’m a little disappointed. I thought you would do a Poltergeist. Thought you’d have everything stacked and ready for some kitchen chairs.”

Sam tipped back the mug and drained it. He licked the rim of it with his tongue, snaking it around to get as much of the blood as he could. He stuck his finger inside, beginning to swipe around then froze. What was he doing?

Dean laughed, “It’s okay, Sammy. You can lick the bowl.”

“You’re not funny, Dean!” Sam snarled suddenly flinging the mug across the room.

“Just because you don’t get my humor…” Dean shrugged. “Seriously though, are you having performance issues? I mean honestly, Sammy, given the size of the anaconda growing in your pants there I don’t think you have anything to worry about.”

Sam looked down in horror noticing how the front of his sweats were tented. He’d been lost in the blood. It was the balm to his aches and once he’d tasted it, all he’d wanted was more. Yet, his body had had its own reaction. Now, that he was aware of it, he was too aware of it. Suddenly he desperately wished for Dean to get the hell out. Sam needed to shove his hand down his pants and beat off, and he needed to do it soon.

“Though, maybe it’s true what they say. It’s not about the size, but how you use it,” Dean prattled on, “cuz I gotta say, Sam. I’m not impressed. “

“What the ...what are you talking about?” Sam said turning to the side trying to hide his growing erection.

Dean shook his head. “Seriously, Sam? A profile?”

“Will you just shut up about my dick!” Sam snapped.

“I’m not just talking about your dick, baby brother,” Dean said pointing around the room. “What the hell is wrong with your mojo? You’re getting primo grade demon blood and you can’t move some snacks?”

“I don’t know. It’s not like...I…” Sam growled. The last thing he wanted to talk about was his abilities with his brother, especially when the blood was still pumping to his cock.

“Well, you better figure it out!” Dean snarled.

Sam strained at the end of his collar. “Or what? Why do you even what me to have them again? What’s in it for you?”

“Sammy, don’t test me,” Dean warned. He looked down at Sam’s crotch again. “Look, I get your irritable. You got a monster woody. Makes it hard to think, and if you could I know you’d be smart enough to figure it out. Maybe I could give you a hand with that?”

Sam jumped back. No! No way was that happening. “Don’t touch me!”

“No me,” Dean shook his head and held out his hands in surrender. “But Cas is becoming quite the little cocksucker. That’s a monster you got, but I’m sure he can work enough in his mouth to clean your rifle.”

Sam’s stomach curdled, and it wasn’t the blood. “I’m not raping, Cas!”
“It’s not rape if he asks for it,” Dean grinned. “Trust me, I can make him beg to do it.”

The energy under Sam’s skin hummed until it matched the frequency of the whine at the back of his head. Rage replaced the pain in his gut, and while it didn’t dim the arousal pounding through him it seemed to burst out of him reaching out. Suddenly the mug came flying back across the room toward Dean.

“Whoa!” Dean laughed as he dodged the flying cup which sailed past him crashing to the floor. He clapped his hands. “Now that’s what I’m talking about!”

Sam stumbled back on his mattress until his back hit the wall. He was sucking air into his lungs as if they had suddenly collapsed. He stared at the mug which was now rolling on the floor. He looked back at Dean who was now sauntering back toward the chair. It was happening, it was really happening! Sure he’d managed to roll a few bottles and slide a few bars, but he’d *thrown* that mug. More than that, he’d aimed and tossed it.

*And I can do more.* At least he thought he could, maybe not right away but soon. Did that include exorcisms? Was it possible he could exorcise the demon out of Dean?

“Here,” Dean said setting the tray within Sam’s reach before pulling the cover off the plate revealing a generous portion of scrambled eggs, three strips of bacon, and two toasted waffles with butter and strawberry jam on top. To the side of the plate were a plastic fork and knife. “Have some breakfast. Maybe play the clarinet. I’ll be back later.”

Then he turned and walked to the door. Opening it he paused and looked back at Sam. “You just need the right motivation. Don’t worry, Sammy. I’ll be your Mister Miyagi.”

Dean left, closing and locking the door behind him.

Sam slid down the wall until he sat on the mattress. He stared at the plate, mouth watering for real food. He glanced at the mug on the floor, then at his finger still smeared with blood. His other hand slipped past the elastic band at his waist to wrap around his shaft. He closed his eyes and spread his legs. He had to think. He needed to eat. However, all he could do right now was take care of his raging boner, just one of the costs for the power of Dean’s demon blood.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Surprise. I managed to sneak in one more chapter this weekend. That's the good news. Bad news is I'm traveling this week for work and I *have* got to work on my next book. So don't look for another update until at least next weekend at the earliest. Don't worry, though, I'm going to keep plugging away on this. I already have the next chapter mapped out.

As to this chapter, please proceed with caution. This is a rough one for Cas. I know things just keep spiraling but, don't give up hope. Anyway, as always, kudos and comments are so very very much appreciated.

Chapter is much better now that's Steeleye1 has betaed it for me.

“How’s it hanging, Cas?” the demon said as it walked into the room.

Castiel lifted his head sending agonizing tremors through his already strained and aching muscles. He’d been hanging for over an hour. He looked at the demon. It was now dressed in a pair of worn jeans with a t-shirt tucked inside covered by a red flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up to its elbows. It stood just inside the door, leaning against the frame.

“Your attempt at humor is unwelcome,” Castiel responded. “How is Sam?”

Dean stepped into the room and walked over to Castiel. “The usual, bitchy. A bit horny after his cup of demon blood, but as promised, I left him a breakfast plate.” The demon fished keys out of his pocket and unlocked the handcuffs.

A painful relief swept through the angel as his arms began to drop and he sunk down to the flat of his feet. He hissed as the demon grabbed his elbows keeping his arms raised.

“Uh uh, feathers,” the demon said as it turned the angel around. “Keep those hands raised. You’re not getting down.”

Castiel was tired and his muscles were already overexerted. The spelled cuffs were keeping him from accessing his stolen grace. Hannah’s grace. His arms shook with the effort to keep them raised. He stumbled and bit back a groan as he forced himself up on the front of his feet.

The demon swiftly re-secured the angel’s wrists. Once again he hung from the water pipe jutting out of the wall connected to the shower head. This time, however, Castiel faced the faucet. His back was open to the expanse of the open shower behind. His skin pebbled with goose pimples. Somehow this position was far more vulnerable than the one before.

Dean slid in front of him and pressed close. The heat of his body bled through the soft cotton of his flannel and jeans warming the angel who suddenly realized how cold he was.

Angels don’t get cold. Except they do when they’ve been tortured and can’t access their grace. Some part of him reached for the soothing essence inside, willing to endure the torment of the cuffs just to
feel a moment of restoration.

“Don’t do it,” Dean said as if sensing Castiel’s temptation. He cupped the angel’s chin, lifting it forcing Castiel to look at him. “You try and use that grace, Sam takes your place. Understand?”

How much more could he endure for the sake of the younger Winchester? Has he figured a way out of this situation? Is he even trying? The angel pushed back against the viperous thought. He couldn’t think that way. If he turned on Sam, lost faith in him, then they were all lost. Castiel nodded.

“Good,” the demon said smiling and using his other hand to card his fingers gently through Castiel’s hair. “You know this kind of reminds me of old times, Cas. Back when I first met you.”

The angel arched an eyebrow. How? “I am uncertain as to what you are alluding.”

“Don’t you?” Dean said sliding his fingers to the back of the angel’s skull. “You brought me to a cell where you had Alastair strung up and strapped down. You wanted me to torture him, remember?”

Castiel closed his eyes and swallowed. A different kind of pain washed through him. He recalled the situation. Angels were being murdered, Heaven believed Alastair had been behind it, and Castiel had been given orders to get the Righteous Man to make the demon talk.

“Hey, look at me,” Dean said, tapping the back of the angel’s head.

The angel opened his eyes. “Dean, I’m sor-”

“Shh,” the demon silenced by pressing a finger to his lips. “Hey, I get it. You were under orders to get him to talk, and I was his star pupil in the Pit, right? Makes sense. Plus, you were my angel, the one who gripped me from Perdition, the one with the sacred bond with me...or just my handler. Whatever, I get it.”

Sorrow threatened to overwhelm Castiel. He should have rebelled then.

“The thing is though, Cas, I begged you not to make me do it. I pleaded with you, damn near got down on my knees. I told you what it would do to me if I picked up the blade and sliced into him, but you still insisted didn’t you? You still sent me into that room with Alastair to resume my studies.”

“Dean,” Castiel tried again. There were so many things the angel had regretted, so many errors he’d made. He had to let the hunter know that was always one of his greatest mistakes. He’d betrayed Dean that way, one of the first of many betrayals, but not the least.

The demon pressed a hand to the angel’s mouth, covering it. “So here we are, how many apocalypses later? Anyway, we had a deal. So now it’s your turn. Beg me to hurt you, Cas. Tell me this is what you need and how I’m the only one who can do it.”

Terror and heartbreak clashed inside of him as Dean lifted his hand away from Castiel’s mouth. The angel’s lungs seized up. It was as if his vessel forgot how to breathe. Dean Winchester had tortured souls in the Pit. He’d learned the art of pain from Alastair, a demon who relished in torture and torment. To ask Dean to hurt him would be to ask…

Yet, isn’t this penance? Perhaps I deserve this for my many sins. Castiel opened his mouth and tried to speak, but the words were locked in his throat.

Dean tilted his head slightly and raised an eyebrow. He was waiting, however, impatience was clearly in his eyes.
Swallowing, Castiel tried again. “Please, hurt me.” His voice was soft, barely a whisper.

“Say it louder. I didn’t hear you.” The demon leaned in close, turning his ear to the angel.

“Dean,” Castiel forced the words out. “Bring affliction and suffering unto me. It is what I need from you…what I merit.”

The demon turned to look at Castiel, its oily black eyes peering into the angel’s blue.

Castiel imagined they were emerald green. He remembered them staring into his, shimmering with unshed tears and full of entreaty. *I am sorry, Dean.*

“Last night you had a taste of Heaven,” the demon purred as it took a step back from the angel. “Now, get ready for a taste of Hell.”

Then it turned and left the room.

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Sam forced the rubbery eggs down his throat. They might have been fluffy and appealing when they were hot, but now they were gelatinous and cold. Even if they had been hot, he wasn’t sure they’d been appealing.

He was still half nauseated. The post-high from his spank session had been brief and had left him disgusted with a mess in his pants on his hands. His reaction to his brother’s blood was getting worse, the arousal stronger. Not only had he popped a boner in front of Dean, he’d barely kept from jacking off in front of him.

Dropping the fork, Sam pushed the plate of his half-eaten breakfast away. Just the smell of it was making him sick. Standing up, he took several deep calming breaths and looked around the room. While he’d managed to deal with his libido, the buzzing under his skin was intensifying as if the need to use the power was its own form of release.

It was still a mystery as to why Dean wanted him to develop and use these powers again, but it was clear he was going to keep pushing until Sam did. Focusing on the chair across the room, the younger Winchester reached for that restless energy inside. Earlier he’d been able to hurl a cup at Dean. Now he focused on just getting the chair to slide to him.

*Doing a Poltergeist.* His breath hitched in irritation as he realized he was doing what Dean wanted. However, instead of pushing it away he held onto and nurtured it. When he’d thrown the mug, he’d been angry. Maybe emotions were the key to unlocking his powers.

Holding out a hand, he thought about the things his brother had said. Taunting him about his erection, casually offering up Castiel for his abuse, and the attempts at guilt tripping him. The chair rocked from side-to-side.

Sam wasn’t at fault. He hadn’t made the choice to take the Mark of Cain. He hadn’t killed Dean. He didn’t ask Castiel to sacrifice himself. However, he was trying to save his brother. The one, in the past, who was always the self-sacrificing jerk. The one who leaped into soul-selling deals without thinking of the consequences and the cost to his little brother.

*I don’t ask him to save me. What makes him think I have to ask to save him?* The rocking increased. *He doesn’t get to make this choice. He doesn’t get to choose to be a demon. I’m going to pull his ass out of this fire because I can!*
The chair tipped to the side and slid across the room stopping as it bumped against the mattress. A sharp pain shot from his temples to the back of his eyes. He crumpled onto the mattress and held his head in his hands as he breathed through the pain.

He’d done it! He’d moved the chair, but apparently not without some side effects. He focused on breathing in and breathing out and wished he had some aspirin. He sat there for several long minutes until the pain began to recede. Only then was he aware of the buzzing sensation coursing through him. It wasn’t as strong, but it was still there.

So I can go again. Turning around, Sam looked at the end of the chain anchored to the walk. Sometimes the way out was through. He focused on one of the links. He thought about Castiel. Where was the angel? What was Dean doing to him?

A bright defensive anger sparked inside of him. Unfortunately, he had some idea of what his brother was doing and it not only horrified but also enraged Sam. Castiel may have been around since the time of Creation. He might have walked the earth when people were still learning how to build fires, but in a lot of ways the angel was innocent.

Dean had even once said that without his powers the angel was just a baby in a trenchcoat. It was an apt description in many ways, and with the addition of the spelled cuffs Cas was powerless, defenseless, and Dean was using him.

The chain rattled. Sam’s stomach turned again. He’d had a glimpse of how his brother was abusing Castiel. He knew that it could be, probably was, so much worse. Guilt twisted with the anger. Sam also knew that Castiel would endure it to protect him.

He felt the chain vibrate and thought of his half-eaten breakfast. Dean had said Castiel had arranged it for him. How? What had he done?

Unbidden images came to Sam’s mind. He couldn’t help but remember how Dean had forced Castiel to suck him off in front of Sam that first time Dean had force-fed him blood. The angel had choked and gagged around his older brother’s cock, but he’d still let Dean face fuck him and shoot his load down his throat to keep the demon from doing it, or worse, to Sam.

The chain shook and rattled, making a jangling noise, but it did not break. There was a burst of agony behind his eyes, his vision whited out for a moment, and then he felt something hot leak down his upper lip.

Sam fell back on the mattress and panted. The pain in his head is the only thing that convinced him it was attached. It felt like it had exploded. He groaned and wiped a hand across his lip at the trickling sensation. It came away wet. He opened his eyes. When had he closed them? His hand was red, smeared with a small swipe of blood. Great. A nose bleed!

He closed his eyes again and pinched the bridge of his nose and swallowed. Once again, blood flowed down the back of his throat, this time it was his. Uh no. Groaning again he rolled to his side and then forced himself up to a seated position. More blood trickled down his face. He grabbed his blanket and stuffed the corner up under his nostrils. At least the buzzing sensation had abated.

Yet, that meant the twisted ache in his gut and the pain at the back of his skull would be returning. He was in too much misery to fool himself. If he’d burned through Dean’s blood, his body would be craving more of it soon.

Opening his eyes he looked at the plate he’d shoved away. He had even less of an appetite than before. He leaned over and reached for it, ignoring the throb behind his eyes. He needed more than
blood and protein bars and he’d better get into his system before his addiction symptoms hit.

Besides, he was certain Castiel had paid a heavy price for this meal. Sam wasn’t about to let that be paid in vain.

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Castiel hung by his wrists, his legs were too tired to hold him anymore. Dread was like a presence haunting him that couldn’t be dispelled with salt or iron. He’d begged the demon to torture him. Already it had, in many ways sexual, physical, and psychological. Yet, the angel knew this would be worse.

It wasn’t just that he feared the torment, he was afraid how much further this would erode his connection to Dean. Already the lines between the demon and the human were beginning to blur with Castiel. He was beginning to associate the hunter’s smile, his touch, his smell, and very presence with the demon.

The demon had said it wanted to break Castiel. Already it had made several deep cracks, and with each one seeds of hatred had been planted. They were growing. Castiel feared he would begin to lose sight of the soul, the human, altogether. It would be the ultimate betrayal.

Footsteps alerted Castiel to the demon’s return. He raised his head and looked toward the door.

Dean entered still dressed in his jeans and t-shirt, but the flannel was gone and his hands were behind his back. He cast another one of his flirtatious smiles toward Castiel and pulled out a long slender wooden rod with a tapered end. “I know you were expecting a knife maybe, and it’s true Alastair did love his blades, but sometimes he liked to switch it up a bit.”

The angel’s eyes widened. He was to be whipped!

The demon swung the rod through the air creating a sharp whistling noise. “Man I forgot how much I liked that sound.” He moved quickly over to Castiel, stepping in front of him. “I know, you are wondering where I got it. I tell you, some of those Men of Letters were kinky bastards. Great porn though! Anyway, don’t worry, it’s a good willow branch. Sturdy with enough give to get the job done.”

“Dean,” Castiel whispered tremors beginning to wrack through him.

“None of that now,” the demon said stepping slightly to the side. It flipped the water knobs on and water suddenly sprayed down over Castiel. After making a few more adjustments, the demon stepped out of range of the raining water.

“Guhah!” Castiel yelled as hot water, just short of scalding rained down on his head and poured down onto shoulders and back.

“Just warming you up a bit!” Dean yelled.

The angel sputtered and tilted his head down, trying to keep the water out of his eyes, nose, and mouth. He tried to find his footing again but slipped under the slick tiles. The metal cuffs dug deeper into the bruised skin around his wrists as he jerked against them.

“Just let it soak in! Get that skin good and hot, sensitized and those muscles loose. I really want you to feel this, feathers!”

The water slid down Castiel’s back, over his butt, and down his legs. The steam from the hot water
was making the air heavy and thick to breathe. The skin on his chest and thighs was turning red as
the water pounded over him. He hissed and jerked, trying to keep his pelvis out from under the
scorching spray.

Eventually, he acclimated to the temperature and ceased to move, easing the strain on his wrists
which had now gone from bruised to abraded. Long minutes passed as the angel stood helplessly
under the hot torrent waiting for what was to come next.

Just as he began to wonder if the demon would do anything else, it stepped forward and flipped the
hot water off. Suddenly Castiel was drenched in cold water causing him jerk and his heart to pound
erratically at the sudden temperature change. However, unlike with the hot shower, the demon kept
the cold one brief. He let the Castiel spasm under it for a few moments before shutting it off.

“You still with me?” Dean asked stepping into Castiel’s line of sight.

The angel shook his head, trying to clear it and shake water from his eyes. He looked at the demon,
and was tempted to spit water in its face but checked himself. He had learned, momentary defiance
was met with lengthy discipline. He nodded.

“Good, because I want you to understand something before we begin, Cas,” the demon said. “This is
gonna happen. You can’t do anything to stop it. You can scream, beg, and cry, and it won’t make a
difference. You can even swear at me, but I’m not going to stop until I’m ready to stop. All you can
do is just take it.”

Then just proceed. Castiel knew this was psychological part of the demon’s torture.

Then the demon moved away. He heard it step behind him.

Castiel tried to be as relaxed as possible. He knew that tensing would only make what was to come
next worse. However, when he heard the whistling noise his body locked up just before pain lanced
across his back like a streak of fire. “Ghahha!”

“Gonna start out light, build up to the heavy strokes,” Dean said just before several more whistling
blows fell across the angel’s back in quick succession.

The angel jerked and screamed, causing the skin under the cuffs to tear more. Little rivulets of blood
began to trickle down his arms. He tried to fathom how those strikes could be light. However, before
Castiel could puzzle it out further, more blows rained down on his shoulders and back. His world
narrowed down to a fiery pain forming a patchwork of hash mark strikes across skin. He could not
see them, but pain erupting from them formed a pattern in his mind.

Over and over, the demon struck. Sometimes the blows would come in quick succession in such
dizzying torment Castiel struggled to breathe as his need for air clashed with his involuntary wails.
Without thought, he struggled to move away from the whistling noise, before the next impact, but his
feet kept sliding on the slick floor. Even when he did manage to find purchase, there was nowhere to
go.

Tears streamed down his face and snot ran out of his nose. His throat was sore. Suddenly the
whistling stopped.

“I wish you could see your back, the welts aren’t feathers, but they are fine.” The demon traced one
with his finger causing Castiel to flinch and whimper. “This is just the beginning, Cas. When I’m
done, your backside will be bloody welts and bruises. All of it bearing my mark, and I’m going to
leave the front of you unblemished. Kinda like Harvey Dent. You know two-face. I think it fits.
Don’t you? Remember how you worked with Crowley behind our backs? Left Sam soulless for a year? Yeah…two-faced.”

Castiel’s world exploded into a haze of searing pain. The air whistled and the resulting cracks across his skin were like nothing the ones before. He screamed so loud, he almost wondered if he was using his true voice. Incoherent words babbled out of him as the blistering agony peppered not only down his back but his buttocks as well.

When they began to flash across the back of his thighs he shrieked but could not jerk away. His legs had long given out, and all he could do was hang as blood ran down his arms from this torn wrists. Still, they did not stop until he began to wonder if they ever would.

He was lost, back in the Pit. Only there was no garrison behind him and there was no saving the Righteous Man. It was only Castiel, on the rack being peeled apart layer by layer by a Knight of Hell. He began to sob, one word falling over and over from his lips. “Dean.”

Once again the air grew still, and the blows stopped. Castiel continued to sob and shake as he simply waited for them to begin again. He didn’t even flinch when something soft and wet began to trace the fiery stripes across his back and shoulders. It wasn’t a soothing sensation, more of a claiming one. As some of the haze began to clear from the angel’s mind, he realized Dean was licking him. Castiel shuddered.

“Your blood zings a little,” the demon said when the licking stopped. “Think it’s your…Hailey’s grace?”

The angel hung limp and quiet. Even if he could think to form coherent words, he didn’t know what to say.

The demon moved, and Castiel could see his feet as he came to stand in front of the angel. It cupped his chin in both hands and gently lifted his head. Oily black eyes shifted to green. “I have a proposal for you.”

No more.

Castiel nearly sobbed. He blinked, clearing tears from his eyes. He swallowed, his throat felt like he’d consumed gravel. “What?” he forced out.

“I’m ready to take a break. My arm’s getting a little tired,” the demon said using its thumbs to wipe the angel’s tears. “So here’s the deal. I ask a question. You answer…honestly and during our little Q and A, I won’t hurt you. However, if you don’t answer, or I think you’re lying to me, break’s over.”

Castiel’s body cried for respite, yet he couldn’t help but hesitate. The demon was ready to play more mind games and the angel could barely think. He was not just physically raw and vulnerable but emotionally as well. “How...how long?”

The demon shrugged. “Does it matter? It’s a reprieve. Don’t you want it or not?”

The angel nodded before he could stop himself.

“Use your words, angel,” the demon said as it leaned forward. It began licking at the corner of Castiel’s eyes, drinking his tears.

“Ye...Yes, please.” Castiel surrendered.

The demon placed a feather-light kiss above each of Castiel’s eyes then leaned back. Once again he locked gazes with the seraph. “Before I killed her, Ha...the other angel mentioned some of your grace still existed. Is that true?”
“I…she…” This was not a question Castiel expected. He stumbled over his words, figuring out how to answer the question. He had no way of knowing if what Metatron had said was true. Castiel panicked. Surely any answer he gave would seem an evasion. His break would be over before it started.

The demon began rubbing gentle circles over Castiel’s cheeks with his thumbs. “Shh. Just answer truthfully, as best you can.”

Castiel took a stuttering breath and released it slowly. “Hannah believed it was true. Metatron told her this as a bargaining chip to be released from his cell in Heaven. I refused. Whether it is true or not I don’t know, but any deal with Metatron is a bad one.”

*And I have made enough of those.* Castiel wished he had the luxury to look away, but the demon still held his head in its hands.

“So you turned a down a chance to get your wings back?”

Castiel nodded. Then quickly answered, “Yes.”

“So you chose to continue leeching off other angels,” the demon observed.

“I chose to die.”

The demon chuckled, “That’s not working out too well for you.”

Castiel glared back at the demon. “Was that a question?”

“No.” The demon grinned. “Why are you doing this to yourself, Cas? Why are you putting yourself through all of this torture?”

“You know…” Castiel caught himself. That wasn’t the right answer, the truthful one. “For Dean. To save him.”

“Always saving, Dean. You know that’s not your mission anymore, right?”

“I do. Dean is more than that.” Castiel’s heart beat painfully. The questions were getting too personal.

The demon leaned in and ghosted its lips over Castiel’s and asked, “Do you love me?”

“No.” The answer was swift and sure as a snake bite.

The demon leaned back and narrowed its eyes. “You’re not lying.”

“I am not.” Castiel stared back. His feelings for the demon were anything but love.

It studied Castiel for a moment longer than a slow smile spread across its face. “Do you love, Dean?”

The breath caught in the angel’s throat. It felt like another betrayal to say these things to this creature. Yet, Castiel’s choices were to answer or the break would end. *What did it matter? The whipping would continue either way.* Still, even these few moments of respite were better than the blazing torment. Castiel was still in agony, but he knew what was coming was so much worse. Besides, wasn’t the answer obvious?

“Yes,” Castiel said his throat barely releasing the admission.
“You know he doesn’t love you,” the creature said. “He might like you. He may even need you, but love? If it was a choice between you or Sam, do you think he would pick you?”

A tightness gripped Castiel’s chest. This answer was obvious as well. “No.”

“So why, Cas? Why suffer for him? How many times will you fall for him? How many times will you kill your brethren for him? Give up an army for him? All for him to kick you out when you have nowhere else to go? Call you a dumb son of a bitch? For what, Cas? For what?”

The questions came at Castiel as fast as the blows had. His mind spun trying to find the answers. His heart ached with the memories of Dean’s betrayals. The times Cas had needed him. He would never have been on the street alone and vulnerable as a human, killed by April if Dean hadn’t thrown him out, choosing Sam’s welfare over his. He opened his mouth struggling to articulate an answer.

The demon released his hold on the angel. “Break time’s over.”

“No!” Castiel yelled feebly yanking on the handcuffs above as the demon stepped out of his line of sight.

The air whistled and fire burned across his skin. This time Castiel’s world did not explode, it burned away. It became white and gray like ash on a hot bed of coals as the demon rained down stroke after stroke. Even his sobs burned away until he hung limp and quiet, only moving from the impact of the blows.

Even when the air stopped whistling, he hung unmoving. When the demon unlocked and dug the bloody cuffs out his wrists, he remained quiet though his arms fell limp. He would have fallen to the floor, but he was caught by the demon.

Vaguely he was aware of being swept up into a bridal carry. It hurt, his back and legs were draped over the demon’s arms. His eyes refused to focus as the demon carried him through the bunker, disorienting him. However, he couldn’t muster enough of himself to care.

His body seized as the demon laid him down. He was on fire all over again. Then the demon rolled him over onto his stomach, his head turned to the side. It was soft, and cool, a bed. Castiel whimpered, the comfort undoing him more than the pain had.

“Thank me,” Dean whispered into Castiel’s ear.

The words were important. He knew that but why? His lips moved but he made no noise.

Dean pressed a kiss to his cheek, then whispered again. “Thank me, Castiel, for hurting you, for stripping you away from yourself and giving you clarity.”

The words first spilled out in Enochian as Castiel’s mind struggled to find the phrases. Over and over he repeated them until they became a broken mix of English and angelic syllables. Then somehow, he found the right combination and simply said, “Thank you.”

For a moment Castiel drifted. Everything was quiet, there was no more whistling. His whole backside burned, but there were no more sudden jolts of pain from a wooden switching beating down on him. He lay there, completely complacent, eyes closed.

Then he felt the bed dip as body joined him. Gently his legs were being parted. One was pushed up, pressing his knee close to his side. Pain flared anew through him as he felt his ass cheeks being parted. A slick and cool finger began to circle and explore his entrance.
He wanted to cry out or even whimper. All he could do was hiccup as tears began to flow again.

“I don’t love you either,” the demon said as it stretched and prepared him. “However, unlike your Dean, I’m not afraid to want you, Cas. I don’t understand your self-sacrifice, but I can appreciate the way you suffer for it. You’re so loyal and beautiful. He doesn’t deserve you.”

The angel felt the demon’s grip on his hips, then its cockhead pressed into him. Castiel didn’t want to be here anymore. He thought dimly of the twilight forest of Purgatory as he was breached. The burn of being penetrated was nothing to what he had endured earlier.

“As long as you are willing to suffer for him, I will let you. I will take it. I will take you,” it began to rut inside of Castiel, his body on fire where the demon’s body pressed against his. “I will take all of you, over and over again until there’s nothing left, especially your love for him.”

Castiel let go. He fell away. Time became meaningless and he drifted away until he felt himself sitting by the shores of a stream in a gray forest and he waited there until it was safe.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Okay...sorry for the long break. Work is crazy. MAJOR project coming online. Also simply had to get some stuff done around the house before I end up on an episode of Hoarders. So, got some much overdue cleaning done. Anyway, I hope you all enjoy this chapter. I think after the last few this is just the shift needed. As always, thank you so much for the kudos and comments. Not only are they chocolate for my muse, but sometimes they are great motivators (guilt trip tools) to keep me on point.

Thanks to Steeleye1 for the amazing job of betaing!

The cell door opened and Sam tried not to literally quake in excitement. He’d gone long past just an ache in his gut and a jackhammer to his skull. His skin was slick from a feverish like sweat, and his joints were stiff. Still, he forced himself to rise slowly to his feet and keep his breathing deep and even. Dean didn’t need to know how far and quickly Sam was in withdrawal. However, all pretenses to remain calm and controlled crumbled when his older brother flung open the door and stepped inside dragging Castiel behind him.

“Cas!” Sam cried in an amalgamation of horror and panic as he saw his brother half tow and half carry the angel into the room.

Castiel’s eyes were open but unfocused. He was slow and uncoordinated when Dean released him, the seraph fell to the floor on his stomach.

“What the fu-?” Sam leaped forward as far as the chain would allow and stared at his friend. The angel’s back was covered in a horrid tapestry of welts and bruises mottling his flesh in hues of deep purples, reds and blues. Some of the raised and ugly stripes were crusted and scabbed. The patchwork of injuries extended from Castiel’s shoulders, down the expanse of his back, and disappeared underneath the waistband of his dress pants.

Sam stared at his brother as he clawed uselessly at the collar around his neck, snarling, “What did you do to him?”

“Nothing he didn’t beg me to do. Now just to be clear, I don’t have the keys to the locks on the chain or you collar with me. So if you try anything, and somehow get the drop on me, your ass is still stuck down here,” Dean said stepping around the fallen angel. He looked like Sam’s brother dressed in his usual jeans and a gray t-shirt topped with a red and blue striped flannel worn untucked. However, this wasn’t his brother, this was the demon.

