<table>
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<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2014-06-26 Completed: 2015-08-04 Chapters: 34/34 Words: 128285</td>
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At this moment, of four things I am absolutely certain.
One, Cas is an angel.
Two, I'm going to strangle Gabriel when I get my hands on him.
Three, Kali is trying to kill Sam.
Four, I am in way over my head.
Preface

I've been doing some thinking. And well, the thing is, I don't want to die.

I don't want to go to Hell.

I want to live.

That doesn't appear to be an option. Not with the smoke clawing at my lungs, the flames cloying at my skin. The lady of death baring her fangs at my neck. There are hands everywhere, blue skinned fingers prodding and pinching and pulling and choking. Time is against me and my world is fading fast.

Maybe with this death the universe will feel fit to redeem me and you, though. We who disrupted their life and tore a rift between them. With my death, I can protect you one last time. And that's all that matters.
First Night

It was a 1,735 mile drive from Windom, Minnesota to Forks, Washington. The trip costing nearly thirty hours of my life. But I made it. The city of Forks in Callam County in the Olympic Peninsula of northwest Washington State is home to a population of 3,532 human souls, all surviving beneath a near-constant cover of clouds. The wettest place in all of the United States.

On this night though the storm has already begun even an hour outside the city limits. Lightning cleaves the night sky and Baby's engine sounds like the thunder. It charges through the pouring rain as I drive farther and farther west. I haven't been back to Washington in nearly three years, I remember as “Wanted Dead Or Alive” blares from the radio. I used to spend every summer there, the only time my dad would ever give my brother and I up. Even with joint custody, we barely got to see our mother longer than two or three months out of the year. We never stayed long enough for our mother's house to be considered home – or rather I never allowed myself to think of it as such, since we were always taken away too soon. But this time is different. This time I'll be staying. A wide smile pulls at my lips at the thought. Baby's high-beams illuminate the rain-drench highway like an oil-slick, the black downpour mixed with drops of mercury as she eats up the pavement.

A glance at the clock reads 10:26 PM as the Welcome to Forks sign appears at the roadside.

With a sigh I slump into the warm leather, a smile tugging at the side of my mouth as I let my grip loosen and my head fall back.

Almost there.

Another twenty-three minutes and I'm pulling up to the only house I've ever called Home.

Baby's purr dies off as I twist the key with an exhausted sigh. I take a deep breath and stare out the tear-streaked window, perfectly symbolizing the despair in my heart. My mind whispers. Fucking Sammy and his poetry-shit. Scrubbing a hand down my face and popping the collar of my jacket, I leap from the car. With a quick shut lock to the driver's door I sprint towards the house, braving the unforgiving rain with a few curses until finally I'm safe under the porch-top. Soaked.

A glance to my watch says it's 10:51 PM.

Grimacing, I shift from foot to foot before blowing out steam and knocking rapidly on the pale, Egyptian-blue door. There's silence as the reverberations alleviate, echoing through the house but leaving the night devoid of any sound besides the rapid-fire patter of raindrops on everything. All I can do is stare at the door in front of me, waiting for my mom to open the door and wrap me in a warm hug.

The only thing separating me from that happiness is this pale, Egyptian-blue door.

I smile as I remember painting this damn thing my twelfth summer.

It had taken Sam and I seventeen paint swatches, four colour miss-fires – including one lemon custard disaster – and one rather exuberant paint-fight for us to finally settle on this pale, Egyptian Blue that had reminded us so much of our mother's eyes that once we saw it there was never any doubt. Those wonderful, pale, Egyptian Blue eyes had lit up like dawnlight when she'd seen what a great job we'd done. My grin is almost painful now as I remember the blue-berry pie and blue-berry pancakes with huckleberry preserves she'd made us from scratch to thank us, all while wearing a happy-blue apron and a smile as she cooked. The theme of the house had been blue for a week.
When the door eventually swings open with an enthusiasm I haven't experienced in years, the only thing on my mind are those pale, *Egyptian Blue* eyes that are finally sparkling up at me.

“Mom?” The word is soft and Mary smiles, stepping closer.

“Dean.” Tears form in my eyes at the sound of her voice not distorted by any receiver. I haven’t seen my mother since I was fourteen . . . three years. It's been *three years*. So I hug her, wrap her up and feel her soft warm arms wrap 'round my neck in response. Smiling like a child, I let myself be that kid again. That momma's boy that I am not-so-deep inside. She begins to hum “Hey Jude” happily and I laugh at her, pulling away so that I can share my joy with her.

Before I can get lost in memories, though, movement in the house steals my attentions away.

“Hey, Sheriff.” I greet with a wink, allowing my mother to pull me bodily into the house and towards her wife, whom engulfs me in a tight hug. I've known Jody since I was born, the two had been friends in school, and when my father went . . . insane – for lack of a better word – Jody had been there to comfort her and eventually they'd became something *more*.

“Are you hungry?”

“Do you even need to ask?” She smirks at my disbelief before I'm led into the kitchen and was greeted by burgers, mashed potatoes and rabbit food on the table and a freaking apple pie on the counter. A. *Fresh*. Apple. Pie. Still warm and steaming and I will forever deny the happy-squeal that bursts from my lips.

“Dinner before dessert,” Jody chastises, giving me a very motherly *whack* on the hand when I reach for the mouth-watering pie first. A Sam worthy bitch-face overtakes my expression as I move dejectedly towards the table, pulling out my chair before sitting down before a delicious looking dinner – minus the fucking rabbit food. “So, Dean, first order of business, your car equipped for this weather?” Jody's question takes me by surprise and it takes me a moment to get my bearings again but when I do I answer her efficiently.

“It needs an oil change and I'd like to do a few check-ups. I'll look up shops nearby tomorrow.”

“No need, you'll go to Singer's.” Mom says matter-of-factly.

“Who?”

The *oh, sweetie* smile she turns on me is so sweet that I can ignore the superior air filtering through it. “Uncle Bobby, you remember him.”

*Oh, that's right.* I'd forgotten Bobby's last name. I smile, thinking of the whole Singer-Harvelle gang. *Yeah, I'd like to see them again.* “I'll go this weekend.”

“Good,” Jody replies before we all go back to our food.

Dinner goes quickly and soon I have a mouthwatering, indescribably delicious tin of apple pie in front of me. If I weren't a state-fare-crowned-master-pie-eater, I'd've been embarrassed with how fast I wolfed the sticky cinnamony goodness down. But soon enough the tin is empty of the kings-worthy dessert and I have a face-splitting, heart-wrenching smile on my face, if the expression in my mother's face is anything to go by.

By now it's midnight and Jody pushes me up from the table, declaring that she's doing dishes tonight before pointing to a chart on the fridge detailing chore-duties. I see my name and smile.
Mom hooks her arm with mine and we head up the stairs to the room that's been mine since I was four, a year after the fire that destroyed the home I was born too. I stutter as I see the door adjacent, but continue on as Mom opens my door. She too looks over at Sam's deserted room and gives a sad smile. With a deep breath she turns back to me. “He'll be home soon.”

“Yeah,” I say, because that's all I can when every day I feel like something's missing. “Thanks, again, by the way.”

She smiles, understanding what I mean. “Sam deserves to go to a good school.” Is all she replies as we enter the cringe-worthy, pre-teen-angst-ridden bedroom.

One of the greatest things about Jody is that, even though I love her, I love my mom more, and it's nice that the Sheriff doesn't hover over us. She doesn't feel the need to constantly be a part of our mother-son time and I appreciate that more than I can ever tell her. I'll go to the gun range with her this weekend, have other-mother-son time. I decide in recompense.

While I'd been eating my fill of dinner, Jody must've gone out and grabbed my bags from Baby's trunk 'cause when I look down I find them at the foot of my . . . uh-oh. I find them at the foot of my too small bed. I cringe at the realization that we'll have to get new beds for both me and Sammy. Mom seems to read my thoughts and we blow out in-sync breaths as we stare down at the twin. But ignoring that problem – which'll have to be dealt with at a later date – I go for my luggage. Some parents let their children alone to unpack and get settled, but that's an altogether impossible feat for my mother. And I love that about her. By the time my clothes are all sorted and away we've essentially played 20 Questions regarding clothing, music, food, you name it.

When the clock rolls around 1:00 AM I yawn and she smiles that motherly smile that makes me calm and quiet and complacent and tired, that smile that says “sleepy-time, sweetheart” and I smile and hug her. She hums another verse of “Hey Jude” before releasing me with a “goodnight, my sweet boy.”

“Night, Mom.”

The door shuts and I am officially alone in my room.

Thumping down onto the dark blue comforter, I stare out the window at the sheeting rain and feel an elated smile spread across my face. Plopping back onto the bed with my arms flung out, I let my eyes fall shut.

The rain is a shitty replacement for the Beatles, but it's a decent lullabye all the same.
That first morning is quiet. Both Mom and Jody having headed off quite early for their shifts as Head-nurse and Sheriff, respectively. Upon entering the kitchen I spy a buffet of fruits and pastries and a note that wishes me a “wonderful first day”. I can only sigh, a small thankful smile on my face as I exit my new home.

Under the gloomy cover of fog Baby purrs as she sprints towards my new hell.

Forks High School had a sturdy total of three hundred and fifty-seven – now fifty-eight – students. I have no say whether this is small or large due to the fact that this'll be the longest I stay in a single school. Ever. This'll be the only time I even take note or care about my classmates and the school itself. Life on the road didn't necessarily call for academic smarts. That was always Sammy's thing, though. I was better at pool and poker whereas the Moose-In-Training could solve inter-spatial algorithms or some shit at the drop of a hat. He was so ecstatic when mom had informed him he'd received the scholarship to some prestigious boarding school about 3 hours out of Forks. I talk to the bitch as often as possible, and despite out lack of conventional education in the early years, he is flourishing. I couldn't be more proud of the moose.

Forks High School, home of the Spartans, comes in to view just as I'm remembering the last school Sam and I attended together.

Truman High School, Fairfax, Indiana. Home of the Bombers.

That academic tryst hadn't exactly ended . . . well. And by that I mean it ended with the hospitalization of a fellow classmate – Dirk the Jerk – who'd had the bad sense to bully Sammy and a friend. Even back then at 14, barely 5'4", Sam had been a badass. Now the lil shit is 16 and almost 6'.

With a groan I tell myself not to be a shit and to not relive any previous scholastic mistakes.

Unlikely. I snort, turning in to a space at the far-side of the school parking lot. I idle for an extra moment before turning the key. Suddenly the soothing rumble of the impala is gone, replaced by obnoxious yelling and the shiver of rain.

I realize absently that I'd never turned on the radio that morning, and so press play tentatively now. “Hells Bells” by AC/DC starts blaring and a wave of calm eclipses my nerves, tilting my head back I press firmly against the seat and headrest, letting this be just like any other first day. God knows I've had plenty of those.

As the last word pulls out, I take a deep breath, turn off the radio, and exit my sanctuary.

Outside is warmer than I thought, but the rain splattering me makes that irrelevant and after locking her doors I sprint away from the impala and towards the unassuming school building.

I honestly have no idea what time it is, but by the hustle and bustle of my new peers I think it's safe to say I'm not late for class. Looking round, I find what I'm looking for too easily. It's not much of a challenge when your target has FRONT OFFICE written in capitalized bold print on the door, now is it? With another exaggerated sigh – I have a feeling I'll be doing those a lot while here – I trudge forward into the office.
And am greeted by the bubbliest receptionist ever. The squeak she lets out when she sees me is *inhuman*. Stopping dead in my tracks, my eyes widen as I bear witness to the truly psychotic glint in her eyes. The plaque on the desk in front of her reads *Mrs. Shurley-Rosen* and she's watching me with an wacky, ebullient smile that just screams nut-case. I gulp obnoxiously loud before stepping up to her desk.

Before I can say anything – like “are you okay, lady?” – she speaks with a wobbling voice filled with a level of intensity that nearly, unashamedly, terrifies me. A shiver of unease runs down my spine at the sound of it. “Dean . . . Is it really you?”

“Um, do I know you?”

“No. But I know you. You're Dean Winchester . . . And you're — not what I pictured.” She says this with a furrowed brow, but it's quickly overtaken by a delighted grin. “I'm Becky.” Her voice rises in both notch and zealously. “I read all about you.” She continues as she pulls out a file, the tab on the side has a red sticker on it that reads DEAN WINCHESTER in more bold capitalization.

“Here’s your schedule,” The receptionist – *Becky* – hands over a slip of paper that has five classes listed on it. “And a map of the school.” The second paper gets slid forward, but I only give it a cursory glance before ignoring it completely and returning my attention to the schedule now in my hand.

Another sigh – yeah, definitely gonna be a lot of those – when I see there's nothing close to engineering on the list.

*I'll have to ask Bobby if he'll let me work at his garage.* While I'm musing over my schedule, Becky's enraptured gaze never leaves my face, a content, hyper-vigilant smile on that watermelon-pink mouth. A single glance up has my face going from content to terrified lickity-split and I give one of those *alrighty-roo* nods before backing away cautiously, escaping back into the hallway as quickly as possible.

The first bell still hasn't rung.

No small blessings.

“Hello, Mr. Winchester.” A timid voice approaches from behind, tapping me on the shoulder.

No small blessings.

Turning around with my award winning smile, I size-up the kid. “I'm a . . . K-Kevin Tran,” He stutters, holding out his hand.

“Oh yeah, you don't sound so sure.” He rolls his eyes as he releases my hand and motions for me to follow him.

“I believe you have English first-period,” I nod. “Good, we have it together. Now, Mr. Winchester –”

“Dean.”

“What?”

“My name is Dean.”

“Oh, well as I was saying, *Dean*, this English is advanced placement –” I nod because I know, I'm
the one who signed up for the damn course “and we received our reading lists at the end of Spring semester. Now.” He turns to me full-on, eyes hard and deadly serious now and I try to emulate his dire aura. “Have you read the assigned texts?” The question is asked slowly, as if I were a baby learning how to talk and it takes everything in my power not to smack the little shit upside the head. I'm not stupid. I'm not!

“I don't believe I got that list. Why don't you tell me what texts were on it.”

Kevin sighs the most tired, annoyed sigh this side of the Mississippi and I want to drown him in the bayou the little shit. “Assorted Bronte, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Faulkner.” The names are said in exasperation.

“Throw in some Vonnegut and we've got ourselves a party.” Is the only response I give him as I attempt to side-step him, but he grips my arm before I can escape.

“This isn't funny Mr. Winchester – ”

“Dean!”

The volume of my voice startles the kid and his eyes widen. I'm about a head taller than him and a lot wider, and he shrinks under my glare.

“Dean,” Gulps in a deep deep breath of air. “Have you read any of those authors?”

“I've read them all. Pretty basic, if you ask me.” I can see the gears turning in his head. Am I telling the truth? Being the main question flitting around in that pretentious little skull. He'd probably be good friends with Sam, if the littlest Winchester could knock some sense into him.

“All of them?”

A shrug. “Depends what Shakespeare was assigned.”

“Uh, Romeo & Juliet as well as the student's choice of either Hamlet or Macbeth”

“Finité.”

“Really?”

The curving of my lips is not pleasant nor happy as I glare at the annoyance. After several seconds of tense silence and heavy eye-hatred Kevin Tran ducks his head and bows away to allow me in to the classroom where I aim for the farthest corner and take out The Odyssey by – who else? – Homer.

Finally the bell rings and the teacher, Mr. Cameron – British, huh –, starts spouting words that never reach my ears, the only thing running through my mind is the Aegean Greek Epic.

. . . As for your own end, Death will come to you far away from the sea, a gentle Death. When he takes you, you will die peacefully of old age, surrounded by a prosperous people. This is the truth that I have told you . . .

By the time Telemachus flings his arms around his noble father's neck and bursts into tears the second bell sounds.
Only four more periods to go.

Small blessings.

Chapter End Notes

btb I'm 99.9999999% certain inter-spatial algorithms aren't a thing
First Sight

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

I manage to avoid any more . . . confrontations – and thankfully have no classes with Kevin Tran – my next 3 periods, including lunch where I stay blissfully out of the fray and finish up my Odyssean journey. Overall Political Science, Trigonometry, PE – where we inadvertently start a round of dodgeball because some people need to be taught a lesson about peaking into locker rooms they aren't allow into – and food-time are rather uneventful.

Just as I'm stepping into Biology, believing no one else will bother me like the morning sprint, the teacher calls me over to his desk at the classfront. I drag my feet over and grab the pamphlet he hands me before I make my way to the table to which he motions.

The tables are assorted and sit two-to-four each. The particular table Mr. McLeod directs me to is occupied by three people. Seeing as there's only one empty seat, I kerplunk into it's hard plastic keister and pull out my textbook and workbook as well as my hardcover copy of Moby Dick.

Why I grabbed two books centering around sea voyages this morning? I'm unsure.

As I start reading this undented book, I notice that the body beside me is tense. And I mean marble-statue-death-at-my-door tense. By the time Queeqoeg is introduced into Ishmael's storyline, I'm official freaked-out. Five more lines and I jerk up with the intention of greeting my stressful lab partner.

What greets me when I finally meet his eyes, though, isn't the expression of a put-upon peer.

What looks down on me is the soul of an animal. Pupils full and flooded and enveloping me like they want to devour me, I almost wish to look back down at Melville's work in search of the most apt word for the – no other word for it – cannibalistic hunger reflected in those wild eyes.

And holy fuck those eyes.

Every paint color in the world couldn't compare to the blue drowning there. Not Navy Blue, not Cerulean, not Indigo, not even Egyptian Blue could compare. It's the kind of blue each and every artist in history strived for and failed to capture. When my eyes greet his the flooding grows, the opalescence now a mere sliver around the black suns, and I can't look away.

Like those movies when you know something's in the dark. You know. And the characters know. Yet they go farther in, they keep calling out and then they get dragged kicking and screaming.

Only, I think that if it were him who dragged me I'd be happy kicking and screaming for a whole different reason.

I nearly choke at the thought, mouth going suddenly dry as I shift in my seat.

Woah there, Winchester. Slow down.

Those eyes are still on me and I can feel a deep flush taking over my flesh. The world is silent for a while till a hand nudges his own and he must forcibly tear his eyes away from the predator beside him. Sitting across from him is a blond boy whom had been deeply conversing with the fourth table-mate when I'd sat down. Now he's watching me expectantly.
“Uh. Hey? I'm –”

“I know. We've been hearing all about you, Dean Winchester.”

“Does everyone at this school know who I am?”

“Yes.” The reply is so matter-of-fact and blasé that I snort in short annoyance.

“If that's how it is then what're your names?”

“I'm Luci –”

“Luci?”

“Lucifer,” He glimmers. “This here's Gabriel, and that is Castiel.”

Castiel. Now I have a name for Mr. Blue-Eyed-Cannibal.

Chapter End Notes

this should be longer, shouldn't it?

better question; this is okay, isn't it?
The first week in Forks passes quickly. I go to classes, ignore my teachers, read pieces by Poe, Murakami, Riordan – which Sam had left for me nearly three months ago with the express command to finish at least one adventure before Thanksgiving – and get to know the delicious males at my Biology table. The only one to consistently come to class, however, is Castiel, and unfortunately, during this time I’ve procured maybe six words from him.


And that was only on Day 1.

Lucifer and Gabriel are more talkative than Castiel, but it's always a toss-up whether they'll attend class or not. First week of school and they've already been absent twice a piece.

Now, as the last bell sounds – releasing us into the weekend wild – I call a goodbye to the three of them – surprisingly all having attended class this Friday – and sprint for the parking lot. Throwing myself into the impala I can't wait another second before roaring out of the quickly flooding lot and out of the town limits.

From my pocket I pull out the address of Singer Salvage.

Mom wrote it down for me at dinner last night after Jody'd reminded me of my promise to go visit for a check-up. If she had not have brought it up I honestly would have forgotten completely and tried to find a different mechanic. Or found the tools and looked Baby over myself.

You know, the latter is more likely.

The Singer-Harvelles live on the coast, about half an hour west of Forks inside the Quileute Indian Reservation.

This never struck me as odd until now. I realized it last night and asked Mom how they had ties to the tribe, I then received a not altogether welcome and very long, myriad tale of Ellen Harvelle's ancestry. Long story short, she and her children are a part of the tribe, whereas Bobby is related through marriage.

The rain is almost non-existent today, just a slight fog-like-drizzle that I've personally never experienced before and is freaking me out just a little bit but is harmless just the same. It makes no sound so it's easy to hear the building echo of the waves as they crash rhythmically against the cliffs as I approach the rez. I haven't been near the coast in near a year, being stuck in Minnesota with Dad and his new – old? – girlfriend and their son. That's the longest we have ever stayed in one place for so long. It was nice, if but extremely uncomfortable. My littlest brother Adam is an okay kid, though I didn't get to spend much time with him in the few months since knowing of his existence and the four of us living in together. His mother didn't like me very much.

That's an understatement, actually.

She hated me.

Couldn't wait to get me the fuck out of her house. Only wanted my dad around to help with money, so when my mom had suggested coming to live with her and Jody I literally gave no thought to the question and just screamed yes! in a heartbeat. Not that my answer would have been any different if I
had taken the time to think it over.

I sigh.

Maybe Adam can come visit and finally meet Sam. One can only hope.

The forest here is neverending as the road winds the coast now, closer and closer to the territory. Mom said that once I reached the rez and continued on up through La Push then I'd be right on top of the Salvage Yard.

She was right.

*Singer Auto* appears in purposefully dilapidated cursive letters at the very end of the main street. The shop is just big enough to fit three cars inside for work but next to it a chainlink fence outlines a yard with the words *Singer Salvage* hanging above the entrance. I park across the street and get out. Leaning 'gainst Baby's door I take a second to just look at the compound, working up my nerve.

*Come on, Winchester. You can do this.*

If it weren't for Jo, this would be a whole hell of a lot easier to stomach.

Pushing away from the impala, keys twirling in a nervous motion, I slip cautiously across the damp street, slipping in silently through the open garage doors. Just inside I see three mechanics horded round something I cannot see. They're looking down at it with hard eyes, lips in hard lines as they analyze it.

"Excuse me," I try, voice more confident than I generally feel at the moment.

Three heads pop up. Three sets of eyes narrow.

"Balls," I recognize Bobby immediately. Still adorned with a tattered ballcap, plaid overshirt, and a ginger-beard that once had Sam mentioning how the man would look right at home in a kilt to match the plaid. That – thoroughly sinister – suggestion had given me nightmares for nearly a week. Imagine those *pasty legs*. No, thank you. I shudder at the remembrance and push the disturbing thought back down deep deep into my mind-vault.

"Heya, Bobby."

"Look atcha." The expression on his face is one of mild disbelief as he – and his colleagues – give me a once over. "Your mom told me you'd be coming, didn’'spect ya so soon."

"Woulda come sooner but school kinda got in the way." I answer as I finally join them around the –

And now that I look down I see that it's a bucket full of – *whatever*.

"The hell are those?"

"You've never seen one a these?" The one closest to my age, with a *mullet*, responds.

"Their those fucking flat-faced fish right?"

"Halibut. They're halibut." The older, surlier man with a name-tag reading Turner answers.

"What're you gonna do with 'em?"
“We're gonna eat 'um, ya idjit.”

“That was a stupid question. My real question is why do you have a bucket of halibut in the autoshop?”

“One a the fishin' boats returned little over an hour ago, brought them over as payment for a job done.”

“And your standing around them now, because?”

“Deciding whether to make thai-style halibut with coconut-curry broth or with lemon-butter and crispy shallots .”

“Or, ya know, just grill-it. Why all the fanfare?”

“Trying something new.” Mullet-man answers before sticking out his hand. Before they can exchange greetings though Bobby scoffs at them, mumbling idjits, and getting their attention.

“Ya'already know each other. Dean. Ash. Ash. Dean.”

I look at mullet-man now. Really look at him and realize yeah, this is Ash Harvelle-Singer. Bobby and Ellen's son, Jo's big brother. The same realization must've come to him too 'cause then we're just nodding and back to old friends like that. Like I haven't been AWOL the last 3 years. That's when the door flies in.

“Ash!” A female voice albeit screams, “You no good son of a – ” and cuts off when the person's eyes fall on me. Chocolate brown and still gorgeous. There's a flash of recognition from both of us before she's smirking and stalking towards me, blond locks spotted with dew and swaying calmly. Before I can get a word in edge-wise or even have time to realize what's happening she catches me off guard with a right-hook to the gut, beautiful face contorting with the effort of putting as much strength as possible into the hit. The garage is dead silent as I double over and just breathe breathe breathe.

“T're guessing you're angry.” I manage to heave into the heavy air.

“No, I'm just real happy to see you.” Her voice is sweet and superior, the sound assuring me that – for now – one hit was enough to satisfy her.

Straightening up with the grimace of all grimaces, I greet her with a forced smile.

“Long time no see, cuz.”

“Yeah I've been busy.”

“Then what're you doing here?”

“I live here now.”

“Here?” Jo quirks an brow at me and I roll my eyes.

“With my mom over in Forks.”

“Mom already told us that, lil sis.” Ash butts in and Jo's attention flits momentarily but no recognition dawns.

“I don't think I was listening to that.”
I gasp, throwing my hand over my heart in mock pain. “I'm hurt.”

Jo glares murderously at me and scoffs before noticing the bucket and too peering within. “Halibut, hmphf, I'll fry it later.” Her tone is disinterested as she turns back to me. Ash rolls his eyes while I chuckle. “So, what're you doing here?”

“Wanted a look over on my Baby.” Her eyes widen to far it's almost comical. “My. Car.” I enunciate because no I do not have a child. Eyes going back to normal, she smirks like she knows what I actually wanted to say, then looks me up and down appreciatively, seductive – teasing! – pout on her lips.

My glower is not nearly angry enough.

Ash looks confused as his sister laughs and pushes passed me. “Well, let's see the piece 'a shit!”

“Hey! You watch your damn mouth when you're talking to her!”
Silence. Admiration. Pure bliss. Every thing is silent, Jo's glaring and the rest are staring with glinting eyes and my smile is fucking painful. We're standing around the impala and they are no less than in awe of her.

“Wipe that smug look off your damn face,” Jo bites but it's not really that I'm *smug*. It's more that I'm . . . proud?

. . .

. . . . . .

Oh who am I kidding, yeah I'm fucking smug.

My baby is fucking *perfect*.

The blonde had ate her words – piece 'a shit? Hah! – when she'd stepped out the garage doors and I'd pointed out my pride and joy sleeping on the other side of the road.

“You've taken exceptional care of her, boy.” Mr. Turner whistles.

Bobby nods appreciatively and asks that I pop her hood. Once up he gives her a thorough once-over before listing off a few obvious tune-ups needed. I nod and nod and nod as he runs down the list – oil change, break pads, the usual. “How much?”

“Depends.”

Ash, Jo and I furrow our brows garboilishly at the ginger, meanwhile Mr. Turner seems to be *in-the-know* as he takes stock of Baby's upkeep.

“On when you want to start.”

“Start what?”

“Working, ya idjit.” Bobby growls, staring at me like I'm dumber than a human in a vampire nest. And right now, he may be right.

“Working? Where?”

“Do I gotta spell it out for ya. Workin' *here*, at the Garage.” Dad had me working on cars since I was born. Being the son of a mechanic – and Bobby's old business partner, Mom told me – there was little say as to what I'd grow up to become. But, still . . .

“Why?”

“Cause your mama told me you liked cars, so I called John and he sent over a few photos of your handywork. And you're damn good.”

The camaros Turner is talking about? I remember those cars.

How could I ever fucking forget those cars. That client was my favorite ever. He'd been a collector and had had commissioned a few fandom-cars while I was a kid – one of them being a 1982 Pontiac Trans Am K.I.T.T. from Knight Rider – which my dad had pulled through with even with having next to no knowledge of the fandoms and asking me for help a few times. When I'd turned thirteen and Dad had actually started asking me for help with the commissions. I had thought that that was the greatest moment of my life.

I was wrong.

But those cars?

Proudest moment of my life.

One camaro, gutted and basically rebuilt from scratch, and another – not even ten years old – just begging for intense customization. A 1975 and a 2008 camaro.

Reborn from a piece of rusting junk and saved from a life of pearlescent purple into two versions of the great Transformer, Bumblebee.

And I did that. In just a few weeks. At fourteen.

Yeah, I was damn proud of that.

“That was a hell of a project. The 1975 took near three years.”

“Damn, that sounds like one hell of a project. I don't think anything here will take you near as long.” Ash cuts in.

“So, when do you wanna start?” Bobby returns to the original topic, completely ignoring his son, and before I can ask him if he's serious, the expression on his face shuts me up. I smile at the knowing look in his eyes, the calm superior air.

“How does now sound? Baby needs those tune-ups.”

I'm grinning from ear to ear by the time I push out from under the Impala. I've gone over every inch of Baby's impeccable body and found thing after thing to tune up – although most were no where near necessary – and by now it's dark and . . . 9 o'clock! Shit! As I'm scrambling to retrieve my things and searching for my phone to inform my mom I'll be late a whiskey voice interrupts my rush.

“Relax, boy, I already called 'er.” Standing in the doorway where only a few hours earlier Jo had trounced through is Ellen. Her calm, intimidating demeanor wrapped in warm browns and soft greens and plaids and just the aura of . . . well, mother. I smile wider and walk towards her with a skip in my step, making her smile in that way that tells me the only thought in her mind is this lil shit and give her a hug worth four years. “Hello to you too, baby.” She says as she pulls away, giving me an up-and-down. Does everyone have to do that? I snort. “You grew up.”

I smirk at the insinuation and she smacks me upside the head.

I should've remembered she does that.
“Don't get smart.” Ellen chastises before giving me a pat and well-natured grin. “Run along down to the Roadhouse, my kids want you to meet a friend a their's.”

“But I – ”

“I already warned Mary you'd be crashing here tonight.”

“Thanks, Ellen.” With a farewell hug I dart out of the shop, across the street, and down to the block corner where The Roadhouse sits bustling.

When the door swings open I'm greeted with the smell of liquor, cigarettes, burgers, fries, and fish.

Fish?

Or maybe it's more like... seabrine? Seabrine. Yeah, that's it.

The place is packed and in times like these it pays to be tall. Looking over and through the sea of people I for blonde hair and a mullet and find one of them at a pool table towards the back wall. Heading straight for Ash I weave through the bodies till I join him at the far wall. “Ay, where's Jo. Ellen said you two had someone you wanted me to meet.”

“Yeah!” Ash yells over the dinn. “She's in the boote.” Nodding to the left, Dean follows the gesture and finds his blonde sister – screw technicalities, the Singer-Harvelles were family – chatting amiably to two redheads. A female around their age and a male a few years older. Maybe Ash's age or more.

“Yo!” I call as I slide into the boote next to the female redhead.

“Dean!” Jo answers, voice a little too shrill and exuberant and loud. Having a mother who owns a bar will make someone highly tolerant, I suspect – although having an alcoholic like my father who allowed Sammy and I to start drinking at ten years old makes me somewhat of an expert –, so seriously, how much has she had to drink? “Dean, this is Benny and that's Charlie!”

We smile and nod and exchange pleasantries.

“Benny and the other fishermen returned about an hour ago.”

“I thought they returned before I even got here? With the halibut, ya know.”

“That was only one boat, the Avantgarde. We went out farther looking for cod and a few sea lion.”

“Sea lion!” My voice did not squeak. They laugh at me for that.

“We tend to hunt one to three a month.”

“Why?”

“Meat, blubber, pelts.”

“Can't you just go to the store to get food?”

“No store here.”

“Wait, seriously.”

“A supermarket? No.” The female, Charlie, answers. “We're hunters and gatherers and small-town farmers. We're off the map, kinda. Though thankfully not off the grid.” She gives a relieved breath in
her last words. “We have a fish, meat, veggie, and fruit market down by the docks where everyone
gets what they need.”

“Beef? Pork?”

“Cows. Pigs.” She answers. “No big commercial exploitation and everything au-naturel.”

“Ohkay. But seriously, sea lions?”

“You can keep saying it, but it's not gonna stop being true.” Jo's snarky attitude gets met with a
bitchface Sam'd be proud of. “How's the impala?”

“Pristine.” I wink, a lecherous smile on my face.

Benny smirks. “Ya in a relationship with your car, brotha?”

“Best sex I've ever had.”

“Nasty.” The blonde mutters into her beer.

“Cars would be too hot to have sex with while awake. But inside is always nice. Mmmh.” The
Redhead by my side hums in appreciation and an instant image of this beauty wreathing on leather
seats infiltrates my subconscious. When she glances at me she raises her brows in an appreciative
gesture before a sad frown turns her lips. “Sorry, dweeb, I don't go for D.”

I lick my lips and metronome between Jo and Charlie for a few beats before settling on Charlie,
biting my lip.

“Well, I don't go for V.”

Jo nearly chokes, her beer spewing out of her like lava out of a volcano's broken top.


“Did I stutter? She's got a V where I'd rather see a C.”

“When the hell did you find out your were androsexual?”

I bite my lip and give an expression dominated by wounded-I'm-sorry-puppy-dog-eyes.

She understands immediately. “You found out that you don't like girls when I kissed you!”

Chapter End Notes

Hiya :D Someone pointed out that the D, V, and C as well as Androsexual might be
esoteric so here are what they mean:
D: Dick.
V: Vagina.
C: Cock.
Androsexual: sexual attraction to the male body or masculinity.
Here's a bonus - A: Anal. (next chapter)
Family Game Shows

Chapter Notes

It's just occurred to me that Ty Olsson was actually in Twilight.

Okay, so I think my friend read half of this but I'm unsure. If there are any errors (and there definitely will be) please alert me :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Charlie cackles with unreserved laughter, Benny trying his hardest not to snort at Jo's outrage.

I cannot think of a single thing to say other than, “Sorry?”

Even Ash has arrived and guffaws at my audacity.

“You found out you liked males when. I. Kissed. You.” Jo repeats, slightly disbelieving.

“Yes, Joanna.”

“Call me that again and I'll rip out your tongue.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Okay okay. Can we return to the part where I just met my new best friend.” Charlie interrupts before turning back to me. “Jo tells me you're a nerd.”

My eyes widen and my mind shortcircuits as I whip my eyes around to stare at the blonde. “How the hell do you know that?”

“Sammy.”

“Greeaaaat.”

“How 'bout next weekend we have a marathon? What do ya say!” Charlie shouts with a nearly psychotic glint in her eye that makes me slightly afraid.

“Marathon what?”

“Star Trek.” She says, giving me that looks that just screams the hell else would we watch?

“Woman after my own heart.” Benny snorts and I finally turn to him and really look at him. And damn if he's not something to look at. I swallow audibly as I analyze the grisly ginger male. Blue eyes crystal clear, although not as entrancing as Casti – stop it, no – watch me with rapt attention.

This is going to end badly . . . My mind whispers conspiratorially.
Benny's a cool dude.


This is dangerous.

*But even with him earning the highest brownie-points possible just by his voice alone, there's something wrong with his eyes. They aren't blue enough, not illuminated from the inside enough – don't look like he was electricuted and kept bolts within himself for keeps. He doesn't look at me like he wants to devour me . . . Wait . . . oh, yes, yes he does. He so is looking at me like that!*

*But it's not the same.*

*The heat pooling inside while sitting and speaking to Benny is different than the heat that rose in waves next to Castiel in biology.*

Three fucking days and I want the black-haired *god* to rip my fucking clothes off and bend me over the lab table and just fucking *thrust* –!

*Winchester, stop!*

Why why why am I finding myself comparing every thing and everyone to The-fucking-Cannibal? I cannot answer that.

The brunet and the ginger both have their merits, but when Benny starts asking about me – not tensing up and refusing to conduct a conversation or ignoring me like how Castiel acted – and my interests, life. When he starts talking about cars and how he knows I'm a car-fanatic and a “fantastic mechanic” – I swear he really said that! He'd even blushed a bit when he realized he'd made a rhyme – *awh, shucks!* then mentions his truck and motorcycle – I'm hooked!

Four hours later and it's midnight and we're still going strong on topics, (we moved from cars and motorcycles – have *mercy!* – to “Kirk or Picard?” and “Ever been to ComicCon?” – Which sadly I had to deny, which earned me a hard *whack* from Charlie; *My dad never let me go!* – and finally to) now on the topic of “cake or pie?” – Uh, hello?

*P I E*

– when Jo grips my upperarm in a vice grip and hauls me away, barely giving any of us time to take in the situation or do anything about it as she yells over her shoulder that she'll exchange our numbers for us before we suddenly burst out of The Roadhouse, journeying to the Singer-Harvelle abode.

The night is cold but thankfully mostly dry as we walk side by side. It's nice, like when we were kids in the summer months, returning home after a camping stint by the river or after a long day at the beach.

It's comfortable, even after so many years absence.

Until she just *has* to say something.
“So, did you really realize you were androsexual after that kiss.”

We both know what kiss she's referencing/referring to.

The last time I'd seen her – incidentally enough, I didn't know at the time that it was the last time I would see her – we'd gone on a fishing trip out in the Pacific, not in the rivers and lakes and levies like we were used to, and had spent all day fishing and swimming between the two vessels commandeered for the family day-out.

Jo and I'd been left to our own devices to fish while Ash and Sam and the Harvelles' cousin – for the life of me I cannot remember his name – swam by the second vessel north of us.

Jo and I had been fishing for hours and I couldn't catch anything. I was getting frustrated and angry till finally finally finally I caught. Hooting and hollering and literally dancing around with my catch, she'd given me the most vile glare and tightened her lips into a line which disappeared when I started singing “When You Believe (There Can Be Miracles)” because, okay, I was going through a phase – a singing phase to be exact (which I still haven't fully grown out of, to be honest. I'm just more covert at hiding it now). She'd smiled at my off-key notes and before I knew what was happening her lips were on mine and she'd successfully shut me up.

I was thirteen and this girl who was like a sister to me had just kissed me and there'd been no spark.

I mean yeah, I'd felt flattered and a-butterfly-flutter in my stomach that someone liked me like that, but I'd also felt guilty and embarrassed that I just didn't feel the same way.

So – of course – I'd dropped my catch, she'd broken the kiss, I'd blushed the deepest red so dark that my freckles had shined like stars probably; little strawberry marks instead of tanned dots, and I'd turned and fled into the water, joining our brothers and the other.

That night I'd taken a hard look at my life. More specifically my friends and classmates.

Yes, I thought females were pretty and soft more often than males, but males were... were...

And with that succeeding thought I'd gone on to blush almost as deep as I had on the boat.

Males just riled me up and made me loopy and smile and want to get down on my knees and just take whatever they gave me.

It had taken me less than a week to rank every one of my classmates on a scale of 1 to 10 and then subsequently list them in rank of attractiveness, first being the most attractive and last being ehh. 30 classmates – female classmates included – and the top 10 of the list was exclusively male.

I wasn't entirely convinced by that that I was completely turned off by females, but after a little experimenting I realized that yeah, pussy didn't interest my cock very much.

“Yes.” Is all I can reply, because, well, yes... that kiss produced a pretty monumental domino-effect. The outcome was that I was definitely androsexual.

“Wow.” She whistles.

I chuckle. “Not like I can't appreciate the female body, just, not physically appreciate it. Agh! That was a shit explanation but you know damn well what I mean!”

And there's that sister-smile again – although now it's a bit more grown-up and slightly more innuendo-filled. “I do indeed.”
“I’d say I’m a 4 on the Kinsey Scale, if that helps.” I decide to provide with a lopsided grin, a bit self-conscious. “How ’bout you?” There’s no need to clarify the question and she shrugs.

“I like everything from A to Z.” I can’t help but smile lecherously at the pictures now dancing through my head.

“Well, I like A too, but – ” Whack!

Chapter End Notes

Hiya :D Someone pointed out that the D, V, and C as well as Androsexual (previous chapter) might be esoteric so here are what they mean:
D: Dick.
V: Vagina.
C: Cock.
Androsexual: sexual attraction to the male body or masculinity.
Here’s a bonus - A: Anal.
So the next chapter will be up sometime in the next week but I have to rewatch some original Star Trek episodes (at least the first ten episodes) so I can have their banter in the next chapter be dead-on because you know Cas' gonna ask ALOT of questions so sorry in advance for the delay :O

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Judy Blume did not prepare me for this.

Gabriel is loud and obnoxious and completely shameless, so ofc ours I like the shortstack.

Lucifer is . . . intimidating, to put it mildly. But after a rocky week full of horrible references and tricks and innuendos that – surprisingly – I contributed little to, the brothers have endeared themselves to me. Much more than Kevin has, that's for sure. Although, gotta say, the more often I meet Kevin the more I'm certain he'd be good friends with Sammy.

. . . and that, if he looks at me one more time like I'm an idiot, I'm going to slap him. Across the face. Hard.

And then there's Castiel . . . Castiel was, well, Castiel.

He was the angel attached to his moniker. A pure, blue-eyed god of an angel.

Godstiel.

Shut up, Brain.

A n y w a y s . . . Castiel is an angel, completely incapable of grasping the concept of personal space, barely speaks, has eyes like you're looking straight into heaven itself, and who does not understand any references I – or his brothers – make. That right there should be a deal breaker, but for some reason it's not!

But, goddamn, the way his face brightened when I stupidly invited him to watch Star Trek. That day was just . . . a very good day.

Okay, so here's what happened.

It was the second Friday of school, I'd been in Forks for 12 days and I was excited to have a marathon-day with Charlie, Benny, and Jo the next day.

See, I'd gone back up to La Push Tuesday after school and stayed the day, spending time at Charlie's playing Mario Kart (I was winning by a landslide, thanks very much) and getting roped into joining
Moondor, both in game and the LARP gathering in a month, on the Council of the Queen, AKA Charlie. I've never actually LARPed before, though I love cosplay, and was a little hesitant until Charlie explained that if I didn't like it, she wouldn't force me to go again. So, what the hell?

We'd been arguing over the merits of Star Trek to Star Wars and Bilbo to Frodo and of fucking course Voldemort to Darth Vadar (their reasons, their deeds, morals, etc) when we decided we needed to watch each series together in order to hear eachother's play-by-play commentary and understand exactly what each of us thought about everything.

Basically, we were spending the day doing very important things.

Somewhere in all this we set a date to start the series viewing.


And somehow Benny and Jo had been invited – meaning that on Wednesday while Charlie and I were texting to confirm Jo read the words over her shoulder, butted in, and immediately invited herself then texted Benny a “Guess what we're doing Saturday?” message. Not that I really mind them coming . . . I haven't seen Benny since last Friday and I want to get to know him better.

Not for ulterior motives . . . of course.

Irregardless, back to the story of Cas being fucking adorable . . .

This Friday's classes were going just like every other day. I spent more of my classes than not reading *The Red Pyramid* by Rick Riordan, but when I headed towards Biology I returned it to my backpack, intent on not ignoring the hotties that awaited me there.

I stepped into the classroom and found Castiel and Lucifer already seated at the table. When I sat beside them I asked them if Gabriel had gone home, since I had without adoubt saw him macking out with his girlfriend – whom I'd been told name was Kali – earlier that day. I didn't get words in response to my question though – and even now I have no idea where Gabriel disappeared too then, not for sure – instead I got a lecherous smile and laugh from the blond devil along with an extremely unimpressed frown from Castiel. Two expressions that told me all – and much much too much more – than I needed to know about Gabriel's whereabouts.

And no Castiel's put-out expression was not adorable. Not in the least.

When Mr. McLeod entered he bypassed the issue of Gabriel's absence with an amused huff before starting in on a review of cell structure which literally no one was listening to.

After a few minutes of Lucifer covertly texting under his desk and Cas and mine's whispered conversation about the most random of things that I can't even recollect now while telling this story, I finally leaned a bit farther in and asked the question that'd been driving me crazy since the first day of school.

“Who the fuck is he always texting?”

Cas snorts at the unexpected question, covering the sound with a cough behind his hand as Mr. McLeod turns to him with an annoyed expression. After waiting the requisite time for Mr. McLeod's attention to change hands, Cas leaned farther towards me and answered.

“Michael,”

“The brunet he's always with at Lunch?”
Cas had nodded.

“But he just saw him. Like, 15 minutes ago.” A slight smile twitched up the side of Cas’ mouth. “What are they? Joined at the hip?”

Cas gave a half-interested shrug before, completely serious, said, “Yes.”

“I thought I heard Gabe call them twins at some point.” I muttered because the pathway from my brain to my mouth is defunct and I couldn't control my voice.

Castiel was quiet for way too long so I decided to change the subject.

“Are they like Harry and Ron? Or Kirk and Spock?” Castiel gave me the most confused expression I have ever seen. His brows furrowed and he cocked his head and his lips puckered and I wanted to kiss the damn pink skin and smooth the fucking wrinkles on his forehead and goddammit stop! But, shit, Cas' expression just didn't let up. I thought at first he was just riddling out what I said but after a few too many seconds I realized that he had no idea what I said. I don't think one word made sense to him.

Damn him for not understanding any references.

I rolled my eyes at the dork before explaining. “You know, are they just best buds – 'cause don't get me wrong, you can ship Rorry all you want, but seriously, it's Romione all the way – or are they bumping nasties in the Captain's chair?” I had to finish it off with an eyebrow wiggle worthy of Gabriel's lech, which only made Castiel roll his eyes before he turned back to me wearing a sour, guilty expression, eyeing me like he thought I might punch him. To that I quirked a brow – and yes I just used to word quirked. Quirked. It's fun to say, but whatever.

“I understand nothing of what you just said.”

I was speechless.

For all of two second.

“Nothing?!”

The Winchester! That Mr. McLeod shouted was enough to tell me that yeah, that was a bit way too loud.

“Nothing?” I whispered feather soft then and Cas shook his head with a pained expression. My mouth did not drop open in an O. It didn't. “How?”

“I've never watched much television . . . or movies . . . or read much outside the classical realm.”

“Oh, hel l no,” I swear I don't know where the stereotypical *cough* racist *cough* “black girl” response came from. “We have got to fix that?”

That confused look overtook his face again, bless the adorable fucking angel.

“How?”

“Marathons? Duh! Educational marathons to instill in you the teachings of Sherlock, Harry Potter, Star Trek, e v e r y s i n g l e t h i n g that is right and holy on this good green earth!”

He really smiled at that, a real, beatific smile that did not have my heart swooning.
“When?” He asked then.

And, yeah, absolutely no connective pathway between my mind and mouth because this is what I replied next. “I'm having a Star Trek marathon tomorrow, if you'd like to join.”

I couldn't take back my words even if I wanted to because the way those eyes lit up was like the sun shining through the diminishing rainclouds of a storm. I swear I could see Heaven, and the pearly gates were luminescent lattices of powdered snow – when exactly I started waxing poetic about Cas’ eyes, I'm not entirely sure, but an embarrassed, ashamed part of me wants to say the first time I ever saw him.

“I would like that,” I swear, he sounded shy. This heavenly angel of a boy, with the voice of a sex god, sounded shy and uncertain and it pulled at my heartstrings and how could I ever take back my words when the angel looked like Christmas had just come early and he was seeing Santa in the flesh?

And now, today, is Saturday.

. . . and Cas is supposed to be at my house in 2 hours.

F u c k m e.

Chapter End Notes

I'm REALLY looking forward to writing the Star Trek marathon and Dean going back and forth between thinking Cas is hot and Benny's hot FYI ;)
If anyone's curious, these are all questions I asked . . . Like, Cas in this chapter is basically me, I'm sorry. And I swear my friend and I tried really hard to dwindle the questions!!!
I look at Jo like she's an idiot but from her confused reply expression I think she's actually forgotten, so I decide to be lenient. “Jo, sis, did you forget I'm predominantly androsexual and that females don't really get my engine running?” When I finish my sentence a thought occurs to me. “Other than Baby, of course.”

Jo makes a face at my obvious Mechanophilia which gets a blown out guffaw from Charlie and a not-so-hidden smirk from Benny but I'd already told them about my sex-diagnosed paraphilia and they all seemed fine with it.

Benny'd even hinted at letting me ride his motorcycle.

Innuendo fully intended.

“Okay, okay,” Jo sighs. “So, Kevin, Lisa, any one else?”

“Cas, Gabe, Luci.”

“Castiel, Gabriel, and Lucifer. All Novaks. Imagine that.” Her voice is tired, exasperated, annoyed, and I have no fucking idea why.

“What's wrong with the Novaks?”

They exchange looks, the three of them, leaving me out of the loop and sitting on the floor staring at them like a dope. Charlie lays sprawl out on the carpet to my left while we face Benny on the couch's right arm and Jo a little ways away on it's left, both of them leaning leisurely. But they all seem to tense at my question and I just want to bang all their heads together like coconuts.

“Uh-hem,” This time the cough is an actual clearing of a throat and not some stupid cover-up bullshit and this time it makes me tense with anticipation. “Well . . . okay, how much do you know?”

“Does it matter?”

A deliberation occurs in the blonde's mind before she purses her lips and shrugs. “I suppose not. Let's begin then. The Novaks. How do I even begin to explain the Novaks?”

“The Novaks are flawless.”

“They have two Fendi purses and a silver Lexus.”

“I hear their hair's insured for $10,000.”

“I hear they do car commercials . . . In Japan.”

“Their favorite movie is Varsity blues.”

“One time, they met John Stamos on a plane . . . And he told them they were pretty.”

“One time, they punched me in the face . . . It was awesome.”

If looks could kill Benny and Charlie would have already been in the deepest reaches of Hell for the murder written in Jo's expression.

As it is I'm rolling on the floor with tears in my eyes because holy shit that was fucking magnificent.

“Four for you, Benny Lafitte. You go, Benny Lafitte.”
And now I should be being engulfed in hellfire because suddenly that expression's set on me but I really don't care right about now.

“You're all fucking assholes.”

“You knew that when you befriended us, sweetheart.” Benny says, wiping the laughter induced liquid from his eyes. Benny was the one to start the quote, Charlie had just followed suit, like it was choreographed.

I'm really glad Jo invited herself and Benny.

“Can I get back to my explanation now? Please?” That please is more of a bitten off head than an actual question so we all gesture for her to continue, not wanting to upset the hellbeast any more than we already had. “A n y w a y, there're five Novak siblings. The ones you've met are Castiel, Gabriel, and Lucifer and then there's – wait, how did you meet them?”

“I sit at their table in Biology.”

“Huh, okay, so, there's also Michael and Kali.”

“Wait, Kali's a Novak? But she's Gabriel's girlfriend.”

“You can ask questions at the end of my explanation but in the mean time shut your pie hole, alright sweetness?” The venom laced 'sweetness' has me shutting my mouth and nodding obediently. ‘Too put it mildly, all the Novaks are . . . very nice-looking. They're all together though – Yes, Gabriel and Kali but also Lucifer and Michael. And they all live together.” I nod because yeah, I know this. “Michael and Lucifer's relationship has garnered one or two-priests their way, though, because hello? Incest. Michael and Lucifer are actual, blood-related siblings, fraternal-twins even!” I don't want to look like I knew this, but with what I'd overheard from Gabriel and Cas' silence on the subject I had expected that. Honestly, it doesn't bother me. Children from an incestuous relationship may be prone to more genetic problems but the fact remains that you cannot tell people who they should or should not be with if the relationship is not harming anyone. And from everything I've seen and heard Michael and Lucifer's relationship is everything that consensual is and should be and other relationships should emulate that. “The others are not related by blood. They're the children of Chuck Shurley and Rebecca Shurley-Rosen.” I nearly spit out my drink because okay no way they're the children of crazy receptionist Becky! Jo doesn't seem to know what I'm thinking and continues on with her explanation. “Mr. Shurley is a renowned author and is really young, in his twenties or early thirties. They're all adopted. The Novaks.”

“Have they always lived in Forks?” She seems content to allow me a few questions and doesn't glare at me for this one.

“No, they just moved down two years ago from somewhere in Alaska.”

“Also, no one knows where the last name Novak came from or why in the hell they have it.” Benny pipes in and it takes me till then to actually realize that their parents don't have the name.

Shurley + Shurley-Rosen ≠ Novak.

Before any of us can take even another breath the doorbell rings I leap to answer it, narrowly beating Jo and Charlie who get stuck in a jumble of limbs and shouts when I push them into the wall in my hast to win. They fall to the floor in a heap and I can hear Benny cackling from his perfect vantage point in the living room as the females try to disengage from one another. Over my shoulder as I turn the doorknob I can hear curses and a few pained “that's my hair!” “get your leg off my shin!” before
the door is open and I'm faced with not one, but two Novaks.

Gabriel's closest, standing literally a micrometre from where the door had previously been, grinning like a mischievous leprechaun.

Before I can take stock of the situation Gabriel has his arm around my shoulders, around my neck, and is pulling me down to his height, spinning me and pulling me into the warmth of the house. He's wet because of course it's raining and I scrunch my face at the cold feeling.

“Dean-o! I bet you were wondering where I was yesterday,” He shouts far too loud for someone in my ear and then delivers that eyebrow wiggle. By this time he's fallen to the living room floor, ignoring their compatriots as he latches on to Dean a bit too sensually, giving a touch or pet with specific words that has Dean holding back embarrassed giggles because damnit Gabe that tickles!

“See,Kali and I were behind the green house, you know the building with all those exotic flowers that make Kali's knees weak when you pick one and put it in her fucking luscious hair ungh her hair is so nice to just wrap around your hand and use it as a fucking leash as you just fucking pound in from behind.” This description is included with it a few hard flicks of the golden-eyed man's hips, “I mean yesterday she just – ” One of the couch throw pillows effectively cuts off any more descriptions of Gabriel and his girlfriend doing it like animals in the green house, which, admittedly, sounds really sexy, when it hits him square in the face.

“Dude, shut the fuck up, no one wants to hear about you fucking your girlfriend.” Jo smites.

“I beg to differ.” Gabe replies, not offended in the least as he leers at her. Leaning back to rest on his palms in the carpet he makes himself comfortable. “So, this is your house, huh, Dean?” Turning to face me again Gabe smiles warmly.

“Yeah, I didn't think you'd be coming.”

“He latched on to me as I was leaving the house this morning, I am sorry, Dean.” Castiel speaks up from where he'd settled on the couch between the blonde and redhead. The way his ground-in-gravel voice says my name is dizzying and I need to breathe in deeply. Gabriel's blatant touching and going-to-be explicit story did not in comparison to what that voice does to me and I almost feel sorry. Gabriel and his lover are beautiful people but damn, Cas' voice is what the songs in heaven must sound like.

“It's fine, not like I don't like Gabriel or anything.” I say, too many words that just fell from my mouth like rain.

It takes me longer than necessary to realize that I've been caught in a staring match with Castiel, only his stare is calm and soft and shut the hell up, Winchester!

A clearing of my throat later, no not the fake here let's cover up an insult kind of clearing but a genuine I'm embarrassed so let's get down to business clearing, and I'm up and heading over to the shelf where all the DVDs and old VHSs are housed.

Star Trek sits pristinely on the top shelf, all the different series on one long shelf, but I shuffle to the very beginning and grab all the discs for season one before heading straight for the TV and DVD player. The TV is a flat-screen and high-def because Sam probably beg for them to get it – even if it was just in the last few weeks after finding out I was gonna be moving in. Inserting disc one is like making sure a sacred relic is properly taken care of on it's way to a museum and I do it with delicate care. I think someone behind me is amused but I ignore them as I finally grab the needed remotes and intend to return to my seat in front of the couch.
But when I turn around I find an entirely different set up then what I had left.

Charlie's in the arm chair instead of on the carpet, Benny is reclined on a throw pillow on the carpet with Jo cozied near him on . . . what is that six pillows? Where did she even get six pillows? And Cas and Gabe are prone on the couch awaiting me, a space on the furniture's left hand-side on the other side of Cas from Gabe.

Trekking to my intended seat I have to carefully maneuver around Jo's fucking mine-field of pillows before I can finally plop down beside the erectfully sitting Castiel. His posture is prim and proper, keeping his back artfully away from the couch's back. Normally if someone were to sit like that it would look like they have a stick up their ass but for some reason, even though Cas' back is nowhere near the couch, he looks like he's relaxing back, perfectly content, against some invisible force.

Holding the remote up, I shake my head at the ridiculous notion and press PLAY.

Cas questions everything . At least three questions per episode with intervals of anywhere from 1-10 minutes between them. And even though it should be annoying as fuck – and it is, oh believe me, it is – it's amusing and adorable. His confused expression and his lost puppy looks warming my chest and making it hard for me to hold back a 600watt smile. Charlie doesn't try to curb her amusement and utter want to pet and hug and love the fucking puppy.

“Why does everyone sound alike?” It's a good question and Benny snorts, shaking his head in a way conveying an emotion I'm not quite sure I recognize.

“Why is everyone human? I thought there were supposed to be aliens on the ship too??”

“Always a good question.” Benny answers sarcastically, but there's amusement there.

“Why do all the females on this show look alike?”

“Females?” I question, scrunching my nose because I thought only my friends actively made the distinction between sex and gender.

“Should I use the term women? Would that be more intune with common conventional colloquialism?” Cas asks a little worrisome, I think he thinks I was judging him but really I was going to compliment his knowledge.

“Cas, what is up with your . . . vernacular?”

“I used to read the dictionary.” Everyone looks at him for that.

“What?”

“Is that supposed to explain your use of female instead of woman?” Gabriel asks.

“Well, yes, in that females are their sex – and they are undoubtedly female judging by their secondary sex-characteristics and the prevalence of switched sex individuals at the time especially in Hollywood – but woman is a gender and gender is a cultural construct not a biological imperative for either the bearing or the siring of offspring hence one may be female but be the gender man and vice
versa but we associate female with woman both culturally and linguistically. Or rather, we assign it, but it is not a definite . . .” He trails off when he finally registers the looks on all our faces. I smile because goddamn the look on his face is fucking precious.

Charlie looks like she shares the same thought and we share a glance before returning our attentions to the screen.

“For the record, Cas, we know the distinctions. We were just proud that you knew it, too.” Charlie adds for final measure before we all go quiet again to watch.

Well, silent until . . . “Why did they begin this show with an Adam and Eve episode? Was it to show that this was a new show with new ideas to be . . . worshipped? No that's not the correct word but I cannot find a sufficient replacement so I am going to have to settle for that one.” Damn Cas asks some hard questions. How did he even come up with such a question? I mean like, I've watched this episode over and over and didn't even catch on to the Genesis reference. Then again, I'm not named after an angel nor do I actively practice or read any religious texts. Maybe Cas does?

“Why even in the future is it a male dominated society and the females are still in the background like servants?” And he hasn't even seen Uhura yet. Whom, I've come to find out, Charlie has a massive crush on. The redhead was also very impressed with their choice of Zoe Saldana to play her for the reboot.

“I'm impressed that only one of their ideal women is blonde and – ” Whump! “Ouch!”

Thank you, Gabriel.

Oh look, there's Uhura. With Spock. Wink wink.

I'm surprised Cas doesn't make a comment on Uhura not being white but when I look over at him he has a pleasantly surprised look on his face that turns to a bright happiness. Ooh la la I think he may have a bit of a crush considering he has given all the other women pouty faces. He makes that same pouty face when he's able to see just how tight and short Uhura's uniform is, but that's understandable and I don't blame him as I force the giggle I feel bubbling up back down.

“I always hated that blonde's hair-do.” Charlie sighs when Janice appears on screen.

“We call inanimate objects she or he because – ”

“Do you want me to hit you again?” Gabriel bites, humour and actual annoyance warring in his voice that has Cas' mouth closing obediently.

“Why, when Uhura appears, does the alien turn into a non-white (– did she say Swahili? –) Male?”

“Cas, this was made in the 1960s.”

“Oh.” Then, a few seconds of silence. “Why salt?”

“Cas, for the further duration of this marathon, you are allowed two, I repeat two, questions to be answered per episode .”

“But – ”

“No, nuh uh. We are less than an hour into the series and you have asked no less than one hundred questions.” (“I have not!”) “So from now on, you are only allowed, T W O.” Cue the angel's kicked-puppy bitchface.
The next six episodes after “The Pilot: The Cage” and “Episode 1: The Man Trap” go by like that * snaps fingers * and Cas only asks the following questions (using his allotted two per episode wisely);

“Episode 2: Charlie X”:

1: “Why is Spock the only non-human on the ship?”

“Spock’s actually half-human, Cas. His mother was human and his father is Vulcan. But you’re right, so far no one else is apparently non-human on The Enterprise.”

2: “Why, if they were teaching not to hit females in the sixties, does not everyone know not to do it now? Not just females, males, and really anyone and anything.”

“That’s not even a question specifically regarding the show, Cas, that’s a question about our fucked up society.” Charlie answers him.

“Does that mean I get another question for this episode?”

... 

“Damnitt, Red” Gabe curses.

2 (again): “It seems I have no other question that I really want answered.”

“Good, then on we go.”

“Episode 3: Second Pilot: Where No Man Has Gone Before”:

1: “Did he just call her a 'walking freezer-unit’?”

“Heard as 'frigid bitch’. ” Palm, meet back of Gabriel's head. Smack! “Ay!”

“I believe 'ice-queen' would have sufficed.” Charlie supplies, glaring at the gold-eyed jerk.

“You know, 'humorless ice-maiden in desperate need of a good humping' works too.” Benny contributes, and he may actually win this round, but who knows (I do, I know, considering it's my house and I've now officially promoted myself to Referee of All.).

Even so, “Star Trek now, Evolution , later.” Is the only response I give to Benny's perfection.

“I don't understand.” Cas' face has taken on that I-have-no-idea-what's-going-on-someone-help-me-please expression again and it makes my heart ache but I ignore it.

2: “Why do most humans think that they're evolving into something better? That they're bound to evolve into 'a new and better kind of human being'? That's not how evolution works.”

“A g a i n, not an actual show-pertaining question.”

“Oh . . . What year does this take place in?”

“Mmmh, 2265 give or take. By the way, I'm not even going to try and explain Stardates to you so don't even ask.”
“Episode 4: The Naked Time”:

1: “Is the infected man's speech a commentary on imperialism and interference?”

“Without a doubt, all the infected make important commentary.” He gives an impressed nod to our answer and goes silent again.

2: “Why is . . . Sulu? Sulu, fencing?”

“He likes to fence.”

“Oh yeah, he loves swords.” Gabriel nearly spits his coke as for once Cas understands the double meaning and his face turns beet red, an embarrassed and impressed smile brightening his face. And when Sulu then says “I'll protect you fair maiden!” And Uhura replies “Sorry, neither.” Cas' eyes widen and his smile brightens and I have to hide my own smile behind my hand. Damn his cuteness. But I agree it's a great line; and actually fairly important.

3: “Can they really go back in time like that . . . ?”

“Just let it be, Cas, let it be.”

“Episode 5: The Enemy Within”:

1: “There are so many things to say about this episode and I just . . . can’t.”

“This episode will do that to you,” Charlie murmurs, voice oddly subdued.

Cas glances over at her before looking back at me. “Did I strike a nerve?” He mouths for only me and I can only nod in response.

The Enemy Within leaves a stillness in the room.

“Episode 6: Mudd's Women”:

1: “Did Spock just say super-teeny?”

“Super-heating.”

“. . . may I be allowed an extra question?”

“Yes.”

1 (really): “Why in every episode does a female always need a male?”

“That question would require a full month-long debate and historical analysis on Western Culture and more, Cas.”

2: “You either believe in yourself, or you don't.’ So, the Venus Drug simply gave them confidence? Which made them beautiful and desireable? Made them 'act beautiful' like the doctor mentioned.”

“Don't you wish that's how it actually was . . .” Jo rushed angrily.

“What?”

“Don't you wish that confidence was the key to being desireable; not make-up and plucking and pain.”
“I don't wear make-up.”

“You're male,”

“Isn't that a . . . double-standard?”

“Yeah, Cassie. It is.” Gabe's voice rings with a resigned air. Cas' questions are pulling us all up by the skin and I'm enjoying his intent analysis probably more than I should be.

“Episode 7: What Are Little Girls Made Of?”:

– “In case you don't know, Cassie, little girls are made of sugar, spice, and everything nice.”

“Is that so, Gabriel?” Jo snarks, turning her smirk on the shorty.

“Even you, Buttercup.” Gabriel's eyebrows bounced as he smiles down at her.

“Careful, Mojo, or you're gonna find yourself with snips, snails, and puppy dog tails stuffed down your throat.”

“That doesn't sound pleasant . . .” Poor, poor Cas, looks like Powerpuff Girls is now on the Cas Needs To Watch list. – Anyways, back to Cas' allotted questions.

1: “Why do all the aliens look humanoid?”

“Let's put it this way, no alien lady's ever gonna tell Captain Kirk, 'Hey, get your thing out of my nose'. ” Gabriel answers, again, sassiness imbuing every word.

“Did you just . . .” Benny can't finish his question as a big impressed smile grips his face. I smile, realizing then that the both of them are A. getting along, and B. watch The Big Bang Theory.

2: “That kiss reminds me of another movie Gabriel made me watch . . .” Castiel says, squinting as his mind works double-time trying to remember.

“It's reminding you of Magenta and Riff Raff's necking.” Gabriel says way-too-casually.

IDONOT spit my drink.

. . . maybe a little.

“Oh, yes, that's what it is.” And now all I can think about is that fact that Gabriel made Castiel watch The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Cas bends Gabe's rule a tad by murmuring a few questions not meant to actually be answered like “Was it necessary to make their skirts so short that if they bend or do anything not standing straight up their undershorts will show?” “Her hair looks like a beehive,” “Those picture cards are . . . creepy? Stalker-ish?” “Does anyone wanna play Three Dimensional Chess with me?” “All these odd hairstyles . . .” “That yellow sweater is the same color as Spock's skin . . . bad costume choice.” “If those were silver contacts that look very painful.” “Why is it always between males and females . . ? Wait, another Adam and Eve theme?” “Why does power equal god to so many people?” “Why is space the final frontier? What if they confirm other universes and dimensions, wouldn't those be a frontier too? What about time in general? Time-travel . . .” “When O'Reilly says Universal Suffrage, does that means that they don't have Universal Suffrage even so many years in the future?? We should have it now, for christ sakes!” “I like that Ireland and Scotland are still around so many years in the future.” “Women should not look made-up . . .” “So this where 'beam me up, Scotty' came
In *The Enemy Within* Cas' words never have a voice, and it's only by reading his lips and inferring from context that I can distinguish his commentary. “She *wouldn't have mentioned it*, because she *didn't want to get him in trouble*.” Cas' fingers seize in his pant leg, nails biting into the fabric at the rape and survivor mentalities. “His negative side is this strength! Evil *properly controlled and disciplined* is what makes him a good captain? Spock's not human, he's not Judeo-Christian as far as we know, these are religious ideas of good and evil not animal and natural.” Cas' shock and sparks of outrage in his eyes warms me, and I lean a bit closer to him. “Everything they're saying his positive side is is what females, *women* are supposed to be. What they're *taught* to be. Basically he means that the *naturally* tender, loving females are not good leaders and that if *males* turn *womanly* then they cannot be leaders. Even you, Spock, *even you* . . .” Cas' mouth is flying at light-speed, arguing with himself. “Yeoman Janice would not allow Captain Kirk back to her room. Never.”

“What even is this?”

. . . Okay so I made up that last one. But that's what his facial expression was saying so I just translated.