It stalked forward toward Sam. “Ready to get all juiced up, Ralph Macchio? Gonna have your drink straight from the source today.”

“No!” Sam practically spit at the thing that looked like Dean as he fell into a fighting stance, hands loose and ready at his side. Adrenaline pumped through the younger Winchester overriding the effects of his withdrawal.

The demon paused and smiled, holding his hands out and doing a half turn. “No? What part of this
situation makes you think you’re in control, Sammy? What makes you think you have a choice?”

“I’m not drinking your blood and I’m not playing your games. You can go back to hell!” He’d find a way later to get his brother back. He would, but looking at the angel Sam just couldn’t listen to the demon. He couldn’t do what it wanted. There was no getting through, just getting out, especially before Castiel suffered any more. Maybe he wasn’t thinking clearly or logically, but he didn’t care. He was thinking of Cas. Desperate to fight in some way for him, even if it was just with bravado. Dean would want me to.

“Well that is one option,” the demon took a step forward, flashing black eyes at Sam. “Or, I could haul the angel out of here, string him back up, and make his chest match his back while I wait until you’re craving blood so badly you’d be willing to lay stripes to him yourself if I asked.”

Sam widened his eyes and stumbled back a step. He wouldn’t! He’d never hurt Cas that way. Shaking his head the demon looked around at the neatly stacked water bottles and supplies near Sam’s mattress, along with the chair and bucket. “You gotta be having some withdrawals. How much blood have I given you? And it’s pretty clear you’ve been burning through it.” It glanced at Sam’s blanket, bloodied on one corner. “Funny thing about addictions, you never stop being an addict...you just get sober, until you’re not.”

“You want me addicted again,” Sam let the words fall out of his mouth, his gutting twisting. It had nothing to do with withdrawal.

“What I want is for you to cut the attitude, get on your fucking knees, and mojo up,” Dean said taking another step toward his brother. “Trust me. You are going to need it for today’s lesson.”

Sam stared at the demon in panic. “Lesson?”

“Wax on, wax off,” the demon chuckled wagging its eyebrows. Was that some sort of allusion to-?

No! Sam was not going to go down that road of thought. No matter how far the demon had corrupted his brother, there were still some boundaries it hadn’t crossed. But what was stopping it? It was clear it had no qualms about doing it. The hunter couldn’t help but look at Castiel.

The demon followed Sam’s gaze and turned to look back at the angel who lay almost perfectly still on the floor, only his chest moving as he breathed. His eyes were still open and unfocused.

“Tell you what,” the demon said looking back at Sam, “you make a little more like Daniel-san and do what I ask, and maybe I’ll take one of the Enochian cuffs off of Cas over there. Let him heal up a bit. Maybe it’ll snap him out of the fugue thing he’s got going on. He’s no fun like this, and it’s a bitch to get him dressed.”

Surprised you bothered. Sam kept the observation to himself. Castiel deserved whatever dignity he was afforded, and not being dragged around the bunker completely nude was one. Though if his legs and ass are as whipped as his back, those slacks probably feel like they’re made of sandpaper.

The younger Winchester clenched his fists as sudden understanding flooded him. The pants weren’t an act of consideration or bit of a mercy, they were torture disguised as such.

“What do I have to do?” Sam forced out.

“Well first, you gotta recharge your battery. No fighting, no bitching. Just drop to your knees and slurp down some liquid hell knight.” The demon grinned reaching behind it and pulling out an angel
blade from where it was tucked at the small of its back. “Then you just gotta pass today’s lesson with top marks. You can do that right, college boy?”

Sam sank to his knees. What choices did he really have? Resist, and let Castiel be brutalized some more, or cooperate and potentially give the angel a chance at accessing some much-needed grace. He frowned. “What’s with the angel blade?”

“Gotta cut myself with something,” the demon said moving toward Sam. “Hands behind your back.”

“Where’s the demon blade?” Sam asked crossing his wrists behind him.

“Did I say we were going to play a game of twenty questions?” the demon asked stepping in front of Sam and slicing a deep cut across its right palm. It held it out to Sam, blood swiftly welling up and dripping down the side. “No. So the only reason you should be opening your mouth is to start licking the hand that feeds you.”

Sam bit back another retort and leaned forward. He snaked out his tongue, tentatively swiping it across the back of the demon’s hand licking at the trickling crimson trail. The hot taste of salt and iron with a faint hint of sulfur burst in his mouth. He ceased trying to bite back scathing remarks and moans. Maybe his mind was repulsed and rebelling against drinking his brother’s blood, but his body wasn’t.

No, his body was reveling in it. As the hot liquid ran across his tongue, so did a current of energy. It sparked along his nervous system transforming the pain in his head into a hum which vibrated through him. His skin became sensitive and blood rushed to his groin.

He was alive, power flowing through him. Jerking against his bonds, he tried to free himself so he could grab Dean’s arm and pull his bleeding hand closer. Sam wrapped his lips around the wound and sucked at it, trying to draw that sanguine force into him quicker.

“That’s it, Sammy,” the demon said as Sam nursed on its blood. “This is the real Winchester legacy. You, me...Dad. We were all wired to be hooked on something. The old man and me it was booze. Functioning alcoholics. You? Demon blood.”

Shut up! Sam should have screamed the words at the demon. He should have pulled his mouth away from Dean’s hand and spit his blood back into the black-eyed monster’s face, but he didn’t. Instead, he kept lapping it up. The ache in his stomach dissipated, turning into a warm heavy feeling.

The demon chuckled. “I gotta wonder, Sam. Could you get off just from my blood alone?”

For a moment something other than the power rush went through Sam. Wrenching himself away from his brother’s hand, he glared up at him. “Gotta wonder if Crowley will take back whatever sniveling demon part of you is left when I get my brother back.”

“There ain’t no ‘part,’” the demon said dropping its arm, taking a step back, and sneering. “There’s just me and I’m all the Dean Winchester that’s left.”

Sam felt something trickling down his chin and the corner of his mouth. Blood. He tamped down the urge to stick out his tongue and lick at it. Instead, he kept his gaze and focus on the demon.

It raised its cut hand, looked at it, then gazed back at Sam. The demon smiled. “I think you’ve got enough in the tank for now.”

It turned and strode back over to Castiel who hadn’t moved and was still laying on his stomach with his eyes open and unseeing. The demon leaned over, grabbed Cas by a shoulder and rolled him onto
“Hey!” Sam shouted as the seraph let out a small sound that might have been a whimper. “Leave him alone! I thought you are playing Mr. Miyagi not Cobra Kai dickhead!”

The demon sank to his knees straddling Castiel, who remained motionless, and looked and Sam. “I’ll be whoever the fuck I want in this scenario. You just better pray, little brother, you can pull off magic mind Crane Kick.”

What did that even me-?

“Dean, don’t!” Sam shouted straining at his bonds as he watched his brother suddenly raise the angel blade high above Castiel’s chest.

“Stop me,” the demon said gazing down at the prone and helpless seraph staring sightlessly up at the ceiling.

I can’t! Sam had always used his arms as a focus, but they were cuffed behind him. Even if they weren’t though, how could he stop his brother? He hadn’t done much more than moving a chair. However, he had to do something. Stalling, he begged, “I need my arms...hands-free.”

The demon shook his head. “I wiped your ass and babied you enough when we were kids. Not doing it now. Sack up and get your shit together, Samantha or Cas dies. Now on the count of three. One…”

“Dean!” Sam yelled again even as he tried reaching for the buzzing sensation under his skin.

“Two,” the demon continued his countdown.

Sam’s lungs refused to work. His vision blurred for a moment. “Dean please!”

“Three!” The demon plunged the silver blade down in a swift arc.

“Cas!” Sam screamed then sputtered he as fell forward choking himself. He rolled to his side and then back to gain some slack in the chain. He looked at the angel expecting to see his grace flashing and arcing like a moth on a bug zapper.

Castiel’s chest rose softly. The tip of the angel blade resting on the floor just above his left shoulder.

“Dude, you suck,” the demon said shaking its head and looking at Sam. “Poor Cas, he keeps suffering for the Winchesters and they do so little for him. You’d really let him die, Sammy?

He didn’t do it. Couldn’t do it. Sam forced himself to his feet, weak with relief. He shifted his gaze to his brother. “Dean-”

“Shush,” the demon said raising the blade again. “Everyone deserves a practice run. This time, Sammy, it’s the real deal. I count to three and shoving this blade where Cas’s heart is. Now, I don’t care what you do. You can knock the blade out of my hand, move Cas, or hell, hit me upside the head with a can of chicken soup. Just stop me, or Castiel’s just a burned out empty vessel.”

This time Sam didn’t waste his breath or time with pleas. He stared at Cas and pushed back against the terror trying to overwhelm him. Instead, he reached for something else, something hotter and darker.

“One,” the demon began to count.
Sam narrowed his eyes.

“Two.”

He focused on the demon his brother had become.

“Three!”

Deep at his core, there was a rage in Sam Winchester. It lay hidden and mostly untapped. Yet, there were times when he called upon it. There was the time he’d beaten and humiliated a bully much bigger than him. It had been there the night he’d rebelled against his father, storming out to forge a life at Stanford. The burning core of it was the raw material that had been first manipulated by Ruby, making it easy to forge him into the weapon she needed to play his part in starting the Apocalypse.

Sam opened himself up to that anger, fueled by his fear for Cas and grief over his brother. It came swiftly to him like a falcon and then gripped tight in its talons the demon power flowing in his veins. Sam pushed just as the demon was plunging the blade toward Castiel’s heart.

Dean howled in surprise as he suddenly flew across the room. His cry was cut short as he slammed into the far wall and then hung there briefly, pinned.

“I could crush you,” Sam said his voice soft and cold.

“Can you now?” the demon laughed staring back at him.

Sam pushed a little harder and the demon gasped as if couldn’t breathe. It dropped the blade in its hand and grabbed at its throat, somehow keeping its green-eyed gaze fixed on him.

Something in Sam pulsed, and he pushed harder.

The demon’s body arched and shuddered before slamming back into the wall, this time looking like a great weight was pressing against it. It mouthed something, “Sammy.”

The younger Winchester froze. Dean! As suddenly as his anger had come, it had blown away like a Kansas storm in May. He fell to his knees onto the mattress, something wet trickling down his nose and pain behind his eyes. His mind tried to process what he’d just done. He’d tried to choke Dean.

The demon fell to the floor and began to clap. “Very good, Daniel-san. Very good.”

Sam hung his head and tried to clear it. A new fear was creeping up his spine. Yes, he had saved Castiel, but what price had he paid to do it? More blood dripped into his mouth, it was his own.

“Well, I’m a demon of my word,” Dean said as he got to his feet and began walking back to the angel. “You passed today’s lesson with flying colors. So, looks like the angel gets a grace reboot.”

Cas. Sam stopped thinking of himself and lifted his head to stare at the battered and unresponsive angel. Sam may have prevented the demon from killing the seraph, but he hadn’t actually saved him. If Cas heals up, Dean’s just going to torture and rape him some more, and Cas will let him to save me. I can’t let that continue.

“Wait,” Sam cried.

“Wait?” the demon stopped, cocking its head and arching an eyebrow.

Sam took a breath held it a moment before exhaling then swallowing. “I wanna make a deal.”
The demon cracked a crooked smile, looking around the room before looking back at Sam. “You barely have a pot to piss in. What kinda of deal do you think you can make, little brother?”

“You leave Cas alone, and I won’t fight you about the blood anymore. I’ll drink it when you want me to…no arguments. No lip.”

The demon crept forward toward Sam, its hands outstretched and its eyes shifting to black. “I don’t see how that’s much of deal. See, we both know at this point all I have to do is wait long enough and you’ll beg to drink my blood.”

“But you won’t have to wait until I get to that point,” Sam argued. “I’m stubborn, I’ll hold out for a long time before I get like that. You’re not that patient.”

The demon grinned, stepping closer until it was almost chest to chest with Sam. “Still, you need to sweeten the pot.”

“What?” Sam asked staring into its onyx eyes. “What’s your counter offer?”

“You drink my blood when I ask. No bitchin’,” it said raising an index finger. “And you continue our little training sessions. Also with no whining or moaning.”

Sam frowned. “Training sessions?”

“Well I could fuck and seduce you down the demon boy-wonder path like Ruby, but I don’t do sloppy seconds.” The demon shrugged then growled. “Yes, Samantha, training. So here’s the offer on the table. I’ll give Cas over there a reprieve. Treat him with kid gloves, and keep my dick out of all available orifices if you drink your special slurpees and keep up with our eighties montage moments”

“A reprieve,” Sam snorted. “I want you to-”

“I know what you want, but that’s not the offer on the table,” the demon said.

Sam curled his lip back. “How long?”

“Seven days,” the demon replied.

Sam snapped. “One week!”

“C’mon, Sam. One week is like…what? One month in hell?” The demon leaned forward and smiled. “And trust me, Cas has been in hell.”

Sam closed his eyes. He could buy Cas respite for a week. It wasn’t much. But maybe it’s enough. The way out was through, and that meant getting stronger. To do that, he had to use his powers more. This was exactly what Dean was offering him. However, Sam was certain whatever training Dean had in mind wouldn’t be easy or pleasant. He opened his eyes and looked at the demon.

“I want daily visits with, Cas.”

The demon jerked its head back slightly and pouted. “You don’t trust me?”

Growing up, Sam had learned to carry on entire conversations with his older brother just by the various faces he made. The way he canted his head, lifted his eyebrows, and pursed his lips screamed, “Really? That was a dumbass question. How about I give you two guesses and the first one doesn’t count.”
The demon laughed. “Bitchface twenty-two. Okay, some daily alone time with the angel, but your hands stay cuffed, he doesn’t come within two feet of you, and no trying to use your powers on him. If I think you are trying to whammy him in any way, not only is the deal off, but I’ll fuck him with the angel blade before I use it to carve my initials into him. Understand?”

Sam swallowed back bile and nodded.

“Well then, I guess we have a deal,” the demon purred. “How shall we seal it? A kiss?”

“You’re not a crossroads demon, Dean” Sam snapped. He was not kissing his brother!

The demon stroked the bottom of Sam’s chin with his finger. “I am a Knight of Hell. Maybe something more personal.” It cast its eyes down where Sam’s sweats were bulging from his semi-erect cock. “Mutual hand jobs?”

“No!” Sam growled jerking his head away from the demon’s touch.

“Soulless you wouldn’t object,” the demon purred.

The taunt hurt, but Sam could give as good as he got. “Yeah, well he didn’t have any problem letting you become a vamp honeypot either.”

“Which do you prefer? Vamp me or demon me?” Dean asked unperturbed he studied his brother.

“Neither,” Sam said. “Do we have a deal or not?”

Suddenly the demon grabbed the back of Sam’s neck, digging his fingers painfully into the skin and muscle. With surprising strength, it jerked Sam’s head down and forward, then pressed its lips against Sam’s. It wasn’t a kiss so much as it was flesh mashed against flesh. It was a brutal display of dominance and was over as quickly as it began.

The demon stepped back.

Sam spit at its feet before fixing it with a glare. Later he would remind himself this was, Dean. This thing was his brother, sick and corrupted who needed to be cured. However, right now all he wanted to do was send it straight to the cage to play patty cake with Lucifer. Give me enough blood and time... and maybe I can. A shudder ran through him and he pushed back at the thought.

“Sorry if my lips were a little dry. Next time I’ll use some Chapstick,” the demon quipped before turning and heading back toward the angel.

There won’t be a next time. Somehow, Sam managed to keep his thoughts to himself as he watched the demon. He tensed as once again it straddled the angel. This time though, its movements were slow and gentle. It carefully lifted Castiel’s left arm, and gingerly began undoing the leather cuff with the Enochian runes on it. Then eased it off the angel’s forearm.

Cas’s eyes flared with a blue light as if lit up with a blue star. He glowed, and his skin began to take on a healthy color.

Sam couldn’t see the angel’s back, but he was sure it was healing. He watched with his breath held and looked for any signs of awareness. There were none and after a few moments the demon recuffed the angel as gently and carefully as he’d uncuffed him.

Dean stood and looked at Sam. “You’ve got five minutes, or as long as it takes to empty your bucket. Remember the terms of our deal.” Then it walked over by Sam, picked up the pail by his
mattress, turned, and left the room.

Once the demon left only then did Sam exhale. He sank down to his knees, staring at the angel before calling out to him, praying to him. “Cas? Castiel! C’mon buddy, talk to me.”

PURGATORY WAS VIEWED as a place of suffering, a realm of monsters. However, in the Roman Catholic church, it was a place for the purification of the soul. Castiel had been purified there once before after he’d had the temerity to not just play God but to be God. That hadn’t been his only sin. He’d betrayed Dean.

If asked by his Father, Castiel couldn’t be certain what he would confess was his greater crime. Both were the greatest of offenses. However, it wasn’t his creator who had come for him on those gray shores, offering forgiveness and embracing him with warmth and a smile. It had been Dean.

Once again, Castiel sat in the twilight of limbo and was comforted. He wasn’t sure how long he’d sat, but he didn’t care. Time was unimportant here. What mattered was what he wanted and needed, the purification offered in this place. He felt dirty and soiled. Not only had he more betrayals for which to atone, but he’d succumbed. There were snakes of corruption coiled inside and poisoning him.

“Dean,” he whispered. He tried picturing the warm smile and the light of affection dancing in verdant eyes.

*I will take all of you, over and over again until there's nothing left...* The words ricocheted in Castiel’s mind before spilling out and becoming whispers which echoed between the trees. The angel crouched down, staring wildly all around him.

The vile phrase kept repeating itself, replicating into a chorus of whispers whistling through the trees. Castiel threw his hands over his ears and closed his eyes trying to block them out. He saw black. It was oily and alive, peering into him.

“I’m not afraid to want you, Cas,” the fragment of memory burbled from the stream.

“No!” Castiel stood backing away from the shore. Inky blackness seeping out from behind his eyelids, leaking down his cheeks like tears.

The wind began to blow. “As long as you are willing to suffer for him...I will take you.”

Castiel opened his eyes and spun around. Shadows were creeping out from under the trees. Long black shadows, reminding him of pitch eyes. He stumbled back, hands out in front of him. The words followed, swirling around him like a maelstrom.

He continued backing away, trying to find an escape. The words were changing, solidifying becoming images instead of phrases. Memories were being projected as images around him. Castiel turned to run and tripped, falling into the mud on the banks of the stream.

“Cas!” A new voice squelched up from the muck underneath him. He frowned. What new thing was coming for him in this place? “Castiel!”

Something pulled at him. He twisted and sank deeper into the brown sludge. “C’mon buddy, talk to me.”

The ground oozed around him. Panicked, Castiel began to struggle, straining to get purchase and to
find leverage. Yet, even as he fought to extricate himself, there was something achingly familiar about the voice. It carried with it its own essence of purity. However, Castiel wasn’t sure he trusted it. How could he? He couldn’t trust himself.

“Castiel, please. We don’t have much time.”

Like the great beasts lost in the La Brea tar pits Castiel had once witnessed fall, his desperate movements only made his situation worse. He was sinking, sliding into the filth. It was covering him and swallowing him up.

“Cas, don’t do this. I need you.”

_Sam!_ Recognition came to him like a last gasp of air. The flight bled away from him, and Castiel relented. The mire rose up engulfing him.

The world went from gray to black before slowly fading back into gray again. It wasn’t the canopied twilight of purgatory but the smooth surface of concrete. Castiel blinked.

“Cas?” Sam's voice called to him again this time edged with hope.

Air rushed into Castiel’s lungs. He was in his vessel. He blinked again then realized he was staring up at the ceiling.

“Hey, Castiel, c’mon look at me,” Sam said more of a prayer than a pleading.

Castiel turned his head toward the younger Winchester brother. Pain. There should have been pain, yet there wasn’t.

Sam knelt on a mattress with his hands behind his back. He was smiling, his lips and chin ringed with blood.

“Hello,” Castiel said his voice strong and clear instead of broken and hoarse.

The hunter sighed as if relieved and then grinned. “Hello. Are you alright?”

Castiel frowned. How could he answer that question? He forced his awareness to take a swift inventory of his vessel and grace. The former had been restored and the later was weakened, but not dangerously so. Such a state could be construed as ‘alright,’ and yet he knew he was not.

When had he been healed? How had he gotten to Sam’s cell? He sensed the demon was not there, but where was it? Castiel could not answer these questions. He had lost himself, drifted into a state of...what? Memory? Fantasy? That did not bode well, it certainly did not indicate he was ‘alright.’

He glanced back at Sam. “Physically I am well.”

“Physi...Cas what does that mean? What’s going on? When Dea...the demon brought you in here you were…” It was obvious Sam was struggling for words. “You were out of it. Your eyes were open but it was like you weren’t here.”

“I wasn’t,” Castiel answered honestly. “At least not mentally. I was…” He sighed, uncertain he could explain it to himself let alone the other Winchester. He sat up. It was almost hedonistic to move without pain.

“Cas?” Sam prompted gently.

Castiel looked around. “Where is the demon?”
“Emptying my piss bucket.”

Castiel arched an eyebrow. Not only did that not sound like something the demon would do but… He began to walk toward Sam. “The demon left us alone?”

“Stop!” Sam said urgently.

The angel frowned but obeyed. He tilted his head to the side, puzzled.

“You can’t come within two feet of me.”

“Why?” Castiel asked furrowing his brow.

Sam huffed slightly. “I made a deal.”

“You what?” Castiel cocked his head to the other side. “What kind of deal? Sam why would you-”

“Because I can’t stand by while you are being tortured and raped to keep me safe!” Sam yelled.

Castiel flinched.

“Cas…” Sam’s eyes opened wide and his voice drop to a soft soothing tone. “I’m sorry. I didn’t…it’s just when he brought you in here. Your back…all of what I could see it was beaten bloodied and bruised. You were checked out. I had to do something.”

Checked out? Is that what I did? Castiel wasn’t even sure he knew what that meant, but he let it go for the moment. Sam was more important.

“So you offered yourself up in my place?” Castiel snapped finding his voice. If Sam was now at the mercy of the demon, if he Castiel could no longer shield him, than he had failed utterly.

Sam shook his head. “Not exactly.”

“Then what exactly did you do? What deal did you make?” Dread filled Castiel. He knew all too well how twisted the demon’s deals could be.

The hunter took a deep breath and let it out before explaining. “For the next seven days he won’t hurt you….he won’t…that includes sexual assault. Nothing.”

A tremor raced through Castiel. Was it relief? Fear? “In exchange for?”

“I drink his blood willingly. No fighting or arguing.”

Sam! Castiel hung his head.

“Look,” Sam said calling out to him. “I know it makes me an abomination in-”

Castiel raised his head and cast a piercing gaze into Sam’s eyes and spoke with an authority of heaven he no longer had, “You are not, nor have you ever been, an abomination Sam Winchester. You are one of two shining lights of this world of which I will not let anyone diminish including yourself.”

Sam's mouth hung open in mid-speech, he stared at Castiel for a moment. Then a flush crept up his neck and face. He cleared his throat and smiled. “Uhm...okay. Thanks.”

Castiel nodded. “Continue.”
“So, I’ll drink his blood and then practice using my powers.”

“Why?” Castiel asked, frowning. “Why does the demon want you to regain, let alone use, your demonic powers?”

Sam shrugged. He smiled, a sudden familiar twinkle in his eye Castiel recognized as a hallmark of the younger Winchester’s brilliant mind. “But I think there’s an-”

“Don’t!” Castiel cried holding up his hand. For a moment his awareness seemed to be split in two. He was here in the cell talking to Sam, and yet he was also back in the bathroom hanging from his wrists answering any of the demon’s questions just for a small reprieve from the pain. He began to shake, and for a moment he thought he saw the twilight trees of purgatory.

“Cas?” Sam’s voice was thick with concern.

Castiel focused on the hunter’s face and the tree’s disappeared. “I...trust you, Sam. If you have thought of something, a way out of this, I trust you, but I don’t want to know. I can’t know. Do you understand?”

The hunter frowned for a moment then grew pale. He shook slightly and nodded.

Forcing a smile, Castiel asked, “The deal. Was there more?”

Sam continued to stare at Castiel for several long moments, unreadable emotions flitting across his face before he finally cleared his throat and answered. “I get daily visits with you to make sure the demon’s keeping his word. However, you can’t touch me, come within two feet of me. I remain cuffed and I can’t use my powers on you.”

They were simple enough rules. Easy enough to follow, yet something inside of Castiel twisted. What were the consequences if they broke them?

“You did not have to do this, Sam,” Castiel said pushing his fear aside for the moment.

“Yes, I did.” Sam’s voice was resolute.

“C’mon, Cas,” Dean’s voice suddenly said from behind. “You know, making deals with demons is a family tradition going all the way back to mommy dearest.”

Castiel spun around. The demon stepped inside the door, set down the bucket it carried, and leaned against the frame. “I mean think about it. If fucking Mary had just said ‘No’. Tried to ice Azazel like a real hunter, none of us would be in this mess right now. I mean granted, Sammy and I wouldn’t exist, but you’d at least be back upstairs in good graces and not have any memories of all this...unpleasantness.”

Words. Castiel was trying to find words, but for some reason, he could not. He stood, just staring at the demon. How long had it been there? What had it heard?

“Shut up, Dean,” Sam growled.

“Oh c’mon, Sammy! You can’t tell me you never thought about it!” The demon crossed its arms over its chest. “Look even if the bitch did say yes, the least she could have fucking done was warn our asses! But no, she went on playing Mary Winchester Homemaker right up until the day she lit up like a roman candle leaving us with Dad.”

“Is monologuing like a demon thing, or is this just some hidden asshole facet of yours?” Sam asked.
“I’m just laying out some hard truths.” The demon laughed. “You weren’t there for the part where our shell-shocked father tried to come to grips not only with the loss of his wife, but suddenly being a single parent while trying to cope with the reality that there were real fucking monsters in the world. Can you blame him for losing it a bit? I mean I know you always had a hate-on for the man Sammy, but I think you should spare a little bit for Mom too. Dad may have been harsh, neglectful at times, and a drunk but you can’t tell me he didn’t warn us about the dangers of this world. You can’t say he didn’t prepare us for the monsters and things that lurk in the dark. I mean look what happened to Adam? Dad played barbecues and baseball with him and he ended up ghoul food rotting in a forgotten crypt.”

The demon shook its head. “And as far as deals? At least when Dad made a deal he didn’t pass the buck down to you or me to pay the price ten years down the road. He ponied up and took it up the ass-”

Sam’s breath hitched. “Don’t.”

Castiel found his vocabulary. “Dean, enough!”

“Okay, Cas,” the demon said with a soft smile and a shrug. It straightened and picked up the bucket before moving further into the room.

Castiel stiffened and took a half step back.

“Easy angel, just returning this to baby brother,” it said as it moved around Castiel.

Keeping his eyes fixed on the demon, Castiel stood silently as Dean set the pail down by Sam and motioned for him to turn around. Sam shot Castiel a quick look before facing the back wall, showing his back to the demon.

Castiel longed to say something, but he wasn’t sure what there was to say. Given their situation, perhaps silence was more prudent.

Dean reached into his pocket and pulled out his keys. Then he unlocked the handcuffs around Sam’s wrists before removing them. He stepped back. “There ya go.”

Sam spun back around, rubbing his wrists. He watched as the demon moved back toward Castiel.

The angel’s heart pounded as the demon slid next to him. His skin grew clammy. He was sweating. Why? He wasn’t hot.

“Ready, Cas?” Dean asked his voice low and almost playful.

Castiel jumped, taking a half step back. He longed for his grace. He needed to center himself. He forced his hands to his side and furrowed his brow. “Ready for what?”

“To leave. Sam still hasn’t had his post blood slurp game of one-hand solitaire. I thought I’d throw a pizza in the oven and we could hang. I dunno maybe watch some Raiders?”

“Raid who?” Castiel asked suddenly wondering if they were leaving the bunker and if there was an opportunity for escape.

Dean chuckled, reaching out laying a hand gently on Castiel’s shoulder.

Air became an immovable mass in the angel’s lungs. His body seized.
The demon smiled slowly, noticing. “I’m so glad you’re back, feathers. I mean I could have come up with some games while you were checked out, but it’s so much more fun when we’re playing together.”

“Dean!” Sam warned.

“I’m not hurting him. Am I, Cas?”

The demon’s touch was light. Castiel shook his head and looked back at Sam. The hunter’s eyes were filled with worry. He’d made a deal on the angel’s behalf. Castiel was safe for seven days. *That’s seven days to find my equilibrium again. A week for Sam to figure something out.* Castiel could do this. “I will see you tomorrow.”

The demon slid its hand down Castiel’s arm to clasp its fingers gently around the angel’s palm. It tugged lightly.

With a last nod toward Sam, Castiel let the demon lead him out of the cell. He stood passively by as it swung the door shut and locked it. He looked at the demon.

It smiled warmly at him and spoke adoringly. “Sam doesn’t get it does, Cas? I’m in deep now aren’t I? There are too many cracks. At this point, even kid gloves can leave lasting marks.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Sorry this update has been SOOOO long to get out. Had two conferences to go to last month, a big birthday which included a party and a house guest, plus work is crazy. Anyway, here you go. Thanks for all the comments and kudos, they kept me motivated to get back to this as soon as I could.

Betaed by the wonderful Steeleye1

Castiel twisted the faucet knob shutting off the warm water raining down on him. Once again he pondered the difference the brief passage of time made in his circumstance. By his estimation, it had only been twelve point six hours since he’d hung helplessly in this same shower while the demon had brutalized him.

Now he’d been left alone, granted the luxury to bathe himself in private tending to his the needs of his vessel and his spirit. He understood the reprieve was short, and it was yet another tactic in a long game he did not yet fully understand. If the pattern holds, there will be a corresponding act or acts of cruelty equal if not greater than the measures of kindness he now grants.

Sighing, Castiel stepped out from under the faucet and walked over to the rack where a clean and dry towel hung. Sam didn’t understand even that much of the demon’s behavior. It was Castiel’s fault. He’d shielded the younger brother from this twisted version of Dean. There was no way for Sam to anticipate the demon’s actions the way the angel had begun to do.

Castiel scrubbed the towel through his sopping hair trying to center himself on the mundane actions of drying his body. He needed a way to push back against the tumultuous thoughts roiling through his mind threatening to overwhelm him. Sam might not be able to foresee what the demon would do, but to some degree, Castiel could.

When his week was up, after the demon had treated him well for seven days, Castiel would be forced to endure new levels of degradations and pain. Dean would be free to strip whatever progress toward recovery Castiel made away and to tear even deeper into him.

Castiel clenched the towel in his hands and brought it down in front of him. He froze for a moment, concentrating on forcing air into his vessel’s lungs. He was an angel of the Lord. He was a soldier. He’d fought and bled in many battles. Fear and pain had never deterred him. Yet, he’d never had to suffer the despair he now felt after he’d realized the damage the demon was doing to him, what specifically it was trying to mangle and rend inside of him. Dean...my love for Dean.

There was a slight knock on the door. Castiel forced his hands to relax and his arms to lower as he turned towards the noise.

Smiling, Dean stepped into the room carrying some clothes. “I thought you might like a change. You know some clean pants and a shirt. Even threw in a new tie.”

“Thank you.” Castiel nodded his head slightly and forced a smile. “That was very...thoughtful of
“I’m a thoughtful kinda guy,” Dean winked setting the clothes down on the sink before walking back toward the door. He leaned against the frame watching Castiel.

“Was there something else?” Castiel asked.

“No.” The demon shook its head keeping its eyes focused on the angel.

Castiel forced his shoulders back, standing straight. He hung the towel back on the rack before walking to the sink and grabbing the clothes. He concentrated on getting dressed while at the same time ignoring the demon, even though he could almost feel its gaze like a caress across his skin.

There was something empowering about the donning of apparel Castiel had never appreciated until that moment. Always before, clothes had seemed just to be a nod to human customs. It was an accommodation to their sensibilities and their odd discomfort with their own nakedness. Through the centuries and across the cultures, they’d developed so many taboos regarding the human form.

He’d never cared about how his vessel was dressed. In truth, it was slightly irritating to be bothered by the triviality when he had no spiritual, cultural, or anthropological associations with nudity. Yet, as he tucked the tails of his dress shirt inside the waistband of his pants, he developed a new understanding of the power of vestments. Even though they offered no real shield against the demon, it felt as if they did.

With each button he fastened on his shirt, he covered another inch of his skin, hiding it from the demon’s gaze and metaphorically wrapping his armor tighter around his body. As he clasped the last buttonhole close and reached for the tie, he longed for his trenchcoat. It was irrational, but somehow he seemed more vulnerable without it.

“Here, let me help with that,” the demon said from behind him.

Castiel turned around arching an eyebrow in confusion. Help with what?

“You’re always getting those crooked.” Dean pointed to the tie in Castiel’s hand as he walked toward the angel.

“Oh,” Castiel said as he handed the slim piece of fabric to the demon far more willingly than he felt. Letting Dean help dress him was like letting him dent his shield. Yet, Castiel wasn’t ready to test the boundaries of Sam’s deal.

Dean lifted Castiel’s collar and slid the tie around his neck. A slow teasing smile spread across the demon’s face as he began to knot the material. “Oddly, this reminds me of the time I got you ready for your first ‘date’. Had you get rid of that stupid vest.”

Castiel clenched his fists and looked over the demon’s shoulder. By now the angel understood this tactic. The demon was preparing for an assault, one that wouldn’t violate Sam’s terms but one that would still do damage. It was going to use a memory, a moment, something shared between Castiel and Dean to strike deep into Castiel.

“‘Remember?’” The demon tugged the knot up Castiel’s tie towards the angel’s neck.

“I recall,” Castiel answered.

The demon trailed its hands over Castiel’s shoulders and down the front of his chest, smoothing his shirt flat. “Made you unbutton your shirt too. What a dope I was prettying you up for some skank
who ended up just using you to watch her brat. If I had just nutted up, I could have nailed you then and there, right in front of her house in the front seat of the Impala, couldn’t I?

Castiel ground his jaw and kept his eyes locked on the far wall. The moment was clear in his mind. He’d been so human and so unsure. He hadn’t really been attracted to Nora. At first, he’d agreed to the “date” because he’d been so desperate to just be human. He’d been cast out of heaven, and even worse, Dean had thrown him out of the bunker. Working at the Gas ‘n Sip as Steve had been a way to find some semblance of dignity. That was until Dean had walked in, smug and self-assured grinning and teasing, throwing him off balance.

Suddenly the date with Nora had seemed like a lifeline. It had been an excuse to keep him from helping Dean with the hunt, a reason to keep himself away from the hunter. To keep me safe from the one power that would have utterly destroyed me when I was so vulnerable, Dean’s rejection.

“Cas?” Dean tapped the angel lightly.

“No,” Castiel answered forcing his gaze back to the demon.

The demon laughed, “Liar.”

“I am not lying. I would not have lain with you, Dean.” The angel’s voice was clear and steady. “Because I could not trust you.”

Dean narrowed his eyebrows and tilted his head slightly. He studied Castiel for a moment then let out a low whistle before taking a step back. “Wow! You know, if I was still human, that might have stung.”

“If you were still human, we would not be having this conversation.”

“You didn’t trust me? Your best friend? The guy you claim to have such a profound bond with?” the demon asked holding out its hands and turning as it spoke.

“No, not in that moment. Not with...intimacy,” Castiel answered honestly the truth of his words feeling like broken glass against his grace.

The demon shook his head and laughed. “I really fucked you up there didn’t I Cas? All those mixed signals saving you, kicking you to the curb, showing up again all smiles, and yet still keeping you at arm’s length. Damn! No wonder this demon shit comes so naturally to me. I was always a monster.”

“Don’t say that,” Castiel rushed forward grabbing the demon by the collar and growling into its face. “You may be a twisted parody, a corrupted version of Dean Winchester, but he was...is not a monster.”

“You know there is something so perverse in how you defend him, Cas, no matter what he does.” The demon grinned its eyes shifting to black. “You know, I wonder if you’ll do the same for me after I break you? Maybe I will keep you alive after all, my own little guardian angel so loyal and faithful no matter what I do to you. Oh, the things I’ll do to you.”

Rage ran through Castiel as he stared into the demon’s eyes. The urge to call upon his grace and smite this abomination was almost overwhelming. However, Castiel held himself in check not just because his grace was bound, or because it could not actually destroy the demon, but because there was still a chance to save Dean.

“Not for seven days,” Castiel said releasing the demon and stepping back.
The demon chuckled. “C’mon, pizza’s getting cold and the beer’s getting warm.” Then it moved toward the door.

Castiel stood for a moment, watching it leave before following.

SAM WIPED HIS sticky hand on the mattress and stared at the ceiling. He hated the endorphins coursing through his system giving him a false sense of euphoria, almost as much as he hated the need which drove him to release them. He loathed the tang of blood in his mouth, and worse, the taste of Dean on his lips. He despised the demonic caricature of his brother and cursed his own failure to save him.

Dean. How would he live with what the demon had done? Sam lifted his hips and pulled up his sweatpants, then sat up. He looked at the door where he’d last seen the demon leave with Cas.

There was no denying what the demon had been doing to the angel. He hadn’t just been raping Cas, he’d been brutally torturing him to the point the angel had mentally locked himself away.

Anger, bright and cold like sunshine on the arctic snow, crackled through Sam. He wanted to end the demon, waste it. The demonic power flowing through Sam merged with his anger. He could see himself pulverizing the demon, crushing it to the wall until it burst into a red spray that splattered the walls. He nearly had.

A soup can flew across the room and exploded as smashed into the concrete wall.

Sam caught his breath and crawled back across the mattress. He stared at the orange dripping mess as the liquid slid down the wall to pool over the twisted remains of the can. His fury had fueled his power, but it had been raw and unbridled.

It wasn’t so different than how his fear and grief had given him the burst of energy to save Cas. The ability inside of him the demon blood ignited had manifested swiftly, responding to his emotions and need to save the angel.

It also nearly overwhelmed me. Sam closed his eyes trying to shut out the memory of trying to crush his brother to the wall. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He opened his eyes.

“Anger is good,” he muttered to himself, “but not without control.”

If his plan was to work, he needed both coarse energy but also the fine ability to wield it. He had to find the balance, but could he?

Getting angry was easy. Everything about the situation pissed him off. Just thinking of Cas’s back, scoured and welted bloody was enough for the cool fury to begin rising up his spine. Yet, controlling his emotion fueled power was hard.

Sam twisted around and looked back at the chain keeping him secured to the wall. He concentrated. For several long moments, nothing happened. Then the chain began to rattle softly as it began to slowly sway.

He stood and like easing his foot off the brake of the Impala, he began to think of Cas again. Remembering how long it took to get him to come back from whatever mental hiding place he’d taken refuge.

The chain began to shake, hard enough Sam could feel the vibrations in the collar around his neck.
He licked his lips and raised his hand. He thought of the demon grinding its lips against his, forcing him into an incestuous kiss. Disgust sliced through him like an ice storm.

The metal links twisted and shuddered, tugging at the eye hook embedded in the concrete wall as water bottles pelleted alongside it bursting. Water sprayed over Sam drenching him. Pain ricocheted through his temples, even though he could still feel the effects of the demon blood inside him buzzing under his skin. He fell to his knees.

Too much, too soon.

He lay back on the mattress and ran a hand over his face. His palm came back wet and bloody. His nose was bleeding again. “Damnit!”

He had seven days, one week to figure out how to get control of his curse.

I’m not letting that thing tear into Cas again. Not gonna let it further eat away into what’s left of Dean’s soul.

Already Sam was afraid the demon had gone too far, that Dean would never recover from what he’d done to Cas even if the angel forgave him and Sam was sure he would. No, Sam had to get them out of this and do it before the deal was up.

His face twisted into a sad perverse smile as a thought occurred to him. Ironically, the demon’s plans for him might be part of the solution. The thing was determined to train Sam. It was going to continue to force him into drinking demon blood and using his powers.

Why though? Sam groaned as he sat up slowly. He pulled his knees to his chest and draped his arms over them. What was the demon’s endgame? It might be a distorted and perverted version of Dean, but it was still some semblance of him.

Sam looked at the mess around him, the shards of plastic and tin. Dean doesn’t do anything without a purpose or reason and he’d know I’d be trying to use my powers to beat him, so why risk it?

There had to be a greater goal Sam wasn’t seeing. As his mind churned it was easier to ignore the buzzing feeling. He had a week to figure it out, it wasn’t long, but he’d worked with less.

CASTIEL FOLLOWED DEAN, his breath catching as he realized the demon was leading them back to Dean’s room. “I thought we were having pizza?”

“We are,” Dean said as he stepped into the room backward and waved his arms around.

For a moment the angel had a strange sense of deja vu as he entered the room. Again it was dimly lit and had an intimate feel as if it were the setting for a date. His vessel’s skin grew clammy and his breath short as he looked around.

On the floor by the nightstand was a bucket filled with ice and several bottles of beer. On the nightstand were some napkins and a pizza on a pizza pan sliced into several sections. On the bed was Dean’s laptop.

“C’mon, get comfy,” Dean said as he sat down on the bed and began untying his boots.

Castiel scowled. “We...you have a deal with Sam.”
“And there’s nothing in it that says we can’t do dinner and a movie.” The demon toed off its right boot then its left before crawling back on the bed and leaning its back against the headboard. It reached for the laptop, opened it, and propped it up on its lap. Typing on the keyboard, it stared at the screen. “Hop on up here and hand me a slice.”

“I…” Castiel hesitated. A cloying feeling began to rise inside of him.

The demon looked up and fixed its gaze on Castiel. “There’s nothing in my deal to negate our deal, Cas. You start bitchin’ out on me now, I go and spend some quality time with Sammy. I promise you, we won’t be spending it drinking beers and eating pizza.”

Castiel nodded stiffly and walked over to the bed. Images flooded his brain. The demon over him, black eyes staring into his. With the images came ghost sensations, fleeting memories of touches both intimate and seductive as well as cruel. Slowly he sat on the mattress, his skin growing clammy with sweat as his heart pounded.

“Whoa, buddy, relax,” Dean said. “Scoot close and lean back.”

The angel glared at the demon but did as he was told. The bed was small for two men, and his body was pressed close to Dean’s their legs and hips lying so close they almost touched. The strange feeling was clawing deep in Castiel.

The demon bumped its shoulder against Castiel’s. “That wasn’t so bad now, was it?”

“Do you expect me to answer honestly?” Castiel turned his head to look at the demon.

Dean laughed as pressed a button on the keypad. “Don’t you always?” Music began to blare from the computer as images began to flicker across the screen. Dean looked at Castiel. “You gonna hand me that slice?”

Unbidden an image of an angel blade drawing swiftly across Dean’s throat swept through Castiel’s mind. His stomach knotted. He turned and grabbed the pizza pan. It was warm to the touch, not too hot. He passed it over to Dean.

The demon shrugged and grabbed a wedge, hot cheese strung like a lifeline from it back to the pan before finally snapping. The demon shoved the tip into its mouth and began chewing.

Castiel stared at the computer screen. He tried focusing on the movie, trying to block out the sounds of the demon eating. There was something oddly familiar about the film. Though 1930’s archaeology professor fixated on the Ark of the Covenant was purely fictitious, Castiel recognized his name. It took him longer than it should have to realize this was one of the pop culture references Metatron had downloaded into his brain.

“You’re not going to eat anything?” the demon asked.

The angel stiffened. For a moment he’d forgotten about the demon. He turned his gaze back to it. “Is that an order?”

“No, it was a question.”

“Then, unless you have an objection or desire it otherwise, no. I am not going to eat.” Castiel wasn’t sure he could swallow anything past the knot of strange emotion churning inside of him.

“Suit yourself,” the demon said grabbing one more slice of pizza before shoving the pan back toward Castiel. “Swap that out for a beer for me, would ya?”
The angel nodded, taking the pan and setting it back on the nightstand before grabbing a bottle from the bucket and passing it back to Dean. He felt the demon’s gaze on him the whole time.

“You know you could be a little more grateful,” the demon said as it took the beer from Castiel’s hand.

“Excuse me?” Castiel asked his eyes narrowing and the feeling rising up threatening to choke him now.

“All I’m saying is, I’m trying to do you a solid here. Give you a fantasy. A taste of what a real date with your precious Dean might be like,” the demon said as it twisted the cap from the bottle before lifting the neck to his mouth and taking a long drink.

“You think you are doing me a favor? Forcing me to sit next to you on the bed where you ra-”

“Ah!” the demon quickly lowered the bottle and held up its finger. “Choose your words carefully, Cas. Nothing that happened here, was without your consent.”

Something acrid and bitter seemed to fill Castiel’s mouth. “A corrupted consent that means little.”

“It means everything,” the demon grinned.

The angel looked away from the demon and focused back on the computer screen a part of him suddenly very afraid of the violent images in his mind. How could he want to hurt Dean?

“You know you can’t hurt me,” the demon said. “I mean you can hurt me, but not anything that won’t heal. I mean you could even kill me, Cas, and I’d be okay.”

Something inside of Cas twisted sharp. The demon was too close, like in the shower. Castiel flinched as if he’d been struck. He looked back at the demon and snapped, “I thought you wished to watch a movie.”

“I’m open to alternative forms of entertainment,” the demon said hitting another key and pausing the movie. It shoved the laptop off its lap. “What would you like to do?”

Castiel stared at his hands, still clenched into fists. He was almost choking on the feeling inside of him, making it hard to breathe let alone think.

“Cas?” the demon laid a hand softly on the angel’s shoulder.

“Don’t!” Castiel shrugged it off then froze. Sam! He had to think of Sam. He couldn’t give the demon a reason to hurt the younger Winchester.

The demon studied Castiel for a moment then got up. It set the laptop on Dean’s desk before walking around to Castiel’s side of the bed. “I have an idea.”

Castiel forced himself to look at the demon, his head pounding.

“Give in,” the demon whispered with a sly smile.
“What?” Castiel snapped.

The demon held out its hand to its side. “Give in. I give you permission. Go ahead, let off a little steam.”

No! Castiel crawled back to the other side of the bed and stared at the demon. He had to have misunderstood what the demon meant.

“Oh c’mon, feathers!” the demon said stalking back around the bed toward Castiel backing him into the wall. “This is your shot. Take it. I know you want to, so...let’s get physical.”

“Stop it!” Castiel barked. “You and Sam have a deal.”

“I can’t touch you, doesn’t mean you can’t touch me.”

Castiel glared at the demon. “I don’t want to.”

“Lying again, Cas? That’s my department, remember? I’m the demon and you’re the angel.” The demon edged a little closer to Castiel, close enough the angel could feel the heat from its body.

“I am not lying. I have no desire to...touch you.” Castiel nearly spit the words at the demon.

The demon grinned, its black eyes staring into the angel’s blue. “You sure about that? You telling me, you’re standing there vibrating with righteous anger and you don’t want a piece of me?

The air was thin and Castiel’s throat was tight. Still, he managed to force out the words, “The only thing I want from you is the return of Dean Winchester.”

“But you can’t have that...ever. This is all you’re gonna get of him, Cas. Me,” the demon said its voice low and husky. “Think of all I’ve done to you. All I’m gonna do to you. Hell, think of what I’m going to do to Sam. Cuz you and me both know, eventually, I’m gonna do more than make him drink my blood. I already have.”

For a moment, Castiel’s mind cleared. He was lifted up from the sea of churning emotion threatening to drown him. Instead, he stood on an empty shore of eerie calm. “What did you do to Sam?”

“We made a deal,” the demon shrugged. “How do you think we sealed the bargain?”

A kiss. An image of the brothers so wrong it couldn’t fully form tried to worm into Castiel’s mind. The calm shattered and the angel burst forward from the wall charging into the demon.

He wrapped one hand around the thing’s throat while the other pounded into its nose. There was a sickening squelch and something hot and wet sprayed into Castiel’s face. He ignored it and struck again and again. There was a cracking sound.

Sam! Sam was supposed to be safe. This thing was not supposed to touch him!

Castiel squeezed tight. Something gurgled. Still, he swung and punched, each time his fist connecting. Until he dimly was aware his knuckles were beginning to ache. However, with each blow, he became lost in a strange kind of freedom. No longer was he choking on the strange feeling that had been rising up in him since he’d left the shower. The air was easy to breathe, and for the first time since the demon had taken him over the Impala, Castiel felt truly grounded.

He swung until his arm was tired and his hold on the thing’s neck began to slip. A body fell. Castiel stood there, in Dean’s room panting with exertion. He stared blindly at the wall until an odd sound
began to draw his attention. It was familiar, but yet it was off like cord strung wrong on a violin. Castiel shook his head. *Laughter!* Someone was laughing!

The angel shook his head again and looked for the source of the mirth. Finding it, Castiel stumbled back against the wall and slid down to the floor as he stared in horror. *Dean!*

A few feet away crumpled on the floor was Dean. His face was barely recognizable, swollen and bloodied. One eyelid was completely swollen shut, black and purple, while the other was swollen down to a narrow slit where a blood-tinged eye stared out from under it. Dean’s nose was cocked at an odd angle and crimson fluid leaked down into bloated and split lips which were spread wide in an unholy grin.

“Feel better?” Dean asked, his words slurred.

“Dea-” Castiel choked on his friend’s name unable to say it, not after what he’d done.

The older Winchester grabbed hold of the bed and got to his feet, keeping his eyes fixed on Castiel. “It’s not like this the first time you beat the crap out of me. Though this time it *was* all you and not angel programming. And it’s not like it’s the worst beating I’ve had. I mean I don’t want to give you a complex or anything, but your big brother Luci did a better job when he was wearing Sam.”

Castiel shook his head. His mouth was dry and his stomach was cramping. It wasn’t possible. How, could he have done this to the one soul…to the man he… Tears were beginning to cloud his vision.

“Well I guess this night wasn’t a bust after all,” the demon said walking over to the other side of the room and grabbing a beer. He held it out toward Castiel. “Want one?”

Castiel buried his head in his hands as something tore inside him.

“Guess that’s a no.”

The angel fought his despair. *I hurt him, Dean.* Vaguely he heard the demon moving again. Anguish was suddenly replaced with fear. *Sam! *”Please don’t, I-"

“Don’t start molting.” The demon held up its hand. “I’m not gonna go tear Sammy a new one. I gave you a pass on this one. Besides, I think this little beat down hurt you more than me.” It grinned as it moved over to Dean’s dresser.

Castiel swallowed and wiped at his eyes. Sam was safe. “Where-”

“Well, first I’m gonna get cleaned up. Then, I got an errand to run,” it said as it rummaged around the drawers pulling out a change of clothes.

“I do not understand.”

The demon grinned. “While our date didn’t go exactly as planned, I never meant to spend the whole evening with you, Cas. Gotta pick up some supplies for Sammy’s training.”

Once again the angel was filled with dread for the younger Winchester. “What supplies?

“Nothing you need to worry about,” the demon said shoving the drawers closed.

Maybe it was the angel’s imagination, but it seemed as if Dean’s face was beginning to look better. That didn’t seem possible. “Dean-”

“Now, I want you to stay here and keep out of trouble, Cas,” the demon said as it moved to the door.
“Okay, actually I’d love an excuse to tear into you and Sam, but later when I have the time to enjoy it. So, just sit there and stew in all that lovely guilt you’re feeling right now until I get back. I promise we’ll have more quality time later.”

Castiel couldn’t stop a shudder from going down his spine. However, if the demon was leaving, maybe this was his chance to help Sam.

“And to be sure you don’t get any ideas about going where you’re not supposed to,” the demon said as if reading the angel’s mind. “There’s going to be a line of burning holy oil right outside this door.”

The faint hope Castiel had faded. “How long will you be gone?”

“Not more than a day,” the demon said with a wink. “After all, the deal is you get to visit Sam tomorrow.”

Then it left, closing the door firmly behind it. A few minutes later, Castiel could see the glow of flames from underneath the door. He was effectively locked in Dean’s room, a place that had once been a sanctuary had now become a temple to so much pain. Would either of them ever be comfortable there again?
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Okay, since you all had to wait so long, I cranked out a second chapter this weekend. Whew! Anyway, hopefully, tomorrow I'll have time to go back through and do some editing on both.

On a side note, I realized this has as many hits as my epic, “There’s Always A Sneer In Vegas”! Wow! Thanks! If you like this kind of story, and want a looong read that’s complete, check it out. It’s based in the Buffy/Angel universes however you really don’t need to see the shows to read it as it is an alternative universe. The main pairing is Spike/Xander.

Anyway, it was about time we had a nice long Sam centered chapter, and if you've been waiting for it, here it is. Enjoy! Remember, comments and kudos are almost as good as chocolate and caffeine!

Betaed by Steeleye1!

Sam fought the urge to pace. It wouldn’t help. He didn’t need to burn off excess energy, that’s not what had him feeling restless and on edge. It was the slow burn in his gut, the precursor to what was coming. He recognized it for what it was. He needed Dean’s blood. The agitation was just an early symptom. Soon it would be followed by sweats, cramping, and if left unchecked hallucinations.

He stood and linked his fingers behind his head. He twisted from side to side. Dean won’t let it get that far. There was no reason to, they had a deal. Sam was cooperating. Still, he might and Sam couldn’t shake his anxiety that the demon would make him wait, make him suffer.

Sam unclasped his fingers and swung his arms free. He stared at the door a moment and then kicked at the mattress. He should be thinking about Cas, wondering when he’d see the angel next, not worrying about when he’d get his next fix of demon blood.

“But this is what addicts do,” he muttered softly as he began to walk along the edge of the mattress. Sam was an addict and he was squarely in the throes of his addiction. The fact that he wasn’t more scared then he was should also be worrying him, yet it didn’t.

What was causing his heart to race was how flushed he was getting. Small beads of perspiration were gathering along his arms. He looked around the room and remembered another time Dean had locked him away and left him dry. That’s when he and Bobby had tried to break his addiction by going cold turkey.

Sam ran a hand through his hair. It was beginning to feel greasy. He dragged the hand down over his chin. He was beyond the need for a shave. He scratched at his uneven beard, it briefly distracted him. He hated being kept locked up, chained away like an animal, and every day growing more and more unkempt.

He looked around the room. Nothing had changed. It was still the same four concrete walls and ceiling with lights hanging down. He looked back at the chain trailing from his neck to where it
hooked into the wall. He tried to think of his plan, visualize it. He would have only one shot at it. If he failed, he was certain he’d never have another chance. The demon would see to it. He closed his eyes and shook his head. However, even if he did succeed, it wouldn’t come without a cost.

There were steps outside the room. Sam opened his eyes. He focused his gaze on the entryway, waiting and watching. A few moments later, the door swung open and the demon walked inside.

“Hey, Sammy,” it said as it looked around the room. It tilted its head slightly and pursed its bottom lip as it redirected its gaze on Sam. “See you’ve been redecorating a little.”

“You’re the one who seems keen on me getting my powers back in the first place,” Sam ground out forcing himself to stand still and not fidget. He might be eager for Dean’s blood, but he’d be damned if he was going to show it.

“Thought you might have better uses for them then staining the walls with Campbell’s but hey, who am I to judge.” The demon approached Sam slowly.

“Not like I have a whole lot else to do.” Sam kept his eyes focused on Dean’s.

The older Winchester smiled. “Bored, Sammy? Want me to bring you a puppy to play with?”

Sam paled remembering vividly the first thing the demon had threatened him with when he’d awoke bound to the chair in this cell. “You won’t. You made a deal with Cas.”

“I’ve been making lots of deals, baby brother.” The demon stepped closer, raking his eyes over Sam. “Dude, grunge is out of style. You’re looking a little shaggy.”

“Happens when you get locked in a cell for a few days with nothing but a piss bucket,” Sam retorted.

“Yeah, well I’m not going to let you feed off me until we clean up your mangy ass.” Dean pulled the cuffs out from his jeans. “You know the drill, turn around with your hands behind your back.”

Sam stared at his brother for a moment not sure whether he was more bothered that the demon wanted to cuff him, or that he wasn’t drinking its blood anytime soon. “You don’t have to do this. I said I’d cooperate.”

“I’m not seeing a lot of evidence of that,” Dean said making a twirling motion with his finger.

Sighing, Sam spun around and put his hands behind him. He forced himself to hold still as the demon once again slipped the metal rings snug against his skin.

“Aw, don’t look so glum, Sammy,” Dean whispered into Sam’s ear. “Thought you said you were bored.”

“Thought you were going to put me through a training routine?” Sam said as he heard a click. He frowned in confusion then felt tugging on the collar around his neck. Suddenly there was cool air on his skin and the chain fell to the floor, the leather choker still attached.

“Who says I’m not?” the demon replied as it suddenly jerked Sam’s arm and began dragging him towards the door.

Sam stumbled before getting his feet firmly under him as he followed his brother out of the cell. For a moment his restlessness, anxiety, and general unease were forgotten with the sheer relief of being out of his prison. However, it passed quickly as the demon led him through the bunker.
He recognized this route. They were heading toward the bathroom where Cas had bathed him the day, maybe two days before. It was hard to tell. He looked around for any signs of the angel. Where was he?

“Cas?” Sam asked focusing his attention on the demon.

“What about him?” it replied still leading Sam by the arm.

“Where is he?”

“Around.” The demon shrugged.

Sam growled, “I want to see him.”

The demon suddenly stopped and spun Sam up against the bunker wall. It narrowed and cocked its head as it tightened its grip, digging its fingers painfully into Sam’s flesh. “Making demands of me is not doing as I say when I say, Sammy. You see the angel when I decide. Ask me again, and the deal is off. Got it?”

Sam clenched his jaws shut and nodded.

“Good,” Dean said patting Sam’s cheek lightly before once again tugging on his arm.

Now Sam’s stomach began to churn not only with the growing need for his brother’s blood but resentment and fear. He was tired of being controlled by the demon. Tired of bending it to its perverse will. He itched for the chance to take it down, to be the one in control.

I could have crushed him. A rush went through Sam as he remembered pinning the demon against the wall, using his power to grind him into it. The agitated energy inside him leaped at the memory, hungering for it almost as much as it hungered for demon blood. It was as if some part of him was waking up, recalling how strong and assertive he’d been while on Ruby’s blood. He’d been better, surer and more capable. I could be again.

“Looks like someone’s getting hungry.” Dean grinned, watching Sam as they walked.

As they approached the bathroom Sam mentally prepared himself for what was next only to be thrown as the demon marched the past. He looked at Dean, furrowing his brow in confusion.

The demon chuckled and kept them moving until they approached one of the spare bedrooms. It shoved Sam inside and pointed toward a bare bed with a metal frame and headboard. “Move. Over there.”

Why? What were they doing here? Confused and apprehensive, Sam swallowed a retort and did as told. The demon followed, causing Sam to raise an eyebrow.

“Don’t get your panties twisted,” Dean said stepping behind Sam and unlocking the cuff around a wrist. “Raise your hand close to the headboard.”

Sam frowned, but once again followed instructions and the demon cuffed him to it. Sam stood by the bed with one handcuffed to it while the other swung free.

“You think you can shimmy out of those sweats on your own or do you need help?” the demon asked.

“What?” Sam said taking a step back as far as he could.
Dean rolled his eyes. “Pants. You wanna change them?”

“I...uh...” Suddenly Sam was felt vulnerable. Whatever part of him had been remembering days of being in control fled as he faced the possibility of stripping naked in front of the demon while being handcuffed. How must Cas have felt?

“Sammy, it’s not like I haven’t seen it all before. Hell, not like I haven’t washed it all before. You know how many baths I gave you as a kid?”

“We’re not kids! And you’re not-” Sam snapped his jaws shut cutting himself off as he stared at the demon. He couldn’t say it. Wouldn’t say it. Dean was still in there somewhere.

The demon laughed as it stepped forward, crowding Sam. Suddenly it grabbed the sweats by the waistband and in one quick motion yanked them down Sam’s legs. “There. Just like pulling off a band-aid. Used to do that for you too.”

Sam stumbled back as far from the demon as he could. “I don’t need your help!”

“You sure about that, Sammy?” the demon purred studying him. “You’re looking a little flushed. You embarrassed or could it be something else?”