When Mudd's Women appear, I was suddenly hypnotized by the brunette, Ruth, whereas before I always thought Magda was prettiest. (“None of them even look real . . .”) Yet, suddenly I was imagining the brunette's eyes as a more ice-blue than dry-green and her hair a bit messier than the too-pristine tresses that she sported and *no I was not imagining a female Castiel, shut up.* “Why is her name Eve?” Cas groaned grumpily – man was he stuck on the reccurring Adam and Eve theme. “*Pound for pound? Measurement for measurement?* Is he commenting on their clothing size? Like *that's* what makes someone beautiful.” Each question and annoyed comment made me smile and grow a little fonder of the blue-eyed god. “Aren't they just tired? I look like a zombie when tired . . .” He murmurs when the Venus Drug begins to wear off of Mudd's Women and I suddenly have an image “*It's not a cheat, it's a miracle, there's a man who can appreciate it and who needs it*” why does that sound like he's selling weight loss pills or cosmetics like 'you need these things for people to like you' which is actually what's happening so I should probably . . .” From the corner of his eye Cas finally noticed that I was watching him and quieted before turning to glance at me. In return, I smiled, amusement and content in the expression before turning back to watch as Kirk gets thoroughly pissed by Mudd's underhanded deeds. “If she just brushed her hair, she'd be very pretty . . .” *A n d* let me kiss him. “Her make-up scares me.” Scratch that, *let me cuddle the lil shit.*

“The clothes the females are made to wear appear highly uncomfortable and . . . unnerving.” He continued while Kirk was searching for Roger Korby alongside Christine Chapel. “The females' clothing is too revealing and yet the men are all covered up . . . double standards.” “Android . . . why're androids called androids? Not all androids are male. Are female androids called gynoids? I think they should be . . .” “Geisha . . . that's inappropriate.” “I'd be terrified if someone made an android duplicate of myself . . .” Castiel murmurs when Kirk gets duplicated.

Without my consent my mouth runs my thoughts and reply with a gasp of “What if there was one of Gabriel.” My eyes are wide and I can feel real feel because, dude, that would be horrifying.

Castiel is staring at me with the same wide, terrified expression before we both turn to look at Gabriel, who gives us a completely unimpressed Sam worthy bitch-face when he catches us watching him. Yep, two Gabriels would be apocalyptic.

“*I think Dr. Korby's an android himself . . .*” Cas murmurs when he returns his attention to the screen where a dinner scene is quickly turning into a chase scene. “Is that stalactite *supposed* to look like
he's holding his . . . ? They're more phallic than spear.” “With the way he's holding the Captain against him, it looks like Ruk wants to kiss and fuck Kirk instead of kill him.” I think my lungs're about to burst damn the way Cas' voice sounds when he says kiss and fuck should be all kinds of illegal. “Actually, when Ruk pulls him in Kirk's reaction makes it look like the android impales the Captain with his computer hard drive.” Holy fuck. Those words did not just come out of Cas' mouth. I refuse to believe those words could've come from anyone besides Gabriel. I have to force the guffaws – I refuse to call them giggles – back down, biting my lip, but I cannot stop the way the ends of my mouth curl up into a smile too bright-and-airy and have to hide the expression behind my hand.

All these extra questions and commentary were muttered wayyy under his breath but so close to my ear that I couldn't help overhearing them and smiling at his too-keen interest.

“I knew he was an android!” Cas shouts. The only comment audible to anyone besides myself and his last comment of the whole marathon.

It takes about 6.05 hours to watch all eight episodes, not including the hour or so we breaked for a late lunch and conversation, during which time I watched Benny and Charlie and even Jo warm up a little to Gabe's crass humor and Cas' adorkable awkwardness. By the time 8:37 PM rolls around we've turned off the TV and are sitting round the coffee table with a dinner of pizza laid out in front of us. A feast of pepperoni and cheese that has me moaning round the mouthful I'm chewing on.

“Damn, Dean, you enjoying that?”

“Suck it, Gabe.”

After a laugh Jo speaks up, “So, what's everyone doing this weekend?”

“You mean, tomorrow?”

“Shut up, yes, tomorrow.”

I answer “Nada,” as everyone else answers with about the same, different words in different voices but that same it's-Sunday-who-has-plans-on-Sunday tone.

“There's a bonfire at La Push Beach, you guys wanna come?”

Out of the corner of my eye I see Gabe and Cas pass a look to each other, one that I honest to god can't read, before looking at Jo.

Charlie and Benny are silent off to the side, spectators in some show that I don't understand.

Glancing at all of them in turn, there's a tenseness to the air that's raising my hackles and I can tell there's an underlying story here, something about the Novaks that the others don't like maybe? Jo was gonna try earlier to make me understand something about them, warn me about them? But I swear that was just going to be a warning that they're weird because the twins are in an incestuous relationship that I really don't care about. But now? Now I have no idea.

After maybe a few too many seconds Gabe's the one to speak up and I somehow find my gaze locked with Cas' where he sits now in one of the armchairs, across the coffee table from me.

“Can we bring people?”

“People like your siblings?”
A sharpness cuts its way into Gabriel's gaze and an asinine smirk his lips as he goes to reply. “People like exactly our siblings.” If I didn't know any better I'd say Gabriel was watching her like a hawk watches its prey, or a crow its enemy. It's unnerving, suddenly, to see him so sharp and cunning and . . . birdlike.

Jo keeps her face impassive, stony, as she silently assesses Gabriel, taking a long moment to give her answer. Then, “Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

If this isn't how your guys' movie marathons go then I don't do marathons like you do.

Let me just say that if you guys haven't watched Episode 7: What Are Little Girls Made Of?, It really looks like the android impales Kirk and I laughed for a good straight ten minutes. I'm not sorry about that one.
Jeopardy

Chapter Notes

So I've been sick since Wednesday (it's Sunday) and have been trying to get work done but be patient with me for Soft Spoken and Trickster's. (Btb this chapter was intended to be a lot longer but I'm moving the rest to the next portion, I just wanted to get started one the whole "Cas cares about Dean and wants him to like him" thing ;))

Jo, Charlie, and Benny stay the night after Gabriel and Castiel leave around 10 o'clock.

They are horrible houseguests.

Well, Jo is.

Let's just say that I ended up with soda and chips all over my bed and wet towels and clothes everywhere. She thinks she owns the place, I swear . . .

We don't climb into our vehicles – Charlie and I in Baby and Benny and Jo in his truck – till close to 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, heading to La Push and goofing off (at least that's what Charlie and I were doing, don't know about Benny and Jo) on the drive there.

Charlie'd brought her iPod with her and the instant Jo and Benny were out of view she plugged it in to the – fucking evil piece of shit – jack that Sammy had secretly had installed several years ago while Baby was in the shop. Once connected, she'd pulled up her playlists and selected one entitled DISNEY.

(Charlie . . . Charlie, what are you doing?)

Don't press PLAY.

Don't press PLAY.

DON'T. PRESS. PLAY.

CHARLIE!!

DON'T PLAY!!

. . . you pressed PLAY.)

I will never admit it but I sang along to every song and when “I'll Make a Man Outta You” started playing Charlie and I serenaded each other verse for verse . . .

Her: “We must be swift as a cours sing river – ”

Us (In our deepest possible voices): WE ARE ME – N

Me: “With all the force of a great typhoon – ”
Us (In our deepest possible voices): *WE ARE ME ~ N*

Her: “With all the strength of a raging fire – ”

Us (In our deepest possible voices): *WE ARE ME ~ N*

Us: “Mysterious a ~ s the dark side o ~ f the m o o o ~ n ––––”

(Cue pause)

Me: “Time is racing to- wa rd us – ”

Her: “’till the Huns, ar ~ rive. – ”

Me: “Hee ~ d my every or der – ”

Her: “And you might, survi ~ ve. – ”

(Cue pause)

Me: “You’re unsuited for, the rage of war – ”

Her: “So pack up, go home, you’re through – ”

Us: “How could I ~ – ?”

Us: “Ma ~ ke. A ~ . Ma ~ n. – ”

Us: “O U T O F Y O U ~ ?!!”

No one needed to know that that same occurrence replayed itself with “A Whole New World” and “Kiss The Girl”.

Nor did anyone need to know that I did not squeal over Sebastian’s accent . . .

No . . . no one needed to know anything about any of that.

Fodder to the fire.

Unfortunately, Jo catches the tail end of “Hakuna Matata” and teases us mercilessly for about three minutes before Ash comes from literally *out of nowhere* and shuts her up with –

“It's. Our. Problem f r e e ~; phi ~ lo ~ sophy ~ !; Hakuna Ma ~ titties!”

Which earns him a punch in the gut and a scowl worthy of grumpy cat from the mullet-man’s not-so-amused little sister.

The force is strong with that one.

I’m honestly unsure *how* he survived into adulthood.
She *always* wins. Her abs must be made of steal 'cause I swear punching *her* there does no damage, she just smirks and gives me a good knock out. Since before I can remember Dad had me training with the siblings to fight – Sammy too.

Eventually, Jo became the reigning champ.

Mom saw us fight once out of nowhere and got really angry at us all for throwing punches but we said we actually enjoyed the exercise. Mom had been really confused and needed clarification. She hadn't been aware Ellen was teaching us combat sports. Apparently Dad had given her the go ahead.

Oops.

Everything came to a head tho when Ash punched a classmate during school hours once.

THAT'S when Mom *really* had to lay down the law. And unsurprisingly it was Jody who finally gave us some rules to follow.

1. Unless in sanctioned combat, for self-protection, or protection of another, we are not allowed to fight anyone outside of the four of us.

2. Always respect each others verbal and non-verbal cues.

3. SAFEWORDS (yep, that was my first introduction to safewords)
   1. Ash's (combat) safeword is “weiner”
   2. Jo's (combat) safeword is “picnic”
   3. Sam's (combat) safeword is “library”
   4. And my (combat) safeword is “custard”

4. Never hit someone if they're incapacitated or not in tip-top shape.

I think we've used our safewords a total of 10 times over the years.

That said, I was gone many years and who knows how many fights the siblings got into in that time frame.

Anyway, *that's* how we got to *now*.

Doubled-over, Ash catches his breath and Jo returns her attention to Charlie and myself. We're all standing around outside of The Shop now, Benny's truck parked a little ways down the road at his home while Baby's parked in the Salvage Yard – she's safe there, believe me. Benny's grinning from ear to ear and I refuse to meet his eyes after they heard our ending notes all pitched and wobbly and so very wrong and over-done but so obnoxious and fabulous all the same.

*I* am *not* blushing.

Jo turns without another word and trudges to the Singer-Harvelle family home – intent on gathering all the supplies we'd need for the bonfire before heading down to the beach proper to set everything up – with the rest of us following close behind; leaving Ash leaning over in the mud, still attempting to catch his breath.
Behind Jo's back, Charlie and I exchange a look before simultaneously glancing back at the pain-detained elder Singer-Harvelle, gulping noisily when we see Ash watching us walk away with a spark of calm, patient mischief in his eyes.

A glimmer of trickery that was worrisome in anyone, but in a The Doctor level genius was truly terrifying.

_Uh oh_, I feel a great disturbance in the force.

Shit's gonna go down, tonight.

When the Novaks finally arrive I think the silence is literally deafening, but all I can focus on is the small twinkle in Cas' blue eyes when he catches sight of me. His little, slightly frantic wave is adorable as he eagerly comes to my side.

It's in that moment that I first see the fucking trench coat.

He pulls out a small slip of paper with writing on it when he finally does reach me and begins reading over the words intently, (I'm still staring at the fucking tan tent he's sporting) his brow furrowing in that adorable I-don't-know-but-I'm-looking kind of way before the creases soften as he finds what he's looking for.

“Alright. First, how could there be another planet exactly like earth? A duplicate!? I mean, what are the odds they'd find it? Second – ” _Okay now, what? That_ sufficiently gets my attention away from his odd fashion choice.

“Wait wait wait,” Castiel looks up with wide eyes, confused, but I simply smile softly at him. “What are you doing?”

“Asking you questions.”

“About what?”

“Star Trek.”

“I thought you got all your questions out of the way yesterday.”

“Yes but these are for later episodes.” He answers with a smile, about to return to his paper full of questions.

“You watched more?”

“Yes, of course.” Cas meets my eyes then, a smile in them and on his lips before attempting to return to his questions. “Okay, second, why does _every episode_ revolve around a female wanting a male? I mean, Miri is a _child_.”

“Cas,” I laugh, “How 'bout this? I promise to answer any and all questions you have; tomorrow. Sound good?”

His expression kinda looks like a lost puppy's but with another glance at his paper and a nod he places the wrinkled leaflet back in my pocket. “That is acceptable.”

“Okay, now _I_ have a question.”
The blue-eyed beauty cocks his head then, *like always.* “Yes, Dean?”

“What on earth are you wearing?”

He takes one look down at himself before looking back up at me like he's worried about my health. “Clothes, Dean, these sewn together fabrics are called **clothes.**”

And if I can't help my eye roll, sue me.

“I meant the fucking **trenchcoat,** Cas.”

“Oh! Yes, Gabriel and Lucifer do not allow me to wear it to school. They refuse to sit near me if I do. I am allowed one day to wear it to school per semester.” He answers, a highly displeased frown firmly in place.

“Ooookay. Also, you watched more episodes?”

The frown dissipates and he smiles gummily at me. “Yes! I enjoy it, although I have a plethora of questions.”

“Didn't know you'd enjoy it so much.” I smile, crossing my arms and leaning 'gainst the cliff-face.

He nods a metronome before scrunching his eyes as if to confess something. “Even if I did not enjoy them, I would have continued.”

“Why?”

“Because *you* like them.”

I couldn't have been more surprised had you told me I was adopted.

“You watched them because I like them?”

“Yes, I wish to make the effort of getting to know your likes and dislikes and if it is important to you than I should make the effort to understand and be able to talk with you on the subject.”

Shock.

I'm going in to shock.

Those blue-as-sin eyes are holding my gaze and I can't fucking **look away.**

I clear my throat. “Uhm, hem, h-how many more episodes did you watch?”

Cas looks up, as if he'll find the answer written in God's hand in the gods be damned couds. “I reached the episode entitled *Court Martial.*”

I can't breathe.

I literally **cannot fucking breathe.**

I know the episodes by heart. It would take a while for me to A. Remember, and B. order them, but I **could** recite the titles in order, **backwards.** Season by season. That's how obsessively ingrained I am in Star Trek – okay, other shows too but Star Trek is special . . . so is Doctor Who . . . and Friends . . . and not the point, Winchester!”
Episode 20: Court Martial.

Oookay, gotta replay the facts: Cas left my house at 10 o’clock last night. That was – I have to glance at my watch to gauge the time but sure enough it's only 6 o’clock. To get to episode 20 he’d have had to have watched . . . 11 hours of Star Trek . . . in 20 hours.

That leaves only 9 hours for driving, s l e e p i n g, showering, eating, et cetera.

The drive home from my house plus the drive to La Push? An hour and a half, tops.

That would leave 7 and a half hours left over.

From what I've gleamed of the Novak household from Lucifer and Gabriel bickering they each have their own bathrooms, and each of them take at least an hour in the bathroom. So, that leaves the question: One shower, or two?

... one . . . gotta be one.

6 and a half hours left.

Cas isn't sporting much in the way of bags under the eyes so how sleep deprived could he be?

And I guess he could've ate in the car or while watching the episodes . . . Right?

I have to force my mouth out of that ridiculous, clichéd jaw-dropped expression as I look over the information and remember, he watched 13 episodes for me. And he looks so damn proud of it too.

Earth Almighty . . . I may be (only slightly!) in over my head.
I'm so happy that the Rich Text option reappeared.

Growing up reading R. L. Stine, Stephen King, Peter Straub, and H. P. Lovecraft, I thought I'd read all the scariest scenarios and was prepared for any form of fearful situation. That is, until a few moments ago when I was formally introduced to the terror that is the Novak family.

If I thought Lucifer and Gabriel were bad in the classroom.

I had no idea.

After the revelation that Cas cared enough (about me!) to watch 13 episodes – 11 hours! – of Star Trek in less than a day's span Gabriel had barreled into their personal spaces with a wailing yell and somehow managed to jump on them like a body-slamming wrestler – how the fuck did he do that?! – forcing them down into the cold sand.

The grains invaded my mouth as an army, attacking my lungs and throat and threatening my body so close to responding with lunch that my arms shot out and pushed me off the beach face with every ounce of strength in my body. My sudden movement ended as payback to the shortstack as he was suddenly thrown from mine and Cas' backs and hard into the sand himself.

Serves you right.

When I manage to get back on my feet, I looked up only to be confronted by the hard black eyes of one Kali.

And gods fuck damn she looked pissed.

That's how I found myself experiencing the true terror of the Novak family.

Staring at me like she wants to rip my fucking head off and feed me my own guts on a plate.

I straighten, hearing Gabriel vaguely in my rear coughing and hacking as Castiel groans, no doubt both facing the task of pushing themselves up from the sand. I've still got grains lingering in my mouth, rolling on and beneath my tongue, and splattering my face and lips alongside my freckles.

And she's still giving me a murderous glare.

I swallow, ignoring very purposefully those lingering grains that make their way down my throat and fall like snowballs into my gut.

Suddenly, her gaze slides off me like sludge oozing off a windshield, her mud-guck gaze dripping onto Gabriel, suddenly at my side. He stands like a child just caught doing something he wasn't supposed to, awaiting the punishment he was no doubt about to receive.

I look at him out of my peripheral and spy him making a subtle shooing motion with his hand.
Taking no time to think it over, I silently begin backing up and away from the close-to-yelling couple.

I hadn't realized how far from the main group I'd wandered with Cas until I've reached them, Castiel now with the others, having apparently known exactly what was about to occur between the couple and having escaped before I'd even had an inkling. When I finally reach his and Charlie's sides I glance around to find that Gabriel and Kali were more than 30 feet away and that Kali was furious. If her yells had been in English, I would've been able to understand every word it was so booming.

Turning back, I gift Castiel with a look that screams *what the fuck*. Cas' face turns into one of contrition and, kind of . . . shame? I get the sudden feeling that this happens quite a lot, which is in exact contradiction to how their relationship was presented at school. With a glare at Cas that hopefully says *we'll talk about this later* I turn to face the rest of our little group, trying desperately to drown out and ignore the screaming Hindi behind me.

Lucifer and Michael have joined Cas and Charlie and I can't help but glance down at their maybe too close hands, remembering the hints and clearly spoken information that they were *more* than *just* twins.

I want to know if they're open about their relationship or not.

Although, the small distance between them may speak more volumes than anything. Like they want to hold hands but know that *they shouldn't* and so keep a prescribed amount of space between their bodies lest they let the (not-so-secret) secret out.

I suddenly want to hold Castiel's hand.

Hopefully no one notices the slight blush that paints my cheeks at the thought. I clench my hand into a fist and force it away from Cas', moving both my hands behind my back and clasping them together. Subtly shuffling a bit farther away from the black-haired, blue-eyed beauty.

*Don't you dare touch him.* I tell my betrayful body.

I realize then that no one has spoken since Kali's shouting had started and I swallow, a bob of my head joining the involuntary motion, and hum a short *hmmm* before turning to Michael. “I'm Dean,” I manage as I unclasp one of my hands and hold it out to the unfamiliar Novak. Michael seems pulled from some inner reverie at my words and I wait patiently as he looks coldly at my outstretched hand. Beside the brunet, Lucifer is watching carefully, watching what his brother's reaction will be and seeming to weight the different possibilities. When Michael takes my hand with a firm grip and shakes once before retreating, Lucifer's face softens a fraction, a smile trying hard to escape.

This is the moment that truly solidifies their relationship to me.

The look of adoration in Luci's eyes as he looks at Michael is what makes me certain.

Michael's expression doesn't soften or become any colder, it merely stays in a closed-off high-manner, a . . . detached? Superior? It doesn't matter. All that matters is the glance he gives his twin and the emotions that're returned.

Suddenly feeling like I'm watching something incredibly private and intimate, I turn away, incidentally colliding gazes with Charlie, who gives a “told you so” look no doubt referring to Jo's divulgence of the twincest in the Novak household and I resist the urge to roll my eyes at her.

Thankfully, Jo's walking up now and I can ignore everyone around me. Circumventing Cas and Charlie and bypassing the (in my opinion) eye-fucking twins completely I aim for Jo, throwing an
arm over her shoulder and placing my lips precisely at her lips.

“Any signs of what Ash is planning?”

She gives me the most confused look I’ve ever seen and I stop, staring at her, analyzing that look, then smirk in happiness, realizing that she has absolutely no idea that her brother is most definitely going to prank her tonight. Without a doubt. Her look turns from confused to scathing and then to murderous as she realizes – of course t h i s she realizes – that I’m no longer going to tell her what I’m talking about. I smile broadly before backing up again, this time escaping a furious woman who wants to kill me but for some reason a lot less terrified then I was with Kali. Huh.

“The hell do you mean?” Jo bites, honing in on me, but I just keep smiling, holding up my hands palm out in a placating gesture and shrugging knowing full well that she believes me about as much as she believes that there’s a bunny on the moon. “Winchester.”

The fury and slight anxiety in her fiery eyes has been maybe, just a little second guessing leaving her in the dark.

Is this what your supposed to do to siblings? Torture them?

Hell fucking yes it is.

I suddenly think, remembering mine and Sam's own prank wars. If I have to choose a side, I'm going with Ash's. The guy can hack anything and who knows? Maybe I'll need his help in a few years time. Don't want him mad like “Hey remember that one time you stopped me from getting back at Jo? Yeah well I'm not gonna help you with this.” How 'bout n o o o.

At this all sympathy for Jo's distress at her imminent pranking goes by-by.

Retreating back to my clutch of allies I link in next to Cas again as Jo arrives, giving me a death stare before glancing around at all the others, eyes landing on Charlie.

“Does Ash have something planned?” The blonde spits at the red, whom gives me a withering glance. One that says quite plainly how dare you ruin the surprise and makes me chuckle, forcing Jo to hit me in the gut as she had Ash earlier.

With an ooomph! I double-over.

Looking back up at Jo I slit my eyes venomously at the girl, who's glaring daggers back at me. Another smirk dons on my lips and I straighten with an audible sigh of pain. Staring her down long and hard, I turn away and leave the group again. I feel someone beside me and glance over to find Cas following after me, about a foot behind. Falling back slightly, I come in-step with him and send a wicked smirk to him. I can feel a glint in my eye and hopes the mischief I'm feeling shows through.

“What do ya say? Let's go find Ash?” Cas looks confused and amused all at the same time as he smiles back at me with a nod and I cannot help but return the grin, completely happy. When I smile Cas looks like a puppy whose just received a treat, the look making me want so fucking much to blush like a virgin whose just gotten his first erection and doesn't know what to do (no I'm not stupid enough to get an erection while at a bonfire at the beach with a whole bunch of people I don't know next to a fucking blue-eyed god gods how inexperienced do you think I am?).

Jo better watch her back.

There's a tension between the Novaks and the La Push crew.
I try my damnedest to ignore it.

But it's hard when I hear, a lot more than once, someone mutter “What're they doing here?” undoubtedly referring to the Novaks. I hear it muttered by a few La Pushians whom I recognize from introductions earlier in the week and today; Sarah Blake, Bela Talbot, and Frank Devereaux, to name a few.

Somehow I find myself next to Krissy and Ash, watching as Mr. and Mrs. Shurley-Rosen were speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Singer-Harvelle.

I smile, realizing that both these females had to of said at one point “haha, fuck you very much society but I believe I'm going to keep my maiden *barfs* name.”

... oookay, I may have to curb my inner voice ... just a tad.

Anyway, Krissy, Ash, and I are watching these two couples speaking.

I'm unsure what I was expecting to happen, but there's a stiltedness to their conversation and a hold-out to their words, each of them at some point looking around them to peak at their children. Watching like hawks.

The hell? How old do they think we are?

I turn to the side, intending to say something into Ash's ear, going to ask if he'd seen where Cas had gotten to.

Not that I was worried about anything or anything.

Especially not the fact that the last time I spied the black-haired Novak he was standing next to Benny and I'd nearly had a heart-attack because gods be damned if they were hot alone then together they were magmatic (I don't give a shit if that's a word or not). And when the other Novak males joined, Gabriel, Michael, and Lucifer, and someone said something that made them all laugh? Even Michael's face went from stoic to oh my fucking hell let me kiss you! And I really needed to know where the hell they had all went so that I could gawk again.

Still, Castiel was undoubtedly the most hypnotic and I wanted to hear that gravelly voice beside the silk of Benny's cajun so bad. The combination of the two so sexy I really wish I could hear them in much much more indecent situations, if you catch my drift.

But when I turned to say something in Ash's ear, my eyes find the beach parking lot and oh fuck . My mothers are making their way to the bonfire.

I pause, mouth falling open and eyes wide. Krissy sees my expression and follows my line of sight, Ash following suit and instantly laughing as my mothers find their way to his parents and the Shurley-Rosen.

My mom does not look pleased, her mouth in a tight line as she introduces herself to the Novaks' parents. Apparenl y, even my family wasn't friendly with them ... great.

Jo is going to kill us. But it'll be worth it.

Ash and I were climbing over the rocks and tidepools down the coast, far enough from the bonfire that no one had any idea where we were or what we were up to unless in the loop.
Those people in the loop including Krissy – who was standing watch just before the start of the tide-pools – and Charlie and Cas. Cas’ eyes had gone wide and I’d laughed when Ash told us the plan.

I personally have no idea where we are, but even in the night Ash knows almost instinctively the way.

As I’m trying to find stable footing on a patch of mossy rockbed I think I hear something and turn swiftly, swinging my flashlight about to point the beam behind me.

And dear fucking gods in hell I nearly have a fucking heart attack.

I decide to scream and drop the flashlight instead, body flailing slightly and ending with me with my butt in a small pool of water.

This reaction makes Castiel, the little shit who’d snuck up on me in the dark, embark on a bout of raucous, beautiful, infectious laughter.

I want to hate him but I can’t as I put down a hand to push myself up, ending up slipping and nearly smacking my head on the hard rockface. Castiel’s hands are the only things that stop that danger from becoming a reality as his laughter cuts off abruptly and his arms and hands are so incredibly quickly pillows between my head and my death.

The breath I take in is shaky as all hell, his breathing not fairing much better as I let what just happened sink it.

“Perhaps, tide pools at night are a bad idea?” Cas states and it succeeded in getting a short breathless chuckle from me, saturated with relief.

“You’re probably right.” I mutter as he slowly removes his hands, moving them carefully downwards to grip my forearm and pull me up himself out of the small pool, my ass now freezing as the wet fabric of my pants is exposed to the night air. The flashlight is on its side a few feet away, having miraculously avoided all the pools and somehow still alive. When finally standing, Cas bends down and picks it up, raising a brow at me before returning it. I raise it to my head and sarcastically salute him, earning a are you for real look from him. I smile. “You here to help me and Ash?”

He nods. “Yes, where is he?”

I look around, but cannot see anything in the darkness. Pointing the flashlight behind me, I say “We were heading in that direction –” I think. To which Cas nods, walking around me, and taking the lead. He walks briskly, barely paying mind to where his feet fall and seeming unworried about tripping or stumbling or falling despite my slight with danger.

Keeping my flashlight trained on Cas is impossible, since I have to use it to make sure that where I step is safe, but soon I find that the traversing is getting easier and that the plots of sand are getting more frequent, the rocks breaking up and getting covered and such.

After a few minutes I hear muffled voices a little ways in the further distance and shine my light, glancing over the forms of Cas and Ash standing near gods knows what.

I take sufficiently longer than Cas to catch up to our genius master-planner, apparently far less adept at traversing the wet and slippery tidepools in the dark than they are, but thankfully after I’ve spied them the tidepools have dwindled completely and I’m safely on a different beach. Smaller and narrower than the one the bonfire’s stationed on, I find that it has no outlet besides the one from which we’d come, the sea itself, and a path up the cliff-face that I spy with my light. Whether or not that last one is viable, however, is beyond me. It’s at this time that the clouds are clearing to reveal an
almost too bright moon, so I shut off the artificial light and stow it in my back pocket.

They're waiting for me, watching me as I make my way up to them, both wearing these fucking smirks that tease have a little trouble, did'ya? and I wish I could slap the both of them.

“Alright, so what's the plan?”

The mullet-head and black-haired males share a look, then Cas is turning towards the sea and – holy fucking shit mayday MAYDAY M A Y D A Y!!

Stripping.

Cas is stripping.

As in; letting that hideous tan coat fall lazily off his shoulders As in; unzipping his hoodie to join the monstrosity in the sand. As in; pulling his v-neck over his head and revealing a toned but not-overly muscular, defined chest and flat stomach. As in; flicking off his shoes in time with plucking open his fly. As in; pulling down his pants in one fell drop to reveal a pair of black trunks sporting a heavy bulge that has my breath hitching, the outline of it clear even in the mostly darkness. And then as in; dropping those trunks and nearly making me hyperventilate because oh gods oh gods oh gods. I've never wanted something so badly in my life.

Why the fuck was Ash here?

Why the fuck was Cas stripping?

Why the fuck wasn't I stripping too?

I can only stand there with wide-eyes, aware but unable to do anything as my mouth falls open (who knew Cas was a jock?) and I swallow and use all my strength to hold in the fucking whine that threatens to escape as my pants become too tight and the warmth in my gut coils because gods be damned I can only imagine what that fucking body would feel like above me, underneath me, fucking inside me.

Okay, shit, Ash is right here, calm the fuck down.

And then Cas is in the water and thankfully I can no longer oggle the perk cheeks of his perfectly rounded ass – or the beautiful hang of his flacid cock between his legs.

What are the odds I can convince Ash to take their haul back to the bonfire himself and perform his prank alone while I ride Cas into the next century?

Probably nill.

Damn it.

Cas resurfaces a few seconds later and swims to shore, he'd dove quite a ways out now that I'm not too distracted by his too gorgeous body to notice, and slaps a handful of kelp onto the sand where Ash picks it up and places it into the bucket he'd brought along.

Those blue eyes illuminated in the perfect moonshine were breathtaking and Lord if I could stare into those eyes and feel that body I'd be in heaven I know it. Those eyes appeared to shine from the inside out, stirring something inside my own chest and lower that I kind of didn't want to think about lest my pants get even more uncomfortable.
Then the little shit has the nerve to smile, a knowing smirk of a smile that has me wishing I could kiss it off him, turn it into a feral snarl and just – *fuck, E N O U G H*. The not-intoxicated-by-Castiel side of my brain yells, just as the object of my desires dives again into the nighttime swell.

Squatting to help Ash pick up the strings of kelp and haul them into the bucket, I catch his knowing smirk and scowl.

“Fuck off.”

A scoff of laughter meets my words and then Cas is back and we're shovelling more kelp. And then more. And more. And still more. Cas takes six trips total into the kelp beds, grabbing loose leaves and free-floating stems and carrying them back to us so that we can collect them into The Bucket That Will Be Jo's Demise. Once it's filled to the brim Ash yells “Ah, hah!” And entraps the plastic thing in his arms, using his legs and gut to *lift* and then he's gone. Like, he bolted away, an eager air to him as he escapes to execute his grand revenge plan. Which, admittedly, is *very* good.

But now he's gone.

And Cas is still in the water.

Cas is still in the water . . . *naked*.

Less than a foot from me.

And I can't look at him to save my life.

After a few moments of electricity-filled silence, Cas appears to have had enough, because suddenly, hands planted on the tidepool rocks where we'd congregated once again – closer to the kelpbeds than the actually shoreline and so easier for Cas to collect the plants – he hauls himself bodily out of the water. The sudden movement makes me jerk, head turning too-quickly towards him and finding myself with a face full of . . . *Cas*!

From far away . . . *it* looked smaller.

But gods his cock was *glorious*.

And it wasn't even hard.

I had to swallow the frog in my throat. Had to swallow my fucking embarrassment and force my eyes to lift from the gift of god in perfect height now with my head and *my mouth* – if I leant forward I could kiss it in French – and instead look up at those now hooded blue-eyes looking down on me. We stay in this position for longer than we should, till Cas is shivering and both our breathing is labored from I-don’t-know-what and have to squirm to adjust my pants. Eyes still locked with Cas', I could *swear* I witness his massive beauty give a twitch at my not-as-subtle-as-I-could've-been movement.

A second later he takes in a deeper breath then before, licking his lips before biting them.

Then the cannibal's hand is moving, coming forward and cupping my jaw, punching all the air from my lungs and *I cannot believe this is happening* because those fingers are moving up my jaw and around my neck and his palm is there on my nape as those digits bury themselves in my hair and *pull*. For an unbelievable moment I think he's going to shove his *hardening* cock into my mouth and *use me* but instead I find my lips parting with his. Breaths mingling as he drops to his knees in front of me, blatantly ignoring the hard rock no doubt knocking painfully against them or the fact that he'll probably have a bruise and scrape because of it.
That hand in my hair doesn't disappear but his other hand and arm wind around my waist and pulls me impossibly tight against him.

For someone who just spent at least an hour in the water, Cas' body is hot and inviting. Lips and tongue warm and soft as they move against mine, dominant and possessive and gods be damned there's that snarl that I wanted earlier.

The mewl that escapes my lips is instinctive as my fingers clutch desperately to his arms, bowing my body farther into his. Cas responds with a growl, tightening the arm around my waist even more as he leans forward, lowering me gently back onto the hard rockface. Cold and wet on my back plus hot and wet at my front along with the heavy heat throbbing between us both, jutting and trapping between our hips, has my lungs heaving.

Arms winding around him and hands finding his back, nails scraping down that slick skin as he . . . fuck . . . Cas' hips move at a minute pace, tantalizingly slow, hands now out of my hair and away from my back, trailing up and down my sides as he deepens our kiss. Demanding and persistent as he rocks against me, friction building.

When Cas finally pulls his lips from mine I chase after them. “Thanks for the warming up,” Cas murmurs, eyes hooded and gaze heated, voice guttural and intoxicating.

I can't even form words, hips continuing to seek friction under that intense gaze, sounds falling uninhibited now, unashamed. When the fuck did that happen?

When the fuck did any of this happen?

Cas smiles lecherously after I release one particularly load moan and the sight of it makes me whine, squirming under him.

Gods, I'm so close. Ca a a a a s s .

Under the moonlight, he seems to understand what I need because suddenly he's pushing his hips down, pelvis tilting till his open-airied cock is sliding perfectly in-sync next to mine and with a victorious grin Cas begins to thrust. The sheer force and ferality and speed of his onslaught against my still clothed cock is whimper-inducing, my body alighting, punching moan after moan out of me until I'm suddenly coming till I white out.

Only for a second, because when I come too Cas' movements haven't subsided. They've grown slightly erratic but the ferality is still there as he chases his own release. The attack of pleasure on my too-sensitive, still-jerking in release member is maddening and I can't help the scream of pleasure as a second wave comes over me, catching me off-guard as Cas cums in gollops over my chest and face.


That's all I can think.

That's the only thing that matters.

I'm not a virgin.

But that, that was better than any sex I've ever had.

When I come around, can actually form coherent sentences and can see straight, I notice that Cas hasn't moved, he's still firmly pressed against me, except those lips are now gnawing at my neck.
Somewhere in the back of my mind I mull over the fact that I'm not usually as submissive as I am in this moment, in this situation, beneath Cas.

A thrill runs up my spine and I tighten my hold over the raven-haired beast above me as he delivers a delicious bite to the juncture between my neck and shoulder.

He pulls away after that.

The adorable, shy boy from the beginning of the bonfire who'd just finished watching a truckload of Star Trek for me is gone. Yes, he's been getting more familiar and friendly with me ever since the second week of school but I did not think he would go that far. I did even think he was capable of that.

I've never been so happy to be wrong in my life.

A hand comes to cup my cheek, swiping at something I don't wanna think about.

Probably cum.

I said I didn't wanna think about it.

“Hello,” He murmurs and it's such a fucking mundane thing to say that my lips split into a surprised grin in response.

“Hey,” The second the reply has left my lips I find his stealing my breath again.

“We need to clean you up,” Gruff voice now soft as silk I nod against his lips, body still hot and blood still pumping thick and incredible under his touch.

I don't notice how incredibly uncomfortable lying on the rockface is until I'm off it and stood on my feet, groaning at the multitudes of pain now in my backside. My discomfort makes Cas chuckle, eyes shining as he stares at me, seemingly indifferent to the cold night.

“Come on,” His hand in mine, pulling, is how I end up back on the beach. He only lets go to bend down and grab his clothes. Putting them on slow and steady, perfectly aware of my gaze on him. When everything but his hoodie and trenchcoat are back on, he turns to me, slowly pulling down my flannel – I'd left my leather jacket back at the bonfire – before making his way to the waterfront. I watch as he dips my flannel into the sea then returns. “Close your eyes.” Cas warns before the wet flannel is being pressed to my skin, wiping off the cum he'd deposited there earlier. He chuckles again and I do too.

What a night.

When I'm finally cum free Cas throws the flannel to the beach, trading it with his hoodie, which he brings up to me, turning me around and grabbing my arms and stuffing them through the sleeves one at a time. I laugh, then still, breath caught. Damn, I'm wearing Cas' clothes.

I'm never giving this hoodie back.

When I turn back to face him, he's donned his trenchcoat again and my flannel is flung over his shoulder, soaking the tan coat.

After another long long look between us, we start back towards the other beach. Where the bonfire and our friends and family are probably wondering where we ran off to.
At some point, our hands find each other's again and we walk entwined, a flittering of butterflies in my gut.

When we finally reach the bonfire and rejoin the herd we're just in time to hear a blood-curdling scream as Ash overturns the bucket of kelp and seawater—... and crabs?—over his sister's blonde hair, followed by a bucket of cliff-chalk that mixes and turns to paste alongside the liquid.

Prank Master.
Sorry ya'll. You who are in school will understand why it takes so long to update. Midterms and papers are due soon, how fun. Yippy!!!

Every second I think we won't get caught I grab for Cas' hand, the squeeze he gives my palm each time is electrifying and I always smile so hard it hurts.

Up until midnight.

When the Novaks leave.

And I'm subsequently bombarded by question on top of inquiry on top of interrogation on top of examination and topped off with investigation.

Ash started it, with the simple musing of “So what happened after I left with the kelp?”

And the flood began.

“Is that Cas' hoodie?” Deadpanned, voice a little hardened; Benny.

“You guys were gone for a long time, what happened?” Accompanied by – correctly – suggestive eyebrow wriggles; Charlie.

“I don't think I saw you leave his side once, should we be worried?” Still furious; Jo.

“Dean,” oh gods, Mom. “I didn't realize you were so close to the Novak boy.”

“Castiel . . .” I manage to mutter as she comes to stand beside me.

“Hmmm?”

Damn, not loud enough. I clear my throat. “His name is Castiel.” I state, refusing to look anywhere near her, feeling my cheeks darken and flush.

Keep your head down, she won't notice. She won't notice.

She notices. She puts her hand under my chin and forces me to look her in the eye, forcing me to lock gazes with her.

“I thought you said you weren't interested in anyone in town.” She whispers, passing a glance back towards where Jo, Charlie and Benny are standing. Yeeeaah, I had said that. But everyone says that to their parents.

“The Novaks don't live in town . . . technically.”

She responded to that with a look that said don't you dare play semantics with me, young man.
I sigh.

“Castiel is . . .” I now have the irrational urge to blush and smile way-to-wide like a fucking idiot. I mean, who does that? “Cas is . . . the one I like.” How lame of an answer is that? Gahh.

Mama looks torn at my answer, screwing up her mouth and squinting her eyes as she searches for a response. “Sweetheart, don't you think someone else would be a better . . . choice?”

I love my mom, more than anything, don't get me wrong. But for some reason her words make me see red. Especially when she again glances back towards Jo, Charlie and Benny.

I mean to respond, I really do, but instead I find myself staring at her with a shocked expression before I turn faced on my heel and get the fuck out of there.

Heading to Baby, I don't answer anyone as they call to me, I don't look at them, I don't acknowledge my mama or mom or Jo or Ash no one. Just climb into Baby and turn the key, heading back to Forks at what to others would be an alarming speed.

I get home just around 1:30 AM and plop down onto my bed with a huff, annoyed at everyone except Castiel.

I can understand how someone may have a problem with the incestuous brothers and the incarnation-of-terror that is Kali, but what the fuck is wrong with Cas that they all hate him? Okay, maybe not hate but still!

Suddenly, my phone vibrates. Well, not suddenly, since it's been basically vibrating since I hopped into the impala and escaped the bonfire and my friends' interrogations. But this vibration is a different rhythm, meaning that their # is not in my phone.

Huh, I wonder. I think as I dig it out from my sometimes-too-deep pockets.

Flipping it open I find the ID as UNKNOWN CALLER and sigh as I press answer.

“Who is this?” I ask, thinking it'll be Jo or one of them again this time having blocked their number to get my attention.

I am wrong as all hell.

“Dean-o!!”

Eyes opening wide of their own volition in shock, I sit up in my bed where I'd sprawled out on top of the comforter. “Gabriel?” I ask, glancing at the clock which reads 1:47 AM.

“The one and only, baby.” He says with a way to his voice that makes Dean imagine him doing a little sexy-dance when he says the words. Ew.

“Did I give you my number?”

“Nope.”

“Then how’d you get it?”

“Mi madre, dude.”

“Uhh,”
“Receptionist Becky”

“MRS. SHURLEY-ROSEN?”

“Why is this a surprise? Doesn't everyone know that?”

I shut my open gob and think about it. A feeling of stupidity rolls over me then as I remember my conversation with Jo and the others before the Star Trek Marathon. *OH YEAH.* “Shit, I forgot.”

Gabe laughs like that's the funniest thing he's ever heard.

*Okay, he's sleep deprived.*

“How did you forget that *she* was my mother! She's a piece of work.”

“It does explain your special form of crazy.”

Gabriel *hurrumphs* at me for that before getting back to his original reason for calling. “So, Deany, what exactly did you do to my little brother?”

I have never been more happy for telephones than I am right now because right now Gabriel is incapable of seeing just how *deeply* I'm blushing.

Remembering Cas' hips flush against my own as he pumped by brains out causes my ickily dried pants to become too tight yet again.

*I *really need to change.*

Instead of replying I ask. “What do you mean?”

“I mean: why has Cas been locked in his room buffing the banana since the second we got home?”

If I thought I couldn't blush any deeper; I WAS WRONG.

“He's been what?” MY *VOICE DOES NOT CRACK.*

“Cleanin' the rifle, painting the pickle, polishing the rocket, spanking the monkey, pumping the python, fisting your –”

“OH DEAR GODS GABRIEL STOP!” I very nearly scream, covering my face with my hand and blazing with a mix of shame and embarrassment and excitement because *holy sh!t.* Yeah, I can't deny either that I'm more than half-hard at the thought of Cas running straight to his room, slamming the door and locking it before scrambling into bed and wasting no time in tearing off his pants to take himself in hand.

The thought actually makes me feel a little powerful.

But the fact that Gabriel knows what his little brother's doing . . ?

“Gabe, why do you know what Cas is doing?”

“Oh, Dean. There is no such thing as quiet in our house.”

Oh my g o d s.

“How do you know it's because of me?” I try really hard to wipe the smile off my face even though
no one can see me. I feel like Gabriel'd be able to hear it, as ridiculous as that sounds . . .

“Dean. No concept of quiet means no concept of discreet or secrets. We're all very vocal about who we are and are fantasizing about fucking.”

“I – what?”

“He called your name.”

I cannot help the excited squeak that escapes my mouth as my cock jumps but I don't have to listen to Gabriel's shocked laughter over my reaction and reflexively hit END before I can think better of it.

I sit there staring at my phone then until it rings again.

I pick up and Gabriel only says one thing before hanging up. “I'll give Cas your number.” And then I'm alone in my room with too-tight pants, the memories of cumming under Cas' touch, and the image of Cas buffing the banana to the thought of me.

I can't get my clothes off fast enough.

I've never slept so well in my life.

After one – or three – self-inflicted orgasms to the thought of Cas I fell asleep hard.

Waking up to the dim sunlight of flooding my room, I remember suddenly that ugh it's Monday.

School, love it.

Rolling over in my thick blankets, soft fabrics rustling against my naked skin – yeah I sleep naked sometimes, so sue me – I find my alarm clock reading 8 AM. With a smile I drop my face again into the pillows.

Already late, might as well skip the whole day away.

Before I can fall back into the sanctuary of sleep, however, I feel my phone go off. The buzz is vibrating through the bed so it takes a little flailing and searching to find the damn thing by my feet, but soon I've fished it out and put it to my ear.

“Yeah?” I croak.

“Dean?” Holy fuck.

Sitting up so fast I knock over my alarm clock and pillow and one blanket, I straighten up wide-eyed and alert at that glorious voice in my ear. “Cas?”

The chuckle he lets out is glorious. “Yes. Good morning.”

“Mornin',”

There's a short, awkward silence as we both think of what to say. “Uh, I'm sorry if this was unexpected. Gabriel gave me your number this morning before he headed to school.”

“Oh. What about you?”
“What?”

Shit, that didn't make sense. “I mean, have you headed to school?”

“Oh, no, I've decided to stay home today.”

“Oh, uh, me too.”

“Really?” I'm not sure if I'm imagining it, but that one word feels like it holds a multitude of mischief.

“Yes?”

“Then why don't we spend it together?”

“Spend. The day. Together?”

“Would that be alright?”

“Uh, yes. Yes, that'd be alright.” I answer with too big a grin. Damn it, body, stop betraying me.

“Excellent. I'll be at your place in an hour.”

“Alright.”

“Goodbye, Dean.” He murmurs in a voice like carressive silk.

“Bye, Cas.” I reply and *no I'm not breathless*.

I sit there staring at my phone *again*. Then my brain kicks in to overdrive.

An hour. AN HOUR.

“Shit!” I yell as I race to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

Does this count as a date? *Fuck!*

---

Cas arrives at 9:15 AM.

In a Ford P.O.S.

*Are we Men In Black?*

The second he pulls into the driveway I wrench back the curtains in my room and *cringe* at the sight of The Pimpmobile.

Staring out the window I watch as Cas steps out of the car with a glower and trudges up the driveway, his demeanor not suggesting that he's excited about today *at all* and squashing all the happiness inside me that hoped this was a date.

Apparently not.

When the doorbell rings I sprint down the stairs – though no one really has to know that – and fly at
the door. Turning the knob I try to throw it open in a flourish but apparently the chain is on the door –
damn Jody for going out the back – because as I try to open it with my arm and rush forward with
my upper body the chain tugs the wood back like whiplash and instead of going through the open
doorway, my face ends up smashed in the doorframe and wall, thankfully not decapitated by the
SLAM!ing door.

The door is closed, the chain swinging gaily.

My face is in the wood, a groan of pain and embarrassment flowing out my newly bruised mouth.

On the porch stands a brick of silence.

Then, like a window breaking . . . loud and unencumbered guffaws shatter that quietude.

I'm guessing that my embarrassing moment of the millenium has succeeded in wiping that look of
annoyance off the blue-eyed male's face.

With – kind of unsteady – hands, I lift my fingers to fumble with the Gods-forsaken-piece-of-shit
chain and unmaze it from the door. Then, heaving a heavy sigh, I push off from the wall just as Cas
turns the doorknob and gently opens the door, a look of pure unadulterated amusement lighting up
his face like Christmas morning.

I glare at him, turning away and stomping back inside.

Not even waiting to see if he follows I take the stairs two at a time.

Oh how I wish Scotty would beam me up.

Can I run away from every clumsy moment and stupid decision in my life? Please?

Or you know, just be granted some magic power that makes Cas unable to see me in such situations?
That's be nice too. Not as nice, but nice.

Grumbling about stupid doors and how splinters are a major possibility, I stomp into my room to
retrieve my stuff. Swiping the pack from my bed, I twirl round with the intention of escaping this
house of humiliation and going wherever it is Cas has planned. Instead I come face-to-face – more
like chest-to-chest, hello gorgeous – with the cannibal himself.

(I do not jump.)

There's still mirth in his eyes, but a layer of concern clouds it now so it's not as glaring and haha I
saw you make an idiot of yourself and more rather I saw you do something extremely embarrassing
but it also looked extremely painful and I have to stop myself from biting his head off.

When his palm cups my cheek and turns my jaw this way and that to check how badly I slammed
my face, I gulp audibly at his touch, remembering those hands other places.

And suddenly, Gabriel's fucking voice is in my head and all I can see those hands doing is buffing
the fucking banana.

F U C K.

My cheeks are as red as his cockhead probably was when he had it in his hands last night.

F U C K STOP!
I push off his hand slowly, looking into his eyes and training my face into a hopefully neutral expression as I open my mouth and . . . no words come out.

Allfather, you've got to be kidding me.

Cas quirks as eyebrow at my fish-flubbing-for-water impression, but then he smiles, snatches my pack, and steadily backs-up and out of the room with a look that screams *come get me, big guy.* Okay, maybe I'm making that up or it's wishful thinking but I can dream.

And he has *shown* that he *likes me* likes me.

Is it cliché to skip school and go on a first date with a guy you've already shared a mind-blowing orgasm with?

By the time I've got my head on straight again Cas has disappeared from the doorway and there's no sound in the house other than my – when did it become – ragged breathing? I take the stairs more slowly this time then I had before as I head to the front-door, finding Cas standing there with the evil thing help open for me. Awaiting my lead. He's got that knowing smirk that before now I thought was trade-marked by Gabriel – apparently I was wrong – and when I step out onto the damp porch he crowds up against me as he pulls the door shut behind up. He jiggles the handle once to double-check that it's locked and for some reason I haven't moved and his front is almost on my back and all I want his him to close that small miniscule space and plaster himself against me.

This want is probably why I haven't moved.

And after he's checked the lock he doesn't move.

I can practically hear him smirking behind me.

Then *oh yes. Yes, YES, Y E S!* Those arms wrap 'round me and I sigh in relief, feeling utterly perfect in that instant, letting my head fall back as he winds those beautiful limbs up against my chest, pulling me close to him as he too rests his chin against my shoulder. My hands come to rest on his forearms, rubbing my fingers gently into his cool skin.

*Oh, he's not wearing that horrid trenchcoat.* I suddenly realize before a memory of Gabriel getting globbers of melted marshmallow onto the thing enters my mind. *Right, Cas had not been pleased with him for that.*

“Dean,” Cas' gravelly voice is a fucking balm to the burn of embarrassment still simmering just below the surface. Well, maybe not *below* the surface. “Have you mapped out the day's plans or shall we . . . wing it?” He pauses and I can feel a frown pulling at his lips at the idiom, like he's uncertain if the words are correct or not. I smile, a small chuckle escaping. I can't even see his expression but I know it's adorable.

“Let's wing it.”

That frown upturns into a happy smile as he gives me a squeeze.

“As you wish,” The gasp I let out is like someone punched me in the gut and I twirl so fast in his arms that this time Cas is the one who *slam/s* into the door, a shocked expression on his face as I crowd him.

“YOU’VE SEEN THE PRINCESS BRIDE?!” I do not scream . . . okay maybe a little, but it's warranted.
That amusement is back in his eyes and it's warm and honey sweet and I want to kiss him fucking senseless.

. . . somehow my mind doesn't get the memo that *want* doesn't equal *will* because suddenly my lips are on his and it's breathless and intoxicating as his nails dig into his hips. My arms wrap tight 'round his neck and I can't help my body's bowing against him as those hands move from hips to ass and *squeeze*. The whine I let out is indecent and *holy fuck* my cock is jumping so joyfully.

When our lips part Cas drops his head back with a painful sound against the wood. His name tumbles out of my lips in a whimper at the loss of his mouth and tongue and breath and those fingers tighten their hold on my *gonna-have-handprints* ass. The action causing me to drop my head against his collarbone and *keen*.

*Has he always been taller than me?*

Panting, it's a few seconds? minutes? hours? years? before his grip loosens and those wonderful appendages begin kneading my bottom in a soothing pattern, head lifting so he can bury his lips in my hair. “Stercore,” The – my? – blue-eyed beauty murmurs. I don't even know what that word means, but I concur. “Dean, fuck.” The fact that Cas cursing causes my cock to jump isn't lost on me. I just decide not to dwell on it. Not like Cas cusses a lot. And, while we're on the subject, the fact that I can get Cas to swear at all? *That's* hot.

“Cas,” Hearing his name makes him pull away, trying to meet my eyes and see my face. He doesn't succeed for long before I kiss him very lightly, a chaste kiss, on those puffy chapped lips and pull away. Holding my hand out for him I pull him off the porch and across the driveway. Bypassing his horrible car completely. Over my shoulder I spy him glancing at his car wistfully and jerk him faster.

“We are not going around in *that*. Sorry, babe.” The endearment just slips out I swear, but the squeeze Cas gives my hand and the smirk that crosses his lips is worth it as he apparently takes the lead and walks me to the driver's side door. He even wrenches my fucking keys away from me and opens my own door for me. When I get in the seat he drops them back into my palm and with a victorious grin as he rounds the hood and taps on the passenger window. With a supposed-to-be-secret grin I lean over and unlock the door. Plopping in beside me he eyes my lips unashamedly.

One immature stuck-tongue-out from me and an infectious grin from him later I turn my attention back to my Baby and turn the ignition.

Rumbling to life, I swear Baby purrs as Cas turns to face the front, hand coming up to caress her dash. At least he can appreciate good cars, even with that junk he drives.

Pulling out of the drive I go to turn on the music when I'm intercepted by Cas' hand.

Great minds think alike.

Despite the car rules: *Driver picks the music, Shotgun shuts his cakehole*; I allow Cas to tottle with the music. He ends up choosing Stairway To Heaven.

I'm impressed.

I speak up after a verse. “So, food?”

He nods. “Head to The Happy Place.”

I nod, having explored the town to refamiliarize myself with it, I knew that we were already on the correct street, going in the correct direction. Fancy that.
We need the diner in less than 5 minutes and park in the near empty lot.

Oh, yeah. School. Supposed to be there. Oh, well.

Cas gets the door, once inside I start over to one of the many retro-cliché red booths but get caught on an arm with a strong grip. He pulls me up to the counter with a smile in reply to my frown. Following him obediently we perch onto a few barstools. The server comes over and tries to hand us 2 menus but Cas shakes his head and rattles off an absurd order with all the confidence in the world.

“2 bacon double-cheeseburgers, an order of sweet-potato fries, an order of garlic fries, an order of waffle-fries, and an order of regular fries, all large, a bottled coke and an orange soda, 2 milkshakes; one strawberry the other chocolate, and a 2 slices of apple pie to go.”

I really need to ride him into oblivion.

I mean, gods on fucking Olympus sucking ambrosia with a fucking straw on a caribbean white-sand beach is this male even real? Yeah, that's what I meant.

AND THE SERVER DOESN'T EVEN BLINK.

Just jots all that down with a straight, bored face like “yep, same shit as always” and leaves to take care of that giant-sized order.

And not just a giant order but a perfect order, too.

How is he real?

I'm seriously asking, Lord. I know I don't believe in you much but I'd really like an answer.

Cas looks satisfied when he looks back over at me. The server's gone and I make no more to hide my astonishment and awe at the male beside me.

To which he returns with that Gabriel-trade-marked look.

As if this day couldn't get any more surreal he very simply and coolly reaches over and takes my hand into his, brushing his thumb soothingly over my skin.

Breathe, Winchester, breathe.

“So Gabriel called me last night,” I blurt. Oh shit. Fuck. Why the hell did I bring that up? Not something I want to bring up here. Mouth, you better stop working NOW.

Cas' brow quirks again before they both fall and scrunch. A scrutinizing expression as he sizes me up, trying to figure out what it is I'm going to say. “Oh?”

“Yeah.” Shut up. Stop talking. NOT HERE.

“What did my brother say?”

“Nothing special.” I can't look at him anymore. Instead I'm looking 'round the diner and reading everything I can. Yeah, that's not aversive at all.

Cas lets it slide, however. Hand still in mine as we wait in awkward (on my part) silence for our food. I'm going to implode if I don't ask the question soon but not in public, anywhere but here.

I'm staring out the window when I notice that the gray-dull-morning light is brightening. The wet
ground gleaming as the newly revealed sun shines down upon it. Mind latching on to that, I push my question to the back on my mind and turn back to Castiel.

“The sun's coming out.”

“I know, I thought we'd go up the mountain.”

“Up the mountain?”

“My family has a small cabin up there with a large meadow.”

“Damn, seriously?”

Cocking his head in that adorable way he has, he looks confused. “I'm completely serious.”

With a humm, I think about it before I nod and smile. “Sounds good.”

And is if on cue, the server returns with 5 – I repeat FIVE – bags of food for us. Along with 2 drinks trays.

“And how are we gonna carry all this?” Cas smiles at my dubious tone before grabbing one bag and putting it between his teeth before grabbing a drinks tray in one hand and two other bags in his other. I watch with bemusement as he motions me towards the door. Grabbing the last two bags in one hand and the second drink's tray in my other I follow him out, thankful that the door is a push.

Clambering into the car we head out with Cas giving directions while juggling our food in his lap.

After about another 10 minutes drive through town Cas points us off the beaten path and up a winding dirt road. Another 10 minutes sees us near the top of a mountain and the end of the road. Climbing out we juggle out food again as I lock up baby and Cas leads the way. Food dangling from everywhere possible, we walk about 5 minutes through the woods till we emerge out in a clearing.

Directly across from us stands a small cabin.

Everything's bathed in warm sunlight and all I want is to bask in it.

Trudging up to the door Cas finagles his keys out of his pocket and unlocks the heavy door. Pushing in we enter and deposit our food on the counter before suddenly Cas grabs me and pulls me into one of the bedrooms.

Cheeks heating up and a little confused I'm about to protest that I'm hungry and don't want to do . . . whatever it is he wants to do – well, not now – when he lets me go and rounds to the other side of the bed. But his giddiness as he squats and grabs the mattress by the edge is confusing and I stare at him as he shifts the piece of furniture. After a minute of standing, those blue eyes look up to me in a mix of confusion and hurt.

“Are you going to help?”

“Uhh,” The sound draws out as I motion helplessly around us. “With what?”

“Moving the mattress.”

“Where?”

“Out into the meadow.”
Opening my mouth to respond, the words are just on the tip of my tongue when I think better of them and lean over to help Castiel with his awkward haul. Maneuvering like pros through the cabin we make it outside quickly and efficiently deposit the mattress on the damp green grass.

Going back in he grabs the food while I collect the scattered pillows and blankets and haul them too outside, piling everything onto our throne.

Everything finally collected, we collapse side-by-side onto our bounty.

As we dig in to our meal (FINALLY) my mind of course travels back to the previous night and all the questions I'm dying to ask the enigma next to me.

Might as well when he's got a mouth full of food. When is there a better time?

“Were you really fistin' your mister for hours last night like Gabe said you were?”

The sounds of choking and the coughing fit that overtakes Cas makes me imagine he was bobbing for apples instead of cuffing the carrot last night, and that thought sends two reactions through my body; 1. an implosion of jealousy as to who the fuck he could be doing that with – besides me –, a reaction that admittedly frightens me from its intensity. 2. a really hot fantasy of Castiel on his knees in front of me with my cum dripping from his lips and those blue eyes dilated into black voids of lust, a fantasy that I would sell my soul to have become real.

Maybe soon (really soon? like here on this mattress soon?) it'll come true.

He's still coughing up his milkshake.

Yeah, and it's dripping all over his lips.

FUCK.

“Wha – ! Whaaaat!” He screeches. There's more than a hint of hysteria in the sound as he glances around us with panicked, wide-eyes like I've caught him in the act of murder. That expression and the sheer terror behind it has me cracking up.

I may or may not snort my own milkshake at the sight.

But damn if his expression isn't adorable.

Now he looks like a kicked puppy. Eyes wide and fucking helpless.

Oh baby.

I really am in trouble.

Chapter End Notes

btb I started reading Fantasy, Inc by LonelyCassiopeia the day after I wrote that bit and apparently we both enjoy the phrase "buffing the banana". :) I thought of changing it but it's my favorite euphemism. haha.
I seem to be on a roll with this story.

I'm getting more confident and seem to be losing my shame as I continue. I'm not sorry. :)

“I – I-I! – I – ”

“Cas!” My voice is loud and punctuated with a laugh as I very nearly throw myself at the flubbing mess of limbs. Containing myself, I inch closer, stretching out my whole hand now to trace the contours of his forearm with my fingertips. Continuing to panic over my disclosure, Cas' eyes are wide and his mouth open. Palms on his arms, I steady him as we face each other. Nose-to-nose and chest-to-chest I make him look me in the eye. “Cas, calm down.”

“But, I – ”

“Do I scare you?” I tease.

“Wha –? N-no, no more than usual.”

“Usual?”

Heavy breathing is his only answer. Crinkling my brow in amusement, I watch as his eyes dilate. Letting the question drop, I go back to the more important issue.

“Cas, I don’t mind. Really, I'm flattered, actually. If, you know, if it was about me, that is.” Stupid blood rushing to my cheeks as I lightly trail my hand over the perfect muscles of his lightly covered arms. Woah, honey. Something in my voice must have done it because just like that he's staring at me like... in the most clichéd sense possible, like I hung the moon.

Breathing evening out, his blue eyes don't leave mine. His lips may or may not mouth the words “of course it was for you” but that may or may not be wishful thinking. No sound escapes him as he takes in everything about me with those drowning eyes.

“You good, big guy?”

Lip quirking up at the side, his eyes start to shine. It takes me a second to realize what I said and in the next split of a millisecond my cheeks are flaming and his smile is blinding.

Damn you, big guy.

“Shut up,” Yeah, yeah, keep smiling while you can.

“Am I a. B i g. G u y?” He asks with the most adorable let-me-slap-your-smug-kid-in-a-candy-store-face smile on.
“Shut it,”

“Deeaan,”

“Shhhh.”

Arms wrapping around my waist, looks like that scared little boy caught with his pants down is gone and back again is that self-assured male from the beach . . . and from the porch.

The former was adorable, but the present is glorious.

Tightening his hold, he rubs his nose against mine.

Good lord.

Even if he's bipolar, at the moment, I don't care.

“Did Gabriel really – ?”

“Call me at like 2 AM to inform me that you'd been beating the stick since arriving home from the bonfire? Yeah, he did.”

He grumbles in response about evil, conniving brothers for a moment then.

“Mmhmmm,” I hum, melting into the warm chest pressed against mine, lifting my arms to wrap 'round his neck.

I don't know when I closed my eyes but there's suddenly a pair of warm lips against my jaw and hot breath against my skin, darkness all around me. The sunlight tries to get in, but the sensory deprivation of sight is tantalizing and I don't allow it. Even in the dark last night – WOW that was just last night – there'd been the moon to guide my hands and his. But with my eyes shut and light voluntarily extinguished it's a whole new experience.

I can definitely see the appeal of blindfolds. Maybe Cas'd be down for them . . . Hmm.

“Dean,”

“Mm?”

“How exactly did you take that news?”

“News?” I mumble, lulled by his warmth, content.

“That Gabriel gave you.”

“That you were bleedin' the weasel?”

“Yes, how did you take the news that I was – ” the ass squeeze he gives me now is just mean “— petting the pink dragon to the thought of my White Knight last night?”

If I weren't already breathless; I would be choking on nothing right here and now.

“I, uh,”

“You, uhh, what?”

“I may have pet the unicorn a few times.”
“Mmmm ~,” S q u e e e e e z e. “Really?” Those hands are a work of art. All warm and caring as they soothe and stroke over my butt-ocks.

(I always thought that was a funny word.)

(Not now, Brain. NOT. NOW.)

Opening my eyes I find that his smile is even wider – how is that even possible? –; his teeth flashing in the sun.

“Yes, Sir.” In response Mr. Cannibal takes a deep breath and turns his gaze at the sky. It doesn’t stay there for long, but it’s enough that he breathes out a heavy breath of . . . something, before turning back to meet my eyes with a pained expression.

“Pleeease don’t call me sir.” He whines.

I chuckle at that, never having got such a reaction before.

“Why not?”

“That’s Michael’s kink.”

“Oh gods, say no more. PLEASE.”

Aaand cue that evil, Gabe-worthy fucking grin.

“My ‘parents’ role-play.”

“Babe, don’t,”

“Lucifer likes breath-play.”

“Stop – ”

“Gabriel has a daddy kink.”

“He likes to call Kali daddy?!!” I don't know why my mind went in that particular direction, but it did.

Cas throws back his head as a roar of guffaws overtakes him, no doubt imagining the same horrifying image I myself have running 'round and 'round in my mind. “No, no,” He finally manages after a few minutes, trying desperately to control his breathing and stop the bursts of laughter. “He likes being called daddy.”

“Thank Zeus.”

“Mmh, I was always partial to Hades.”

“I'm not even gonna ask.”

I murmur before I look to see his eyes watching me, suddenly intent. There's a lightness in the tempest of his gaze, a softness that's the only warning before those lips lean forward to feather across mine.

After that, we sort of just . . . bask.
In each other and in the sun. Content in each others arms. I can't take my eyes away from his face.

Looking into each other's eyes — trying to read each other's thoughts.

He breaks the silence first.

“So you're not offended?”

“Offended that you'd take yourself in hand at the thought of me? No. What are you asking? My permission?”

Cas nods, a slow up and down of his head, eyes still intent on me. The joking spark still there in the background. He falls silent, watching me intently as I think through my – kind of unnecessary – answer.

“Weeell ~, I mean, I'd rather you did that then go out to a bar and look for someone else to take your . . . frustrations out on.” I smirk.

“I'm not frustrated.”

“Ohh baby don't I know it.” With a wink, I lean in to whisper in his ear. “You seemed to know what you were doing last night.”

Damn I forgot about those amazing hands.

He lifts his eyes; his expression wistful, pleading. A stark contrast to the delectable attention those appendages are giving my derriere.

“There's a lot of things I could show you. Interested?”

“Bad romance-novel lines, really?”

“I'd rather think of them as porno-worthy. Are they working?”

“Maybe.”

“Good, Gabriel will be pleased that his gift of Casa Erotica videos did not go to waste. They were very good study material.”

I will never admit that the laugh I let out now is nothing more than tinkling bells on the wind. Never. At least, that's what Cas' face makes it seem like. There's no much happiness in that infuriatingly adorable-and-at-the-same-time-sexy gaze that I want to both kiss it and punch it away.

“How many did he give you?”

“I believe I have 4.”

“Any of them have Tessa Mortem?”

“I don't know many names of pornstars, sweetie.”

“We should fix that.”

“Together?” That gravelly voice is deep and definitely dropped an octave.

“I wouldn't be opposed.”
“There is one, Michael Adams, who I find bears you a striking resemblance.”

*Gods be damned, Cas, stopped making me laugh like this!* Shaking from head to toe I cling on to him, burying my head in his neck and shoulder. I know *exactly* who he's talking about. I may, unashamedly, have cummed to the sight of my look-a-like one or two times in my life.

“I couldn’t really see last night, but I wonder . . .” He trails off, a prickle of anticipation crawling over my skin in response. There's a weight laying heavy on us both, a strenuous tension as our grips again tighten, holding each other firm and warm.

“Wonder?”

The word hangs there for a moment in the warm breeze, clean air becoming diluted by our heavy breaths.

“If you look just as beautiful when you cum.”

*HAVE. MER. CY.*

My gasp and squirming of hips and legs meets his confession, my *unicorn* perking up its horn, wanting to get pet by the knight that'll soon be white.

*Oh lord, I need help.*

“Wanna find out?” Those blue eyes scorch from under his lashes, hypnotic and deadly as they bear into me, accompanied by a smirk so salacious it should be criminal.

“It'd be my pleasure.”

“I thought *I* was supposed to be the one cumming?”

“Reciprocation is the key. If you don't participate, you can't cum.”

“Rocky. Fucking. Horror. Are you shitting me?”

“Never.” The stone-cold look on his face is hilarious because yeah, ew no we are NEVER going *there.* I'm into a lot of kinky things, but I draw the line at *that.* I won't even touch water sports. No, thank you.

“Don't worry, baby, we are never ever ever never going there.”

“Baby?”

“What? You don't like me calling you baby?”

“No, I actually really like it.”

“Just don't go calling me daddy.”