Is this what this was about? Did the demon want Sam to feed off him here? Now? While he was standing cuffed to a bed naked and vulnerable? Sam’s pulse caught in his throat and rebellion rose up past the other emotions. “The only thing I need from you right now is space.”

“Relax, Sam.” Smiling the demon took a step back. “I’ll be back in a few with some clean sweats and a special treat. I shouldn’t have to remind you to behave, but I will. I mean, I’m having fun here, but I could be having so much more with Cas.”

Sam stood, pressed against the wall until the demon left. Only then did he kick the sweats off his feet and away and wonder why the demon had brought him here and what the special treat was?

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Demons lie. Dean had lied when he’d said he’d be back in ‘a few,’ unless that meant at least forty minutes. Sam sat awkwardly on the bed staring at the door. He was sweating, pain was building like a summer storm in his head, and his stomach was beginning to hurt. Once again he glanced around the room. Besides the bed, there was an empty looking desk, an office chair, a couple of nightstands, and some sort of wooden storage bench at the end of the bed.

Sam sighed. When the demon left, he’d been tempted to try and break the cuffs, or look for something he could use to pick them. However, he’d done neither. At first, he wasn’t sure he’d have time to do it before Dean returned, then he realized he didn’t have a plan for what to do after. Whatever he did, he couldn’t afford to do it without thinking it through.

Still, sitting naked and cuffed to a bare bed while waiting for the demon to return with a “special treat” didn’t exactly sound like the best tactic either. Sam ran a hand down his face. It itched.

Then there was Cas. He had no idea where the angel was. He couldn’t jeopardize him. Anything Sam did had ramifications for the seraph. He’s already paid enough for my mistakes.

If only Sam had watched Dean closer. Cuffed him to the chair instead of just tying him up with ropes. Maybe if he’d used Ruby’s blade they wouldn’t be in this mess. The blade might not have killed Dean, but it would have slowed him down. Or maybe just pissed him off more. Either way, he couldn’t do it. Demon or not, he couldn’t stab his brother.
That was the crux of their problem. To do anything to the demon was to, in essence, do something to Dean, and both Cas and Sam were bound to the older Winchester. They each loved him in deep and unique ways. Dean was the bond that united Sam and Cas and neither would sever it. Instead, they’d sacrifice themselves for it, making a choice Dean would not want either of them to make. But he doesn’t get a say.

Sam pinched the bridge of his nose. The pain in his head was growing.

“SAMMY!” Dean’s voice boomed cheerfully and echoed down the hall.

Watching the door, Sam braced himself for the demon’s return. He opened his eyes wide as his brother strode in carrying a duffle bag and a small cooler.

Grinning the demon threw the bag down near Sam’s feet. “Pants are inside.”

Sam frowned, watching as the demon set the cooler down near the desk and began to drag the bench between it and the bed, almost like a coffee table.

“Go on, get dressed.” The demon pointed at Sam. “Unless suddenly now you’re comfortable flashing me your junk. I’ll be honest. I don’t mind the view.”

“Screw you,” Sam snapped reaching for the duffle bag. His head and stomach hurt too much for the demon’s game.

“You sure you really want to make me that offer?” The demon said settling in the office chair and propping its feet up on the bench.

Sam ignored it, unzipping the bag and exploring the contents. One by one he pulled each item out and set it on the bed. Inside were a clean pair of sweats, a brush, a bag of chips, a shaving mirror, and an electric shaver. He glanced at his brother.

Dean waggled his eyebrows. “Chips are for after you shave, Shaggy.”

“Why?” Sam asked grabbing the pants. “Why go through the trouble of bringing me here. You could have just brought this down to the cell.”

“Sammy,” the demon said as it reached for the cooler. “When you had that...what was it? A collie? Did you go out and sit in the doghouse and hang with it? Or did you bring it inside to play?”

“I’m not a dog!” Sam snapped as he shimmied into the loose sweats. It was awkward getting dressed with only one hand.

“Sure ya are. We already established that. You’re my bitch.” The demon reached into the cooler and pulled out a beer.

“And what’s the point of all this?” Sam waved his free hand over the mirror.

“Gotta keep your mutt well groomed.” Dean twisted the cap off the bottle and pointed at the shaver. “Besides, there wasn’t a real good place to plug that in down there.”

“So this? This your big plan for training me? Treating me like your pet?”

The demon leaned forward. “No, Cas is more like my pet. You, my little brother, are something else entirely.”

Sam bristled at the angel’s name. “Cas is not your pet or plaything.”
“He is whatever I say he is.” The demon leaned back. “Now why don’t you get busy. The sooner you get rid of that man thatch on your face, the sooner you can eat. After all, I am treating you, and I have to say you’re being a very ungrateful puppy.”

Sam’s gut twisted at the mention of eating. He wasn’t sure if it was because he was hungry, or because he was sinking deeper into his withdrawal. Angrily he snatched up the mirror and set it down on the bench before grabbing the shaver looking for an outlet. How long was Dean going to make him wait? He needed that blood.

“And the training?” Sam asked plugging in the razor trying to ignore the agitation growing inside him along with the pain.

Dean leaned back in the chair and let his head fall back. “Man you just will not let that go!” He stared at the ceiling for a moment then sat up straight watching as Sam stared into the mirror and began to run the whirling blades over his cheeks. “Okay, today’s a little off schedule. What I had planned for today’s session didn’t quite pan out.”

Sam paused and eyed his brother. *What did that mean?*

“I have something special planned for your next play date and it’s taken me just a little longer to get everything I need. However, we should be good to go sometime tomorrow, the demon finished explaining before taking a long drink of its beer.

“And what exactly do you need?” Sam asked returning to his task. He didn’t want to admit it, but ridding himself of the thick stubble and patchy beard felt good. He wished he had both hands available to use, but he wasn’t going to ask Dean to free him.

“You’ll see,” said Dean before swallowing down another swig. He watched Sam, then set the bottle down and smiled. “Wouldn’t want to ruin the surprise.”

Sam let out a small cynical laugh. “Of course not.” He finished shaving in relative silence, only the hum of the razor filling the room.

When he was done he turned it off and set it to the side. Then he grabbed the brush. Unlike his brother, Sam had always liked having his hair long. It wasn’t just vanity, he liked the way it felt. It was also antithetical to how his father believed men should wear their hair. Even though he was past the point of needing to rebel, he still couldn’t imagine cropping it like Dean. The downside, it tangled easier and needed more care.

He couldn’t suppress a sigh of pleasure as he began to brush through his locks. It was almost enough to distract him from the aches rapidly blooming inside him. Once again, he fought against the needling sense of gratitude for the “treat” Dean had given him.

“Knew you’d like that,” the demon said reaching into the cooler again. This time it grabbed something and chucked it at Sam.

Dropping the brush, Sam quickly reached out a hand to deflect the object flying towards him. Without thinking, he tapped into his power sending it careening into the wall behind the demon’s head.

Sam paled and his skin broke out in a sweat and his vision blurred briefly. Trying to ignore his pain, he focused on his panic. He hadn’t meant to use his abilities! What if the demon thought it was an attack? He glanced behind Dean to see what he’d done. A plastic bag tumbled to the floor. Inside something white, pink, and yellow oozed.
Dean let out a low whistle, twisting around to see behind him. He turned back around and looked at Sam. “Not the way I thought you’d react to a ham sandwich with mustard and extra mayo, but okay.”

“I’m...I didn’t…” Sam sputtered. “It was an accident.”

“It’s really all coming back to you, isn’t it?” Dean asked toeing the cooler and kicking it gently over to Sam.

Sam looked at the cooler and back to Dean.

“There’s another sandwich in there and some beers. I think you could use both.”

Nodding, Sam fished into the cooler. He didn’t think he could eat. Using his power had set off a wave of nausea and cramps. However, maybe the cool beer might help with the pounding in his head which had also grown exponentially.

“Tell me about it,” the demon ordered as Sam twisted the top off the bottle.

“What’s there to tell?” Sam replied before taking a small sip. It was cool at first, and slid easily down his throat but when it hit his gut it burned and sent knifing pain through him. He coughed and gagged setting the beer aside.

“Yeah, no story there,” the demon said sarcastically.

“What do you want me to say?” Sam growled. “That I’m hot and sweaty and a cold beer which seems it will offer some relief, except instead my stomach feels like someone’s tied my intestines in knots? Or that my head feels like a spike is being driven through it? And for the record, I do know what that feels like courtesy of Lucifer.”

“That’s the withdrawal,” the demon said leaning forward. “Though no offense to Luci, knotting intestines? That’s amateur hour.”

“Yeah, well why don’t you go down to the cage and tell him yourself? Huh?” Sam barked.

“Maybe another day, but right now I wanna hear about you, Sammy. How does the power feel?”

Sam shifted on the bed. He didn’t want to talk about this. He didn’t want to talk period as he fought the need to fold in on himself. The knots were pulling tighter.

“It’s familiar, but different,” Sam said, glaring at the demon.

“How so?”

“You’re right. Your blood...it...it is more potent.” Sam admitted refusing to meet his brother’s eyes. He was afraid Dean would be able to see how bad the pain was getting.

“Does that mean you’re more powerful?”

“I’m not sure. My abilities are...coming online faster, but I can’t say whether or not they are stronger.” Sam risked staring at Dean in hopes of getting answers of his own. “Why? Why do you want to know? What is your endgame here?”

The demon shrugged. “Maybe I don’t have one. Maybe I’m just doing this because it amuses me,
Sammy. Or maybe it’s because I can see how it corrupts you. How the blood gets inside of you, changes you. Remember, how it made you so cocksure of everything? In the end, you were so certain and confident. Commanding almost, and you were willing to do anything to see things your way. Lie? Betray? Kill? I mean hell, you helped start the freaking Apocalypse, baby brother! You set Lucifer free. Maybe, I miss it...that you.”

Each word was like a hammer to Sam’s soul and it kept time with the one bludgeoning against the inside of his skull. He would forever bear the weight of those sins. Yes, the power had muddled his mind. It had made him high, beefed up his anger and his need to be important, but in the end, it was Sam who’d done all those things. It was him alone who was responsible, and not the blood he was hyped up on.

“Yeah, well, that me is gone and he’s not coming back any more than soulless me.” Sam snarled.

“You sure? Cuz that flop sweat on your brow and the pain in your gut says you’re hooked again”

“Doesn’t mean I have to make bad choices.” Sam glared at the demon as he ground his teeth. What he wouldn’t give for some codeine.

“No,” Dean said standing up. “But then again, you really don’t have many choices do you?” He walked over to the bench and began stuffing things back in the duffle bag. Then he stood and walked over to the headboard where Sam’s hand was cuffed. “Playtime’s over. Time to go back to your kennel, puppy.”

By the time Dean had Sam’s hands cuffed again, he was almost blind with pain. He needed Dean’s blood and soon. As they walked back to his cell, Sam tried to hold on to what dignity he had. He would not beg.

Yet, by the time Dean had secured the collar around Sam’s neck again, he’d grown fuzzy on the reasons why he wouldn’t grovel. Not when something was trying to claw its way through his abdomen to meet up with the thing burrowing through his brain.

“Look at me,” Dean said towering above Sam.

That didn’t make sense. He was taller than his brother. Then Sam realized he was on his knees. He was kneeling on the mattress and his pulse raced. He knew what this meant! Eagerly he looked up.

Dean laid a gentle hand on Sam’s head. “You gotta ask for it, Sammy.”

What? No! Something of himself rose up and took control. He couldn’t do it! Sam shook his head and nearly screamed.

“Hey, I know it’s hard but if you want my blood...if you want the pain to stop, you have to ask me.” Dean stroked his hand down Sam’s face to cup his chin. “I know it’s hard, but remember. We have a deal.”

“I…” Sam wanted to shake his head, but it hurt too much. Dean was saying something important. Something about a deal, except Sam couldn’t think. Couldn’t remember. Except he wasn’t supposed to plead with Dean, but why?

“Just one word, Sammy. Like I taught you when you were little? When you asked for something you really really wanted?” Dean crooned his voice low and soothing. “Remember? What’s the magic word?”

Sam stared up into Dean’s eyes. There was something wrong with them, or maybe there was
something wrong with Sam.

Dean stared back. He smiled encourageingly, waiting.

Sam croaked, “Please.”

Dean leaned down and placed a gentle kiss to Sam’s forehead.

“Please,” Sam said again.

“Okay, baby brother,” Dean said pulling away from Sam.

Keeping his eyes fixed on Dean, Sam watched as his brother pulled a knife from a pocket and slid it across his forearm. Red liquid began to trail down Dean’s skin.

Sam nearly leaped to his feet as he reached out to grab Dean. *When had Dean uncuffed him?* It didn’t matter.

“There you go,” Dean said stepping close and letting Sam latch on to him.

Sam lapped at the crimson trail, the tangy metallic bursting across his tongue. *More!* He closed his mouth over the wound and began to nurse at it, gulping down the blood as quickly as it flowed. As soon as the first swallow hit his stomach, the raging pain inside him began to ebb.

Greedily and noisily he drank. The taste and the relief making him giddy. He felt a warm hand settle at the nape of his neck, massaging it lightly as if silently urging him on. Yet, Sam needed no encouragement. He just needed more of the sanguine relief.

As he continued to imbibe, the pain receded until it was slowly being replaced by something else. Another need was growing inside of Sam, a heavy desire at the root of him. It began to push at his awareness, drawing his attention away from the nectar on which he’d been feasting. It was annoying and yet, it was heady and with it came a sudden clarity.

“No!” Sam yelled flinging Dean’s arm away as he tried to crawl backward. A hand tightened briefly at the back of his neck, holding him in place before letting him go. Sam scuttled as far as his chain would allow.

“Guess you’ve had an enough then,” Dean chuckled as he held his bleeding arm to his chest and watched Sam before turning and walking toward the door.

Sam stared back in horror, his mouth still filled with the taste of his brother’s blood. What had he done?

“And that’s your lesson for today, Sammy,” the demon said as it stood in the doorway. It turned and faced Sam, its black eyes boring into him. “Deal or no deal, like it or not. I have what you need. If I wait long enough, you’ll do whatever it takes to get it. That means I own you, little brother. You are my bitch.”

Shudders began to wrack through Sam, choking him. He wasn’t sure if they were from denial, revulsion, or both.

“Well, time to go get Cas. You know, prove to you he’s okay. If you hurry, Sammy, you might get to spank one off before I get back.” The demon shrugged. “Or not. Just remember though, no touching allowed and no using your powers!”
Pressing his back against the cold stone wall, Sam watched the demon leave and felt the swarm begin to grow under his skin.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the very long wait. I had a bad spell through the end of November and through the holidays. It's taken me awhile to get back on an even keel. Anyway, I finally got myself together and got my head into writing again. So, here it is the next chapter! I hope you enjoy. Comments and Kudos make the best valentines!

Betaed by Steeleye1!

Castiel sat on the floor in the corner silently watching the flashing wisps of flame through the crack under the door. They were like the waves of indecision that had burned through him. He was a seraph: a warrior of heaven and a guardian angel. He’d been created to fight and preparing for continued battle should have been his focus in the demon’s absence.

He’d been confined to Dean’s room. Surely there had to be some weapon he could use against his adversary? Yet, even if the demon had been careless enough to leave something behind, which was doubtful, Castiel’s conflict was not with his captor but with himself.

It wasn’t just that fighting the demon could put Sam at risk, it was that to hurt the demon was to hurt Dean. Castiel closed his eyes. He’d fallen so far from heaven, his grace lost long before Metatron stole it.

Doubt wasn’t the sin that had felled Castiel. It wasn’t even his love for the soul he’d blackened his wings to free from hell. No, his true divergence from the path of righteousness wasn’t when he first betrayed heaven, but Dean. Castiel was utterly lost the moment he’d raised a fist to him.

And how many times have I done that? Castiel knew the answer. Each blow was indelibly marked in his consciousnesses. Every spatter of blood, each fresh sensation of flesh bruising under his fists, and the crunch of bone were all cataloged and marked giving testimony to his damnation. He’d only further condemned himself by once again allowing the demon to goad him into adding to more memories.

Castiel was a soldier, he should fight, but he could not. Even if the demon could heal Dean’s flesh from every blow, the injury to Castiel’s self would not. So he sat, staring at the door, waiting for his tormentor to return, fearing for Sam, and denying the growing fear that had taken root inside of him that perhaps Dean was lost. Maybe Castiel had fallen to a greater depth of despair past even the ring of hell where Lucifer’s cage was housed.

He leaned against the wall tilting his head back and closing his eyes. If Dean was lost, if Castiel had failed him and Sam so utterly, then he was past all redemption. For Sam’s sake and for Dean’s, Castiel reached for whatever remnants of faith and hope he had left. Father, help me. Help Dean. Sam and Dean, they deserve better than this.

A sudden hissing sound jarred the angel from his silent reverie. He opened his eyes, glancing around the room looking for the source of the unexpected noise. It wasn’t coming from inside, but out. Once again, the seraph’s attention was locked on the door. The flickering flames were now sputtering into an ignoble death. Water seeped under the frame.
The demon! Castiel scrambled to his feet even as the doorknob was turning.

“Hey slugger,” the demon said as it opened the door and stepped inside grinning at Castiel.

The angel tried to hide his flinch as he stiffened. He returned the demon’s smile with a glare.

“The silent treatment, Cas?” the demon crossed his arms and leaned against the door jam. “C’mon we had a fight. I stayed out all night. Isn’t this the part where we kiss and makeup?”

“No.” Castiel narrowed his eyes. “Unless your deal with Sam no longer holds.”

Rolling his eyes the demon let out an exaggerated sigh. “Don’t think one kiss constitutes sexual assault...not after all we’ve been through, would you? Still, a deal is a deal. Guess you’ll just have to owe me one.”

Castiel resisted the urge to curl his fingers into a fist as a nauseating sense of dread began to pool in his stomach. “I guess we will.”

The demon suddenly strode forward, marching right up into Castiel’s personal space until it was close enough the angel could feel the heat coming from Dean’s body. Their lips were so close, Castiel could feel the stir of Dean’s breath against them.

Castiel didn’t move. He locked his gaze onto Dean’s green eyes, staring into them as if he could somehow bore through them, past the demon taint to find some clean and unblemished piece of Dean’s soul he could once again save.

“Yeah,” the demon purred sweeping its gaze slowly over Castiel’s face. It leaned closer, tilting its head until its lips ghosted the angel’s ear. “You’ll owe me...with interest.”

The dread soured into something more primal. For a moment Castiel was an animal with its foot caught in a snare. He had the clawing need to break free at any cost, even if it meant chewing through his own limb.

However, he was no low creature. He was a conscript of God. He’d battle through Hell. He’d housed Leviathan and even hosted the madness of Lucifer. He would not succumb to the terrors of this demon. Only to the loss of Dean.

Castiel raised his hands and pressed his palms flat to Dean’s chest and shoved. “Well, you aren’t collecting today.”

The demon stepped back and laughed. It took another sweeping gaze over Castiel. It was a display of dominance, arrogance, and an obscene desire.

Castiel’s stomach twisted again. When the seven days were up, the demon was going to abuse him in ways he hadn’t witnessed in Hell.

“C’mon, let’s get you cleaned up before you see Sammy,” the demon said turning toward the door. “Wouldn’t want him to think I was reneging on our deal.”

Cleaned up? Castiel raised his eyebrows in confusion. He stared at the demon.

The demon looked back from the doorway and sighed. “Dude, you’re covered in dry blood. Mine. I mean, personally, I think it’s kinda kinky but I’m sure Sammy won’t find it as hot as I do.”

The angel paled and raised a hand to his cheek. He felt it, the dry flaking crust of Dean’s plasma.
Castiel sickened again, this time from a new wave of guilt instead of fear. The demon was right. Sam couldn’t see him like this. Castiel stumbled toward the door.

“Such an obedient little angel,” the demon purred as Castiel passed. “Wonder if I can train you to cum on command?”

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It was another thirty minutes before Castiel found himself outside Sam’s cell. It had taken that long for him to shower and change while under the leering gaze of the demon which had left the angel feeling more soiled than before he’d stepped under the hot spray of water.

Still, in just a few more moments he would see Sam. That would do more to restore the angel than perhaps even his grace.

“Remember the rules,” the demon said as it unlocked the door.

Castiel gave a curt nod, fixing his eyes straight ahead.

The door swung open. Immediately the angel was almost overwhelmed by the stench combined with soured food, body odor, and a male musky scent. It smelled like the kennel of a neglected animal.

The angel looked around the room for the younger Winchester and nearly rushed forward when he spotted him. Sam was huddled along the far wall, sitting on the floor with his knees pulled closed to his chest. His head hung down over them, hiding his face. Waves of despair and shame radiated from him. **SAM!**

“What did you do to him?” Castiel exploded with anger rounding to face the demon. Deal or no deal, if it had hurt Sam, it would feel the full wrath of whatever was left of Heaven in the angel.

“Quit your squawking, feathers.” The demon crossed its arms over its chest and jerked its head toward Sam. “Puppy just didn’t like his lesson today. Takes time to get used to a leash.”

“He isn’t your dog!” Castiel snapped.

“You going to waste your time growling at me? Or are you gonna go talk to Sam? Either way is fine by me, but you only have five minutes. So you can either stand in the doorway or get your tight ass in there.” The demon cocked an eyebrow and waited.

Castiel wanted to pound the smug expression off the demon’s but that wouldn’t help Sam and in the end, would only cause the angel more guilt. Instead, he turned and entered the room.

The demon followed.

Sam’s head jerked up, like a startled deer sensing danger. His eyes locked on Dean.

Moving as swiftly as his depleted grace would allow, Castiel stepped between the demon and Sam. He took a ready stance.

“Really, Cas? Clock’s ticking. Deal is, you get alone time if Sammy there is cuffed. Now either step aside and let me secure him or…” The demon shrugged.

Muttering a curse in Enochian, Castiel backed away giving the demon a clear path to Sam. However, he kept a close watch on both the human and demon.

The younger Winchester shrank even closer against the wall as the demon approached him.
However, he didn’t make a sound of protest.

“Up and face the wall,” the demon commanded as it reached Sam.

The human slowly stood.

Castiel noted small tremors coursing through Sam’s long limbs as he turned. The angel wasn’t sure if it was from fear or some after-effects from drinking the demon’s blood. However, Castiel was certain Sam had recently fed from the demon, there were still fresh blood stains around his mouth.

The demon’s movements were swift and in moments Sam’s wrists were securely bound. It stepped back and turned toward Castiel. “Five minutes and this is as close as you get.”

The angel nodded. He would have agreed to almost anything at this moment to be rid of the demon and to talk to Sam.

The demon flashed him a teasing smile so like Dean it hurt the angel. Then sauntered out of the room, shutting and locking the door behind it.

“Sam,” Castiel called out softly.

The younger Winchester still stood facing the wall. His head leaning forward with his forehead pressed against it.

“Sam.” The angel tried again.

“I...I can’t, Cas.” The response was soft, almost a whisper and full of anguish.

A new fear began to course through Castiel’s vessel. *Can’t what?* “Sam, look at me. Talk to me. What can’t you do?”

“Fight it. Him.”

*No!* Denial and concern overrode the angel’s fear. *Winchester’s don’t give up.* “I don’t understand. Please look at me, Sam.”

Hesitantly, the Winchester brother turned and faced Castiel but his head still hung low. He was still refusing to look at the angel.

“What happened?” Castiel asked softly.

“I need it, Cas. I needed it so bad...I begged him for it.”

Fury threatened to well up inside the angel. If he had access to his grace he’d smite the demon with everything he had whether it worked or not. However, he didn’t and that wasn’t what the youngest Winchester brother needed now.

“Sam, please look at me.” Castiel’s voice filled with a gentle authority and compassion.

The human raised his head. His eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

“It’s the addiction, Sam. It’s not you.”

“But how am I supposed to...how can I fight him? Fight it, Cas, when his blood is all I want? All I can think about? Worse when my body is coming apart in agony with need for it? He calls me his b...puppy. How long before I really am his lap dog, Cas?”
“Never!” Castiel’s response was swift and certain. “Listen to me, Sam. Your will was strong enough to break through Lucifer’s control, you can overcome this. I know you, Sam. You told me you had a plan. You haven’t given up on it, have you?”

Sam winced. “Cas…”

“What? You don’t think it will work?”

“Maybe? But it’s getting harder and harder to think about it. Not when what I want is Dean’s blood.” Sam slid slowly to the floor and leaned back against the wall.

Castiel crouched down. “No, Sam. I don’t believe that. I don’t believe you are so far gone you want demon blood more than you want your freedom, more than you want Dean back.”

Sam let out a bitter laugh. “Why not, Cas? We’ve been down this road before. We’ve seen what I can do on demon blood. The lengths I’ll go, and let me tell you this is so much worse. Dean’s blood? It’s nothing like Ruby’s. It’s like comparing fifty-year-old scotch malt to someone’s rot gut brewed in the backyard.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“It doesn’t matter?” Sam snapped his eyes back to Castiel a sudden hint of anger and disbelief shining past the tears.

“I believe in you, Sam Winchester. So, no, it does not matter. You are a Winchester and you won’t give up. Not on saving yourself, and especially not on saving Dean. I can only imagine the torment you are feeling, let alone the mind games this demon is playing with you.” Castiel kept his gaze fixed on Sam and spoke with all the conviction and faith he had left. “I refuse to believe that when the opportunity presents itself you will not rise to the challenge no matter how great the craving inside of you.”

Sam stared back at him, silently, for several long minutes before sighing. He shook his head. “You might not feel the same way even if I manage to follow through with the idea I have. Win or lose, the consequences could be bad, Cas. Very bad.”

“When have they not?” The angel turned a corner of his mouth up into a wry smile. “Team Free Will might have a great track record, but it does not seem well compensated for its efforts. I find it little wonder why we have trouble with recruitment.”

A small snort slipped past Sam’s lips before erupting into full-blown laughter until his whole frame shook with it. After a few moments, it slowly died and he smiled at Castiel. “You don’t give up either, do you, Cas?”

“Not when it comes to you and Dean.” There was far more emotion in his voice than Castiel would have liked. It was dangerous how much it revealed. Yet, he didn’t regret it when Sam’s smile widened.

“Promise me we’re gonna make it, Cas,” Sam said suddenly very serious. “Promise me we are going to get Dean back and we will get through this. We’ll all get through this.”

“Sam…” Cas frowned. There was something more beneath the human’s words. There was something implied greater than just escaping their bonds and Dean’s demon.

“Cas,” Sam continued to press. “Promise me no matter how bad it gets we won’t lose this, the three of us. That you and Dean won’t lose each other, because if we do? What are we fighting for? We’re
not just Team Free Will. We’re family. You and Dean you are...well you are something else. I don’t
know what. I’m not even sure you two know, but its special. So swear to me, Cas, because I need
something to hold on to when it gets bad...beyond bad. I need this.”

Castiel’s chest was suddenly tight and air would not circulate in his lungs. He stared at Sam, the full
intensity of his entreaty burning out of them. The angel was caught. The situation was too perilous.
Castiel had nearly broken once and was still a shattered shell just keeping the cracks glued together
by his love for Sam and Dean. Even if they made it, he would never be the same and neither would
Dean, living with the memories of all the ways the angel had failed him. How could Castiel promise
what Sam asked?

Castiel studied Sam. He was dirty, stained with desires he could not control, marked with the demon
blood he craved, and only moments ago on the verge of giving up. Yet now, he was reaching out,
grasping for a reason to hope and believe. How could Castiel deny him what it was he needed to find
the will to carry on?

“I promise.” The words were said before Castiel even realized he was going to speak them and once
said, he felt the terrible weight of them.

Sam’s visibly relaxed and nearly closed his eyes. “Thank you.”

Castiel nodded.

There was a moment of peace before the sudden sound of the door being unlocked startled them
both. They both stood and faced the door, watching as Dean entered.

The demon smiled its black eyes shining. “Times up.”
Well wasn't sure I was going to get this chapter out this weekend our not. However, goal accomplished! *Kudos and comments keep me writing! Thank you!*  

Betaed by Steeleye1!

Sam tipped the bottle against his lips and poured tepid water into his mouth, filling it. Swallowing, he grimaced as his stomach cramped. He lowered the bottle and wiped his lips. Satisfying his thirst had only inflamed the pain and nausea in his gut.

Sighing, he leaned back against the wall and stared at the door across the room. When would Dean come? Would he wait until Sam was lost in withdrawal, writhing in pain and ready to beg again? Or did he want to play more head games? *Maybe showing up before I’m that bad in order to taunt or to train me.*

He closed his eyes. They were running out of time. If Sam didn’t make his move soon, he might be too far gone to do it. *Then what will happen to Dean? To Cas?* Sam shook his head. An ache throbbed behind his eyes.

_Castiel._ Sam had asked too much of him. He’d seen it the angel’s face the moment Sam has asked Cas to promise him they’d be alright. *I shouldn’t have done it. Cas isn’t God he can’t…*

Sam’s toes suddenly curled involuntarily as his right calf began to spasm all the way down to his foot. He grunted, as he bent over and began digging his thumbs into the knotted muscle trying to massage it lose.

Yes, he shouldn’t have done it, made Cas promise, but it was what Sam needed. Tears formed in the corners of Sam’s eyes as the cords in his legged bunched tighter. He had to believe that they were enduring all this pain for something. What good did it do for them to get Dean back only to lose each other?

“We are family!” Sam ground out as he dug viciously into the meat beneath his knee trying to force smooth the kinks he found there. If they didn’t still have that when all was said and done, then the Mark of Cain would have done what no other monster, angel, or demon had done before. It would have broken the Winchesters. It would have destroyed Sam and Dean, while also severing the bond between the older Winchester and Castiel.

_NO!_ Sam jabbed his thumb into a large knot suddenly sending both pain and relief at the same time cascading through his leg and releasing the tension in his foot relaxing his toes. He would not win a battle to just lose the war.

Maybe it wasn’t fair to make Cas swear to do the near impossible, but Sam needed to believe it could be done and he believed in Castiel. For all of the mistakes the angel had made, he loved the Winchesters. He loved Dean. For them, he’d done the impossible time and time again. He’d rebelled against Heaven. He’d stood against Lucifer. He rescued Sam from the cage. He’d survived Purgatory. *He’d been rebuilt by God twice! That had to mean something!*
Sam stretched his leg out in front of him then wiped a hand over his face. The angel wouldn’t have to do it alone. Sam would help.

Loud and heavy footsteps drew Sam’s attention back to the door. There were multiple sets. Dean wasn’t alone on the other side. *Had he brought Cas already?*

Rising slowly, and trying to keep as much weight off his right leg, Sam stood and watched as the door swung open. He widened his eyes as a familiar bound and gagged body was shoved inside and tumbled to the floor. It was Cole!

*What the…?* Had the man been foolish enough to go after Dean again, after the beating he’d been given? Dean had gone full demon on him. Was Cole’s desire for revenge so strong he would risk going trying to take down a monster?

Sam shifted his eyes from Cole and looked at his brother who sauntered into the room smiling. “Hey, Sammy. Look who I found! I wanted something special for your next lesson, but who would have thought our little stalker friend would be it.”

“Dean, you said you would let him go. You said living with the thought that he lost his one shot at taking out his father’s killer was enough,” Sam said rushing forward until he was at the end of his chain.

“I did, but apparently I was wrong.” Dean kicked at the prone body. “Seems this dumb son of a bitch just couldn’t let it go. Thought he would fight fire with fire. Forgetting, not all fires burn the same.”

“What?” Sam watched and Dean bent over, grabbed Cole by an arm, and hauled him to his feet.

Dean shoved the other man over to the chair left in the room. Then glanced at Sam. “Take a look at him. Take a good look.”

Sam shifted his gaze from his brother to Cole. He studied him. The man looked better than when Sam had seen him what, almost a week ago? There was little sign of that pummeling Sam’s demon brother had given him.

*Odd.* Sam narrowed his eyes. Something about the gag drew his attention. It wasn’t just a cloth rag shoved into Cole’s mouth. It was leather, covering not just his mouth but chin as well. Dark runes were burned into the side of it. There was something familiar about it.

Meg!

“That’s right, Sammy. Cole here went and made himself a meat suit.” Dean slapped the back of the man’s head. “Seems he was doing research on demons. Must of thought he was gonna hunt me down. All he did was tattoo a nice shiny ‘Welcome’ on his forehead.”

Stupid! Sam shook his head. Cole hadn’t earned any favors in Sam’s book. The man had kidnapped him, beat him, and worst of all had used him to get Dean as part of his vendetta. Gunning for his big brother was not the way to get on Sam’s good side.

However, Sam felt for the guy. His hadn’t known his dad was a monster. Cole had been a kid when he’d seen Dean do what Dean did best. In Cole’s eyes, Dean was the man who’d slaughtered his father, not the young hunter who’d saved his life. He didn’t deserve to be made into one.

“Dean…” Sam looked at his brother, not sure why the demon had brought Cole but knowing it couldn’t be good. Sam wasn’t in a position to save himself or Cas, let alone Cole, but he had to try.

“Now, don’t start in the with the mewling.” Dean held up a hand halting Sam before rolling up his
sleeves and walking toward him. “I needed a demon for our next play date. Bonus it’s this moron. I
don’t think you actually like the guy, but I do believe you care enough to save him. Let’s say he
gives it...the personal touch. An extra incentive.”

Sam frowned. What was Dean’s play?

Dean stepped close to Sam and grinned. His eyes seeped black. “Feel like doing a little exorcism,
baby brother?”

“An excor...Dean!” Sam stumbled as he took an involuntary step back.

“What?” Dean asked grabbing his brother by the arm and jerking him close. “You used to be pretty
good at that. No, Latin. Just a wave of your hand and … poof..demon be gone. Hell, you smoked
old Alistair!”

“No, I can’t.” Sam shook his head.

“'Course you can, Sammy. You just need to juice up.” Dean grinned and released his hold on his
brother’s arm.

Bile rose up in the back of Sam’s throat. It wasn’t from withdrawal. He remembered being able to
essentially smite demons. He’d recall the feeling of power coursing through him. It had been a heady
sensation, the ultimate high from the demon’s blood. He’d never felt more alive and more powerful
than when he’d yank a demon from a human host. He wouldn’t just exorcise them, he’d wipe them
from existence.

In the beginning, it had been one at a time. Then he could do two. Eventually, he could clear a room
full. In the end, he’d been powerful enough to kill Lilith. Sam looked at his brother, pleading. “Dean,
no.”

“No?” Dean arched an eyebrow then jerked his thumb back over his elbow. “You mean you don’t
want to save that poor sucker over there?”

“Don’t make me do this.” Sam stared at his brother, peering into the depths of his black eyes looking
for any sign that the demon wasn’t in full control.

Dean smiled and patted Sam’s cheek softly. “Sammy, I’m not gonna make you do anything. If you
don’t want to train today, cooperate, well then I’ll just take Cole over there home. I’m sure he’d like
to spend some quality time with his wife and son, or at least the demon riding him would.”

“Dean-” Sam’s brother pressed a finger to his lips silencing him.

The demon shrugged. Then leaned closed and whispered in Sam’s ear. “And since you’d be
breaking your deal, well afterward? When I got back? I’d plan a very special date with Cas.”

Dean took a step back. “I know that’s not what you want, Sam. I mean, if it helps don’t think of it of
training. Think of it as rescuing this schmuck. I mean you free him from the demon, and you’re the
hero.”

Reaching behind him, Dean pulled the demon blade from his belt. He flashed it in front of Sam. “So,
what’s it gonna be, Sam?”

Cas! Images of the angel bloodied and abused flooded Sam’s mind. He couldn’t let the demon hurt
Castiel again. He just couldn’t.
Sam glanced over at Cole who glared back at him. If Sam did this, would he be too far gone? Would he lose himself completely to his addiction? He forced his attention back to Dean. “That gag he’s wearing, I can’t yank the demon out with that thing on.”

“Had to keep him from ghosting before I got him down here. What demon would stay put knowing I was bringing him to Sam Winchester?” Dean shrugged. “Anyway, don’t need Crowley’s flunky running back tattling on what I’m doing.”

“Still, you’ll have to take it off,” Sam argued. What would Crowley think? Would he help? Would he try and stop Dean?

“When I think you can truly smoke him. Now quit stalling,” Dean growled. “Are you gonna do this? Or should I start planning a romantic evening with Cas?”

“I’m gonna need a lot of blood.” Sam hung his head. He really didn’t have a choice. However, if this was it, he had to make it count.

Dean took a step back, then drew blade down his left forearm. Blood welled up and began to form a quick rivulet.

Sam reached forward and grabbed his brother’s arm. He swiped along the red stream with his tongue before settling at the spot where the blood was pumping thickest and hardest.

Greedily, Sam drank from Dean. He pushed aside his fears, his concern for Cas, and the conflicting feelings of relief, desire, and shame. Instead, he concentrated on taking one big gulp after the next, forcing the thick hot liquid down his throat. He gripped Dean’s arm so hard, he was sure he was bruising it. He bit down as if the combined pressure could pump the demon blood faster.

He continued until his need was satisfied and beyond. He kept nursing at the demon’s blood until he felt bloated and heady.

“Sam!” Dean snapped.

Ignoring his brother, Sam tightened his grip and sucked down another mouthful.

“Enough!” Dean yelled prying his arm away and shoving Sam back. “What the hell was that?”

Sam drug the back of his hand across his mouth then licked it clean. He stared at Dean. “Me. Cooperating.”

Dean studied his brother for a moment. “I hope so, Sammy. If not, I promise you, Cas is going to wish you never brought him back from whatever la-la land his mind went.”

“You gonna continue with the bad guy dialogue or let me get to work?” Sam asked. He needed to move on, not just because he wanted to stop Dean’s threats against Cas, but because Dean’s blood was burning just below his skin.

It wasn’t a painful burn. It was inebriating, potent, almost erotic. Sam’s dick was so hard, he thought he could cum with just one stroke. Yet, that’s not what he wanted, because a simple orgasm wouldn’t bring him the release he needed. What he needed was to wield the power flowing through him.

He glanced over Dean’s shoulder at Cole. This time the man’s eyes were black, as if sensing danger, the demon finally showed itself. Sam smiled. Without thinking he raised his hand and reached.
At first, he wasn’t sure what he was reaching for, it was just instinctual. It was as if the power inside him was groping for an echo of itself. Sam tilted his head and concentrated.

Cole screamed around the muzzle, muffling the agonized sound.

Sam smiled and steadied his focus. He stretched his awareness, searching for the echo his power was straining toward.

Cole arched and bucked in the chair.

“That a boy, Samantha.” Smiling, Dean stepped to the side of his little brother.

Ignoring, the other Winchester, Sam kept his focus on the man in the chair. He stretched his arm out. There! His power slammed into something and latched onto it, like claws burying into flesh. Sam flexed his hand.

Shrieking, Cole’s body tumbled out of the chair. It rolled slightly toward Sam. The stench of burned flesh filled the room as the flesh around the leather gag blackened and blistered.

Frowning, Sam tried again.

Cole’s body nearly bent itself in half and an inhuman wail filled the cell.

Sam closed his hand into a fist.

Cole’s body seized.

Frustrated, Sam shifted his focus from the dark thing inside the human to the strip of leather around its mouth. Using his power, Sam latched on to it and yanked. The gag flew across the room.

“Hey!” Dean yelled

Sam ignored him watching as smoke suddenly erupted from out of Cole’s open mouth. It burst out as if seeking an escape, but there wasn’t one. Once again Sam stretched out his hand, his power reaching for the black soot. Light flashed, inside of it, like lightning without the thunder.

Then suddenly the smoke fell and dissipated. Cole’s body went still and something hungry inside of Sam turned and focused on Dean. For a brief moment, Sam felt the urge to reach out for the darkness in Dean. Yet, it wasn’t in him as much as it was him. Still, Sam’s palms itched and he stared at Dean.

“Now, that’s what I’m talking about!” Dean grinned and slapped a hand on Sam’s shoulder. “But don’t get any ideas baby brother.”

The touch of his brother’s hand suddenly grounded Sam. He shook his head, trying to clear it. He could still feel the swarm of power buzzing just under his skin, desperate for some form of release. He swallowed, trying to push it back. Instead, he jerked back away from Dean and turned towards Cole. He’d freed him from the demon, he was human now.

“Cole…” Sam began. He widened his eyes and fell to his knees.

The other man lay on the ground, he face was a pummeled mess, bloodied and battered almost beyond recognition. His legs were at an odd angle, and his fingertips bled from where his nails used to be. There was a gurgling noise coming from him. Sam recognized the sound. Fluid in his lungs. He’s drowning in his own blood.
Sam began to shake. What had he done?

“Oh don’t be so dramatic. Not everything is about you, Samantha.” Dean stepped away from Sam and moved behind Cole. He bent down and looked at Sam. “Okay, so maybe I fudged the details a little bit.”

“Fudged the details?” Sam snapped reaching toward Cole even as he heard a final gurgle escape the man’s lungs.

“I did find him in the library researching demons,” Dean said holding his hands out to his sides palms up. “However, it might have taken a smidge of persuasion to convince him to summon a demon and offer himself up.”

“You did this?” Sam pushed himself back away from the body and his brother.

“No, Cole had a choice. He could have died back at the library.” Dean stood and followed his brother.

“Why? Why him?”

“I told you. He provided a little extra incentive.” Dean looked down at Sam. “Besides, he tortured you, and only I get to do that.”

Rage and anguish flooded through Sam. He leapt to his feet. Once again his power flared, ready. Sam stared into his demon brother’s black eyes, struggling to keep himself in check.

Sam had what he needed. He couldn’t waste it and yet almost burned him to hold back. “I want to see, Cas.”

“That’s it?” Dean smirked. “You leap to your feet, ready to do something stupid and then you settle for whining for feathers?”

“You’ve done a pretty good job of demonstrating to me there’s not much else I can do,” Sam snapped.

Dean arched an eyebrow. He studied Sam a moment, then chuckled. “You know, I almost believe you baby brother. Almost.”

Then he stepped back and shrugged. “Okay, I’m bored. Let’s see how this plays out, it might be fun. In any case, I need to take the trash out. When I get done, I’ll bring you Cas.”

Curling his hands into fists, Sam watched his brother, bend down and grab Cole by the ankles. Whistling, Dean began dragging the corpse out of Sam’s cell leaving a smear of blood behind him.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Y’all ready for this? **Kudos and comments bring smiles on a rainy day!**

Betaed by Steeleye!!

Castiel stared at the demon as it stood in the doorway to Dean’s room. The was blood on its left sleeve. *Sam!* Curling his hands into fists, Castiel took a step forward. “What ha-?”

“Hold up there, Feathers.” The demon raised a warning hand. “It’s not what you think.”

“I think there’s blood on your sleeve,” snapped the angel.

The demon flashed a smile. “Yeah, but it’s not mine.”

“*You* are not who I am worried about!” Castiel’s worry was bleeding over into a fury he could barely contain.

“Cas,” the demon pouted. “I’m wounded. What about our profound bond?”

Ignoring the demon’s upraised hand, Castiel stepped close enough he could smell Dean’s scent and feel the heat radiating from his body. “If you have done anything to Sam, the bond I share with Dean would be just one of many reasons for me to find a way to end you.”

“That’s how you show your loyalty...love for Dean?” the demon lean forward and whispered in Castiel’s ear.

“Yes,” Castiel said turning his head and locking his gaze with the demon’s. “Without Sam, there’s no bringing Dean back...and even if I could, he wouldn't want me to.”

“Well, I guess it’s a good thing this isn’t Sam’s blood either,” the demon laughed stepping back away from Castiel.

*Whose was it?* The angel stared at the demon in confusion.

“C’mon. Sam wants to see you, and after the training session he’s had, I think he’s earned it.” The demon turned and started walking away.

Castiel frowned and quickly followed. “Whose blood is it? What did you make Sam do?”

“Cas.” The demon paused a moment to look back at the angel. “Did daddy make all angels exceptionally slow, or did he give that honor just to you? How long is it going to take you to learn, I don’t make either of you do anything? I give you choices.”

“Then what choice did you give him?” Castiel ground his teeth. He wouldn’t let the demon bait him.

The demon shrugged before walking again. “To help a guy out.”

“Meaning what exactly?” Castiel fell into step beside it.
“I gave him a chance to use his powers to rid a guy of a demon.”

“He did an exorcism? Using just his abilities?” The blood in Castiel’s vessel began to feel cool underneath his skin. If Sam was using his powers to banish demons, then the younger Winchester was truly embracing the return of his unnatural skills. What did that mean for him? How was it affecting him beyond just growing supernaturally powerful?

Castiel remembered Sam at the height of his addiction to demon blood. He’d been heady with power, confident in his own perceptions and yet easily manipulated by Ruby. The young hunter had willfully blinded himself to any course of action that did not involve his use of demon blood and the powers it fueled. *Worse, he was unable to discern the flaw in those plans.*

If Sam were that far gone, what did that mean for their plans for escape? He was the one who had an idea, not Castiel. Could Sam still be trusted?

Castiel looked back at the demon’s sleeve. “Exorcisms are not bloody. What happened?”

“Seems the meat suit was a bit on the worn side. After Sam made the demon go ‘poof,’ Cole was much worse for the wear,” the demon said.

“Cole?”

“Nobody important. Not even a nobody...not anymore.” the demon stopped outside Sam’s cell. He looked at Castiel. “You’re not going to do anything stupid, Cas? Not over a corpse? I mean, it might be interesting, but I am enjoying this game the three of us got going. Just how far will you two dumbasses go to protect each other in your doomed pursuit to *save me*?”

*As far as you’d go to save either of us.* Castiel shook his head. He’d worry about this Cole person later. Now, he had to concentrate on Sam. “I just want to see Sam.”

The demon studied Castiel for a moment then nodded. Then turned and unlocked the door. He opened it and ushered the angel inside.

Blood was smeared along the floor in a trail from the doorway to a chair near the center of the room. Castiel searched quickly for Sam. He was standing along the far wall, fists clenched at his side, and his gaze focused sharply on Castiel.

Frowning slightly, Castiel moved farther into the cell. He returned Sam’s sharp stare. There was something off about the hunter. It was as if he was charged, like static electricity, and it would take the slightest touch to cause a shock. However, it wouldn’t be a small discharge causing someone merely to jump, rather it would be like a full on lightning strike that could blacken and char where it struck.

“Okay, Sammy,” the demon said stepping around Castiel. “You know the drill. Step forward and turn around.”

Sam step forward. His eyes never left Castiel’s. There was a message there, a code for the angel to decipher.

Tilting his head and widening his eyes slightly, Castiel tried to elucidate the secret meaning behind Sam’s silent communication. He watched the subtle shift in the hunter’s body. *Now! Sam’s plan-*

Before the angel could finish his thought Sam swung around and stretched out his hand. The chain running from his collar to the wall suddenly lifted and grew taunt vibrating like tension wire in a high wind before it suddenly snapped!
“SAM!” the demon roared as it rushed forward.

Castiel charged slamming into it and knocking it off balance and sending it tumbling to its hands and knees.

The end of the chain swung in a wild arc before striking the cement ceiling with a loud cracking sound. Then it swung down whipping around lashing out toward the demon.

“Cas!” Sam yelled as the angel continued his assault, wrapping his arms around the demon.

It snarled, heaving back and trying to throw Castiel off.

The chain hit the demon, coiling around its throat like a snake.

The demon jerked in Castiel’s arms and it reached for its throat as Sam gestured with his hands yanking the chain back toward him. The angel held fast but cast a worried glance toward the other Winchester brother. Did Sam mean to kill Dean?

Sam’s focus was completely on the demon. He turned his head slightly and the chain wreathed itself tighter around the demon’s neck.

The demon made a gurgling noise.

“We can’t save Dean without him,” Castiel warned unsure if Sam heard him or even cared as the demon suddenly jerked forward and out of the angel’s grasp.

Waving his hand again, Sam sent the demon tumbling to the floor.

Castiel rushed forward to grab hold of it again. Something solid suddenly connected to the back of his ankle. He had a brief moment to realize that the demon had kicked out from its prone position and clipped him on the back of the foot before he went crashing to the ground. Pain exploded in the back of his head as skull bounced off the floor.

His vision blurred and his ears rang. He blinked, then heard a startled yell. Sam! Castiel rolled to his side causing a wave of nausea to roll through his stomach. His eyes still refused to focus properly, however, he could still make out two figures.

The demon was kneeling now with both hands on the chain, pulling on it as if it were playing some perverse game of Tug-of-War. Sam was on the other end yanking back.

Castiel tried to rise. His vision darkened as the room twisted like a kaleidoscope and his head swelled in agony. He fell back to the floor. What was happening?

He swallowed back bile and concentrated. His sight cleared enough to once again let him see the two brothers. The demon was on his feet now and was jerking Sam toward itself via the chain. No!

Helplessly, Castiel watched as the demon drove his fist into Sam’s jaw sending him stumbling backward. The demon jerked him back to deliver another blow smashing Sam’s nose.

Sam raised a hand.

A tremor shot through the demon’s body, then it shrugged before slamming a fist into Sam’s stomach knocking the air out of him and dropping him on all fours. As Sam gasped, trying to suck in air, the demon uncoiled the chain from around its throat before driving its foot under Sam’s chin and knocking him on his back.
No! Castiel pushed past the dizzying pain in his head and gut-twisting nausea to somehow get to his feet. He stumbled toward the demon. Blood suddenly filled his mouth as his jaw twisted to the side as the demon plowed into it with his fist. Castiel careened but didn’t fall.

A sharp sting added to the misery at the back of his head as the demon grabbed a handful of Castiel’s hair. It dragged him forward.

“This was your big play, Sammy? The chain?” The demon struck Castiel again, blooding his nose.

The angel teetered on the edge of consciousness but somehow held on.

“What? You thought you could choke me out? News flash, Samantha, I died! You think a little asphyxiation is gonna slow me down?”

“Dean. Don’t—” Sam tried to plead, rising to his knees and his eyes locked on Castiel.

The demon kicked Sam in the side. Something cracked and he doubled over in pain.

“I warned you. I warned you both. Guess there’s no more Mr. Nice guy.” The demon turned its focus to Castiel. “Say goodnight, Gracie.”

Graci—Before Castiel had time to finish being confused, the demon suddenly slammed him to the floor, knocking his forehead into the hard cement. Pain and darkness engulfed him and all went still.

***

“Cas! Castiel!” Someone was calling his name. He wanted to ignore it. To acknowledge it meant waking up. Consciousness brought pain. “Cas!”

The voice was insistent and there was something important about it, something too compelling to disregard. It belonged to someone special. *Sam. It was Sam.*

Groaning, Castiel opened his eyes. Pain flared behind them as flickers of bright and orange light danced in front of them. Heat pressed against his skin like an invisible blanket. It somehow accentuated the throbbing in his skull.

“Please, Cas. Wake up,” Sam yelled again.

Once again, the angel opened his eyes, slowly this time. The flickering lights were flames. Instinctively, he recoiled. His back connected with cool cement wall. Frowning, he glanced around. He was shirtless and shoeless, propped up next to a wall with burning holy oil trapping him in a half moon. He peered past the fire.

“Sam?” The hunter lay on his side across the room on the mattress. A new, thicker chain had been attached to his collar and secured to the wall. Additionally, his arms were bound across his chest in something oddly familiar.

Castiel struggled to think past the fog of pain in his head. *A straight jacket.* The angel had been restrained in one once when he’d been left in an institution for the mentally ill after relieving Sam of his torments of Lucifer.

“Are you alright?” Sam asked.

The angel sighed. If he were to answer Sam honestly, he was far from an acceptable state. His stolen grace was low. They were still trapped by the demon Dean who had already assaulted Castiel in
manners both physically and mentally to where the angel had begun to fear he was suffering from psychological trauma. Yet, none of that information would help Sam. “I suspect I have a concussion and a broken nose. You?”

“Possible cracked rib,” Sam replied.

Castiel was suddenly grateful Sam was secured in the straight jacket. It would help the rib.

“I’m sorry, Cas. I’m so sorry,” Sam suddenly said. Even through the flames, Castiel could see the shine of tears in his eyes.

“It was a good plan. You had to try.” Castiel could do nothing about the pain in his head, but perhaps he could ease the ache in Sam’s soul.

Sam was silent for a moment as if he were wrestling with what to say. ‘“Things are going to get worse. Much worse.”

Castiel nodded. “We will get through this.” We have to.

“You believe that?”

“I am an angel. I have faith.” Castiel gave a wry smile.

Sam returned it.

Sitting up a little straighter Castiel studied the Winchester brother. He was bloodied and pale. He looked exhausted. “Do you know why Dean left us like this?”

“He said he wanted to give me a time out.” Sam rolled on his back staring at the ceiling. “He wanted me to think about what I did.”

Fear and understanding shot through Castiel. “In other words, he is going to leave you here until you are well into the torture of withdrawal.”

“And you get to watch.” Sam nodded.

Helpless. That was to be Castiel’s torment, or at least the start of it.

“Cas,” Sam called again, rolling back on his side to look at Castiel. “You won’t forget your promise?”

Castiel was a fallen seraph, rejected by heaven and powered by pilfered grace. Even the smallest of miracles were barely within his reach. Yet, this was Sam Winchester and for him, Castiel would somehow do the equivalent of regrowing his wings. “No, Sam. I won’t.”
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

This was a rough one. Please keep hands and feet inside car at all times. **Kudos, comments, and rose tea - necessities for a good writing session!**

Betaed by Steeleye1!

Sam shifted closer to the wall pressing his body close. He turned his head sharply to the right, holding his breath as he tracked the “tick-tick” sound of claws treading across concrete.

*Hellhounds!* He pulled his knees to his chest, trying to make himself small. A low growl sounded to his left. Sam swung his gaze around. Nothing. There was nothing but an empty cell.

Sweat beaded on his forehead. A pain like barbed wire twisting around his intestines shot through his abdomen. Retching, he fell on his side.

The tick-tick sound grew louder as one of the hounds charged close. Hot, fetid breath, like decay and sulfur, blew across his neck. “No!” Sam groaned.

A fiery sensation raced along his hip as talons raked across his flesh trying to flip him onto his stomach. Sam tried to roll away. Teeth dug sharply into his neck, halting and warning him. He could feel the slow trickle of blood flow down his hot skin; it was oddly almost cooling.

“Told you, I would get a stud, bring him back here, and let him mount you.” Dean suddenly crouched down next to Sam. His eyes were solid black and his smile playful.

“Dean, please!” Sam screamed as the talons raked across him again.

“Gonna let him hold you down, Sammy. Claw at you until you are stripped naked, and then I’m gonna watch him shove his cock right up your tight ass, tearing you open.” Dean reached out a hand and petted something Sam couldn’t see. “I’m gonna let him knot you, little brother, and shoot his load so far up into you; you'll never get it out. Making you a good little bitch. Reminding you of your place.”

“No! No!” Sam kicked and flailed. The teeth dug deep into his neck, and the talons cut another swath of agony down his side. They seemed to burrow into his flesh, past muscle into sinew, and into the soft meats of his organs.

Crying in misery, he relented rolling on his stomach, trying to protect himself. He heard Dean laughing and felt the heavy weight of the hound settling along his back. He felt a firm fleshy mass lining up along the crack of his ass, and his lungs seized. He was trapped, caught. He couldn’t even try to crawl on hands and knees; his arms bound in the straight jacket.

As if somehow sensing his thoughts, the hound squeezed its jaws, tightening its grip on Sam’s neck increasing the pressure and drawing more blood. The hound pressed down on his body, pinning him to the floor.

Fear flooded Sam’s system rendering thought useless. He quivered, a living mass of despair and
“Sam. Sammy,” a familiar sounding voice called out to him. It oozed with a mix of humor and disappointment. “You used to have so much more fight. I think you’ve gone soft.”

In desperate confusion, Sam glanced around. His eyes opened wide. Dean was gone.

“Saaaaam,” the voice sing-songed.

The weight of the hellhound disappeared. Quickly, Sam twisted onto his back and shuffled into a seated position. He scooted along the floor until once again he was pressed up against the wall. He scanned the cell. No one was there.

“Hello, roomie!” A body suddenly straddled Sam’s lap. Hands grabbed him by the cheeks, holding his head firm and forcing his gaze forward. “Miss me?”

Sam’s eyes widened in terror and horror. Lucifer! “You’re not real!”

“Of course I am silly.” Lucifer scooted over Sam’s thighs, digging painfully into his groin. “I think what you mean is...I’m not here.”

“Get off me!” Sam yelled, his body shaking with revulsion.

“Get off on you? Would love to, Samantha,” Lucifer said making little circling motions with his hips. “That was just one of my favorite games. You remember our time in the Cage, don’t you?”

Sam shook his head. Hallucination. The hounds, Lucifer? They weren’t real.

Lucifer leaned forward and licked a slow path from the hollow of Sam’s throat to the bottom of his lips. “That taste, Sam. That sweet combination of your fear and agony, nothing else in Hell quite like it. Remember, how I’d slowly peel you like a grape? I’d take days, slicing your skin away, and suckle each patch clean of that unique Sam Winchester zest.”

Sam shuddered as the memories sprang bright and fresh in his mind. Worse, every nerve ending in his skin seemed to come alive with the ghost sensation of his torment. Sam howled, the force of it straining his vocal chords.

“But that wasn’t my favorite pastime,” the Devil chuckled once Sam’s screams had subsided. He scooted back across Sam’s thighs and snaked a hand away from Sam’s face and down his chest to cup the bulge of denim at his groin.

“Don’t!” Sam tried to shift away, but there was no place to go.

“I loved the times when I was inside you, Sam.” Lucifer grabbed him by the chin and kept Sam’s gaze focused on him. “I’m not talking about all those fun moments when we were playing tops and bottoms. I mean when you knew your place, and let me wear you proper. You are my true vessel, Sam. A perfect fit. Nothing was more heavenly or poetic, when it was me in you, fucking Michael. Remember?”

Sam shook his head. He didn’t want to remember the times Lucifer’s torments were beyond what he could bear. He didn’t want to recall the moments when he was weak and agreed to be the Devil’s vessel because when he did, the attention was off him and on Michael. Sam didn’t want to relive those memories. He really didn’t, but he did.

“Of course you do, Sam. The perfect symmetry of it. Me fucking my brother Michael while at the
same time you were fucking your little brother. What was his name?”

Adam. Tears spilled from Sam’s eyes. He began to shudder in revulsion, the intense horror of what he’d done causing cramps in his back and extremities.

Lucifer squeezed Sam’s cock with a cruel grip. “Tell me, Sam. You ever tell Dean that? Wonder what he would say about all those times you let me wear you, just to get a reprieve, knowing I would use my vessel to defile both our brothers? What would daddy say? I mean, it was obvious he loved baby brother best.”

“He’d say Dean should have done what he was told in the first place and put a bullet in your head!” John Winchester’s voice rang out from the other side of the room.

“Dad?” Sam cried searching for his father.

The imposing figure stepped out of the shadows of the far corner. Eyes alight with the familiar look of disgust and disappointment.

Agony flared at the base of Sam’s skull blurring his vision for a moment. He blinked and shook his head. Lucifer was gone, but his father loomed tall above him.

“All of this is your fault, Sam!” John snapped dropping to a crouch and grabbing Sam by the throat.

“No! Dad-” Sam wheezed out before John Winchester cut him off.

“No? You telling me if Dean hadn’t dropped you when he first found out you’d been drinking demon blood none of this would have happened?”

Sam’s eyes and mouth opened wide as he tried to gulp a lungful of air past the crushing and agonizing grip his father had on his throat. He locked his gaze with his dad, silently pleading.

“The apocalypse never would have happened. Angels would never have fallen. No battles in Hell for control. There wouldn’t have been a need for Dean to go looking for a way to kill Abbadon. He never would have gotten the Mark of Cain! Wouldn’t have become a demon!” John Winchester’s voice raised in volume as he listed off each atrocity before finally slamming Sam’s head back into the wall.

The world whited out as it all became an endless loop of firing neurons flooding Sam’s awareness with an unending agony. He couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t think. His body convulsed.

“Sam! SAM!” Through the fog of white, another voice cried out, somehow breaking through the haze of pain. “Look at me, Sam.”

While oblivion was slightly easier, it was still all misery. The voice demanded consciousness.

Panting, Sam slowly opened his eyes. There was a figure, huddled across the room, surrounded by flames.