That cold face is gone, replaced by another giddy smile. “Never.”

“Is *never* gonna be our *okay*?”

Grrrroooooaaaannn. (But that smirk stays with a vengeance.)

“We haven't texted it to each other the conservative estimate of four million times in the last year,
though.”
“The fact that you know that line, baby, means that we will never get to that many.”
“Dean Henry Winchester, you're beautiful.”
“Oh gods, it's like I'm literally stuck inside the heart of Jesus.”
“So, just means He won't be able to hear you scream.”
Cue disbelieving silence.
“You did not just say that.”
“I might have.”
“What in God's name have I unleashed.”
“My name is Castiel.” That response makes me remember my previous thought of calling him Godstiel and wonder if that would be wayyy too much of an ego boost. Probably.
Mr. Snarky raises a hand (but it was in such a nice spot) to rest gently on the side of my neck. (okay, maybe that's a nice spot too.)
My blood racing, my pulse thuds in my veins. Surely he can hear it.
"The flush on your cheeks is . . . comely," The devil murmurs. I release my arms from 'round his neck, allowing them to fall limply to my sides, giving him complete access and control. Any other person, I’d be pinning them down and riding them into oblivion by now, but Cas? The ruling emotion within me with him is to let go.
To let him lead.
And you know, screw it. I'm gonna heed to the damn thing.
In retaliation for letting go of him the jerk raises his other hand off of my ass and brushes the fingers 'cross my cheek.
"Be very still," he whispers.
Yes, sir.
Frozen.
Statuesque.
That's me.
(Fucking itch on my nose. No.)
Snailily, keeping our gazes locked, he leans in towards me. At first I think it'll simply be a kiss, and yeah, it is, but n o t on my lips. Very gently, the meanie-pants rests his cheek against the hollow at the base of my throat. Face in profile to my skin, he kisses the sides of the hollow in a gentle crescent that heats my chest with a becoming blush. Listening to the sound of his even breathing, feeling his hot breath on my skin, I can't help but watch as the sun and wind play in his unruly raven hair.
With a deliberation that's breathtaking, his magic-fingers slide graciously down the sides of my neck. And I can't stop the very nearly helpless shiver that rakes down my body in correlation.

His breath catches in response and I hear it like a gunshot.

Despite this, his hands don't pause – don't even skip – as they softly travel to the base of my shoulders.

Then stop.

Just.

Stop.

His face drifting to the side, his nose skims across my collarbone, lips trailing whispering kisses and fogs in their wake.

He comes to rest with the side of his face pressed tenderly against my chest.

Listening to my heart.

"Ah," Oh gods, why does it have to start beating like a marching band now?

There's no doubt in my mind that he can hear it tittering.

More like trying desperately to escape the cage that is my chest.

The savage beast.

I don't know how long we sit like this, without moving, his cheek to my chest, but at some point I've lifted my arms to hold him tight against me. To cradle his noggin and to verify his reality. It may be hours that we stay like this.

If I thought I could get lost in those eyes, it's nothing compared to getting lost in his touch.

It's intoxicating.

Hypnotic.

Addicting.

Yeah, that's the word. Addicting.

Like I'm an addict and he's my drug of choice.

He doesn't move or speak again as he holds me but eventually the throb of my pulse quiets, and I know somewhere in the dormant part of my skull that we've only been intertwined like this a few minutes, but my body doesn't listen. My bones swearing that it's been centuries and squeaking in protest when we attempt to move.

Too soon, our grips loosen, our bodies detangling. A calm, content . . . goddamn it, sensuality is the only word that works for this situation . . . maybe aphroditic, erotic, passionate?

His eyes are peaceful as they look up at me. Awe-ful and delicately sinful.

The kiss he grants me then is nothing short of blistering, a warm, subtle burn that'll last for centuries.
Magma beneath his lips threatens to burn me, so close to turning to lava that I feel a tendril of fear in my gut.

The same emotion as when I'm afraid to loose something I care about.

I really am in over my head.

I feel it's a theme now, but our sexy always comes with some comedy, or rather . . . spoken prurience?

Trailing from my shoulder blades down back to their temporary home on my behind, those fingers make a name for themselves on their way to my hands resting once again at my sides. Taking one in his, Cas guides my palm forward till it's gliding seductively down his front.

Down, down . . . down . . . down.

Hello, Sailor.

Actually. Scratch that. I can come up with something far more cheesy than that . . . Hmm.

Is that a rocket in your pocket or are – No, no no no.

Is that Excalibur? 'Cause baby I'd like to be your stone.

Eh, not my best work, but it'll do.

Damn, Cas is hard as vibranium.

"It won't be so hard again," he smirks with satisfaction, molding my hand to cup him. The moan I utter is very, highly X-rated as my own cock jerks to full-attention at the first touch.

"Is this very hard for you?" I inquire, a coy smile gracing my lips.

I gotta admit, corny lines are kinda fun.

"Not nearly as hard as I imagine, rather know, it can be. And you?" He murmurs, lips now on my throat again, palm moving to caress in return. "Mmh,"

"Do you feel how warm I am?"

"Scorching."

"I know a good way to cool it down."

Grinning like cheshire against my throat, Cas breathes, "So do I", before those deft fingers release my fly. Unplucking the button with an expert's grace and shedding the coarse fabric with a feather-light pull.

It only takes a few more flicks of the wrists and tangling of limbs before we're both completely, utterly, blissfully naked.
Lord and glory but angels have mercy.

Apparently, the quick fumble in the dark beneath the bright moon as well as the culturally mandatory barrier of pants did NO JUSTICE to how hung Castiel is.

Breathless doesn't even begin to describe what I am once I take in the sight of it.

I've never been desperate for anything so much in my entire life.

The terms needy bitch, slut, and whore rattle around in my skull.

I wonder if Cas'd call me one of them if I asked?

And yeah, judging from the quirked eyebrow and knowing smirk the cannibal's giving me, I've been staring at his gift from God for far too long.

“Got a third leg there, Cas.”

He only responds with a grunt before leaning over and kissing me with a gentleness belying of the situation, yet oddly perfect. With a quick wrap around my waist he pulls me down into the sheets in a heap. With an oomph! I land on the smug bastard, naked body upon naked body.

There's no urgency to his touch though, and I find that strangely satisfying.

Those wandering appendages caress and touch and I return the favor, no hurry. No seeking release. Yeah, he wants to see me cum, but I think we've got plenty of time for that.

“If you take sexual advantage of me, you're going to burn in a very special level of hell.” I murmur when those fingers delve into the cleft of my ass, seeking till they circle my rim in a lazy manner.

“A level they reserve for child molesters and people who talk at the theater. Yes, I'm aware.”

“I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T KNOW ANY REFERENCES!” I yell, pushing up off his chest to glare down at the grinning lil shit.

“I'm catching up.” He smiles. Smirks, more like. Again.

I think I really did release the inner Gabriel in him.

Oh well.

Laying back down, I allow him to continue his fondlement – hell yes it's a word.

This. *This* I could get lost in.

---

It's hours before we even *contemplate* getting up.

But we both ditched school.

And we both probably have annoyed parents to explain to.

. . . and incessant siblings to make excuses to.

So, long after the sun's dipped beneath the tree-line and we've huddled in the blankets and pillows,
curled lazily around each other, we awake from our hazy state of one and separate, becoming our own beings again.

What a shame.

With slow, measured movements we find our clothes, sometimes finding each others and helping the other dress with tired movements. Our skin nearly always touching, brushing fingertips and lips and exchanging lingering hugs.

Getting dressed takes a lot longer than it really should.

When I ask about the mattress, Cas says to leave it, that he'll take care of it some other time. All he does to protect it from the rain is grab a tarp from around the cabin's side and drape it over the inviting nest. I want nothing more then to return to the comfort of it and his warm arms.

After the tarp's in place Cas comes to me and grips my hand tight, heading back towards where I'd parked Baby so so many hours earlier.

I can't help the giddy fucking smile that's lighting up my face.

After today, the day of lazy touches and unhurried kisses, wandering hands and searching eyes, I'm confident in saying that I know every nook and cranny of his body now. All mine and all nothing short of perfect.

He still hasn't watched me cum in the daylight, though.

And neither have I seen him.

But that's okay, 'cause I've never been more relaxed.

I've never had a day where I just touched a lover without any sexual intent, and I can't believe it was so wonderful. But there's a gut instinct that's telling me that with any one else it wouldn't have felt so right.

The drive home is silent aside from Baby's rumbling.

Not an uncomfortable silence, though.

Not awkward at all.

More like, content and understanding.

Warm.

The drive is too short. Ugh.

Too soon we're pulling into my driveway, Cas' pimpmobile – gods I'd almost succeeded in forgetting about the monstrosity – sitting patiently on the street.

Thankfully, neither of my mom's cars are in the driveway.

Small blessings.

I don't wanna explain to them just yet.

Especially after their reactions to the Novaks last night.
Last Night.

Wow. I still can't wrap my head around that. And now the doubts start to creep in under the contentment and the happiness. Is it simply a human reaction to doubt everything that's good?

. . . are Cas and I moving too fast?

. . . do I care if we are?

For some reason, protecting myself from this love seems irrational. I've never allowed a lover in. But I don't want to protect myself from Cas. I want to let him burrow inside and build a home within my chest. To nest in my heart and infect my blood, infest my lungs and tumor my brain.

I'd welcome the disease.

I'd be his vessel.

Let God and his angels have heaven and earth, Cas is the only eden I'll ever need.

The thought should scare me.

It should scare me like when I was a child and my father, instead of saying “don't be afraid of the dark” when Sammy had told him that he was scared of the thing in his closet, had told us the story of the bogeyman and warned us that we “should be afraid of the dark, anything can lurk there, and anything does. Never turn your back, always be prepared.”

Since then, all the unknown has given me pause. Everything in the dark, everything that isn't concrete and certain makes me question.

I'm done second-guessing.

I refuse to do so. Not with Castiel.

For once I feel safe and at home.

We dawdle in Baby for a while, hands clasped, warm fingers intertwined.

I could get used to this.

Hell, I already have.

That's a little frightening.

But it feels right.

And when he finally hops back into his car after pulling me 'gainst the side of the white monster, leant against the door frame, chest to chest as he explores my mouth before pulling away with a heavy “Goodnight, Dean” and slinking into the seat, I walk into the house with my fingers tracing the ghost of his upon my lips.

Somehow I end up on my stomach on my bed, in a daze as I replay the day like a lovesick teen . . . okay, I'll concede to that being much more than just a simile. I'm tired, even though it's no later than 9, but sleep doesn't come.

There's an urge in my chest that I try to fight but end up picking up my phone anyway.
Opening the texts and clicking NEW MESSAGE.

Clicking Cas' name, I key out a quick text, checking the time.

It's been no more than an hour since we parted.

*Goodnight, Cas.*

I type, I don't know what possesses me to do it, but the need is strong and though it may be clingy, I still send it.

I get a reply within seconds.

*Goodnight, Dean. Sleep well.*

And fall asleep then with a giddy smile.
Abductions and Abductees

Chapter Notes

So, there are a few places in this that need editing, like I feel there may be something wonky with Cas and Dean's brothers' ages that needs fixing.

Also, this chapter was supposed to be very very different. XD I realized that I made Cas, Gabe, Luci, and Michael all in the same grade even though they're blood brothers and that just doesn't work without someone being held back or pushed forward. (I also didn't set out to make Kali sexually abusive in this story but lo and behold what happened. I also FORGOT ABOUT JODY'S HUSBAND AND SON that was a sad remembrance for me)

AND, I'm sorry if anyone's waiting on a chapter for Trickster's or Soft Spoken because I am working on those they're just coming slower and for some reason writing chapters in this story is making me really happy cause it's really fun and I really need that happiness with all the stress of school right now.

BTB I work and have school literally every day till Black Friday except ONE DAY where I will be at the animal shelter so I have no idea when the next chapter of anything will be up. (I even work 12:45-8 ON THANKSGIVING ya'll :( [though I think my fam's gonna have thanksgiving dinner on black friday so that i don't miss out ;])

I did write the next Dean scene in Soft Spoken though and have a few pieces of Trickster's done.

They aren't dead, they're just . . . hybernating . . . much like I wish I could.

Alright, love ya all. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I've never been more happy that Mom and Jody go to work early than I am when I wake up the day after Cas and mine's trist.

Waking up to an empty house, I sigh with relief at not having to face my mothers just yet. Glancing at the clock I find the time 6:40 AM staring back at me.

With a groan I extract myself from my horde of fuzzy blankets and enticingly warm mattress, stumbling to the bathroom to take care of morning business.

Evacuate bowels.

Shower.

Brush teeth IN shower.

Stay in shower much longer than necessary.

Get out of shower.
Ignore towel.

Walk back to room and let myself airdry in the heated environment.

I'm very glad I remembered to switch on my space heater before I fell to bed the night before.

Combing through my closet, I pass a glance back to the clock.

7:30 AM.

Yeah. A LOT longer than I needed to be in the shower.

Although, to be fair, I had a lot on my mind and something needed my immediate attention. *wink wink*

Damn, dreams can either be your worst nightmare or your best friend.

Last night's was more like that pleasure you love to hate. Or is it hate to love?

Mmmmmh.

Shit. 7:40 AM.

Fuck it.

I grab the first things I can find and throw them on, gelling up my hair sparingly as I gather my school essentials.

Clamboring down the stairs, I exit out into the bleak world with the hope that I'll see Cas today sometime before our joined class.

I just don't think it will happen the second I step out of my house.

Stopping short on my porch, I stare at the lil shit as he leans lazily—v i c t o r i o u s l y!—against Baby's driver's side door.

Uhmm, “Can I help you?”


One day I really will punch it off his hot-damn gorgeous face.

“Get in,” His honeycomb voice commands.

With a raised, incredulous eyebrow I look from him, to Baby, to The Pimpmobile, and back to him.

“Can't while you stand there.”

“You're not driving.”

“Excuse me?”

“You're not driving.”

“No offense, actually, take all the offense in the world, I am not getting into your monster of a car.”

“Pretty sure your car's pretty monstrous as well.”
“Baby's NOT monstrous.”

“Is monstrous always a bad thing?”

“I'm not getting in your car.”

“I wasn't asking you to.”

“Then wha – no no no NO. You are N O T driving Baby!”

“Dean – ”

“No.”

“Deeeaan – ”

“N o.”

“You will be right there in the passenger's seat, side-driving, the entire time. I would never harm your Baby.”


“Babe, please trust me.” Cas' voice is patient and there's amusement in his gaze as he looks at me.

I really should argue further, and later I know I will panic so hard because HOLY FUCK I'm about to let Cas drive Baby, I've always said that even SAM will only be allowed to drive Baby on special events but gods if I don't trust this enigma in a trenchcoat. Which he is. He's wearing the fucking trenchcoat. With a navy hoodie underneath, the hood tucked up over his hair, a barrier against the drizzle.

Searching around like I'll be thrown a life-line from the evergrowing nothing, moving from foot to foot before I curse and turn to pin Cas with a hell-worthy glower. Stalking towards the asshole, I fish my keys from my pocket and throw them into his awaiting hands, grumblely walking round Baby's hood to the passenger side door like I haven't done in . . . oh, years.

Cas' victorious smirk is back when he slide into our prospective seats.

With a simple “put on your seat belt” and a turn of the key he rumbles Baby to life, pulls out of the drive, and heads . . . wait.

“You know the school's the other way, right?”

“I know.”

“Then wha – ”

“We're going to Port Angeles.”

“Port Angeles? Where's that?”

“About an hour and a half southeast.”

“O o o k a y, why are we going there?”

“To shop.”
“You've gotta be shitting me.”

He grins that cheshire smile again. Fuckin' dimples.

“We're really going shopping?”

“We're finishing our date.”

I wasn't aware that blood could rush to my cheeks so quickly. Huh. Good thing to know about my own betraying biology.

“Yesterday wasn't enough?”

Glancing over at me, those blue eyes soften, a smile shining out of them, lips relaxed and body calm as he takes me in. “Never.” He murmurs as he turns back to the road.

That one little word warms my gut in a bubbly, crap-I-have-major-feelings-for-him sort of way.

I look away from his face for the first time, looking out the window as the trees whisk past like paper on a printing press, not looking to find words, instead noticing that in the silence is a comfortability I've only found before with Sammy.

After a few minutes, I turn back 'round, intending to turn the radio on low, when I happened to notice the speedometer.

“Holy shit, Cas. You don't mess around when you drive, do you?”

“Is something wrong?” He asks, a bit startled, but he doesn't decelerate.

Baby's speed stays steady at 100 miles per hour.

“You're going a hundred miles per hour.” I imagine now that the forest surrounding us is like a black wall, one that would be as hard as superman's arms of steel if we were to veer off the road at this speed.

“We're not going to crash. Relax.”

“Do I look scared?”

He looks sideways at me then, an accessing glint to his eyes. Lips downturned a bit at the ends. Cas has never driven with me out on a dirt drive or on a lonely stretch of highway.

“Are we in a hurry?”

“No, I always drive like this.” His lips turn from that almost-frown and up into a crooked smile. “I've never been in an accident, nor gotten a ticket.”

“Nice, wish I could say the same. Will you slow down a bit?”

“Thought you said you weren't scared?”

“Not, but 2 things: 1. I've never driven this road before and I'd like to see the sights and 2. If you turn my Baby into an Impala pretzel, I will find your soul in hell and skin you every single day for the rest of eternity. Capiche?”

His grin goes giddy before he eases up on the gas and the needle gradually drifts down towards
eighty. “Happy?”

“Almost.”

“I hate driving slow,” he grouses.

“Same. But this is my Baby, and I don’t take chances like that with her.”

“Still surprised you’re letting me drive her at all.”

“So am I. So. Am. I.”

Port Angeles is a beautiful little tourist trap, much more polished and quaint than Forks.

Cas seems to know it pretty well and bypasses quite indifferently the picturesque boardwalk by the bay. Truthfully, one glance at it and I wouldn’t mind wasting some time there.

Maybe later.

Cas drives straight to the one big department store in town, not anything like a Target or a Walmart, but the best that the town could offer. It was actually very quaint and adorable. Dominating a small strip-mall made up mostly of local businesses, no big-brands in sight, it sits a few streets in from the bay area’s visitor-friendly front.

The last part of the drive is spent in relative silence, a bit of Metallica at such a low volume it is basically background noise as I watch the sights pass by. The last 20 minutes is water-front and beautiful and I never lift my eyes from the bay.

I’ve forgotten about the whole “shopping” reason for our coming until we are in parking in the front lot and hauling out of Baby's hull.

Then I remember very clearly.

“Riiight. So, why are we going shopping on a date?” I ask, resting my arms on Baby's cabtop and resting my chin on my forearms, looking over the blacktop at the little speedster.

The sheepish smile and down-turned eyes then are absolutely adorable.

But not enough for him to escape questioning.

“Caaas?”

“Oh, so, I was wondering . . . If you'd - - - ” mumble mumble mumble.

Gods he goes from confident to shy in 2.5.

“If I’d – ? What?”

“Go to the dance with me?” Lopsided, hopeful, and bashful the smile he accompanies those words with may just steal my heart and breath away.

How cliché is that?

Instead of answering I hide my blinding smile in the crook of my arm before looking anywhere but
at him and trying to find my voice.

“Yeah, uhm, of course I'll go with you.” I answer, trying with every molecule in my being not to burst out in a sunball-flame of happiness.

“Great.” Cas' voice sounds just as breathless as mine.

Gods, we spent all of yesterday naked on a mattress together and this is what embarasses us? We are some pair.

“Oh, ah, warning. Gabe likes to sabotage the dances in some way and I know he's planning something.”

I can't help but laugh at that. Wondering if Gabe will douse the party-goers in slime or cut the power or something else. Probably something a lot worse than either of those.

“I bet Gabe's pranks are heinous.”

“The sabotaging isn't always a prank.”

“Like?”

“He got one cancelled on purpose the other year just to piss of all those who were super excited about it. He has some feud with the dance council.”

“Why?”

“He and Kali have been doing this for as long as I can remember.” I'd been keeping my face turned away from him but that caught my attention and I whipped my head round so fast I got whiplash.

“Kali's on the council?”

“Yep.”

“Ohhh.” I paused. I knew my face was red, but I didn't care anymore. “They have a . . . turbulous relationship, don't they?”

“You have no idea.”

I have no other words on the matter, so I just nod and push away from Baby's cold surface.

We're here for a purpose.

A date. Which includes shopping for a different date.

To a dance. A school dance.

What has my life come to?

As we walk inside Cas tells me that the dance is billed as semiformal, And while I'm not exactly sure what that means, he seems to. Well, he should, since the dance coordinator lives in the same house as him and he's gone through this at least twice a year for the last 4 years.

Somehow I confess that I've never been to a dance and Cas shrugs, saying he wouldn't have ever gone to one either if he weren't afraid Kali would shoot him.
Or if he didn't really wanna see all of Gabriel's sabotagings.

I respect those reasons.

Preservation and mischief are high on my list as well.

Cas navigates the mall like a master, and when we finally walk through the front doors of the department store he musters up the courage to ask: "Didn't you ever go with a boyfriend or something?"

Woah, the ex-boyfriend talk.

Is this a skippable part of dating?

Do I want to skip it?

Do I want to know about Cas' exes?

Yes. Yes I do.

Just . . . here? Now?

Ugh, internal debates are tedious and exhaustive and why can't we be simple creatures and not second-guess everything we say and do and why am I so afraid of the answer to any question I could possibly ask Cas about his exes?

Wow . . . I'm just gonna . . . clear my mind.

Breathe.

So, the boyfriend talk. Here goes. “Bringing up exes is a two-way-street.” I answer.

With a pained expression, Cas responds, plucking through a rack of button ups. “I know.”

“I dated this boy once. His name was – ” I literally couldn't have contained my laughter even if I tried because okay, the last relationship I had was with: “Cassidy!” So what if I bent at the waist and hold my stomach from laughing too hard?

Cas' groan and dropped shoulders and shake of the head is the perfect answer.

He's so tired of my shit.

And I'm tired of laughing myself to tears.

Oh well.

“We called him Cassie.”

“Please stop.”

“Cassie wassie.”

“Shhh.”

“Any exes named Dean?”

“Not many exes to speak of.”
“Well?”

“Meg, Hannah . . . Balthazar.”

“Oh,” The fact that he has mostly females on his list at first makes me cringe and then suddenly there’s a large amount of I don’t give a shit pervading my mind. Then I focus on that last name. “Balthazar?”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Are you ashamed of him?”

“No o o o o . . .”

“Then why’d you hesitate?” Silence. “Cas?”

“You know Professor Cameron?”

“Ye a h . . .”

“Balthazar Cameron.”

What. “H o l y s h i t . . . H O L Y S H I T. Holy shit holy shit holy shit!!” Yeah, so what if I scream? Cas had a relationship with our fucking teacher!

W H A T!?!?!

He looks less sheepish now and more yeah-that's-right-I'm-a-fucking-beast.

“It was short-lived.”

“Hot damn, Cas.”

“It was last year.”

“Damn.”

“You?”

“Uhhh, Cassidy, Rhon, Lydian, and Nick. Those are my magic four.”

“No females?”

“Not anymore, technically. Nick was transitioning at the time. He's a few years older, should be around 20 now. I was 15 and he was 17 at the time we were together. Don't give me that look, Mr. I Dated A Teacher. He sent me a letter a few weeks back, actually, telling me his surgery went fine and that he is now physically male. We never got passed making out, he and I, I'm not interesting in female genitalia and he felt very uncomfortable in his skin. It was more romantic than sexual. I liked him a lot, but my dad relocated us and it didn't work out.”

“I'm glad he's finally . . . what he felt?”

I smile. “Me too. I think he's got a girlfriend, too. Cara, I think.”

“Good for him.” Cas smiles, no malice or jealousy there.

I knew I liked him for a reason.
Cas grabs a few cardigans and holds them up to my chest, eyeing them. With a lift of my brow, I shake my head, then I turn on my heel and stomp over to my end of the store.

Oh, yeah, baby.

Grabbing four flannels I turn round, 'bout to drop them into Cas' arms but find him a few feet away checking out a different rack of flannel.

Yes.

Hooded flannels.

“Cas, I'll make you a deal.” He turns to me with curious, attentive eyes, hands still lingering on the fabrics. “Let's play dress-up. You be my doll and I'll be yours.”

A really too-giddy smile lights his face at the prospect.

“You mean I get to dress you and you get to dress me?”

“Yessir.”

“No siring.”

“Yessir.”

“You'll never stop, will you?”

“Don't worry, no sexy siring.”

“Thank you.”

“Now! To the dressing rooms, my good sir!”

I'm silent, lost in shock that's turning quickly into irritation.

Aphrodite almighty.

Cas looks g o o d in my type of clothes.

Like, Adonis good.

“ That's why Jo doesn't like you,” Cas looks so hurt and confused when these words leave my lips. “You are the most handsome male in the entire West hemisphere.” Cas fucking giggles as I paw through the rest of our accumulated to-try-on-clothes, sitting on a low chair just inside the dressing room beside the three-way mirror.

I grind my teeth, trying to control my fuming as I look for something that won't look good on him.

I come up empty.

Damnitt.

“Do you think if I ran you over with the Impala you would stop being godly and we could call it even?”
“Maybe,” Cas snickered. “If that's what you want.” He stepped back into the changing room, dropping the flannel and pulling the henley off over his head. “Is that how you see us?”

“What?”

“I mean, if I'm godly then what would that make you? I mean, if anything, if I'm 'hot’” airquotes “Then I'd be heroic and you'd be divine.”

“That's not how this works.”

“Why?”

“Because you've got galaxies in your eyes and I don't even have a star.” I'd heard that somewhere, but I can't remember where, yet when I get lost in Cas' eyes . . . that's the truth. It's like he's made up of all these beautiful constellations and I'm not even a falling star.

And the instant the words have left my lips it's like Cas turns to meteorite.

Turning tightly on his heels, Cas faces me, eyeing me up and down, from head to toe, head tilted and brow furrowed and confusion drowning those beautiful blue eyes.

Yet he doesn't reply.

And I have the distinct impression that that comment's gonna come back to bite me in the ass one day.

With a large sigh, Cas slumps his shoulders again, conceding the battle. But with the look he gives me when he holds up his discarded clothes – now just in his slacks (oh, right, I need to grab him some pants) and undershirt – for me to swap, I know that the war's not over.

I hand him another set of clothes without comment.

The second he shuts the dressing room door I race off to find him some jeans, letting everything that just happened fall away, putting it into my DO NOT OPEN BOX in my head.

Just kidding. I don't actually have that box.

Though now I think it's a good idea.

No. No. That'll turn me into my dad.

The shudder that goes through me at the thought is violent. Monstrous.

The struggle is real.

. . . The struggle is real.

Grabbing a pair of dark blue jeans and two pairs of black dickies I return to the changing area triumphant and throw them over the top of his door, aiming for his raven hair peeking over the brim, hearing him squeal in a very unmanly (whatever that means) fashion.

Sitting back down, I rummage through Cas' choices for me.

Barf on a molasses summer day.

But for Cas, I'll try them on.
I'm never gonna live this down.

I look *good*.

Not Cas good.

Not *godly* – no matter what Cas may say I know that he's the most gorgeous being in this world. Not to mention this relationship.

But I'm coming in at a pretty close second, gotta admit.

Cas chooses two full outfits for me – after I've tried on all of his maybes. The first a crisp long-sleeve white button up with a gray cotton tie and a dark gray men's long-sleeve button-up cardigan with olive-green trim with a pair of deep black jeans and a pair of dark brown and black oxfords. Not much color in that first one. The second is made up a black long-sleeve white button-up, a tree-green tie, a dark blue sweater, a pair of tight nearly undetectably striped, dark gray dickies, and a pair of full black converse.

*Who taught this kid how to dress?*

*And when the hell did Cas escape over to the shoes and accessories?*

And yeah, this department may not be *big* but it has a *fancy* selection.


*Who the fuck owns this place?*

(Thankfully Cas has deigned to buy everything. I fought like a master, but the second he pulled out his cards and the *huge* wad of cash from his pocket, I was sold.)

I'm torn between three ensembles for my cannibal – well, actually, three pairs of pants, because seriously all of them hug my male's ass like they were worshipping it. The first outfit consists of a long, basic black henley with a thick green and gray hooded flannel one-size-too-big over a pair of black dickies and a pair of black combat boots with flannel inner-lining. Topped off with a gray beanie, mind you. The second is a navy henley with a green and black cotton flannel finished with a thick black leather jacket, dark blue jeans, and black high-rise timbalands.

The other pair of pants is this gorgeous pair of classic blue-jeans.

When I frown and go to put the last pair of jeans back Cas' hand lands on my arm, stopping me, before he takes the pants from my hand and puts them back into the pile of yeses.

With a smile, he encourages me forward;

*Why not play up the eyes?* I think, remembering all the blue clothes that made those oceans practically *sparkle*. While each of us tried on our clothes individually, the other would merely watch and critique us as we came out to flounce before the mirror. Telling us to turn and shake our asses and basically parade around in the selection.

It was actually pretty fun.

Not gonna lie.
Yet I somehow felt inadequate without any background music.

Something like “I'm Walking on Sunshine” by Katrina & The Waves or something. Anything. I'm not picky.

Surprisingly, the whole montage is much shorter and easier than similar trips I've taken with Sammy. Probably 'cause the little shit grows a foot a year and it's impossible to shop for him without him growing out of the clothes in like a month.

Hopefully he's stopped growing, the Sasquatch.

Cas grabs his pile of clothes and I grab mine, hauling them over to the registers and then folding them into bags when done.

I purposefully – VERY PURPOSEFULLY – do not look at the price, I also do not childishly cover my ears and close my eyes and go “la la la la la I can't hear you la la la la la” when the cashier reads it out to him.

Nuh uh, not me. No way.

Hauling our kill back to Baby Cas points to a a little Italian restaurant on the boardwalk as we pass. “Would you like to go to dinner there? It's quiant and cozy and more than delicious.” He asks, a still hesitantly hopeful smile in his eyes and lips.

Like I could ever say no to him.

“Of course.”

The shopping didn't take as long as I'd expected, Cas neither, it seems, when he reach Baby and after setting the bags in the trunk all he does is lean against the trunk top with a contemplative expression.

It's nearing 1 PM and although I'm hungry, it's wayyy too early for dinner and I definitely want to have dinner with Cas at that restaurant. Not lunch. Brunch? Not brunch.

“There's a bookstore just up the street.” Cas blurts and I cut a wide-eyed look to him because he may have seen me with Baby, my family (minus Sammy, I feel that that's more something seen not spoken of), and my shows, but never with my books.

Well, no, that's not true.

He's seen me reading, more often than not, actually. But he's never seen me surrounded by books. He doesn't know how preoccupied I can become when dwarfed by a bookshelf, how in awe I can become in a library, how I feel like I'm looking at the face of God whenever I watch Beast take Belle into the library.

Yeah, he has no idea.

Might as well rip off the band-aid now.

I nod, pushing off from the trunk. Cas starts chattering happily about the history of Port Angeles and the surrounding areas, and I try to listen, I really do, as we head in the opposite direction as the department store. Cas is in lead and has no trouble finding the bookstore.

It isn't what I was expecting.

But it's gorgeous nonetheless.
First and foremost, the building isn't a store front. It's a large, three-story cream Victorian with a large gardened yard bursting with flowers, a wrap-around porch is adorned with cozy couches and chairs for lazy reading, it's windows are large bays with open shutters, full of crystals, and dream-catchers. Covered Christmas lights flicker luxuriantly inside, basking the books and the walls in a warm light.

At the counter in the middle of the first floor, sharing a wall with the large spiral staircase, the inside architecture looked more like a hotel lobby than a home. Maybe it was. The ornate filligree inside was gorgeous, as were the mismatching bookshelves and remaining furniture. Smiling welcomingly at the counter sat an elder woman, fifty-or-so-years-old with long, gray hair worn straight down her back, it wasn't a severe ponytail, though, more loose and lazy, she was clad in a shapeless dress that was a dull creamy-olive-green and overall she looked like the kindest grandmother to ever grandmother. She even had a pair of soft glasses nuzzled on her nose.

Some people may think this place unorthodox or cringe at the sight, but I literally fall in love the instant I step inside.

I really hope that there's no “normal” bookstore in town, 'cause no joke this place deserves all the attention.

“How can I help you gentlemen today?” The little old lady sing-songs.

“Oooh, d'you 'ear tha', Cas? We're gen'lemen! And we're no' even wearing our new dapper attire.” I speak with such a fake British accent that I make myself sick.

Cas' lip twitches in begrudging amusement, even the lady's lips flatten, eyes crinkling, as she tries not to laugh at me.

“No help is required on my part but I'm unsure about him.” Cas replies, pointing at me. The second he'd opened his mouth to speak though the lady had narrowed her eyes and studied him for such intent that I'm unsure if I should be jealous or not. Then it's like her entire face explodes and she does that I-knew-I-recognized-you-from-somewhere-you-little-shit head jiggle and huff finished off with an amused lip scrunch, planting one hand on the counter and the other on her hip as she faces Cas head on. After a moment, Cas looks sheepishly away and the lady raises an eyebrow as if in challenge, amusement still the dominate expression on her face.

It's obvious they know each other.

“Uhhh, care to share, guys?”

The lady seems to have forgotten I was there 'cause she gives a very subtle jump at the sound of my voice. Her apologetic smile is like a sugardrop.

In response to my question Cas leans in to my ear and whispers: “The last time I was here I was with Gabriel, Lucifer, and Michael. – ”

This is gonna be good.

“Well, Michael and Lucifer aren't exactly secretive about their relationship . . . nor is Gabriel . . . immune to said relationship.”

What . . . what? WHAT?!

“Well, while we were out this day it was sort of a . . . date? Between the three of them. – ” Dear lord almighty and Hades beneath please continue. “And things got a little . . . heated in one of the alcoves.”
“– where Mr. Blue-Eyes here found them, proceeded to scream, then ran right into a bookshelf screeching ‘My eyes! My eyes!’ Had to clean it up all by himself while I put his brothers to work upstairs. They said that seeing your horror was worth the punishment.” Kind Lady interrupts.

Oooh ooh hoo hoo does Cas blush at the memory.

But there are many many things in this story that really really really need to be addressed. Like, yesterday.

“I'm gonna bypass so much of that and ask this: Wouldn't Kali kill him?”

“Oh, he and Kali's relationship is . . . rocky, to put it mildly –” I'll say, from what I've seen it definitely isn't candy and cuddlebears. “– and at that time they were 'on the outs' as people say.” The fucking air-quotes though, really? “She was off uhm . . . snogging? Baldur at the time.”

“Baldur?”

“Yeah, Kali's always the one that breaks up her and Gabriel's relationship and ends up running off with mostly Baldur but sometimes Pluto and Lilith too. She always returns a few weeks or months later and breaks whatever relationship Gabe's in and stakes her claim again. And Gabe always takes her back, gawh, it's . . . it's . . .” There's a hopelessness to Castiel's voice. Where at first there was anger now there's a kind of, self-hatred? Guilt? Guilt, that's the word. He feels guilty for allowing their relationship to continue.

“How does she break up their relationships?”

Cas grinds his teeth before throwing a glance to the Kind Lady (whom I'd honestly forgotten was there).

“Not here.”

“Alright,”

She smiles sympathetically before repeating, “can I help you two with anything?”

“No, thank you, but I'm curious if the upstairs is also a part of the bookstore.”

She nods once. “Yes, the entirety of this house is a bookstore.”

“It's not a Bed And Breakfast or a home at all?”

Her children or grandchildren must be so lucky what with having the fucking sun shining out of her eyes. I have the sudden thought that this'll be what my children experience with my Momma. They have the same nature, pure and kind and so drowningly angelic. “It was once, my family owned it, but I converted it into what you see now. I have a little abode out back, but not in here.”

“Can we explore?”

“Feel free.”

“Don't worry, we're not like his brothers. You won't find us necking in a corner . . . at least, that's what I hope was happening with them.”

They both shake their heads once and I swallow, eyes wide, before I push down my curiousity with horror.
“Well then, I guess – oh! Actually, can you tell me where I could find Young Adult Fiction? Is the store arranged by genre?”

She nods yes and answers, “Second floor in front of the bay window. The shelves of Young Adult Fiction surround the bed of throw pillows.”

Cas and I smile before waving our goodbyes and heading up the stairs.

As we near the top landing Cas' voice breaks the silence. “She once got Gabe blackout drunk at a party and rode him with the intention of his rebound girlfriend – whose bedroom they were in – walking in and catching them. It worked.”

I have to stop and turn to him.

_Uhm, excuse me?_ 

“She *raped* Gabe?” Angry isn't the word. Murderous, is.

Cas' face is stoic and I can only imagine the war her actions started that night. “Gabe and Kali did not live in the same house as the rest of us for a few weeks. Then, we decided to bring them back to keep an eye on them.” Her. Keep an eye on *her* is what he means.

“Kali is watched very intensively, isn't she.”

“Gabriel wouldn't end it, he was adament and we could do nothing. So we thought the better option was to have her under our roof.”

“Is Gabriel has a relationship with Michael and Lucifer, how do they feel about Kali.”

“You haven't paid much attention to their interactions, have you?”

No, I hadn't, actually. I'm not even sure if I've ever seen Michael or Lucifer speak directly to her.

Oh.

“They hate her.”

“We all do.”

Oh.

“You hide it well.”

“It upsets Gabriel. We want him to be happy. That's all we want.”

“Is he happy with her?”

“He's addicted to her.”

Shit.

“I'm guessing no one else makes him feel so high?”

“And no one else makes him drop so low.” Cas nods. The aura around us is tentative and tense, like with just a small tap everything will shatter. I imagine I can see the tears and rage just under Cas' skin, so close to bursting it must be extremely painful.
“I'm sorry.”

“No, it’s not your fault. Next time she goes out of town we’re having another intervention.”

“We could always kill her, too.”

That gets a tiny, itsy bitsy smile out of him.

I'll take my victories where I can get ’em.

My job now is to make Cas happy, and his is to return the favor. We need to find Gabriel someone who will take that job seriously and put all their effort into making him happy, and he them in return.

“Why couldn't the twins keep him?”

Cas scowls, a darkness falling over his features.

“We're a mix of fosters and adoptees.”

“Oh, okay?”

“Kali’s been in our life since I was around 11. If you aren't aware, Luci and Mikey are actually 2 3 years older than us and Gabe's a year older.” I knew there was something wonky with their age dynamics, but not that exactly. “We still have contact with our birth parents but we were taken from them because of Kali.”

“What?”

“Our parents knew that Luci and Mikey had a – what some would call unhealthy – relationship and had tried to remedy it with sending them to different private schools. That only succeeded in making Luci sick with depression and for Michael to runaway from his own school and make it 4 states over to Luci’s. They ran away together. They were found about a month later. They were 12 at the time and after that my parents didn't try to stop them. They were brought home and everything was fine till Gabe met Kali when they were 12. Kali was a really bad influence, got Gabe in trouble, got him into fights, and when our parents and brothers tried to get her out of Gabe's life . . . she went to the police and social services saying that our parents were allowing my elder brothers to have a sexual relationship . . . and while that was true, she lied and said also that our parents were sexually abusing us.” Holy. Fuck.

“AND YOU LET HER LIVE!?”

“Lucifer went ballistic when the accusation was brought forth. We weren't told exactly who or what had been said till about a month after being taken from home. Luci went after her and attacked without mercy. She'd continued going to Gabriel as if she'd done nothing! She’d neglected to tell him what she'd done, too. Lucifer attacked, and when one of the people around tried to intervene Michael attacked them. They were arrested and while Michael only got a 2 month sentence in juvie Luci got a year. He calls his hell The Cage.”

“How'd you end up with Chuck and Becky?”

“Actually, Chuck and Becky got together through my parents. Chuck is our uncle by marriage, younger step-brother to our dad, and Becky is our blood aunt by our mother. They adopted us when the court refused our parents since the fact that Luci and Mikey are together is true, even if the rest was a lie.”
“Fuck. Are you allowed contact?”

“Yes. We even have a new baby sister. Our mother was pregnant while all this was happening, the stress had her hospitalized and we almost lost her but she lived. She’s a trooper, little Claire. Though she be but little, she is fierce!” I ignore the Shakespeare very pointedly.

“Claire? Michael, **Lucifer**, Gabriel, **Castiel**, and **Claire**?”

“Our parents are . . .”

“Odd?”

“Not as odd as we are.”

“The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, Cas. What're your parents' names?”

“James and Amelia Novak. Though dad goes by Jimmy.”

“Nice, normal names.”

Cas **huffs**! and I finally look away from where our eyes have been basically locked onto one another, turning my gaze now to the second floor where we've landed. I've been so intent on his recounting that I hadn't noticed we'd arrived at our destination.

Spread before and around me is a sea of throw pillows, towering like a black forest encircling us are the bookshelves filled full to bursting, inviting afore us is the seat of the bay window overlooking a foggy garden and the overcast bay.

It's literally a slice of heaven.

The aura around us is still dark with the truths of Kali and the intricacies of the Evil Queen's relationships and place in the family, Cas' face stoic and pensive again.

But this is supposed to be a date .

I feel guilty, but I know that we'll speak more on the subject later, so push that away, resolving to speak to Gabriel directly and vowing to watch Kali much m u c h more closely.

But today is not that day.

I want Cas to be happy.

**Need** him to be happy.

So I take his hands, pulling his attention out of his own head and to the present.

To the here and now.

Thankfully, he quickly snaps out of it and looks up at me with that puppy-dog-lost expression. I smile tentatively, kindly as I lead him over to a bookshelf with title such as **Acheron**, **Born of Fury**, **Shatter Me**, and **Blood Sacrifice** (so I have a guilty pleasure, so sue me.)

Cas seems amused by my choices as I grip tight copies of **Born of Night** and **Divine By Mistake** .

He laughs and grabs for a copy of **Marked** before a swat his hand away with a firm **smack**!
The look he gives is so hurt and sad but I smile softly and place a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“I'm sorry for having to do that, but though some people like Marked by P.C. And Kristin Cast, I do not. It has been a hot point between me and a few friends before. However, P.C. Cast's other works? Those are fair game because they are amazing. But I will not have you reading the House of Night series and end up liking it. I will not allow it.”

In response to my tirade all he gives me is this fucking look before he very subtly moves his hand down a shelf without looking and grabbing Goddess of the Sea.

“That's better.” I say with an imperial nod before turning and marching to the bay window.

We spend a good two hours indulging in my guilty pleasure readings before we move to the Classics section on the third floor and grab a copy of The Three Musketeers and a Shakespeare anthology.

Cas (of fucking course) reads aloud a bit of A Midsummer Night's Dream to me and I roll my eyes at the adorable little shit.

“Thus I die. Thus, thus, thus.
Now I am dead,
Now I am fled,
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light.
Moon take thy flight.
Now die, die, die, die.”

He annunciates like he was born to it. Words spoken in the cadence of the divine with the soothing quality of a warm lulling night. In this instant I'm more than ecstatic that all of him belongs to me . . . I think?

Cas does belong to me, right?

My moment of uncertainty is cut short by a gravelly question. “What's your favorite line?”

“How do you know I've read it.”

The duh glare he gives me says it all.

“Love's stories written in love's richest books.
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.”

Cas grins, white teeth flashing as the lines cut the edges of his eyes. Bright and overwhelming.

“I thought you would choose that line.”

I roll my eyes, closing the copy of One Thousand and One Nights in my lap. Slinking off my chair, I join Cas on the floor, crawling over to him with purposeful swings of my ass (I'm very proud of it, thank you).
One of Cas’ eyebrows raise at my actions, but he makes no other movement, makes no sound, as I stalk up to him.

And crawl into his lap.

I would curl up and purr if I could.

Putting Shakespeare down, Cas uses his arms instead to wrap around me, pulling me close to his chest and resting his head on mine.

I don't know how long we stay seated like that.

I seem to be losing track of a lot of time while in Cas’ presents.

And yet I can't find it in me to care.

We don't move till the light outside has vanished and the night has begun.

As if on cue my gut rumbles, my stomache obviously very hungry.

Castiel chuckles and we get up gingerly, having been sitting for far too long.

My foot's asleep. Awesome.

Quietly, but not uncomfortably, we make our way down the staircase, steps measured and lazy as we exit. The Kind Lady is nowhere to be seen, but I leave a tip in the tip jar on the counter before walking out into the cool darkness.

I don't even flinch when Cas entwines his fingers with mine, taking my hand and pulling me along back in the direction of the boardwalk.

Almost there, I look up to scrutinize his face. My mind has wandered to Kali and the Novak family again, and how much Cas has had to endure, and I wonder if his thoughts have gone there as well, but his expression is unreadable and I can't tell his thoughts at all. For a while I think he doesn't notice my gaze, but with a squeeze of my hand I know that that he actually does.

"Humor me and don't ask."

How the hell does he know what I'm thinking?

Oh, yeah, because it's Cas.

We reach the boardwalk in less than 20 minutes and take steady steps over the wooden planks. Cas lets go of my hand as we come up upon the restaurant, walking to the door and holding it open like the gentleman he is.

With an amused smirk, I walk past My Gentleman and enter into the restaurant's depths with a relieved sigh.

The restaurant isn't crowed — it's the off-season in Port Angeles, Cas had told me earlier, so I'm not surprised.

The host at the podium is female, and I understand all too well the look in her eyes as she first
assesses me, then Castiel.

*Oh sweetie, do you even know what subtlety is?*

Aaaand she welcomes us *a little more* warmly than necessary; as in, a coy smile, a batting of eyelashes and a blatant show of her breasts.

*Well, that answers that question.*

But really, her actions don't surprise. I'm used to it, which is odd – to say the least –, if I do say so myself. What surprises me is how much it bothers me when she turns all her attention to Cas as he takes his place at my side.

She's several inches shorter than both of us, with unnatural blonde hair, and at this height we can see 2 things: A. her brown roots, and B. straight down her cleavage.

Especially when she very purposefully straightens her spine and pushes those Cs out.

I can feel Cas' amusement mirroring mine as we strictfully keep our smiles friendly but aloof and keep our eyes on hers.

And yet, if we weren't attractive to her and we stared *there* like she wants us to, then she'd be telling us “Hey! My eyes are up here!”

Oh how much I want to tell her to get her eyes off Cas' chest . . . and off where his flacid cock is trapped in his slacks.

*Goddamnitt Cas, close your fucking trench coat.*

And *button it*.

"A table for two?" Cas' voice is alluring, whether he's aiming for that or not, and it snaps her out of her trance (she'd moved her attention from his skewed tie and stubbly chin to burn a hole into my amulet conveniently hanging in the dent between my collar bones).

I see her eyes flicker to him, then back to me, and then away, a smug smirk on her lips. For a second I'm confused by the expression, but with what I swear is a blanket of wool being pulled away from my eyes, I understand.

Wow.

Suddenly, I see through her eyes.

Yeah, the space between Cas and I could be seen as a cautious, no-contact, “friendzone” space. But really the female is seeing two male friends going out to dinner.

*Oh, this is gonna be good. Bring it.*

With a turn that sets her ponytail off in a little flip, she leads us deeper into the restaurant's bowels; to a table big enough for four . . . in the center of the most crowded area of the dining room floor.

Uh, no.

"How 'bout something a bit more private?" I hint at our most *gracious* the host.

She seems unsure for a moment, looking uncertainly between us once again, before Cas takes what
looks like a $20 from his pocket (why does he have that in his pocket?) and smoothly hands her the tip.

I've never actually seen anyone tip someone like that except for in movies.

"Sure." She sounds as surprised as I am. Looks like it works. Cool.

Suddenly, Cas' outfit reminds me of one of those old gangster movies.

And combined with the tipping move?

. . . then I imagine Cas in a fedora and I'm lost.

I cover my mouth with my hand as I snort out a laugh. They both eye me but I wave them off, holding in my guffaws with tears of amusement building in my eyes. Cas eyes me like he's both amused and at the same time thinks I'm insane.

She turns then, leading us around a partition and into a small ring of booths — each and every one of them e m p t y.

"How's this?"

"Perfect, thank you." I flash her a gleaming smile with my words, the action apparently slackening her face and — from what it looks like — dazing her momentarily.

O o o k a y.

They must really not get attractive guys in here often if this is how she's reacting.

"Uhmm," she shakes her head in a slow moment, blinking a few times in rapid succession. "Your server will be right out." She says, then pauses, like a stall in a DVD, before she turns in a jerk and walks away on unsteady feet.

Cas watches her walk away before turning back to me.

“You really shouldn't do that to people,” He criticizes with that fi~ne grin of his. “It's not incredibly fair.”

“Do what?” I ask with a bat of my lashes and an innocent smile.

“Dazzle them like that, she's probably hyperventilating in the kitchen right now, babe.”

“You're one to talk.” That grin turns Cheshire-meets-Gabriel-meets-have-mer~cy and I have to physically remind myself that we're in public and it's socially unaccemptable to ride the sexy beast into the next century in a public restaurant.

Stupid taboos.

He does that adorable head tilt of his, then. “Do I dazzle people?”

“Don't pretend you haven't noticed. Do you think that everyone gets their way so easily?”

“Get my way? When?”

“When you're with m e, of course.”
And out sprout those utterly delectable dimple. "Does that mean I dazzle you?"


And then our server arrives.

Awh, and her face is so expectant too. Poor girl.

Cas and I disengage only a moment before her eyes find us – I like my fun, and these workers are definitely fun to mess with – looking up from her notepad with a “seductive” smile.

The hostess definitely dished behind the scenes.

(Probably gushed.

Okay, ew, brain, stop.

Although, I know that I would in Cas' presence.

Hmmm . . . does cumming over and over and over again count as gushing?

Now is really not the time, brain, please. I think, chastising my cock which gives an unwanted twitch. Damn.)

Anyway, this new girl does not look disappointed in the least. On the contrary, her pupils dilate and as she walks towards us she flips a strand of short black hair behind one ear, smiling with unnecessary warmth as we take our seats.

“Hello. My name is Amberlin, and I'll be your server tonight. What can I get you two to drink?” I don't miss – just like the hostess this one is not subtle at all – that Amberlin is blushing and – just as the hostess did – is standing so that her breasts are prominently displayed.

Cas looks at me.

“I'll have a Root Beer.”

“Two, please.” Cas affirms.

“Of course,” * barfs * “I'll be right back with that,” she assures with another unnecessarily warm smile.

Cas doesn't see this second smile, though, as he's intent on watching me.

"What?” I ask when she finally leaves.

“Just thinking what it would be like to spread you out and use you as a table. Naked, of course. Like those sushi girls do.” He answers with an absolutely feral grin.

If I had my drink right now I would be spitting it out.

“I promise you one day I'll let you find out what that's like.”

Breathing heavier than before, Cas gives me a thorough once over, licking his dry lips. “I look forward to it.”
So do I, babe, so do I.

R I G H T O N C U E, The Waitress (I refuse to call her by name after this) appears with our drinks and a courtesy basket of breadsticks. She then proceeds to stand first with her back to Cas, so that when she bends down her breasts are all in my business, then she turns away so that her back's to me and her breasts are in his face, as she places our items one by one onto the tabletop.

Is this a thing in this restaurant? 'Cause I know that even when Jo thinks someone's hot, if they disrespect her at all, they get punch.

And by disrespect I mean look at her breasts instead of her face.

"Are you ready to order?" she asks in a too-sweet voice.

"Dean?" Cas asks me.

Uninterestedly, I grab the menu and play Dictionary, moving my finger at random and picking the first thing I touch on the menu. "Um… I'll have the mushroom ravioli." Ick, rabbit food. Damn, Sam would be proud.

She jots down my order with a bat of her lashes, before turning back to Cas with a smile.

"And you?"

"Same as him," He answers.

"Right, two orders of mushroom ravioli coming right up." Her smile is coy but we aren't looking at her.

With a huff, she leaves in dissatisfaction.

Who doesn't care? We don't.

“I've told you all the . . . seedy details of my siblings. What about yours?”

The gulp of root beer in my mouth nearly goes down the wrong pipe, and as I place my glass back onto the table, I cough just a few too many times to clear my throat.

“I only have 2 brothers. Sammy and Adam.”

“Adam?”

“Yeah. My parents split up when I was around four, my brother was around three years old. But their marriage had been rocky since before I can remember. Since Sammy was a baby. See, both Sammy and I were born in Lawrence, Kansas, but when Sammy was a year old there was a fire that started in our nursery. It ended up burning down the whole house, thankfully no one was hurt. We still don't know what happened, but my dad went crazy trying to find out. His pursuit ended up destroying my parents' marriage.”

“How'd your mom end up in Forks?”

“Jody.”

“Sheriff Mills?”

“Uh, huh.”
“Jody's from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. My mom's family lived there for a lot of years, and actually, she's Bobby's cousin.”

“There's a lot of interweaving between your friends and family, I see.”

“You're one to talk.”

“True.”

“Bobby's older and moved here after his first wife, Karen, died.” Was killed. “He needed to get out of the home they shared, although he still owns the lot. But he moved out here and for a while he was just, here.”

“Till he met Ellen.”

“Exactly. He and Ellen took a little time, but they eventually got their heads out of their asses and got hitched.” I take a deep breath. “Anyway, Jody followed Bobby here after . . . after her husband and son were murdered.”

I can basically hear Cas' thoughts as his face pales and his eyes downcast.

And that single thought is: SHIT.

“Yeah, so technically, I have three brothers. Sam, Adam, and Owen.” I sit in silence for a while. I remember Owen, he was my age and we'd played together a few times when Jody'd come to visit or we'd go to visit them.

My mom says the amount of childhood memories I've retained is amazing.

But how much can you remember from before you were the age of 4?

Yeah, not much.

“So Jody came here. It all happened in two years' time, now that I'm thinking about it. Jody moved here, then not even three months later the fire happened, and a few months after that, my mother got fed up. Dad had started drinking, refusing to let the police deal with it, stayed out at all hours and then came home and acted like we weren't even there. He was always intent on his hunt. So my mother left, took my brother and I and met-up with her best friend in Forks.”

“How did your father take that?”

“Hard. I've heard him muttering the words my mom said to him before.”

“What were they?”

“Hmmm,” I hum, trudging them up from the attic of my subconscious. “She said: 'I can't do this anymore. I can't let this anger and fear put down any more roots. I refuse to end up trapped in this hunt for vengeance, I'm not going to make that mistake, John. I hate it and I can't stay here another minute. I'm taking my babies and I'm leaving.' Wham, bam, out the door mom, with us in tow.”

“What about Adam?”

“My dad got Kate pregnant not long after my mom left, and I mean really not long after.” Yeah, AFTER, my ass. “He was always drinking and getting hurt because he stopped caring about anything except vengeance and he had to go to the hospital a few times and Kate is a nurse. You know where that ended up.”
“How’d your dad end up with you?”

“He came to Forks when I was almost 5 because he'd never signed the divorce papers and Mom and Jody had decided they wanted to get married. He told my mom that he'd sign if he got to take me and my brother for half the year. It took months before my mom agreed. She only agreed because while in Forks he was sober as a judge. He knew exactly why my mom wouldn't let him take us otherwise.”

“He manipulated the decision.”

“He sure did.”

“Adam?”

“We found out about Adam about 2 years ago. He's about 3 years younger than Sammy. He's a good kid and we became pretty close, though Kate literally hates me, no joke. Sammy's never met Adam, unfortunately. He never met Owen either. Damn.”

“We should have Adam come up sometime.” I smile, that's something I really really want. I think Adam deserves a happy home and family, not John and Kate and their tense comraderie.

The Waitress arrives then with our ravioli in hand and the second it's placed in front of me I scarf it down like a rabid dog.

I didn't realize I was so hungry, but I'm an anxious eater, and talking about my littlest brother makes me anxious.

Kate could kill John with any number of drugs she could get her hands on, and I know she would if she ever caught John hurting Adam, but there's always that chance that Dad will get too drunk like he hasn't in a lot of months (years?).

Even if the chance is small.

“How 'bout the holidays?”

“Huh?” I blurt, mouth full of food as I look up at Cas. My mouth is unfortunately open though and a pasta falls from it and onto my plate, making a clattering sound as it shakes it.

Cas chuckles at my expense.

“What if we brought Adam here for the holidays?”

“Dunno if we have the cash right now. But it would be cheaper to pay for the tickets now than later, huh? I'll think about it.”

“I can pay for it.”

Woah.

“What?”

“You heard me, Dean, playing dumb's not gonna change what I said.”

I swallow, thinking how gently to say this.
“You don't need to take care of me.” With money.

“I want to. Besides, I'm assuming Sam will be in town for the holidays.”

“Uh, yeah.” Actually, he's gonna be in town next week for the lil shit's Fall Break, but I'm gonna keep that information to myself for now.

“Then it's settled.”

“Yeah . . .”

Uhh . . . did I just agree to Cas bringing my little brother to Forks?

“Don't worry, I won't tell you how much it costs.”

Oh gods.

“Thanks, that's very kind of you.”

“Of course.”

Cas answers before taking a bite.

His table manners are impeccable. Why? What's the point?

Either way, we finish dinner by 9:30 and talk till The Waitress arrives again.

“We're ready for the check, thank you.” Cas tells her, his voice quiet, rougher.

“S-sure,” she stutters, looking wayyy too disappointed. "Here you go." She adds as she pulls out a small leather folder from her black apron's front, handing it to him in a way that ensures their fingers touch.

Before I can even take a look at it Cas hands it back to her with his credit card tucked within.

_Seriously, Cas?

She runs off with a bounce in her step obviously put there to have us take notice of her ass. Uh, no, the only ass I care for is Cas'.

. . . and my own. I like my ass.

She returns shortly and Cas signs it and takes his copy of the reciept.

As we escape into the night air outside I steal the little scrap of paper to see how much he spent but instead get an eyeful of:

_Amber_

_1-(382)-563-4273_

I laugh way too hard at the discovery. Cas' head appears over my shoulder at my outburst, looking down to the receipt in my hand. His cheeks turn pink and his lips turn up in amusement, shaking his
head at the ridiculousness of it all as he moves to walk beside me.

“Wow, you got game.” I congratulate, sarcastically slapping him on the back.

He nods, eyes widening as he continues to look at the receipt. “It wasn't just me.”

“Huh?” Cas points to under the number, where more words live that I . . . HOW DID I NOT SEE THAT?! “OH MY GAWD!” I scream, stopping 'cause I can't fucking breathe. Bending at the waist, I rest my hands on my knees as I let my laughter take over every bodily function I own. My tears are real and I gasp around my contagious, belly-deep guffaws.

Under her name, written in that same middle-school script, is:

I'd like to know if two is better than one, wanna show me?

Oh, honey, thirsty much?

Not that anything's wrong with that.

But I would never, in a million years, fall for you Amber.

Once I've got control again over my body and my life, I straighten up, wiping away the happy tears in my eyes to find Cas taking control of himself again, disciplining his face back to stoic and impervious.

The sight makes me smile before I take his hand and lead him back towards Baby.

“Come on, I'm savin' this beauty.” He laughs softly at me as we leave the boardwalk behind and I give his hand a squeeze, content and warm suddenly.

Having skipped the last 2 days of school, I start dreading going back tomorrow as we head home.

Cas is driving again.

WHY?

And we're just entering the Forks' City Limits when I look over at him with what I know is a longing expression. We're pulling into my driveway by the time he finally acknowledges my gaze. Pulling to a halt and turning the key, Baby goes to sleep as Cas turns to meet my eyes.

There's a softness to his that calms down my racing thoughts.

Lifting a cold hand to cup my cheek, my cannibal leans forward to touch my lips with his.

Plushy and warm the kiss is slow and devouring.

And maybe would have lasted forever if the front porch light didn’t turn on and blind us.

Groaning, we pull away from one another and turn to face the house.
Shit.

And those would be my moms.

Standing on the front porch.

Watching us.

In that stereotypical, you-are-so-busted-mister stance with their feet set wide and their arms crossed over their chests. Eyes hard and gazes unwavering.

“We’re dead.”

Chapter End Notes

Btb Amber's phone number spells FUCK-ME-HARD. <3
Just a warning, I'm not exactly happy with this chapter (and neither is my best friend). I just need to get it out of the way because it's taken me wayyyyy too long to update. I'll go back and edit it (for the like 7th time) soon, though.

*oh and in case you guys were wondering the title of this story comes from this post*

“Any chance I could escape?” Cas asks, a slight tremor of fear in his voice as he glances swiftly between my house and his P.O.S.

“If you've got the speed of a cheetah and can make it to your car before the lionesses pounce, yeah. If not, be prepared to get your throat ripped out.” I reply, eyes still wide and locked on my mothers as they stand awaiting us like prison guards, or wardens, probably both.

Sheriff's even got her gun on her hip.

Oh, joy.

Without another word, I swallow my pride (and terror) and open my door. Cas panics as I get out, flailing desperately to pull me back in, but I shut the door before he can get a sturdy grip and glare at him through the passenger window, nodding my head towards the house in a *get-your-fucking-ass-out-of-the-fucking-car-and-get-the-fuck-up-there* kinda way.

As I circumvent Baby's hood, Cas dawdles.

And daw dles.

And d a w d l e s.

It isn't until I take my first step up the porch stairs that the driver's side door finally opens behind me and I hear Cas take his first steps towards the gallows.

“Well, hello there sweetie.” Mom speaks sweetly.

. . . *whispers* terrifyingly.

“Hi, Mommy.” Jody is silent, watching Cas like a hawk as he catches up to me. Her face isn't hostile or anything . . . and yet her eyes look like she would enjoy bathing in his blood.

I try to deduce the odds that Cas will ever escape their clutches.

I highly doubt it.

Once my mothers have their claws in something . . . well, let's just say that their victims never come out whole.
Even just conversations over the phone have ended my relationships before.

**AND I STILL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT THEY SAID THAT TIME!**

One conversation with my mothers – ONE. Uno, une, ₁, unum, один, eīn, ₁, ἕνας! (Thank you, Google Translate!) – and Rhon had just kinda up and said “this isn't working I think we should see other people,” ya know, that whole cliché, and when I talked to my moms about it they'd feigned innocence and sent me a Beatles album.

'Cause that wasn't suspicious at all. No. No, sir-ee not at all.

Back then, I was (and still am) more intrigued by what my mothers could have possibly said to drive Rhon away from me at the speed-of-light than I was hurt by his actual leaving me.

. . . but Cas?

I want Cas to stay.

I need Cas to stay.

I will fucking fight for Cas to stay.

Moms or not, for my own good or not, I will not let them tear this apart.

I refuse.

Shit, Cas has finally reached me.

Which means he's finally reached the porch.

Where we, side-by-side, stand proud(?) before our executioners.

“So, where exactly have the two of you been?” Jody asks, voice all honey and sweetness.

“What do you mean?”

“D e a n, – ” Shit, there's a reason Jody made Sheriff above her (sometimes blatantly) misogynistic *brothers-in-arms* at the station . . . she can play both good cop and bad.

Like, day-umn g i r l.

I reiterate, s h i t.


“Would you like to come in, Castiel?” Mom asks, eyes soft and silently calculating as she interrupts before I can sufficiently come up with a totally convincing and not at all pulled-right-outta-my-ass-lie .

“What – ?” (Jody.) / “Huh – ?” (Me.) / “Excuse me, Ma'am?” (Cas.)

Awh, Cas , ever the damn g e n t l e m a n.

“Would you like to come in? We've just brewed a pot of coffee.” Momma repeats, turning on her heel and heading inside. Us whom remain on the porch stare after her, listening as she bustles around inside, unsure how to continue. “Cas? How do you take your coffee?” She repeats again and it's like
a bucket of ice water over our heads. We jerk back into motion and quickly follow her into the house.

Jody’s leading, glancing back over her shoulder at us every few steps.

When we eventually reach the kitchen Cas manages to find his voice.

Mom's standing by the counter, pouring out four cups of the rich brew and he answers her with a polite: “Just black, please, Ma'am.”

“Oh please, no need to call us ma'am.”

“Oh, uh . . . yes . . .” Cas is fidgeting. He's uncomfortable. And he's unsure what to do or how to respond.

My poor baby.

Secretly, I brush my fingers against his.

Wanting despe rately to just clutch at his hand.

But not now.

Later.

My hand stills at the thought. A sudden disassociation overcoming my limbs and mind as I think critically and out-of-bodily about my actions and thoughts and even emotions.

And . . .

F U C K.

Am I addicted to Cas?
Do I even care if the answer's yes?

I gotta tell ya, truthfully;
No, I really don't care if the answer's yes.
What's that quote?

“Whoever loves becomes humble. Those who love have, so to speak, pawned a part of their narcissism.”

Huh, Freud. Who'da thunk?
But, well, I wouldn't mind becoming humble for Cas. And yeah, my narcissism may very well be breaking, splintering, and being given as a gift on a silver platter at Cas's feet.

My echo.
Or is that right? More like if we become any closer we'll be Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. Consensually, of course.

Shit, went off topic.
Anyway, all that's beside the point... the real point is... am I in love with Cas?

* mind whispers * Yes. * butterflies flutter in my gut * * throat's suddenly closed and tight *
The word is instant, immediate, nanosecular, unhesitating, and utterly fucking dooming.
Well that answers that question.

Now, when my family and friends find out everyone's gonna either A. Hate me or B. Kill me.

I wonder if Cas loves me?

As the thought flits through my mind, the object of my fancy glances over at me. Eyes soft and a bit nervous after a question from my mothers which I admittedly wasn't listening to. Those green gems light up when he finds me watching him, though.

And all of a sudden, I feel like that's all I need.

That's the only answer I need.

And yeah, so I finally grab his hand, give a tug, pull him towards me and reach up my other hand to cup the nape of his neck. So I forget that my moms are in the same room as us. So I pull him against me and kiss him gentle and slow, melt my body to his, feel him wrap an arm 'round my waist. So I melt.

I'm an adult, I can make my own decisions.

And this one makes me happy.

Makes my heart flutter and breath catch.

Giddy and flushed.

When I pull away from Cas' lips, eyes opening, I watch as his own open and I see the wonder in them as he looks at me before placing another, short and chaste and so light kiss to my lips.

Oh yeah, there's no doubt in my mind.

I'm in love with Cas.

And he's in love with me.

So, kissing your boyfriend (* cough * cough * love of your life * cough *) in front of your mothers whom don't care for him at all, while they're angry and after you've skipped school two days straight and spent said days doing ooey-gooey-romantic and sexy activities with said lover is not the smartest idea in the world.

Which I happen to find out when Jody spills hot coffee over not me but Cas as she accidentally bumps into him on her way to the table.

The scalding he recieves while in the midst of our kisses is enough to make him screech and jump back, veritably attacking the liquid staining his clothes.

I'm so sorry, baby. I feel that if those words actually come out of my mouth right now and either of my parents hear me they'll faint.

Not even joking.

Or ya know, start yelling and scolding and doing everything to break us up.

(More than they probably already have planned.)
Although I still don't fucking know what everyone's problem is with the Novaks.

(Besides the twin- and incest.)

While dear Mother Sheriff, completely blasé and I-didn't-do-anything-of-course-Castiel-isn't-flailing-in-pain-because-of-my-coffee, gets comfortable at the table, Mom takes a kitchen towel and wordlessly – a small smirk on her lips – helps pat down Castiel's damn clothes – although it's next to useless now.

The panicked, helpless look my almost(?) / potential(?) -lover sends me now is heartwrenching.

I try my hardest to convey my deepest sympathies to him as we turn and follow my devilish mothers to the dining room table. The lights are bright and vibrant and happy and lying.

They bely the darkness in their eyes.

The she-devils that should be called Liliths.

Although, Lilith was completely justified in her assertion of being on-par with Adam so scratch that last thought.