“That’s it, Sam. Focus.” The figure rose. The flames seemed to rise as well, glowing brighter and darker shifting from yellow to orange and red before splitting into two pillars.

Sam’s eyes narrowed.

“Your father is wrong,” the pillars spoke in unison as they began to glide toward him. There was something distinctly familiar and feminine about their voices.
“You should have died much sooner.” The first pillar drifted to stop. The flames entwining around each other, writhing and weaving until a form took shape and solidified.

Tears ran unchecked down Sam’s cheek. “Jessica?”

She crouched low in front of him and cupped his chin. Her touch seared his flesh. “If you’d burned in your crib, I’d still be alive.”

“If I’d just aborted you,” the other pillar spoke transforming into someone Sam mostly recognized from pictures.

Mom.

“Think how much better the world would be if you’d never been born.” Mary looked sad, her blue eyes wide and sorrowful.

“Mom. Jess. I’m so sorry,” Sam sobbed. They were right, the truth of their words burrowing into him and wrapping around his organs, pulling at them like ropes, ripping him apart.

The room suddenly filled with an acrid scent of burning flesh.

“SAM!” A voice boomed through the room.

Jessica and his mother disappeared. Sam gasped. He could still taste something caustic in the air.

“Look at me!” There was an authority to the voice not to be ignored.

Sam shook his head. Pain rippled through his body. He looked around the cell. Once again, he spotted a figure behind a wall of flames.

Mom?

“Talk to me, Sam.” The voice was familiar, but it wasn’t his mother. For one it was masculine. It wasn’t his father either.

“Please.” Authority bled out of the voice as desperation seeped into it.

Taking a deep breath, ignoring the pungent odor, Sam focused. He concentrated on peering past the flames while pushing past the agony that was snaking throughout his body. Castiel! Recognition was sudden and overwhelming, giving him a temporary respite from the wracking torment twisting through his system.

“I’m here, Cas,” Sam croaked praying he was.

CASTIEL LOOKED HEAVENWARD. Thank you. There were times now he did not have much faith left in his Father, but right now it was all he had left. He’d spent the last hour watching helplessly as Sam’s body and mind began to deteriorate further as he succumbed to withdrawal.

As he’d listened to Sam weep and scream, talking to the horrors of the visions torturing him while his body convulsed and spasmed, the angel developed a new fear. Even if they found a way to escape the demon, how would they free Sam from his addiction?

Forcing his dread back, Cas focused on Sam. “You have been hallucinating.”

“It’s...part of the process.” Sam rolled onto his back and stared at the ceiling. “Thank you.”
“It did not sound...pleasant.” Cas tried peering through the flames. How far gone was the Winchester brother?

“Was worse than before.” Sam sounded tired.

“Before?”

Sam sighed. “When Bobby and Dean tried to detox me...you know before Lilith.”

“Ah…” Castiel remembered. He was ashamed of how he had treated Sam back then, considering him unclean. “I’m sorry, Sam.”

“Not your fault, Cas,” Sam flipped back on to his side and stared back at the angel. A shudder rippled through the hunter. He gasped and closed his eyes for a moment before opening them again and locking them onto Castiel.

“Do you want to talk about it?” the angel asked. “You were...You mentioned Lucifer.”

“I smell something burning,” Sam answered as if he hadn’t heard Castiel’s question or didn’t want to.

Castiel glanced down at his hands. They were red, and blistered, almost black in some spots. Sam had been lost in his delusions, and the angel had grown desperate to reach him. In a reckless attempt to help, Cas had thrust his hands into the burning holy oily hoping it would burn the spelled cuffs from his wrists. All it had down was to scorch the angel’s flesh and leave him with burning agony in his hands. The cuffs had remained unscathed.

“I grew concerned and inadvertently got too close to the flames.” The Winchester brother had taught Castiel many things, lying being one.

“Are you alright?” Sam asked as sharply as he managed to heave himself to a seated position.

“I am a little burned. I will be fine,” Castiel said. “I am more concerned about you. Even if we escape...how...your addiction.”

“I know, Cas,” Sam answered abruptly. His face twisted into a sudden grimace. “I don’t want to talk about that now.”

Castiel frowned. They needed to talk about it and have a plan. What good was it to save Dean only to have to turn around and fight a demon powered Sam? “We need to, Sa-”

“Cas, please!” The hunter snapped before doubling back over on to the floor.

“Sam!” Castiel moved as close to the edge of the flames as he dared, his seared hands feeling like they were once again on fire as the heat pressed against them.

“I’m okay,” Sam ground through his teeth. “I just...let’s talk about anything, but not that. I can’t, Cas. The need is too bad, and it’s only going to get worse. Want is clawing through me. It’s only a matter of time before it overwhelsms me, making me nothing more than a junkie who will do and say anything for a fix. Robbing me of myself. I’ve got this moment of clarity right now. I don’t want to waste it.”

Castiel’s vision began to blur as tears formed in his eyes. *Oh, Sam!* “What do you want to talk about?”
“Family,” Sam answered without hesitation his eyes still focused on the angel. “I always thought Dean and I drew the short straw on that, you know? I mean I know Dad loved us and did the best he could, but we all know he wasn’t gonna get Father of the Year. Mom, dead. And yeah, Dean and I...always had each other’s back when we weren’t lying behind it but…”

Sam paused for a moment. Castiel wasn’t sure if it was because he was fighting back another wave of pain, to collect his thoughts or both.

“What I’m trying to say,” Sam finally continued. “For the most part, family for Dean and I has been made along the road. Sue and Ellen. Jody. Garth. Charlie. Kevin. But, you, Cas. You are different. You’re not just family...you’re like Bobby. You’re something more. Dean will never say it, so I will. You’re home. I don’t know how bad things are going to get, but I need you to know that.”

A sensation overwhelmed Castiel. It was a terrible ache that somehow soothed something which had broken long before the Deanmon had hurt him. Belonging. Once Castiel had been part of the host of heaven and had been connected to his brothers and sisters on a level humans could not comprehend.

When he’d rebelled, he’d lost that connection. He’d been shut off to the comfort of being part of something greater than himself. The choice had been his, one he had not regretted. Still, it had left him with a loss that could not be replaced, until now.

*Family. Sam and Dean are my family.* The truth was as bright and searing as the flames blazing before him.

“I...” the angel began, unable to find the words in any language to express his thoughts.

Sam’s eyes focused on his. He gave a small smile then suddenly screamed. His eyes rolled until all Castiel saw were their whites. Sam’s body began to convulse, his long arms and legs spasming uncontrollably.

“SAM!” Castiel screamed helplessly.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Ok...I have been wanting to get to this chapter FOREVER. I'm so excited it's finally done. Note it is a LOOONG and "keep your seat belt on and assume the crash position" ride. However, I hope you enjoy. **Kudos, comments, pizza, kitties, and rose tea keep the all-night writing sessions going**

Betaed by Steeleye!

Castiel stared past the flames and watched the prone figure across the cell. Sam had been lying almost motionless, flat on his back, for over half a day. Occasionally, tremors would rock through his body like a swarm of small earthquakes. They weren’t the convulsions of the day before, that twisted and contorted his limbs like palm fronds in a hurricane.

The angel didn’t try calling out to the hunter. Sam’s words had become unintelligible hours ago. Castiel no longer had insight into the hellscapes in which Sam was lost. *Perhaps it is best.* The angel had already heard so much of the human’s mental torture and been impotent to offer him any solace.

What worried Castiel now, wasn’t just how still Sam had become, but how shallow his breathing was. The physical withdrawal symptoms had begun to take a serious toll on the human.

*When would Dean come?* Castiel had no doubt the demon would return. Whatever its agenda was at the moment, it involved Sam being alive. *Addicted, but living.* However, that didn’t mean it wouldn’t let the younger Winchester spiral down into the edge of existence.

*How close was Sam? Had his organs begun to shut down?* What if the demon miscalculated? What if it let him teter at the border of life and death too long and Sam tumbled over to the other side?

For a brief moment, Castiel felt a sense of relief, as if Sam’s death would be for the best. If the hunter was gone, the angel would be free. There would be no reason to play the demon’s games. Castiel could follow his own end into the Empty. *But what about Dean?*

*NO!* The angel’s rebellious spirit, the hallmark of what he’d become, pushed back against the sense of resignation. Sam could not die! Castiel would not allow it. He would not let the Mark win. The angel could not lose Sam and Dean Winchester.

“Sam, hang on,” Castiel called. “Do you hear me? Fight, Sam.”

There was no indication if Sam heard him. He continued to lie motionless except for the slight trembling.

Castiel licked his dry lips and leaned his head against the wall. It still ached from the concussion. He looked at his hands, they throbbed with pain and were bloated, blistered, and grossly discolored. They were useless, he could not even bend his fingers.

*Infection.* He could detect the early signs, burns were prone to it. Still, he didn’t regret his attempt to get the cuffs off. He’d had to try something, anything. However, like everything else he had done to
help Sam fight the demon, he’d failed.

He peered again through the flames and looked at Sam. No, not everything. Sam Winchester was still alive and undefiled by the demon. So far, Castiel had managed to save Sam from those consequences. That meant there was hope for them all and especially for Dean.

The familiar sound of the lock turning drew Castiel’s attention toward the cell door. He watched in a mix of dread and allayment as it slowly opened. The demon walked inside carrying a bucket. It moved toward Castiel.

“Smells like bacon. You cook something, Cas?” The demon grinned as it halted just outside the flames looking down at the angel.

Castiel glared back at it. “I burned my hands.”

“Let me guess? You were desperate to help Sammy so you tried burning off the cuffs?” the demon asked.

“Yes.” There was no point in denying it or lying about it.

“You are such a dumb shit,” the demon laughed shaking its head before raising the bucket. It swung the pail slightly then hurled the contents toward Castiel.

Water splashed out, dousing the flames and splattering the angel. Fiery anguish overwhelmed him as the liquid hit his hands.

Castiel screamed, doubling over in pain. He tucked his hands close to his chest and curled protectively around them.

“Hurts like a bitch,” the demon observed bending down and grabbing Castiel by the back of the neck. “Well let see if we can take your mind off it.”

The demon dragged Castiel out from the corner and to the middle of the cell ignoring the angel’s cries of pain. It threw him to the floor, forcing the angel to catch himself on his hands and knees.

Castiel screamed.

“Oops,” Dean said with an exaggerated pout.

“Accidents happen,” Castiel ground out turning his head to glare at the demon.

“Something like that.” Dean grinned. “However, what happens next is no mishap.”

“And what’s that?” the angel asked his world almost white with pain.

The demon crouched down and grabbed Castiel by the chin. “I’m gonna teach you, two clowns, again, not to fuck with me. Now we both know Sammy over there is in a bad way and needs his medicine and I intend to give it to him. However, it ain’t going to be cheap.”

Castiel locked his gaze with the demon’s. He had no choice. Although its eyes were clear and green, the angel could no longer see them as Dean’s. “What is it you want from me?”

“I want you to do what you always do, Cas. Suffer for the Winchesters. Sammy in particular. You be a good little, angel, and do what I say and take whatever I give you without a fight or complaint.”

The demon tightened its grip on Cas’s jaw.
“In return?” Castiel managed to push the word out despite the demon’s hold on him.

“I won’t test my theory that demon spunk is just as good as demon blood and make him suck me off. Nor, will I literally tear open his ass and give him the reaming he’s been needing for years. Or does that no longer matter to you?”

“You already know the answer to that question,” Castiel replied.

The demon grinned as it released Castiel’s chin. “Yeah, I guess I do. Hands and knees then.”

Castiel blinked in confusion. What?

“C’mom, Cas,” the demon said ruffling the angel’s hair almost playfully. “Hands on floor, ass in the air. Wanna take the edge off before I start working on Samantha. If I can’t ream his ass. I’m certainly gonna drill yours.”

Fighting back a sudden wave of nausea and fear, Castiel folded himself onto the floor. He gasped aloud as he forced his palms flat on the cool concrete. Fighting back tears he shifted his weight on to them as he lifted his posterior.

He felt a tug on his pants as the demon began to undo them. Castiel closed his eyes and bit his lip. Cool air struck his backside and then he heard the sounds of a zipper lowering as the demon began to free himself.

The angel tried not to jump as he felt a hand settle on his hip. He heard the demon spit.

“Forgot the lube,” the demon said before pressing its cockhead against Castiel.

The angel swallowed and focused on the pain pulsing through his palms. It was better than acknowledging the searing burn of the demon starting to force its way into his body.

THERE WAS A crack in the world. A small split in the seam of reality, a minor dent. If he concentrated, maybe he could pour all of the unyielding pain slowly consuming him into it. If he could just focus, maybe it would swallow him up and on the other side would be oblivion.

Something nudged his shoulder, and the world shifted. Sam groaned. The crack disappeared.

“Hey, Sammy,” Dean said. “How ya doin’ there little brother?”

“Go away, Dean,” Sam mumbled starting to search for the rift again. Then froze.

It was a secret, not even Cas knew. Why? It didn’t matter. Yet it did, and it was too precious to risk even for a nightmare to discover. Sam shifted, closing his eyes and ignoring the hallucination.

What phantom version of his brother was it this time, the demon who found Sam’s torture funny? Maybe it was the version in Hell, hanging on the rack and begging Sam to save him? It could be the one lost in Purgatory, angry and betrayed cursing Sam for abandoning him.

This Dean chuckled reaching out and grabbing Sam’s chin, “You sure about that?”

Something hot dripped onto Sam’s dry and cracked lips wetting them. Instinctively, he licked at the moisture, dragging into his mouth with his tongue which still tasted of bile.

Sam moaned, parting his lips and arching his neck. This! God this was what he needed! He snaked
out his tongue swiping it greedily around the rim of his mouth. “More.”

“Open your eyes.”

_They were closed?_ Sam struggled to understand. Hadn’t he been staring at something?

A hand threaded through Sam’s hair. Every nerve was lit with a desperate need, leaving his skin oversensitized. The gentle touch was too much. It was both a sweet caress and a cruel stroke combined together sending mixed signals to his overstimulated brain. He whimpered, “Dean, please.”

“Look at me, Sammy.” Dean continued to card his fingers across Sam’s scalp.

Sam latched onto Dean’s voice. He focused all of his awareness on it, let it lead him like a Pied Piper. He panted. He wasn’t sure if it was from the effort to concentrate, the slow aching brushes, or the fading hints of moisture lingering on his tongue.

A few more tantalizing drops fell, dribbling down his chin. Sam sucked his lips and swiped his hand across the tiny blobs. His eyes flew open before he hungrily lapped at his palm.

“Sam!” Dean barked his name.

This time Sam understood. He turned his head, still sucking every precious bead from his hand. His eyes locked onto Dean’s. They were round and black, or maybe they were just empty sockets. _Empty and missing like Dean’s soul._

Dean winked at Sam. He was crouched down low, near the floor. One hand still lightly skimming through his hair, while another hovered just above Sam’s face. There was a faint scent of iron and sulfur.

Sam’s gaze shifted, following the tantalizing smell. It came from the heavy red pearl dangling from the end of Dean’s thumb. _Blood! Dean’s blood!_

“Hey, eyes on me!” Dean withdrew his hands.

Sam sat up quickly. Pain lanced through his stomach and the world whirled around him nearly lines and colors bleeding together. Yet, somehow he managed to focus on that pearly drop and sobbing as Dean sucked it clean between his lips. “No!”

“That’s what happens when you don’t listen to me. You don’t get what you need. And you do need this, don’t you, Sammy?” Dean cocked an eyebrow.

“Yes.” Sam’s voice was barely a subdued breath then an actual sound. He locked his eyes on Dean and stared at him not as if he were the only one in the room, but in the universe.

“Good boy.” Dean smiled as he stood before taking a few steps back.

Sam kept his gaze rooted on his brother. He watched as Dean circled around something and came to a standstill. Sam narrowed his eyes, awareness trying to edge past his fixated need. _It wasn’t something, it was someone!_

“Cas!” The name slipped from Sam’s lip as he took in the angel’s appearance. His head was bowed. He was on his knees, shirtless, with his pants hanging open and loose. Red finger-shaped marks, heralding early signs of bruising, dotted his hips. Resting on his thighs were bloated, burned, and bleeding hands. The skin looked broken and raw.
Sam’s vision grew blurry, but not from withdrawal. His plan. He’d known the price of his reckless scheme might be high, and it was. Especially when Cas was paying for it.

“Yep, the gang’s all here,” Dean said grabbing Castiel by the hair and yanking his head back. “Team Free Will back to school time.”

“Back to school?” Sam croaked shifting until he was kneeling opposite Castiel. He wanted to look the angel in the eyes to see if he was okay. Yet, he didn’t want to risk Dean’s wrath or worse.

Some part of Sam withered in shame. He wasn’t sure what he was more afraid of, Dean’s temper, or that he might leave without giving Sam his blood. Coward! A sharp pain twisted inside his chest. Actually, he did know, he was just afraid to admit it.

“Time for a remedial course on what happens when you piss me off. Now, Cas here has already had a peek at the lesson plan.” Dean snaked his free hand around Castiel’s throat, squeezing until the angel made a gurgling sound.

Castiel’s face was reddening, and his eyes bulging. Yet, he didn’t resist.

“Dean, stop!” Sam cried in horror struggling to get to his knees.

“First lesson,” Dean said releasing his grip on the angel’s hair and pointing a finger at Sam. “You stay on your knees. Second, lesson, you challenge me, contradict me, or give me any lip at all...not only will I walk out of here without giving you another drop of what we both know you need, but I will drag Cas out with me. Then I will make new holes in him to fuck. Are we clear?”

Sam nodded, or at least he hoped he did. This had to be another hallucination. Please let it be just one more fevered nightmare!

Dean put his free hand to his ear. “What, Sam? Didn’t catch that.”

“Yes!” Sam cried. Terror flooded through his aching and exhausted system somehow giving him a clarity despite his agonizing withdrawal. Castiel’s face was turning purple.

“Hear that, Cas?” Dean eased his grip on the angel’s throat and bent over him speaking the words into an ear. “Puppy can learn.”

Castiel coughed and sputtered while trying to gulp a lungful of air. He focused his blue eyes on Sam. Defiance and resignation warred with heartbreak deep within them.

Sam couldn’t help but return the gaze. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.

“Sammy,” Dean cooed. “What’d I say about eyes on me?”

Panicked, Sam shifted his attention back to Dean.

The older Winchester straightened and laughed. “That’s okay, little brother. For this next part of today’s plan, I actually want you to focus on Cas. Think of him like a chalkboard.”

Chalkboard? Sam frowned. What did that mean?

Smiling, Dean reached behind his back and pulled out an angel blade. He placed the tip of it to Castiel’s throat. “Lean your head back, Cas.”

Sam grew cold as he watched the angel obey without hesitation or question. “Dea-” The words were almost out of Sam’s mouth before he could stop.
“You say something, Sammy?” Dean asked edging the blade under Castiel’s chin.

“No,” Sam said, quickly shaking his head.

“So here’s the thing, Sammy boy,” Dean said as he began to slowly and gently ease the blade down to the right side of Castiel’s chest, just slightly above and to the side of his nipple. “It's clear we need to reinforce your lesson about being my bitch. Doggie training is hard, and sometimes we need to go over and over the same routine before the right behaviors stick.”

Blood began to well up along the edge of the blade as Dean started to press into Castiel’s flesh. “However, both of you need to learn your place. You are my bitch.”

The angel let out a small strangled sound as the demon dragged the blade down in a short straight line, before shifting it to begin carving a half moon from the top of the line to the bottom of it.

“Cas, here is whatever I say he is.” The demon continued to carve into the angel’s skin starting another short line. “He’s mine to use, and I do use him, Sammy. He’s like the Impala or the bunker. And like them? What happens to him is up to me. He’s not going anywhere unless I’m ready to let him go.”

Castiel was panting and making small sounds as if he were trying to swallow cries of pain. Blood ran down his chest accentuating each stroke the demon cut into it.

Bile rose up in the back of Sam’s throat as he recognized the pattern: “DW”. He forced his gaze away from the bloody mess that was Cas’s chest and focused haunted eyes on his brother.

Dean’s green eyes stared back at them. They almost seemed to twinkle with amusement. “I warned you I’d carve my initials into him. Though I haven’t fucked him with the blade, yet.”

Don’t! Sam bit down on his tongue almost hard enough to draw blood. He choked back tears as he watched his brother step away from their friend, who’s chest was now rivulets of blood and sliced skin.

His brother moved to stand behind him. The hair on the nape of Sam’s neck rose in fear and something else. His stomach turned, and a searing need lanced through him almost doubling him over. His mind was in horror of what Dean had done, and yet his body didn’t care. It craved what his brother could give him.

Despite what Dean had just done and threatened, the want in Sam rose up like a living thing. It was a separate will, and it didn’t care. He could feel it, tendrils in his mind, beginning to cloud his thinking and judgment.

“But I think I’ll hold off on that,” Dean said, a hand suddenly settling on Sam’s left shoulder. “I’ll wait until you can appreciate it.”

Sam started to turn his head to look at his brother.

A bloodied hand, still clenching the hilt of the angel blade pressed against his chin. Dean held Sam’s head in place, keeping his gaze focused on Castiel.

“Cas, why don’t you crawl over here within reach of Sammy?” It wasn’t a question.

The tangy scent of blood filled Sam’s senses, almost overwhelming him as the angel crawled on hands and knees toward him. Something about that was deeply troubling but not as wrong as the smell. It wasn’t right, it wouldn’t satisfy the ache in his gut that radiated clear to the hollow of his
“You need something, Sam?” his brother whispered into his ear.

“Please.” Sam didn’t want to say it, but he needed to.

The hand pressing against his chin was moved. Dean was sliding it down Sam’s arm.

“You fucked up, Puppy. You were bad. Very bad,” Dean said slowly pressing the hilt of the blade into Sam’s hand. “You are going to have to prove to me you can be good. That you deserve the treats I give you.”

Oh, God...what did-

Once again panic rolled through Sam. His eyes wide and round, he turned and looked at Dean.

“I told you, look at Cas. Or are we done for the day?” Dean asked.

No!

A new greater terror seized Sam. His brother couldn’t leave, not yet! Sam’s was still sick with withdrawal. It was consuming him. He jerked his head back to look at the angel.

Cas stared back at him. There was no more defiance in his eyes, just heartbreak.

“Look at him, Sam. Suffering. For what? Me?” The demon once again began to card its fingers through Sam’s hair. “Sure. Cas is always giving it up for me. He’s pathetic when it comes to me. He betrays and kills his own brothers for Dean Winchester. Damn. I think I owned him before he had my spunk dripping out of his ass and my initials carved into his chest.”

Sam began to shake. He wanted it to be with rage or disgust. Yet, it wasn’t. He was losing hold on himself again. Dean, please.

“But he’s not just on his knees suffering for me, is he, Sam?” the demon said. “He’s doing it for you too. He’s sucking it up, and sucking me down, just to keep you alive and your ass intact. You think he still feels guilty about that whole leaving your soul in the Cage thing? I wouldn’t.”

Dean’s words were beginning to meld together. It was getting difficult to concentrate. Sam clenched his fists. He gripped cool, unearthly metal, in his right hand.

“So I guess, like the bunker and the Impala, Cas’s kinda yours too. Though like the car, you don’t drive him without my permission,” Dean chuckled. “Still, if that’s the case, I think there’s something missing. Don’t you?”

What? Sam blinked, trying to make sense of what his brother was saying. He stared at Cas. What was missing? Then a high inarticulate whine started to rise at the back of his throat. His hands began to tremble. No! No!

“C’mon, Sammy. What’s missing?”

Sam’s lungs refused to work. He couldn’t draw air.

“Ya gotta say it. Ya gotta do it, or I’m walking,” Dean threatened.

Agony of mind, body, and soul tore through Sam as he screamed. “Initials! My initials!”

Dean patted his head. “That’s right, Puppy. Basic dog training. You should remember. Good behavior gets rewarded. You want your treat? Put your mark on Cas.”
I can’t! I can’t! Some part of Sam was dying inside. His whole body was shaking.

“I’m not counting to three, Sam. Do it, or me and all my sweet blood are out of here,” Dean warned.

Flesh was suddenly parting under steel. New red rivulets were flowing down Castiel’s chest, and hot tears nearly blinded Sam. He didn't remember moving. He didn’t want to. Yet, whether or not he would have those memories haunting him, he would not forget the stifled sounds of anguish the angel made as Sam began to cut “SW” into him. Nor would Sam forget how his own psyche unraveled, both leaping to and shying from the desecration of his friend.

“Good, boy.” Dean patted him on the head.

The blade clattered to the floor. Some part of Sam’s soul wailed as he stared at Castiel. Yet, it was faint and distant like the last cries of a ghost when their bones have been salted and burned. There was a roaring in his ear as he gave himself over to the clamoring desire of his addiction. Please!

“My good little, Sammy,” Dean said bending over to pick up the blade.

Sam shifted his eyes away from the bleeding angel to stare at the source of his salvation. “Dean.” It was a prayer and entreaty.

Dean tugged at the t-shirt under his flannel, jerking it out from the waistband of his jeans before lifting it and exposing the smooth expanse of skin above his hip. Using the angel blade, he cut a deep incision. Cas’s blood mixed with his as the rich red nectar Sam craved began to flow.

“Come here,” Dean motioned to Sam.

Somehow Sam’s beleaguered and exhausted body shuffled quickly and gracefully around to face his brother. Wrapping his arms around Dean in a tight embrace, Sam buried his face at Dean’s side nuzzled and nursing hungrily at the hemorrhaging laceration.

This! This is what Sam needed. This was all he needed, all he ever needed. Dean.

“That’s it, Sammy,” Dean said running his hands through his brother’s hair. “You get it now, baby brother? You and me, Sam. That’s the way it is. Together, Sammy. Heaven? Hell? They couldn’t beat us before. Think they’ll stand a chance now? With you at my side, I’ll be more than a Knight of Hell. Not that I give a fuck about ruling, but think about it, Sammy. They no longer get to screw with us, we’re gonna screw with them.”

Sam didn’t want to think. He just wanted to lap at Dean’s wound, suck down the sanguine relief it offered. It was more than just alleviation of his pain and need. There was power. It sang to him, like a lullaby. Yet it was no crooning tune meant to lull him. It was hypnotic. Sam clung tighter to Dean, lost in the taste of his blood. It was erotic and Sam began to grow hard with a twin need. He didn’t care. The one melded into the other.

Dean chuckled as he began to tug at Sam’s arms, “Gonna have to see if we can help you with that later.”

No! Sam hadn’t had enough, not nearly. He moaned and tried to tighten his grip on his brother, but Dean was stronger. Sam fell backward as Dean pried him loose and shoved him away.

“Dean!” Sam cried rising back up to his knees and reaching for his brother.

“Down, Puppy!” Dean ordered taking a step back and pulling his shirt down. “I said if you were good, you got a treat.”
Something akin to a whine escaped from Sam. No, he needed more.

Dean stared down at him, black eyes shining and a grin spread across his face. “When I come back you’ll have another chance to prove how good you are. To show me you’re a good puppy.”

“Anything,” Sam swore. Whatever Dean wanted, Sam would do.

“Anything?” Dean asked before casting a glance at the angel who was still kneeling nearby. He was paler than before, much paler. “You feel like going for a drive?”

*Drive? The Impala?* Sam followed Dean’s gaze. *Cas! Oh, God, no! Oh, God, yes!* Sam began to tremble. He had to think, but he couldn’t. He could only feel. His body was torn in so many ways with conflicting needs and underneath it all was the swarming sensation. It wouldn’t last and it wasn’t enough. It was never going to *be* enough.

Sam nodded. He was damned and he couldn’t remember why.

Dean laughed and shook his head. “All right it’s a deal. You prove to me you can be good, and fuck Cas. I’ll give you more than a treat. You don’t, I’ll leave you high and dry for days, Sammy, and then I’ll still make you fuck him with the angel blade. One way or another, you are gonna learn your place. You are my bitch, Sam. You are gonna be my good Puppy, better than any hellhound, and together we are going to rock Heaven, Hell, and beyond.”

Then Dean turned and walked toward Castiel. He grabbed the angel by the hair and tugged him to his feet. “C’mon Cas. Let’s give Sam some time to think about what he needs and what his choices are.”

The angel moved sluggishly as Dean began dragging him to the door. Castiel kept his head turned toward Sam, his blue eyes wide with a mix of emotions Sam was beyond being able to read.

Sam watched them both disappear through the doorway. He jumped as the door swung shut and was locked. A deep shuddering mix of panic and despair washed over him and he began to rock. *Dean! When would he be back?*

He rocked for days or maybe hours. He wasn’t sure. He moved back and forth until his knees went past bruising pain to numbness. His mind was frozen, but his body seemed to sing a screeching off-key cacophony of sounds.

Sam could feel the swarm of power from Dean’s blood inside of him, but it was like having a few bites of a meal before being forced to go hungry again. It was almost worse than before, now that his system had a taste.

*Blood.* He could still taste it. Maybe he had missed some? Had Dean been careless? Had he bled on the floor? Frantically Sam began to search the area, looking for drops left behind.

Red splatters spread out before him bright against the grey floor. A twisting sensation went through his mind as he spotted the blood, but it wasn’t Dean’s. It smelled wrong. *Cas! Something broke inside of Sam as a lucidity crested through his consciousness. Sense memory almost overwhelmed him, the feel of flesh parting under steel.*

Nausea rolled through his stomach as Sam scrambled back away from the sick art left from his friend’s torment. There was so much of it. *Cas, what have I done?* Sam fell back on the dirty mattress. Guilt nearly driving what clear thought he had away.

He stared at the ceiling. There wasn’t just a crack in the world, there was a crack in his soul. Tears
rolled down the side of his face, falling in the space between him and the mattress, sinking into the crevices. Maybe that’s all he was now, breaches, gaps, splits…

Sam frowned, there was something important he had to remember. *Cracks. Fractures. His secret!* What was it? Where was it? Up?

He wiped his eyes and began studying the ceiling again. Yes, that’s where he hid it, he was sure! He searched roving his eyes back and forth, then froze. There, above him and to the right was his treasure. It wasn’t a crack but a small chink, a divet in the concrete above.

Rolling flat onto his stomach, Sam began to search the floor. He forced himself to scan it carefully, even studying where it was stained red with Cas’s blood. He breathed deep, trying to clear his mind.

The real treasure wasn’t on the ceiling, it was down here. It was the key to everything and why he’d risked so much. It was the last move in a game he had little chance of winning. It was his only move.

He shoved a fist in his mouth to keep from shouting. He found it! There, near the far corner was the chip from the concrete above. It was a little small stone of salvation. *If I have enough power.*

Sam closed his eyes for a moment. The fragments of the plan spinning back to him. The chain slamming into the ceiling hard enough to nick it. The attack had been a costly feint. The gamble, Sam would have a chance and ability to use the chip.

Taking the fist from his mouth, he took another steadying deep breath. Dean hadn’t given him much blood. Sam didn’t dare risk praying it was enough, but he hoped.

Opening his eyes he focused on the stone. Slowly it began to rise. Once again Sam flipped onto his back and stared at the ceiling. Focusing on the small rock he began etching symbols into the concrete, trusting in his addled state he remembered them correctly.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay. Went to visit my Dad last weekend. This week is one of my gaming weekends. Anyway, managed to finally get the next chapter done. Will respond to comments and update previous chapters, now betaed by Steeleye1.

I do want to take a moment and say thank you to everyone for the kudos and comments. When I started this story, I wasn’t sure how it would be received given its dark nature. **Kudos and comments are like fresh baked cookies, warm, sweet, and always appreciated!**

Betaed by Steeleye1.

Castiel was barely on his feet by the time the demon dragged him into Dean’s room. His vision was blurry, his movements sluggish, and a pervasive chill was increasingly numbing him to the searing pain lancing across his chest and throbbing through his hands.

Crying out, he stumbled, falling face first onto the floor. His chin smacked the ground slamming his jaws together and nicking his tongue between them. He tasted blood.

“Need a hand there, Cas?” the demon chuckled as it gripped the angel by the back of his neck, jerking him upright.

Castiel struggled to get his feet underneath him. The world was spinning and his senses were overwhelmed. Everything was blood and misery.

“Morning angel,” the demon crooned, as he grabbed the angel’s arm. Releasing his hold on Castiel’s neck, the demon spun him around.

*Is it?* Castiel knew he should know the hour and minute, let alone the day but he couldn’t focus. The cold was seeping from his chest, flowing out through his extremities and sinking into his consciousness. He blinked at the demon, trying to focus.

“You with me, Cas?” Dean’s green eyes bore into the angel. Only they weren’t really Dean’s, not anymore.

“Unfortunately.” Castiel’s voice was as broken and raw as his body.

Laughing, the demon shoved the angel backward a few steps before throwing him onto Dean’s bed. Castiel grunted painfully, landing on his back. The world spun as he struggled to sit up, seeking to orient himself. He needed to clear his head and think. Sam was falling, rapidly succumbing the demon. *If Sam falls, there is no saving Dean.*

“Ease back, hoss,” the demon said suddenly straddling Castiel and pushing on the angel's sliced and bleeding chest.

“Don’t!” Castiel’s chest was an exposed wire short-circuiting his brain with pain.
“Why? We're just getting started,” the demon said, tracing the initials emblazoned in blood. It focused black eyes on Castiel.

The angel squirmed underneath the angel seeking escape. Grabbing at the demon’s arm the best he could with his damaged hands, he tried to wrestle it away from him, but he was too weak. The demon easily held on, the angel’s grappling only causing him more torment and the demon more amusement. In a final cry, a mix of anger and anguish, Castiel finally relented. He lay motionless, staring mindlessly at the ceiling above the demon’s head.

The demon chuckled, finishing tracing the patterns carved into the angel’s flesh. When it was done, it leaned over, Castiel, blocking his view. “You’re not looking too good, Cas.”

Castiel closed his eyes. He was tired of seeing the demon’s eyes whether black or green. “I have been tortured and raped. It’s to be expected.”

“What did I tell you about that word, Cas?” the demon said sliding it’s hand up to the angel’s throat stroking the bruises left there.

“We both know my willingness to accept your assaults aren’t the same as consent.” Castiel’s eyes snapped open, his eyes bright with fury.

The demon arched an eyebrow. “Careful, Cas-”

“Or what? You’ll kill, Sam? Maybe, eventually, but not now. You want him alive, to be much the same thing Azazel wanted...a soldier...a squire to your Knight. You’ve revealed that much.”

“There’s so much more I can do than killing him.” The demon gripped the angel’s throat.

“Of that, I have no doubt,” Castiel managed to force out past the hold nearly choking him.

The demon pressed closer, its lips ghosting just above the angels. “Are you trying to piss me off?”

No. Yes. Castiel wasn’t sure. His body hurt, he was tired and was so cold. “The answer is moot. You are going to do as you please.”

The demon studied Castiel for a moment. A slow grin spread across its face as it eased its stranglehold. “You’re right about that, but I have been enjoying our games and I’m not done playing. Though you are wearing a little thin. Maybe you need to top off a bit.”

Top off? What did it mean?

The demon leaned back relaxing into an easy straddle across the angel hips. It slinked a hand away from Castiel’s neck and snaked it toward one of the spelled cuffs binding the angel’s grace.

Castiel had the answer to his questions, and with them came a surge of righteous rage. Enough! This thing, this perversion would have him restore his vessel? It would seek to have him whole only to desecrate and violate him again? With Sam’s help?

“No!” Castiel barked out the word with all the command he had left. “I will not aid you in the corruption of Sam Winchester.”

“No?” The demon arched an eyebrow.

“Do you need me to define the word for you?” Castiel challenged.

The demon suddenly shifted, leaning forward and gripping Castiel’s chin. “Do you need me to spell
out to you what happens next?"

“You torture and rape Sam?” The angel batted his useless hand against the demon’s wrist, trying to break its hold. “The same thing you plan to do now, only I won’t be a tool you can use against him. We both know what it will do to Sam Winchester if you force him to…”

Castiel can’t say it. Its as if the act is so unimaginable the words won’t form to describe it.

“To fuck you?” The demon purrs, its face hovering over the angel’s. “News flash, Cas, I won’t have to force him. When we go back down there, he’ll be begging me to do it.”

“That’s what you want isn’t it?” The angel snarled, straining against the demon’s grip. “You know Sam won’t recover from it. He’ll let himself sink deeper into his addiction, just to drown out the recriminations and horror. It will bind him tighter to you, perverting and twisting him—”

“Killing him.” The demon smiled, so close its lips almost brushed against Castiel’s.

Sudden realization swept through the angel like a winter wind. He stared in horror at the demon while his blood chilled and his limbs froze with understanding, the numbness in him turning into frostbite.

“Making my own loophole.” The demon glanced briefly toward the Mark before returning its gaze to Castiel. “It wants Sam dead…but I can do that without killing him, can’t I? I can just destroy him, tearing away everything that makes him Sam Winchester, leaving him my bitch Sammy. He’ll be my hound, my general, and with him, I can feed this Mark what it really wants, blood. Together? Sammy and me can give it buckets of blood...worlds of it.”

“No...no,” Castiel muttered. He was fracturing, breaking. Sam and Dean couldn’t both fall!

The demon suddenly released its hold on the angel’s chin. Once again it curled its hands around Castiel’s throat. Smiling, it slowly began to squeeze. “Thought it would be amusing to keep the band altogether. You know Team Free Will? Only rename it to Team Dean’s Will. But, if you want to leave…”

Castiel arched under the demon. His limbs and will suddenly breaking through the ice holding him frozen. He grabbed at the demon’s arms, his burned and bloated hands nearly blinding him with pain.

“I’ll send you off good, Cas,” the demon crooned, seductively grinding its denim-clad ass over the angel’s groin. “Hypoxia combined with an orgasm can be a rush, better than cocaine.”

The angel bucked underneath the demon. Stop! He was losing his grasp on the world. He couldn’t tell if he was spinning or floating. Scrambling, he reached for something to ground his awareness, to keep him conscious, and found it. A low thrum of arousal was building in him, causing him to harden as the demon simultaneously teased and choked him.

“That’s it, Cas.” The demon continued to rock against him. “You know it wasn’t uncommon for hanged men to die with an erection. Whaddya think, Cas? If you die with a stiffy, think I should make Sammy ride it?”

Nausea competed with the onslaught of physiological stimuli buffeting and tearing apart the angel. Castiel was shuddering, dying, and being buried under sensations. Pain, pleasure, and euphoria were riding through him. He was losing command of his body, his erection grew from the high of his suffocating brain, overriding the agony of his mutilated chest.
Suddenly, he was gasping. Air rushed into his lungs as blood flowed into his brain. The demon had relaxed its grip.

“You checking out won’t change anything.” The demon continued to sensuously writhe against Castiel. “I’ll still break him. I’ll still corrupt Sam and you’ll be dead having accomplished nothing.”

Castiel shook his head. The demon couldn’t break Sam so low if Castiel were dead and wasn’t there to be used against him.

“So prideful, Cas.” The demon tsked sitting up and scooting back to rest on the angel’s thighs. “What would daddy say?”

“I never presume to speak for my father,” Castiel responded trying to regain some form of control.

The demon tilted its head and laughed, “At least not when hyped up on Levathians, huh?”

The angel glared at the demon. It was the only answer it deserved.

“See, this is why I really don’t want to kill you, Cas,” the demon said. “At least not right now. You are just so much fun.”

Smiling, it moved one hand from the angel’s throat to begin mapping his body. It caressed the angel’s collarbone, before slowly sliding its way down the angel’s side until it could trail along the angel’s waistband. It worked the button free before tugging at the zipper. The demon lifted its palm and gave it a slow filthy lick. Keeping its gaze locked on the angel’s, it wrapped its hand around Castiel’s half hard cock, stroking it in one long lazy motion.

The angel arched up into the demon’s grasp unconsciously, his body seeking more of the sensation even as his mind shied away from it. He didn’t want this, and yet he could feel the blood rushing to his groin, filling him.

The demon leaned over Castiel balancing itself on its knees straddling the angel. Using its other hand, it tightened its hold on Castiel’s throat splitting the angel between panic and prurience. “Cas, are you sure you want to stop playing the game? You sure you want me to bring in someone off the bench?”

Castiel’s head was spinning again. Blood was failing to get to his brain, depriving it of oxygen, yet it was still rushing to his cock where the demon was skillfully coaxing his erection to its full length.

“Oh baby, you think I don’t have a backup plan?” The demon ran its thumb over Castiel’s slit, wet with precum.

The angel was impossibly hard now and the edges of his vision were black. Dean! He wasn’t sure if it was a silent cry for the soul he loved or a desperate plea for the demon to stop.

“You think I didn’t anticipate this little bitchfest?” The demon once again relaxed its hold on Castiel’s throat.

Castiel shuddered, his body curling up into the demon as his oxygen pumped into his brain somehow amplifying the electric pleasure shooting through his groin. His balls tightened, tucking close to his body.

“Tell me, Cas, how do you think Sam will react to fucking Claire?” the demon asked before resuming its stranglehold.
Claire! The angel’s mind scrambled in panic as he bucked in earnest trying to break free. She was Jimmy Novack’s, his vessel’s, daughter. In many ways, she’d become a pseudo stepchild to Dean. While she often rebelled and fought against any Winchester involvement in her life, Sam and Dean treated her as if she were family.

Castiel feebly struggled while staring up at the demon in hatred and horror. Coherent thought beginning to fog. His cock was impossibly hard, and his head swam. He was skin sliding on skin while the world narrowed down to the shine of onyx eyes.

Heat and raw hunger rolled through him. His muscles seized, as he chased to fulfill the sudden onslaught of relief that opened like a chasm inside of him. He tried to scream, but the blackness swallowed him. It was a black hole, a vortex of gravitational pull grinding him down to his essence sucking him into another galaxy. No! His mind rebelled too late as the world fell away in an abyss of cessation and satiation.

HE WAS COLD but something warm and firm pressed tenderly to his lips. Castiel struggled to open his eyes. His lids felt heavy and were uncooperative. He moaned, frustrated at their lack of collaboration.

The warmth left his mouth, and someone chuckled above him. Weight settled firm across his hips.

Mustering his will, Castiel forced his eyes open and were met with Dean’s green gaze. The angel froze, his mind trying to reboot.

“Damn that was hot, Cas, watching you shoot your load all over yourself while choking the life out of you,” the demon said trailing a hand over the angel’s chest before holding it up. Its fingers were slick and wet with a mix of blood a cum.

Castiel turned his head as his brain came back online and memories returned. A new shame burned through him, giving him some distraction from the torment emanating throughout his body.

“Now, I know what you are thinking,” the demon said. “Why are you still here? Why didn’t I finish the job and just continue strangling you until you were dead?”

What more did this thing want?

“Oh!” the demon snapped as it grabbed Castiel’s chin with its slick fingers. Painfully it twisted the angel’s head, forcing him to look at it. “Quit being a little bitch and pay attention. I’m not finished with you yet.”

“I believe you have made that obvious,” Castiel snapped. “My continued existence being the first clue.”

“Keeping mouthing off, feathers,” the demon warned shifting its eyes to black. “It may not be you who suffers for it.”

Castiel frowned for a moment, confused, before shuddering with a sick understanding. Claire!

A satisfied grin spread slowly across the demon’s face as it watched Castiel. “Yeah, now it’s coming back to you.”

“No-”
“There’s that word again,” the demon said cutting the angel off. “So, here’s the deal. You want off the team? I’ll let you retire, but don’t think that will stop the game. You’ve got your wings all twisted wondering what it will do to Sammy to bend you over and ride your ass, but what do you think it will do to him fuck little Claire?”

Bile rose up in the back of Castiel’s throat, choking him almost as much as the demon had. Not her, please not her. Castiel was the reason she was without a mother or a father. He’d gotten both her parents killed. His vessel was a constant reminder of what she’d lost,

“Bet she’d put up a real fight too,” the demon said. “It would take me a long time to break her, and she wouldn’t have any of that angel juice to heal her. So in the end, she might not be so pretty.”

The demon leaned over Castiel once again. “Though I suppose I could always work to get her to agree to be an angel condom? What do you think Cas? I could have my cake...well pie and eat it too. I could ruin Sammy and break Claire down enough to agree to be an angel vessel, giving me Team Dean Will complete with hound and pet angel just like I want.”

“No angel would do it!” Castiel grasped desperately for a flaw in the demon’s plan.

“Oh, I don’t know. Angels are pretty pathetic all down here on earth. They’re lost, scared, and weak. They need a strong daddy figure. Some are desperate for a good vessel and Jimmy’s bloodline makes a good one. Besides, we all know how persuasive I can be.”

Tremors rippled through Castiel as his resolve bled away. He wanted out. He needed out, but the consequences were too high.

Smiling, the demon let loose of the angel’s chin and began to caress his cheek gently. “So, you still want to say ‘no’ to me, Cas?”

“N-” Castiel froze. How did he answer the question? He had to say something, he settled for answering with, “Don’t hurt Claire.”

“That’s entirely up to you, feathers.” The demon leaned back, grabbing one of Castiel’s wrists and setting it free of the cuffs. “Tap into that grace and heal up, but not too much. I want to see the initials scarred onto your chest. It should be clearly visible who you belong to. You can leave some bruising on your neck, as well. However, feel free to fix your hands.”

Castiel could feel the soothing connection as his complete access to his grace was restored. His eyes blazed blue and for a moment he was tempted to just let it burn out. He might not be able to smite the demon, but instead of using it to heal himself, he could let the grace incinerate him.

However, that would leave Claire vulnerable. Biting back against the temptation, Castiel focused his will and let the grace pulse gently through him, restoring him, until only the scars on his chest and the purple contusions on his neck remained.

“Good boy,” the demon said reattaching the cuff to Castiel’s wrist. “Let me tell you what’s going to happen next. You paying attention?”

The angel nodded, forcing his eyes to lock with the demon’s.

“I want to make this special for, Sammy. Something he isn’t going to forget. So we’re going to get you cleaned up and we’re gonna wait. Give him some time. Let that need build back up inside him. Then? We’re going to go back down to his cell and you are going to get on your hands and knees, drop trou, and offer that sweet ass up to him,” the demon explained.
Something wild twisted inside of Castiel. This was the garage all over again, but worse. This wouldn’t be a demon version of Sam violating him, this would Sam. Every part of Castiel screamed the younger Winchester wouldn’t, couldn’t violate him. Yet…

The demon grinned. “I know. You think Sammy won’t do it, but he will. Hell, all I’ll have to do is just sprinkle a little demon blood over that hole of yours, and he’ll eat you out like a Thanksgiving Day dinner. After that, he won’t have any problem fucking you, and when he’s nut deep? You better open that mouth wide, because I’m going to bury my cock down your throat.”

Tears of defeat leaked from the corner of Castiel’s eyes. He’d lost. They’d lost.

“Shush.” The demon said before leaning down and licking at one of the wet trails. “There’s nothing to worry about. We both know there’s no coming back from that, neither Sam nor Dean would want to even if they could. After that, sky’s the limit. You probably wouldn’t even care if I fucked Sam.”

*I’d care, but how would it matter?* Castiel closed his eyes and let the demon drink his tears.

***

Sam was tired and his gut ached, warning of impending cramps. He almost welcomed them. *They might distract from my headache.* He lay on the mattress staring up at the ceiling. He’d done everything he could. Even if he thought he could do more, he was all out of mojo. It would have to be enough.

Now all he could do was wait and hope. He waited for his brother to come back and hoped Castiel would be with him. More importantly, Sam hoped he’d etched the symbols on the roof correctly. This was his last play. He had nothing else, and even if he did he wasn’t sure he could make it.

His stomach twisted. He wished it was from cramps and not memories. *I tortured Cas!* He could still feel the blade in his hand and how it felt cutting through the angel’s flesh. There had been resistance, then a warm spattered from the angel’s blood.

“Cas, I’m so sorry,” Sam sobbed throwing an arm over his eyes as if by blocking out the light he could block out the memories. However, he couldn’t any more than he could block out the need continuing to grip him.

He rolled over and up onto his knees, his head hanging down. Shuddering he took a deep breath. He was scared of the need, his addiction. He’d fallen so far and so fast. Dean’s blood was powerful and intoxicating.

If Sam’s plan didn’t work… He wiped his hands over his face. His palms were sweaty. He shook his head. *You feel like going for a drive?* Dean’s words and their meaning haunted Sam. They conjured up images he didn’t want.

*No! I can’t rape Cas!* Yet, he knew he would. Deep in the throes of his addiction, Sam would do whatever Dean asked and in doing so would destroy the angel. *Without Cas, how can I save Dean?* Would his brother want to be saved after making Sam rape Castiel? *Would I want to…*

Footsteps at the door broke Sam’s chain of thought. Fear tightening his stomach, he looked up.

“Sammy! Ready for some fun?” Dean called as he opened the door before shoving Castiel through.

The angel stumbled, nearly falling to his knees. He was clean but pale, dressed only in his dress slacks. He had a ring of ugly purple bruises around his neck and puckered scars on his chest. His eyes seemed both wild and unfocused, they never landed on Sam.
“Dean,” Sam replied softly uncertain as to whether he should get to his feet or not. What was the right move? How should he act? He must not give anything away to the demon.

“On your knees already,” Dean said strolling into the room, continuing to shove Castiel forward. “You’re learning baby brother. Unlike some.”

The demon’s words were pointed. Sam watched Cas. His movements seemed suddenly terrified. The young Winchester’s heart broke as the angel dropped to his hands and knees and crawled toward Sam.

Castiel stopped just shy of Sam’s mattress. Pulling himself up, he began undoing the button at his waistband.

“Cas, don’t!” Sam suddenly reached out, touching the angel on the shoulder. He couldn’t bear to see his friend offer himself up.

“Don’t? Are you sure-” The demon suddenly paused midstride. A dark look of confusion crossed its face as its forehead creased. It looked at the floor and around the room, then finally up at the ceiling before roaring, “SAM!”

Sam fell back in a sudden wave of fear as if somehow the trap wouldn’t hold. Yet, it did and he blinked, watching as the demon pounded at an invisible barrier. Something buzzed in his ears. He ignored it, watching the demon pace in a circle looking for a hole or weakness. Sam held his breath, focusing on the demon while somehow tuning out its curses and threats until he realized there was someone else yelling. It was Cas calling his name.

“Cas,” Sam said focusing on the angel who was examining the lock on Sam’s collar. No, this wasn’t part of the plan. Shaking his head, Sam pulled away from the angel.

“Sam?” Castiel stared at him.

“Give me your wrists, Cas,” Sam ordered.

“Don’t you do it! Don’t you fucking do it, Sammy!” Dean yelled. “You think this changes anything? It doesn’t! There’s no going back, and after everything I’ve done to you and Cas, do you think I’d want to?”

Flinching at the demon’s words, Castiel held out his wrists to Sam. “How? How did you do it?”

“Devil’s trap on the ceiling,” Sam explained as he began to uncuff the angel. Guilt began to crush him, make it difficult to breathe, let alone to speak. “The attack with the chain was a ruse. I needed to chip the roof so...Cas, I’m so sorry. I’m...”

No matter how much Sam apologized, it would never be enough. Cas had born the brunt of the demon’s wrath for Sam’s attack with the chain.

“Sam, it’s okay. If we get Dean back, it was worth it.” Castiel said laying a hand on Sam’s cheek.

“Are you sure, feathers? Because what I’m going to do to you when I get out of here, is going to make all of what happened before seem like a walk in the park!” Dean yelled.

“Shut up!” Sam yelled back. The demon was never getting its hands back on Castiel again.

His hands shaking slightly, Castiel began examining the collar again. “Sam, I might be able to use my grace-”
“No,” Sam said swiftly focusing back on the angel. “Listen, we need to take make sure Dean is secured first.”

“He’s caught in a dev-” Cas started to say.

Sam shook his head. “Not taking that chance again. Look, go into my room. I have a spare set of keys to the Impala if you need them, but you should be able to find everything you need in the bunker or in this room.”

“What do I need?” Castiel looked at him, his head slightly tilted.

“The demon binding cuffs, the straight jacket, holy water, duct tape, and a taser.”

“Kinky,” the demon said suddenly trying a different tact. “Really, Sammy, all you are doing is just giving me toys to play with when I get loose. You and Cas here are not going to hold me. So quit pissing me off. Let me go now, and I’ll forget about this. Go back to just a simple Eiffel Tower with Cas.”

“I said shut up!” Sam thundered at the demon, sickened by its words.

“Sam…shouldn’t I free you first?” Castiel asked gently drawing Sam’s attention back away from Dean.

“No, it’s too risky.”

“Risky? How?”

Sam sighed, “Cas. I’m an addict. I still want his blood. That hasn’t changed.”
“So how do you think this is going to end, Sammy?” Dean asked, still pacing inside an invisible circle. “You think you are gonna come out some sort of hero? That everything’s just gonna go back to normal?”

“We were never normal,” Sam spat back, his head pounding and a flop sweat starting to roll down the back of his neck.

“True, but we were never this fucked either.” Dean paused, a slow cruel smile edging across his face. “Especially, Cas.”

“Shut up.” Sam rose to his feet, hands curled into fists. He didn’t want to hear anything the demon had to say, particularly if it involved Castiel.

Turning in a slow circle Dean asked, “Speaking of, Feathers, where is he? You don’t think he ran off do you?”

“You know better than that.” Sam wasn’t worried Cas was gone, though he was a little concerned that the seraph had not returned yet from getting supplies. He’d left with a list shortly after Sam had freed him from the angel-binding cuffs. It shouldn’t be taking him this long. *Hurry, Cas.*

Sam glanced at his brother. Dean was wrong about Cas, but that didn’t mean the angel’s delay wasn’t cause for alarm. Sam’s self-control was still an issue. He hadn’t lied, he was still an addict. He still craved Dean’s demon blood. *That makes me a threat.*

Dean grinned at Sam, almost as if he could read the younger Winchester’s thoughts. “It doesn’t have to end this way, Sammy. Look, maybe I handled this all wrong. I admit I was a little heavy-handed. I made mistakes.”

“What part of ‘shut up’ don’t you understand?” Sam growled, turning his back on the demon as if that would somehow silence it.

“I can still help you. We can still help each other,” the demon continued, ignoring Sam’s dismissal. “When Cas comes back, get him to let you go. He’ll do it. He doesn’t want to see you chained up. Then...come get some blood. No games. You don’t even have to let me out.”

Sam’s gut twisted. It was so tempting. “No strings attached I’m sure.”

“None. You can use me as your personal stash.”

Sam’s laugh was bitter and hollow. “Right. Cuz you want to do me a solid.”

“I want to live.”
“No one’s killing you, Dean.” Sam turned around and looked at the demon.

“You pull that cure crap, you will. Hell, Sam, you’ll be killing yourself! How long do you think you are going to last without my blood? A couple of days? A week...at most. Then what?” The demon stared at Sam, its eyes clear and green.

“I’ll have my brother back.” That’s all that mattered. Everything else was secondary to Sam. He knew his plan was risky and not without flaws, but it’s all that he had.

Dean shook his head. “Will you? If you’re dead? C’mon Sam. You’re the smart one, think it through.”

“I have. Get a clue, you lost.”

“Did I? So you trapped me. You’re still addicted, Sam. You still need me, and that won’t change even if you turn me human. What? You think your Dean is gonna just sit back and watch you die? You don’t think he’ll eat a bullet and bring me back just to save you? I mean, it’s not like he’s gonna want to stick around, not with all the memories of what he’s done to you...to Cas.”

“What you did!” Sam jabbed a finger toward the demon.

He shrugged. “You think he...I’ll make that distinction? C’mon, you know him. You hit me up with the demon cure, make me human and again...there won’t be a bottle deep enough for him to drown in.”

“And that’s exactly why he won’t bite it,” Sam argued and hoped. “He’ll remember, and no matter what might happen to me, he won’t want to risk letting you out again. He won’t let you hurt Castiel again.”

Dean rubbed the back of his neck and shot Sam a half smile. “And how are you going to stop it? Stop me? C’mon, Sammy. Say, mopey me doesn’t hang himself, eventually he’s going to lay down and take a dirt nap, and when he wakes up, we’re right back where we started.”

“No.” Sam charged forward as far as the chain would allow him. “No, because when I get you back, the real you, we are going to find a way to get rid of the Mark—”

“And what? Drink beer and eat pizza? Laugh all this off?” Dean shook his head, chuckling. “Oh, brother, you are really floating down that river of denial.”

“Yeah?” Sam asked, narrowing his eyes and cocking his head. “I’m not the one spinning his situation, desperately trying to find leverage.” Sam shook his head, snorting. “You spent so much time with Crowley, you’re beginning to sound like him.”

“Watch it, Sam!” Dean’s eyes bled black.

“Or what? You gonna bad guy monologue me some more?”

“Call it spin or monologuing, but the facts are the facts, Sammy. I won. You’re an addict you need me. You need my blo—”

“The only thing I need from you is silence,” Sam shot back is voice a low an angry rumble, his fists balled at his side. His head was killing him. C’mon, Cas.

Dean narrowed his eyes and took a step back as he studied Sam. “Okay, Sam. Let’s see how this plays out, but don’t say I didn’t warn you when you’re back on your knees begging for my blood.
Then it’s going to cost you more than just carving a few initials into Castiel’s chest. I’m going to bury you, Sam. Corrupt whatever morals you think you have left and drag you so deep through the slime and filth, you’ll never want to crawl your way back to sobriety, even if you could.”

“Fuck you,” Sam snarled flipping the bird at his brother before turning his back on his brother and flopping down on the mattress.

“Oh that too, baby brother. We’ll do that too...and more.” Dean promised.

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Castiel paused outside of the cell door, his free hand hovering over the door handle. He felt weighted with the condemnation of guilt. He had heard Sam’s silent prayers to hurry. Castiel had tried, it had been easy enough to gather everything on Sam’s list, but returning with the bag of supplies had been another matter. Finally free of the cuffs and the demon, Castiel had been struck with a temptation he’d never faced before; to run.

Shame suffused through him. Sam and Dean were his charges, his family, and yet he wanted to flee and abandon them. It wasn’t some tactical or reasoned thought, it was instinctual and primal. Had he fallen so low that he’d become saddled with base impulses?

Leaving the Winchesters wasn’t an option, but he couldn’t stop desiring it. Castiel’s hand shook and he swore in Enochian. He had to regain his composure, his self-control.

After collecting the last of the items on Sam’s list, Castiel had taken several long minutes to try and do just that. He’d taken a scalding shower, scouring himself red and almost raw washing the scent of the demon from his skin. He couldn’t wash away the memories of its touch. Next, Castiel had donned a clean set of clothes, complete with shoes, sock, and a new tie. He hadn’t felt completed dressed until the weight of his trenchcoat had settled on his shoulders before wrapping around him. As he’d observed before, apparel was a form of armor.

Standing in front of the cell door, his hand trembling slightly. The clothes weren’t defense enough. Castiel took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He was a soldier. Maybe he’d been a short leave from the frontline, but the war wasn’t over. He had to return to the trenches.

Grasping the handle tightly, he twisted it and pushed the door open. Both Winchester brothers stared at him. The demon Dean stared at Castiel from within the confines of the Devil’s trap while Sam rose from the mattress to lock gazes with the angel.

“You didn’t have to get all dressed up for me, Cas,” Dean smirked. “Not when we both know I’m gonna strip you bare again before putting you flat out your back under me.”

Castiel stiffened at the demon’s words even as Sam barked, “Don’t listen to him.”

Keeping his eyes on Sam, Castiel stepped into the room. The younger Winchester didn’t look well. His skin was pale and drenched with sweat. His expressive eyes looked impossibly wide and sunken.

Guilt tore at the angel again. Bowing his head slightly, he entered the room swinging the bag in front of him. “I am..sorry I should not have tarried. I have everything you asked for.”

“Cas, hey,” Sam called out softly.

The angel halted, lifting his head to look at the hunter.
“It’s okay. I get it. You needed space.” Sam’s eyes were clear and emoted the compassion and understanding which were his hallmarks. He shot Castiel a small comforting smile.

Castiel couldn’t help but return it as he moved forward again.

“Whoa! Hey!” Sam raised his hand halting the angel.

“Sam?” Castiel tilted his head, confused as he paused.

“You need to secure Dean. We can’t afford any more mistakes,” Sam explained.

Narrowing his eyes, Castiel glanced at the demon.