The she-devils that should be called Liliths.

Much better.

Eventually, the four of us are tensely seated – humans with vaginas on one side of the table and humans with penises on the other – and Jody turns tersely to the end of the table. Without a word she delegates to a stack of papers that I hadn't noticed till now and plucks up the top sheet. Still, eerily, silent, she turns back to us, giving the paper a short jostle to make it stand up straight and perky.

The entire action reminds me of a teacher or librarian picking up a student's paper with a bad grade, about to read out the horrible news to said students parents.

All while the student sits trapped between said parents.

Yeah, it has that same doom-doom-da-doom-doom-doom feeling to it.

The eye-brow scrunch I give her is intense because at this moment I'm highly confused and worried as to where this encounter is going, but she just sighs, gives us a glance, then returns to the paper.

Clearing her throat with a theatrical ehem! she begins to read aloud.

“43 Questions for Fathers to Ask Their Daughter's Boyfriend.” Jody recites with an imperious air.

“Or rather, 40-ish Questions for Mothers to Ask Their Son's Boyfriend. Don't worry, we won't ask them all.”

The groan – if you can even call it that – that I let out cannot be called human.

I swear, it's somewhere between a scream and a moan and a choke.

Because first of all: B O Y F R I E N D.

Eeeewk!

She said the word! SHE. SAID. THE. WORD. ALOUD.
Just because I've been calling Cas my boyfriend in my head doesn't mean we've discussed it yet! SHIT! When I look peripherally I find Cas' cheeks inflamed with embarrassment, but his hand in mine tightens with a reassuring squeeze.

Squeezing back, I see Cas release a relieved sigh.

So, looks like we may be on the same page in/on the whole “boyfriend”-title department, too.

Okay, and second: THEY FOUND A FUCKING LIST OF INTERROGATION QUESTIONS TO ASK CASTIEL! LIKE THEY FUCKING MUST HAVE SEARCHED ONLINE TO FIND THESE! WHAT DO YOU EVEN SEARCH FOR?

stereotypical investigative questions parents would ask their child's boyfriend/girlfriend?

stereotypical questions parents would ask their daughter's boyfriend?

overprotective dad questions?

questions to ask your daughter's new boyfriend?

All of the above‽

I'm not ashamed to say I'm terrified.

. . . maybe a little ashamed . . . but that shame is overpowered a bit by how impressed and proud I am by my mothers and their safeguarding.

Oh fuck. Jody's talking.

“So, Castel, –”

“It's, uhm, it's actually Cast ee -el.” Cas' palm is sweaty, balmy and damp and I'm so sorry, Babe.

“I apologize. Cast i-el, what're your plans for the future? I mean, what do you want to do with your life, long term? Your intended major come college or university? Assuming either/and/or are in store?” She shoots off like machine-gun-bullets. One. After. Another. No time for pause or breath.

And Cas is so visibly flustered.

“I – I uh, I –”

“Castiel enjoys biology.”

Cas' head whips 'round to stare at me so fast he's sure to have whiplash, but I just look back at him steadily. Sitting next to him in Biology class, watching him take notes and draw cells and do advanced molecular biological equations and graphs on genetic variation that have nothing to do
with the actual class has told me all I need to know on that subject.

“Oh, does he now? Is that true, Castiel?” Mom asks, pushing a bit of intrigue into her voice.

Shifting his attention back to his interrogaters, his eyes linger on me just a tad too long. “Yes. I plan to study Animal Diversity and Evolutionary Biology at University.”

“Which university?”

“It's only the beginning of Senior year. I'm applying to many.”

“Good thinking.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you aware of where Dean's interests lie?”

I groan. Shit shit shit. There’s no way Cas knows that. We haven't discussed this. Shit. I –

“I believe Literature. Most likely with emphasis in Sci-fi and Fantasy.”

Oh. OH .

Cas does know.

I'm literally speechless right now.

Well, Mother Bad-Cop doesn't look half as impressed as I am. “Yes, he's always got his head in a book. Who knows what it is right now.”

“We were reading some Shakespeare earlier today. But I believe his decided reading at the moment is a series entitled . . . Inheritance ? No, that was last week. By the way, how did you like that series? Sorry, nevermind, question for another time. Uhm, this week it's . . . uhhhh – ” He's honest to god scrunching up his face in deep deep thought. “Oh! I know. You're in a weird phase and reading excessive Indiana Jones novels!” He shouts, too loudly, but with a childish excitement that halts any annoyance that could've spawned from the sound.

Wide eyes.

That's all I can give in response.

Great. Big. Wide. Eyes.

“ Indiana Jones ? Really?”

“ Uhmnah .” That was supposed to be a “yes”, thank you very much.

An elongated sigh is all the response I receive from my mothers, who just keep on keepin' on with their questions. “We've gone over your interests and studies, so how 'bout 'how did you meet our son?’”

“Biology class, we're seat mates.”

“Of course you are.”

“Hu – ney ~” Mom sing-songs to her only-slightly disgruntled wife, placing a soothing hand on the
Sheriff's shoulder. "How many siblings do you have, Castiel?"

With a swallow and a squeeze of my hand, Cas answers: "4."

"4?"

"3 brothers and a sister."

"I was unaware you had a sister."

"She's quite younger than I and my brothers, and still resides with our birth parents."

"I see. How are your brothers?" Whelp! the emphasis on that question is anything but subtle. Heavy loaded and hard to swallow, a w e s o m e.

Nice. Mom. R e a l nice.

"They're great. Mrs. Winchester. I believe you saw them this past weekend."

I don't know if the hum my Mom lets out in reply is affirmative or dismissing and I'm just sitting calmly, sweating my balls off and internally pacing.

"I saw Michael, at the least. He's a very polite young man."

"Yes, Ma'am, he is."

"Now what'd I say about callin' us Ma'am." That smile is terrifying, Mom, stop it.

"I apologize.

"How's your homelife?" Jody butts in, throwing Cas for a loop. He startles at the abrupt change.

"It's very well, Mrs. Win . . . chest . . ." A N D cue looooooooooooooong pause. " . . . Mills?"

"Mills." She confirms.

"Mrs. Mills."

"If your birth parents are still alive, then why are you and your brothers adopted?"

"It's . . . highly complicated."

"Personal?"

"Very."

"We'll skip that question than."

"Thank you."

"Do you enjoy hunting?" I swear my momma would describe a murder scene and have it come out sounding like a bunny and princess attended tea party with pink and blue and green and white streamers and clothes and all that stereotypical bullshit. By the look on Cas' face, I think he's debating whether or not he'd like to backtrack to the previous question or not. But it's too late.

I wonder how much and how deeply I'm gonna need to apologize for this later?
“I’ve never been.”

There’s a hitch to his voice, his hand gripping tight to mine, that has my mind doing wheelies and my stomach doing summersaults and I try to come to grips with this disconcerting feeling of wrong that his words pour over me.

He's lying.

And I know it implicitly.

Why? I don’t know. And I don’t plan to ask in front of my parents.

A topic for a different time, then.

“Oh, well, do you know how to handle a gun?” Please dear gods, Jody, do not bring out your gun collection. Please. Do. Not.

“I’ve shot a few times. But I prefer archery to firearms.”

“Archery?”

“Yes. A cable-backed is my bow of choice.”

“Modern or old-school?”

“Old-school.”

“How long have you been shooting?”

“Since I was a child. My siblings and I received professional instruction.” A sigh escapes him once the words are out, and our joined hands twitch, caressing and calming one another.

“Little toxophilite, are you?”

Cas seems surprised that my mom knows that word. For that matter, I’m surprised that my momma knows that word. Personally, I only know it because a post which called Katniss it had passed down my Dash a few months back.

“I wouldn’t go that far.” Cas replies with a slightly embarrassed smile.

“Anyway, now that we’ve gotten that out of the way. What’re your intentions with our son?” Wow, Jodes, you’re just going from question to question and awkward to awkward at rapid fire, aren’t ya?

Wait . . .

What’re your intentions with our son.

She said our.

Dude. DUDE. Jody claiming me as her son makes me extremely happy.

Like o v e r j o y e d.

Like no one can ever know how ecstatic that makes me.

And no one can ever know about the internal dance trying to wiggle its way out of my body into
physical presentation.

And like, she’s done it before. Numerous times.

But this is to my boyfriend.

Kinda a big deal.

To me.

In my mind.

“I intend to . . . court him.” *Awh, my knight, my gentleman, my awkward little baby. Oh, and btb, I intend to panic, internally freak out, and declare my love for you on a jumbo-tron.*

“Court him?”

“Yes, dates and the like. We went to dinner tonight, for example.”

“Dinner?”

“On the wharf in Port Angeles.”

“That must have been lovely.”

“It was.” He smiles, sunshine shining out of his gorgeous blue eyes that has me thinking about dawn breaking over an ocean.

“Lovely, now, for the most important question of the night: Castiel, do you believe in abstinence?”

O H M Y G O D S, did I just hear that right? MOMMA YOU DID NOT JUST ASK HIM THAT QUESTION!

F U C K.

I really hope that I didn't hear that correctly.

Cas literally chokes on his own spit. He literally coughs up a lung. And he literally turns tomato red with embarrassment and horror at being asked THAT.

* coughs again * “I’m sorry?” * croaks *

“Do you believe in abstinence?”

“I – I haven’t thought that far ahead?” * voice breaks *

It's such a lie that it hurts, but my moms just raise an eyebrow each (both the left one, like a synchronized dance) and clearly don't believe him.

“We – ll, we don't think that the traditional Sex Talk is applicable to your relationship – it isn't for ours – so we've constructed one special for the occasion.”

“YOU DID WHAT!” Internal shouting meet mouth, mouth meet internal shouting, and audio!

“Oh shut up, it's for your own good.”

Why is this happening?
Please don't let this be happening.

Please let them be joking.

Please –

“We've printed out a quiz instead, to test your knowledge, and organized a list of sites that could be highly beneficial.”

“A quiz? And websites?”

“Yes. We went through multiple quizzes and selected the most appropriate questions, which you will answer, and if you would like to know, the first website on the list is ohjoysexttoy.com.”

Kill me.

I'd like to die.

With a look to Castiel I can see that he too wishes he could be 6 feet under or at the bottom of the ocean right about now.

“Alright, so here's the quiz.” Jody hands over two sheets of paper stolen from that evil stack at the table's end. She hands one to me and one to Cas. “You aren't exempt from the quiz, either, young man.” She informs me as Momma hands us over a couple of pencils.

“And START!”

G R E A T.

SEX TALK QUIZ:

How many times can a condom be used?

1. **One single time.**

2. It depends on the alignment of planets, the Force.

3. It can be used twice.

4. \(2x + y - 5\)

Which of the following is a sexually transmitted disease?

1. Chlamydia

2. Syphilis

3. Gonorrhoea

4. **All of the above.**
What is the best way to protect against sexually transmitted infections?

1. **By using a condom every time you have sex.**
2. By eating more carbs.
3. By being more popular.
4. By playing sports.

How is HIV/AIDS transmitted?

1. Blood
2. Semen
3. Vaginal secretions
4. **All of the above.**

How is Chlamydia transmitted?

1. Through vaginal sex.
2. Through oral sex.
3. Through anal sex.
4. **All of the above.**

Can you catch sexually transmitted infections from oral sex?

1. No, it is impossible.
2. **Yes, but the odds of catching a sexually transmitted infection are lower.**
3. Yes, it is more likely to catch sexually transmitted infections this way.
4. I do not engage in oral sex, just intercourse.

That isn't as horrifying as I thought it would be.

Not pleasant. But bearable.

I bet they found some really good and insightful websites, though. They appear to be the type to be extremely thorough.
I'm a little concerned about those whom don't know the answers to this quiz.

Sex Ed should be a priority in school, but \textit{n o o o o o o o o o o o o o}. 

I learned from friends and heavy research (alongside Sammy. I'd even gone around Kate's back – she pressures abstinence and won't even allow Adam any girl friends [he's 14!]! – and taught Adam all he'd need to know about sex, both with females and males. The kid's unsure where his preferences lie, or even if he has a preference at all. He may be pansexual like Sammy, androsexual like me, or asexual or demisexual or any of the sexuals. Who cares. Knowledge is knowledge and he needed to know it.)

I really hope this is as easy for Cas as it is for me.

Oh look, we're both finished.

Mama Sheriff takes back the quizzes and they pour over our answers before giving succinct nods.

“Well done, 100% all around.”

“Woo. Hoo.”

“Here're your prizes.” Jodes says, incredibly straight-faced, as she hands us the website list and fucking \textit{lollipops}.

“Gee willikers, Batman, is this all for us?” I say – for some reason in my best Robin voice. Bad-Cop looks less than impressed, but succeeds in artfully ignoring me.

At least, it seems like she had until –

“Sarcasm will get you grounded.” Heard loud and clear as 'sarcastic little shits will be forbidden from seeing the love of their life if they continue to mouth off'.

\textit{Sh i t}.

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Good. Now, Castiel, you seem like a decent kid –” Momma starts.

“Whom we do not entirely hate.” And thank you, Mother Sheriff \textit{for that}. “And if you mess up our son we will have to Dr. Osborne your pretty lily-white ass.”

Fuck, who knew my eyes opened that wide?

No wonder my ex ran. \textit{Sh i t}.

“I'm – I'm sorry, Dr. who?” Cas asks, brows furrowed and expression somewhere between I'm already afraid but I'm confused and want to ask but I'm afraid that if I ask I'll be even more afraid but for my health I think I need to ask about that which I'm afraid of.

Is that savvy?

Before either of them can say anything I lean over and very kindly whisper in my boyfriend's ear. “Dr. Osborne was a man who killed a cattle thief, skinned him and made boots out of said skin and then went on to become a governor.” I've never seen the color drain out of someone so fast in my life. But Cas gulps and \textit{whoosh!} pale as a linen-white-sheet.
“Yes.” Momma backs me up, smile all sweet and *isn't-my-wife-dandy*.

“Oh, and another thing.” Jody speaks up. “We were going to lecture you on missing school and how terrible it is because of your futures and lives and responsibilities but I believe you both already know all that and decided to simply blatantly ignore that.”

Silence.

There's no way I'm answering that with words, so I carefully bob my head once, peripherally watching Cas mimic the gesture.

“Good, now that we're all on the same page; get lost.”

Swish and flick, complete 180°.

“Uhhhhhh –”

“Before she changes her mind, sweetheart.” Momma says and Cas and I scramble instantly out of our seats.

“Yes, Mama.”

“It was a pleasure to meet you both!” Cas blurts as we jet from the room. Just as we reach the archway connecting into the hallway we hear –

“IF CASTIEL STEPS ONE FOOT UPSTAIRS YOU ARE DEAD DEAN WINCHESTER!!”

Successfully making both of us tumble into one another and then slam into the wall in a heap. Groaning, we get back up to our feet quickly and rapidly answer the Sheriff with affirmative 'we understand we don't want to die please don't release the beast' answers.

And then we escape from the awkwardness of my home.

You know what's probably a bad reaction to having your boyfriend interrogated and subjected to a sex-test by your mothers and surviving?

Straddling him in the backseat of his car.

Yeah, if either of my parents walked out that front door they'd have a perfect line-of sight. So, hopefully, Sheriff doesn't come out and shoot Cas.

'Cause gods fuck.

I never want his hands to leave my skin.

“Your mothers are terrifying.” The cannibal murmurs, lips moving slow against my own.

“You did so well.” I reply, my fucking hips moving on their own, grinding down on my boyfriend's lap like it's a fucking prize I need to win. “I think you deserve a reward.” The second those words leave my lips, Cas' hands clutch onto my hips like fucking vices. The grip is so tight and so perfect and going to leave the sweetest bruises.

“Can I have a raincheck?” I stiffen at those unexpected words. Is he serious? “Maybe the entire
weekend as my reward?”

Now the unexpectedness of those words makes me laugh, pulling back with a mirthful smile.

Thank the fucking gods.

“You scared me for a sec."

He smiles, dimples dipping into his gorgeous cheeks. “Don't worry. I'd never turn down a reward from you.”

“So, an entire weekend, huh?”

“Would you mind? You could come stay at my house. Spend time with my family?”

“You mean it?”

“Yes. I was interrogated, now it's your turn.”

“Oh joy.”

“You'll do fine, love.” He murmurs, nudging his nose into the underside of my chin.

“Ugh, fine. When?”

“How does next weekend sound?”

"Good to me.” That means I have a week to gather my courage. Great.

Chapter End Notes

Also, the next few chapters are coming along much faster (because I've been writing them instead of this chapter 'cause i'm a derp) (they're also coming along better) than this one. It definitely won't be such a long wait till the next update.

Again, I'm immensely sorry about the wait!
Cas and I go to school like good little children the whole rest of the week (and actually, we only make it two days). I even start spending break and lunch with him and his brothers.

And nothing special occurs till Thursday.

I've been looking forward to Biology all day – as I always do – but even more so for after Bio. Sam is supposed to call directly at the bell to inform me of his impending plans to visit.

I literally fucking run to bio, and once inside the classroom, I can't stress how loud my sigh of relief is when I see Cas already at our table; although the other half is still empty of both Luci and Gabe. I slide in next to him and in return he places a peck on my cheek, a tired smile gracing his face.

"Hello," he says in a quiet, musical voice, like he's just awoken and is still half asleep. I concur with the blatant want-to-hibernate expression he has that's so in sync with his voice.

Mr. McLeod is sauntering around the room, distributing two metal trays, dissecting implements, and a small shark to each table group.

Class doesn't start for a few minutes, and the room's abuzz with conversation.

Cas and I don't speak, just sit in comfortably silence. We spent all last night texting and whoo! If my mothers ever read my texts I will be so dead.

And if Gabriel ever gets his hands on them he'd have fodder forever.

Let's just say that we have no shame when speaking in alphabetical characters.

Hell, who am I kidding.

We have no shame at all when it comes to each other. Not after the night Gabriel shared all of Cas' masturbatory fun, our day of exploration in the glade, and then my mothers' sex-quiz.

What would be the point?

Cas and I aren't joined at the hip, actually he's sitting as far away from me as the desk allows, with his chair angled towards me and his hand holding mine on the table-top.

As I really look at him, I notice that his sex-hair is dripping wet, even more disheveled and fingers-run-through-it than usual, but the circles under his eyes belies a stress that wasn't there yesterday. Nor a tiredness that would be brought about simply from last night.

The question “Are you alright?” are on the tip of my tongue, but they don't come out.

It's not presque vu, no, it's more of a fear of the answer that 'causes the words to be lost.

It's Cas' eyes most of all that leaves the words in my mouth. His dazzling face (yes dazzling ) is friendly in that tired I-love-everything-that's-not-blinding-lights-and-loud-noises kind of way, and open with a slight smile pulling at his chapped and warm lips.
But those incredible blue eyes are careful, calculating.

And cannibalistic.

Just like on the first day.

“Yes, Mr. Novak?” I murmur, a smirk firmly in place.

My words only succeed in getting an eye-roll out of him, a half-smile, and a short, soft, and . . . and kind of enchanting (shut up) bout of laughter. I swear I can hear the words *sarcastic little shit* running rampant through his mind.

Unfortunately, Mr. Mcleod starts class just at this moment.

We concentrate as he explains the lab we'll be doing today.

Apparently we're to dissect specific organs. So, we'll be working as lab partners to identify everything on a list of organs without using our books. First group to identify all 10 wins a “special prize.”

Which doesn't Mr. Mcleod make sound *fascinating*.

What with that big yawn and oh so happy expression of *I-want-to-kill-you-all* on his face.

In twenty-minutes, Mr. McLeod warns, he'll be coming around to check work and see who's made the correct finds.

"Get started," he commands.

"You first, partner?" Castiel asks. I look up to see him smiling a crooked smile so beautiful that I can only stare at him like an idiot for more than a good minute. "Or I could start, if you wish." The smile grows; obviously amused by my gawking.

“Oh shut up,” I reply, a non-existent-flush on my cheeks.

I've already done this dissection, and I know what I'm looking for.

It should be easy.

I snap on my gloves and grab up the scalpel as Cas grabs the list. Reading out the first.

“Heart.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

Slice. Delve. Retrieve.

Heart a la mode.

“Done.”

“Well done.”

“Next.”
And on and on, till.

“Do you mind if I give it a try?” He asks as I'm about to ask for number . . . Oops. 7. His hand catches mine, stopping me so that he can take the scalpal for his own. I smile sheepishly at him.

Surprisingly, Cas fingers are cold.

And I mean ice-cold, like he'd been holding them in a snowdrift before class.

I've learned from their siblings that Cas gets cold seldomly, and it's usually because he isn't taking care of himself as he should be. That, combined with his incredible tiredness is worrisome.

What happened between yesterday and now?

Thankfully, though, along with the cold of Cas' touch is an electrical current that passes between us like a caress. This is the touch I know.

“Sorry,” I mutter, switching places with him immediately.

It only takes a few more minutes till we've got every piece dissected; and are finished before anyone else is even close.

Yippee.

And somehow Mr. McLeod knows this fact, because he's suddenly at our table, suddenly asking us why we aren't working.

Then he looks down at our table, spying the pile of organs and checked off list of our completed lab, staring intently to double-check our answers.

Without a word, Mr. McLeod walks away.

No affirmation.

No nothing.

Just; bye.

“Oooookaaay.” I elongate my vowels, making Cas shake his head exasperatedly, taking off his gloves and sitting back with a stretch.

“So,” He mutters, trying to think up a topic. Although, I don't feel bored, and I don't he is either, I let him attempt to fill the silence. Switching seats again, he pulls his face into a scrunched, mulling expression as I watch him in amusement.

He ends up sighing, though, and sends me a nevermind glance and shrug.

Our smiling ooey-gooey-happy-aura is probably suffocating our classmates.

Probably.

I can't fathom any interest he might have for talk while as tired as he is, so we simply continue to stare at each other with penetrating eyes.

His eyebrows knit together when I don't back down from his staring.
Most people get uncomfortable with how much and how intensely Castiel stares. He makes eye-contact and doesn't let go. He eye-fucks me all the time. And as long as he doesn't do it to anyone else, I won't have to kill anyone.

Continuing to stare at me with obvious curiosity, he lets his hand wonder, searching without sight for my own.

Which I surreptitiously pull out of his reach.

Narrowing his eyes at me, I smirk back at him as I childishly continue to pull my hands just out of his reach everytime he gets near.

When Cas shoots his hands out, I don't expect it, and so am caught off guard when his vice-like grip clamps onto my fingers.

Cursing under my breath, I concede his victory.

Our totally mature and very sexy display of affection brings all sorts of bubbly feelings to rise in my chest.

The look of adoration on his serene face seems somewhat unfounded, though.

And I wonder briefly why he's staring at me in that way, his gaze slowly turning into appraisal.

"You play a good game," he says slowly. "Put up a good fight, but I'm willing to bet that you wanted me to win. Wanted my hands in yours. More than you want anyone to know. Or see."

I grimace at him, resisting the impulse to stick out my tongue like a five-year-old, and look away.

"Am I wrong?" He goads and I honestly try to ignore him as a smile pulls at my lips. "I didn't think so," He murmurs smugly.

"You're wrong." I murmur, "I'd show everyone in the world, if I could. And I will."

When in all of hell did I become this sappy, lovesick fool?

Right.

Monday.

How could I have forgotten?

Castiel's answering goofy, in-love smile is sickening and gross and I want to eat it up and bask in the fucking glow of it.

Out of the corner of my eye I watch as our teacher continues to make his rounds.

After a while, with Cas continuing to stare, I have to ask: "What?"

"What what?" Jumping back, his eyes open like fucking saucers.

"Do I have something on my face?"

"Of course not."

"Then what are you staring at."
“I would've thought it was obvious.” Amusement layers the monotonous, husky octaves of Cas’ voice thick. “My mother always called me her open book, saying that my face is too easy to read.”

Easy. To. Read?

Castiel?

_Uhhhhhhhh._

“That must be since she's your mother. 'Cause, contrarily, I find your face very difficult to read.” I don't know why, but I always find myself telling Cas the truth. I hardly find myself denying him anything, or hiding anything from him. But sharing myself completely. “And I'm usually a good reader.” I add.

Cannibal Cas smiles widely, flashing a set of perfect, ultrawhite teeth.

Add a wink and he's set.

Oh, look, he's set.

God is he beautiful and man do I want to jump his bones and – Damn.

Mr. McLeod's calling the class to order now, so we have to turn back to face the blackboard like good little ducklings following mama.

From the corner of my eye I witness Cas lean away from me again, as he'd done at the beginning of class, one hand gripping the edge of the table with loose tension in order to keep from falling back in his chair while the other stays warm in my palm.

I try my damnedest to appear attentive as Mr. McLeod illustrates, with transparencies on the overhead projector, what each organ we were tasked in finding look like.

However, after a glance at the clock all my thoughts fly to one topic and one topic only.

I start counting down the seconds till the bell rings somewhere around 24 and a half minutes to the end of class. Or rather, school, since Bio's last.

_Hallelujah!

And when that bell finally rings, and my phone vibrates in my pocket?

I'm a little ashamed of the excited shout I call out.

Digging in my pocket for the offending piece of technology, I succintly ignore Cas' nervous laughter that I'd shocked out of him with my outburst whoops! and answer it.

The second the reciever's at my ear I hear my favorite person's voice confirming the happiest news I've gotten in years! (not really but you understand that I haven't seen my brothers in months so sue me for being ecstatic everytime the little munchkin calls)

“Dean! It's me!”

“SAMMY!!!” I may deafen Cas, I dunno know. I'll ask him later.
“You know Sammy is a chubby 12 year old! It's Sam, okay?”

“Yeah yeah whatever you say.” I reply, smiling at his usual response.

“It's a quarter past four, that's the correct time, right? I got it right?” Sammy asks, voice high-pitched and distorted through the line but frantic and jittery and little-brothery all the same.

“Yeah, Samantha, ya got it right!”

“Ugh, shut up, Deanerys.”

“Hey hey hey! Woah no! The Khaleesi is BOSS, don't you be using her name as an insult! Not to me you don't! Behave ya lil brat!”

The little shit has the nerve to scoff!!!

“What are you talking about‽” Cas yells hysterically at my side, nearly doubled-over in his laughter. Even Mr. McLeod seems amused, sitting with his feet up on his desk at the classroom's front, watching us with an imperious, confused air.

I'd forgotten where I am for a moment.

“FINE! Then can I at least be Samwise‽”

“I really don't think you'd be able to fit into a Hobbit hut, do you Sammy?”

“Ugh, seriously Dean? Then how about Samus?”

“Hmmm, an intergalactic bounty hunter? We can work with that.”

“GOOD.”

“Oh, and, Sammy, whatever happened to I'm a grown up now, Dean, I don't play with action figures or watch cartoons or play video games anymore?”

“I lied.”

The words are so straight-forward and so unhesitating that I'm speechless.

Which apparently makes Castiel laugh like his life depends on it.

What does my face look like when I'm speechless? I would very much like someone to snap a photo of it because from my teacher's and boyfriend's reactions it's highly entertaining.

Oh, and this is the moment that I remember that Sammy does not know about Cas.

At least . . .

Not that I've told him.

“Dean? Who's there with you?”
“Oh, you know, just Cas.”

“Who’s Cas?”

Turning my head like I’m going to look out the window at the fog, I glance at Cas.

Oh no. I fucked up.

The happy aura that laughter induced in him is immediately dashed at Sammy’s question. Replaced with a sad look in eyes and the question – or rather accusation – in his expression of “you didn't tell your little brother about us?”

I sigh, taking a really really immensely heavy breath, before replying to my favorite brother.

“Cas is my boyfriend.” The corner of Cas' mouth twitches, the hint of a smile that I immediately dive in to indulge, pressing kiss after kiss to those plush lips till their's the undeniable curve of a smile their. The action illiciting a choking noise and an 'excuse me while I give you the room' both from our generous teacher.

“You have a boyfriend?!” Sam screeches with a hysterically amused current which makes me imagine him with a wagging tail and puppy-dogs ears to match those patented puppy-eyes.

I groan, keeping eye contact with the beautiful blue eyes of my lover.

(Almost lover, dammit.)

A bringing alerts Cas and I to his phone buried in his bag, which he delves for quickly, opening up the text before glancing back at me, and yet, despite the apologetic, sad smile, the pure fury in his suddenly coal black eyes floors me. With a dangerous lean forward, Cas kisses me deeply before standing up and rushing out as swiftly and as gracefully from the room as a bear gallomping through the fields.

Or a fucking elephant stampeding.

I stare after him in amazement, curious as to what could've been in the text.

But then I remember myself.

Returning to the predicament at hand, I bring my cell back to my ear to hear Sam yelling at me for always being the last to know which I sufficiently shut down as bullshit by informing him that Dad has no idea and I would appreciate it if he didn’t tell him. To which he replies with an adamant “he won't hear it from me.”

Such a good lil brother.

“Now, tell me more about your school! What are the other kids like? Are there any cute guys besides your boytoy? Are they being nice to you?”

Gods, what is he, our mothers?

“Fake-friendly. All of Cas’ brothers are cute but don't you dare go there. And yes, everyone's being nice like they want something from me. Overall, they've all been really... welcoming”

“Sounds about right.” Sam says with an amused scoff. In the background I hear someone call Sam's name. “Just a few more minutes!” He yells off to the side.
“Who’s that?”

“My friend Inias. I’m using his phone.”

“Where’s your cell?” I accuse him, like, seriously, the kid has so much tech but 9/10 times he’ll lose something important that keeps it alive.

“Ok, I didn’t lose my power cord. It ran away. Screaming. Inias says I literally repel technology now but that’s complete bullshit!”

I smile, laughing, but an ache reopens in my chest. Cas had been helping to keep the ache at bay, but it'll never really leave without my little brother here. By my side.

I just miss him.

Phones aren't enough.

“So when're you coming to visit, Sammy?”

Two weeks.

TWO. FUCKING. WEEKS.

Apparently Sammy has something called Fall Break and so in two weeks Sammy will be here IN FORKS for an entire week and I cannot fucking wait to tell Cas! ’Cause really, having Sam and Cas in the same room, meeting each other and getting along (because gods shit I may not particularly need my parents approval of Cas, but I damn sure need my lil brother’s – even Adam’s, to a lesser extant).

I have no idea where Cas is.

After he ran out of the room I talked to Sammy a few more minutes till his roommate and friend Inias wanted his phone back and we had to hang up, and now I’m wandering the halls looking for my booty-call-McHotstuff-boyfriend.

Though truthfully I'm more intent on figuring out all the fun things to do with Sam when he comes than on my search for Cas.

As well as on pranks and pranks and more pranks.

Gotta have a prank war with the little one, ya know?

And yet, the second I turn the corner to the SE hallway (the school's set up like a fucking ship's wheel), all thoughts of Sammy leave my mind as I fix my eyes on Cas and the other Novaks.

Cas is in that ridiculous trenchcoat again and – oh yeah, idiot that I am though, I don't notice that Cas is not happy. That none of the brothers are. And its something I ignore as I walk closer and closer. That is, I ignore it until I hear the shouting.

It looks and sounds like they're having a nice family war. How lovely.

“It's none of your fucking business!!” Gabriel. That's Gabriel's voice, my mind supplies the (quite frankly unfuckingneccessary) information like it's an encyclopedia, like I can't recognize his voice practically breaking the sound barrier!

And he's angry! Thanks, again brain, you're such a pal.
But even with this informative revelation, my feet continue on their course.

“It's none of our business?” Michael. Definitely michael.

“Fuck no it's not!”

“You're our brother, Gabe. Of course it's our business.”

Brother. The word is broken on Luci’s lips. It wouldn't take a genius to realize that that's decidedly NOT the word that he – or Michael – would like to call Gabe.

“Then you should want me to be happy! NO MATTER WHAT!”

“Fuck, Gabriel, no! She doesn't make you happy! She makes you miserable and hurt and she doesn't deserve you!” Lucifer's voice is choked to the brim, like he's almost ready to overflow.

Feet. Stop.

Now.

Why the fuck won't you listen?

I know without a doubt that they're arguing about Kali, but . . . why? What happened to “We hide our hatred because it makes Gabriel upset” which it obviously has right now.

Has something happened?

“Are you joking? I'm the one who doesn't deserve her!”

“That's bullshit!”

“No, she's gorgeous, invincible, beautiful!”

“Volatile, abusive, disappearing!”

Disappearing.

Oh fuck.

“Next time she goes out of town we're having another intervention.” Is what Castiel had said back in Port Angeles.

Fuuuuuuck. She ran out on Gabe. Again.

GOOD.

Maybe she'll be gone for forever.

Maybe now Gabe can move on.

Maybe now my feet will stop!

I've closed in now, like they're a circus or a side-show and I'm an entranced (more like completely bamboozled) carnival goer.

I just keep getting CLOSER.
C L O S E R.
C L O S E R.
C l o o o s e e r.
And closer.

Till I've got my head in the lion's mouth with a smile on my face and my fear sold to the tamer.

And yet, it's not Gabriel's voice that's the terror. It's his movements, his body language, his presence that jumpstarts a fight-or-flight survival response in my veins.

One where my feet apparently choose fight.

You know in movies and things how when someone's about to get hurt or die it goes into slow motion? Like a premonition of pain and harm and oh-shit-no comes over the character just before it happens and so you have this insane notion or expectation that that's how real life is like?

Well, movies and things are wrong.

Nothing's moving in slow motion, but the premonition is still there in my gut as a twisting and turning and nausea as my feet continue forward of their own accord.

And I see several things simultaneously.

Instead of slow, the adrenaline rush 'caused by the pure feeling of wrong causes my heart to speed, my breathing to elevate and my brain to tick faster.

Allowing me the ability to absorb in crystal clear detail several things at once.

The first being that Castiel is still standing a few lockers down, but the argument with Gabriel has cut off with a shift in expression from righteous fury to absolute, Stephen King-level horror. His eyes stand out as a full moon from the sea of Novak faces (note to self: no more poetry), apologetic and terrified as Lucifer's head snaps up to take in the sight of me, Michael's following swift, all frozen in the same mask of shock.

But more disconcerting and potentially important is the . . . I don't even know how to describe it.

But it's crippling.

It's like, a ripple of water punching through the air at wind speeds of astronomical level. Or rather . . . I can see the rippling of air as something punches through it, like when you can see something moving under the water. Intent and aiming right at you, speeding up and then attacking like white water.

And suddenly, it's like I've fallen from the monkey bars.

Or belly-flopped into a freezing lake.

Like I'm a tree being felled by a tempest's winds.

Something's hit me; hard, and I'm being propelled like a ragdoll back. Back. B a c k. Till there's the sound of clanging metal in my ears and the feel of blood on my tongue and no more strength in my limbs, and although distantly, I think I hear the shattering crunch of bone somewhere, I can't even bring myself to react.
Gods . . . I feel heavy.

*Dead weight*, I think is what it's called.

I didn't even have time to close my eyes.

Even when my head cracks against the lockers, they don't shut. I think it's more for fear than anything else that my body keeps them open, keeps them searching for rescue or really *anything*. But they don't move from one spot . . .

Where Castiel's standing with his brothers.

Or . . . had been . . ?

He's not there anymore . . .

*Why* . . .

I feel something solid and warm pressed against my side, wrapped around my waist, but I can't focus.

My mind's too fuzzy and brittle and incomplete.

All I know is that I'm lying on the linoleum beneath the wall of lockers, back to the cold metal, a warmth at my side; and before I have a chance to notice anything else: I feel it. I see it. The wind twirling and rippling again like it's readying for a second match.

*But I already lost* . . .

The tempest curls gratingly – like wind whistling through a rusted out link-fence – between the Novaks and I. The current, still spinning and sliding and as blatant as a weather forecast on a green-screen, is about to collide with me again.

I've become a windmill, fighting against a current I wasn't built for.

One that's already toppled me, but intends to drag me still.

That underwater monster's ripple crests and a low oath at my ear alerts me of a presence besides me.

*Oh . . . right . . . the warmth . . .* I surmise through the suffocating, painful . . . guck.

Connected to a voice impossible for me *not* to recognize.

Even under heavy sedatives or with am – ana – anaste – no . . . *amnesia!* (that's the word!) I'd recognize *that* voice.

. . . okay maybe not when I'm ame – amne – amNEsiacal.

But I'd recognize him anywhere . . . Cas . . .

But what was it . . . what's happening? Why am I?

Oh.

The monster.

The sound's no longer like wind through a fence, now it's like . . . a jet cutting through the air.
Ultrasonic or something-or-other... yeah?

yeah...

But before any pain can come, before the monster can even make contact, two long, tanned hands unwind from 'round my waist and shoot out protectively afore me. And just like that, the air shudders to a halt achingly close to my face, a slight breeze dusting me, playing with my hair and eyelashes, pulling a fearful and piteous sound from my gut.

And Cas' large hands appear like they've sunk into a pool, a soft effervescence of something surrounding his... talons?

Are nails supposed to be so sharp... and pointy... and... bird-like...?

Oh right. Describing things is a thing... narration, that's what it's called.

It's like... it's like Cas' broken through an invisible barrier, just barely, but it's 'causing a distortion in the appearance of his hands where he grips the air like a vice, continuing to push at the shuddering current.

And then... and then his hands move so fast they blur.

Inhumanly fast.

Although, maybe I'm just in slow motion. Me. And maybe... maybe everything else is in fast forward. Time's an illusion, isn't it? Could I be in a different time... dimension? Then the rest of my reality? From Cas? In this instance?

The pounding of my thoughts is drum-like. Thick and heavy and invading every aspect of my body. My veins and my chest and my eyes.

One thought is equal to a throb and with my rapid-fire questions the throbbing is a constant. A new normal, and I feel like I've never known different.

And I feel like my head is feverish.

And my neck is weak, my skull too weighty.

And that my arms and hands are too much for me, so I relinquish their control, let them fall. Let them drop aside.

Huh, that action makes my head fall forward.

Makes my feet fall to either side, spread.

If I were laying down I'd be scared-pigeon.

No that's wrong.

...

Speared-pelican?

No.

Snow-angel?
Yeah, Spread-angel.

But I'm not, ’cause I'm sitting up and . . . oh and Cas is suddenly pushing away from the invisible barrier, elongated, transparent drops falling away alongside his hands. The droplets of air as they fall transmorph into . . . oblong . . . downy . . . feathers.

They rock down like on a baby breeze, back and forth till they land soft like light.

Then something's dragging me close – Cas' arms – and swinging my legs up circuitarily like a princess till we're side to chest.

My side, his chest.

He's holding me against his body in an iron grasp.

My brokenness and crying mouth vs his brutal strength.

A muffled curse greets my blood-pounding head and a metallic tasting groan gurgles from my throat as the sound thuds against and hurts my ears as the wind settles, ripples flicking, feather droplets popping down onto the asphalt – exactly where, a second ago, my blooded legs had been – falling into and mixing with the smeared mess of liquid.

It's absolutely silent now for all of a split-second before the screaming begins.

And it's in the abrupt bedlam that I can hear more than one person shouting my name.

But more clearly than all the yelling, I can hear Cas' low, frantic voice directly in my ear. Warm and safe and so afraid. "Dean! Dean! You're alright! You're okay! I swear! D E A N!"

Why're you yelling at me? “I'm fine.” I try to say, but the words don't come. My mouth is already working. There's already sound escaping my voice sounding strange but I'm not – oh – Oh.

It's me.

The bedlam is my own voice.

I'm the one who's screaming.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, this is the "Bella almost gets hit by the truck" chapter. X)

Oh and question: Can you guys see that there's an extra 1st chapter entitled Cover?
Dr. Sexy, MD.

My life isn't a fairytale.
I know that not all princesses are lovely maidens.
And no, a White Horse doesn't make a White Knight.
Vampires don't sparkle.
Ghosts don't go boo!.
But damn, heroes do exist.

Case in point: Cas.
The realization that I'm the one screaming awakens something in my bones, my limbs, and I begin to thrash, to struggle as Cas' voice warns me to be “Careful, Baby. Dean, please, Dean, stop struggling. Please!” Concern and worry thick in his voice as he holds me strong against his body; warm and unyielding, now a fucking barrier of steel between the lockers and I.

But that grip tightens too tight and my body rebels even while my mind wants nothing more than to be enveloped and coddled and allowed to sleep within his arms.

My mouth closes on a snap, eyes focusing, wide and awake as I take in the sight of Cas.
The pain helping in drawing me back to reality.

His eyes are wide too, staring down at me, and I can feel warmth dripping down my cheeks, a different kind than that dripping down my arms and my back, salty and briny as it bathes my lips.

Now I'm just tired.

And I've become aware of a throbbing ache centered behind my ears.

Feeling my head lull, eyes fluttering, Cas readjusts my body and I whine at the shot of pain, a sob entrapt in my throat.

“Be careful,” He repeats, voice catching. There's too much moisture in his eyes. “I think you hit your head pretty hard.” His voice sounds like he's suppressing sobs.

What happened? And How? I want to ask, but I cannot speak, my lips aren't cooperating with my vocal chords and I trail off on a moan instead.

I blink rapidly, trying to clear my head, get my bearings, stay awake.

I'd also appreciate asking him How d'you get to me so fast? But the truth is is that I don't care how he got to me.

I'm just happy that he's here.

My body jerks forward then, turning and straightening up as if to sit up, just to hunch over on a shout, cupping my abdomen as the tears run freely down my cheeks now.
I feel like I've been shot. Or stabbed. Or crossed paths with mjölnir.

This time, Cas' tears do escape and he releases his hold around my waist just enough so that he can slide just far enough away from me that he is still within my personal space but can also examine the area which I'm protecting.

One look at his concerned, heartwrenching expression and I'm struck again by the force of those blue eyes. Layered with fury and guilt and love and unlimited sorries. All I want to do is kiss him till all those feelings but love are gone; replaced with lust and jolly and content.

But I can't do anything about it with Thor's wrath upon my gut.

And then it's suddenly like we've been found. Like we're some unknown creature that needs to be gawked at and poked with sticks and just veritably drowned.

A crowd of people, all with tears streaming down their faces, shouting at each other, shouting at us, shouting in just plain confusion. People don't know if I hurt myself or if something hit me and they don't know how badly I'm hurt and I've gotta admit, I don't know the answers either.

All I know is that their yelling (which they kindly do not stop) is not helping the migraine-meets-meatgrinder-headache I've got going on.

Which is accompanied by blood no doubt.

Oh wait, I already knew that.

"Don't move," someone instructs.

"Call an ambulance!" someone else shouts.

There's a flurry of activity around us and I don't even try to get up, feeling Castiel's fear-cold hand holding my shoulder down and my body in place.

"Just stay put for now, baby."

"But I hurt," I whine.

I'm surprised when he chuckles under his breath. There's an edge of sadness and fear lacing the sound and I choke on my own.

"You w'r over 'here, by you' sib'ings" I mumble, and his chuckle stops short. “I didn't – n't think you'd-d make it.” I manage, feeling colder as the linoleum and metal steal our heats, starting a shiver up my spine.

“I know, baby, I know. But I'm here.”

I don't know how he's here.

But I don't care how.

I only care that he is.

All around us is chaos. I can hear the gruffer voices of adults arriving on the scene, then the high-pitched sound of Becky.

Cas' foster mom.
And the unmistakable pleading of Gabriel. “I didn't mean to I didn't know I'm sorry please – !” His voice is broken and scared and tear-soaked.

What's going on?

I look up, and Castiel's watching me with careful eyes.

What were we talking about? Oh, “Doesn't matter. Glad you're here.” I mutter, my eyelids fluttering.

A wave of relief passes over his expression. Happy that I've dropped the topic, but still worried and understandably so.

I'm about to cough up blood.

Whoop!, here I go.

Cas' face falls into despair as I splatter spit-blood on his trench and sweater, though he doesn't even glance at them longer than to register that yes, that's blood that is.

I can hear the sirens now, thank the gods. The sound echos throughout the halls like the vehicles are about to attempt to drive into the school.

“Promise not to leave me?” I whine, clutching tight to his shirt as his arms tighten 'round me.

“Promise, baby.” He mumbles, rocking me slow and gentle as he presses kisses into my hair. “Promise.”

It takes six EMTs and two teachers — Mr. Cameron and Coach Roth — to calm Castiel enough to release me. Castiel so vehemently refuses to let me go that even Becky has to come and soothe her son. Only then does he release me.

And even though I try as vehemently as he did to clutch on to him like a barnacle, my arms are too weak. I hear Cas tell the EMTs that I'd hit my head pretty brutally, that I probably have a concussion, and that he also believes I have diaphragmal damage.

If in my typical state-of-mind – aka not out of my body in pain and fear – I'd die of humiliation the second they put on the neck brace.

The stretcher is uncomfortable, but Cas is there holding my hand.

I guess he never really let go of me, persé.

And actually it looks like the entire school's there, watching soberly as they load me into the ambulance' ass.

At least Castiel has to ride in the ass with me.

Oh my god s. I groan.

Dudes, thinking sexy thoughts while hurt hurts.

It's maddening.

AND to make matters worse, Sheriff Mills (aka mi madre) arrives just before they can safely get me carted off.
"Dean!" She yells in an absolute panic when she registers that it's me on the stretcher.

"Mom," I sigh, relieved. "There's something wrong with me." I try to say, but it comes out no stronger than a whisper. I can barely raise my heard, none the less speak coherently. She turns then to the closest EMT for a second opinion.

I tune them out, squeezing Cas' hand – ow, when did my elbow get hurt? Better question: when did they put an IV in my elbow? Painkillers? – as I consider the jumble of inexplicable and frankly unexplainable images/memories churning chaotically (and painfully) through my mind.

Through the chaos in the hall I'd registered that the Novaks were walled around Cas and I as a form of protection, but hadn't thought much of it. I didn't even register the tears and sobs from Gabriel till now, I guess I'd been too focused on Cas and just the frick-frackin' pain.

Now, I can see them looking on from a close distance, as close as they can be to the ambulance – with a clear-view of the inner-workings, as well as Cas and I – as they can be without being chastized. They hold expressions ranging from disapproval to fury but each and every one holds a boatload of concern.

Their expressions are shifting, actually, as their attentions swing from an animatedly apologizing Gabriel and back to me.

But why is Gabriel apologizing?

I ask myself again.

From their expressional shifts, I can determine that the disapproval and fury is aimed at Gabriel, while the concern is directed at me.

I try to think of any logical solutions that maybe-perhaps-could explain everything that's occurred in the last . . . hour? half hour? I honestly don't know.

Uhh, I've concluded that unfortunately I cannot find a solution which excludes the assumption that I'm insane. Oh well, crazy is what crazy does.

Maybe not, what's that myth? If you think you're crazy than you're not?

Well, I do not suffer from insanity, I enjoy every minute of it. Thanks, Poe.

But back to the main train of thought: there are so many questions I want to ask.

Cas . . . Damn, I wonder if Cas is psychic 'cause this kiss is exactly what I need.

Cas' lips are warm on my forehead, warmer than the blood and tears and so distinct and not painful. Comforting.

Don't leave.

And he doesn't.

Naturally, the ambulance gets a police escort to the county hospital.

And I feel ridiculously high on painkillers the entire time.

What makes it worse is that upon arrival my Momma simply glides through the hospital doors under
her own power. And she looks like a fucking empress about to wage war.

I grind my teeth together, sick to my stomach at my Maman seeing me like this.

No amount of painkillers will erase the memory of the horror-stricken look on her face when she catches sight of me.

And when she asks “what happened?”

Hell, no one knows.

They rush me to the emergency room, which is a long room with a line of beds separated by pastel-patterned curtains.

After that . . . I sincerely have no idea what they do to me. I keep my eyes on Castiel as my Mom and her team of nurses hustle and bustle over me. Cas keeps my attention effortlessly, smiling and talking at me, petting my hair, keeping me calm and content. He even smiles at one point, less sad and forlorn looking and more hey-look-your-happy-and-alive-and-I-love-you-please-be-okay.

Yeah, I can read him that well.

The only time Cas cannot be by my side is when I get wheeled in for a cat-scan or like to X-ray my head or something.

Which is not fun and I may or may not have a panic attack and need Cas again the second I see him.

Wow, I didn't think my Mom could look any more unhappy.

What is their problem with Cas!

And why does it matter right now?!

They're wheeling me back to the emergency room and I can't help but wish I could confront her, but of course.

I AM IN NO STATE TO DO THAT.

Oh, and have I mentioned that painkillers are nice?

But like, I feel like Cas' hand isn't solid enough.

Or like, that I'm not solid enough. I feel like a ship on the sea, swaying and shifting and full of water and just not solid and not whole.

My bed's stopped now, stationed back in the ER and since no one bothers to pull the curtain closed around me to give Cas and I some privacy, when the nurses walk away, our followers decide to descend.

And, okay, stupid question, but: why am I not asleep yet?

Like, is it because I have a concussion and shouldn't sleep or what?

In like everything, the second someone gets seriously injured it seems like they fall asleep (pass out) and then wake up exactly when they're supposed to so that they can witness or overhear something vital and important that they aren't supposed to.
Looks like that's another unreal expectation media's given me.

Like, wasn't I supposed to be asleep or at least partially out while getting these tests and then I was to wake up when my family and friends come to visit and see how I'm doing?

Apparently not.

Anyway, coming in with a flurry of hospital personnel whom check my charts and do what hospital personnel do, our followers appear to be Cas' siblings and parents.

However, we're also informed that "most of the school seems to be in the waiting room."

Everyone not in this room just wants to know the scoop.

Maybe.

Probably.

Like vultures.

_Hmmm, you know, it's occurred to me once before, but I've just remembered that my father married two nurses. Is that, like, his kink?_

Ew, TMI, brain, didn't need that thought.

I'd like some more painkillers over here! Thanks aplenty.

A N Y W A Y. (_damn painkillers making my thoughts run on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on – STOP._)

Gabriel looks a hundred times worse than I feel, eyes blotchy and red and sobs still wracking his rapidly expanding and squeezing chest – I say that he looks a hundred times worse than I feel but I have a feeling that it's quite the opposite, it hurts me to take even a slow, short breath.

He's staring at me anxiously.

"Dean, I'm so sorry!" He blurts, earning himself an elbow to the gut from Lucifer.

I don't understand, but I should reassure the littlest Novak. Yeah.

"I'm fine, Gabriel — but, you look awful."

He rewards me with an amused laugh. "Speak for yourself."

Again: What. Happened?

There is no way to explain away what had happened.

But I know I'm crazy.

At least, not _that_ form of insanity.

That's when my mother walks in. And not just one, oh no. BOTH of them.

And the looks of contempt that they give the Novaks are blistering.

Gawh, I'm too beat up for this shit.
“Momma, what's the verdict?” She doesn't answer me immediately, instead walks over to join me at my cot. On the *other side* from Cas and his family.

“The doctor will be in in a moment to give you a prognosis and tell us when you should be able to go home.”

“That's not what I asked.” I say, brows furrowing. The meds allow me to speak more coherently, since there's not as much pain with the process, but that doesn't mean it's comfortable.

“So I'm trapped in ER.” I mumble. The sweet smile my mother gives me is lovely and I feel bad but gods I'd rather be on bedrest in my own bed.

Out of the corner of my eye I witness Gabriel's lips moving relentlessly.

Turning just slightly, just enough to watch peripherally, I realize that Gabriel's constantly, *unendingly* mouthing and whispering apologies and promises to make it up to me.

*But why?*

That's my question of the fucking century!

My does Gabriel continue to torment himself for something that I really don't know how is his fault?

Like, yeah he and his brothers had been fighting in the hallway, and yeah his posturing had scared me, but like, what happened after . . . *how is it your fault, Gabe?*

Anyway, he keeps up his remorseful mumbling the entire time.

Finally, after hours in the hospital, I close my eyes, too tired to keep up the farce of wanting to stay awake, and ignore everything around me. All but Cas, that is, whose hand hasn't left mine this entire time (except when he had to go to the bathroom – or when I had to, because yuck, peeing in the catheter with anyone present is something I am not gonna do).

"Dean, are you sleeping?" a musical voice asks, and my eyelids flutter but don't open.

*Cas,* I wanna whine, *yes, I'm trying to sleep.*

I wake up a few hours later to my Momma and a doctor mulling about in my room. They're talking conspiratorially and I feel an ache in my gut when I realize that the Novaks – *Cas* – are no where to be seen.

“Where's Cas?” I say, but it comes out sounding more like 'Mare's lass', awesome. Though it could've been worse. 'Bare ass' comes to mind, for one.

Upon hearing me speak, the doctor walks around the bed's corner.

He's pale and tired-looking, with circles under his eyes. But there's a refinery to him you don't see very often outside of the aristocracy.

"Greetings, Mister Winchester," The Doc says in a shockingly appealing voice, "how are you feeling?"

"Sore," I answer.

Momma's there, hand in mine and a soothing hum in her lips.
“That’s to be expected. I’m Doctor Mortem. And I’m sure you already know your own mother.”

I smirk a bit, but don’t reply.

Doctor Mortem walks up to the lightboard then, which is conveniently situated on the wall over my head, and turns it on. "Your X-rays show a slight concussion," he says, more mulling than informing. "How badly does your head hurt? Mr. Novak said you hit it pretty hard."

C a a a a a a a a a a a a s s s s s s s s s s s s s s s s s s s.

"I feel like I got bashed by a poltergeist," I answer with a sigh, not knowing exactly why I used that analogy but going for it anyway.

I try to shrug but the motion throws a quick scowl of pain onto my features that alerts my caregivers that I should not be doing that just yet.

And now the doctor's cool fingers are suddenly just there, probing lightly along my skull. Definitely no denying my wince of agony.

"Tender?" he asks.

"More like excruciating." Although, gotta say, I've had worse. The head injury, that is, not the overall. Because I don't think my gut and ribs have ever hurt this bad.

"Well, as your mothers know — I'm afraid that you'll have to stay with us just a little bit longer. You will be able to go home tomorrow morning. Nurse Winchester has all your medication and will be your At Home Nurse, on leave for the next few days. You'll feel dizzy and may have trouble with your eyesight but your mother is trained to deal with those symptoms. No extraneous activities, though. None."

“How long will I be out of school?” I ask, trying to imagine being couped up at home for so long.

"You should take it easy for the next week, at the very least."

I nod, and the doctor's leaving.

As soon as the doctor turns his back, I look to my mother, and am about to ask her about Castiel when she's speaks.

“Jody's in the waiting room, and I promised to update her on your status.” Momma says absentmindedly, suddenly occupied with a clipboard of papers in front of her – I think it's my medical chart. She looks up once her words are done, “She's waiting for me,” Nurse Mary continues, trying for sweet and caring, but like she speaks to her patients, not her son. There's a tightness to her features and a knowing glint in her eyes.

She knows exactly what I wanna ask.

Giving me a kiss on the forehead, she's about to escape when I call out.

“Momma!” Halting like she's been caught doing something she shouldn't be, she's stopped cold for a good minute before she turns around to face my questioning gaze. “Where's Cas?”

That smile is so forced mother you should never smile like that at me again.

“He and his family had to leave. Someone had to spread the good news that you survived.”
Bull. Shit. My intuition flickers; Momma's in on it. She's the reason Cas isn't here.

Awakeness greets me like a terrible hangover.

"Oh no," I moan, covering my face with my hands. The movement, much to my pain and sanity, causes a flash flood of agony through my chest, pushing a steep shout out of me.

All in all, it feels like I was extremely unlucky yesterday.

Wait, was it yesterday?

How long have I been out?

Shit.

I don't even remember falling back to sleep.

painkillers must be my best friend because this second time I wake up is great.

No hangover-esque pain whatsoever.

Just the normal soul-crunching pain.

Yeah, much better.

I don't even wanna think about moving.

Momma! Cas! Carry me!

There's a button placed conveniently next to my limp hands. Big and read and with an imaginary EASY written on it.

PRESS!

Beep beep beep beep.

Enter Nurse Somethingorother.

“How are you feeling Mister Winchester?”

“I'd actually prefer if you called me Kirk, Sweetheart, thanks.”

He *hurrumphs*, looking like he's about to crack a smile, when la-di-dah my mother *whisks* in.

“Don't worry, Henry, I've got my son.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” he salutes, sending me a cheeky grin as he departs.

*Yum~my!*

Uhm, hello there, Libido. *Cas*?

That's right. Boyfriends, they're a thing.

A really delicious thing.
Who still isn't here.

Cue sad music please.

*Wah wah wah waaaaaahhhh.*

“How’re you feeling, Honey?” She asks, coming forward with a tentative and understanding smile on her face.

“Like I went ten rounds with Mike Tyson.”

“Well, you sure look it.”

“Thanks, you’re so kind.”

“I try.”

And people wonder where I get my sarcasm.

“Welp, let's get you up. Connor will you bring me that wheelchair!” She yells out the door frame.

Connor comes in wheeling my new best friend and for some reason I feel like my mother has engineered this. Like, what are the odds that the 2 cutest *male* nurses at the hospital are both around right when she needs them.

No secret that she doesn't like Cas. And I bet you anything she and Jodes are gonna bring up Benny sometime in the next few days.

Sincerely, this is no coincidence.

Connor would've made me drool not 2 months ago. (Henry is still kinda drool worthy)

But neither match up to Cas.

Sorry, Madres.

When I'm finally secure in the chair – thanks to a lot of hands-on interaction with Connor – we make our way slowly out of the room – I realize now that they must have moved me into a single room sometime during the night – and down to the exit at the end of the hall.

We emerge into the waiting room to find Jody awaiting our arrival, which, I gotta say is more unpleasant than I'd feared.

It seems like every face in the hospital – in Forks! – is here – Nawh, scratch that, there aren't *that* many people – staring at me.

Jody *rushes* to my side; And I relinquish all control of my hands in surrender, allowing them to dangle slightly off the wheelchair's armrests.

"I'm ready to go home, but I want ice cream," I try to demand, sullenly and with a well-timed grimace – totally intentional, of course.

I'm still half-asleep, and a little aggravated to be so Cas-deprived, and am not in the mood for chitchat.

Jody puts an arm behind Momma's back and rests the other hand on my shoulder, though it's not
quite touching me so as not to hurt me by accident, and leads us to the glass doors of the exit. Back into the outside world of wonder and magic and FUCKING PAIN.

Ow.

Thresholds with bumps are a thing.

“Sorry, honey.”

Yeah, yeah, just don't do it again, please.

It's a huge relief— the first time I've ever felt this way — to get into Sheriff's cruiser and not the Impala. Gotta say, the cruiser's got more padding, and sitting up is just not fun right now without it. Not that it's fun with it, but it's better with it.

We drive in silence.

I'm so wrapped up in my thoughts and my meds that I barely remember that my mothers are even here. All my thoughts circle and come back around to Cas and the Novaks.

Specifically the deeply and confusingly apologetic Gabriel.

Shit. Kali.

Fuck. That's what started everything.

And by everything I mean all the weird painful strangeness that happened.

She was the fucking catalyst.

When we finally arrive at the house, it's a chore to get back into the wheelchair, but all worth it as we get closer and closer to bedroom and bed and sleep. Just as we're wheeling over the threshold, someone finally speaks. And it's Jody.

"Um… you'll need to call John." Momma groans, then hangs her head. Guilty. The both of them. Guilty as charged.

To say I'm appalled would be an understatement.

"You told Dad!" I moan, and if I could put any venom in my words I would, but in my current state vehemence is useless.

"Sorry." They say in a synchronized, very married fashion.

Dad's probably pissed, of course.

I decide that that particular phone call can wait. Like, for ev er.

“Sammy?” I ask, realizing that I don't know if he knows or not.

“Is expecting you to call him tomorrow. We spoke to him last night. His Break couldn't have come at a better time.”

Tell me about it.

---

So yeah, I can walk, slowly and very very very carefully, but I can walk.
And I do. My moms help me as far as the upstairs landing, but from there I wave them off, a bit sheepishly since I have to pee, but still hoping to convey that they don't need to worry about me anymore. They continue to watch me anxiously, however, which begins to grate on my nerves, so I decide to push their buttons.

“T'll scream if I need you,” I looks of pure horror and annoyance I receive in return are worth it.

I end up screaming very quickly.

Grumbling about pigheaded sons, Momma limps me to the bathroom door before I finally make her go away. She retreats with a fearful expression, but soon disappears. That's how I end up dragging myself along the wall in order to get to the toilet.

Fucking agony to walk.

My ribs feel like they're going to collapse any moment and my gut feels twistery and gods I didn't even know my pelvis was sacrificed during the attack until this moment.

As I finally reach my destination, standing in front of the toilet.

I find that the lid is down.

I hate everyone who has ever stepped forth into this bathroom.

Bending over, I have to brace myself on the counter so that I don't lose my footing and fall face-first into the porcelain – or whatever it is – loo.

Groaning at the pain and trying to think up a good synonym for kill me I manage to lift the lid and straighten back up into a standing position.

Then I pee.

Then, I stop on my way out of the bathroom and grab the painkillers I was prescribed, sitting sweetly on the counter already, while making my s l o w way to bed, and yeah, they help slightly – they are a godsend – but they don't take my mind off anything so really they don't feel like much of a help. Yet the pain eases till it eventually becomes a dull ache rather than a bashing drumbeat.

I decide then that I might as well go to bed early.

It's totally my decision. Has nothing to do with the painkillers at all.

All of my own volition.

Soon enough, I'm drifting off to sleep.

Oh, btb, this isn't the first night I dream of Castiel.

Although, it is my first wet dream since I was 14.

I wonder if this is how virgins (which I'm not) are supposed to act. Like, I feel like one of those stereotypical and really not true portrayals of virgins from all those teen-rom-com movies!

Fuck.

At least I manage not to scream for any reason – ya nastay! – the entire night.
But seriously, what is my knight doing to me?

(Using his Jedi mind tricks, that's what.)
For a long time, I go to bed early.

I let my body rest and am forbidden to leave the house.

Much less to interact with Castiel.

My mothers even take away my phone.

Wardens, the both of ’em.

I’ve even taken to keeping a diary in my head; since writing on the walls like a prisoner would require my arms to lift higher than my elbows and that is just not happening.

So my diary goes something like this:

Day 1: *I am not alone.*

*We are three in number and fifty in aggravations.*

Day 2: *Contact with the outside world has proved unsuccessful.*

*Static and a lack of service are to blame.*

Day 3: *there’s not enough food to sustain us all. My mothers will have to eat each other to carry on. Who will win? Who will forfeit their life? And who will bring me a burger?*

Day 4: *FUCK BROKEN RIBS FUCKING HURT FUCK YOU UNIVERSE FUCK FUCK FUCK WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY MOTHERS WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY PILLS*

Day 5: *CAS*

Day 6: *C A A A A A S S S S S S S. *sobs in an ugly fashion* *

It gets to the point where by Day 7 I’m constantly on Tumblr and even answer this weird post (well more than 1 weird post but this one in particular I’ll illustrate), anyway, I answer this weird post as if I am the character being asked about. The post reads like this (with my answers included just for
Things you should know about each of your characters

These are what I would consider to be the most basic, bare-bones questions of character creation.

- **What would completely break your character?**
  
  Sammy or Cas' deaths.

- **What was the best thing in your character’s life?**
  
  Moving to Forks.

- **What was the worst thing in your character’s life?**
  
  Spending so much time away from my mother.

- **What seemingly insignificant memories stuck with your character?**
  
  Fireworks with Sammy.

- **Does your character work so that they can support their hobbies or use their hobbies as a way of filling up the time they aren’t working?**

  Every now and then.

- **What is your character reluctant to tell people?**
  
  That I want a boatload of children.

- **How does your character feel about sex?**
  
  Loves it.

- **How many friends does your character have?**
  
  Uhm . . . I don't know.

- **How many friends does your character want?**
  
  Less than I have?

- **What would your character make a scene in public about?**
  
  PDA or if someone insulted Cas or Sam.

- **What would your character give their life for?**
  
  Family.

- **What are your character’s major flaws?**
  
  I have none.
• What does your character pretend or try to care about?
  
  Kate.

• How does the image your character tries to project differ from the image they actually project?

  Now or when I was with my father?

• What is your character afraid of?

  Losing Sam or Cas or any of my family.

• What is something most people in your setting do that your character thinks (oops, spelling mistake) is dumb?

  I don't actually understand this question.

• Where would your character fall on a politeness/rudeness scale?

  Rude.

Thank all the gods that Charlie has a Tumblr, otherwise, I'd go berserk.

(Oh, and just so we're clear, I'm going to force Cas to get a Facebook because hello it's not okay that the only means of contact between him and I are telephones when one of us A. loses said phone, B. breaks said phone, C. forgets to pay said phone bill, D. gets phone taken away by overbearing parents who dislike their boyfriends.)

Tumblr's fun, especially when Charlie and I are having conversations back and forth on posts.

And, you know, guys, Tumblr reminds me all the time that we play some really fun games while growing up:

*Fuck, Marry, Kill*

*SMASH*

*Triple Dog Dare*

*Chicken*

*Cootie Catchers*

Oh and I can't forget my personal favorite, my *dear America*, is “are those fireworks or did someone on my street just get shot?”

Or, ya know, we sometimes take it one step farther with “is that *thunder*, fireworks, or a gun shot?”

Both are really *m a z i n g l y* fun games to play.

And don't even get me started on what we call children's songs (*Miss Mary Mack, Ring Around the Rosie, London Bridges Falling Down, Daddy Had A Donkey*, and many others).

I reiterate, Tumblr reminds me of a lot of things.
There are so many hot, gorgeous males gracing my dash this week that it's like Christmas but each time one crosses my path I can't help but wish it'd be some miraculous photo of Castiel.

I keep looking over to my side and expecting my phone to be sitting there. Keep wishing I had it, that I can text him and so he can tell me everything he's doing and tell me he loves me and make the pain a little less.

Do you understand?

I miss him. And that hole just keeps growing each day that passes without him.

The homosexually frustrated, hentaifurryxxx, and gaysexistheanswer are glorious this week. (Don't you dare judge me)

BUT I CAN'T DO SHIT ABOUT MY HORNINESS OR MY LACK OF BOYFRIEND BEING HERE I can't even skype him BECAUSE MY MOTHERS ARE CRUEL AND MY BODY HATES ME.

* Kim Kardashian level ugly crying commences *

It's near 8 PM now.

The sky's dark and somehow I haven't reached Post Limit yet – which I have everyday this week so far.

I click POST then QUEUE a few things then I go onto BuzzFeed, boredpanda, Lifehack, geektyrant, and aplus and snoop a few lists.

Lists such as If Disney Princesses Had Realistic Hair: Relatable locks ahead. Which let me just say that I think this should become a thing, like I know them having perfect hair was because it was hand drawn and doing every little bit and detail and making it completely realistic was just not realistic at the time, but now, with computer animation and the beautiful gorgeousness of Merida's hair it would be perfect.

Although, Jasmine's realistic hair on the list looks great and I think it could've easily been done.

Now that I think about it, I'm thankful that Anna's hair is realistic.

Disney Princesses Reimagined As Different Ethnicities Look Absolutely Beautiful and OMFG are they stunning. Although, I don't think Snow White's would work as Snow White. But now I want ALL of these princesses made. And I want the movies done IN the hand-drawn style.

I WISH that Disney would've done all of their princess movies in that style.

And yet I also wish their hair was more realistic.

And their body types.

And that they weren't all white – that they were more like they are in the list.

And lastly THAT THERE IS A PRINCE MOVIE.

* BESIDES Simba and Bambi. *

It's not fair that the only Prince-Centered movies are animals.
Other lists include: 7 Things You Need To Stop Poisoning Your Relationship With: Seriously, don't do this stuff, 21 Incredibly Simple Photoshop Hacks Everyone Should Know: These tips and tricks should be easy enough for anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of Photoshop, 25 Awesome Free Fonts That Anyone Can Use.

And Disney Princesses Redesigned With Historically Accurate Outfits.

As you can tell, I have a fixation on Disney Princesses.

Also.

DAYUMN.

A+++ art and lovely research.

* searches for the artist and finds them on DeviantArt. * Well helllooooo. Pretty, pretty, pretties. * finds artist on Tumblr * And + Follow Shoomlah.

And now that I'm back on Tumblr I go back to my Dash and –

Oh, hell no. This is not some Romeo & Juliet, Say Anything bullshit, is it?

Yay! It so is!

Who knew something like this would actually make my heart skip and my veins fill with bubbly soda-y love?

Although, truthfully if it were anyone besides Cas I'd probably puke.

But Cas is my ultimate choice for a John Hughes moment.

So, a Chick-Flick-Moment.

Though gotta say, Hughes was for everyone.

Now I feel like Easy D.

Does that make sense?

I can barely move without my diaphragm hurting - hence bedrest and my laptop sitting on like 4 barrier pillows on my pelvis - so instead of going and opening my window at a dead-run like I would any other day, I instead throw a pencil that's been sitting innocently on my bedside table, ignoring its agonized click of pain, in response to the pebbles ramming against my glass barrier to the outside world and it's fucking freezing winds and rain.

It's raining of course, if you didn't guess.

Poetic with my wounds, if I were a poet.

My mothers are both at work, Momma's leave having run out yesterday (I've been on bedrest a week already, it had to run out eventually), which Cas should've known from the lack of their cars.

And yet, for some reason, he doesn't.

So, instead of coming in the back door, I suddenly have NOT A BIRD in my neighbor tree.
And okay how the hell did he get up there?

That makes me sit up, pushing away my laptop and pillow pile as the smile i'd sprouted at his arrival falls away slightly. My confusion a bit overshadowed by the happiness of him being here, however, since my mothers as previously stated forbade him from the house and so i havent seen my loving boyfriend in near a week, not since the hospital.

Fuck it's been too long!!

Sitting up is painful, so i maneuver myself till my back is up against the wall, then let out a sigh as I stuff pillows between the hard surface and I, propping myself up to ease the recline.

I watch through the glass at Cas.

He looks the part of a bird of prey, perched precariously on the branch, just a bit too far to reach the sill. If the window were open he's be able to utilize the branch above him as a bar and monkey-swing in(side).

But from where he is… he's kinda between a rock in a hard place.

Meaning he's screwed.

Stuck for the moment.

Since I doubt climbing down is any picnic.

We stare at one another for a bit, his blue eyes seemingly extra starlit tonight, before he suddenly shifts. 

Like he's about to jump.

Don't do it.

Do not do it.

Babe. Don't. Do. It.

Before I can even take a breath, Cas fuckin leaps. Not down. Or away. But in. As in, towards my window. IN.

My scream is caught in my fracking throat by my surprise. Yet, before it can be dislodged by anything, Cas is fucking in my room.

No broken glass.

No falling to the ground outside because he rebounded off the glass and sill.

He doesn't even go through the window.

He . . . he just . . . he like . . . He Cheshire Cats that shit!

This, THIS , is how he got to me so quickly in the hallway!

And it's not that he becomes unsolid and ghosts inside, no, it's that right before he should hit the window he beams out, blinks out similar to a Looper and then a second later he blinks back into existence but now he's INSIDE my room.
E. X. P. L. A. N. A. T. I. O. N.

Now please!

“I can explain!” Are the first words out of the asshat's mouth.

"Oh, yeah, I think we both can justifiably say that you owe me an explanation," I reply, mouth slightly agape because fuck he just teleported.

“Before I explain anything will you promise me one thing?”

“Anything.” And I do mean literally anything.

“Don't tell anyone.”

“What?”

“Promise me that you won't tell anyone what I tell you. Not that I think anybody will even believe you, if you do, even so, please don't tell.”

“Of course I'm not going to tell anyone.” I say each word slowly, carefully controlling my tone. Making sure that he won't suddenly, I dunno, teleport to China in fright.

Surprise flits across his face, but it's only a secondary thing.

“Cas, whatever this is. It only matters to me.” I reassure him. “Me and you.”

He paused, and I notice that throughout this entire exchange there hasn't been even a brief moment where his stunning face hasn't been wholefully vulnerable.

"I saved your life — remember that.” He murmurs, a slight smirk edging its way into his expression.

"Always,” I smile. “Thank you,”

I can barely contain my curiosity, dude, but I have to make sure not to look too eager or I feel that Cas will back out of this whole keeping-me-in-the-loop thing.

“Come on, I don't like to lie to each other – so this'd better be a good reason for your quite blatant disregard for honesty.”

FINALLY I get a bright smile from my babe.

Just what I was aiming for.

“Before, I've gotta reassure you that there's nothing wrong with your head. And you weren't hallucinating. You hit your head, yes, but you knew something was wrong and you knew what you were talking about when you said I hadn't been by your side.”

“Yes, I've deduced that you jumped to my aide.”

“Will you let me continue,”

“I owe you an entire week of sarcasm,”

“Great,” Cas chuckles, being sarcastic right back at me.

“Come on, Cas, I want to know the truth," I tell him. "I want to know why you were lying to me."
And why I was hurt in the first place/at all.

He's staring at me incredulously, face slightly tense, defensive. There's a spark of hesitation in his eyes that I watch him physically fight down before he breathes deeply; once, twice, thrice.

Then a crack of thunder splits the air and –

HOLY.

HELL.

Toto, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas any more.

Chapter End Notes

Forewarning, the next chapter will be up soon but the chapter after that well . . . let's just say I have zilch. I'm not even sure exactly what's gonna be in it. But I'm thinking it up as we speak.
Holy crap on a cracker.

Cas and his brothers are angels.

*Angels*.

As in, winged deities of celestial intent.

A N G E L S.

Fucking *warriors of God*.

Am I dead?

Have I died and gone to . . . oh dear gods (God? Gods) – *Heaven*?

Wings. Cas has *wings*.

With a span as gracious as Witherwings', the feathery appendages stretch from one wall of the room to the opposite, from carpet to ceiling and probably out the window – though I'd heard the glass break if that were the case – filling my entire room with their musky rain-water scent and their . . .

hold the phone – *three sets*!

Three sets of wings!

Cas has SIX wings!

They don't even look like they *fit* into my cramp bedroom.

I swear the tips are disappearing into the walls like in quicksand.

As I panic internally, as Cas watches me with anxious eyes, gauging my response, I remember a verse from Kate's bible. She'd forced me to church a few times and Adam knew the verses back and forth. They'd never stuck with me, never felt *right* to me despite their beauty, though I'd helped the little tyke to memorize them so that he could make his mother happy, even though neither he nor I are strictly religious.

He just wanted to make his mother happy.

Now a verse rears its head up, though for the life of me I can't name the book or the line.

*Above it stood the seraphims:*
each one had six wings;
with twain he covered his face,
and with twain he covered his feet,
and with twain he did fly.

And I look up, at the black and navy wings looming behind Cas like storm clouds. Ethereal and strong and so there their presence like a boom of thunder.

Six lightning strikes.

“Seraphim,” The word tumbles out like a prayer.

The sound of it causes Cas’ expression to darken, like a fucking switch flicked, but instead of anger, the emotion is desire, hunger. Pupils dilate as his top lip curls back in a vicious snarl.

Inhuman.

Shiverous and intoxicating.

Oh . . . *His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.*

“And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, – ”

“– and his ministers a flame of fire.”

Cas surges forward, pouncing onto my bed and further, lips slamming against mine like fucking revelations. A prayer and a preach on my lips for the milk and honey of his.

Redemption and sin one and the same in his touch.

A flutter in the air has my eyes opening wide in witness as those wings spread, flare strong and great, arching in a show of dominance and possession that has my body burning and singing in praise. The growls from his chest, rumbling against my own like scripture in a hallowed hall, has me gasping and clutching.

His hips slot between my spread thighs, hands gripping my hipbones like vices and tugging me down. So hot and thick against me, I lose my breath at the first thrust of his godly hips.

And then I remember.

And the panic returns with a vengeance.

Pushing at him with everything I’ve got, I scramble away.

And I do mean *scramble.*

And yet.

No pain.

Interesting.
Skirting my hands all over my chest, I pressure test everywhere, searching for any sore spots.

Yeah, no, there're none.

“Wha –”

“I'm concentrating my Grace into you.”

“You – you're what?” I ask, staring up at him with wide eyes now. His eyes are dark and craving, but at my question they alight. Like a flashlight or a barrelling truck in the dead of night with it's brights on, or even better, a full moon set to hyperbeam.

“My Grace. Your full health is more of a temporary thing, however, since what had harmed you was a manifestation of Grace itself – not my own but my brother's – I cannot heal you completely as I would like. I apologize, my love.”

“So this grace thingy, it's like a band-aid.”

He smiles, graciously. “That's how it's being used, yes. While I'm with you you will feel completely healed. I was unable to do this when you first were hurt, however, because of a conflict of Graces among my siblings and I. It's a Host thing, I'm sorry, but that particular phenomenon is hard to explain.”

“So what happens when I'm not around you?”

His expression falls then, looking grief-stricken and so incredibly sorry.

“Every time I am with you, you will feel completely healed, but when I leave you will be hurt again. Each time, however, you will be more healed then you were before seeing me. The band-aid of being in proximity to my Grace will be a . . . healing helper, if you will.”

“So when you leave, I'm gonna feel like I've got an anvil on my chest?” I retort. Then actually think about it. “Actually, that seems very befitting. I'll take it.”

Cas' brows furrow, but he decides – because he knows what's good for – to let it go. “You will heal much faster than humanly normal, I tell you now, in case anyone with medical know-how asks about your recovery.”

*Anyone with medical know-how* aka Momma.

Speaking of my mothers.

“ Aren't you gonna ask why I didn't call or text you?” I ask, a bit nervous. I mean, he obviously noticed my absence, since he came to my window. But I still feel bad, since I missed him and hope that he knows that.

Cas sighs, then passes a sideways glance to me

“I already know why?” He says guiltily.

Ugh, ya lil shit, so adorable.

“Alright, second question: “Did Momma kick you out of the hospital?”

Cas doesn't even seem phased by the question, as if he's been expecting it. And to which he effortlessly answers with: “Yes.”
“I knew she was the reason you weren’t at the hospital when I woke up!” He chuckles, amused that I know it was my mother’s fault.

“Actually, I was in the waiting room. She just wouldn’t let me in.”

“WHAT!?” I wasn’t expecting him to say that.

They really have it out for our relationship.

“Yeah, she kicked me out of the room when you fell asleep. Then whenever she would come out I’d ask her if you’d woken up and she’d tell me no. I knew a few times that she was lying but then Visiting Hours were over and I really couldn’t stay any longer. I’m sorry I wasn’t there.”

“Nawh, it wasn’t your fault. And I knew the second my mom gave me such a bullshit excuse as that you all had business to attend to that she was the snake in our garden.” He laughs again, and I can see his thoughts written plain as day on his face: you’re gonna use every opportunity you can from now on for biblical references, aren’t you? He's thinking.

“I wouldn’t have left for the world.”

“I know, baby. I know.” I mumble, leaning in to kiss my boo. “So, how’d you know why I didn’t call or text?”

“I came by.”

“You came by!?”

“Yeah, your mothers answered the door and told me, or actually they showed me that they took away your phone. Paraded the offending device in my face like a trophy.”

I laugh, hard, because, okay, I totally dreamt that.

Which I decide to tell him.

“Oh my gods, babe, after they took my phone I had a dream where you came over and were denied then went home and Gabe and all your brothers asked you 'how’d it go?’ and you were dripping from the rain and looking like a kicked puppy and just mumbled 'Dean's evil mommy's took my phone’.”

Cas shakes his head, trying to hide his amusement. “That's not exactly how it went, babe.”

“No, but you just looked like the stereotypical child who’s getting bullied at school and who comes home with like swirly hair and a wedgie and your brothers looked about ready to murder someone. They were livid. It was like I had a birds eye view of the inner-workings of the Novak family.”

He laughs outright this time, smiling at me. “Well, now you really do have a view of the inner-workings of the Novak family.”

OMG.

I gasp.

“I dooooo~! I know Novak secrets!” I scream, thankful that no one else is home. “Wow.” I stare at him for a while. Wrapping my mind around everything I've just learned. I feel like I should be freaking out still and going off my rocker, but I'm really not.

I'm actually quite happy.
“So, about this Grace healing me thing, it only works when I'm around you? Then, if I'm with you nonstop for like twelve days, when I eventually leave your side will I be completely healed? Or is it like not a time-sensitive thing but instead an instant HEALED and then nothing more for that meeting-thing?”

“You would heal faster the longer I am with you, yes, but I do not believe your mothers would appreciate that, babe.”

“Well, I'm still owed a weekend reward, right?”

Cas smiles and leans in for a kiss.

When we break apart, I sigh.

“I'm gonna take a shot in the dark here and guess that what hit me was Gabriel's wings.”

Cas sighs too, now, although he looks kind of impressed that I deduced that part out.

It isn't too hard since I have all the pieces, though.

“Yes, he was angry, and they manifested into a dimension that shares a touch sense with ours but not a sight sense.”

“And the feathers that fell?”

“I manifested those when I touched his wings.”

“If he manifested them to fight you – ”

“I cannot heal you because he manifested his wings with the intent to fight us, my brothers and I, and injure us in a way that we would be unable to heal ourselves from. But – ”

“I got the hammer instead.”

“He's been beating himself up about it for days. Angelites, that's what we are called, we can form psychic bonds with just a pinch of Graceful touch. Gabriel accidentally did just that and so whenever you feel pain he can feel that you are in pain and he instantly starts apologizing again. Every time.”

Damn.

“I'm not angry at him. He didn't do it on purpose. Although, you should tell him that if he harms you then I will clip his wings.”

Cas laughs.

“I'll make sure to inform him.”

“Please do. Now, about this magical curing weekend I'm owed.”

“It's actually something we are both owed.”

“Yes, well, what would you like to do on this weekend?”

“You stay at my house – we'll get around your mothers someway – and then whatever you wish.”

“With your brothers?”
“Yes.”

“Hmmmm . . .” I spoke to Sam the first day of my bedrest and the little monster had sounded on the verge of crying – WHICH WAS NOT OKAY IF YOU’VE EVER HEARD YOUR LITTLE SIBLING WHOM YOU LOVE LIKE A FUCKING SOULMATE THEN YOU’LL KNOW HOW HORRIBLE IT IS TO BE THE REASON THEY ARE CRYING UGH I WANTED TO RUN TO HIM AND HUG HIM AND FUCKING MAKE HIM A GROSS RABBIT-SALAD AND JUST NO – and he confirmed that he has a week vacation that he's definitely coming home for.

It's been a week since Sammy told me 2 weeks.

Hence, Sam which comes home in a week.

We were supposed to go bed shopping (since my bed is still too small and we've rectified that by grabbing Sam's mattress and boxspring and dragging it into my room and then getting rid of my bedframe and just pushing the two boxsprings and mattresses together to create one big one and that's what I sleep on) and have marathons and go around town.

However, due to my injuries only the marathons are doable.

“Sammy comes home this coming weekend.”

“Mmmhmm.” Cas mmmms, waiting for me to continue.

“Marathons at your house?”

“You want Sam to meet my family?”

“Hell yes.”

Smiling for m i l e s, my baby is now.

“Are you sure?”

“My brothers aren't like my mothers. They won't judge you and your brothers based off . . . cultural prejudices? I guess is the correct word.”

“Taboo, would be more accurate.”

“Yes, that too.”

“Does that mean that someday you'd like me to meet Adam as well?”

“Hell Sammy hasn't even met Adam yet.”

“R E A L L Y?!” Cas is so incredibly shocked, more outraged actually, that I can't hide my surprise at his uncharacteristic outburst

“Yes, Dad and Sam have been at a standoff since Sammy took our mom's offer for school over here – which was before we ever learned about Adam's existence. Dad feels betrayed by Sam. And now me, too, truth be told. It doesn't really matter though, not like John Winchester'll ever win Father Of The Year. Especially since, if you were paying attention to ages and things, you'd have deduced that my dad cheated on my mother with Kate and hence: Adam.”

“I'm sorry.”
“Wait, didn't you offer to pay for Adam to come for the holidays?”

“I did.”

“Did you think I wasn't gonna let you meet him?”

“You have no obligation to allow me to meet him. It wouldn't have been . . . proper to assume anything of the sort.”

Wow.

Oh, Cas.

* kisses Cas' adorable fucking nose *

Shock and amusement and love flash through his eyes before his arms wrap tighter around me, holding me close like a vice and burying his face in the curve of my neck before disentangling himself and laying down at my side, pulling me down to lay comfy on his wings.

Large and warm and enveloping me in contentment, it's like the scent that permeates Cas' wings is an aphrodisiac. Although, since it's just a concentrated form of Cas' burnt honey and petrichor, earthy and heady and intoxicatingly sweet, it's understandable why I drown in the scent.

Drunk on Cas and everything that he is.

His caladium-wings the best downy blankets the world over, if I have to say.

When Cas leaves, at around 3 AM and hastily, at the sound of Momma pulling up the drive from the end of her shift, he hands me a cell phone.

A really nice cell phone.

(I've been informed that the proper term is smartphone, whatever. And unlike my actual cell, this one is the latest model and like why is he giving me this?)

I gape at him, but he just pushes it into my hands, kisses my forehead, and lingers for a moment.

If I could melt into him all over again, I would.

We've been cuddling (we cuddled) for hours and I feel cold without with next to me now, but he plucks me up like I weigh nothing, grabbing my covers from beneath me, and pulls them down before laying me back down and tucking me in.

Feeling like a baby being coddled, I scoff at him, staring at him with shocked eyes and speechless lips.

Cas just smiles, knowing me too well.

Reading my gods be damned thoughts.

Bastard.

Smug bastard.

So he hands me the phone and begins for the door.
Unintentionally whipping me in the face with a downy wing.

“Ow!” Terrified he'd hurt me, Cas rushes back to my side, where I've got my eye closed and am laughing at the pain and situation.

“I'm so sorry, Dean!” He says, pulling my hand away and gracing my eye back to non-pain.

That'll be nice in the future.

“I'm fine, Cas, I promise.”

He still looks distraught. Cupping my cheek, he kisses me again. On the forehead, the eyelid, the cheek, the nose, and the lips. Lingering and tasting like his honeycomb scent.

“I'm sorry.” The angel repeats.

“I know.” Slinking away again, Cas tucks his wings back into the void, their forms disappearing as if being erased. Not like a curtain of nothing draping over them and hiding them but rather as splotches, like Cas has to focus on each piece specifically.

It's not all at once, and it's not elegant.

Cas's face is pained as he does it.

“Does it hurt?” I mutter, my mind and mouth one entity.

He smirks. “While I'm with you, I'm concentrating my Grace on you. The longer I do it, the less easy keeping my wings hidden is. It takes energy, a constant stream and thought.”

“Full time job, huh?”

Cas laughs, nodding his head yes, till finally his seraphic appendages are gone.

He glances at me then. “Can you see them?”

“No,”

“Good.”

Another light kiss to my lips then he's at the window. This time going out like a human would and preparing to sneak quietly out into the night. My Romeo.

“Sorry,” He breathes again and I heave in a long heavy breath.

I know what's coming.

And I'm still fucking blindsided.

FUCK I FORGOT HOW FUCKING MUCH THIS HURTS.

The second Cas escapes out my window the gods be damned agony returns.

AND IT'S TENFOLD.

Like a flare up or a firework bursting in my chest it's a sudden bout of torture that forces a shrill, a screech to fly from my lips. I fall back onto my bed, no longer able to sit up like I'd been, my covers and pillows cushion the impact but I have to force myself not to thrash as if I could somehow run
away from the pain if I manage to throw it off of myself.

However, that's not how broken ribs work.

And thrashing would decidedly not help rid me of the pain.

Grabbing for my new phone, I pull up the only contact listed.

To Castiel:

* this is fucking hell i hate all you winged bastards. *

A few minutes later, after the pain's lessened and I can breath regularly again – no more hyperventilation or lack of air because I'm sobbing – I recant.

To Castiel:

* Just kidding. But more grace-band-aids would be very much appreciated in the future. * * kissy face emoji with heart * * kissy face emoji with heart *

I fall asleep after that. Not even waiting for a reply, too utterly exhausted from the day's events to care if Cas texts me back or not.

When I wake up at half past noon the next day, I find that he had indeed texted me back about 10 minutes after I sent my renunciation.

From Castiel:

* I'm sorry. *

I roll my eyes, but before I reply, I go into contacts and change a few things.

Contact:

Name: Castiel

Last Name: Novak

Nickname: None
Edit contact

Contact:
Name: Castiel
Last Name: Novak
Nickname: Hot Wings

There. That's better, don't you think?

To Hot Wings:
I know. I slept well at least. Just awoke.

From Hot Wings:
I'm glad. I miss having you in Biology, Babe.

To Hot Wings:
Are you really in Bio right now?

From Hot Wings:
No, we're at lunch right now.

To Hot Wings:
Oh yeah. School's a thing for people who're not broken. :(

(I almost didn't put an ' in who are and then stared at it like “that's not a contraction you can ignore the words with”)

From Hot Wings:
I'm sorry.
And no, it's not.

To Hot Wings:

You tell me your sorry one more time and i'll bend you over my knee

From Hot Wings:

You can't even bend over your own knees

To Hot Wings:

WHEN I'M HEALED OR NEAR YOU AND FEEL HEALED YOU SARCASTIC SHIT

From Hot Wings:

I'm sarcastic?

To Hot Wings:

Damn right.

From Hot Wings:

Hi, Pot. I'm Kettle.

To Hot Wings:

I hate you.

From Hot Wings:

No, you don't.

Lucifer and Gabriel say hello. Truthfully, Gabriel is saying a lot more, but it's too much for me to relay. You may speak with him yourself.
To Hot Wings:

*I have no way of contacting him at the moment, unless – unlike you – he has a Facebook?*

From Hot Wings:

*None of us in the Novak clan have a Facebook, Dean.*

To Hot Wings:

*Why not? I know you're not acti-tech since you gave me this phone.*

From Hot Wings:

*Because we don't need them.*

To Hot Wings:

*Well before you gave me this phone I really wished you had one.*

From Hot Wings:

*Point taken.*

Would you like me to come over after school?

To Hot Wings:

*My Momma's home for the day, but she works the night shift tonight and Jody comes home around 11 after working a double. Meaning she'll be out like a light by midnight.*

From Hot Wings:

*I can do midnight.*

To Hot Wings:
Good ’cause I miss you.

From Hot Wings:

Want me to skip classes tomorrow? We can hide in your room. Your mothers will never even know I'm there.

To Hot Wings:

Do you really think I would turn that offer down?

From Hot Wings:

Never.

To Hot Wings:

Good. ’Cause I wanna do that for the next million years.

From Hot Wings:

Not a trillion?

To Hot Wings:

Will the earth even survive that long?

From Hot Wings:

...

I honestly don't know.

To Hot Wings:

Do Angelites live longer?
From Hot Wings:

*Yes, once we reach a certain age we will stop aging.*

To Hot Wings:

*SO I'M GONNA DIE OF OLD AGE WHILE YOU STAY YOUNG FOREVER?*

From Hot Wings:

*Well, no.*

To Hot Wings:

*Explain?*

From Hot Wings:

*If you decide you wish to . . . stay with me, then I would connect your life-force with my Grace.*

*Effectively keeping you alive as long as I am alive. And I alive as long as you are.*

To Hot Wings:

*So like matings in many ABOs and in the Were-Hunters Series?*

*Waits five minutes for a reply * * doesn't receive a reply * *

To Hot Wings:

*Cas?*

From Hot Wings:

*Yes.*

To Hot Wings:
From Hot Wings:

Yes like matings in many ABOs and in the Were-Hunters Series?

To Hot Wings:

Why did it take you so long to reply?

From Hot Wings:

I was thinking of a way to reply

To Hot Wings:

uh huh sure you were

why did it really take you so long to reply?

From Hot Wings:

That's a conversation best left to another time

To Hot Wings:

I'm gonna hold you to that, you know?

From Hot Wings:

I know.

Believe me, Babe, it's a conversation we very much need to have.

Just not now.
To Hot Wings:

Alright, I trust you.

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:

DEAN I’M SO SORRY PLEASE FORGIVE ME CAS WON’T LET ME GO OVER THERE AND SAY I’M SORRY

To UNKNOWN NUMBER:

It’s alright Gabe, you were angry. Cas explained about your wings and why you manifested them.

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:

CAS TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR WINGS?!

HE TOLD YOU ABOUT US?!

From Hot Wings:

You told Gabriel that I told you about us?

Lucifer and Gabriel are staring at me like I'm the holy grail.

Literally like I'm god.

I feel powerful.

To UNKNOWN NUMBER:

You do realize that before he explained I had absolutely no idea why you were apologizing, right?

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:

Oh right
To Hot Wings:

Tell Gabriel that I really don't blame him or am angry at him. He doesn't seem to believe me.

From Hot Wings:

He doesn't believe me when I tell him either.

To UNKNOWN NUMBER:

I'm saving this number in my phone as yours savvy?

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:

yes

To Wreck-It Ralph:

Good

Now stop staring at my male like he's holy

Since, technically you all are and it's weird

From Wreck-It Ralph:

Did my little brother actually show you his wings?

To Wreck-It Ralph:

yes, they've fucking monstrous

To Hot Wings:

I love your wings theyre like stormclouds
From Wreck-It Ralph:

_Ew what did you just text him he looks like he's on cloud nine and thinking bad things no_

To Wreck-It Ralph:

_I told him I wanna fuck his brains out on the hood of the impala, of course. What else?_

From Wreck-It Ralph:

_DUDE! NEI_

To Wreck-It Ralph:

_NEI? The hell is NEI?_

From Wreck-It Ralph:

_Not Enough Information. Spill the deets, sugarlips!_

To Wreck-It Ralph:

_You did not just call me that_

From Wreck-It Ralph:

_You know from what we know about you and your car I'm calling Mechaphiliac. Bet you ride her all night long, huh? Get under her hood. Strip her parts. The whole shebang._

From Hot Wings:

_Dein, why is Gabe making engine noises?_

_Why is Gabriel humping his desk and making driving-hand-motions!?_

_Why is he quoting Gone In 60 Seconds?_
DEAN, WHY IS GABRIEL SINGING SHUT UP AND DRIVE?

To Hot Wings:
I don't know what you're talking about

To Wreck-It Ralph:
Gabriel I swear to the gods shut the fuck up you're freakin Cas out

From Wreck-It Ralph:
Only if you can truthfully deny it, Hot Rod.

You know what I think you'd enjoy? A little thing called Alpha House Verse.

To Wreck-It Ralph:
I swear to the gods Gabriel shut the fuck up

From Wreck-It Ralph:
OMFG YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?!

YOU READ THE FRENCH MISTAKE FANFICTION!

To Wreck-It Ralph:
DON'T YOU DARE TELL CAS!

From Wreck-It Ralph:
Oh Deanie Deanie Deanie.

Cas and I can write so much better.
To Wreck-It Ralph:

*What.*

W *h a t*

*WHAT*?!*!

To Hot Wings:

*YOU AND GABRIEL WRITE THE FRENCH MISTAKE FANFICTION*?!?

From Hot Wings:

*WHAT ARE YOU TWO EVEN CONVERSING ABOUT*?!*

Group Text From Wreck-It Ralph:

To You and Hot Wings:

*SEX*!

To Wreck-It Ralph:

*Fuck off, Gabe*!

From Wreck-It Ralph:

*Jack off, Cherry*!

To Wreck-It Ralph:

*CHERRY*?!*

From Hot Wings:

*Are you and Gabriel sexting*?
To Hot Wings:

Ew.

Wait. That question didn't even sound angry, the hell?

From Hot Wings:

I don't know how I would feel if you were.

Strictly with Gabriel.

Anyone else and I would truly consider murder.

To Hot Wings:

Murder (and homicide) is defined as the killing of one human by another.

You two are neither.

From Hot Wings:

Slaughter.

To Hot Wings:

Mmmh, sexy.

Group Text From Wreck-It Ralph:

To You and Hot Wings:

Link: http://archiveofourown.org/works/1202950/chapters/3176276

Search “grease”
To Wreck-It Ralph:

* I THOUGHT YOU'D FINALLY LEFT US ALONE *

To Wreck-It Ralph:

NOT THAT SCENE, GABE! NOT THAT SCENE!

From Wreck-It Ralph:

I'm just helping with your paraphilia, Dean.

To Wreck-It Ralph:

I do not have Mechaphilia!

Group Text From Hot Wings:

To You and Wreck-It Ralph:

I wouldn't be opposed to this.

Group Text From Wreck-It Ralph:

To You and Hot Wings:

HOLY FUCK.

CALLED IT!

From Hot Wings:

Lucifer has been included into this conversation now.

Finally.
To Hot Wings:

*DID YOU MEAN WHAT YOU JUST SAID?*

From Hot Wings:

*About?*

To Hot Wings:

*Being okay with the Mechanophilia!*

From Hot Wings:

*Oh, yes. I'd enjoy the act as long as you do. That standpoint doesn't apply to all kinks, however, just so we're clear.*

To Hot Wings:

*Don't worry there are some kinds and paraphilias I won't touch with a tenfoot pole.*

From Hot Wings:

*Agreed.*

*Does this mean it's time for the kink talk?*

*By the way, I and Gabriel have a few mecha-fics saved if you'd like to peruse our collection.*

To Hot Wings:

*You are an amazing human being.*

*Ooops.*
Angelite.

My bad.

From Wreck-It Ralph:
You two are gonna fuck the Impala’s hood, aren’t ya?

To Wreck-It Ralph:
Gonna get hot n heavy on her, ya bet!

Oh, and her name is Baby. Say it with me, BAY-BEE.

From Wreck-It Ralph:
You have a problem

To Wreck-It Ralph:
Says the male with a brother kink

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:
Castiel really told you everything, didn’t he?

To UNKNOWN NUMBER:
....

Lucifer?

From UNKNOWN NUMBER:
Say my name.
To Skywalker:

*Like brother like brother*

*And yes. He REALLY did.*

From Skywalker:

*Good to know*

From Hot Wings:

*Luci’s going to kill me.*

To Hot Wings:

*Why?*

From Hot Wings:

*He thinks you’re judgemental about their relationships*

*I can tell that when we get home he’s going to collect Michael and have “a talk” with me*

To Skywalker:

*Listen ya lil shit stop making Cas feel bad about telling me everything*

*’Sides, I already knew about you and Michael before Cas confirmed it.*

*Oh and another thing I DON’T GIVE A SHIT*

From Skywalker:

*You “don't give a shit”?*
To Skywalker:

Not a one.

Oh and now that Kali's gone (which like, she needs to be GONE GONE capische?) is Gabe gonna join in the love again?

From Wreck-It Ralph:

You really do know everything

To Wreck-It Ralph:

Reading over someone's shoulder is disrespectful, Gabriel

From Skywalker:

We have not discussed it

From Wreck-It Ralph:

Suck it

To Wreck-It Ralph:

Bet you taste like a lollipop

From Wreck-It Ralph:

I'M IN CLASS, DICK!

To Wreck-It Ralph:

Kinky

From Skywalker:

Is that Sacofricosis?
Group Text From Hot Wings:
To You, Wreck-It Ralph, Skywalker:

*It's actually called Agoraphilia.*

To Hot Wings:

*Okay, yeah. We really need to have that kink talk.*

*As in; yesterday.*

From Hot Wings:

*As you wish*

To Hot Wings:

*Oh, are we starting now? ’Cause, bingo!*

When I wake up, it's already dark out.

A look at the clock shows that it's nearing 10 o'clock.

Just an hour more or so before Cas comes.

Squirming under my blankets, I attempt a stretch but really only succeed in wrenching a yell of pain from my chest.

Every. Damn. Time.

I keep fucking forgetting.

The sound of my voice seems to wake up the house, though, because the second it's out footsteps call out from the landing.

And . . . oh shit.

*Hide the phone hide the phone hide the phone!*

*HIDDEN!*

The click of the doorknob greets my ears just as the phone finds it's home beneath my pillow (I'd fallen asleep texting the *Treacherous Trio* earlier – damn meds! And yet on the otherhand, thank the
gods for meds).

Momma sticks her head in the door and smiles kindly.

“Good morning, sleepy head.” She murmurs gently, trying not to A. Startle me, B. Hurt my ears, and C. Make fun of me.

“Hi,” I manage, my head fuzzy and my eyes not completely awake yet.

“You slept for quite a while.”

I nod, ’cause that's all I can do as I sink into my bedding again, letting my newly awoken body go lax again.

Huh. I'm really gonna have to get my muscle mass back after this.

Maybe Cas' band-aid will help with that?

Hopefully.

“How're you feeling?”

“Peachy.” I reply as she sits down carefully on the edge of my bed. “Just dandy.”

“I know, sweetheart, I know. Do you need your medication?”

“Every second of the day.”

“Sometimes I wonder how Sam is my child.”

“Why, 'cause he's not an adorable pain in the ass like either of us?”

She sighs, looking off into the distance like she could find the god-given answers there. I smile. I'm also suddenly reminded of Penny in that one scene “We were young, we were very much in love, but we could only communicate through the time-travelling mailbox at my Lake House.”

Momma has a mix of Penny's AND Sheldon's expressions at this moment.

Points for me.

Turning back to look down at me, Mama Sass smirks. “Well, it's a good thing I anticipated your answer.” She says, voice more concrete now since she's sure I'm up-to-par, as she unveils my bottle of pills from her pocket.

A true Saint, my mother is.

“Amen,” I whisper, worshipfully as she pours out two pills into her hand.

It's only when she leans over that I realize she'd placed a glass of water on the floor by my bed. Presenting them both to me like a feast, she helps me to sit up and tells me to tilt back my head.

Once she's reverently placed the magic pills on my tongue, she waters me with the cool clean liquid.

Ahhhh, refreshing!

Done, Momma helps me lean back onto a pile of pillows she's erected against the headboard.
“Thanks,” I rasp, still croaky from disuse.

Momma smiles, just looking at me for a while. Kinda making me uncomfortable after it goes on for more than a minute.

It's not like when Cas stares at me – which is HOT – but is rather like when a cat stares at you for a long time. Like it's seeing your soul and wants to destroy it or come out and tell you that they destroyed your favorite couch.

Before I can say anything to break the silence, she beats me to it.

“I apologize.”

“Uhhh, what?”

“Jody and I simply believe that you shouldn't be around the Novak boy.”

Oh, uh . . .

OH.

The confiscation of the phone. (Which I never illustrated to Cas!)

“We're only doing what's best for you.” She entreats, bringing her hand up to comb through my hair like I'm a child.

I feel like she's babying me.

Well, me being her baby I suppose that's acceptable.

But I'm not a baby.

I'm not a child.

I'm almost 18.

And they can't tell me who I can and cannot be around.

And it's not like I'm doing meth or anything.

The only reason they don't want me around them is because of the Novak Taboo (which is what I've come to call it).

Momma leans forward and kisses my forehead.

“We're only doing what we think is best for you. Our son.” She mumbles against my skin.

Before I can reply – and say what? – the sound of Jody's voice catches me off-guard.

“We just want you to be happy.” The Sheriff butts in.

I thought she was at work!

“I know, but – ”

“You'll understand when you're older.”
Are you kidding me? THAT speech? Come on, guys, at least be a bit original.

“I've gotta get to work,” Momma admits, a semi-guilty expression on her face, but the resoluteness in her eyes that says this is for your own good and I'm ignoring that particular look because NO.

Kissing my forehead one more time, Momma pulls away from me, stands, and walks over to her wife.

Meeting under the doorway, the two exchange a gross mothers' kiss.

And then, blissfully, the Saint goes off to do her Saintly duties.

Jody watches Mary walk away with such fondness in her expression that I want to gag.

But when she turns back to me I make sure to train my expression into one of content and slight disgust required of a child witnesses parental PDA.

“I just came in to say Hello and Goodnight,” Mom tells me, arms crossed and face extremely tired. She's been working for hours, and even in such a small town, being surrounded by forests means quite a few mishaps and call-outs.

“Goodnight, Mom.” I murmur, to which she smiles at me before disappearing out the room, closing the door behind her. And making her way to bed, where I know for certain she'll pass-out in a heartbeat.

Jody is a sound sleeper.

Like, HEAVY.

Perfect for having boys over.

After about 10 minutes, a slight snoring melodies through the house, and I grin.

Game Time.

Suddenly, a flash of light blinds me. With the blindness, however, comes the distinctive lack of pain in my ribs and the rest of my body. The warm of health and happiness.

And now, as the sun-tastic light fades out and behind my lids turns black as they should be again, knowing that the room is normal again, I open my eyes to find Cas standing sheepishly in the middle of my room.

What an entrance.

Gods I didn't know how much I craved Cas' voice till this moment: “Hello, Dean.”

Chapter End Notes

Just an FYI, I have to watch a lot of episodes of a lot of things in order for the next chapter to be ready, so it may take a week or so.
These episode titles are ridiculous.” Cas says, brows furrowed and looking like he's stepped in something unsavory.

“No, they're accurate.” I admonish, rolling my eyes at his adorkable face.

“Why would they name them these though?”

“They didn't name the episodes until after they aired. So they named them according to what occurs in the episode.”

“And why are we starting with this one?”

“Because Gabriel informed me that you've watched up till The One With The Race Car Bed. Which is the episode before this one.” I answer, pulling up the show and going into Seasons. Glancing at my bedroom door, I notice that it's unlocked and jolt, scrambling off the bed to rectify the bluff. I must have left it unlocked the last time I returned from the bathroom.

I mean, sure Cas can invisible himself whenever he wants to but even then he needs a bit of time to ready himself in the cases of my mothers' interventions.

“It is? Oh. Then proceed.”

“I planned to.” I answer proudly, setting up my laptop and clicking on the appropriate episode.

Thank the Netflix gods that finally finally F.R.I.E.N.D.S. is on InstantPlay.

“You remember the rules?”

“Yes,”

“Good.”

Now, on to the show!!

“Season 3; Episode 8: The One With The Giant Poking Device”:

1: “Wouldn't you be more suspicious if you came back to your son in a teddy's outfit? Which you've most likely seen before since you sleep in it's owner bed all the time.”

“They panicked, Cas, it happens.”

2: “Does Janice ever disappear?”

“You know, you'd think she would.”

“Does that mean no?”

“You'll hear her every now and then. She appears like a fog-horn.”
3: “Didn't Phoebe say a few episodes back that they used to call *Ugly* Naked Guy, *Cute* Naked Guy? Would he really go from *cute* to *ugly* just by gaining weight?”

“That's a really loaded question, Cas.”

“What if I gained weight?”

“What if I did?”

...  

...  

...  

“I'm gonna guess that that won't be an issue?”

“I'm picturing you stuffing your face with pie and being extremely happy and I have no qualms if you gain weight.”

“If you gained weight . . . you'd look like a fluffy little bird . . . I would enjoy that *very much*.”

4: “May I be allowed another question?”

“No.”

“... . . . .”

“No.”

“*Season 3; Episode 9: The One With The Football*”:

1: “I've never played American Football. Is it fun?”

“No. It's painful”

“Don't you like sports?”

“Yes, but not American Football. And even then, I don't like getting hurt in sports.” I answer, shrugging. I've nearly forgotten that outside of Cas' company I'd actually be in excruciating pain at the movement.

I'm very glad Cas is here.

2: “Joey is saddeningly ignorant sometimes.”

“And he's friends with two highly smart people.”

“Ross and Chandler? Dutch, really?”

“Wait till they get to Yemen.”

“I don't understand.”

“I know, sweetie. I know.” I pat his chest affectionately in accordance with each word I say. Rubbing over it soothingly after I'm done.
“Netherlands Vs. Neverland.”

“It’s understandable for Joey to get confused aurally. Still . . . the dum-dum is adorable.”

3: “Why does everything always turn into a battle of the sexes?”

“You know what we should watch sometime?”

“What?”

“Teen Wolf.”

“I’ve seen that movie. I’d rather not have a repeat performance.”

“The show, not the movie.”

“What’s better about the show?”

“Scott McCall, Stiles Stilinski, Lydia Martin. All of them.”

“How so?”

“Hmmm . . . wait, I just reblogged a perfect post describing why Scott is fantastic . . . let . . . me . . . find . . . it . . . AHAH!”

POST THAT SAYS EVERY THING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SCOTT MCCALL:

* GIF of Allison protecting Scott's chest when they brake too fast *

* GIF of Allison driving with the words “Sorry. Sorry. I just totally soccer mom'd you. I'm sorry.” *

And then

* GIF of Kira wiping something off Scott's cheek with her thumb *

* GIF of Scott and Kira laughing with the words “Oh my God. I can't believe you just mom'd me.” *

raelet:

#scott likes girls who mom him#scott doesn't mind being mom’ed#because for scott being a mom is one of the best things you can be#and scott has so much respect and love for his mom#and it translates into respect and love for these girls#scott isn't emasculated by their gestures#because he appreciates them for what they are#which are signs of caring#people don't mom you if they don’t
Care and Scott McCall loves that and appreciates that and Scott is such a pro-girl guy it kills me. Scott doesn’t feel the need to assert himself as someone who doesn’t need protecting because he does and he doesn’t care if it’s a girl doing it. Wow I am going in circles but it is such a breath of fresh air to have a male protagonist who respects women who loves women and who is not threatened by women nor demeaning to them. Basically, Scott McCall is a fucking angel y’hear?? And I will love him until the day I die.

Cas reads over my shoulder, lips moving with a word and a smirk lifting the corners of his lips. When done, he leans back with a pensive look.

Then, looking from me to the post and back to me a few times. He chuckles.

“What?”

“I think you’d like females who mom you, too.”

“Pshhaw! Yeah, right.”

“Liar.”

“Uh, huh, let’s just get back to the show.”

“Play on.”

“Season 3; Episode 10: The One Where Rachel Quits”:

1: “I think it’s a bit premature for her to have quit without any other job offers or possibilities in the work. But that’s my opinion, especially in her financial situation. Even though she hated the job, she wasn’t being treated badly; no harassment or anything and she could’ve been searching for another job while she was still working.”

“You’ve basically summed up my sentiments exactly.”

No more questions for this episode. We sit silently, simply enjoying one another’s company in silence just as we had back in the meadow.

It’s nice.

“Season 3; Episode 11: The One Where Chandler Can’t Remember Which Sister”:

1: “My siblings are not that ubiquitous.” Cas blurts, eyes a bit wide after the Tribbianni sisters’ shouting.

“Cas, sometimes I’m not even sure if your siblings are even related.”

“Angelite genetics don’t work quite the same as human genetics.”

“. . . seriously?”

“Yes.”
“Remind me to revisit this topic at a later date.”

“Yes, Dean.”

2: “I've never used that phrase.”

“Well now I feel inadequate.”

“Why so?”

“Because I definitely used that phrase that night in the tide pools.”

“So . . . I'm dreamy?”

“Ha-ma-na, ha-ma-na, ha-ma-na.” I mock.

Cas blushes but doesn't reply, a slight satisfied smirk on his lips.

3: “I'm not allowed to drink.”

“You're not allowed to drink?” I reiterate, wondering if I heard him correctly.

“No.”

“May I ask WHY?”

“Gabriel says it would take me drinking someone out of house and home for me to become even slightly tipsy. I'd have to 'drink my apartment' like Chandler to even become slightly inebriated.”

“You're shitting me, right?”

“I assure you I am not.”

“I'm gonna test this theory, you mind?”

“Not at all.”

4: “I've already wasted my 3 questions, haven't I?”

“Yes, yes you did, Babe.”

... 

... 

“Why didn't Chandler just ask Joey to invite Mary Angela to Central Perk so that they could spend time together? Or call? Since it'd be acceptable to mistake one of the other sisters' voices for her's?”

“Excellent points but you've exhausted your questions.”

“Bu – ”

“Nope.”

Mutters under his breath: “Hard ass.”

I smirk at his pouting tone.
“Season 3; Episode 12: The One With All The Jealousy”:

1: “Why is Ross sooo jealous?”

“See: Carol and Susan.”

“Oh.”

“If you ever cheat on me I will kill them.”

“Kill them?” He

“Hell yeah, don't misunderstand, I would punish you but I would kill them.”

“My sweet lover.” He mocks, pulling me in ever closer, arms tightening round my torso. We've been curled up on my bed for hours (almost half a day) now and it's the most comfortable I've been in a long time.

Probably since the mattress in the meadow.

Which we have got to revisit.

“I'm not kidding.” My voice is stern and hard as I clutch on to him.

“I'm aware. And the testament is requited, my love.”

“It better damn well be,” I mutter, earning a kiss to my temple.

2: “That dancing is horrible.”

“Can you dance?”

“No, but at least I know that I can't dance and acknowledge so.”

“You and me both.”

“Two peas in a pod.”

3: “I couldn't stop if a meteor hit me?”

“I hope you won't if we ever get around to the down and dirty.”

“I believe we've already done enough to be classified as down and dirty.”

“Ehh, not too much.”

“Sex on the beach isn't enough?” With Cas' gruff and gravelly voice more often than not being monotonous, I sometimes forget that he's just as much of a sarcastic shit as I an Gabe and really everyone else we surround ourselves with.

Aren't we attracted to similar-minded peoples?

“You win.”

4: “I KNOW no fourth questions but damn Phoebe knows poetry.”

“I always feel so bad whenever I watch this scene because of that specifically. It's a really horrible
thing for a partner to do and it bids the question, did Julio think Monica would never find out or understand that he's a misogynistic dick.”

... 

After a few seconds, Cas’ silence is starting to unnerve me. His expression is pensive and pinched and unhappy.

“Cas?” His name comes out in kind of a childish, scared-of-the-answer, sort of voice.

“I'm gonna write you a poem.” My angel blurs.

And,

What? “Huh?”

“I am going to write you a poem.” He repeats, the words finally clicking in my mind.

“If you write me one like that I will castrate you and feed you your-own.”

“A autocannibalism is not one of my kinks.”

“Well then you best not write a poem like Julio's.”

Throughout the entire rest of the episode I can HEAR the questions burning in Cas' skull. All right on the tip of his tongue. And I can feel his annoyance with Ross grow.

Good.

After that we watch The One Where Monica & Richard Are Just Friends and The One With Phoebe's Ex-Partner, but stop there; just before The One Where Ross & Rachel Take A Break because yeah no don't wanna go there right now.

Changing course, we click over to Star Trek. Before actually pressing PLAY, however, I allow Cas to ask the questions he's kept buried in since the Bonfire.

I still can't believe he watched so many episodes for me.

After getting Cas' exhilarating questions out of the way – including ones regarding Spock’s loyalty to Captain Pike and his willingness to commit mutiny in order to help him in The Menagerie Parts 1 and 2 and of course the inevitable reaction of “THEY'RE LITERALLY THE FIRST PILOT!” Which, okay, yes, the first time I watched it I too was incredibly confused since I'd watched The Cage in chronological-year order as well. So I understand when he laments his dubiety from when he'd watched the episodes. Then his exclamation of “ Macbeth . Really? What year was it?” – we start on finishing Season 1.

Cas reached Episode 20: Court Material, so we select the next in line.

S o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o, we don't finish Season 1.

But we've gotten closer.

We've only gotten through three episodes before I've gotten bored.
I love Star Trek, but I'm just not feeling it right now.

Now, switching gears, we close the laptop to think.

“What should we watch now?” Cas asks the question aloud.

“I dunno,” I answer, going through shows in my head. “There's Shameless, The 100, Grimm, The Big Bang Theory, Vikings, Game Of Thrones, Orphan Black, Doctor Who, Jane The Virgin, Peaky Blinders, Sherlock, Elementary, In The Flesh, Sleepy Hollow,” I tick off on my fingers. “– and a whole lot more.”

“Is there anything you really REALLY would like to watch?”

I pause, then throw out the thought instantly. “No.”

“You are lying through your teeth.”

“I am not.”

“You are too. What do you wanna watch?”

If Cas thinks he plays the silent game well, then he's definitely prepared for my version of it.

We literally sit in silence for ten minutes.

I am not telling him what I wanna watch.

Not even with him resting his head on my shoulder, looking up at me with those pleading puppy eyes while still holding on around my waist in a vice-grip. Warm and comforting and fucking lulling and I WILL NOT GIVE IN.

“Dean,” Cas pleads. “D e e e e a a a n.” Hah! I win!

“I told you I don't know what I wanna watch.”

“You are lying.”

“Ugh! Fine. I know what I wanna watch but it doesn't matter 'cause it won't be available for a while.”

“What is it?”

“ . . . . .”

“D e a n.”

“Tinker Bell and the Legend of the NeverBeast.” I whisper, really hoping Cas'll drop the topic.

“I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.” Cas smirks, poking me in the side.

Like hell he didn't hear me. He has fucking hawk-eyed-hearing or whatever the fuck, the damn bird-man.

“FINE! I wanna watch Tinker Bell and the Legend of the Neverbeast!” I shout, relenting.

Yes! Okay! I like Tinker Bell!
I fucking LOVE the movies!

And I WANT THE NEXT MOVIE TO BE AVAILABLE BUT NOOOOOO THE U.S. HAS TO GET IT LATER THAN EVERYWHERE ELSE AND EVERYWHERE ELSE HAS TO BE A DICK AND NOT LET IT BE MASS AVAILABLE ONLINE JUST YET BECAUSE THEY HATE ME.

“You are so cute.” Is the only response Cas gives, smiling and holding in laughter.

“I'm adorable.”

“And funny.”

“Keep the compliments coming and you'll get a reward.”

“Another one?”

“All the rewards in the world.”

Cas laughs, nuzzling into my neck. “Well, why don't we?”

“Because it's not available yet.”

“Well I've never seen any of the Tinker Bell movies.”

Oh. Hell. He wouldn't really . . ?

YES.

“Tinker Bell coming up!”

The complete Tinker Bell series (unfortunately not including The Neverbeast and including The Pixie Hollow Games) takes 7 hours to watch.

And it is worth every second of it.

Truthfully, the knowledge that I enjoy Tinker Bell and other Disney movies and related would've come out sooner rather than later and I have no want to bemoan Castiel the information, so I let it a l l out.

Cas is now aware that I:

A. Know all of the fairies names.

B. Have watched each of the movies at least 5 times each.

C. Know the Fairy History.

D. Think Tink and Tristan are gonne end up like Queen Clarion and Lord Milorie.

E. Love the Periwinkle storyline – but have found a few inconsistencies.

F. Know the song lyrics.

G. Know most of the fairies' lines.
H. Think that only when Tink's angry does she resemble Peter Pan's Tink.

I. Have been waiting to watch NeverBeast since the second I saw Pirate Fairy.

J. Am disappointed Disney cancelled the 8th and 9th movies.

K. Am adorable as fuck.

And is more than alright with all of that.

Sure sometimes he was more laughing at me than with me but he did it with that expression that says he thinks I'm the most cutest thing he's ever seen and wants to snuggle and cuddle till daybreak because he loves me.

That's totally what his expressions say.

No one can tell me otherwise.

The only interruptions we have are when my mothers bring me food periodically throughout the day and then around 9 o'clock when my moms had knocked and Cas had blink/ed out after unlocking the door for them.

They'd entered to tell me “Goodnight” and to give me my meds, once again apologizing for taking away my phone and reminding me that some space from my boyfriend (damn could they make that word any harsher? They basically spit it out.) would do me good.

That it would give me time to think.

Seriously, what trouble do they think Cas and I get up to?

Once they leave Cas returns and we resume our marathon.

Now, after watching the complete series, we are incapable of moving on to another movie since it is around midnight and I'm falling asleep fast on Cas' shoulder. I could barely keep my eyes open during the fairies performance in the Games.

We've been watching the computer screen for 12 hours and it's time for bed.

Hence, we make a line-up of movies for tomorrow so that we won't have to think about it then.

Just go on autopilot when the time comes.

Cas lives under a rock, apparently, and only watches what Gabriel – and now me – forces him to.

That's a lie but he'd rather read books than watch TV, which is very acceptable but still a no-no because he has to be caught up and interested in everything I'm interested in.

Yeah? Yeah?

Not really no.

But I'd like him to be.

Similar interests and all that.
Back to the list.

**THE LIST:**

*Tinker Bell*

*Frozen*

*Brave*

*How To Train Your Dragon 1*

*How To Train Your Dragon 2*

*Big Hero 6*

*Monsters, Inc.*

*Monsters University*

*The Lego Movie*

Anyone see a pattern?

Here's another list for another day which took us looking on Wikipedia to find all of them:

**THE OTHER LIST:**

*Lemonade Mouth*

*Smart House*

*The Hannah Montana Movie*

*Halloweentown*

*Halloweentown II: Kalabar's Revenge*

*Halloweentown High*

*Return to Halloweentown*

*Don't Look Under The Bed*

*The Thirteenth Year*

*Geek Charming*

*Starstruck*

*The Lizzie McGuire Movie*
Zenon: Girl of the 21st Century
Zenon: The Zequel
Zenon: Z3
The Color of Friendship
Quints
Stepsister From Planet Weird
The Ultimate Christmas Present
Motorcrossef
The Luck of the Irish
The Poof Point
Get A Clue
Twitches
Princess Protection Program
Wizards of Waverly Place: The Movie

More patterns!

ANOTHER LIST:

Wild Child
Saved!
Speak
Independence Day
El Bola
The Millenium Trilogy®
Easy A
Eurotrip
Dear White People
Silver Linings Playbook
The Way Way Back
Warm Bodies
Pacific Rim
Pitch Perfect
Avatar

(* – If you don’t know then look it up)

That one doesn't have a pattern but should all still be watched.

The last of which, The Millenium Trilogy or Series is a favorite of mine whereas Cas has never seen the original movies (only the American version which I deem so-so) and merely read the books. I've done the opposite and have watched all the originals plus the American and then have only read Men Who Hate Women.

So, the first list is for tomorrow and the rest will be for other movie days. Which will inevitably happen and will have more movies than are on these lists.

Oh, I almost forgot.

THE MARVEL LIST:

Spider-Man*
Spider-Man 2*
Spider-Man 3*
Iron Man
Iron Man 2
Iron Man 3
Captain America
Captain America: The Winter Soldier
The Avengers
Thor
Thor: The Dark World
Big Hero 6**
Guardians Of The Galaxy
The Amazing Spider-Man

(* – which I don't actually like, but that's a topic's for a later time)
You get the idea.

There are plenty, and I mean A LOT more lists that we've written throughout the day, but those will be revealed at a later time. These are just ones that need to be visited during my Reward Weekend, as I've taken to naming the upcoming weekend.

Although the Marvel movies we should try to watch in chronological (in-movie time-line) order – the other lists we should re-order by year of release. I could probably find the appropriate order somewhere on Tumblr. Actually, I have seen it somewhere on there once. I think I even reblogged it.

* goes in search of Post *

Cas is looking over my shoulder as I peruse through my Tumblr Archive. He scrunches his brow, clearly unfamiliar with the set-up.

And Tumblr in general.

Seriously, my bae – yes I did just say that get over it – doesn't scour the interweb very much.

He doesn't know what Dashboards are or what to search in Google and WHAT NOT TO SEARCH IN GOOGLE NO! GIVE ME BACK MY DAMN LAPTOP!

Settling the device back in my lap, I glare at the now sulking Angelite and erase what he'd totally keyed on purpose into the search bar, with that fucking smirk firmly in place to tell me that yes HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS DOING.

Searching through my Archives is a bust so I take the easy way out and type marvel movie order tumblr into the search bar.

After two wrong selections and the Follow ing of a new blog, I finally find the source of the post that I'd seen before: http://shieldtv.net/marvel-cinematic-timeline-viewing-guide

click!

Oh holy hell.

The Marvel Universe will take a long ass while.

Good thing Cas is immortal and I will be too someday, right?

Right.

Let me point out before I forget that Cas is the most patient person I've ever met because who else could look at such a list and not even blink twice at such randomness and inconsistency in a 17 year old male.

Our society frowns upon people like me.


Thankfully, neither does Cas.
(He even approve of my choices.)

When I awake . . .

CAS IS GONE!

There is no warmth at my side, no arm wrapped round my waist, no breath at my neck and PAIN EVERYWHERE FUCK YOU WORLD FUCK FUCK FUCK.

My ribs are throbbing and my head is aching and I can't hold in the whimper that escapes when I turn over and scan the entire room for my Angel but HE IS NOT HERE!

I will punish him for this later.

Oh, wait, and someone's turning my doorknob. Click! Then slowly the door creeps open, sinister and deadly. Creeeeaaaak!

Yup, it's Jody.

C a a a a a a a s s s s.

Jody sits on the edge of my bed watching an episode of Doctor Who with me, Ten is running through the Library and I'm dreading River's death, when Momma joins us with a plate of pancakes and a syrup dripped message of “I'm sorry”.

To which I reply with one hell of a perfect eye roll.

There are orange slices and apple slices and blueberries in the pancakes.

Okay, I still love my mothers.

I never stopped.

But I really would like to curl up again with Cas and drown out the world in not-pain and TV. Cas is my drug and I have a problem, got a . . . problem with that? (Gods that was lame)

Momma and Jodes help me sit up, propping me up against the wall on some pillows, then place the tray of food in my lap.

On the tray also sits my little happy pills.

Pain-killers, yay!, they'll be helpful for however long Cas is out of reach.

With me situated with my already cut and buttered and syrupped stack – thank you, Momma! – my elders get situated on the bed. Smiling and laughing.

“Don't you two have work?” I sputter around the mouthwatering delicacy that is my mother's cooking.

“Our shifts have synced up and we don't go in till later.”

Looking at the clock on the top right of my laptop I read the time as 10 AM.

Peachy-keen, Jelly-bean.
So, they settle in to watch Doctor Who with me.

And if you're thinking that I'm watching too much TV and being a couch potato just remember: I'M ON BEDREST AND AM NOT SUPPOSED TO BE UP AND ABOUT FOR A WHILE.

Even Cas, Mister-You're-Healed-Whenever-I'm-Around said that he doesn't want me up and about till I'm *actually* healed enough for it.

I hate all of them for keeping me cooped up.

When I'm healed . . .

WHEN I'M HEALED I'M GONNA WHEEL OUT A TV INTO THE MEADOW AND CAS AND SAMMY AND I AND THE OTHER NOVAKS AND ADAM WHEN HE COMES ARE ALL GONNA HAVE A MARATHON OUT UNDER THE STARS.

Oooh, ya know, the Novaks are kinda rich they can probably get their hands on a projector and screen quite easily.

This plan is nice. Good plan.

I learn quickly that Sam has already introduced our mothers to the world of Doctor Who, especially when they start lamenting Donna before her ending.

“Do you two like Clara and Twelve?” I ask because I *need* to know their opinions.

“They have their moments.” Momma answers.

“I don't like Clara, and the storylines are dumb.” I add, groaning at how much I dislike the last two seasons.

“The way Amy and Rory and River died was so disappointing. But I like Clara.” Jody answers, giving a shrug as if to say “but not like I like the others.”

“I like the first episode with Clara. Where she was a Dalek.” I say, because I did. I enjoyed that round-a-bout although about half-way through my first time watching said episode I'd begun to suspect such as the ending.

I could still appreciate it.

“I enjoyed that too, especially when Amy saw all the Daleks as humans.”

“Yes.”

It's nice to see my moms like this. Relaxing and out of their work uniforms.

“I like the premise of Twelve's type of Doctor, but I don't think the episodes are good enough.”

“We know, sweetheart, we share your sentiment.” Momma tells me, patting me on the knee in an understanding fashion.

You know, I realize as we watch *The Eleventh Hour* that I may have gotten my habit of going “What. What. WHAT?!” When in shock and the like from Eleven.

Which isn't surprising since I get a lot of my mannerisms from my shows.
See: Day-of-the-Week Pajamas.

See: *The Ross*.

(See: My Kirk Phase.)

See: Trying to learn Mandarin curses.

See: Overuse of the word “shiny”. (Which I actually haven't used in a while and I think that's a damn shame so I'm going to start using again, *shiny*?)

Next I know I'll be saying zoinks and jinkies on a regular basis.

Actually, yeah, next I'll definitely be saying zoinks and jinkies on a regular basis.

Momma and Jodes leave at the end of *The Eleventh Hour*, just after giving each other “a look” as the camera panned to Amy's wedding dress hanging on the wardrobe, citing that they really have to run to work, but that they enjoyed spending time with me. I gotta admit, I enjoyed it too. They each then kiss me on the cheek and forehead before they walk out of my bedroom arm-in-arm.

Gross. Parents being affectionate. *Yuck!*

I'm arranged with my laptop in front of me, back still leant against a pile of pillows against the wall, bed comfy and ribs painful, when I hear both of my mothers’ cars drive off and begin awaiting Cas' imminent arrival.

This time Cas doesn't blink! or fly in but rather uses the window like a “normal” person.

Though since he's an Angel I'm using the term “person” lightly.

The window creaks slightly from disuse as he pushes it up from the outside, which he really shouldn't be able to do since it's locked from the *inside* but I'm just not gonna ask. Best to keep some things secret.

...  

For now.

Cas clambors in before peaking outside and cocking his head to listen and make sure the coast is 100% clear. When he deems it is he turns back to me with a soft smile on his lips.

“Your mothers are extremely kind on you sometimes.”

“Momma's a Saint. However, they're like lionesses when it comes to their cub.”

Cas full-on smiles now. “I know, and I'm happy that they are.”

As Cas steps further into my room, gets closer to me, it's like a rippling effect on my nerves. My bones. My aches and pains. Waves of heat that care for and readjust and *soothe* my crippled body. The affect it has is miraculous and I straighten my spine, breathing in deeply because my ribs will now allow my chest to expand correctly and *I can*.

The Babe chuckles as he crawls up the bed to join me, taking off his coat and letting the trench fall to the floor next to the bed.

My mothers put the heater on so my room and the rest of the house are muggy and summery just like
I like.

The best heat to sleep in for the best rest.

Cas curls up next to me, curls up around me, and starts tracing symbols in my skin. Lifting my shirt for better access.

Mouth to my ear and warm breath against my neck Cas murmurs drowsily. “So, Doctor Who?”

“How did you know?”

He’s quiet for a lot longer than necessary before finally admitting; “. . . I was watching.”

“From where?”

“The tree.”

I smirk. “For how long?”

“Since I got kicked out by the sounds of your mothers this morning. I almost didn't get out before one of them stuck their head in to check on you.”

I wanna laugh, but if he had been caught we’d both be dead so I’m glad he wasn’t.

“The window was unlocked?”

“Uhm . . . no . . .”

“Gonna explain how you did that, then?”

“I unlocked it.”

“Hooow?”

“. . . I used the key under the eave?”

“That’s a stupid excuse since it doesn't have an eave, nor need a key. It has a latch, tough guy. Nice try, though.”

“Angel powers.”

“Why didn't you go home and chill with your brothers for a while? Reassure Gabe that I'm alive and don't hate him?”

He chuckles. “I was curious about how you are when you're not around me.”

Acceptable response. Still, “So, you were spying on me?” Flattered, I look to see his face contorted into a bit of disgust at himself, repentance full in the expression. Laughing at him, I wait for him to answer.

“There was nothing else to do? Especially this morning. They checked on you 4 times between 1 AM and 7 AM. I don't think either of them slept. What is there to do at night?”

“They checked up on me that often?”

“Yes, they are very worried.”
“Wow. So you just stayed in the tree all night?”

“I fly back and forth from the tree to your bed. My Grace can aid you in sleep.”

“Hmmm.” His beauty as he says those words, taking pride in his ability to help me feel better, feel like I’m not going to keel over in pain, lights up the room. It’s a moment before I can look away, concentrating on setting up something for us to watch.

I don’t take my eyes from the laptop screen as I speak, kind of embarrassed though gods know why.

“Did you go home at all?” I ask casually.

“Hmmm?” Cas mmmmm s, sounding as if I’ve pulled him from some other train of thought. I smirk, still not turning around to face him, knowing – feeling – his lips on my neck and teeth on my skin.

“Have you done it before?”

“Hmmm?” This time Cas is mmmmm ing because he doesn’t understand the question, I can tell by the little lilt at the end and the feeling of scrunched up eyebrows against my ear.

“Have you spent time watching over me from my tree before?”

S i l e n c e.

Oh, reeeeeeaaaalllly?

“I won’t be angry, just don't do it again.”

More silence.

“ Cas .” I harden my voice a bit, constrict it, and hear his tight swallow in response.

“. . . I couldn't work up the courage to tell you about my wings.” Cas mumbles, sounding completely ashamed.

“So, how often did you come here?”

“I came here almost every night the week after the . . . incident.” I whirl on him now, stunned.

“What? Why?” I accuse, then change track. “A week?!” I’m starting to get indignant and outraged, breaking my ’I won't be angry ‘-promise and by Cas' expression he knows that what he did is not exactly acceptable.

“I couldn't work up the courage! I would check in around midnight, give you a few hours of Grace, then report back to Gabriel when you finally awoke.”

And with that admission, I can no longer infuse my voice with the proper outrage that had been bubbling inside because wow.

“You've been giving me Grace for an entire week?”

Cas' mouth closes shut with a snap! a blush crawling over his cheeks.

“You've been giving me Grace like a sleeping pill for an entire week?”

He nods, sheepish and ashamed, looking at me like he expects me to scream at him.
Instead I kiss him. Soft and comforting. It takes him a minute to get with the program, but when Cas finally kisses me back it's with a happy sigh and a giddy smile.

“Thank you,” I whisper as I pull away.

The angel looks like a little kid on Christmas.

“No more watching me sleep without my knowledge, though.”

“Never again, I promise.” The answer is truthful and relieved and his arms around my waist tighten, pulling me in so he can once again bury his face in my neck.

“Good, now, **tonight**, I expect you to be here 24/7 except when interrupted by motherly attention. Just like this past night.”

“Of course.” Chuckling, he nuzzles deeper into our embrace.

“By the way, you're interesting when you sleep.” He speaks up matter-of-factly. “I noticed it last night. You talk.”

“No!” I gasp, heat flooding my face all the way to my hairline. *Fuck!* I even remember what I was dreaming about! *No. No, no no no!*

I know I talk in my sleep, of course; it's only on rare occasions but my brothers tease me about it mercilessly. I thought it was just a Sammy thing but after living with Adam for a month I'd had a walkie-talkie-dream while asleep on the couch and when I'd woken up Adam had been in the armchair near me and he'd had on *this fucking smirk* and I knew I was fucked.

And I was right.

Shit.

I hadn't thought it was something I needed to worry about here, though! Not with Sam gone and my mothers . . . okay, no, I don't know why I thought it was something I didn't need to worry about here. Momma knows I sleep-talk and would definitely tease me for some of the things I've said and will say, but *Jody*. Oh gods. She would be just as relentless as my brothers.

Cas pulls away from me slightly, just enough for me to see his face, and his expression shifts instantly to chagrin. "Are you very angry with me?"

“That depends!” I feel and sound like I've had the breath knocked out of me.

My patient, caring, and lil shit of a boyfriend waits with raised brows.

However, after a few minutes of patience, of me simply staring at him wide-eyed with horror at anything I could've said, he finally speaks up: "On?" he urges.

“What you heard!” I wail! I flail! I even almost fall!

Instantly, silently, *urgently*, he's koala'd back up to my side, taking my hands carefully in his, twining our fingers and burying his lips skillfully in my hair.

“Don't be upset!” He pleads.

He lifts his face, leveling his eyes with mine, holding my gaze. The intensity and earnestness in his eyes makes me fucking *glow* with embarrassment. But when I try to look away he cups my jaw and
brings me back in.