It smiled at him.“Whaddya say, Feathers? Want to step in here with me? Get cozy?”

“Sam?” Castiel looked back at the younger Winchester, ignoring both the demon and the small tremor of unease twisting inside him.

“Cas,” Sam said running a hand through his hair. “I...I can’t do it. We...I can’t trust me and we can’t depend on the trap alone to hold him.”

Castiel swallowed. No matter how much a part of him wanted to deny the logic or the truth in what Sam was saying, he couldn’t. The demon was too dangerous and cunning to rely on the Devil’s trap alone to hold it. This wasn’t just any demon, it was Dean.

“What’s the plan?” It was a simple question, but it was weighted with Castiel’s faith in Sam and carried with it all the angel’s fear of the consequences of failure.

“You got the taser?”

Nodding, Castiel dropped the bag to the floor before squatting down beside it. He rummaged through it a moment before pulling out the small gun and holding it up for Sam to see.

The demon snorted.

“Cuffs, tape, and holy water?” Sam asked ignoring his brother.

Once again the angel fished through the bag, pulling out each item for Sam and setting it on the floor within easy reach. Anticipating the next request, Castiel began to pull out the straight jacket.

“No, we won’t need that just yet.”

Narrowing his eyes and cocking his head, Castiel stared at Sam. The jacket seemed an ideal restraint.

“I’ll explain later,” Sam promised before glancing at the demon. “All right you are going to tase him first. Make sure he is down, completely. Don’t hold back, Cas.”

“I do not think that will be a problem,” Castiel said picking up the taser, standing and pointing it at the demon in one swift and fluid motion.

“You’re warning...” the demon started to growl, its eyes shifting to black.

The angel pulled the trigger shooting two electrodes center mass into the demon’s chest followed by an immediate electrical discharge which left the cell smelling slightly of ozone. As the demon screamed, Castiel wanted to deny the feeling of satisfaction he felt watching it seize, but he couldn’t.
“Quick, grab the flask and get the cuffs and tape!” Sam ordered keeping the angel from being lost in the moment.

Castiel gave himself a mental shake and was in motion before the younger Winchester brother could finish his command. He scooped everything up and moved quickly toward the downed demon.

The demon let out a snarl as Castiel stepped close to the edge of the trap, suddenly halting him. It was as if he’d been suddenly struck by some sort of weapon. His breath caught in the back of his throat, and his muscles locked up. It was his turn to seize up.

“Cas,” Sam called softly. “It's okay. You can do this.”

The angel turned his head and looked at Sam. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but there were no words. His mind was blank. What was he doing again? Why was he here? Why…

“Cas, please...I know...You’re...” Sam shook his head, his eyes bright with unshed tears. “If I saw Lucifer again, even bound safely in the cage...I...wouldn’t trust it. I wouldn’t trust him. I’d be freaked....terrified, but I need you Cas. It’s not fair. I know, but there’s no one else, and you have to do this before he does figure out a way to get free.”

Sam’s words echoed in Castiel’s mind. He understood the context and the meaning, and yet they made no sense. It wasn’t like they were another language, but rather background chatter being drowned out by something else. It wasn’t a noise as much as a pressure, that seemed to be building inside of him.

It pressed against him, locking him in place and keeping the air from his lungs. His body thrummed and ached with it as it wrapped around him, squeezing him. Castiel began to shake with a blind need. 

*Run!* He took a step back.

“Cas,” Sam prayed.

The angel blinked and air rushed into his lungs as understanding flooded through him. He was afraid. The demon had broken him, and he was frightened. *But Sam...Dean...they need me.*

Closing his eyes, Castiel pushed back against the terror and the memories of what the demon had done to him. He focused on Sam’s prayer still resonating through his celestial awareness then opened his eyes. They shone bright blue, like burning sapphires.

Storming into the Devil’s trap, Castiel tucked the roll of tape in his coat pocket as he doused the demon in holy water before discarding the empty flask.

It shrieked and flailed.

He dropped down and placed a knee to the small of its back pinning it to the floor. Seizing one hand, he secured the cuff around it before grabbing hold of the other.

The demon bucked and squirmed underneath him. “You think you can top me, Cas!”

Castiel yanked the demon’s hands up to its shoulder blades and locked the cuffs. He ignored its howls as he’d ignored it’s taunt and plucked the tape from his pocket. He yanked the end of it, unwinding it from the roll and began wrapping it around the demon’s forearms. Once they were secured he stood for a moment.

The demon roared, rolling over, and tried to stand.
With a vicious side kick, Castiel sent it sprawling to the floor again. “It’s over.” Then he grabbed its ankles. Once again, he used the tape to bind them tightly together, before doing the same thing to its knees.

The demon rolled onto its back and glared at Castiel. “It’ll never be over, Cas. You think you’ll forget this? You think Dean will? I’m inside you, deep inside all the places I broke you. I’m a part of you. You’ll never be free of me, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

“Maybe.” Castiel glowered back at the demon. “But there is something I can do.”

“What’s that?” the demon sneered.

Once again Castiel yanked at the end of the tape and tore off a strip before slapping it firmly across the demon’s mouth. “Shut you up.”

The demon snarled behind the dully grey duct tape adhered firmly across its face.

Castiel stood straight, his chin up and his shoulders back. The shine in his eyes dimming, he looked at Sam.

The younger Winchester flashed him a small and tired smile. “That should hold him.”

“For how long?” Castiel asked stepping out of the circle.

“Hopefully long enough.” Sam sat down on the mattress and pointed toward the bag on the floor. “Grab the jacket.”

“Sam?” Castiel cocked his head. Why did Sam want the jacket?

“Please, Cas.” Sam's face was drawn and haggard, as if he was holding on with his last reserves.

Castiel grabbed the straight jacket and moved swiftly to the hunter’s side. “Sam, let me help you.”

“You are...will.” Sam groaned. “First, though, I need you to put that thing on me.”

“No!” Castiel recoiled. He couldn’t do that! He couldn’t put Sam back into that thing.

Sam shook his head. “Cas, I need you to do this.”

“Why?”

“Because I can’t trust myself and neither should you,” Sam sighed.

Castiel crouched down and stared into Sam’s eyes. “I have trusted you through all of this pain and degradation. Why would I stop now?”

“We’ve covered this. I’m still addicted, Cas, and you can’t trust me alone with him. Not unsecured.”

“I don’t understand.” Castiel frowned. “Why would I leave you alone?”

“Blood. We need purified blood. Enough for two,” Sam explained.

“Two?” Castiel asked.

Sam shrugged. “It’s the only thing I can think of.”

Castiel’s eyes widened with discernment. “You want to use it on yourself, to detoxify the effects of
the demon blood.”

“The last time I got clean was through divine intervention, I doubt that’s on the table. We know you can’t do it. I figure if it’s a demon cure, then may it can act as a countermeasure to the demon blood.”

“It could also kill you.” Castiel snapped a new fear flooding through him.

“Maybe, but going cold turkey definitely will.” Sam’s voice was soft and calm, wooing the angel with gentle rationality.

Castiel hated that it worked. Sam’s logic was sound. “Why do I have to leave you restrained? Why can’t I take you-”

“Cas, I don’t want to take any chances. Not now. You take me out of here and what happens if we run into a demon? Or if I have a weak moment and I take my shot to make a break for it? Do not underestimate how much I want the power right now or how much I want the pain of needing it to stop.”

The angel hung his head. Despite the addiction and all that the torture the demon had put him through, Sam had thought of every angle to his plan. He looked back at the hunter. “Sam Winchester, you are not to be underestimated.”

Once again Castiel was graced with another small smile. “Hey, we’re in this together. All of us.” Sam shifted his gaze past Castiel and over the angel’s shoulder.

Castiel turned his head and looked behind him.

Black eyes stared back at him. The demon lay on the floor, dangerously quiet.

Dean. Could they get him back? Would he want them to? It didn’t matter, they were going to try. Castiel turned back to face Sam. “Okay, Sam.”

Sam nodded as Castiel grabbed the jacket and began undoing the buckles. He worked swiftly and silently. When he was ready, he held it up to the Winchester brother.

Both angel and hunter were familiar with how the jacket was worn. Both had been patients at a mental hospital. Their past experiences made the process of securing Sam quick and efficient. Although, it didn’t alleviate any of the discomforts. Sam’s was physical, while Castiel’s was something else entirely.

When they were finished, Sam sagged back. He was hair was matted to his forehead with sweat, and his skin was ashen. He smiled weakly. “I think I’m just gonna lie back and take a little nap while you’re gone.”

“Rest would be advisable,” Castiel said softly putting a hand on Sam’s shoulder and gently guiding down on the mattress.

Sam lay down and closed his eyes. “Should be able to, as long as the tape holds. Thanks for that. Listening to more of his monologue...that’s a torture even Lucifer wouldn’t stoop too.”

It was Castiel’s turn to flash a small smile. “You are welcome.” Then he stood, glancing around the cell taking one more survey of both Sam and the demon.

They both looked as secure as he could make it. Turning, he quickly headed for the door as he reached into his coat pocket and fished for the Impala keys. Even if all the restraints held, he must be
expeditious. Sam could not survive withdrawal interminably.
All, so sorry for the long hiatus. Back in May my beloved tortie of 15 years became very ill. I had to let her go. It was not a good time. Then, as cats do, another kitty came into my life. I wasn't expecting to adopt so soon. It was a stressful time for me and my surviving 11-year-old tabby.

Through all of that, I had some major deadlines at work. So stress at work, working through grief, acclimating two cats together (if you are cat moms you'll know how difficult that can be). Part of the challenge is the new kitty is also another tortie!

Anyway, I've been trying to work my way into a headspace where I could write and do the chapter justice. I even held season 13 SPN finale hostage until I wrote this final chapter of PART I of the series. Yes, I still haven't seen the finale (no spoilers).

However, finally, at last, I think I'm good.

So thank you for your patience. Be sure to check the endnotes.

Kudos and comments are like kittens and rainbows!

This chapter unbetaed

OR

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ants crawled under his eyelids and over his retinas. They bit and stung their way out from underneath, erupting in a swarm that swept across his face. Gasping, Sam opened his eyes readying a scream. Consciousness slammed into him. The grey concrete of the cell’s ceiling was above him. How long have I been out?

“Sam!” Castiel’s throaty call drew Sam’s attention to his left. Rolling to his side, he tried to sit up and felt the sudden and steady reassurance of the angel’s warm hands on his shoulders.

“Let me help you,” Castiel said.

Sam nodded slightly, pain bouncing around inside his skull. Closing his eyes and hissing, he grabbed hold of Cas’s forearms.

“Easy.” The angel’s voice was soft, barely above a whisper.

Thank you. Sam’s small prayer of gratitude was reflexive.

“You are welcome,” Castiel said his whisper filled with affection.
“You heard that?” Sam opened his eyes and croaked. His voice was hoarse, and his throat was sore. It felt raw.

“I hear all your prayers, Sam,” the angel said matter of factly. “Yours and Dean’s.”

Sam fixed his gaze on Castiel, studying the angel. After the many years, trials, and tribulations, it was easy for Sam to forget Cas’s celestial nature. The angel had fought and died beside them. He’d mourned and laughed with them. Even now, love and worry shone in his blue eyes. How was Sam worthy of Cas’s attention let alone adoration? _Yet, somehow I am._

“Sam?” Castiel inquired interrupting the hunter’s reverie.

Sam smiled. “Sorry, Cas. Lost in my thoughts.”

Castiel tilted his head for a moment then nodded. “How do you feel?”

Good question. How did he feel? Sam had let his musings be a distraction from everything else. The recent days and hours had given him more than sufficient reason to be leery of recognizing his body’s well-being.

He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, centering himself. Gradually, like a kid stepping into the water on the first day of summer, he eased into an awareness of himself.

Pain. His body radiated with it from the base of his neck to his joins. It twisted through his muscles and crawled down his throat. Yet, it was almost a welcome ache. It lacked the craven urgency his body had been wracked with for the last several days. It was driven by a compelling need that had to be satiated. It was an honest clean pain, left in the body after a brutal hunt.

Sam met Castiel’s intense and unblinking gaze. “Good.”

The angel arched an eyebrow, a questioning gesture indicating his dubious trust in Sam’s response.

“Okay, maybe ‘good’ isn’t the right word.” Sam twisted his mouth into a half-smile. “Everything hurts. I feel like I’ve gone a couple of rounds with a Leviathan, but honestly, Cas, it’s better than I’ve felt in days. I don’t have this gnawing in my gut for anything other than a Cobb salad and a cold beer.”

“Do you want me to release you?” Cas tilted his head, his studious stare unflinching.

Yes! Sam was beyond being chained up and confined to the within the same four walls of the cell he’d begun to loathe almost as much as Lucifer’s Cage down in the Pit. However, he had to think clearly, and that meant putting aside his immediate wants.

He took deep and exhaled slowly. “No.” He answer was firm and clear. “Give it some more time, just to be on the safe side. We can’t…we have to be cautious. Make sure I’m really clean.”

Cas smiled and reached down and pulled up a water bottled. He twisted the cap off and held it up to Sam’s lips. Only then did the hunter realize how desperately thirsty he was.

“Do the last two times I asked you that question, you demanded I free you,” Castiel said.

“Do the last two times?” Sam asked momentarily ignoring the bottle of water.

“Drink,” Cas commanded.

Sam opened his mouth, wrapping his lips along the tepid plastic rim, and took a long drink as the
“This is the third time you have been conscious since I started administering the shots,” Cas explained. “The previous two times, you were quite insistent I free you immediately. I questioned the veracity of your claims to be free of withdrawal and left you bound as I continued treatment. Each time you reacted violently to the shot of purified blood and then lost consciousness.”

He’d been awake previously? Sam swallowed the warm water, feeling it pool in his empty stomach. He waited for a knotting pain of rejection, having been habituated to his body’s rejection of anything but Dean’s blood. He closed his eyes in relief in the absence of pain. He drank his fill, before giving a little nod signaling to Castiel he was done.

The angel withdrew the bottle, once again his blue eyes fixed on Sam’s hazel ones.

“I don’t remember.” Sam shook his head. “It stands to reason, you made the right call.”

“And now?” Castiel asked.

“I trust you, Cas.” Sam did. The angel had trusted him to find a way to break free from the demon’s hold on them. Now Sam trusted Cas with their treatment and now for sure when they were cured.

Castiel nodded then stood. “Thank you, Sam.”

The younger Winchester watched as Castiel moved and crossed the room where a small table stood with two coolers. When had he moved that in? A strangled sound drew Sam’s attention away from the angel. Dean!

Dean was still confined within the Devil’s trap. He was chained to a chair, the heavy links wrapped around his torso several times and locked securely into place with a large padlock. Additionally, the duct tape Castiel had used earlier as a restraint remained wrapped tightly around his arms and legs. However, the strip that had been used to cover his mouth had been replaced with a leather gag.

“The demon gets agitated prior to its shot,” Castiel said turning away from the table holding two syringes full of dark red liquid.

Sam looked back at his brother. Black eyes locked on to his, garbled sounds erupting from behind its gag. “Has there been any change?”

“Some.” Castiel pocketed one of the crossed the unseen barriers of the trap to stand behind Dean. Grabbing the older Winchester’s hair, the angel yanked Dean’s head back and jabbed the syringe’s needle into his neck. “It doesn’t fight as much anymore.”

Dean screamed and arched as far as his restraints would allow as Castiel pressed the plunger sending the purified blood directly into the man’s carotid artery in a swift violent motion. When the syringe was empty, Cas released his hold on Dean’s hair and yanked the needle from his neck.

The angel stepped away without a glance, as Dean’s head fell forward.

“Dean!” Sam cried out in alarm.

“It’s unconscious,” Castiel said flatly as he approached Sam. Slowly he withdrew the second shot from his pocket and held it up so Sam could see it.

Once again Sam’s eyes locked onto Castiel’s, this time in alarm. He had seen Castiel in the thick of battle before. He knew the Seraph could smite demons without mercy. Rarely, though, had that
coolness in behavior been directed toward the Winchesters. When it had, it wasn’t good.

“Sam,” Castiel’s voice was soft and warm as he continued to hold the shot where the hunter could see it. “I would like to give you another shot, to test your reaction. If there are not any negative responses, I believe it may be safe to set you free from your confinement.”

Once again, Cas sounded familiar. He was the angel and friend, Sam knew. A sudden new fear gripped the younger Winchester. Had the demon succeeded? Had he...broken the bound between Cas and Dean?

“Cas?” Sam’s voice was laced with worry. “Are you okay?”

“I am…” The angel paused as if he was trying to translate his response from one language to another. “I am fine.”

Lie! Sam’s heart broke. Castiel had learned too much from the Winchesters and not all good. Apparently, he’s learned to deny and bottle up whatever’s going on with him rather let me help.

“Sam, please,” Castiel urged. “Let me give you this last treatment. It...it troubles me to see you bound like this.”

Sighing, Sam nodded. He couldn’t help Castiel until they were both sure he was himself and free from the throes of his addiction.

Moving as if he was afraid to spook Sam, Castiel approached the hunter to stand behind him. “Tilt your head to the side.”

The command was gentle and a patient. Taking a deep breath, Sam obeyed.

He had been prepared for a sudden violent jab into his flesh, instead, a warm hand cradled neck before he felt the slight sting of a needled slipping under the skin. There was a sudden but slow pressure. He hissed, not from pain but the strange sensation of the thick liquid invading his system.

“Sam?” Castiel’s voice was thick with concern.

“I’m okay, Cas,” Sam reassured. “It just feels weird.”

“Wierd is good...I think,” Castiel responded as the last of the blood flowed into Sam’s neck. Carefully, he slipped the needled from Sam’s neck. “It is an improvement anyway.”

“Yeah?” Sam twisted his head to look at the angel.

“You are not writhing in pain and are still awake.” Castiel moved back in front of Sam and sat down on the floor in front of him.

“Progress then.” Sam smiled though his heart still was filled with worry. “Now what?”

“We wait. If you are still ‘good’ in an hour, then I believe I can let you go,” Cas said.

Sam nodded. “And in the meantime?” Maybe if he could get Cas to talk to him. Give him some clue on what frequency his celestial intent was operating on, Sam could help him.

“Make sure the demon doesn’t escape.” Castiel’s words were clipped and short, shutting down the possibility to further conversation down.

Sam sighed and a new pain lanced through him. It wasn’t a physical one. It was an ache born of fear.
They might have broken free from the demon’s captivity, but still lost to it anyway. Getting Dean back, only to lose his family…

_Cas, you promised._ Sam hadn’t meant to pray, but when the angel’s head suddenly jerked toward Sam, his blue eyes flashing, the hunter knew Castiel had heard him.

***

It had been two hours and fifty-seven minutes since Castiel had freed Sam, three since he’d given the hunter his last shot. In that time, Sam had showered, changed clothes, eaten, and taken over giving Dean’s treatment. _No, the demon’s._

Castiel launched himself away from the wall he’d been leaning against for the last twenty-two minutes and paced. He could feel Sam’s eyes on him, just as he could feel the hunter’s unsaid pleas to talk.

What was there to say? Castiel was fractured. He was splintered and cracked. How could he even begin to explain what he was feeling to Sam when he barely understood what it meant himself.

At the core of his rupture, was his confusion about Dean…the demon. Castiel glanced toward the thing still bound in the center of the Devil’s Trap. Once again, his vision blurred and refused to focus. It was as if he was seeing two images overlaid on top of another.

There was Dean, the human and soul Castiel treasured above all others. Yet, there was also the demon. The angel’s breath hitched and he looked away. It wasn't just hatred that flared through him at the sight of that visage, but fear.

Love, fear, betrayal, hope, anger, longing… Emotions swirled and wrecked the angel like a category five hurricane, but he allowed no outward sign of his turmoil. Instead, he’d let himself become what he’d once abandoned long ago, a righteous soldier of heaven showing no mercy except to the faithful. _Except for Sam._

Even that exception was strained. He’d heard Sam’s prayer, reminding him of the promise to which the hunter had bound him. _I cannot._ Yet, he must.

Castiel wanted to shove his fist through the wall. He wanted to tear down the bunker, salt the earth it was built upon, and walk away. He felt caged and trapped. How could he keep his vow when he could not even look upon Dean Winchester?

The angel heard Sam move. Castiel paused and watched him. Dressed once again in his jeans and flannel, he looked as he always did. His hair was clean and unmatted. His face shaven. Sam, was whole and healthy. It was the goal Castiel had fought and sacrificed so much for and yet, he felt no sense of victory.

The hunter was readying another shot. The last two, the demon had barely reacted. It hadn’t even made a sound. It had just sat bound and motionless, its head hung so low its chin rested on its chest.

Even if they did restore Dean…even if Castiel could cast his eyes upon him… _Dean will never forgive me._

An agony of the spirit so piercing and cutting tore through Castiel’s being it almost drove him to his knees. What had he’d done? He fought the images and memories that bombarded him.
Dean’s body thrusting into his, hands gripping sweat-slick skin. Ragged pleas offered up to experience a culmination of heady pleasure. The taste of Dean in his mouth.

Castiel had consented. He’d played the demon’s game. Given it everything it wanted and in doing so violated Dean’s trust. Used his body as surely as the demon had used the angel’s vessel.

There was no absolution for his sin.

“Cas?” Sam called out to him.

Blinking, Castiel focused. He was standing in front of the door. When had he moved? He turned around.

Sam stood next to the demon underneath the Devil’s Trap carefully carved into the ceiling. “I’m going to undo the gag. I think this next shot might be it. Will you grab the syringe and the holy water?”

Nodding, Castiel forced himself to walk over to the table. Doing as instructed he picked up the prepared shot and the flask. He watched as Sam gingerly undid the buckles at the back of the demon’s head, loosening the gag.

Bracing himself, Castiel stood ready for the barrage of taunts and barbed words which were as injurious as any of the physical tortures to which the demon had subjected him. It remained still.

“Hand me the syringe?” Sam asked softly.

Castiel shuffled forward within reach and handed Sam the shot. He watched as the younger Winchester carefully and gently injected another round of purified blood into Dean’s body before taking a step back.

For a moment, it was as it had been with the previous two shots. The demon remained motionless. Then all of a sudden its chest lifted as it inhaled deeply. Its head lifted and a dull moan escaped its lips. Eyelids began to flutter open.

Without prompt, Castiel handed the flask to Sam.

Sam took the flask, even as he dropped the empty syringe. Uncapping it, he quickly readied it and watched the demon as its head began to swivel slowly to the side toward him.

“Sammy?” The demon croaked.

The younger Winchester quickly shook the flask over the demon, dousing and soaking it in holy water.

Castiel prepared to grab Sam and yank him back as soon as the demon’s cries of fury and pain erupted. He wasn’t taking any chances. Except…

“Sam?” The demon sputtered, shaking its head and focusing wide green eyes on Sam’s narrowed hazel ones.

“Dean?” Castiel could feel the prayer in that question. It was a weight of hope that almost crushed him.

“Sa…” The demon began again and then faltered. Its eyes growing even wider.

Fear. Castiel could see it so clearly shining in the demon’s eyes, but that didn’t make sense. The
demon was never afraid.

“Dean!” Sam cried with conviction grabbing his brother’s face in his hands and staring unafraid into those wide emerald pools. “Is it really you?”

Castiel knew the answer to the question because he was looking now, really looking at Dean. He forced aside the double vision, using all his willpower to focus. What he saw, was Dean Winchester, his soul clean and free of the black veins that had corrupted it.

“Sam...I’m so sorry...I... didn’t mean... I tried... I...” Dean’s words were catching and halting as if they were all crashing in his head at once and he couldn’t push them out in the right order.

“It’s okay, Dean. It’s okay. You’re back. That’s all that matters.” Sam let go of his brother’s face and stepped to the side to begin undoing his restraints.

Dean’s view was unblocked. Green eyes locked with Castiel’s blue, pinning as firmly as any of the demon’s hold. A hurricane brewed in Dean’s eyes violent and chaotic enough to rival though one that had been raging in Castiel. The angel’s breath stuck in his throat. *Dean, I am sorry. Please forgive me.*

Hunter and angel remained motionless for a heartbeat that was measured in eons. Dean and Castiel had once been able to say volumes with only a glance. While each had always been locked in denial to the depth of their connection, neither had ever denounced that bond. Through it, they had defied Heaven and Hell. They’d survived Purgatory. Death had been able to hold no claim to them.

The demon had done everything to corrupt and break that bond. It had defiled it, abused it, and debased it. Yet, in that space between one heartbeat and the next Castiel knew that some remnant of it remained. Something small and light started to take root in Castiel, reaching out to patch up the cracks inside of him.

*Dean!* It wasn’t a prayer, it was Castiel’s being crying out to the one who could make him whole.

“Cas…” The angel’s name fell from Dean’s lips as broken as the angel’s wings. “Cas... you dumb son of a bitch.”

Castiel shattered.

HE HEARD HIS name. It wasn’t just an echo bouncing off the walls of the bunker, it was a chorus of urgent panicked prayers. The angel ignored them. One soul, he tuned out completely. He reached for the last door between him and… *And what? Freedom?* There was no such thing.

“Cas wait! Please!” The voice calling out to him was close, so close, the angel was afraid. He spun around, arms up. Maybe there was no such thing as freedom, but there was captivity. He would cease to be before he allowed himself to ever be held at another’s mercy again.

Sam stood a few steps below him, his hands raised in surrender, his eyes full of entreaty. “Cas… wait.”

“Let me go, Sam.” Castiel’s voice boomed from the top of the steps exiting the bunker. Had he meant to shout?

The hunter paled but did not retreat. He stood there for a moment studying the angel. Castiel could feel the weight of his gaze. It felt dangerously close to confinement.
“Where will you go?” It was a simple question that bound Castiel to nothing but possibilities.

The angel frowned. Where was he going? He hadn’t even remembered leaving, yet departing was without question. Still, where could he go? Suddenly his knees threatened to buckle. He was as lost and deserted as when… No! He wouldn’t think of the past. He wasn’t some helpless human lost in a world he didn’t understand. He was…

Tired. Broken. However, he was still an angel. One with stolen grace. He looked back toward the door. He had no place in Heaven or Earth. However, there was something of his, and solely his, in this world. It was all he had left.

He looked back at Sam. “My grace. I am going to find my grace.”

“Good, Cas.” Sam nodded. “That’s good, but hey…it’s a big world out there.”

Castiel bristled. He’d been walking the earth since creation. He didn’t need Sam looking after him, trying to dissuade him...

“If...if you need anything, will you call me? Anything? You know I’m good with the books.”

The angel tilted his head. This wasn’t the response he’d expected. Sam wasn’t making a demand. He wasn’t even trying to hold Castiel to his… The angel pushed the thought aside. He would not be held to or by anything, not anymore. He’d become untethered.

Still, was what Sam was asking so much? He gave the slightest of nods.

“Thanks, Castiel.” Sam forced a smile.

The angel turned and reached for the door again.

CAS! The prayer slammed into Castiel despite his conscious effort to ignore the soul. There was panic, pain, and desperation all wrapped up him a clawing cry to call him back. It was a plea for him to stay and underneath it a chasm of emotions the angel didn’t want to examine. However, one caught his attention. It went beyond desperation.

The angel had felt it from this soul before. He’d felt it when Sam had said ‘yes’ to Lucifer. He’d felt it when Sam had been in the Pit. He’d felt...

“Stop!” Castiel growled deafening himself to any further entreaties.

“Cas?” Sam took a step forward in concern.

“Tell him to live, Sam,” Cas said keeping his eyes firmly focused on the door. “He doesn’t get to give up. Tell him to find a way to get rid of the Mark and live, because in a hundred years when everyone else is dead and gone I do not want to find him left standing.”

Then Cas turned the handle and opened the door. Stepping through, he left the bunker. He left the Winchesters. He left Dean.

SAM WATCHED CASTIEL walk away. Somehow he held back the tears that had been making the world blurry as he’d chased the fleeing angel. He needed to get back down to the cell and free Dean, but he couldn’t make himself move.

They’d won, damn it! Dean was back. Yet, everything was broken.
The demon had promised no mercy and had shown none. It had splintered and torn apart his family. Team Free Will hadn’t won. They’d lost.

Sam curled his hands into fists. No! He cast his eyes heavenward. They hadn’t saved lives, fought the devil, and stopped the Apocalypse just to end up like a set of broken chess pieces. We can save the world, but we can’t save ourselves. I need a miracle. I need my family.

Sam hadn’t really expected a response and he didn’t get one. Grinding his teeth, he turned and headed back toward the cell. No, Sam would do it, starting with Dean. He’d find a way to remove the Mark, and then he’d find a way to bring them all back together again. So help me, God.

=End of Part 1=

Chapter End Notes

I always envisioned this as a two-part series. I know many of you are wanting the story of the aftermath. That will be in part two. I hope to start that soon. Be warned, I have two conferences to go this fall, and I have been asked to take part in a SPN burlesque tribute show in October!

End Notes

Inspired in part by My Immortal by Evanescence. When I first started toying with writing a new fic, I just had the scene in mind where Dean threatens Sam at the beginning of chapter one. As I began to look for a title, the line from this song came to mind. I hadn't listened to it for a long time, and as I did the words made me think of the ups and downs we've seen between Dean and Cas. The more I listened, the more this story evolved. I should be working on my next book, but oh well, at least this is helping me bust through my writer's block. - SR

Lyrics:
I'm so tired of being here
Suppressed by all my childish fears
And if you have to leave
I wish that you would just leave
'Cause your presence still lingers here
And it won't leave me alone

These wounds won't seem to heal, this pain is just too real
There's just too much that time cannot erase

When you cried, I'd wipe away all of your tears
When you'd scream, I'd fight away all of your fears
And I held your hand through all of these years
But you still have all of me
You used to captivate me by your resonating light
Now, I'm bound by the life you left behind
Your face it haunts my once pleasant dreams
Your voice it chased away all the sanity in me

These wounds won't seem to heal, this pain is just too real
There's just too much that time cannot erase

When you cried, I'd wipe away all of your tears
When you'd scream, I'd fight away all of your fears
And I held your hand through all of these years
But you still have all of me

I've tried so hard to tell myself that you're gone
But though you're still with me, I've been alone all along

When you cried, I'd wipe away all of your tears
When you'd scream, I'd fight away all of your fears
And I held your hand through all of these years
You still have all of me, me, me

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