“You said my name.” He admits and I groan. He laughs softly, hoping, I can tell, not to offend me further – although as pointed out, I'm not offended but my pride has been brutally hit. “Come on, you once called me out on masturbating to the thought of you.”

Oh. Holy. Fuck.

I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!

The reminder makes me jolt in laughter, falling forward in bellowing guffaws that are far-too-loud. Cas takes it, he smirks and shakes his head and blushes and tries really hard to contain his own embarrassment but oh no, I'm very satisfied.

The tension's drained from my shoulders and the twist in my gut has eased.

Yeah, I'm embarassed.

But so is Cas.

I turn back to look at him with a smile on my face and he's returning it effortlessly as I regroup myself and come back to our cuddle session. “I forgot about you 'buffin' your banana' after the bonfire.”

He rolls his eyes.

“How am I related to Gabriel.” The raven mutters, more to himself in contemplation than in question, so I don't answer. I don't even wanna touch that question with a . . . anything.

“So,” Even the beginning of his question has me groaning. “What was your dream about?” Yep, definitely groan worthy.

“None'ya business.”

“You said my name, I think I'm entitled to a little business.”

I mull it over before finally saying “Fuck it.” I blurt, then try and find a way to word this so I don't sound like either a complete sap or the dorkiest dork to ever dork. “You know Pride & Prejudice?”

“Any version?”

“Yes. But mostly the Keira Knightley version.”

“Surprisingly, yes, I'm familiar with that version.”

“Really?”

“Michael enjoys Jane Austen.”

Oookay, revisiting that later on.

“. . . I'm gonna skip passed that.” Cas chuckles, clearly amused by both myself and his eldest brother. “Well I was dreaming that for reasons unbeknowst to me, I was dreaming that you and I were Mr. Darcy and Lizzie.”

Nodding, Cas ponders the premise.
“I think that that's acceptable.”

“Yeah, only I was Lizzie. And female.”

“I wouldn't be opposed.”

“Huh?”

“If you ever wanted to play out this fantasy, or any other, we could definitely find a witch willing to help.”

I don't even.

I –

What!?

“Witches exist!?”

“Oh.”

“No no no don't you Oh! me! How many supernatural beings are there? Are the toothfairy and Santa real too?!”

Cas snorts at me.

SNORTS.

“I'm living in a – wait did you just imply that a witch could make me female?”

“Of course.” He doesn't even look phased. NONE of this is phasing him. This is normal for him. I feel half-way from nauseated to ecstatic and I don't know which I wanna be and which I wanna kick. Scratch that, I wanna kick him. The asshole that's dragged me into this upside down non-humans exist life.

“Babe, you're thinking too much.” Cas mulls, kissing against the side of my neck. Wet and warm. Yeah, maybe I am. I let flit through my mind before melting into Cas, letting all thoughts of demons and sex!swaps and dreams fly away.

We'll talk about these things more later.

Chapter End Notes

1. I'm so incredibly annoyed that I can't find *Tinker Bell and the Legend of the Neverbeast* online yet!

2. I wanted to make clear that Dean does get angry at Cas for spying on him - like Bella WASN'T with Edward - up until he finds out it was so that Cas could give him Grace to help him sleep. Also, Cas never entered Dean's bedroom before his angelic confession, only stayed in the tree and pushed Grace outwards towards Dean.

3. I dunno if the ending is subpar or not but I hope it was alright.
I was hurt last Thursday.

Cas revealed to me that he's an Angel the interring Wednesday.

Then he came over on Thursday night and stayed over until Friday.

And Saturday where we watched *F.R.I.E.N.D.S.* And *Star Trek* and wrote *THE LISTS*.

And Sunday watching *Doctor Who* and throwing out *THE LISTS* for the day.

And now it's Monday, and Cas is again in my bed – skipping classes – right where he should be. (Or, rather, he never really left my room after Thursday.)

It's been over a week since *The Accident* and Cas is skipping school in order to spend time with me. Both my parents are at work – thank the gods – and we can be as loud and obnoxious as we want.

So Cas is over.

We're hanging out.

We're watching episodes of *Game of Thrones*.

We're making out like the horny teenagers we are on my bed.

*And* we're surprised, to say the least, when, out of thin air, Charlie comes barrelling into my bedroom.

She throws the door open and we fucking jump like a gunshot's gone off. But she just slams the door back closed and leans against it, arms crossed, and stares at us like she's a fucking queen and we're her subjects about to get executed.

“Hey, Char – ” I start, only to get stopped by a hand gesture. SHE MAKES A FUCKING STOP WITH HER HAND AND COMPLETELY IGNORES ME!

HOW RUDE!

She only has eyes for Cas.

“So, angel-boy, I heard you hurt my friend.”

Me:

Mouth = Agape.

Eyes = Wide.

Mind = *SO CONFUSED*.

Cas:
Sighs.

WHAT.

“YOU KNOW!?”

The redheaded devil has the nerve to roll her eyes at me!!!!

“Of course I know! I can smell a fellow supe from miles away. Especially the damn birds.”

Cas huffs, clearly offended, but doesn't rebuke her.

“A fellow what?” I yell.

“How did you know I told Dean?” Cas interjects.

“You're using your Grace on him, no way he wouldn't know.”

Cas just nods.

And I just . . . I . . . WHAT.

“W H A T ! ! ! !”

With another truly masterful eye-roll, I watch as Charlie . . . changes?

Her short red hair elongates to around mid-back, her pale skin beginning to shimmer and glint like it's been dusted with silver, those chocolate brown eyes alight, like sun beaming down on a dusky dirt forest path. Her ears elvenate and a wave passes through the air around her shoulders similar to what I saw when Gabriel's wings attacked me.

All in all she looks very Tauriel-like.

“what”

“She's a fairy.” Cas supplies, eliciting a raised-eyebrow from said fae.

A fairy.

I have no words.

Literally.

No.

Words.

What even is my life?

“Our queen and all our elves come here anon.” I murmur, because fuck all I can think about is A Midsummer Night's Dream and . . . “I do believe in fairies, I do, I do.”

God she is good at rolling them eyes.

At least my words make Cas laugh. It's always nice when your partner laughs at your jokes, makes you feel special, ya know?
Back to the topic at hand though.

Or, more like – Important, Groundbreaking News.

Okay, so fairies are a thing.

Not so far-fetched after the revelation of Angels. Or, Angelites.

“Are you a special kind of fairy? ’Cause Cas is an Angelite and I dunno anything about anything so please clue me the fuck in.”

“I’m a Sidhe.”

“So, like, from the Fairy Courts? King Oberon and Queen Titania?”

“UGH, don’t say those names, makes me ache.” She slumps, pushing off from the door using THE AIR BEHIND HER WHICH IS MOVING WITH INVISIBLE WINGS HOLY CRAP I'M SURROUNDED BY CRAZY. “I just stopped by to make sure you were fully informed and to command you to attend a Gathering the weekend next.”

“You command me?”

“I command the both of you.”

“What makes you think you can command us?”

“I am your queen. And I command it.”

“Since when are you my queen? I didn't consign to that!”

“Moondor, remember.”

Oh. Shit.

. . . wait.

H E Y !

“You've been planning this since then?!”

“Of course. We've actually been planning this since we received word you'd be coming to Forks.”

What?!

I sputter, I can't even get words out right now. Cas seems a bit shocked as well, but more impressed and giving that little head tilt and bob like he thinks that their logic was sound in coming up with this plan and hello you're supposed to be on my side thank you very much. Charlie's expression is no help, either. It's cold and calculating and so unimpressed with Cas and I feel like she could kill him with a look. It's blatantly terrifying.

“I'll text you two the details. But you'd better both attend. Or else, bitches.” She threatens, eyes fierce and spitting fire.

And then –

Charlie fucking blinks! out of existence.
YOU’VE GOTTA BE FUCKING KIDDING ME.

Thank the gods Cas is here because all I need is to pace around my room and grab every fucking book I have on fairies and chew my nails and run over every thing in my head and doubt the humanity of every soul I've ever come across like I did not have this crisis when Cas “came out” so why is it happening with Charlie and oh gods I'm babbling like these words are “actually coming out of my mouth and Cas make me shut up please I just need tea or warm milk no HOT CHOCOLATE yeah that's what I need and I need A Midsummer Night's Dream and The Iron Fey and 6 months of hibernation and maybe some valium Cas you got any volume hehehe ahahahahahaha that's not the correct word but you – ”

Galumph!

Obvious Cas is concerned and annoyed with my rambling because he's attached to me like a squid. Arms curled around me, he presses my face into his neck, holds my chest to his, rests his hands on me: one on the nape of my neck and the other on the small of my back.

Thank the gods Cas is here 'cause I wouldn't be able to do any of this without his Grace keeping be whole and sane and warm.

Well, his Grace and just, amply, him.

“So, about the wings and the flying.” I manage a few hours after Charlie's disappeared and the whole fairy-thing has settled in.

We're not watching anything now. We're laying in my bed caccooned in a nest of blankets and pillows, with my laptop playing Jon Bellion at a low volume.

Cas is trying hard not to pressure me into talking about anything. Especially nothing concerning Charlie's inspired visitation.

Still, I can't help thinking about it, even if I no longer voice my thoughts. My mind-to-mouth filter was really shot earlier, but now, now I'm mulling over everything silently.

Charlie's words, her actions.

There was something off about her.

But I can't pinpoint it other than the whole NOT HUMAN thing.

I grunt. I fuckin' grunt. Then sigh, exhaling a loooong exhausted breath.

So much info in such a short time.

This week has been so tiring.

Can't forget agonizing without my angelic ambrosia.

I ponder over Charlie's sudden bursting in earlier and her just . . . the . . . randomness of it all.

“Did Charlie seem off to you?”

“I don't know her well enough to answer that.”

“Oh.”
“Yes, she is not my biggest fan.”

“None of my friends – or family – are, apparently.”

“I'm sorry.”

“You shouldn't be. They should be, though.” Cas smirks in response. “So, the flying thing. How does it work?”

“It must be fascinating inside your mind.”

“It must be fascinating inside your house.”

“Touché.”

“Just answer my question. Like, how fast can you actually fly?”

“Well, that's tricky. The flying itself is uh . . . let me . . . uhm . . .” Cas humms, face contorting into a strict thinking-face. “Give me a moment to think.” Screwing up his eyes, Cas looks like he's trying to take a hard shit and I cannot help the laughter that bubbles out.

Delivering a gentle whack! to the back of my head, Cas smirks and stands.

“Where do you think you're going?” I almost shout, kind of offended.

He snorts at me before gesturing to my bookshelf.

“Grabbing an explanational helper.” My angel answers before he starts perusing my books. A shout of “Ahah!” A few moments later alerts me to the fact that he's found his aide.

Returning to the bed, I find him with Sherrilyn Kenyon's *Night Embrace* in hand.

I think I make a confused-kinda-disgusted-really-unsure-what-to-think face at him but he succinctly ignores me, simply opening the book and flipping through pages. I keep eying him like that till he smiles, straightening his spine and clearing his throat like he's a teacher about to read aloud during storytime.

I'm not wrong.

He fucking *reads* to me.

Chapter 13; Page 202 (in the version he's got in his hands):

Dialogue transpires between Sunshine Runningwolf and Vane Kattalakis.

"All right, then, Dorothy," he said. "Close your eyes, click your heels three times, and say, 'There's no place like home.' "

"What?"

*Before she could blink, he took her hand and they flashed from the porch to a wooded area where a small trail broke through the trees. She had no idea where they were, but Talon's cabin was nowhere in sight.*
Sunshine gasped. "What did you do?"

"I beamed you over."

"What are you, Scotty?"

He gave her a taunting look as if he were enjoying her discomfort. "It's correctly called a lateral time jump. I just moved you through horizontal time from Talon's porch, across the swamp to where my motorcycle is hidden. Simple."

"Horizontal time? I don’t understand."

"Time flows in three directions," he explained. "Forward, backward, and laterally. If you do nothing at all, time always flows forward, but if you catch the Rytis just right, you can choose one of the other directions."

Totally confused, she frowned at him as she tried to comprehend what he was telling her. "What's the Rytis?"

"For lack of a better term, it's warp space."

When she continued to scowl, he pulled his jacket off. "Let me explain it this way." He held the shoulder of his jacket in his right hand and the end of the sleeve in his left. "Time is like this… If you want to get from here"—he moved his right hand—"to here," he said, moving his left, "you see how far you have to travel?"

She nodded as she noted the long length of his sleeve. The man had really long arms.

"The Rytis is essentially invisible waves that move around us all the time. Through everything on the planet. They echo and flow and sometimes they buckle. In essence, they do this." He compacted the sleeve between his hands so that his left and right hand were next to each other. "Now to travel from hand to hand, it takes a few seconds instead of several hours."

"Wow," she breathed as she understood. "So you can travel in any time direction? You can even go back in time?"

He nodded.

"And how do you do that? How do you catch this Rytis?"

He shrugged his jacket back on. "Baby, in this world, I'm the all-powerful Oz and there's not much I can't do."

And at the end he gives me this smile like “oh yeah I couldn't of described it better myself” and I just –

“Did you just – ”

“Yes, I did."

I open my mouth.

Shut it.
Open it again.

Nothing.

Nothing comes out.

But . . . wait . . . okay.

“When did you read Sherrilyn Kenyon?” I blurt, incredulous and knowing for a fact that he’d never even heard of her before we went to Port Angeles.

Which means.

“When did you read Sherrilyn Kenyon?”

“After we went to the book shop.”

Well dayumn.

“When did you even have the time.”

Cue blushing-bride-syndrome.

Cue clearing of throat.

Cue confession: “While I was in your tree sending you Grace . . .”

Seriously, dayumn.

“How far did you get?”

“I finished what's published of The League and I've gotten up to Acheron in The Dark-Hunters but . . . I'm afraid to finish.”

Oh, I know what he means. I've only gotten as far as when Acheron's sister helps him escape and then she gets him to the ship back to Greece and he has to go below deck and I just – !

This is not the time for all the feels that the Atlantean gives me.

“Getting back on course,” Cas interjects my thoughts, thankfully, to get back to the actual topic-at-hand. “I, as a Seraph, can teleport almost anywhere in the Universe.”

“If it's teleportation, why the wings?”

“We need our wings in order to teleport. If any of our wings get clipped or damaged then we lose the ability to teleport. We can fly as well but it was through teleportation that I was fast enough to reach you.” He explains. “In hindsight, I should have simply sent you out of harm's way, but in the heat of the moment I simply thought of making it to you in time. I apologize.”

“What do you mean 'send me out of harm's way’?”

“We can summon or send other beings as well as ourselves.”

“DUDE!” I yell, a bit too loudly but we're alone in the house so I think we're safe. “Sending me out of harm's way would've been a lot less painful!”

“I know! And I'm sorry! It's simply not my first instinct. And I was on instinct-autopilot at that time, I can assure you.”
“Yeah well next time, don't be on autopilot.”

“I can try, but I make no promises.”

“I may die next time.”

“I promise.”

Cas refuses to explain or tell me anything regarding fairies.

Or who will be attending this Gathering which we are commanded to attend. Although I suspect – who'm I kidding? I know – he knows.

He says that “everything will be explained then,” and to “be patient.”

Well FUCK ALL OF YOU.

I want to know why my life has turn into UFOs and halos.

Actually, I don't know if aliens exist – I believe that the possibility of them not existing is slim, but still – and Cas doesn't know the answer, either.

For once something that neither of us knows.

Small blessings.

This time we don't turn on the laptop or any electronics, even turning off our phones and hiding them under the pillows, as Cas grabs a few books off the shelf.

He already read a little to me today so we thought we keep it going.

We can talk easily between chapters too.

I end up asking him about Kali somewhere along the line and he sighs. There's equal parts relief and exhaustion and remorse in the sound.

“She ran off with another of her lovers. We haven't seen or heard from her and I hope she's gone for good.”

“And Gabriel?”

Cas doesn't answer for a long while. Staring at the ceiling with Jane Eyre open and splayed on his chest.

I have Sweaters & Cigarettes by Mika Fox at my side, forgotten between us.

We've each read our chosen books before, but at our feet are a few from our respective “To-Read” lists: The Shadow of the Lion, IQ84 (which I haven't finished but have reached Book 2), The Palace of Impossible Dreams, and Castle In The Air.

Cas has learned that I enjoy piling all the books which I wish to read beside me and glance at them longingly as I read one and if I tire of that one which I am already reading in that particular moment then I pick up another.

I'm an odd reader.
He's pinching at *Jane*'s leaflets, ruffling the papers and adjusting the cover.

Cowering and comforting himself as he tries to mold his answer justifiably.

I can see his entire thought process in the small uncertain movements of his fingertips.

“He needs someone who treats him well.”

“Who respects him and loves him. But that wasn't my question.”

“I know,” He sighs, hands moving to scrub down his face. “He's struggling. Between Kali leaving – which plummets his self-confidence and self-esteem every time – and the guilt of hurting you . . . he's panicking.”

“I'll talk to him this weekend. We're still a-go for that, right?”

“Have your mothers agreed?”

“Let me handle them.”

“That's a no.”

“I said let me handle them, babe. Now. Back to Gabe. How can we cheer him up?”

“Other than him being able to see you in the flesh and know that you're alive for his own eyes? I have no inkling.”

“I've been texting him.” I blurt. Every time I hear that Gabe's panicking and freaking out about hurting me I start panic and freak out about panicking and freaking out Gabe. It's just one big circle and it puts a hammering in my gut.

“He's a sight and touch type of person.” Cas consigns, pulling me in to his side as console.

“Why didn't he come with you to check on me? Why haven't I seen anyone besides you and Charlie – if but her briefly?”

“He came with me one night, the first night. But he was near tears so Lucifer took him away. Since then we've been holding Gabe at bay because he'll run up and hug you with all the force of a steam-roller. Even with our Graces healing you, you'll be hurt again and he'll panic again.”

“Vicious circle.”

“Exactly.”

“Anyone we can set Gabe up with? Michael and Lucifer?”

“He's been sleeping in their room. Being pampered and loved. But nothing beyond kisses. It always takes Gabriel a while before he's emotionally ready to take a new lover. He needs months of *aftercare* from being with Kali. As if each session of their relationship is a scene.”

Gods. I wanna kick Kali to the other side of the universe.

“And not a good scene, either. It's like Gabe safe worded and Kali ignored it, kept going and going and wouldn't relent. And each time she leaves I feel like to Gabe he's been left chained up, suspended, until she returns and cuts him down. Just to suspend him again and ignore his safeword again.” He adds, then: “I feel I should add that Gabriel hates suspension. *Because* of Kali.”
I don't know if I want to know the story.

But I know that I love Cas, and he loves Gabe, and I may be close to loving Gabriel myself, and if this is important, than I need to know.

“What did she do to him?”

“Exactly what I just said.” Cas mumbles. “She left him chained up in a scene after he'd safeworded, told her to stop. She'd returned a few hours later and Gabe had . . . relieved himself and cried himself to sleep. And she'd cut him down and chastised him.”

“Why didn't you guys – ”

“They weren't with us at the time.”

Oh.

“They came back a few weeks later. I think,” His voice is so soft now, hurt and desperate. “I think Gabe was afraid to be alone with her after that. Without someone around who'd be able to hear him shout. Hear him ask for help. Without someone around who would intervene and save him.”

“I wanna kill her.”

“Get in line.”

“You know that story where a lot of people stab someone and no one could be charged with murder cause no one knew which stab was the fatal one?”

“I do.”

“What if we did that.”

“We'd have to get a lot of people.”

“Eh. We could kill her then throw away the body.”

“We'd have to research her more thoroughly though.”

“What do you mean?”

“Kali isn't human, either.”

“Don't you know how to kill Angelites? You know, to avoid being killed.”

“She isn't an Angelite.”

Gods be damned.

I breathe in deep, trying to calm myself because you've got to be kidding me. “Then what is she?”

“She's a Kalika.”

“Speal English.”

“She's like a minor goddess. The descendant of a goddess.”

“Oh for shits sake!” Cas chuckles, forced and without any humor.
“Exactly.”

“Research.”

“Yes.”

“Sammy's good at that.” I hedge, really wanting to pry and ask how much I can tell my little brother, if anything.

“Alright.” He replies, casual and without care.

“Really?”

“You can tell your brothers as much or as little as you wish about us.”

“Really?”

“I don't intend to leave your life any time soon, so I'd like my brothers to meet yours and for us to put all our cards on the table.”

“Really?”

This time his chuckle is genuine. “Yes, Dean.”

I press my lips to his and am about to blurt I love you when I realize CRAP we've never actually said it before. So instead I simply deepen the kiss, feeling his lips turn up in a smile against mine.

When we pull away there's a spark in his eyes. “So, Sammy's good at research, huh?”

“Mhmmmm, the best.”

“We'll need to enlist him this weekend, then.”

“Don't worry, Cas. Sam is good. He'll take it all in stride.”

“If he's anything like you, then I'm not worried in the slightest.”

Gods how I wanna tell him I love him.

The week passes quickly, in a blur of pain and Grace and ups and downs and merry-go-rounds.

Most of the time Cas is there, telling me that he and his siblings aren't mandated to attend classes and that he can skip as much as he wants.

I don't ask and I probably will never know how they accomplished that magic.

By Thursday, I'm antsy and Cas has to give me a full-body massage reminiscent of our ménage-a-presque.

Sam comes home tomorrow.

I'm clammy.

I'm nervous.

I'm anxious.
My pulse is hammering.

My breathing’s short.

I haven't seen my brother in wayyyyy too long.

I'm excited.

And scared.

Sammy's gonna meet Cas.

And I've gotta find out a way to introduce Sam to the world of the supernatural when I've only just dipped my feet in.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if Charlie's revealing is really fast. More on the other Supernaturals in later chapters. :)

Also sorry if this chapter is short.
I'M SORRY. This has been sitting (finished) for about a week and I just kept forgetting to post it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It's been 4 hours since I talked to Dean, since I told him I'd be home in 2 weeks, when I get the call from Momma.

I'm in my bed in the dorm room, laughing with Jessica and Gadreel.

His roommate's on the floor, working on a poster for Biology, having given Jess his bed to spread out her English homework on.

I'm just bobbing my head to the music.

“Shake It Off” starts playing, blaring from the speakers from the playlist that Dean sent me last week. I roll my eyes and press NEXT, instead letting “Sledgehammer” play.

Jess laughs at me.

And that's the moment by phone starts to buzz.

Picking it up from my bedside table, I see MOM written across the screen. Looking to Jess, I see her turning down the music for me, with an unsaid thank you, I answer. "Momma Jody! How's it going?" I smile, not having talked to Mama Bear in a while.

“Hi, sweetie.” Her voice is small, so unlike Mama Bear that I'm instantly sitting and straightening up.


Gadreel and Jessica shoot me concerned looks but I ignore them as Jody rattles off what happened.

Dean got hurt.

He's in the hospital.

They don't know exactly what happened.

“He'll call you tomorrow, sweetheart. Alright?” She says, and even through the line I can hear how she's trying really hard not to panic, not to cry.

“Yeah, love you, mom.” I mutter, letting the phone and the hand it's in drop.

I feel numb.

It isn't till Gadreel's arms wrap around my shoulder and Jess' head is in my lap, arms around my waist, that I notice I'm crying. The tears coming warm and conflicting.
The relief that my big brother is alright and the fear that he's hurt at all are warring inside me.

They let me cry, holding me close and arranging me to sleep. Looking over me as I drift off.

Dean calls the next day. Towards the night. After an entire day of shot nerves and of wanting The Break to come fast fast fast.

Hearing his voice really solidifies that he's alright.

That he's alive.

Which makes me cry even more.

I can't wait to go home.

Saturday isn't any better.

Dean and Mom and Jody were too vague with the details and my mind's running on fumes and I'm grasping at straws.

I even dreamt that Dean was attacked and eaten by a Wendigo last night.

Not my finest moment.

(When I awoke I was afraid that I'd wet the bed, turns out I was just in a cold sweat.)

Neither is Sunday.

I can't focus on my studies – there's a first for everything – and I barely even notice how cute mine and Gadreel's upperclassmen tutors are like I normally would.

Viktor's just there, talking my ear off about Martin Luther King Jr. and Rosa Parks and imploring me to go see Selma and to watch Dear White People while Nancy's reading off the names of organizations and important dates and the names of the higher ups within The Civil Rights Movement of the '60s.

I can't focus, even though I need to.

Even though I know we have an exam tomorrow and that I could fail if I don't.

But I can't focus.

I bomb the test on Monday.

Which we studied 5 hours for.

I score 86%, a B-.

In AP U.S. History.

My second favorite class.

I need to go home.
One of my professor's asks me what's wrong on Tuesday, but even as I'm staring them in the face I can't for the life of me remember their name.

I can hardly remember what class I'm in.

*Calculus?*

No.

*Physics.*

... *I think.*

I honestly can't recall.

I skip classes on Wednesday with Gadreel and watch *Beetlejuice* (cause my sheltered roommate has never seen it); both the movie and the horendous cartoon.

I smile a few times, especially when I find Dean online and begin messaging him. He hasn't watched it in a few years, so we commit to a Tim Burton night to take place in the coming week.

I wish Gadreel could come.

But I've decided to wait to ask my mothers face-to-face. (Gadreel has no idea.)

At the end of the day and two two-liter sodas, Gadreel says skipping class was worth it.

Thursday Dean *assures* me that he's fine.

And he sounds it.

Which only makes me wonder how many drugs he's on.

Dean calls me on Friday and bemoans the loss of his cellphone – I was informed on day two that our mothers had taken it hostage –, to which I ask how he's coping being unable to sext and phone-boink with his boy-toy.

He's surprisingly quiet in response . . .

So I ask him if they Skype-sex instead and Dean gives me a full-on lecture on why sexy-time with fractured ribs is *very not fun.*

I never needed to know so much.

Saturday I sleep.

We all do.

The entire school's like a pride of hibernating bears.

(Is it a pride?)
(For polar bears it's called a celebration.)

(* scours the internet for the answer *)

(Oh, there are two possibilities.)

Revision: The entire school's like a sloth of hibernating bears.

(Yick)

Second Revision: The entire school's like a sleuth of hibernating bears.

(Muuuuuch better.)

(Fuck I am so much like Dean.)

It's raining hard and it's like we're in a cavern beneath the ocean.

I like it. *I like it when you're under the ocean and all you can feel is calm.*

And this sleep is calm. Comforting. Just one big snore and sigh.

---

Sunday.

S L E E P.

*I like it when I'm sleeping*


The chords and lyrics lull us deeper, but every time I awake enough to listen, I always think of Dean.

I think of the first time he unashamedly listened to Taylor Swift around me.

The first time he went out of his musical comfort zone – which entailed all of Dad's music and nothing else. The music that Dean knew would make Dad proud.

Dean still listens to them, sure. All the time. Especially in the impala.

It's tradition and it just *fits*.

But now Dean's music isn't just remnants of *Dad*.

*I like it when I'm listening to music because that's the only thing that takes me to another world.*

Dean taught me that, even if he didn't speak it aloud.

I should introduce Dean to Taylor Mathews, Mary Lambert, and *Life of Dillon*. I'm sure he'd love them.

---

Monday.

I get all my assignments in on time; teachers leave me alone mostly.
Tuesday.

I'm gonna punch my seat mate in Calculus.

I'm this close.

Wednesday, two days before I'm supposed to head over to Forks, Jess and Gadreel try to distract me.

By having me attend an early Halloween party.

It's been almost a 2 weeks since the news of Dean's injuries reached me and I've been a wreck. Talking to him on the phone hasn't help.

Hasn't loosened the ball of nerves in my gut.

So Gadreel and Jessica try a last-ditch effort to do so.

Jess dresses up as a Nurse and flirts with me all night.

When I first see her before the party, she's coming around a corner; wearing the sexy-nurse costume and adjusting her hat, and winks at me.

I have to physically fight down the groan that tries to well up.

I am later informed unnecessarily by Gadreel that she's had a semi-kinda-crush on me for a month or so but where most would been turned on by a sexy-nurse – which I have to say I have been before by my classmate a few years ago whose name was Brady and gods he was hot. Although now whenever I think of hot sexy male nurses I think of numerous manga. This time is Volume 3: Chapter 17.5 of Mousou Elektel. Yum. – Jess just reminds me of my mother and YUCK.

I don't like Jess. I need someone who . . . who I can tell: “I like it when you talk to me like that. I like it when I turn my head around and I catch you looking back.” Things like that.

Jess isn't them.

Gadreel and I dress as an angel and a demon – respectively – because come on, why wouldn't we?

The tiny angel on one shoulder and the crippling, atlas-like-burden of a demon on the other?

Perfection.

But even the distraction of the party doesn't helped.

It's fun, and we drink and laugh but I check my watch and worry over my phone and all my thoughts are on my brothers and his injuries and home.

It's Thursday.

Mom and Jody are supposed to pick me up tomorrow at the front gates and the nerves inside haven't died down all week.

It's like Midnight, For Christ's Sake.

Actually . . . it's 12:14 AM.
Gadree and I are lying in our beds, back to back.

I can hear Gad shift positions. I've been laying in bed for 2 hours already.

Staring at *nothing* because the lights are off and it's dark and *gawh!*

“Sam!”

I jolt. Opening my eyes wide.

“. . . . . . . . . . yeah, Gad?”

“Your thoughts are too loud.”

“I thought you'd crashed out . . .”

“Obviously not. Your brother is fine, safe and sound and awaiting you bright and early. So go to sleep. Please.”

“I, uh -”

“If you can't sleep then take a walk.”

A walk. Perfect.

I'd heard a sound outside the room earlier, not too long ago, like a window opening, so someone else is probably awake and around too.

Might as well see if they want company.

I peak my feet from the covers before shivering and saying NOPE to that idea and scrunching them around me. *Gotta stay warm,* I think as I leave the bedroom to Gadreel and look around the Dormitory Hall, shutting the door with a quiet *snick.*

I was right. A window is open at the end of the hall; although earlier it must have been closed.

There are leaves blowing in from the tree stood just outside. (Thankfully it's not raining.)

And footsteps around the corner.

A classmate walks past the wisps of curtains at the far end of the hall. Pacing. Also wrapped in a blanket.

Moving a few feet down, I sneak into one of the Dormitory alcoves and wait.

The classmate reappears, but this time enters the hall I'm hiding down instead of continuing at the top of the Hall's T end.

I lunge forward just as they pass me, grabbing their shoulder.

I know that bedspread.

(Is that weird?)

My classmate knocks my arm away and aims a strike at me, which I duck. They then grab at my arm, swinging me around and divesting me of my warm-maker, shoving me back into the alcove.
The kick I try to deliver is blocked, then I am pushed back into the alcove statue.

Which hurts like a bitch cause it's stone.

With the darkness, my classmate hasn't seen my face, but he sees it now as our eyes adjust and the moonlight clears; I in turn get my his first glimpse their face – though I'm already well aware of who they are.

He elbows me in the face; so I kick at his head.

He ducks and swings and I block.

Then he finally knocks me down and pins me to the floor, one hand at my neck and the other holding my wrist.

I feel like I'm fighting my brother.

(Well he is the one who taught us these moves.)

“Whoah! Easy, tiger!”

I didn't realize how hard my breathing is till this moment.

“Sup, Aaron?”

Aaron laughs before loosening his grip and mock whispering: “You scared the crap out of me!”

“Yeah, yeah. Get off of me.”

Aaron rolls to his feet, pulling me up with him.

“What the hell are you doing out here?”

“I was looking for a beer, what else?”

“Ha ha, very funny.”

“Well, what about you? Why're you doing out here?”

“Couldn't sleep.”

“Nerves?”

“Yeah.”

Aaron puts his hands on my shoulders, making me look him dead in the eyes, shakes once, and lets go.

“Seriously, what the hell are you doing out here?”

“Practicing my lines.”

“Is that why you were pacing?”

“Yeah.”

“I couldn't hear you.”

“The wind must be too loud.”
The wind is howling.  

And WHY have I not wrapped myself up with my blanket again?! I think as I swipe it from where it'd pooled on the alcove floor. I'm wearing very short sleep-shorts and a cropped Smurfs shirt that hangs just above my navel.

Aaron gives me a once-over, looking at me appreciatively, and I glare at him.

“You're my brother's friend.” He's actually the one that told Dean about this school, who in turn gave me a pamphlet.

“Was.” * eye wiggle * He grins at me and moves closer.

“You're still civil. Which means you gotta follow the rules.”

Poor Aaron blows out a raspberry at that and I notice that we're wayyyy too close.

Aaron looks down, staring at my chest like one would stare at breasts. “Oh, I love the Smurfs. You know, I gotta tell ya,” He pauses, flirtatious smirk full-on in place. “You are completely out of my league.”

“My brother too.”

“Ouch.” Gotta say, for someone who isn't classically handsome – whatever raciness that entails – Aaron is adorable.

“Just, let me put my blanket back on.”

“No, no, no, I wouldn't dream of it. Seriously.”

“Are you lookin' to get smacked?”

“Maybe. Want me to bend over?”

I really need to work on not smiling when someone says something like that.

“Anyway, mind if I borrow your time here? We don't have to talk about whatever private family business you've got going on. I just would like you to give me feedback on my delivery. I know you've been in Theatre before.”

“Just set design.”

“But you were there for practices, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Perfect.”

Gotta say, debating ways of deliver with Aaron till 3 AM is a great way to tire myself out.

Fuckday.

Oh, sorry, Fri day.

I've got my earphones in, the song “What Cha Gonna Do (featured In North Shore)” by Classic starts playing but I skip NEXT and land on “She Cheated on a Cheater” by Keith Rosier and let it
play melodically – hypnotically? – through the buds as I search the sea of cars.

I'm sitting on the top step of the front staircase, the highest place and with the easiest vantage point.

I'm so **tired**.

It's 8 AM and I only got 4 hours of sleep and I'm jittery.

My moms should be here soon and then within a few hours I'll be home and I'll get to see Dean. Shit this is the longest I've gone without seeing my big bro.

I don't like it.

As the next song starts to play: “Budapest” by George Ezra (and dude NO his voice does not correlate with the rest of him!) I spy a large forest green Suburban by the entrance and perk up.

The flight of stairs takes a short time to fly from the door to the parking lot.

I make it there in 2.5 (who fuckin’ knows?).

But when I'm less than 10 feet from the green auto, my duffel flapping against my thighs, I get a **big** shock.

“Dean?! What're you doing here? You're hurt!” I yell, running up to my brother as he exits the car.

Instead of answering, though, Dean just envelopes me in a warm hug, ignoring his undoubtable agonizing pain. “Shut up, Sammy.”

“Dean, you shouldn't be here! You should be resting!”

“So, what are you gonna do? I'm here now and ain't nothing you can do to change that.”

“Damnit, would you be normal for a change? No. Not normal. Safe?”

“I'm plenty safe.”

“Nuh uh.”

“Come on, Sammy. I haven't seen you in ages.”

“Who’s fault is that?”

“You're the one who basically ran away.”

Whoops. “. . . sorry.”

Dean looks away, turning his face out and breathing in deep.

We've got a lot to say.

Sure, Dean **told** me about the school and pushed me to it, but my actual **leaving** was a different story.

“I just wanted to go to school . . . and that's what I'm doing.”

“Hey, nawh, I'm not bashin' ya, Sammy. Actually, I'm very proud of you for it.”

I'm silent. Unsure what to say.
So I simply hold on to Dean tighter. Which he of course hisses over and says “Ease, up, Sammy, that hurts.”

RIGHT!

I basically propel myself away from him, eyes wide. I'd forgotten for a second. “I'm so so sorry. Did I hurt you?”

“Just be careful, alright. I'm fragile right now.”

Never thought I'd hear those words fall from my brother's lips.

I laugh, helping him limp back into the car, where Jody and Mary are watching us with those fond-mother-looks that says aw-look-at-our-boys-they're-so-cute-I'm-cry.

That jittery, restless piece inside of me eases then as I climb in with my brother and tell tales back and forth that are so much better with facial expressions and hand gestures and yeah.

I missed them.

Chapter End Notes

Non-Dean POV chapters will NOT be a common thing, alright? Just wanted to clarify. In this instance I just wanted to delve into Sammy a bit. And yeah, Aaron is Golem Aaron. :)

Also, the fucking tutoring session is because i had no idea what to write for that.

P.P.S. I have like ZILCH written for the next chapter -- although the chapter after that is almost finished because i go out of order a lot, so sue me. And I'm stressed so the next chapter will take a week at least. Sorrys! <3
Having Sammy home is better than I could'v hoped.

I may be bedridden and unable to do much without Cas' magical healing Grace, but we make do.

Sammy and I spent two whole days together just catching up.

And I have plenty of time to try and bring up the subject of a weekend at the Novaks.

I'm not entirely sure if you all know this or not, but for a long time I was kinda split-personality.

Still am, sometimes.

Cas doesn't know. Neither does mom. Only Sammy.

It mostly comes out around my dad. Sammy was the first to point it out, and helped me reconcile myself with myself.

He figured it out after I came back from the boys home.

SONNY'S HOME FOR BOYS

Is what it was called.

Which Mom decidedly does not know about. Sammy didn't even know till a few months after it was all said and done.

Didn't know till he pointed out that I was different and he liked it. I was more open and honest with him and just I dunno . . . nicer?

He said that before I was daddy's good little soldier, always following orders without question, x but that after I had a mind of my own and even if it wasn't to dad's face I was rebellious. The fact that I
was the same in dad's presence was “self-preservation” to Sam.

For instance, I used to pretense that I hated “chick-flick moments” till Sammy slapped some sense into me.

Anyway, I'm very different around Cas than I am around Sammy.

And I'm very different around my mothers than I am around my dad.

It's conditioning with my dad.

Hell, the last time Bobby saw my dad he threatened to blast him full of buckshot. Cocked the shotgun and everything.

I still don't even know why! John just has that effect on people.

He used negative reinforcement and shit like that to get my attitude and actions “correct” * uses air quotes – which I've learned Cas used to be ignorant of *.

In contrast, it's fucking love and comfort with my moms.

And with Cas it's fucking L O V E.

Dad’s a hard-ass, though, and it took a long time for me to rebel.

Thank the fucking gods that I did though 'cause holy-moley.

It was that fucking day, though. THAT. DAY. The camping trip – oh, sorry, the hunting trip – from hell that undid all of dad’s training in me.


Blackwater Ridge
Lost Creek, Colorado

We were camping in this forest, where there were huge trees towering over us and we'd spend the day exploring and staying clear of our father till we'd gotten exhausted and set up the tents and laid out the sleeping bags.

Now it was night and we were huddled with our games and magazines and comics.

And, well, I we but really it was Sammy and I who were “camping”. Dad was bunking in the Hunting Cabin about ten yards away.

Our tent was set up near a fire ring, and on the other side the cabin loomed, a light on inside.

When we were about to go on the hunt Dad had laid down some ground rules regarding Sammy and I being in a tent instead of in the Cabin. Not that we didn't already know them, but it's always good to be reminded.

The conversation went something like this:
John : All right. You know the drill, Dean. If I call out for you, you answer immediately.

Me : Mmhmm. Always answer immediately.

John : Come on, Dean, look alive. This stuff's important.

Me : I know, it's just, we've gone over it, like, a million times, and you know I'm not stupid.

John : I know you're not. But it only takes one mistake, you got that?

I had nodded like the obedient little soldier I was.

John : All right, if I go tracking and am not back by night?

Me : Call Pastor Jim.

John : Go into the Cabin, lock the doors and windows, close the shades, and most important...

Me : Watch out for Sammy.

At the time of this convo Sam was watching TV, pretending to ignore us, and we looked over at him when brought up.

John : All right, if somethin' tries to bust in?

Me : Shoot first, ask questions later.

John put a hand on my shoulder then.

John : That's my man.

John left then to go to the bar one more time before we departed on the hunting trip. I locked the door behind him then went to watch TV with Sammy.

Back in the tent camping: crickets chirped outside while inside the tent we p layed head-to-head handheld video games.

(Pokémon, okay, we were battling)

“Dude, you're cheating!” Sam yelled after my Gyarados totally creamed his Charizard.

“No, you just suck.” I answered, smiling triumphantly as I used a Full Revive on my Blastoise. Lil fucker had actually knocked him out a few moves before.

I don't know why but Sam's name in Pokémon was and still is always either Legolas or Hermione whereas mine were and are always Sauron or Bellatrix.
And in both of our's Gary's name's always John.

I wonder what that says about us.

And Dad.

(Ahh, now, if only we could name the Bosses.)

I always chose the water Pokemon as my starter and team-theme while Sammy always chose fire. On this night we were playing FireRed – Sammy's – and LeafGreen – mine – on our Nintendo DSs. Both of which mom had sent us for Christmas – which we had to keep under-wraps lest Dad throw them out. They may have been years behind the times, but they were so so perfect.

Dad never bought us any games, the only game he liked to play was “Name That Proof”; that and Poker.

“Hah! My moment of victory!” I shouted, watching Sam's HP drop down to ZERO.

Of course, it was then that something growled just outside the thin canvas.

We stopped, looking up at each other over our consoles and raising our brows in question.

“Wasn’t me.”/“Wasn’t me.” We said in consort.

Fuck.

Sam leaned over and clicked on our lantern.

Something dark flicked behind the tent wall behind Sammy then, too fast for me to identify as anything more than ‘something dark’.

Son of a bitch.

I leaned over then to grab my knife from beside my pillow.

The second Sammy saw the blade he stiffened, searching 'round for whatever spooked me.

“We're fine, keeping safe, so don't worry.” I mumbled as I turned out the lantern. The only light then was the moon' and fire's bleeding through the canvas. Shadows moved very quickly around the outside of the tent. I looked around, eyes following the shadows and tracking the growls till silence fell.

“Alright, lil brother?”

Sammy just nodded vaguely, continuing to stare at the canvas to his right as he closed his game system and tossed it aside.

I stared at my own system for a moment, having forgotten it was in my other hand, then turned to look at Sam again.

Who was getting up and unzipping the tent!

Sammy!

“Hey, where do you think you're goin’?”
“Nature calls.”

“The hell it does. Not right now.”

“Like you said, we’re keeping safe.” He responded, pulling his knife from where it was stashed by the door beneath his copy of Joseph Campbell’s The Hero With A Thousand Faces. Looks like he won’t be getting to read much tonight. Sam stepped outside and zipped up the tent behind him; right in my face.

I unzipped it with a grumble and followed him out, brandishing my knife as I tossed my game behind.

Sam was stood against the tree to relieve himself. Guess he wasn’t lying ’bout that.

The fire was crackling, illuminating Sammy's back and the closest tree-sides. I turned to glance at the cabin, wondering if Dad’d come if we screamed.

Probably run out with a shotgun ready to shoot whatever game had made us it’s prey.

Something snapped a stick and we looked towards the sound just in time to be granted a sight of the trees rustling.

Sam shook his head and returned his attention downward, finishing up, then looked up sharply.

Something growled and our grips on our weaponry tightened.

Then Sam yelled, flailing his arms about in order to appear bigger than he was. Trying to intimidate whatever was out there in the brush.

Dad had to have heard that.

“You see anything, Sammy?”

“No, Dean, but I know something's there.”

I thought it was probably what Dad had wanted to catch. He’d been tracking it for days.

“Dean! What’s goin’ on?”

Yep. Definitely heard Sammy.

Dad opened the cabin door and stuck his head out to look around. Seeing nothing, he scowled at me like I was gum on the bottom of his shoes.

Till more growling alerted him to the fact that we weren’t just being little assholes interrupting his boozefest.

He looked up. Down. Around.

Looking like a drunk whose forgotten where he put his glass.

Then something pulled at the tent behind me and I did not scream, but we all turned fastly to watch for more movement.

It sounded like something had slashes open the tent, but we couldn’t see the incision.
Dad disappeared back inside for a second, returning only when he'd located his surprise surprise shotgun.

Oh, did I mention that, according to dad, we're hunting jaguars?

Did anyone else hear that in Elmer Fudd's voice?

Did I also mention that jaguars haven't roamed freely in America for hundreds of years?

Let's see if I can find any information . . . ah, yes!: “~ Jaguars are the third-largest cats after lions and tigers — the largest in the Western Hemisphere — and they used to live here in the United States. During the 18th and 19th centuries they were spotted in Arizona, New Mexico, California and Texas. Sometimes the cats roamed as far east as North Carolina and as far north as Colorado.” (http://www.scientificamerican.com/article/kitty-corner-jaguars-win-critical-habitat-in-us/)

Dad had heard rumor of one spotted in Colorado.

And while I know a few have been spotted in Arizona, Colorado feels like a goose chase.

Not to mention that it's illegal.

I L L E G A L.

That means against the law.

That means that they are protected as an endangered species.

This means that the last few days that we've been tracking, any signs Sammy and I have found of the presence of a big cat in our midst have been ceremoniously snuffed out.

Even if the signs are only the offspring of a cougar, we wanted to be sure.

So when we saw paw prints down by the river? Cover them with bootprints.

And when we saw broken branches? Create a new trail of them all our own.

Dad was constantly too buzzed to notice.

Till this moment. He was still drunk as hell, but he'd notice now.

The rustling of the tent dissipated, replaced by the returned rustling of the brush, an indication that the animal was retreating. To any sober person that would be a sign to go inside and wait till sunrise to go after it.

But not to drunk ol' dad, no sir-ee.

He took it to mean he should follow it into the dark halfmoon-lit forest.

He stumbled after it with a shotgun in each hand – where the fuck he'd gotten the second I had no idea – and I cursed, following after him. Sammy cursed me back, threw his arms up and almost refused to follow – I watched this all occur peripherally and could read the multitude of Bitch-faces that flowed in quick-succession over the lil squirt's face. He'd finally landed on Bitch Face #12: “I hate you all you idiotic, suicidal imbeciles!” before following suit.

The entire journey Sam was shouting over my head at our Dad.
“Dad, we don't even know what this thing is yet!”

“It's what Danny Elkins killed best... a jaguar.”

“Jaguars. Come on, Dad. I thought there was no such thing this far North. Not for decades.” I'd shouted, really wanting him to drop the whole Jaguar thing. From the second he'd first mentioned Jaguars – and Sammy and I'd looked at him like he'd grown a second, syphilis and plague infected head.

“You've never even mentioned them before now, Dad, what's the sudden fascination?!“ Sam screeches, annoyed. We were keeping John talking, keeping John stomping, hoping the loud noise would push the animal faster, push it to escape faster.

We were sure it wasn't a jaguar, but whatever it was we didn't want it to face the barrel of John's drunken gun.

“I thought they were extinct! I thought Elkins and, and others had wiped them out. I was wrong. Most Jaguar sightings are crap. A state-border won't stop them, streetlights won't kill them; a poacher will do the trick though. But in the Amazon, that's where they truly thrive. They need a large territory to survive. And this used to be theirs. So they're returning!”

“You can't know that for sure!”

“And even if you do, according to the Endangered Species Act of the National Wildlife Association hunting them is illegal.” I try for the hundredth time. If Dad had been paying me more mind I've no doubt he would've slapped me for daring to bring that little tidbit of information up again.

“It's one of them all right. Looks like they're heading West. We're gonna have to double back to get around that detour.” First of all, we're heading Northwest. Second of all, that “detour” was a fag of fallen trees.

“How can you be so sure?” Sam bites.

“Sam . . ." We were pushing our luck already.

“I just wanna know we're goin' in the right direction!” Sam shouts.

“We are.”

“How do you know?”

Dad pulls something from his pocket then and confessed: “I found this.” Before dropping it at his feet and continuing on.

“With a groan I lean down and pick it up.”

“It's a . . . cat's claw.” Damn he must've found it when we weren't paying attention.

“Any more questions?” He slurred out over his shoulder. “All right, let's get outta here, we're gaining daylight.”

Our cabin-campsite had been at the bottom of a small mountain and as we climbed higher during these conversations the vegetation thinned; the rustling trail lessened more the higher we went as well, correlating, while at the same time the sky lightened – apparently we'd been awake most of the night, who knew? The scent of pitch and resin grew more powerful, as did the trail we followed, paw
prints and broken limbs visible in the brightening light — there was a warm scent in the air, sharper than the smell of pine and more appealing than the smell of gunpowder and booze which radiated from John.

A few seconds more and a few feet higher I could hear the muted padding of immense feet, so much subtler than the crunch of leaves.

The sound was up—in the living branches rather than on the dead ground.

Automatically John's eyes darted wildly into the boughs as well, twisting and turning frenzy-like in his search for the culprit. “It knows I'm close, it knows I'm going to kill it, not stuff it or send it back to Rescue. ACTUALLY kill it!” The inebriated man chuckled darkly.

Sam and I watched John, however, aware that the predator—which was indeed a mountain lion, not a jaguar thank the gods—was a few trees higher and crouched near a hundred yards away.

We, unlike dad, were looking in the right direction.

Sammy did the smart thing then, snuck 'round and gained the strategic higher position, halfway up the slope by a towering silver fir, climbed up into a few branches so he had eyes on everything.

I watched this all with intrigue, kneeling in the undergrowth.

The soft thud of paws continued stealthily above me then; the rich scent of earth in the morning making my head spin. My eyes pinpointed the movement linked with the sound and find that the lion had shifted. Sam was watching too while Dad still looked west even though the cat was southeast; encroaching upon me.

If you haven't figured it out yet, we were a very reckless bunch.

I saw the tawny hide of the massive kitten-with-claws slinking along the wide branch of a spruce just down and to the left of my perch. The cat was big — easily three times my own scrawny mass back then but not as large as a jaguar would've been. Its eyes were intent on the ground beneath it; on me beneath; the cat hunted us, as we hunted it. Survival of the fittest. The lion's tail twitched spasmodically as it prepared to spring. I watched it with apprehension, tensing in preparation of the fight to be had. Behind me, I could hear John finally catching sight of the feline. “Ahah!”

Then, suddenly and all too out of the blue, with a loud boom, a shot sailed through the crisp dawn air and imploded in the lion's branch. It felt the splintering and shattering of the wood beneath its paws and growled, shrieking surprise and defiance as it leapt, seeming to grow its claws anew as it slashed toward my throat.

The only thing louder than the cat's yowl was Sam's shrieked “Poughkeepsie!”

Drop everything and run.

Too late, Sammy.

I'm ashamed to say that I fell to the ground in recoil when it attacked me, knocked us both to the forest floor, snarled its venom. It clawed the space between us, its eyes bright with fury. Half-crazed with thirst, it exposed its fangs and hooked its claws.

I'd like to say that I wasn't cowering in the brush below the tree.

I'd like to say that it wasn't much of a fight.
I'd like to say that its raking claws could have been caressing fingers for all the impact they had on my skin.

That its teeth could find no purchase against my shoulder or my throat.

That its weight was nothing.

That my knife unerringly sought its throat, and its instinctive resistance was pitifully feebler against my awesome strength. I'd like to say that my knife lodged easily over the precise point where its heat flow concentrated.

Right under its lungs, between the ribs and above the diaphragm. Just, right there.

I'd like to say that stabbing into that thick hide was as effortless as slicing into butter. That my knife was a steel razor; cutting through the fur and fat and sinews like they weren't even there.

And it so WAS all those things.

I swear it was.

It just was also the single most terrifying moment of my life.

I wasn't cowering in the brush below the tree, I was leaping to my feet so that I could flee. But I leapt too late and was caught in a full-turn, swinging my arm and knife in a wide-arch as I trained my eyes on the fearsome predator.

It wasn't much of a fight, because it crushed me with its massive paws. Pinning me

Its raking claws couldn't have been anything less than machete for all the impact they had on my skin.

Its teeth, thankfully, could not find purchase against my shoulder or my throat as I'd managed to stab my knife through its under-jaw; impaling it's tongue no doubt.

Its weight was like feeling the whole of Baby crushing me.

My knife sought its throat and thankfully found its jaw. And my instinctive resistance was nearly, pitifully feebler against its awesome strength.

My knife stayed lodged deep inside the precise point where its maw concentrated.

Right under its mandible, between the fangs and above the throat. Just, right there.

Stabbing into that thick hide was as effortless as dissecting bone with scalpel. My knife was a blunt instrument; cutting through the fur and fat and sinews like they were heavy and hard like nature intended.

And the color of the sky was wrong, the blood was hot and wet dripping from the lion's head, seeping into my eyes, it soothed the ragged, itching fear as I drank in an eager rush sight of it's skull splintering under the blast of Dad's buckshot. It broke apart like a balloon or a bubble popping, a sudden blast and an outward gush.

Then tons of muscle were suffocating me as the lion's struggles grew more and more feeble, my screams – when had I started screaming? – choked off with a gurgle as it fell as dead-weight upon me.
Blissfully still.

The warmth of the blood radiated throughout my entire body, ebbing from its own and seeping into mine as it departed this life; heating even my fingertips and toes as I felt my very core freeze.

I felt numb. The kind of numb that makes you feel warm so that you don't know you're numb. It was thick and heavy and difficult to navigate.

The lion was finished before Dad was.

A resounding bang! rang through the forest as the lion lay upon me but it only registered as a deafened boom to my ears; ringing and filled with blood, my entire being focused on alive.

Sammy informed me later of the events as through the eyes of an outsider – ie someone not being mauled by a cougar. He filled me in on the fight and argument he’d sustained with Dad, how he’d nearly torn his head off.

It wasn't until I managed to push the mountain lion away enough that I could crawl out and hyperventilate in peace that I heard their yelling. The fear flared again when I was free and had succeeded in shoving the carcass away from my body in paramount disgust.

How could I still be scared after all that? And it wasn't just that I was scared.

It was what I was scared of.

“BOYS!” Dad was louder than any buckshot when he was angry. A shot of whisky louder than a shot of lead.

“Yes, sir.” I try to mumble around the bloody cotton in my throat, hearing Sam's much less obedient reply of “Fuck off!”

“You ignored a direct order back there!” What order? Probably 'stay back' or 'stand down'.

“Yes, SIR. For good reason, too!”

“I saved your asses!”

“You put our asses on the line in the first place!”

“I'm surprised at you, Sammy. Why didn't you try to kill it? I thought we saw eye-to-eye on this. Killing these beasts is important.”

“When the fuck did I ever see eye-to-eye with you on this?!”

“Watch your mouth, you insubordinate little cunt!”

“Fuck you! You could've killed him!”

Belatedly, like when you don't know you're hurt until you see the wound and then it starts to hurt, I looked down and realized I was a bit of a mess.

I wiped my face off frantically on the back of my arm, feeling the drying blood crust and slick, and tried to fix my flannel.
Then, in a panic, I felt my knife missing and scrambled to retrieve it from the heavy maw of the felid' pulled it out and wrenched myself erect in one quick move, heedless of the consequences that saw me land flat on my back again. Dizzy and disoriented and nauseated to an extreme.

They kept fighting, yelling over the sound of my heartbeat.

Dad was blocking Sam's path as he tried to get to me, pushing him back and towering over the youngest Winchester like a boxing champ sizing up his next match.

I turned away from them then, swallowing down the bile and curling into my side.

Needing sleep.

(This all occurred after I'd talked to Aaron and gotten a pamphlet on his academy. But apparently Sammy'd already been looking for schools in Mom's area.

And not two weeks later, Sammy finally left.)

Let's have a round of applause for John Winchester!

The best dad in the entire fucking world ladies and gents!

Woo hoo!

. . . but seriously, how'm I not dead?

Besides that once (actually A LOT of times) with our Dad, Sammy and I like to hunt. We like to fish. We like to go to the shooting range and the archery range and we like to go paintballing. We also like to go climbing and hiking and work on cars together – more like Sammy does his homework while I'm workin' under the hood and we're bantering back and forth.

We had planned to do all those things when he came to visit.

And we still plan to do all those things.

The only problem is . . . WE HAVE TO WAIT TILL I'M FUCKING HEALED.

Gods be damned! Damnit!

I really need to tell Sam about Cas and them so that we can spend our time having fun because I'll have their magical Grace healing me.

I just have to find the right time.

And then? THEN it's hiking and anti-rain-dancing and camping.

And maybe a little rugby?

Who knows.
Sammy and I like *The French Mistake*.

Okay, maybe we like it a little more than *like*.

Let's try *obsessed*.

But just a little.

Today it started because this morning Sam was sprawled on the couch sleeping with papers clutched to his chest; the coffee table was littered with unfinished food and drinks. He was in the throes of an intense dream and I heard quick flashes of my name and the impala as I watched him like he was an entertaining TV show.

When he finally awoke he *jolted*.

Like he'd been shot.

“Ya alright, Sammy?”

“Clowns.”

No other explanation is necessary since Sammy has “Coulrophobia” which if you are unaware is “an extreme fear of clowns, induced by heavy makeup, nose, and a wig used to conceal the wearer's identity.”

Perfectly reasonable.

“What exactly was this clown doing?”

And so Sammy went on to explain. And really, why does he have such an active imagination about something that he's *terrified* about? *Why*?

“You've gotta be kidding me. A killer clown?” I repeat.

“Yeah! Yeah!” Sam's shaking his head like a bobble. Up and down up and down in rapid fire. Eyes wide and terrified. “He left you and I unharmed and killed our parents. Ripped them to pieces, actually!”

“And this was after we went to some carnival night?”

“Right, right. The, uh, Crowley Carnivals.” Crowley, huh, how befitting.

“Well, I know what you're thinking, Sammy. Why did it have to be clowns?”

“Oh, give me a break! I just had a nightmare!” I laugh.

“D'you think I wouldn't remember? I mean, come on, you still bust out crying whenever you see Ronald McDonald on the television.”

“It's a valid fear, Dean!”

“Based off nothing!”

“Based off DAD!”

“What did Dad do that made you terrified of clowns?”
"We were at some Carnival; I was just a little boy and dad and I were going through the funhouse while you were at home – grounded. Dad was on his cellphone and not really paying attention to me and I'd tugged on his arm and told him I was scared but all he said was 'yeah, when I was your age this would have scared the pants off of me too' without even looking or really acknowledging me. THEN, I looked up and saw this creepy clown that’d been following me round the grounds earlier waving at me from inside a mirror and by the time I'd cried out and tugged at Dad's arm and looked back the clown was gone! And then all dad said was 'don't be afraid of clowns. They're nice, they're your friends.' And then he'd winked and smirked like he thought I was gonna be eaten alive and he liked the prospect!"

“What did you expect!? This was the same man that told us never to trust anything and to always be on our guard! That's still no reason to be afraid of clowns!”

“Well, at least I'm not afraid of flying!”

“Planes crash!”

“And apparently clowns kill!”

“You were dreaming!”

“1981, the Bunker Brothers Circus, same M.O. As my dream – probably the inspiration for it! It happened three times, three different locales!”

“Why do you know the cases of a murderous clowns?! Seems like what you'd want least to research!”

“. . . shut up.”

Oh, anyway, The French Mistake.

Right, so, this argument turned into talking about a specific volume of The French Mistake's novelization entitled Plucky Pennywhistle's Magical Menagerie.

Sammy has been putting off reading it for months.

So of course I go grab it (as fast as my ribs will allow without ample pain) and throw it in his face.

“Read that.”

Sam grumbles, but acquiesces.

For the rest of the day I never see him without that book in his hands. At one point, when our moms are calling for Sam to help with dinner he even runs around a corner and hides behind an armoire in the deserted hallway that is a light foot-traffic area.

I find him muttering “It's okay. They can't hurt you. They can't hurt you. 'If it bleeds, you can kill it.' Yeah. 'If it bleeds, you can kill it.'” Like a madman.

When I find him, I grunt as I lower myself down across from him, back to the opposite wall as him. I just stare at him for a while before he explains where he is in the book.

Instead of simply explaining, he reads aloud.
“Shepherd looks over the vehicle and sees a clown with green hair, yellow pants and a red jacket standing a short distance away. The clown laughs and runs towards him, who runs first towards a high fence and then to a door.

The clown runs after him, raising its knees exaggeratedly high with each stride.

Shepherd breaks open the door and bolts it behind him, then moves some metal objects in front of the door and looks around the building, which he finds is a large garage or workshop. He hears a crash behind him and turns to see the clown coming through the now demolished door, laughing.

He starts to walk away from the clown, but another clown, which is also laughing, has appeared in front of him.

Let's call the first The First and the second The Second.

Shepherd stops and The Second zooms closer.

The Second approaches Shepherd, clapping its hands once. “Aah! Ha!” It shrieks.

Shepherd punches The Second, then does a backwards kick at The First.

“If it bleeds, you can kill it.” Shepherd chants the words Joshua had instilled within him.

Shepherd points his gun at The Second as it laughs then shoots it twice, sending glitter” –

“Fucking GLITTER, Dean! That's not what's supposed to happen when you shoot something!”

“Calm down, Sammy.”

“ You calm down.” The lil brat grumbles.

“Ohhhh kay,” I reply in my bes t Kristoff-as-Sven- voice before Sam continues.


The Second knocks the gun out of Shepherd's hand and punches him three times, sending Shepherd reeling towards The First. The First pushes Shepherd at The Second, who catches Shepherd and holds him hostage for The First to headbutt.

Both clowns laugh maniacally.

A few moments later Shepherd goes flying through the air and lands on a large pickup, breaking the windshield. The clowns whoop and cackle. One clown pulls Shepherd off the hood of the pickup. The other kicks Shepherd in the stomach.

The First catches him, turns him around and kicks him back towards The Second.

It's like a game of Hot Potato.

Shepherd grabs a tire iron from the pickup in his right hand and raises his left arm to deliver a backwards hit to The Second.
It falls down with the blow.

Shepherd hits The First with the tire iron and it takes a step back, but then points with a flourish behind Shepherd to The Second.

Whom is juggling some stakes.

It lunges at Shepherd with one of them.

Shepherd bursts in the door then slams it behind him and moves the metal objects in front of it. He hears a crash and turns to see that the clown has followed him in – again. It laughs maniacally. Shepherd starts to walk away from the clown, but The Second, which is also laughing, has appeared in front of him. Again.

Shepherd stops and The Second zooms closer.

Again.

Shepherd shoots The Second and glitter flies. In retaliation, The Second punches Shepherd twice, then grapples to hold Shepherd from behind.

To which Shepherd headbutts it.

The First sprays Shepherd with seltzer from a flower on its jacket, effectively blinding him for all the time they need.

With a blow to the chest Shepherd flies, ending up hitting the windshield of the pickup again. One clown pulls Shepherd off the hood of the pickup. The other kicks Shepherd in the stomach. Shepherd raises his left arm to deliver a backwards hit to The Second and Shepherd hits The First with the tire iron.

This fight is repetitive. Go figure.

Shepherd ducks as The Second takes a swing at him, then he hits that clown with the tire iron. The Second tosses the wrench it is holding to The First and The First hits Shepherd with it.

Shepherd goes down, but gets back to his feet and hits The First in the groin with the tire iron. Ouch. He turns then and hits The Second across the face with the tire iron.

A large tooth flies from its mouth with a sprinkling of glitter.

The First runs at Shepherd brandishing a large metal bar. Shepherd raises a wrench to defend himself and The Second moves towards him from behind.

As the clowns reach Shepherd, they vanish in an explosion of glitter.

Shepherd looks around and spits glitter out of his mouth.

No one has ever seen the grown male looking so terrified in his life.”

Sam has the book in his hand and as he reads I stare at the cover. Splotches of red, blue and green morph into the the words: The French Mistake. Colored glitter falls from the title and morphs into the subtitle: Plucky Pennywhistle's Magical Menagerie.

It's all very . . . puke-tastically, christmassally happy.
And I have to bite my fucking lip from laughing in my terrified lil brother's face.

Oh, shit! I just realized I have no idea what Adam's afraid of.

Gotta get on that.

“I hate clowns.” Sam spits.

“You would be Shepherd in that scene. Especially at the end. I can just picture your terror.”

“Suck a lemon, Dean.” There's a slight smile at the corner of my lil bro's mouth, but the fear of that situation keeps it under lock and key.

“You know what my favorite scene is? Here, let me,” I say and make grabby hands to the book. Sam's pout is incredible and he looks so put-out that I actually feel a tad sorry. Just a tad. “Here:”

“The park at night.

A man wearing a bathrobe is running, looking over his shoulder. He is being chased by a small white horse; a pony, you see.

We see only its body, legs and the lower half of its head.

It neighs.

The man scales a fence and stands panting on the other side. After a moment, he leans close to the fence to listen for hoofbeats and then presses his back against the fence.

Then, suddenly . . . he is impaled through the chest by what appears to be a horn!

The horn withdraws and the man falls to the ground, dead. Over the fence, we see that the pony has a horn: it is a unicorn.

A light runs up the horn from the base to the tip and there is a twinkling sound. The unicorn paws, rears, neighs and then canters away, with rainbows shooting from its tail.”

See, what's interesting about The French Mistake books, is that they read like scripts, transcripts, plays.

Literally.

The bare bones of the story, the outline and the dialogue, nothing more.

They're simple and short and easy to read.

“I hate unicorns.” Sam whispers conspiratorially to himself.

“No one hates unicorns.”

“Except Pegasus.”

“I don't even wanna know.”
“The rainbows in the tail remind me of that line from *Horton Hears A Who!*.”

“*In my world everyone is a pony, and they all eat rainbows, and poop butterflies.*”

We're quiet for a loooooong time after I say that lil tidbit of ill-memorized phrases.

“. . . . . I don't wanna know why you remembered that.”

“I think they actually may have been inspired by that line.” I say, waving the book around because those two things are just two similar.

“I think you're right. I still hate that book tho.” Sam states, pointing an accusing finger at the book by Carver Edlund.

“I knew you would. Did you finish?”

“Yes, thank the gods.”

“Awesome.”

“Why did you make me read that?” Sam pleads, groaning as he whacks his head against the wall.

“Because you made me read *Phantom Traveler!*”

“This was payback!?”

“Of course! I can't do pranks in my current condition, what did you expect?”

“Ugh, I should've known.”

“Now we're even.”

“Just you wait, when you're healed it's pranks galore.”

“Bring it on, Bitch.”

“Jerk.”

If you don't know what *The French Mistake* is, it’s basically this: Two guys, use fake IDs with rock aliases, hunt down ghosts, demons, vampires.

There names are Shepherd and West.

And I've never been more happy to be a nerd in my life.

As Sam and I delve into the depths of our addiction, I uncover a previously unnoticed fact.

The stuff on angels is more or less *correct*.

Makes me wonder if the lovely Carver Edlund has a secret he's not tellin'.

They were originally books. I say books but it was a series. Didn't sell a lot of copies. Kind of had more of an underground cult following. AT FIRST. Then it kinda . . . boomed?
Now there's a TV series that's on its 10th season.

The series goes farther and farther and keeps going and I love it. But the books are the originals.

We were hooked after reading just the first blurb which was: “Along a lonely California highway, a mysterious woman in white lures men to their deaths.”

We were at a Comic Shop and when the clerk brandished it in front of us Sam said “Give me that.” Grabbing the book from the male. Then said: “We're gonna need all the copies of *The French Mistake* you've got.”

From then on it's been like it is now.

And here we are now.

In my bedroom, with my bed strewn with copies of the book series. With me reclining on the bed, flipping through a book I haven't read in awhile and frowning.

Sammy's seated by the window with his laptop in his lap.

He's probs on the fansite.

Sam's a “West Fan” and I'm a “Shepherd Fan.”

Both of us are “Slash Fans.”

As in; West-slash-Shepherd. Together.

Like, *together* together.

For. * points at invisible wedding ring * Ever.

You, know, Lucifer and Michael shouldn't be surprised that I'm alright with their relationship. I ship two fictional brothers together, why wouldn't I ship some in real-life?

Shit. I *really* need to tell Sam.

---

Tomorrow.
I'm sorry this is so short.  
The next chapter is short too at the moment and it will either stay short or get added-on too. I could've tacked it on to this chapter but I decided not too.

Sam finally outright asks about Cas at the dinner table three days into his visit. It's Monday and Mom and Mom have both gotten the night off work.

“So, Dean, when do I get to meet this mystery man of yours?”

My ribs have healed enough that I can uncomfortably sits at the dinner table and gods be damned I am.  
And man can you cut the tension in the room with a knife.

Before I can get any words out, before any sound can travel out of my already open-and-ready-to-answer mouth, Moms beat me to the punch.

“I don't think that'd be such a good idea.” Mother Mary says.

“Perhaps waiting would be best.” Jody intones.

Wrong punch, guys.


“Mmh, yes and no.” Okay, no, what now? How is Cas bad news? (At least as far as the madres know?)

“Wha – how is Cas bad news?” I blurt and when Moms look at me they give a not so subtle glance to my ribs. “Hey hey hey, Cas didn't have any part in my accident!” Well, he did but they don't know that!

“Of course he didn't, sweetie.” Mommy may be a saint, but she's also a liar.

I roll my eyes while Sam looks like a kicked puppy, glances back and forth between our parents and me.

“If it was an accident then even if Cas had a part, he wouldn't be blameful.” Logic. Moms look at each other, shifting in their seats and obviously biting the inners of their cheeks. They look uncomfortable; like parents about to give The Talk.

Thank whatever lord that they already got that over with with me.

“We just don't feel it'll be productive to introduce you two.” Jody says and I don't know – oh. OH.

“You're expecting us to break-up!” I yell. Mary looks chastised but Jody just heaves, unashamed.
“That's not what we're saying,” My beautiful, evil mother says, stepping over land mines.

But by the looks in their eyes – “But you want them to.” Sammy says the words for me.

And frankly . . . I shouldn't be stunned, but I am. They've never liked Cas, I've known that since forever, but wanting us to break up over superficial knowledge is just –

“Dean, could you please go to your room.” Mom


“Do as your told, son.” Okay, so, when Jody calls me son in that voice I will never disobey her. Just so we're clear.

“But he's Dean's boyfriend! I wanna meet him!”

Yaaaaas, make my case Sammy. Come on. You can do it!

“Samuel,”

“It's Sam.” I snicker from where I'm hiding on the staircase – and, revision on my previous statement: “when Jody calls me son in that voice I will never disobey her to an extent” – , hiding my mouth behind my hand to muffle the sound. Little Brother sounds like an eight year old, not that that isn't on purpose.

A sigh from Mom is the only answer to that issue which he receives. For the other issue, however, Mama Jody has some more . . . choice words for him.

“Dean's boyfriend, Castiel –” She says his name like he's poisonous. Or Hitler. “– is a bad influence and though Dean appear adamant to disobey us and continue seeing him, you may not.” I scoff, highly offended on Cas' behalf.

Why'm I not recording this? I ask myself then proceed to fumble elegantly with my cell phone.

For a moment I'm even juggling it.

FINALLY I get it to calm the fuck down and have it sit peacefully in my hand so that I can open the camera and press RECORD.

“What do you mean he's a 'bad influence'?” Sammy asks, completely flabbergasted.

“His family is . . . unsavory and, frankly, disruptive.”

“Why? What have they done?”

There's a silence, which I can only construe as our mothers sharing A Glance. “Castiel's brothers are . . . illicitly joined.” Mom says, using big words.

“What does that even mean?” Sam groans, getting fed up with their meandering through the issue. “Can't you just lay it out flat?”

“The eldest Novaks, Castiel's elder brothers, a pair of twins, are coitally involved and –”

“Twincest? That's what's got your panties in a twist?”
“Samuel Winchester! Language!” Jody blurts and I can see the blush on mom and her's cheeks. I hide my snicker behind my hand.

“What? Panties? Really?” He's got a point. “You're trying to distract me from the issue. You don't like Castiel because he has incestuous siblings? So what? The only problems with incest are reproductive – which from what I hear, all the siblings here are male so there's not much chance of that happening and even so, incestuous genetic hardships come later down the generations – and cultural. The taboo of siblings being sexually involved evolved from land disputes. Marriage was a way to combine families and create allegiances, but that can't really happen with siblings. Although I must say that biblically the no-incest rule is null and void since Eve was born of Adam and technically stating she'd either be his daughter or his twin and yet they have children and then their children have to interbreed for it to make any sense that Adam and Eve were the first and like yeah there are millions, billions of humans now but in small villages for centuries cousins and siblings and maybe half-siblings and in the case of the Egyptians children and parents have interbred.” Damn, Sammy. “Not saying that I want to be sexually involved with Dean or Adam because ew gross but to each his own ya know? As long as it's consensual and unforced you shouldn't berate them for their feelings. It's a social and cultural stigma but not a natural response. Look at the animal kingdom and find me a species that never breeds with its siblings and I'll give you a gold star.”

Okay, seriously, DAYUMN, SAMMY.

He's definitely making my case.

It's quite for a looooooooooooong time.

He'll be fine with Luke and Mikey's relationship.

And Gabe's sometimes contribution.

After a few minutes of silence, I hear the clatter of dishes.

“While you mull over that, I'm gonna head upstairs. I've got a bit of homework I'd like to work on.” Sammy says, obviously putting his dishes into the sink.

I turn off the camera and finally sneak up the stairs.

When he makes his way up, I'm waiting for him. “You really mean all you said down there, Sammy?” I ask when he comes close.

I'm standing by my door, leaning on the wall and doorframe.

He stops in front of me and leans back on the opposite wall.

We stand there staring at each other like a coupl'a Greaser's smoking behind the building for a while, not talking and just looking at one another.

“Yeah.”

“Awesome.”

“Why's that?”

“I was tryin' a figure a way to tell you about their relationship, kinda worryin' over it, but looks like I didn't have to.”
“Wanna tell me about it?”

“Sure.”

Story short, Sammy gets an edited version of the relationships in the Novak household.

We don't get to sleep till around midnight, with Sammy sprawled out on the floor with blankets and pillows scattered around him while I'm on my bed, our heads are turned towards one another.

It's not like Hermione and Ron, but not unlike them either.

I call Cas in the morning, when our Mommy Dearests have finally left the house – imparting with Sammy the knowledge that Cas had given me a cell soon after mom and mom had taken mine.

He laughs a little too hard at the fact that our moms' efforts to separate us had only led to us sneaking around.

How cliché.

So, anyway, I call Cas and invite him over after Sammy and I have an impromptu, purposefully omitted and embarrassing breakfast montage to “Bohemian Rhapsody”.

I just suck it up and call him.

I don't stare at his number in my phone for an hour before I work up the nerve to actually press CALL, no way. Not me.

. . . maybe half n hour.

Gotta introduce them sometime, right?

Cas doesn't arrive till around 1 PM. Trudging up in his P.O.S. that Sammy takes one look at, gasps, looks at me with a disgusted expression, and asks “You're dating that?” as he points at the car. If you can call it a car.

I sigh wistfully at how far I've fallen.

“I know. It's embarrassing.”

“What is he, a pimp?”

“I like it.” And suddenly Cas is just . . . there!

“How the fuck did you get in!?” Sam screeches, jumping 10 ft.

In reply, Cas holds up the key to the house which I gave him but yeah no. Bull. Shit. The little asshole totally flew in just to scare the hell out of us.

And it worked.

“Damnitt, Cas! I whacked my ribs.” Cas' hands are suddenly there, rubbing around the sore spots and assessing my healing potential. “Think I'll live?”

“Of course.”

Sam rolls his eyes at that, then stands from the couch, where we'd been spying out the window at
The Pimpmobile – and actually, now that I'm thinking of Cas' car, I wonder why a person who can fly drives at all – as it drove up.

He stands, straightens his spine, and extends his hand.

A handshake? Ugh.

Cas takes it cordially, giving it a shake before sitting down on the couch on the other side of me from Sam. I relax into the cushions as Sam sits back down.

Gotta say, sitting between your boyfriend and your protective little brother is kinda awkward.

They're having a staring contest and I'm watching Sammy's eyes for any blinks. Cas is a master at stare-down's so I have no doubt he'll win.

After a while Sam's eyes begin to twitch in exhaustion.

Then he shuts his eyes so quick and hard that I almost get whiplash. Throwing his hands up to cover and massage his lids, Sammy laments his loss.

I smirk and look over at Cas. His expression is pleased.

Victorious.

What a greeting.

This is gonna be fun.

When Sammy goes to the bathroom, I huddle my boyfriend against the wall. “So, riddle me this, boy wonder. If you have wings, why do you need the wheels?”

“To blend in.”

“That's all.”

“Yes?”

“Can you magically make it faster?”

“I could fly it from one place to the next. It takes us half the time to get most places.”

“Beautiful. You're gonna have to demonstrate some day.”

Cas smiles, amused. “Of course.”

And then Sam's back.

He walks in with furrowed brows and a question in his eyes. “So, what're we doing today?”

“You both are coming with me to my house.”

Sam's eyes widen and the only thing larger may be my own.

“We are?”

Cas looks at me with that fucking cannibalistic smile and glint and I wanna melt but still WHAT.
“Yes.” Then he holds up Sammy's cell, showing off a text sent off to both our moms. Sammy pats at his pockets and he looks so confused and distressed that I'd laugh if I wasn't having heart palpitations over the text right in front of my face.

*Dean and I are going to spend the next two days at the Novak household.*

“CAS!” I shout, a little panicked.

“You wanted a reward weekend. It may not be a weekend but it is your reward.” He answers all too proud of himself.

“Our parents are not going to agree to that.”

“Do they have to?”

“Uhhhh,” I have no words. None. Because I really don't wanna argue out of spending two days with my Cas and the others. Really not.

“I'd like to meet your family, since I know that your brothers are also some of Dean's friends here.” Oh, right, friends. The fucking meeting Charlie imposed is this weekend, also.

Fun fun fun.

. . . . . I'll bring Sam to that as well.

Might as well jump right into the deep-end of this whole *supernatural* business.

We grab a few outfits and a blanket and pillow and anything else one takes to a sleepover, which I haven't participated in in a *long* time, and then we're out the door.

“How're we getting there?” Sammy asks, glances between our cars.

I hadn't thought of that.

Before I can answer, though, Cas answers for me.

“We will be taking the impala. I will be leaving my car here for the duration of your stay at my house. If that is acceptable.” His voice is formal and coiffed, making me smirk at him.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Shotgun!” Sammy yells

“Uh, wrong. You're in the back.” I reply and literally I've never seen Sammy look so shocked.

“*Excuse* me?”

Castiel just smirks – fucking *triumphant* – and steps to the front.

“You heard me, Squirt. In the back.” Sammy grumbles, but acquiesces. Just as I go to put the key in Baby's door, however, Cas is suddenly beside me, yanking the keys gracefully from my hand and
steering me to the passenger side door.

“Dean is shotgun.” Cas says, but when he starts walking back to the driver's side door, he's stopped by the truly raucous laughter Sam's spouting from the backseat.

“Nice try, Castiel.” Sam shouts, really laying the laughter thick.

I smirk at Cas. “Told ya, no one drives Baby but me.”

“And me.” He replies, turning the key and climbing in, leaving me to bend myself. I go slow, levering myself down gently to alleviate my ribs any pain.

Sam's still in the back laughing, but it's dying off as I actually sit in the seat decidedly NOT the driver's.

“Uhm,” The laughs are gone now and they're replaced with a kind of fear I haven't seen in a long time.

“What is it, Sammy?” I ask, looking at him through the rear-view instead of chancing a shot of pain by turning around.

“You're not dying, are you?” He's legitimately concerned. “Cause that's the only reason I can think that you'd let someone else drive the impala.”

“Actually, I drove her before Dean was ever hurt. We ventured to Port Angeles. We should go sometime, Dean tells me that you enjoy reading as well and we spent time in a very accomodating . . . bookstore? While there.” The key is turned while Cas speaks, deftly maneauvering Baby onto the road and shifting till we're roaring through town.

“Uhhh,” Is Sam's eloquent reply.

“Here, Sam, try to find something to listen to.” Cas says, handing the box of cassette's over the bench. “You too, Dean.” He adds, handing me the iPod.

It's silent – like the kind of silent in a horror film when you need to be quiet otherwise the murderer on the other side of the door will hear you breathe and stab a knife through the door and into your heart – for a long time. Sam skittish and uncertain, till eventually he relaxes enough so that he can fall to the task at hand, if but reluctantly.

“I swear man, you gotta update your cassette tape collection.” Sammy sighs, clearly understanding that he got the short end of the stick in this arrangement.

“Why?”

“Well for one, these're cassette tapes. – ”

“I have the iPod in my hand.”

“ – And two, Black Sabbath? Motorhead? Metallica? It's the greatest hits of mullet rock.”

“House rules, Sammy.”

“House rules? That's 'driver picks the music, shotgun shuts his pie hole', correct?” Cas clarifies.

“It's cake hole.” I bite back.
“Not yours.” He retorts, fucking flippant and so sure of himself that I just can't. I start on a rebuttal but Cas doesn't allow my words to be heard. Taking the iPod out of my hands, he simply clicks SHUFFLE and turns up the volume just a tad too loud. “Sorry, I can't hear you. The music's too loud.” The asshole yells as *Walk The Moon* blare “Portugal”.

And Sammy's in the back with wide-eyes and apparently miming a fish.

After a few minutes I hear a soft “What magic *is* this . . .”
Fifty Shades of Gabe

Chapter Notes

Sam is very OOC. Sorries.

Also, sorry this is soooo short!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“It's disgusting! I've read such better BDSM and such better fanfiction and literally the entire series is abuse and misrepresentation of A. Healthy relationships – because it no doubt is being advertised as 'the perfect romance' and B. all BDSM relationships.”

These are the first words I hear upon entering the Novak household, Cas as my guide and Sam at my side.

And it's Michael talking.

*What in the world could they be conversing about?*

The voices are coming from the top of the stairs, floating down to the landing loudly. The only sounds in the house. Cas sighs beside us as we kick off our shoes, disrobes himself of his trench, then dutifully trudges up the stairs to meet his brothers.

I smile encouragingly at Sammy and he raises a brow at me.

I can walk on my own now at least, my ribs having healed that much (thanks to Cas).

“I read a review of the *Fifty Shades of Grey* by E. L. James movie adaptation by this blogger named Rosie Waterland* and they described it perfectly, and you should look it up but like, the actual books... I – I dunno, they need tags like on Archive Of Our Own, ya know?”

“Yeah, like, oh, what is that *The French Mistake* fic?!”

“You're gonna have to be a bit more specific than that, Gabriel.”

“Yeah, yeah, hold on.” The sound of a keyboard's keys getting tapped hits my ears as I follow Sam up the hardwood flight.

“Oh, Cassie, what do we owe the pleasure?” Lucifer.

“Well Dean and –”

“I FOUND IT!” Gabriel *screams* and Sam fucking stops dead on the stairs, staring up the hall with horror that has be belly-laughing like a maniac within seconds.

Next I know, Lucifer's head is peaking over the steps' landing and smirking at us.

“Well, hello,” He flirts when he catches sight of my lil bro, making me groan and roll my eyes. “I don't believe we've met.”
“I don’t believe so.” Sam replies politely.

“I’m Lucifer.”

I’d already told Sam Luci’s name, but he’d always had this why-the-fuck-do-you-call-him-that look on his face so I knew he’d never believed that that was his real name. Now, even though he’s got his proof, he still questions it. “Lucifer?” He asks with a your-parents-are-cruel expression on.

“Just go with it.” The blond Novak says with a salacious wink.

Which I promptly fake-gag at.

“Alright,” Sam answers, finally making his way to the landing, where I meet him a few moments later.

I glare at Lucifer, who then shows us to a humongous room filled with plush, luxurious bedding and couches and pillows and just so much comfort it’s insane.

“Welcome to Casa de Twins.”

I snort before joining Cas on a love-seat by the window. Turning to Gabe – sitting backwards on a desk chair as he types at his laptop, I ask: “So what did you find, Gabe?”

“What Fifty Shades of Grey should’ve done.”

OH, Fifty Shades, that explains a lot.

“And what should they have done?”

“I read this The French Mistake fic a few months back called Boundaries by Mayalaen a – ”

“YES!!”/“That’s exactly what E. L. James should’ve done!”

Sammy and I turn to stare at each other at our synchronized outbursts, finally succeeding in getting Gabe to turn around and actually acknowledge our existences.

And promptly getting Gabriel to do a slaw-jawed double-take at the sight of my lil bro.

Ah, hell.

“Don’t even think about it, Gabriel, that’s my lil brother there.” I tell him, pointing and glaring at the tiny angel.

Who fucking whines back at me.

Like a fuckin’ puppy.

And makes Lucifer and Michael chuckle and giggle respectively (who knew Michael was a giggler – not me!).

“But Deeeeeeeaaamnn! Your boinkin’ my baby bro, why can’t I ride yours?!” That entire sentence comes out as a petulant whine that has Sam's cheeks enflaming and the lil shit biting his lip as he unrepentantly checks out Gabe right back.

“EWWWWWW!” I CAN WHINE TOO, GABRIEL!
“It's only fair, Dean.”

“NOT YOU TOO, MICHAEL!” Of all the times for Michael to weigh in, he chooses now.

“Sorry, but it is. A brother for a brother.” Of course Lucifer would side with Michael.

Wait. OF COURSE MICHAEL AND LUCIFER WOULD SIDE WITH GABE!

And . . . although I'd love Gabe to be with someone like Sam – who is not like Kali at all thank the gods – can it not be Sam.

Eros, pleeeeaaase, don't let Sabriel happen.

Oh, I wonder if Cupid is real? Hhhhm.

Filed under: QUESTIONS TO ASK THE ANGELS AT ANOTHER TIME

“UGH! Just, no. Gabriel. What were you saying about Boundaries by Mayalaen?”

Cas' arm, snaked around my waist, squeezes at my attempt to grasp at straws and change the subject.

Gabriel snickers.

“ As I was saying, in Mayalaen's Notes at the beginning of the fic they distinctly writes: 'Warning: This is rape happening in a loving, committed relationship due to miscommunication.' And I feel like all writing should have warnings like these, especially something like Fifty Shades of Grey. And it doesn't matter that the author didn't know at the time of writing it that it was wrong, someone should've told them and they should've become educated on what they were writing about. You know? And publishers should add warnings on their own because people are impressionable and so many people, if they're reading something like Fifty Shades of Grey – which portrays their relationship as healthy and the perfect romance – will believe it.” As Gabe continues going on and on, I realize something.

This isn't about Fifty Shades of Grey .

The hurt and fear and shame in the undertone of his voice makes that abundantly clear.

He's thinking of Kali.

He's comparing his relationship with that of Anastasia Steele and Christian Grey.

And that is the most heartbreaking thing I've heard in a loooong time.

Because I know that the fictional relationship doesn't stand up to par. Not by a long shot.

With a glance at Sammy I can see the realization embedding itself in the little guys mind as he watches Gabriel, almost in tears and so angry and spewing a thousand words a minute, talk about this series that he's heard about and stays clear of for obvious reasons – he and I even donated with our mothers to a few charities after the announcement of the movie's imminent release.

I can tell that he can tell that Gabriel's talking from experience.

That he knows that Gabriel wasn't prepared for the relationship when it started and that when things went South Gabriel didn't know. He couldn't tell because he'd never been informed on such subjects.

That he thought he was in love.
Gods, I can see the anger and regret on each of the Novak brothers’ faces as they watch Gabriel too. Lucifer looks like he wants nothing more than to cradle Gabe and make sure he never cries again.

I think that’s how we all feel right now.

Sam included.

He’s already one of the gang.

Which means that we have to tell him everything.

SOON.

But for now, we’ll listen to Gabriel. Let him speak and let it all out because he has too. Because he’s enraged that the media is glorifying this type of relationship that he’s so terrified of and because these thoughts have been bubbling and brewing and need to be released.

Otherwise I’m afraid what would happen.

Gabriel calms after an hour or so and none of us speak.

We wait.

Whatever Gabe wants to do. We’ll do. No questions. Anything.

“The 100.”

Alright, we can do that.

After a few episodes Gabriel’s laughing again and flirting with Sammy and making him blush and they’re sitting in chairs too close to each other and NO.

No no no no no no Gabe stop it NO.

Gabriel, I swear to the gods, don’t even try it with Sammy! He’s still underage!” I yell once Sam’s safely in the bathroom and our of earshot.

“You do realize that your boyfriend dated one of our teachers, right?”

Oh.

Oh.

OH YEAH! Wait a minute!

“How in the hell did that even happen?” I shout, turning on Cas ‘cause dayumn THAT is need to know!! I don’t even care that Gabriel has successfully diverted my attention.

“He’s a family friend.” Is Cas’ mysterious reply.

“Mr. Cameron is?”
“Yes, and he's not 35 like he looks. He's more like 156.” Cas supplies. COMPLETELY straight-faced.

“Huh?”

“He’s an angel.”

“He's. An. Angel.”

“Yes, and for angels the age difference that becomes concerning is about 200 years.” Michael speaks up.

“200 years!?”

“Yeah! Although there is a pair of true mates who are about 400 years apart in age. It was – and still is – quite the scandal.” Gabriel adds.

“The younger was just over 120 when he met the over 500 year old elder.” Lucifer ends.

“Dayumn, angels are hardcore.” I whisper with shock and awe.

“Angels?” A breaking voice asks from the doorway.

Jerking our heads to the sound, I jump. “Oh fuck! Sammy!”

“What?” He asks, completely unconcerned.

“How much of that did you hear?”

“Near all of it. Are you guys really angels?”

Gabriel nods his head, eyes wide. Scared. Mine too but that's for the fact that sammy's not freaking out AT ALL. There's nothing unusual in his voice. He's speaking as if he learns stuff like this every day!!

“Cool. Here, can I give you guys my roommate's number. His family's kinda estranged and he hasn't had much interaction with angels his own age. Or, I guess it's his own generation, right?”

What.

What.

“WHAT!?”

“Yeah, my roommate's an Angelite named Gadreel and he's from the East Coast. His family was like shunned centuries and generations ago because of something his ancestor did in the faith and they've been hiding out in a religious sect back East for a few generations. But he's cool, he's trying to get out and find more of his own who he can learn from.”


“Awesome.”

“Wait, how did you find out he was an angel to begin with?” I blurt. My mouth is so open I could catch a hundred flies.
“I walked in on him grooming his wings.” Sammy replies with a sheepish shrug. Even with being just a year younger then me, Sammy's still gangly and coming into his own. Though he's definitely grown since the last time I saw him.

“Oh.” Lucifer breathes, mouth forming a perfect O in response to his answer.

“It was an unfortunate situation. I've learned since then that that's one of the most private things in the angel world. He didn't talk to me for a while after and when I finally cornered him I was basically thinking out loud and said 'It's been a week since you looked at me, and I realize it's all my fault, but I cannot tell you that and yesterday I thought you'd forgiven me, but I gotta say that it'll still be two days till I say I'm sorry 'cause your wings are awesome and I'm not sorry for seeing them.”

Okay. OKAY, soooooo I don't think the others notice, but I was around when Sammy started talking in song lyrics to piss off our pops and I can tell by this fucking special-smirk that's on his face whenever he's doing it.

I also recognize the song as “One Week” by Barenaked Ladies.

Oh, Sammy, Sammy, Sammy.

No one else seems to notice and I'm curious if they ever will.

“Oh, this reminds me, I was gonna ask if you've ever listened to someone named Taylor Mathews?”

“How does this remind you of that?!” I ask, furrowing my brow and voice reaching an octave I didn't mean for it to.

“Well, Gadreel introduced me to his music, but he also has a song called Angel. And while I'm on the subject I wanted to show you a few other musicians as well.” Sam mutters as he steals Gabe's laptop.

Gabe's staring at him like he's grown a 3rd head.

Err, a second head.

(Hehehehehehehe)

Sam's muttering under his breath words like halo, honey, monsters, mice, overload, marina, diamonds, Jon, ooooooh, Mary, warm, aloe, man, dollhouse, Orla, human, girl, country, and many others as he types away like mad. Flipping through tabs and Youtube and Google searches till he's got a whole array of music and music videos brought up for us to watch.

Music maniac.

I'm so proud of him (even if some of his music tastes kinda suck).

We watch literally two hours worth of music before Michael gets up and walks out.

No words. Silent.

I haven't spent much time with him but I know that that's normal from the way that none of the other Novaks react, all entrenched in watching G-Dragon fooling around inside a glass (plastic?) box on the computer screen.

Sam glances over with a worried frown but before I can reassure him, Gabe's putting a hand on his
shoulder, giving a little squeeze and pressure.

I groan at the act and see Sam blink at me then smirk before returning to Gabe and the video.

Turning my puppy-pout to Cas, I find him silently laughing at me. He's got that you're-adorable expression on as I cross my arms over my chest.

“Hey, so since they're angels, does that mean you're healed around them?”

Sam's voice breaks through the music fog and we all jerk our attentions to him. Even Michael, who's just reappeared.

“Uhhhh.”

“Yes,” Cas answers, and a fresh wave of Grace flows from not just him, but the rest of the Novaks as well. A shiver climbs up my spine at the near caressive feel.

“Mmmh, so how did you get hurt?” Sam asks. Or more like accuses, sending a glare Cas' way. Cas swallows and Gabe hunches into a tiny, so-ashamed-and-sorry ball that he's almost a pebble.

“Actually...” I murmur as I look at Gabe.

And now everyone's attention is on the littlest angel.

“Really?” Sam asks, shocked.

“IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!” Gabe cries.

I cringe at the sound.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is written and it's short but it's oh so beautiful (to me, at least)
I HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

I swear, the second I turn around, Gabe and Sam disappear.

I go to the bathroom.

I'm gone no more than 10 minutes.

And when I come back they're like poof!

And Lucifer and Michael have these knowing smirks on their incestuous fucking lips and Cas was trying not to chuckle, covering it with a fake-ass cough.

And none of them would tell me where the hell they'd gone.

SHIT.

This house is huge, too, btb.

It's a fucking mansion and after 2 HOURS of searching and coming up short, I gave up. 13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 2 kitchens, 2 living rooms, 2 dining rooms, an entrance hall, a fucking sunroom, a fucking gazebo, and a lot of other fucking rooms WHO THE FUCK BUILDS A MANSION IN THE WOODS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FORKS, WASHINGTON?

ANGELS. THAT'S WHO.

Although, actually . . . Cas and his siblings are adopted (fosters?).

Did Cas tell me if Chuck and Becky are angels or not.

I would assume so . . . although I also assumed that Cas was human so I've been wrong before in my special assumptions.

So, after 2 hours, I give up. Cas, Lucifer, Michael and I are watching Captain America: Winter Soldier and fawning over Stucky and Satasha [my name for Sam and Natasha for those not in the know] which is totally a valid ship are you kidding look at her eyeing up the hunky soldier. Being all “hello, boys” and sexy and shit. I mean, I will always ship Natasha/Clint but just gods.

We're about an hour in when my stomach growls.

So loud that they all turn to look at me with raised eyebrows and smirking glances.

I breathe in, taking the embarrassment and going with it. I smack my lips and announce: “Anyone want a snack? No? Just me? Okie dokie then.” And go in search of a snack.

Finding a kitchen is little hard.
But I eventually manage is and . . . okay so there are 3 kitchens.

Although this one's tiny tiny.

I see the light, see the counters around the bend, walk purposefully through the entry-arch and . . . FUCKNONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONOFUCKNONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONOFUCKNONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONONO!!!

“MY EYES! MY EYES!” I shriek, running through the house and AWAY from that horrifying place with the Disgustingtons.

I rush to where Cas and Luci and Mickey are emerging with confused expressions from the bedroom and barrel into my boyfriend's chest.

NEEDING his consolation.

“Dean? What happened? What's wrong?” Cas asks, petting my hair and I babble and I don't think any actually words come out of my mouth but I'm pointing and they follow my directions till we reach the tiny kitchen again and the big NONONONONONO that awaits there.

Gabe's on the counter, with Sam between his spread thighs and Sam's gripping Gabe's hips in a vice and being dominant and shit and Gabe's like whimpering and they're just making out and Gabe sounds like a desperate whore and FUCK FUCK FUCKNOOOOOOOO!

They act like we're not even here! Fucking engrossed in each other and disgusting and GABE PROBABLY HAS HIS TONGUE DOWN MY BABY BROTHER'S THROAT!

GROSS!

And then Lucifer is my fucking HERO.

The blond creeps like a master into the kitchen and gets so so close without either of the Disgustingtons noticing and in one fell swoop! PANTS Sam.

The sight of my brother's creamy ass should be even more disgusting but I'm so unprepared for the sight and the fact that this is even happening that I burst out laughing instead of cringing away from the painful sight.

And Sam's so shocked and unprepared and interrupted that he turns around lightning fast intending to smack Luci but the movement is hindered by his thigh-bound jeans and he ends up tripping over said pants as they fall to his ankles.

He falls with a dignified squeak and for a second I spy his dick – oh dear fucking gods he's fucking turned on I DID NOT NEED TO SEE THIS GODS WHY ARE YOU BEING CRUEL?! – and finally do cringe.

He ends up with his nose ground into the kitchen floor tiles, arms sprawled and WHEN DID I FALL TO MY KNEES?

I'm grasping the counter top for support as I cackle and Cas is over me guffawing while Lucifer looks so proud of himself and Michael, perfect Michael, is trying really hard to look stoic and not amused at all as Gabe scrambles down from the counter-top to console Sam.

Sam's not moving and there's a crimson-shame to his ears.

And thank you gods for this magnificent sight.
“Sam? Sammy?” Gabe pleads, and it’s only now that I notice the heavy much-too-heavy heaves my little-brother’s letting out. “Are you okay? Babe?”

It is much too-soon for Babe!

But Sammy answers with a nearly imperceptible shake of the head.

Read As: No, I'm not okay.

Of course not, I mean, how painful would falling on your erect dick be? I mean, falling without anything to go into and to like . . . you know what I mean. On something that's not a penetrable orifice or a plush bed or a body of water (although if you're unlucky that'd still be incredibly painful).

“You wanna sit up? Pull up your pants?” Gabe asks, a blush on his cheeks.

Sam shakes his head again.

Uhhhhh . . . ?

“Sammy, what's wrong? Come on, we've all had this done to us.”

“Yeah, though Gabe’s usually the one doing the pantsing.” Gabe admonishes Lucifer with a hissed “shut up.”

“Come on, Sammy.” Sammy replies, but his voice is much too low for any of us to hear him, even Gabe. “What'd you say, baby?” Gabe asks, leaning down so his ear is just at his mouth. Sammy says something else too softly and Gabe gasps and sits up with such shock on his face that he turns 4 shades paler. Eyes wide he glances at all of us with terror in his eyes.

“Uhhh,” Gabe tries, then swallow's loud and thick, unable to get out the words.

“What's wrong?”

“He, uh, h-he – ”

“Gabe?”

“He's hurt . . .”

“Where?”

“Uhhhhh, his, uh . . .”

“Spit it out!”

“He may have fractured his – his – ”

“Gabe!”

“His dick!”

OH. DEAR. GODS.

“What?!”

Lucifer's at the same time laughing and cringing and sympathizing and walking forward and gathering Grace and just he's got a lot of emotions and literally every one in this room is both trying
to understand that pain and shying away from it and OH DEAR GODS.

A. Penile Fracture.

I wish those were a myth.

I wish they were like the toothfairy and the easter bunny but like angels THEY'RE NOT.

“YOU GUYS CAN HEAL THAT, RIGHT?!”

“Yeah, but uhhh,”

“We have to be touching it.”

A choked groan escapes my baby bro and I gulp. Shit.

What do I know about penile fractures?

Let's see, according to Scientific American’s “Ouch! Can You Really Break Your Penis?”:

What exactly is broken penis syndrome?
It's what we call penile fracture. It is a severe form of bending injury to the erect penis that occurs when a membrane called the tunica albuginea tears. The tunica albuginea surrounds the corpora cavernosa, specialized spongy tissue in the core of the penis that fills up with blood during an erection. When the tunica albuginea tears, the blood that is normally confined to this space leaks out into other tissues. You get bruising and swelling.

What are the signs of penile fracture?

Usually there will be a popping sound. If someone has severe pain (in the penis), especially associated with bruising, swelling and loss of erection, he should seek emergency care.

How exactly does penile fracture happen?
Any situation during intercourse when there is thrusting and when the penis, instead of penetrating its normal location, is hitting some solid structure (such as the perineum). Usually this occurs during regular vaginal sex with the woman on top, but it can happen in the missionary position or during sexual acrobatics. We had this patient who suffered penile fracture after running across the room and trying to penetrate his wife with a flying leap.

Thanks, Google.

The more you know.

Unfortunately, I DID NOT WANT TO KNOW ANY OF THAT.

“We need to do more than just touch it.” Michael's voice makes me look up from my phone where I'd delved to find answers, making me look up with an admittedly scared and grossed out expression.

It's also kinda accusing, gotta admit.
Luci and Gabe glance at Michael, but he's not the one who answers. It's Cas, and he's trying so hard not to laugh. “You gotta stroke it, to make sure it's straight and completely healed.”

Kill me.

Sincerely. Just. KILL. ME.

A groan escapes the still-floored patient.

Luci backs away with his hands up while Gabe stares wide-eyed at Cas like he's grown an extra head. Then he squeaks like a mouse and glances down at Sam, then back up with pleading eyes.

“That's all you, lil bro.” Luci says as he escapes, Michael close behind.

I give my baby bro and his angel one last glance before Cas wheels me away too.

I will forever remember and be scarred by the sound of Gabriel jacking my brother's broken dick with healing Grace. Also the subsequent moans and shout as Sam returned the favor and the two Disgustingtons came over the kitchen floor – after which Lucifer was kind enough to shout at them to clean up after themselves.

When they finally reappear, they're sweaty, their clothes are askew, and their hair is disheveled.

“Promise we never speak of this again.” Sammy pants as he walks out of the kitchen with his head held high and a shake in his bones.

To which I reply: “Believe me, I'm gonna find some brain-bleach if it's the last thing I do.”

Chapter End Notes

i am truly sorry.

You can all see why I felt this deserved to be it's own chapter?

Next Chapter: SMUT ;D
OKAY so as you all know, there was supposed to be smut in this chapter and i wrote literally 1 page of smut but i couldn't finish it and i wasn't happy with it so instead i finished it off with the cuddlepile instead

I can't stop thinking about it.

No one talks about it.

We all pretend it didn't happen.

It's like that episode of River Monsters with the Candiru.

If you haven't watched it . . . I can't . . . even if it is a myth. The mere THOUGHT OF IT . . . that myth is as horrifying as . . . that . . . to me.

We're sitting around the dining room table. Eating like civilized persons at a meal cooked in a kitchen NOT that one, on the other side of the mansion from that tainted area.

I can't look Sam or Gabe in the eye.

Luci seems extra proud of himself.

Michael looks like he's really reconsidering his significant other choice.

And Cas is Cas. His face is stoic and unreadable right now.

He's the only one eating with gusto while the rest of us pick and peck at our food.

Oh. And WHY IS LUCIFER ALLOWED TO HAVE A VOICE? He shouldn't be if he thinks that this is an excellent time to ask THIS: “So, when're you too gonna do the do?” Lucifer says, turning his full attentions on Cas and I. He sure does know how to pick his moments, I'll give him that.

Michael has his head in his hand but I can just see a hint of crow's feet from a smile.

I glare daggers at the both of them.

“So since we're on the subject – ” I already hate you right now, Gabe, please shut the fuck UP “ – when will you finally bump uglies? I mean, you already cost me $100 for not boinkin in the meadow – ”

“YOU BET WE'D HAVE SEX?” Cas shouts. Sooooooooooo shocked like this isn't GABRIEL he's talking to.

“He called me to tell me you were buffin' your banana, why are you surprised by this?”

“Ew, you did what?” Sam asks, turning on his new conquerer.
“No, what was ew was listening to Cassie go at himself for 4 hours. The next day they spent naked in a meadow fondling each other till their hearts content but they dIDN'T HAVE SEX AND I LOST MONEY!”

“SO MUCH I DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW.”

“HEY NO! I WIN THAT CONTEST, SAMMY.” I yell because IT'S STILL IN MY HEAD.

Sammy’s cheeks bloom with red and he groans, hanging his head and glaring over at Lucifer. The twins are silently watching us all.

Like fucking hawks.

Or, in Luci's case, a vulture.

“So, when will you get jiggy with it?” Gabe repeats, this time with a lechy wink wink.

And, I don't know why, but all I can reply with is: “Not till we're married.”

Straight-faced.

Stoic.

No amusement showing.

Completely deadpan.

Dad taught me to play poker quite efficiently.

I've never heard a room go so silent so fast.

I peep at Cas out of the corner of my eye.

And my babe is white as a sheet. Ghostly. Blanched like the only thing running through his mind is a litany of “NO NO NO NO NO NO NO HEAVEN HELP DEAR GODS FUCK NO!”

He looks absolutely devastated.

Face fallen to a whole new low that I've not been familiar with till this moment.

Gabe looks horrified.

And then there are Sam and Lucifer who are trying to hold in their laughter.

Michael . . . well Michael's only reaction is a muttered “Oh gods,” and an eye roll directed at the two horrified imbeciles before him.

I milk it for a while, watching Gabe's mouth flop like a fish and Cas' skin visibly pale and pale and pale.

I relent once Cas gulps, true fear in his eyes.

I relent and turn fully to face my boyfriend with a face that reads why would you actually believe that?

It takes the black-winged angel a moment, but when he finally realizes, his expression is golden.
He scowls and sighs in fucking RELIEF.

Letting go of the super-worry in a gust.

I simply smirk victoriously.

When I turn back to Gabe he's giving me a nasty glare. “That was a dirty trick.” He pouts, childish.

In response, I look pointedly at my baby brother.

I let weight into my gaze before turning it back on the brown-angel.

Hopefully, my eyes say “you haven't even seen a dirty trick yet.” Or something less lame. Preferably something less lame. But hopefully my eyes say something like that.

Whereas my mouth says: “Hurt my baby brother and I'll gut you.” With a smile.

At around noon we decide that we've been cooped inside for too long and start to think of something we can do outside since it's actually sunny for once.

We decide to think as we walk.

AKA while the angels give Sam and I a tour of the whole property.

After a few minutes of Gabe's animated tour-guiding, he suddenly stops dead with a loud gasp! Turning round so fast I'm surprised he doesn't get whiplash.

“I KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO!”

“What?” Michael asks.

“We should play a game!”

“Like . . . a board game? A card game? A sport?”

“Definitely a sport!”

“What will we be playing?” Sam demands suspiciously.

"Uhh, well, you guys may be only watching . . . at first." Gabriel clarifies. "We will be playing Quidditch."

I'm sorry. What? I roll my eyes. I can't help it! "Angels like Quidditch?"

"It's the Supernatural pastime," he says with mock solemnity.

“For supes with wings, you mean.”

“And levitators, of course.”

“Are there . . . ?” I hear Sam whisper.

“Sounds good to me.” Lucifer says with a clap and rub of his hands.

Cas glances at me and I shrug. “I won't turn down watching a live actual-flying Quidditch match.” I tell him with a wink.
He response with such a lecherous and devious smile that I start to wonder what I just got myself into.

“Alright. Where are you going to play?”

“The Pitch, *duh*. Where else?”

. . . . . . . . . . . “Let me get this straight . . . You guys *have* a Quidditch Pitch?”

“Uh huh, sure do Dean-o. It's up the mountain.”

“With goalposts and everything?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, then, take us to the promise land.”

Gabe chuckles before heading back towards the mansion. I furrow my brow at that but don't ask, even though I'm fairly sure he'd pointed in a different direction when he mentioned the mountain The Pitch was mounted on.

We reach the building but bypass it for one a few meters away.

It appears to be a garage. An assumption proven correct when Gabriel proudly admits: “We remodeled one of the outbuildings into a garage.”

Before I can ask why Cas didn't park in there, Gabe opens the door to a fully packed space. At least five cars fit inside with a few motorcycles thrown in here and there. Including Cas' monster sitting next to a *pristine* war-bike.

Gabe saunters over to a big black jeep. A shiny Wrangler Renegade.

Swiping the keys off the wall, the brown-winged angel climbs in and turns the key, roaring the engine to life.

Walking up with Cas, all I can say is. "This is a . . . um . . . how do I say it without sounding like Little Red? Ah, hell. This is a big Jeep you have. Whose is it?"

Cas follows me around to the back and drops open the door – AKA the backseat. I gauge the distance to the seat and prepare to jump for it. Cas rolls his eyes at my antics, knowing full well I can climb in easily.

The look he gives me tells me he thinks I'm acting like a toddler, so I smile and decide to be normal just for him.

“It's mine.” Gabe says. Really? He looks minuscule in the driver's seat. “I didn't think you'd want to fly the whole way. You and Dean would probs throw up, Sam-o.”

“Fly the *whole* way? As in, we're still going to fly part way?” I ask as Gabe's phrasing falls into place. Cas and I are climbing into the back seat and I pretend that my voice doesn't edge up a few octaves as I speak.

Silence. Cas grins tightly.

“You're not going to fly.” Gabe smirks.
“I'll punch you.” I bite.

“I'm going to be sick.” Sam groans.

“Keep your eyes closed and you'll do fine.” Michael calls from the sidelines. “Us two will meet you guys there.” He continues before the twins apparate in a flutter of feathers.

I bite my lip, fighting the panic.

Cas hasn't flown me more than from one side of my bedroom to the other and worried . . . who am I kidding I'm fucking terrified.

Like, it's not just flight it's time-travel-flight! Like the TARDIS!

Cas leans over to kiss the top of my head and I groan, whacking him away with my hands. He acquiesces, slouching into the door panel and leaving half a foot of space between us.

I look at him, a bit puzzled, and arch a brow.

Usually he puts up more of a fight.

I get a smirk for my troubles and roll my eyes.

I don't know how Gabe finds his way in the dark forest and a clear path, this is some serious off-roading, but he somehow finds a dirt road – they must do this more often then they let on. – that's less of a road and more of a “mountain path” without a path.

For a long while conversation is impossible, were bouncing up and down on the seats like jackhammers.

Gabe's hootin' and hollerin' like a bat outta hell, going wayy too fast. Without a seatbelt, might I add.

Which caused this conversation – more like yelling match between Gabe and Sam (ahhhh there's first scuffle, they grow up so fast *wipes a tear from my eye* I'm so proud):

"Wear your seat belts," Cas had smoothed out once Gabe started into the treeline.

I tried to put on my seat belt. But there were too many buckles.

"What the fuck is all this?" I heard Sam ask from up front.

"They're off-roading harnesses." Gabe informed us all. I turned, finding Cas already fully strapped in.

"Uh-oh." I blurted when Sam turned to look back at me. I tried to find the right places for all the buckles to fit, but it wasn't going too quickly.

Cas made a put-upon sigh before he reached over to help me.

I was glad that we were in the back seat, 'cause that meant he could let his hands linger at my neck and brush teasingly along my collarbones.

I gave up trying to help him and focused on not kissing the daylights outta him.
And holding in a moan.

"Aren't you going to put on your harness?" I heard Sam ask to Gabe, effectively stealing my attention. My little brother was throwing Gabe a disbelieving look, glaring between the angel's face and his chest.

“Nawh, I'll be fine Sam-o.”

“The hell you will. Put the damn thing on.”

“I swear, Sam, I do this all the time.”

“Put the damn harness on, Gabriel!” Sam shouted once we went over a particularly steep hill, bouncing a bit. When Gabe just shook his head in exasperation Sam got this glint in his eyes.

We were on a particularly safe, flat area of the path when Sam suddenly pulled the emergency brake.

All of us in the harnesses were kept tight to our seats.

Gabriel, however . . . he slammed hard into the steering wheel.

The yell it plowed out was impressive, too. And the loud honk! more than likely scared off a few forest critter-crawlers.

When Gabe's once again straight-backed and rubbing at his sore chest, he looks at Sam with a betrayed expression. To which all Sam says is: “Put on your harness.”

The angel complied without another word.

Back in The Now:

Despite the harness, Gabe seems to be enjoying the ride, smiling hugely the whole way.

As are the rest of us.

Who knew off-roading was fun? Baby's for smooth pavement, and driving anything else feels like betrayal, so I've never tried it. Now I'm glad to have the experience.

I wonder is Cas goes off-roading too?

And then we come to the end of the “mountain path”; the trees forming thick, impregnable green walls on three of the Jeep's four sides.

The sky is brighter here, though it shines through the clouds.

Clouds which are very close to us.

"Sorry, humans, we gotta fly from here."

Oh yeah, I forgot about that little, minuscule detail. "You know what? I'll just wait here."

“What happened to all your courage? You were fine back in your room.” Cas smiles.

“I haven't forgotten the last time yet.” AKA the one and only time. AKA when I nearly puked. AKA
only a week ago. Could it really have been only a week ago?

The trauma is so fresh.

With a crack! he's out of his harness, out of the car, and at my side in a blur.

He starts unbuckling me. “I'll get those, you go on ahead,” I protest quickly.

“Hmmm . . .” he muses. “Is that so? But, if I did that, then I would be leaving you here.”

“Son of a gun, you're right. Oh well, guess we can't help it.”

Too bad he finishes unbuckling me as I speak.

“Uh huh. It seems I'm going to have to tamper with your memory.” Before I can react, he pulls me from the Jeep and sets my feet on the ground.

“Tamper with my memory?” I ask both nervously and curiously.

Do angels have . . . telepathic (?!) abilities?

The jackass is smirking again when he says: “Something like that.” As he watches me intently, carefully, with humor in his eyes. He places his hands against the Jeep on either side of my head and leans forward, forcing me to press back against the door.

Damn, the sexual tension is strong with this one.

And the disgusted looks from our brothers are strong too.

Ignore them. Oh, I'm really trying to.

Cas leans in ever closer, his face – soft lips, strong jaw, tempestuous, soul-searching eyes – centimetres from mine. I have no room to escape, though why I would ever want to, I have no answer.

“Now,” he breaths, and just his smell disturbs my thought processes; electricity in humid air with lemonade and honey. “What exactly are you worrying about?”

Barfing on your trench coat.

"Well, um, ending up somewhere unintended —" I gulp "— and dying. Or like, can you travel through your own timeline 'cause if so could I end up like 80 years old when really we wanted to fly 80 miles or something like that? And then, of course, getting sick.”

Barfing on my leather jacket.

He fights back a smile. Instead, he gets this contemplative look, eyes going up and to every side as he searching for some tidbit of knowledge, but appears to come up empty when the smile finally erupts.

“I've never thought of that. I suppose it's a valid concern. I will make an inquiry with regards to it.” Castiel answers, training his eyes back upon me with a fondness bordering of Valentine's cringe-worthy.

Then he leans forward his head and, just when it looks like he's gonna kiss me, dips it to touch those chapped lips softly to the hollow at the base of my throat.
“Will you still be worried if I explain that I too, would look 80 if that were to happen?” He murmurs against my skin.

“Yes.” I struggle to concentrate, knowing that there was a second part to my brilliant defense; one that at the moment I can't quite call back to mind. “About ending up somewhere unintended and about getting sick. Even The Doctor ends up in the wrong place sometimes – no, no, most of the time!” His nose draws a line up the skin of my throat and to the point of my chin. His warm breath tickling my skin.

“No. Sexy may not have gotten him where he intended to go, but always where he needed to go.” His lips whisper against my jaw.

...

......

......... .damnitt.

“Now?” Cas murmurs, lips still tasting my skin.

“Motion sickness?” I try, knowing that it's futile.

He lifts his face to kiss my eyelids, a triumphant smile on his lips. “Dean, you don't really think I'd let you get ill again, do you?”

Damn angel healing Grace. “No, but – ” There's no confidence in my voice. There's no point. I've lost.

Cas knew I would, he smelled an easy victory.

He's got me by the short and curlies.

He kisses slowly down my cheek, stopping just at the corner of my mouth, barely brushing against my trembling, fuckin' quivering lower lip.

I hear a “Yuck!” and “Seriously guys!” from off to the side.

“You see,” Cas said, his lips moving against mine. “There's nothing to be afraid of, is there? Where Sexy wants you to go, you go.”

I laugh. All the weight of the fear falling off of me at his ridiculousness. Cas is grinning happily now, feeling triumphant at finally getting me to calm down and concede.

“No,” I chuckle, giving up.

Then he takes my face in his hands, rough and calloused, kissing me in earnest, his unyielding lips relentless against mine. I can't hold back the whimper if I wanted.

There's really no excuse for me acting like an 8th grader with their first kiss.

I obviously know better by now. And yet, I don't care. I can't stop from reacting exactly as I had that first time. Wanting to lay back and let him drape over me like he had in the dark of the tide-pools.

Instead of keeping safely motionless, my arms reach up to twine tightly 'round his neck, pulling him tight and hot and welding his stone figure to mine. Hot and hard and hard ooh la lah. I smile against his lips, biting the bottom in a tease.
“WE ARE OUT OF HERE!” Gabe's voice shouts from who gives a shit and I sigh, my lips parting to allow Cas entrance. He stagers back, breaking my grip effortlessly.

“Damn, Dean,” He breaks off, gasping and trembling and looking at me with iris-less pupils. “You'll be the death of me, I swear you will.” Cas admits, showing no shame in adjusting himself in his pants.

Palming it a little and kneading at my claim on his bottom lip.

That cannibalistic expression back in full force. Complete with fangs and a snarl.

I lean back, bracing my hands against the Jeep for support. “I highly doubt that, Babe. I'd bet you're indestructible,” I tease, trying to catch my breath and not jump his bones.

The latter being the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

Particularly because it means that I can't do the one hard thing that I want. :(.

“I might have believed that before I met you. Now let's get out of here before I do something really stupid,” he growls.


“Don't tempt me, Babe.” Cas plays along, grinning roguishly.

“Wouldn't dream of it.” That gets a laugh outta him, so I consider it well done.

Then, before I know what's happening, before I can protest my angel-boyfriend pulls me tight against him, arms wrapping securely 'round my waist; I can see the extra effort it takes him to be as gentle as he is, and by that I mean take this whole flight business. One. Step. At. A. Time.

“Uhm, how long would it take to walk there?” I gulp.

Rolling his eyes, he hoists me up like I weigh nothing.

I flail at the sudden change, locking my legs snugly around his waist and clamping my hands onto his shoulder before thinking better of that and instead wrapping my arms in a chokehold around his neck.

“Don't forget to close your eyes,” Cas reminds me gently.

I quickly tuck my face into his collar bone, under his chin, and squeeze my eyes shut.

And I can hardly tell we move.

The only way I know is from the wind and the swish! of his wings as they fight the . . . vortex? But also . . . like . . . when Dumbledore apparated Harry for the first time:

“... everything went black; he was being pressed very hard from all directions; he could not breathe, there were iron bands tightening around his chest; his eye-balls were being forced back into his head; his eardrums were being pushed deeper into his skull and then — He gulped great lungfuls of cold night air and opened his streaming eyes. He felt as though he had just been forced through a very tight rubber tube . . .”
THAT is how this feels.

Like I'm being flattened and then blown back up but for a second I'm disproportionate and I feel like the aunt Harry accidentally made float away.

Like my fingers are sausages and my feet weigh a ton and my tongue is fuzzy and numb.

So, okay, I can definitely tell that we move.

I'm tempted to peek, just to see if I can really see us flying through the forest, like see the trees whipping past like a too-high-spied car, or if it's a mathematical equation, or something like the “that looks just like a Stephen Hawking description of a non-stellar black hole!”-thing from Halloweentown II: Kalabar's Revenge ; but I resist.

Knowing isn't worth that awful dizziness.

I content myself with listening to his breath come and go evenly, his wings sweep up and down.

I'm not quite sure we stop – even when Harry's final descriptive words kick in – until he pets my hair. “It's over, Babe.”

It's only with those words that I dare to open my eyes.

Sure enough, he isn't lying and we really are at a standstill.

I stiffly unlock my stranglehold on him and slip to the ground, landing on my feet. His hands stay on my hips, correcting me when I sway.

“You did so well,” He breathes, leaning down to nuzzle at my neck again.

"Oh, mmmh," I huff breathily, carding my fingers through his hair and holding him tight

Pulling just far enough to meet each other's eye, he stares at me with an expression somewhere between incredulity and want.

“I love you.” My angel murmurs, and finally kisses me.

“Barfaroni.” Gabe gags.

I flip him off.

“Hey, Cas, do you know that my brother got the clap from two guys he let fuck his mouth in the locker room in 9th grade?”

Cas stills, pulling away to give me an amused smirk.

So, because I'm extra nice and my little brother's being a little shit, I turn to him and let one of his secrets “slip.”

“Hey, Gabe, do you know that my brother broke up a relationship between our old neighbor Amelia and her boyfriend by fooling around with each of them. Separately?”
“DEAN!” Sam shouts.

Gabe's mouth will catch flies.

Evidently not sure whether he should mad at me or to find me funny, Cas' eyes are wide and he's speechless. From a ways off a jocular howl can be heard and the shhhhhh! of someone – Michael trying to shush it. Oh, yeah, I forgot about those two.

It's my expression of pure innocence that pushes him over the edge, breaking him out into a raucous roar of laughter.

I straighten my myself up, ignoring them as I brush the non-existent mud and bracken off the back of my jacket and the butt of my pants. I think it's my nonchalance that makes him laugh harder.

Satisfied, I began to stride off into the forest.

I feel his arm around my waist before I get farther than three feet.

Turning around, I furrow my brows at him.

“Where are you going?” Cas asks, the amusement still there in his eyes and his smile.

“Uhh, to watch a Quidditch match?”

“You're going the wrong way.” I turn around, searching the area.

“I could've sworn I heard your brothers in this direction.”

“You did.” Lucifer's voice calls. It forces me to look up. They're hovering, watching us from above, being all-in-all very angel-y.

“Oh.” I breathe.

Looking back at Cas, he points me to the East (I had been heading North) and we head off into that direction.

Ignoring Sammy, I don't even glance at him as we pass.

Although I do hear him mutter “Stupid Dean, not my fault I didn't know they were still together.”

Turning on him, I give him a shit eating grin before saying: "Don't take it personal, Sammy, I couldn't help myself. You should have seen your face." And chuckle, winking before I can stop himself.

Sam gives me Bitch Face #726.

It takes us a 10 minute hike to reach the actual Pitch. Something about “dramatic pause” whatever that means in this context.

Gabe and Cas had flown us to just over the hill ridge to the playing field, so we had to traverse a safe, clean winding path which hugged the hill. They lead us a few feet through the tall, wet ferns and draping moss, around a massive hemlock tree, and then, when we finally reach the peak and take sight of the field, in the lap of the Olympic peaks.
I nearly have a heart attack.

Anyone know how big a Quidditch Pitch is? The handy-dandy internet says that its dimensions are this:

“Quidditch matches are played on (or rather over) an oval-shaped, 500 feet (150 m) long and 180 feet (55 m) wide pitch, with a small central (core) circle approximately 2 feet (0.61 m) in diameter. At each end stand three hooped goal posts, each at a different height: one at 30 ft (9.1 m), one at 40 ft (12 m), and one at 50 ft (15 m), comprising the scoring area. There is also a line that shows mid-field, which is 250 ft (76 m).” ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quidditch#Pitches](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quidditch#Pitches))

This is of course surrounded by seats like a football stadium.

The Novaks, apparently, have a perfect Quidditch Pitch.

Turns out the ring of hills surrounding said Pitch play the roll of steep stadium seats exquisitely. The field -field is about a hundred foot drop below us. The goalposts tower on both sides; mocking us like “You~ ca~n’t play~! You~ ca~n’t play~! Nee~ner nee~ner nee~ner!” In the typical voice of a child tormentor.

“Shit,” Sammy breathes.

“Looks like we really won't be playing.”

I've never played Quidditch.

Not like this anyway.

Not in-flight Quidditch with not enough people and wings instead of broomsticks.

But I know the rules and I'mma paraphrase you the Oliver Wood explanation for now:

. . . ”Now, Quidditch is easy enough to understand, even if it’s not too easy to play. There are seven players on each side. Three of them are called Chasers.”

. . . Wood took out a bright red ball about the size of a soccer ball.

“This ball’s called the Quaffle. The Chasers throw the Quaffle to each other and try and get it through one of the hoops to score a goal. Ten points every time the Quaffle goes through one of the hoops . . . Now, there’s another player on each side who’s called the Keeper . . . They have to fly around our hoops and stop the other team from scoring.”

. . . he [Harry] pointed at the three balls left inside the box.

. . . He [Wood] handed Harry a small club, a bit like a short baseball bat. “These two are the Bludgers.” He showed Harry two identical balls, jet black and slightly smaller than the red Quaffle. Harry noticed that they seemed to be straining to escape the straps holding them inside the box.

. . . He [Wood] bent down and freed one of the Bludgers.
At once, the black ball rose high in the air and then pelted straight at Harry’s face. Harry swung at it with the bat to stop it from breaking his nose, and sent it zigzagging away into the air — it zoomed around their heads and then shot at Wood, who dived on top of it and managed to pin it to the ground.

“The Bludgers rocket around, trying to knock players off their brooms. That’s why you have two Beaters on each team — it’s their job to protect their side from the Bludgers and try and knock them toward the other team.

“Now, the last member of the team is the Seeker.”

Wood reached into the crate and took out the fourth and last ball. Compared with the Quaffle and the Bludgers, it was tiny, about the size of a large walnut. It was bright gold and had little fluttering silver wings.

“This, is the Golden Snitch, and it’s the most important ball of the lot. It’s very hard to catch because it’s so fast and difficult to see. It’s the Seeker’s job to catch it. You’ve got to weave in and out of the Chasers, Beaters, Bludgers, and Quaffle to get it before the other team’s Seeker, because whichever Seeker catches the Snitch wins his team an extra hundred and fifty points, so they nearly always win. That’s why Seekers get fouled so much. A game of Quidditch only ends when the Snitch is caught, so it can go on for ages — I think the record is three months, they had to keep bringing on substitutes so the players could get some sleep.”

– Harry Potter and The Sorcerer's Stone by JK Rowling; 167-170

So to sum up: There are three Chasers who try and score with the Quaffle; the Keeper guards the goal posts; the Beaters keep the Bludgers away from their team, and the Seeker focuses on catching the Golden Snitch.

Simple enough.

Except that there’s not that many players and no magical balls.

Or . . . are there?

“Are you guys playing with real Quidditch, flying and enchanted, balls?”

“Yeah,” HOW. IN. THE. FUCK????!! “They were a gift.”

I’m really scared to ask if the Wizarding World is real.

“We play a much more modified version of the game. Using our wings in replacement of the Chasers. We use our Grace as our Beaters, like extra players. We switch off between being Keeper and being Seeker.”

They must have really thought this through.

“Do you ever play with the correct number of players?”

“Of course. Sometimes Balthazar plays and he brings his brother along but there are many more angels in the area than you might think.”

“Why is that?” Sam asks.
Gabe gets quiet for a moment, a far-off look on his face. Sad and guilty for a second. Before that evil smirk is back in place and he says: “Spoilers,” with a wink.

But from the sad tint to his eyes I can tell that it's something important he's not telling us.

Better to let time tell then force the information out of him.

In this case, that is.

From where Gabe eventually settles Sam and I to watch the match, we can watch all the angels like beacons in the light; Cas, Luci, and Mikey, all flapping leisurely in the clear stadium air.

They hover maybe a hundred yards away.

Michael and Lucifer appear to be throwing something back and forth, tho I never see a ball.

*The Golden Snitch?* Can it be deactivated?

Gabe has left his position at our sides and is now flying out to meet them. Or rather, he's like . . . sky dancing toward them? Like in an airshow when a plane does stunts and designs in the air to impress those on the ground.

Show off.

Thankfully, the jerk hurtles to a non-fluid stop into Lucifer's chest.

I can't fucking help if I snort when I laugh.

It only makes Sam laugh harder.

Pretending he didn't make an ass of himself, Gabriel announces: "It's time!"

Gabe reaches for Michael's hand and they dart toward the left-side of the oversized Pitch; they fly like a eagles.

It's only now that I notice that their wings are out and on full display.

“Wow.” Sammy breathes; he's staring at Gabriel's.

This is my first glimpse of the angels' wings beside that first time and to say that I'm impressed in an understatement.

All but Cas; Michael, Lucifer, and Gabriel have eight-wings.

Cas only has six.

You'd think such numerous wings would look cumbersome and crowded but in all honestly, whether four on each side or three, they each look like they simply have two, immense wings.

And the diversity among them is . . . well it makes me wonder about the genetics of feathers.

None of their wings look alike.

Michael, The First; resemble an eagle's.

Brown, strong, and proud.
Lucifer, The Second; resemble a swan's.

Blinding as the freshly fallen snow.

Gabriel, The Third; resemble a falcon's.

Swift and speckled

Castiel, The Last; resemble a raven's.

Black as night and slick as oil.

I know that Cas is a Seraphim.

And I'm guessing that wing amount equates to power and rank.

But what is of higher rank than a Seraphim?

An Archangel.

Holy. Shit.

Revelation 12:7-9

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

Isaiah 14:12

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! [how] art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

Luke 1:19

And the angel answering said unto him, I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God; and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings.

I don't know how I remember such verses, but I do.

I remember reading them to Adam and I remember the look of wonder and how the angels were his favorite.

His most cherished piece of the bible.

He used to argue about the validity of Lucifer's claims. He likes him on principle, little rebel that he is. Kate hated that. Wanted to bless it out of him.

But Adam always wanted Eve to go and find Lilith [he's taken to Judaic lore and likes to compare and contrast], to escape the patriarchy.
And every time he hears the story of the Angel Gabriel telling The Virgin Mary of her pregnancy he grows angry. He knows quite well that, even if it were the child of God or a god, that, whether the story is true or not, impregnating Mary was and is rape.

Like 'having sex' with someone while they sleep.

Or are drugged.

Or are drunk.

If they do not understand and are not able to tell someone, with a clear head and free of coercion: “yes” then it's rape.

Consent.

Only “yes!” means “yes!”

Luke 1:26-38

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, “Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.” And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her, “Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.”

Then said Mary unto the angel, “How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?”

And the angel answered and said unto her, “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren. For with God nothing shall be impossible."

And Mary said, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.”

Why is it rape in the case of The Virgin Mary? Because it is not a conversation. God is commanding it of her.

She even refers to herself as his handmaiden and in some versions a servant and even a slave to God.

There's a reason so many people believe “Rape is God's will.”

I didn't teach him that.

Adam was the one who educated me on that particular instance of Godly misconduct.
And I am so proud of him for it.

Watching the Gabriel whoosh'ing around before us now . . . he'd punch God in the face rather than deliver such “glad tidings” to The Virgin as his namesake did.

Hell. He'd put his own self on the line for her sake.

No one deserves to be raped.

In any way, shape, or form.

Though Gabe looks happy flap-flap-flapping around, I remember what Cas told me about Kali's attacks on the smallest Archangel and I'm filled with a very righteous rage, if I do say so myself.

She deserves to be fed to the wolves.

To be roasted on a fucking spit.

To be . . . I shake my head.

Those thoughts were getting a bit out of hand.

Training my eyes back on the racing angels getting into position, I catch eyes with Castiel. He's watching me so intently, I feel like he can read my thoughts. Or at least know where my mind was heading . . . cocking his head at me, he merely analyzes my expression and body language.

With a nod, I tell him I'm alright.

He turns back to the game, even though he obviously doesn't believe me. He doesn't pry.

Cas is graceful and fast as he gets in position – actually, he appears to be the fastest?

“Are you ready for some ba~ll?” Gabe asks, eyes bright and eager as he makes that stereotypical 'thug' hand motion where it looks like he's pushing down on an invisible head with one hand while cupping his crotch with the other.

Sam groans, hiding his eyes while muttering: “Why did I choose him?”

I, on the other hand, try to sound appropriately enthusiastic and yell “Go team!” Cas snickers at me and if he were closer he'd probably muss my hair.

And then Michael's flying towards us holding a giant trunk.

“Here, will you two do the honors?”

The trunk is shaking in his hands and I just stare at the seizuring thing.

“Are those – ?”

“The balls, yes. Don't worry, there's a barrier about two feet behind you that none of the balls can exit, though anything with flesh and blood can. So once you release them you should probably step over the line, otherwise you may get harmed.”

“You want us to release them?” Sam accuses, eyes narrowed with suspicion.

Michael smiles. “Yes.” He says before setting down the trunk in front of us and flying back to his
If you don't know, to start a Quidditch match:

“the referee releases all four balls from the central circle. The Bludgers and the Snitch, having been bewitched, fly off of their own accord, the Snitch to hide itself quickly and the Bludgers to attack the nearest players. Lastly, the Quaffle is thrown into the air by the referee to signal the start of play.”
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quidditch#Game_progression)

Sammy and I stare at the thing that holds literal, Harry-Potter-Wizarding-World magic items in it. I feel like this is the reversed of how Mr. Weasley's always so fascinated by Muggle objects. With a glance at each other, Sam and I stand, each of us grabbing a side of the trunk.

“1, 2, 3, 4 . . . 5!” And up! the lid goes.

The Bludgers and Snitch zooooooooooooooooom out like bats outta hell.

Sammy and I fall back, but then Sammy jumps forward, grabbing the docile Quaffle and hitting it with the extra bat Michael left beside the trunk.

The Quaffle goes flying into the Pitch's center and Cas and Gabe are all over it.

Us two humans scramble back to where the barrier lays, propelling ourselves to the other side as a Bludger boomerangs back around.

We make it just in time, too.

The thing slams! into the barrier and the dome-like forcefield responds by ricocheting it with a jolt of magical power. The sight is the like when Katniss shoots the dome of the Hunger Games' Arena.

Or . . . Oh . . . Protego Maxima.

Wow.

I'm dead.

I've died and gone to nerd Heaven.

Cas whips his wings at the Bludger that bludgeoned the barrier, while Gabe bounds off after the other two. His flight-pattern is more aggressive than Cas'. But even so, Cas quickly overtakes his elder brother, stealing one of the Bludgers and whipping it into a goalpost.

Michael seethes at Cas' goal.

And –

OH! “SHITE! We're referees!”

“Oh!” Sam responds. Using a stick, Sam quickly scratches a score board into the dirt and begins jotting down the points.
“You know how scoring works in Quidditch?”

“Muggle Quidditch, yeah. Hopefully it's the same?”

“Does your school have a team?”

“Yeah, Gadreel's on it.”

“Do you play with them?”

“Nawh, I prefer to be referee. Mostly 'cause I like keeping them honest,” He explains, chuckling.

“Do they like to cheat? Wait, how do you even cheat in Quidditch?”

“Believe me, it's possible. My favorite is hearing the arguments some players manage to get into!”

“I can just imagine.” I snort.

And then things get fucking intense.

Like, who knew The Angel Brothers could get so brutal. The Pitch is filled with very un-teamly snarls and posturing of wings as Gabriel and Castiel literally battle it out over the balls.

Lucifer and Michael wings puff out, fangs bared and eyes . . . woah.

Their eyes are shining with Grace.

I feel like I'm watching caged fighting dogs single-mindedly attacking their opponents.

It seriously looks like it'll end in bloodshed.

And it's sexy as hell.

Once the scoreboard looks more like this:

**BLACK SWAN vs. BIRDS OF PREY**

LXII    LVI

Something smaller than a Bludger hits the forcefield.

For nearly an hour and a half the Golden Snitch has been hiding and biding its time.
Looks like it finally gets bored.

Cas spots the small glitch in the barrier and spies the ball like a hawk. With a very UNhuman screech he dives after it in a pin-point spiral.

Dayumn, look at my man go.

Sam and I have officially established that Cas is the fastest of our angels. They don't use any teleportation/time-travel in the match, only their wings, so it's a pretty fair competition.

That Cas is winning.

It's then, now, whatever, just as Cas is going for the snitch, about to clutch it in his fist, that I think my mind's starting to play tricks on me.

Or at least, I hope it's playing tricks on me.

As my eyes flit across the edge of a distant cliff, before only background scenery to the game, I do a double take as, standing out starkly blue-gray against the green-black forest, a shadow of red—or is it black?—grips my attention.

My gaze zeroes in on the color that shouldn’t be there, so far away in the haze that an eagle wouldn’t have been able to make it out. I’m being facetious, but it’s a good analogy.

It's a figure. Someone standing on the cliff's edge.

I stare.

They stare back.

That they aren't human is obvious.

There's something . . . ethereal and . . . terrifying about them.

As I watch, the figure comes into focus like through a lens. Like suddenly I've got binoculars on, or a pirate's telescope in my hands, when actually mine are sitting an arm away.

The figure's skin is volcanic red, the texture a million times . . . smoother(?) than human skin. It's like Kilauea; its black fields and running lava lakes.

Her hair the thick, soul-deep black of the park; almost space-worthy. The hair whipping round like a hurricane, the nonexistent wind helping to calm it none.

These, the gleam of skin and hair, are what caught my eye.

Even under the clouds, they glow ever so slightly, like an ember.

If their skin didn't give them away as supernatural, then their stillness would.

Only supernaturals and statues can be so perfectly motionless.

My mind isn't playing tricks on me.

They aren't a stranger to me.

I know them at once from their dark, blood-red eyes.
I'm absolutely certain that the last time I saw them that I wanted to kill them. I remember it like it was yesterday.

Oh, wait. I've wanted them dead ever since I learned the truth in Port Angeles.

And yet, none of the faces in my memory of Kali are the same as this one. It's like she's transcended Demonic and turned into Satanic. Vicious eyes and saber-toothed.

She decided to return after all.

Too bad so sad for her, 'cause Gabe's moved on. Again. And we won't allow him to be roped back into her twisted bullshit.

For one moment I stare at her, and she stares back.

Then I glance at my little brother beside me and wonder if she will guess immediately who he is. Who he is to Gabriel.

I half-stand, about to alert the others, but her lip twists the tiniest bit, making her face suddenly not just hostile but Skeksis.

I heard Gabriel's cry of victory echo from the Pitch, hear Castiel's echoing screech, and see Kali's face jerk reflexively to the sounds when it reaches her a few seconds later.

Just in time to see Gabe fly straight at Sam.

Her gaze cut slightly to the right, a glance before that fire blooms enormous and unstoppable. Enraged. And I know what she's seeing. She's seeing Gabriel, her property, kissing my little brother for all he's worth.

How long has she been watching us? Long enough to see their affectionate exchange before, I'm sure – and by affectionate I mean sucking face.

Her face spasms in rage.

Instinctually, I opened my hands in front of me in preparation. She turns back to me now, and her lip curls back over her teeth. Her jaw unlocks as she growls. When the faint sound reaches us, she had already turned and disappeared into the forest.

But not before everyone caught sight of her.

“FUCK!” I shout as Luci snarls and shoots out after her, unwilling to let her out of his sight. We don't know which direction she went, or exactly how furious she is, but vengeance is a common obsession for deities, an urge not easy to suppress.

Flying at full speed, it only takes Cas and Michael two seconds to reach to disappear over the ridge. Following Lucifer and Kali's paths.

Gabe stays behind with us.

He's still as stone and there's fear in his eyes.

Sam doesn't understand all that's happening, but he understands that the angel needs comfort.
It takes us far longer to return to The Novak Mansion from The Pitch then it took us to get to The Pitch from The Novak Mansion.

This time even Gabe was worried that he'd fly us to the wrong place or change our ages.

This time I had to be the one to calm those fears down.

Gabe is a wreck.

The second we walk into the house he stops and just stares at the walls around us. Sam and I are in the front doorway waiting his directions but when it becomes clear that we're not gonna get any Sam steps forward, winding his arm with Gabe's.

“Where's your bedroom?” He asks the angel gently.

Gabe doesn't reply, but his eyes trace up the stairs.

Up we go.

Slowly, we prompt the falcon-winged up the steps one at a time.

Slow and steady wins the race, right?

The house is dead silent except for us, telling us that the other angels are still out on pursuit. Or at least on tracking and security duty.

When we finally reach Gabe's room we collapse onto the bed, the three of us throwing off shirts and pants till we're each left in only our boxers; Gabriel wearing a Rocky worthy pair of skin-tight gold ones – really? Sam and I are sandwiching the littlest angel between us. He doesn't mind, though. He pulls his wings into The Void and lets me wrap my arms around his middle.

The only word for it is snugglings.

A snuggle nest?

Snuggle pile?

Snuggle pile.

After a few minutes the air around him starts to quiver and I blurt “You don't need to hide your wings – ” no sooner are the words out of my mouth then Gabe sighs happily and poof! his wings are back.

They dominate the space, but thankfully his bed is a King – maybe even a Cali King – and we all fit onto it fine.

Sooo, I use his wings as a pillow and a blanket.

Gabe chuckles when he hears and feels me maneuvering his wings around, but doesn't protest. Which is good 'cause I'm afraid of hurting him and it's nice to know that I'm not. After finding a comfortable position, I settle down.

And start petting said wings.

It's like petting a cat.
It's lethargic and therapeutic and judging from the contented sounds and purrs coming from the angel, he thinks so too.

We fall asleep like that.

Cas and the twins return home around midnight. Their lack of tact making the three of us asleep in Gabe's bed stir and partially wake up.

A head peaks in the room, but none of us acknowledge its existence.

Someone outside the bedroom laughs before the head leaves again, *snick*!ing the door closed in its wake.

You would think that would mean they're gone.

But suddenly, in the dark of the room, I feel the bed on my other side dip down.

I feel arms wrap 'round my waist, a snuffling nose and warm breath on the back of my neck.

Creaking my eyes open a crack, I'm rewarded by the sight of Cas' inked wings caccooning me, cradling me, and am engulfed in the scents of petrichor and lightning.

Chapter End Notes

Oh and if ya'll are wondering where Charlie, Benny, and the others are, don't worry, I haven't forgotten them. :) They will appear next chapter. ;))))
Okay so I added on to this chapter because I WAS NOT SATISFIED with what i posted a week ago
Enjoy ♡(”■” ◐”■”) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes  

I wake up to . . . loud voices.

Who the fuck is shouting and interrupting my beauty sleep?

Cas' nose is in my neck, snuffling and scenting, his arm holding me tight around the waist. If it weren't for the fact that Cas likes to sleep with his wings unmagicked (it so is a word) then I'd be doing the spooning (Gabe's wings are easier to spoon, don't ask my why), but so it goes.

Now there are footsteps.

Ungodsly loud footsteps.

I will shoot anyone who walks through that door.

Do not.

No.

Stop.

G o. A w a y.

DON'T!

To be fair, they don't walk in. They barge.

Letting the hallway light flood the darkness and fucking blind me while the door slams! into the wall effectively waking up my angel with such a fright that his wings, one of which I'm laying on, flail and flap like a caged bird, shoot'ing me off the bed.

And, ACTUALLY, didn't we fall asleep with me facing Gabe and Sammy? With Cas on the edge of the bed on the outside of the angelpile?

The floor isn't comfortable at any time.

None the less when you fall onto it.

Damn hardwood.

“WHAT THE HELL?” I yell as I groan myself off the floor.
Standing, I turn to face the hound of hell that dared disturb my slumber.

Oh fuck.

“DEAN WINCHESTER WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!”

You would think those words would’ve come out of my Mothers’ mouths.

Instead they yell from Jo.

“AND WHY ARE YOU HALF NAKED?!” She continues, eyeing me with a mixed amount of “goddamn you’re fine” and “you disgust me” like she can't decide which emotion to express.

“Oh, please, it's not like I'm flashing the goods. Now, please, GET OUT!” I reply with as much haughty sarcasm as I can manage.

Jo smirks, turning and yelling: “You're execution awaits in the den!” over her shoulder before slamming the door.

Leaving Cas and I in a very awkward moment.

“That was . . .” I start.

“Unexpected.” Cas finishes.

But I scoff and 1-Up him. “Unwarranted.”

“Actually, you have perhaps been off the radar to your other companions, so it was a bit warranted.”

“A jiffy, nothing more.”

“More than nothing.”

“Stop being on their side.” I grumble, pushing myself up onto my feet, holding onto the side of the bed to keep balance. When fully erect I take a step, intending to go to the bathroom, but instead I'm being yanked back by an arm around my waist.

Cas shoves his face into my side, wings flaring out behind him and he pulls be back into back.

“Later. Sleep more, now.” He mumbles, already fading.

Within a minute, he's snoring into my side and I can feel a warm wet ick! on my skin.

*I'll torture him for drooling on me later.* I think before conking out too.

Unfortunately, neither of us thought through our little second snooze and our second awakening is no more nicer than our first.

Everyone loves the old ice-bucket over the head wake-up call.

*Thanks, guys.*

It's almost 1 PM by the time I've cooled down enough to not kill all of my friends.
And by “cool down” I mean temperament-wise.

Cas and I had to take a fucking hot bath – which by no means am I complaining about that – in order to warm up after the four, count them, F O U R buckets of ice-water were poured on our heads as breakfast.

I know exactly who was wielding such implements of torture, too.

Their names are: Gabriel, Ash, Jo, and Lucifer.

And that is not the kind of bonding I was hoping to instill between my two groups of friends.

Nope.

Though after the bonfire I don't know why I didn't see it coming.

It was probably Jo's idea to do a prank, too.

Though it was probably Ash's actual idea.

The dude loves to pour things on other people's heads.

I have this idea that for his 21st birthday we should just stand him naked in a tub and pour beer after beer after beer over his head in a beer shower and then when the tub is full he can have a beer bath and it's just a theory but I think Ash'd die happy in there.

Back to the now, though.

Now I've bodily warmed up moodily cooled down.

Sooooo, I push Cas out of bed and march the both of us downstairs. Where we find the others huddled in one of the living rooms scREAMING THEIR FUCKING HEADS OFF.

For a second I think I've started a war by bringing them all together but then I turn my head and . . .

*Mario Kart.*

COME ON.

Next to *Monopoly*, *Mario Kart* is the worst first-time-meeting game to play.

Except that it's not.

It's amazing.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A WATCHER AND NOT A DRIVER.

“YOU FUCKING LIMPET CUNT GET OFF MY ASS!!”

“Mother sucklers the next to drop a shell will get a liquid smoke dipped angel blade doWN THEIR THROAT!!”

“YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT IT GABRIEL GONDOLARIA NOVAK AND I WILL CASTRATE YOU AND FEED YOUR PRECIOUS TO A PACK OF HELLHOUNDS!!”

Charlie just called Gabriel's dick his precious.
I'm done.
I'm out.

She wins everything.

I fucking burst out laughing. And nobody fucking notices except Cas! He's got that look that's a mix between highly amused and concerned for his own safety.

But then Charlie whips her head around to glare at us and her eyes . . .

Gods be fucking damned whoever said fairies were good and sweet and grant wishes to small children and give happily ever afters was wrong to hell because those eyes are the eyes of a fucking demon.

I screech.

I'm not even ashamed.

I use Cas as a shield. Hide behind those ginormous and powerful angel wings which magically appear out of the thin air and duck beneath my hands to protect myself.

I hear a chuff! sound and creak open an eye, cringeing beneath my palms.

After a second, I re-emerge from behind my protective spouse, peaking at the collected supers and humans. Whose who is not entirely clear. Yet.

I take stock of everyone seated around the room.

The game's stopped, everyone's eyes on us now with their controllers forgotten. On screen every character not the console is sat idling, their autos twitching but no one moving along the track. I wonder who was winning before our arrival. I'd been so focused on their outrageous insults I hadn't taken note.

“Soooooooo – ” I begin, holding out the word and hoping some one else will intervene so I don't actually have to start this conversation. “ – oooooooo – ” Okay now I'm just doing it to be an annoying lil shit. And oh lawrdy is it working. “- oooooooooooooooooooo – ”

“Oh for fUCKS SAKE!” Jo screams.

I turn to her with a smirk.

Gabriel's cracking up on the armchair with Sam, my little brother sitting with his head in his hands, shaking it from side-to-side like he cannot believe I'm his big brother.

Hey, it's my job to annoy and embarrass the little dick.

“Alright,” Charlie stands, turning to face Cas and I full-frontal. Her eyes are still completely black and oily like night, from pupils to whites. And then she blinks and suddenly they're back to that pretty, clear gray-blue that's distinctly her. “Let's get this over with. I'm a fairy.” She whispers like it's a secret and like she didn't already show us.

“Yes, you revealed that quite unexpectedly not too long back.” I snip.

“Shut it, Capt'n Sass. As I was saying, I'm a Scottish fairy born of both Courts. I'm a trooping fairy, though I live mostly solitarily from others of my kind.”
“Both Courts?”

“Yes, my mother is Seelie and my father is Unseelie.”

“I'm human.”

She smirks at my response, wanting no doubt to smack me upside the head.

Oh wait, that's Jo.

Oh, Jo!

“So, what're you, Jo? A harpy?” I ask, coming 'round Cas' wing and pulling him to sit down with me as we discuss everyone's supernatural prowess.

“Bite me.” Is the blonde’s response.

“No thanks.”

“I'm not a supe. But I was trained as a Hunter.”

“Excuse me?” Michael's voice is cold and calculating as he takes in Jo's words. She gives him a highly unimpressed expression back.

A staring contest ensues.

Ended by Jo rolling her eyes and sighing.

“My family isn't in the life anymore. We're for saving, not hunting.”

“They've taken the Allison Argent approach.” Charlie pipes in.

“You protect those who cannot protect themselves?” I ask, 'cause I definitely know that reference.

“With a bit of Dumbledore thrown in.” The Huntress adds with a shrug.

“Uhhh . . .”

“Help will always be available at Hogwarts, to those who ask for it.”

“Deserve it. Help will always be available at Hogwarts, to those who deserve it.”


“So, where's Hogwarts in this situation?”

“Here.” Lucifer blurs. He's been stoically silent, arms crossed languidly, tucked into Michael's side not saying a word this entire meeting. And now he speaks one word before falling out again.

“Here?”

“There is a Quidditch Pitch up the mountain.” Sam shrugs, lips pursed like that explains everything. It helps.

Charlie laughs a little hysterically. “I'm sorry but there's a WHAT?!”
“We play Quidditch every now and then. Dean and Sam got to witness a match yesterday.” Cas informs them, monotonous voice deep and robust.

I wanna go back to bed with that voice whispering things in my ear.

“I get to play next time.” Red demands, eyes hard and angry for not knowing such a monumentally nerd-tastic secret.

“As you wish.” Cas responds. I think it's a learned behaviour by now.

“Right, back to the Hogwarts is here thing. What does that mean?”

“Gringotts was the safest place in the world for something you wanted to hide — except perhaps Hogwarts.” Charlie recites with purpose.

“Yeah yeah we all know that.”

“I didn't know that.” Jo blurs.

“That's 'cause you're a pleb.”

“And you're a dork.”

“Anyway, this area, here, is the safest place for us to hide.”

“Us?”


“Hunted.” Jo adds.

“Okay, but where exactly is here? Perametre-wise?”

“The Peninsula. It has a cloaking barrier that hides the extent of our powers and numbers. It's useless if someone goes Full Alpha though.”

“The hell is Full Alpha?”

“It's when someone, an Alpha, uses their full powers.”

“Alphas, Betas, and Omegas, and to a point Deltas, Thetas, Gammas – you get the idea – are types of supernaturals. In magical bloodlines, there are those who present as one of these designations. They have specific classifications of powers and abilities and places in the Supernatural hierarchy.”

“So, what're all o' you?”

“Alpha.” Michael intones. I glance at him before carrying my gaze out in a circle, looking to each of the others in anticipation. But they're silent. Each and every one of them. It's not an anticipatory silence, either, not like they're waiting for someone to go next, it's a calm, collected and unhurried silence.

“And you guys?” I finally prod.

Charlie smirks, a side-ways grin really. “He meant that we're Alphas. All of us.”

“Is that . . . ?”
“Normal? No. In a general population the ratio is usually skewed so that betas are the most numerous of the Big Three and that the other Lessers are maybe 1 in 30 each. Alpha and Omega are typically 2 in 10.”

“So why are you all Alphas?”

“Because this is Hogwarts.”

“I'm not following.”

“It's an Alpha Sanctuary.”

“Why do Alphas need a sanctuary?”

This silence is anticipatory.

It's thick and suffocating and held together by tense coils.

“The Kaiomai.”

“Uhhhhh . . .”

“ANYWAY. I think that's enough about that, let's get back to explaining how many kinds of bigs and bads are in this room!”

“Hey hey hey no no no I wanna learn about that you can't just – ”

“We can and we are. We'll tell you about that later.”

“Swear on your life?”

“Yes, Dean-o, we swear on our lives.”

“Fine, whose next.”

“Guess that'd be me.” Benny's voice breaks through. The big beefmeister stands from where he'd been stationed on an armchair by Sam and Gabe's loveseat. I smile when at him, having missed the big lug. Damn, how long's it been since I went to Bobby's? I should definitely go to the garage this week.

Wait . . . I'm still technically hurt when not around the angels.

Damn. There goes that plan.

“Hey, brotha.” Benny greets, stepping forward. He takes a seat between Charlie and I, at the end of the couch Jo and Charlie have been occupying. He sits leaning towards me with his elbows on his knees. He's in his signature sailor's cap and navy overcoat. “I was just gonna come on out and tell you, but after hearing you come up with harpy, I kinda want you to guess my secret identity.”

“Mmmh, I can do that.” I smile.

“Yes, please tell me one of your little theories.” His eyes smolder at me.

“Let's see, bitten by radioactive spider?”

“That's not very creative,” he scoffs. “You can definitely do better than that. You're not even close”
He teases.

“No spiders?” I ask, a bit miffed.

“Nope. But I do bite.” I scrunch my nose at that and Cas' arm tightens round my waist. Hhm, interesting.

“And no radioactivity?”

“Never.”

“Damn.” I sigh, smirking as I think of another possibility.

“And before you say it, because I know you will, Kryptonite doesn't bother me, either," he chuckles.

“Ayy, jerkoff, you're not supposed to laugh!”

The asshole struggles to compose his beautiful fucking face. “I'll figure it out just gimme a minute,” I warn 'im.

“I wish you'd hurry up.” He's trying to be serious but it's not working.

“By the way. What if I'm not a superhero? What if I'm a bad guy?” He smiles, playful and childlike, but with impenetrable eyes.

“Ehh, even if you are, there're plenty of baddies in this room who are heroes.” He smiles at that. “Let's see, your skin's pale, cream white and – ” I reach out, cupping his cheek. “ – cold? Zombie?”

“Nope. I'm not even sure if those are real.”

“It's complicated.” Charlie says from behind him.


“Do your eyes change color?”

“Yes.”

“Werewolf?” In Teen Wolf the Alphas' eyes glow red, the Betas' and Omegas' glow yellow, and the ones who've killed an innocent's eyes glow blue.

“No.” There goes that theory.

“Do you need sustenance to survive?”

“Nothing that you need.”

“Do you like the sunlight?”

“... It's complicated.”

“So, your eyes change color, you don't eat or drink anything I eat or drink. You're relationship with sunlight is complicated, and... hmmm, how old are you?

“...nineteen.”

“Uh, huh, how long have you been nineteen?”
Benny smirks. “A while.”

“Ahhh, I know what you are.” I whisper conspiratorially.

“Oh yeah? And what is that?”

“One more question.”

“Shoot.”

“Fangs or no fangs.”

He smiles like a fucking cat that's got the cream. That's just the cherry on top.

“Vampire.”

“Good job. You afraid yet?”

“A little. But not of you, I mean, why should I be?”

“Just the most basic question: what do I eat?”

“. . . Blood? Is that a trick question?”

“I drink human blood.”

“Jo is literally a trained Hunter. If she's your friend then I'm pretty confident I shouldn't be afraid of you.”

He's silent at that, because, yeah, hello?

“That said. Vampires? Before today I would have thought there was no such thing.”

“Same with angels and fairies and the like before we were brought in the know.” Sam exhales. He doesn't appear concerned about Benny, either, and I feel a surge of pride over him now.

“Most vampire lore is crap. And I mean bull. A cross won't repel us, sunlight won't kill us, also neither will a stake to the heart. But the bloodlust, that part's true. We need fresh blood to survive.”

“You said fresh blood. But not human blood.”

“We can survive on any blood.”

“Like how Louis survived on rats for a while?”

“Interview With The Vampire. Why am I not surprised?” He rolls his eyes, but smirks.

“So, what do you eat?”

“Me? That's a tough one, brotha. But I think I prefer bears.”

“Bears?” I gasp, though to tell you the truth that doesn't surprise me at all since Benny's a bear, too. If ya catch my drift. *wink wink*

He smirks like he knows what's going through my head.

And since I give him a not-so-subtle lecherous once-over with my eyes? He probably does.
Hell, every one in this room probably knows what's going on in my head.

Though they probably don't know I'm picturing Benny (the biggest beefcake wise) plowing Gabriel (the smallest male and hence the token twink ) into the couch.

Yeah, I really hope none of them know that that's what I'm thinking about.

To distract them I say: “You know, bears aren't in season,” I say sternly, to hide my sinful thoughts.

“If you read carefully, the laws only cover hunting with weapons,” he informs me. There's a glint in his eyes as he watches my face, enjoyment blossoming as we rebuttal and he watches all this information slowly sink into my consciousness.

After all, revelation of the supernatural calls for a whole new world view.


Benny cringes, a little shy shame marring his features. “. . . grizzly is my favorite . . .”

I whack him upside the head.

“THEY'RE ENDANGERED YOU TWAT!”

“THAT'S JUST MY FAVORITE BEAR ! Not my *favorite* favorite!”

The corners of my mouth turn down in disapproval. “Al *right*, so what *is* your favorite?” I raise a single eyebrow.

The vamp's lips purse, thinking, before he blurts out: “Catamount.”

It's not the animal but the *word* he uses for the animal that makes my other eyebrow shoot up.

“A mountain lion?”

“Catamount, mountain lion, mountain cat, cougar, puma, panther,” He scoffs at that particular one, as well he should, “– and whatever else you wanna call them. Yes.”

“Ah,” I say in a distinctly polite disinterested tone, I swear.

“Of course,” he amends, “we have to be careful not to impact the environment or risk discovery with feckless hunting.” Don't think I didn't catch that *we* because oh I *so* did. But I'll interrogate about other vampires later. “In order to keep to the shadows we try ta focus on areas with an overpopulous of predators – and range as far as need be. There's an abundance of deer and elk as well as the occasional caribou an' moose. The *New World deer* will do, but where's the fun in that?” He smiles like a small child. Like I won't reprimand him.

“Where indeed,” I murmur. “Does predator blood taste different due to the different diet?”

“Yes.” He answers without an ounce of hesitation.

“Are there seasons where you hunt more than another like for humans.”

“Yes. Early spring is my favorite bear season. They're more irritable just coming out of hibernation, so they're easier to rile into a brawl.” He smiled at some remembered joke.

Oh gods. I almost snort at the image.
And maybe the internet has ruined me more than I thought 'cause yeah bestiality's a thing on there. And Bear on Bear can have more than one meaning.

I should stop now.

_I'm so glad no one here is psychic._

... .

. . . . .

. . . . . . . . . that I know of.

Shit.

I'm really gonna stop now.

“Nothing more fun than an irritated grizzly bear,” I finally agree, nodding, but I'm curious how strong he has to be to take down bears and mountain lions weaponless.

I wonder if he'd of been able to take out a jaguar.

I wonder if he's ever tasted their blood.

I wonder if it'd tasted better to him than it had to me.

This train of thought isn't any better than the last.

I wonder if he can hear my heart jackhammering.

Cas can, I think. He places a soothing hand on my shoulder, pressing in and rubbing in circles. He's tensed and worried, wings flaring in an anxious jerk.

It's only Benny's chuckle that breaks into my memorial, I shake awake, back to the present, and focus, seeing the bloodsucker shaking his head as well.

And then he says this: “Tell me you're real thoughts, cher. Please.”

I breathe.

The jaguar's blood had been hot and rich, metallic and bitter.

“I'm trying to imagine it – no weapons – but I can't, really,” I admit, looking him dead in the eye. Behind him, I spy Sammy over the shoulder, and I see him tense, and it's like I can see the event playing on his face. A home video there for my eyes only. “How do you hunt a predator without weapons?”

A predator, not a bear, not a mountain lion, a _predator_.

A jaguar.

A human.

“Oh, we have weapons.” He flashes his teeth in a brief, threatening smile, but they're just human. Nothing special and nothing different but I still fight back a shiver before it could expose my fear. “Just not the kind humans use.”
Not the kind that make a head explode.

“But, you're teeth aren't anything special.” I reply, kinda confused and wondering if they're like steel or scalpal sharp or something.

He just smiles again.

Then . . . then he's bleeding. A thin, watery layer of blood covering his pearly whites in a enamel-thin sheen as . . . as angler-fish worthy fangs sprout out of his gums.

Oh.

OH.

“SHIT!” WHAT THE ABSOLUTE HELL. At least the rest of him's prettier than one of those deep-sea demons.

He laughs, baring those hideous fangs. “Believe me, brotha, my kills ain't so clean either. Forget Dracula and Anne Rice, my kills are bloody and torn. Ain't no perfect, two-holes in the throat for me.”

“Do you put a towel down?”

“This ain't What We Do In The Shadows , either, suga.”

I love how every one knows just how much of a nerd I am.

But at the same time I hate it when they use it against me.

“So, were you born a vampire?”

He chuckles. “Nawh, take away the fangs and the fun and I was born human.”

“How'd you get turned.”

Benny opens his mouth, 'bout ready to answer, then something flits across his eyes. A memory, and that mouth closes again, fangs retracting, and he just smiles lopsidedly, a sad undertone to the action.

“A story for another time.”

“But I'd like to hear it now.”

“Can't, sorry, brotha.”

Huh, I wonder. “Don't you want to?”

Oh ho ho ho. He knows what I'm playin' at. “Exasperatedly so.”

“Forget the rest of 'em, just tell it to me.”

“Gotta give it to ya, I would if I could.”

“Haven't you got a craving to?”

(“Oh, gods, are they –” Jo groans. “Yes, they are, now shhh I wanna know if they can manage it.” Charlie shushes.)
“I do, but I won't.”
“Just do it.”
“Keep trying.”
“Lemme think.”
“Maybe I'll tell you later.”
“No fair, tell me now.”
“Over your dead body.”
“Pretty sure you could arrange that.”
“Quite sure I could, but I don't wanna.”
“Really really really wanna know, please?”
“Should just stop tryin’.”
“Trying to wear ya down.”
“Understood, but it ain't gonna work.”
“Very challenging, indeed.”
“Well this is gonna be a pickle for you.”
“Xenopsyllaic bastard.”
“You made that up.”
“Zyzzyvas scare me.”
“We did it!”
“We did it!” Benny laughs while Jo continues to lament her choices in friends. Charlie's smiling brightly and Gabe's laughing at Sam's expression of horror.
“Yeah, we did! But where the fuck did you come up with those words?”
“Seriously, the hell is a Xensyllic and a Zyzzyvyzzaas or whatever the fuck those words were?”
“A Xenopsylla is a type of flea that carried the bubonic plague and a Zyzzyvas is a weevil that lives in palms.”
“That was so stupid and I loved every second of it.”
“I can't believe I'm related to you.” Sam mutters into his hands.
“What just happened?” I hear Michael question into Lucifer's ear.
Luci smirks and turns to Mikey with a patronizing expression on his face. “They played the Alphabet game and actually completed it. It was kinda impressive.” Michael still looks a little confused, but shrugs it off. It's not important, it was just fun, so he lets it go.
“Okay, well, that's all beside the point. Is everyone done with the divulges?” The eldest angel asks.

“I'm last, but I'm just a human.” Ash speaks up, he's laying on the floor with his legs up at a 90° angle on the wall, chewing on a toothpick. The position doesn't look comfortable, but I don't comment.

“Ash has a bit of hunter training but mostly he's tech.”

“With me.” Charlie adds.

“Alright, so that makes . . . four humans and six nightmares.”

Cas chuckles, squeezing me 'round the waist. Gabe rolls his eyes with that signature smirk in place and leans over onto my baby brother. Jerkass.

“Right, now that we've got revelations taken care of. Let's get down to brass tax.”

“I'm sorry, but I thought revealing that you're all preternatural creatures was brass tax.”

“Please, hold all interjections till hell freezes over, thank you.”

Seems Michael is a little shit too, who knew.

“What Mikey means is that now we have to talk about the integration of two new humans into the sphere and Kali.”

Right, Kali.

Fuck us in the ass.

“Yeah, so what's the deal with Kali, is she so dangerous?” Sam asks, tightening his hold on his newly chosen angel.

“She's the goddess that's one of your's, correct?”

“Was one of ours.”

“Reluctantly.” Cas mutters scathingly.

Gabe's curled in on himself, hidden in Sam's embrace, shame and embarassment and fear radiating from him like the stench from a dumpster.

It's just lovely.

So we explain. And by explain I mean explain E V E R Y T H I N G.

I've never seen Jo so furious.

And Charlie's right there behind her.

Screaming about rape culture and how yes females can rape both males and other females and that some people only understand rape as the rapist being the penetrator but NO the rapist could be the penetrated case in point females raping males like would they still deny it was rape if the male was roofied and tied to a bed and ridden on second thought yeah they probably would deny that the male was raped because he'd need to be hard but what if the female gave him a Viagra because that would have to be thrown into the argument because so many people just don't understand how erections
work and how arousal is not the only cause of an erection and those people are uncultured swine and she REALLY NEEDS TO BREATHE.

Gabe's both really happy at her outburst and disheartened at the truth of it.

Though the support in this room helps to alleviate the disparagement.

But so, we get them up to speed on Kali and Benny asks for an article of clothing of her's. Michael goes and grabs it and Benny sniffs it like a hunting dog, “committing the scent to memory” apparently.

Definitely a bloodhound. (Get it? *wink wink*)

Charlie demands to see the Quidditch Pitch – no surprise there – and Luci smiles before conceding that they'll take them there tomorrow and – wait, tomorrow?!

“Oh, yeah, they're staying the night.”

Well that's news to this plebeian.

A sleepover could go 1 of 7 ways.

Way 1: We order pizza and play video games.

Way 2: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep.

Way 3: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep and share life stories.

Way 4: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep, share life stories and throw in some Gabriel-approved-nearly-burn-down-the-kitchen-treats for kicks.

Way 5: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep, share life stories, throw in some Gabriel-approved-nearly-burn-down-the-kitchen-treats for kicks and watch the supernaturals show off their awesome powers.

Way 6: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep, share life stories, throw in some Gabriel-approved-nearly-burn-down-the-kitchen-treats for kicks, watch the supernaturals show off their awesome powers and watch the sunrise from on top of the roof.

Way 7: We order pizza and play video games all night without sleep, share life stories, throw in some Gabriel-approved-nearly-burn-down-the-kitchen-treats for kicks, watch the supernaturals show off their awesome powers, watch the sunrise from on top of the roof and fall asleep there when the dawn air starts to mug in groups of 2-3 with heaps of blankets wrapped around us.

. . . . . . 7.

Always number 7.

It's the next day when we really get into the nit-n-gritty of it all.

And boy what a roller-coaster that is.

Spending the day with non-angel supernaturals is . . . interesting . . . to say the least.
I ask Charlie if there actually is a fairy realm and she's oddly . . . silent on the matter.

Likewise when I ask the angels about heaven Gabriel gives me that fucking smirk and Castiel hastily changes the topic.

*I wonder if torture's the way to go.*

Nawh, that never works like in the movies . . . and shows . . . and books.

I'd just end up chasing after false information.

A l t h o u g h, I guess playing *Friday* 11 times in a row on repeat could be construed as torture. That is, after all, how I get Charlie to finally fucking answer my damn question.

“Fine you maddening MENSTRUAL PRICK!” Creative.

“FINALLY! So, the faery realm?” The eye-roll-game is very strong with this one. Cas gives a snort, sitting behind me, legs either side and hands resting leisurely on my lower back. I'm bent forward towards Charlie.

We've just returned from the Quidditch pitch and the ten of us are huddled on the lawn. The sun is falling and dusk's creeping it but the amount of Grace in such a concentrated area is working as a fucking furnace so we're still lounging like it's a mid-summer's day in Phoenix.

Okay, that's an exaggeration.

But ya'll get the idea.

“What would you like to know?” The fay sighs.

“Is it like another dimension?”

“Another reality, yes. Only people who have been there and returned to our world can see the Faery here.” I open my mouth but she puts up her hand in a STOP. “What I mean by that is that *only people who have been there and returned to our world can see the Faery here* 24/7 unless they've got invisibility purposes. We can make ourselves seen to ALL if we so wish but 99.999% of fae are tricksters and stay behind the veil at all hours. At all seconds.”

“The veil?”

“Yes. To quote W Y. Evans-Wentz: *[Faeries] could make themselves seen or not seen at will*.“ Charlie looks up, dreamy, then in a split second she's gone and I'm staring at her invisible butt-impression in the fucking grass. HOLY HELL. “It is the simplest of faery glamour, the power to fade from human sight, to become invisible.”

Her non-corporeal voice singsongs.

Then, just as suddenly as she disappeared. She's there again. Glimmerous eyes alight with mirth and human and so . . . *fay*.

“Coooool. What kind of fairies are there? Are they like in myth?”

*Folklore*. The little people have many names.” She says with a shrug, as if that should explain everything. I raise my eyebrows, looking her up and down with a *girl-you-best-get-on-with-it-'cause-I-ain't-backin'-down* look. Another eye-roll and then she's continuing. “Let's see, there're the general fairies; the *daoine sidhe*. Sprites and spriegens. Bogarts and brownies. Leprechauns and elves. Selkie
and mermaids. Garden gnomes (yes those are a real type of fay), large goblins, and— ”

“But they’re all fairies?”

She’s very annoyed at my interruption but I don’t care I’m bursting with questions GAWH.

“Yes. Faery comes in many shapes and sizes. We’re magical, mischievous beings from the realm next door.”

“Tinkerbell?”

“Never met her. Btb, just because the Disney Fairies live in Pixie Hollow doesn’t mean they ARE pixies.” Charlie appears genuinely annoyed at that. “Pixies and fairies are different. Pixies are a type of fay, a subspecies, but . . . you know what, it’s very complicated.”

“Are you the only fairy around?”

Red snorts. She snorts.

And then they cackle like a fuckin’ hyena.

“Hell no I ain't the only fay around. And actually, I feel a fairy precense in the house,” She nods in the direction of the mansion. “Though they ain't been back in a few days.”

The angels just nod.

“Chuck's fay.”

“That explains that. Not many of us like the human life.”

“He's only half.”

“OH.”

“Yeah.”

“Alright alright, back to your explanations into the fairy realm. You can't even begin to understand how much I wanna know.”

“I think you're not understanding that I was born in Faery. I came to the human world with the same fascination and boundless questions you're shooting my way now.”

“Damn, really?”

“For totes.” Puke.

“So, what happens if a human becomes . . . aware?” Every. Single. One of them. SMIRKS. Like fucking master-theifs and I feel like I've walked joines Ocean's Eleven. Does that make me George Clooney? Or Brad Pitt? There is mischief in their eyes so strong they'd each give Cheshire a run for their money. “Ooookay, I missed something.”

“Abductions. Alien abductions.”

You cannot be serious.

“When a fairy abducts a human – ”
“Why do fairies abduct humans?” By the put-upon pout I can sense that they're really getting over my unwanted interruptions.

“Do you wanna know about this or not?”

“Yes, yes, I'm sorry, please continue on, good madam.”

“As I was saying: when a fairy abducts a human 'they take the body and soul together'. They take the human into the Faery Realm and 'once [you] taste the food . . . you cannot come back. You are changed . . . and live with them forever.' W. Y. Evans-Wentz, again.”

“Okay but WHY take humans.”

“Sustenance.”

We feed off humans for our power. Humans were the catalyst of many of my kind. We are the creatures of nightmares. Literally. Our universal power is glamour. And it is culled from the dreams and emotions of mortals. That is our sustenance.”

Whew!

“Although there are those that actually enjoy the taste of human flesh.”

Aw, crap.

“Back to the original question, though. When humans become aware of their abductions they label them as alien abductions instead of fairies because . . . well because apparently it's easier to accept the existence of extra-terrestrials then the existence of extra-terrestrials. As in other terrastial creatures besides themselves. These encounters, abductions have been going on for centuries, not with extraterrestrials – although truth be told I'm not convinced that there aren't aliens – but with what some would call ultra-terrestrials. People nowadays may blame the disappearances on “space aliens “or whatever, but they used to call them fairies. Me! You've gotta understand, Dean, there's a straight line between ET’s and fairies. Glowing lights, abductions. It's all the same UFO stuff, just under a different skin.” Black Widow winks.

“So fairies are abducting people for sustenance?”

“Yes and no, we don't need to keep a human near us, can just take from little more than a foot away but some . . . some like having 'meat bags on tap', no offense.”

“How is that not offensive?”

Shruggy-McShrugster simply shrugs.
“Humans have fun theories but little fact, since their minds are often jumbled or wiped if they make it out of Faery. Some fairies only take firstborn sons, like Rumplestiltskin – Yeah, Rumple's real. And many ’fictional’ fay are based off real ones. Ones who implanted themselves into an author's idea-bed. Some fairies steal humans to be taken to Avalon to service Oberon, the King of the Seelie, in order to gain favor. Queen Titania as well. Same with Mab in the Unseelie. Although she prefers to watch as others service the humans and are fed from.” Charlie licks her upper lip, a fucking... A FUCKIN LUSTFUL EXPRESSION ON HER FACE AND THAT IS SOMETHING I NEVER WANTED TO KNOW.

“Uhh, Char, you've gone all... ew.”

“Shut up, like you're not a horn-dog.”

“NOT ABOUT FEEDING OFF MY OWN KIND.”

“You're not my kind.”

“True. Scary, but true. And about the whole 'mean bag' thing, is that common?”

Charlie turns to Benny, giving him an accusing type of look. “I dunno, is it common, Bloodboy?”

“I don't like Unseelie Charlie.”

“Unseelie Charlie?”

“It's like she's got multiple-personality-disorder.” Benny explains. Huh. Now that I'm lookin' at her... her hair's darkened. Her skin is brighter but there's an ethereal, icy beauty there now. Hard and slick.

“You didn't answer me, bitch.” Woah. Definitely not my Charlie.

“Chill, Dark Charlie.” I'm just a ball of creativity today, aren't I?

“No, he needs to answer me. Are 'meat bags' common?”

“Yes, they are. Vampires will keep one or many on tap in a warehouse and such and go feed when they need to. It's like a Djinn's set-up.”

Charlie's eyes fix on me again now, a tension lifting from her bones. Her hair lightens, waves appearing in their strands.

Her marble skin starts to glow.

Woah. “Woah.”

“Sorry 'bout that. Happens sometimes.”

“What is it?”

“Internal war between my Courts. Summer and Winter aren't supposed to mix blood. It's actually illegal. Hence why, upon the discovery of my mixed-blood, I was sent to live in this land in exile.”

“So like, most of the time you're Good Charlie?”

“Nawh, most of the time she's inbetween.” Luci blurts, plopping down on his belly beside us. Michael comes up and settles down on his twin's ass. Wiggling a bit to both get comfortable and to
annoy his lover. They'd been canoodling a few feet away from us for the past hour, totally immersed in one another and completely in love.

(I'd made sure that Gabe and Sam stayed and were in my sight at all times because no no, no no no no no no.)

I didn't even think they were aware of our presence none the less listening to our convo.

“He's right, it's like Purgatory.”

“And sometimes Heaven or Hell come out to play?” She smiles at that while Jo rolls her eyes to the sides.

“Exactly.”

Benny's story . . . well I wish I hadn't asked about Benny.

Not because he scares me now. No, because now I feel terrible.

At first, it was amusing.

“You were Vampirates?” I giggle.

“You know, all the years we ran together, I can't believe nobody ever thought of that.”

“Vampirates!” My giggle has now turned into a screech! “Like the series by Justin Somper?” I can BARELY BREATHE OMFG. My hysterias getting worse the more I think about it. Vampire Pirates. I can't. I literally am gonna shit a brick.

“Why do you know the author's name?!” He shouts back, clearly befuddled and annoyed by my raucous belly laughter.

I have tears in my eyes I swear.

“That is unimportant my dear dear friend.”

He rolls his eyes at me then, to which I just wink back. The former Vampirate smirks, half-way between annoyed and wishing he wasn't a vegetarian. “You're tandin' a fine line, brotha.”

“Whatever, so, the Vampirates . . . how'd ya'll hunt?”

By the look on the undead's face, he was really hoping that I wouldn't ask that.

“Certain vessels would leave a dock, heading for a destination, but they would never arrive there. Within 24 hours you could be guaranteed it'd already be hit.”

“What do you mean, "hit"?” Sounds like they were hitmen instead of pirates.

“Boarded, burned, and buried at sea. My nest – that's how we fed . . . How we always fed. We kept a tight little fleet, maybe a half-dozen boats. Nothing ostentatious, just pleasure craft. I must have circled the Americas ten times during my tour. A few of us would act as stringers and patrol the harbors, looking for the right-size target – fat, rich yachts going to far-off ports. Take down the boat's name and destination, radio it to the crew in the water. And then we just, uh . . . let the ocean swallow up all our sins.”

Damn.
I mean . . . damn.

There's some poetry in that.

Macabre, but poetry none the less.

“So, what made you stop?”

“What, realizing I was a monster isn't enough.”

“Humans are your natural food source. Just because you like to play with your food doesn't make you inherently a monster. I feel that it's similar to how humans get angry at predatory animals for attacking even though we, humans, are the ones who invaded the predator's land. Similar ball park, yeah? We get angry at nature. At instinct. Survival of the fittest, yeah. Not like Vamps could kill every human. Besides, humans justify breeding animals for slaughter in that they aren't as high up on the evolutionary – and by that I mean the hierarchical – ladder of mental awareness as humans are. But that's bullshit too. I'm rambling now. Anyway, go on.”

Benny's stopped and staring at me like I just gave him a very surprising present.

I dunno if the look is flattering or concerning.

He shakes it off physically with a shake of the head before continuing.

“Anyway. After a few tours I came to land. I – ” When his sentence ends, no resolution just ends, I've looked away by then, but I languor back with uncertainty. He's battling something fierce with himself now, eyes clouded with memory.

None of it good.

“I went home. Back to where I'm from.”

Louisiana.

“Guess I should start from the beginnin'. I was married by nineteen. By seventeen if I'm bein' honest. Met this female, gorgeous, been sent down to New Orleans for schooling. She'd been curious, traipsing 'round the bayou like a newborn foal, not knowing any better or any dangers. She and I eloped. Her parents were furious, she was a Greek heiress, btb. By the time o' my death she was . . . in a family way.” He smirks. Damn, Benny got game.

“I'd volunteered for the Navy when I was eighteen. She was little more than two months along when I shipped off. I was turned within four months, just a few weeks after my nineteenth. My entire crew were . . . those who weren't eaten. Of 300, about 15 of us were turned. I was one of the lucky few. It was goin' on 30 years when I finally came to shore. Finally went home . . .”

The silence is thick as slow molasses.

It's unnerving and frankly terrifying.

“. . . what happened?”

Benny's lip twitches up in a mock half-smile; self-deprecatng and torturous. “I spoke to my brothers about it. Told them everything. One already knew, had heard through the grapevine. I realized sort-of-out-of-bodily that he was turnt as well.” His eyes are distant, again. Lost in more memories. “So he took me under his wing. He'd left his nest, coven, whatever you wish to call it. Now that the two
of us were back together, alike in our physiology, we had a typical bout of teenage rebellion – it was a mere twenty-one years after he was... born... created. Anywhere between ten and fifty years is about the time for it.” Benny laughs. “See, Jasper'd been turned, to save him from death, by a 'Vegetarian'. Jasp wasn't sold on his maker's life of abstinence, resented him, even, for curbing his appetite. So he left, had been off on my own for a time till I showed up.”

“Really?” I'm intrigued, right behind trepiduous and afraid, of course, though the order of my emotions maybe should be a bit concerning.

Benny can tell.

Hell, EVERYONE IN THE STATE can tell.

I vaguely realize I've leant my head back against Cas' shoulder, his arms wrapping around my torso, but I'm just not paying much attention to our surroundings. It's just Benny and I. He's trying to explain and I need to give him my every ounce of attention.

“Why doesn't any of this repulse you?”

“I guess... because it sounds reasonable?” He barks a laugh, more loudly than before. It's a punched out sound like someone just socked the shock up his windpipe.

“From the time of my new birth,” he murmurs, “I've had the advantage of knowing what everyone around me was thinking, both human and non-human alike. Perhaps not in the literal I-can-hear-the-voice-inside-your-head but I can smell emotions, can hear your heartbeat – can hear lies. And never have I met humans who've taken this so in stride as you and your brother. Congrats.”

“Thank you.” I smile, a real, true smile.

Before I can prompt Benny's continuation, he's picked up his feet again. And this time he's runnin' with it. “It took Jasp over ten years to defy his maker because he could read the perfect sincerity of his vegetarian philosophy, understand exactly why he lived the way he did. But he was rebellious. And when he explained it to me it seemed reasonable enough. Much more so than the pirating I was used to. I would be less of a monster his way. Only slightly, but less. Seem Jasp thought he would be exempt from the... depression... that accompanies a conscience. A conscience that humanity molds into it's pupils as 'hurting anything human is inhumane'. We tried to be... moral monsters. Because we knew the 'thoughts', or rather, intentions of our prey, we could pass over the innocents and pursue only the evil. If we followed a murderer down a dark alley where he stalked a young female – if we saved her, then surely we weren't so terrible. We got to save and survive all at the same time, right?”

I shiver, imagining far too clearly what he describes – an alley at night, the frightened female, the evil lurking behind her. And Benny... damn, Benny as he hunted, terrible and glorious as a young god – because how else can you describe such a thing?

Still, you have to wonder, would they have been grateful, that female, or even more frightened than before? Before, when they weren't aware they were in danger at all.

But Benny says nothing about killing the evil in front of the innocent.

So I hold out hope that they didn't. That they snatched the evil and took them to a second location to devour.

I don't speak.
Merely stare at the vampire before me, waiting again for him to continue with his tale.

That seems to be a common thing nowadays.

Benny's eyes dissect my expression, the smile he'd put upon to go with his ' *I'm a monster, I enjoyed killing the evil beings* ' act fades and his forehead creases.

“You're still waiting for us to go off running and screaming, aren't you?” This is the first I've heard Sammy speak since Benny began his story.

A faint smile touches his lips, and he nods, turning his head slightly so he can catch Sam in his peripheral.

“Well, I hate to burst your bubble, but you're really not as scary as you think you are.” I

“I actually don't find you scary at all.” Sam lies casually. No doubt Benny can hear his heart tick up, but Benny just freezes, raising his eyebrows in blatant disbelief.

Then, his small smile flashes wide and wicked.

“Ya'll really shouldn't've said that,’” He chuckles, accompanied by a low sound in the back of his throat; his lips curling back over his perfect teeth. “Humans have their own scents.” He blurts, voice nothing but a growl. “Their own, signature perfumes that one vampire may like, the next may hate, and the next may become hooked on like a heroin addict.”

“How do I smell?”

“I don't think you want the answer to that.”

I sit up suddenly then, irrationally worried, and *cough cough* surreptitiously sniff my underarms.

“Wha – ? Do I smell bad?”

Dracula's laughter is light and earthy, sprinkled with sea salt. “Nawh, brotha. "If I hadn't been denying my thirst for the last I dunneven know how many years, I wouldn't've been able to stop myself. It took *everything* I had not to jump up in the middle of The Roadhouse that first night – ”

Cas growls, a malicious, protective and *warning* sound which has Benny stopping abruptly, head turning away in shame. “I apologize.” His throat sounds clogged.

“It's alright. *Pleeeeeaaase* don't worry about offending me, or frightening me, or whatever. That's the way you think, the way you're *hardwired* to think. You're predator and I'm prey. Your fucking *natural* foodsource.” (“I think the rest of us would argue the natural bit.” Michael sighs. “Let's not forget that half of us are supers.” I succinctly ignore him and carry on.) “We're friends, the least I can do is try to understand. Just explain however comes *naturally* to you.” I give a wink to show that I'm really okay even though I have undeniable butterflies in my stomach because holy shit this is actually happening I know I've gotten used to angels but now vampires and fairies and hunters and a fucking Quidditch Pitch and oh yeah I still haven't asked about the gods be damned Wizarding World and why isn't Sammy asking questions? He's just in the background taking this all in.

Benny takes a deep breath and gazes *up*; the sky black with night and sparkling with stars.

“When you walked into the bar, I could have ruined *everything* The Sanctuary has built for us, for *me*, right then and there.” He pauses, scowling at the blackened trees.

*I think he can see in the dark.*
“Anyway, where was I?”

“Your brother was a vamp?”

“Right. Jasper's up North a ways now, a part of my nest, to him every one of you – humans – is much the same. He's the most recent to join our Vegetable Clan.” Benny side-eyes Charlie when he says this, so I'm guessing the lame-ass title was assigned by her. By her shit-eating grin I know I'm correct. “It continues to be a struggle for him to abstain at all. He says that he hasn't had time to grow sensitive to the differences in smell, in flavor.”

He glances swiftly at me, his expression apologetic.

“However, when I crossed paths with the scent that began all this I was still drinking humans one after the other like they were soda pop, so diet is mute.” Swallow. Breathe. Swallow. Breathe. “That said, I and another believe that the scent of one of you is directly correlated to attraction. Since Jasper is arromantic, we are unsure if he will ever come across someone who is as – ” He hesitates, looking for the right words “– appealing as they were to me.” They, they, who is they? “Or even as you are to me. My compatriot Marias has been on the wagon longer, so to speak, as well as is pan all across the board, so understands like Jasper does not. She says twice, for her, once stronger than the other.”

“And for you?”

“With you in the mix? Same boat as Marias.” The words hang there for a moment in the Grace warmed breeze like the promise of a fight at a Thanksgiving dinner.

“What did you do?” I ask to break the silence.

It's the wrong question to ask. But it's also the right question. It's where he was building up to, where he was tangenting away from because he's afraid to admit it.

Ashamed to admit it.

His face grows dark, his hands clench into fists.

He looks away. I wait, but he isn't going to answer. Not without another nudge.

“I guess I know,” I finally say. He lifts his eyes; his expression wistful, pleading. “You went home. Scent is linked to attraction . . . what happened to your wife, Benny? Your child?”

“I didn't touch my son.” The words are snarled out.

Teeth erupting and so so soo ready to rip out my fucking throat.

“And your wife?” He's teeth are gone so fast, eyes closed off so fast, that I may get whiplash.

“I happened across her scent . . . I . . . She was older. She was just, out in the yard tending the laundry . . . and I bit into her throat and cried out with joy at the incredible taste.”

I've never seen someone so devoid of life than in this moment. So helpless and fragile and devestated.

And I can infer what he doesn't say. The scent, the appealingness of it, is directly linked to attraction. He may not have specified if the attraction was romantic or sexual, but he didn't really have to.

I can imagine how much joy his body was displaying in the act.
I can understand that while he took her bodily fluids he may have released some of his own as well.

Fuck.

“People will say, when they do something horrible, that they didn't mean to. I'm not going to say that. Because I did mean to. I knew everything I was doing. I was enjoying it, feeding off the love of my life, hearing her gurgled screams. I enjoyed it up until I heard the pitiful, tiny little screams of the grandbaby I didn't even know I had.”

Oh gods. No no no no no no no.

“The sound was like . . . a wave. It crashed into me and pulled me to shore and I tore my attentions away from my kill, my wife's almost dead body, still twitching and gulping, and I locked eyes with my granddaughter. Elizabeth, I later learned her name was. I later learned that her daddy, my son, Elijah, was off doing work a few towns over. She was staying with her grandmaman.”

Benny's tears are flowing flagrantly now.

“Our own blood smells wrong to us.” He blurts, and at first I don't understand. And then I do.

“You didn't hurt her.”

“NO! I would never have hurt her. She smelled like blood and flesh and life and yeah all those good things but as family she smelt like nest and protect and HANDS OFF all at the same time.” He rambles off, hands going fast to grip at his hair like he wants to tear it out. “I ran.” He admits then. The words are so small and scared that I almost miss them.

But then he repeats himself. “I ran. Didn't stop running till I reached Canada, went so far.”

“What next?”

“Jasper found me. He'd raced back to his maker when he'd heard what I'd done. Had cowered and begged him for help. And then they both came for me. By the time they did, though, it was years later. Ya'see, after I'd killed Andrea, I saw the monster in my eyes. I couldn't escape the debt of so much human life taken, no matter how justified some of them were. And as time went on and on I became more feral. Though not in the way a vampire normally would. No, I despised blood in all it's forms. Within a year of endless guilt, of seeing Andrea glowing with the fresh blossom of pregnancy every time I closed my eyes and the terror of my grandbaby every time I opened them, I'd crawled into a bear's den and just . . . slept. I slaughtered the bear whose home it was, crawled into its hide, chewed it's muscle and bones to mush and pretended it was the warmth of the one person I'd never wanted to hurt. And I fell asleep. They found me in hibernation, ten years later.”

Now it's not amusing, hasn't been since the beginning.

Now, Benny's voice is so low and so godsdammed pained that I just wanna curl him up in a hug.

“I went back with them. They welcomed me in with open arms and such incredible patience. It was more than I deserved. It took me only a few years to adapt to Lorenna– that's Jasper's maker –'s vision, but I did with the help of my brother. We moved to the Sanctuary going on twelve years back.”

I hug him. What the fuck else am I supposed to do?

I. HUG. HIM.
And he's so fucking shocked that at first he's just a statue, cold and hard and unyielding, and then he's wrapping his arms around me and burying his face in my neck and yeah probably a bad idea with a vamp but I don't give a fuck and Cas you should stop growling at my friend buddy-boy I love ya but NO.

’Cause right now I need to hug him.

Because, unfortunately, we all have stories to tell.

And some of those stories come with demons.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sorry o(╥﹏╥)o
OKAY! So I'm a lot happier with this edit :) Everything after the word "poughkeepsie" is edited and/or new! :D

**A SERIES OF NIGHTMARES**

“Okay. But I have to get back first thing Monday. Just wait here.” Sammy says, huffing out a fond breath.

We're standing outside his windowsill for some godsforsaken reason.

I actually have no idea.

The angels – AKA Cas and Gabe – kidnapped me about two hours ago and we half-road-tripped-half-flew to kidnap my little brother. And neither of them will tell me why.

It's been near two weeks since I inadvertently hooked my little brother up with my boyfriend's older brother.

Why did I think introducing our families was a good idea, again?

I keep hearing and overseeing conversations and texts between the two and ew.

Anyway, it's been two weeks since what I'm calling The Meat and Greet with the other Sanctuary Supes and Kali's sudden appearance (thankfully she hasn't been seen or heard from since) and we've all been going about our normal lives.

Pshtuh! Yeah, riieeeight.

NORMAL is not receiving photos of Benny covered in goat's blood while his brother's in the background playing with it's freaky fucking eyes as nunchacku. That and also the truly disgusting scenario which involved Charlie because apparently Dark Charlie is also a blood-drinking-evil-cunt and uses gonads of various sorts as MANCALA BEADS.

WHAT DID I GET MYSELF INTO.

I screamed when I received said photos and called Sam in disgust, all the while very thankful that our moms were at work.

Sam was thoroughly screwed in the head as well.

Cas . . . well, CAS INFORMED ME THAT ONCE HE AND HIS SIBLINGS WATCHED A MATING RITUAL WHERE A PHOENIX WAS KILLED WHILE RIDING THEIR ORGASM OUT IN THEIR LOVERS LAP AND THE ORGASM SPASMED THE BLOOD OUT OF HER
SLIT THROAT LIKE LAVA OUT OF A VOLCANO AND SAID BLOOD BATHED THEM IN A FIRE SO HOT THEY BURNED TO ASH ALL WHILE THEIR LOVER CONTINUED THRUSTING INTO THEM AND THEN WHEN THEY TURNED TO ASH THE LOVER USED THEIR REMNANTS TO FINISH AND WHEN THEIR SEED MIXED WITH THE ASH THE DEAD ONE WAS REBORN.

I'M PRETTY SURE ANY SANE PERSON WOULD HAVE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US COMMITTED FOR INSANITY.

LIKE WHAT THE ACTUAL GODSBedamned Fuck.

Thank toast Sammy and I aren't Supes.

Sam turns to go back into the apartment – err, I guess it's a dorm – proper, then, but he turns back when Gabriel speaks. "What's first thing Monday?"

"I have this . . . I have a quiz."

"What, a quiz? Seriously. Skip it." Gabe groans, ever the educator.

"It's for my grade, and it could be my whole future on a plate." Such a nerd.

Cas and I chuckle from the sidelines, watching the new couple with both disgust and . . . no you know what all I feel is disgust.

"A quiz?" Sam blushes and Gabe smirks.

"Shut up, Gabe." Sam mumbles.

"So, we kidnapping you or not?" Gabe yells almost too-loudly in the dead night.

Sam says nothing but begins to pack a duffel bag.

Gabe does a little victory dance.

I groan.

I reiterate for probably the thousandth time in as many seconds: How is this my life? I bemoan.

Untiiiiiiiiiiiiiill, suddenly and oh so unexpectedly, there are lips on mine and large hands on my hips. Fuuuuuuck. Cas.

It's for Cas that I'll deal with all the crazy supernaturals. My own personal guardian angel is a gift from the fucking gods.

Sammy pulls out a large, hook-shaped knife and slides it into his duffle.

"Yo," Sam looks up, turning around at the voice as presumably Gadreel comes into the room. At the sound Cas and I disengage and join Gabe directly in front of the window, where we all peek in to spy the newcomer. "You're taking off?"

"Yeah. Just a little family . . . you know what, I have no idea why."

Sam goes over to the dresser and turns on the lamp atop it, illuminating the window and us outside it.

Gadreel follows the light, a brow raising at the sight of us before the newbie comes up to the window
and sticks his head out.

“Hello,"

“Heya, kiddo! You the angel?”

Gadreel's brows raise, before he pulls back into the dorm and opens the window all the way.

The young angel sits on the bed as we climb inside.

Sam's rummaging in one of the drawers, coming out with a couple shirts, which then get stuffed into the duffel. He's ignoring us.

Cas leans against the windowsill, and I situate myself at his front, wrapping his arms around my waist and leaning against his chest. He hooks his chin over my shoulder and it's so fluffy and yuck and I really can't give two-shits.

“Yeah, I'm an angel. You?” Gadreel replies, leaning back on his palms.

“Me and Cassie, here.” Gabe says, hiking a thumb to Cas, who, if he were a cat, ears would twitch to attention. “You wanna come with us?”

“Where're you heading?”

“Just to our house for a weekend of fun.”

Gadreel makes a non-committal sound, eyes trained on Sam.

When the moose finally does turn around, he's eye to eye with the youngest angel.

“What?”

“It's just... you barely talk about your family – besides Dean. And now you're taking off in the middle of the night to spend a weekend with them, whom are apparently angels. [“You hear that, Cas! We're family!”] Not to mention Monday, which is kinda a big deal.”

“It's a quiz!”

“There are only four quizzes for that class in a semester. Not including exams. But those're all that's in the grade-book.”

“Everything’ll be okay. And I'll be back in time, promise. So, you coming?”

“Mmmmh, what about the game?”

“Do we care?” Sam laughs, which earns a smirk and shrug from his roommate. “As long as we make the interview, we'll survive. This is only for a couple days.”

“Alright, I'm in, but if Jess gets pissed she's your's to handle.”

“Fair enough. Alright. I'm ready.”

“I'll get some –”

“Nawh, I grabbed stuff for you as I rumbled.” Sam told him, patting his duffle. Good little boy scout he is. Gadreel chuckles.
“Lead the way.”

Sam goes around the bed and desk and to the window, following Cas and I out. I figure that Gadreel gets up and follows alongside Gabe.

Gods fuck the night is cold.

I get to shivering as we make it out into the darkness, following the path we took to get there. Which wasn't easy, I have to tell you. There are perks to the time-travel-flying that angels are capable of.

On our way in we were able to dodge the security guards nicely each and every time.

“Sam, I mean, please.” Gabe huffs after a few minutes. Sam, Cas and I stop and turn round, belatedly realizing that we left our companions in the dust, and bear witness to Gabe practically jogging to catch up. “Thank you,” He heaves once he accomplishes it.

“Why didn't you just fly to him?” Gadreel asks just loud enough to be heard as he flitters to my side.

I jump, still unused to such . . . supernaturalness.


I have a feeling he's more embarrassed than angry.

Although self-anger is plausible as well.

More than plausible.

“Let's just stop for a second.” Sam says, hiding a smile as he rubs at Gabe's shoulders. “You sure you're okay?”

Gabe gives Sam the OK hand sign and Sam laughs a little as the small angel finally manages to wheeze out an: “I'm fine.”

We continue on our trek after that and reach Gabe' car within another 10 minutes.

After ignition and start, after we've been driving at least 20 minutes, Gadreel asking Cas and Gabe angelic questions and them falling into Enochian a few times, Sam finally speaks up.

“So are we really going to your house?”

“You'll see, Sam-o.”

Little Brother's voice hardens. “Gabe.”

“No can do, Sammy. Just sit tight, we'll be there soon enough.”

I look over at Cas, in the middle seat, and give him an you'll-tell-me-cause-you're-a-good-boyfriend look but he merely kisses me on the cheek and gives my hand a squeeze.

“Oh come on, at least tell me where we're going.” I plead.

I should've known.

But I FUCKING FORGOT.

I thought Gabriel would be too strung out and worried and sad to go through with it. But he seems to
be using it as a fucking diversion for his feelings.

That and Sammy. Whom this is an excuse to see!

The signs were there. But I ignored them.

It's embarrassingly obvious now.

I've been back in school for a week and if I'd been paying my surroundings any attention, if I'd actually looked around instead of focused solely on Cas and his lips, I'm sure I would've noticed the date on the posters – or even looked at or noticed the posters at all – that decorate the school and remember “Oh yeah, Gabe always has to one-up the Dance Committee! Better run away!” But I'd never dreamed he – and by he I mean the-devil-spawn-formerly-known-as-Gabriel was thinking of subjecting me to this.

Doesn't he know me at all?

He wasn't expecting the force of my reaction, that's clear. Wasn't expecting me to try and run away and fight him (more for his skimpy choice in outfits than anything else).

Though, Cas was certainly expecting my reaction to be as it was.

What with our reluctant shopping spree. My boyfriend, bless his heart, presses his lips together and his eyes twinkle with mirth.

He was prepared.

He knows me, too well.

"Don't be a party-poop, Dean." Gabe groans, rolling his eyes in that Gabe-way.

My eyes flash to the window; we're outside the . . . I'm gonna call it a WAREHOUSE, already. And just like in every action movie ever, I'm about to be tortured inside it.

"Why are you doing this to me?" I demand in horror. It's not that it's a party. I like parties.

It's the fucking techno beat and almost naked EVERYONE around us.

He gestures to my own clothes. Gabe wouldn't let Cas and I wear the clothes we picked out in Port Angeles. Flat out REFUSED.

So I'm in neon BOOTY SHORTS and a MESH TOP. I feel like I should be in the music video for “I'm Too Sexy For My Shirt” SERIOUSLY.

"Honestly, Dean-o, Man, where'd you think we were headed?"

I'm mortified.

First, because I missed the obvious.

Second, because I was expecting a double-date but not this.

Third, because APPARENTLY ANGELS CAN POOF! CLOTHES OFF AND ON NOT JUST ON THEMSELVES BUT ON OTHER PERSONS.

Thankfully they went all complicated and poof'ed the change of clothes on UNDER the clothes I
had been wearing and then poof! ed my other clothes off after my new clothes were already on my body so that for not a second was I actually naked.

It was a convoluted process, to say the least.

That said, it took no more than 10 seconds.

And now; here we are wading through a horde of writhing, pheremone ridden bodies grinding on each other like it's doom's day and they don't wanna die virgins.

Who even started that?

These particular horders are concentrated under several blacklights which turning their body paint, fake, brightly colored wigs, and white none-existent-clothing blindingly neon and reminesse of bioluminescence.

Even I'm glowing like the Ferngully caves.

That was the dumbest analogy I've ever given and I sincerely apologize.

It's gorgeous, I'll award Gabe a few credits for that, this is in no way a school-sanctioned Sadie-Hawkins dance.

Thankfully, Cas takes my hand and steers me outta the fray, dragging me to the butt of the warehouse, towards a wall of window-doors and away from the mass of horny our-agers.

Slow dancing makes me uncomfortable, and when Cas, instead of taking me into the shadows to snog as I thought, takes me out onto the balcony and pulls me close, he definitely intends to slow dance. Even though the music blaring from inside is decidedly NOT intended for it – I think it's techno?

Cas is dancing to his own beat.

He's humming under his breath.

The balcony is cold as balls, but when I shiver a veil of something suddenly wraps around me. I smile at him, recognizing the oily air of his wings. Surprisingly, their appearance muffles the sounds of the music inside, making it easier to dance.

But, like I said, slow dancing makes me uncomfortable, so I have to make it awkward . . .

Or at least . . . with someone else it's be awkward.

“So, Cassie, how many lucky beings have had the due honer of sheathing your sword?” Cas chokes on his own spit, a laugh escaping, lips quirking in amusement.

“As of late?” The angel answers, eyes gleaming with mirth.

“Define late.” My eyes are narrowed at him, since, so far as I know,

“Ever?”

“Are you saying no one’s sampled the sausage?”

“You should've never been introduced to Gabriel. That was a horrible idea.”
“Gabe's got nothing to do with it, honey. Answer the question.”


“None penetrative then.”

“There was a girl once, Meg.”

“Mmmmm, you mentioned her before. Why no nookie?”

“I'm highly possessive of my . . .” He doesn't finish. He doesn't really have to.

“So, you're saying that that's no sword, and I'm worthy of your hammer?”

“The humourous implication that my cock is mjolner and you're Thor.”

“Say cock again.”

“Cock.”

“Damn that voice does things to me.”

“Deeeaaann.”

“Not helping.” I sing-song. The exasperated smile on his face says he's equal parts annoyed and aroused.

“So, what you're saying is that you're ready, to have sex, now, then?” He asks, examining my face for a long moment with a forced calculation.

As if he doesn't wanna lose his V-card to me.

Like, tonight.


My Cas smiles, inclining his head slowly, teasingly till his night-bitten lips brush against the skin just under the corner of my jaw. “Right now?” He whispers, and dayumn hell yeah I wouldn't even care that the entire party could watch us through the damn glass (that's a lie I'd care a little) I'd have him take me right here right now.

The angel's breath's blowing warm on my neck. A contrast to the cool night causing an involuntary shiver to run my spine.

“Hell yes,” I *moan*, the sound low so my voice doesn't have a chance to break.

If he thinks I'm bluffing, he's in for a big surprise.

Thankfully, he knows I'm not bluffing.

I'd hope we'd know each other better than that by now, and lo and behold we do.

We've both already made this decision, and we're sure. Just not sure of the time or the place. It doesn't really matter to me, I dunno about him.

It doesn't matter that our . . . members are rigid as planks, my hands balled into fists, his breathing erratic, we ain't about to walk the plank and dive head first without treadin' the water first.
Cassie chuckles, a deep, throaty sound as he leans away.

His face doesn't disappoint.

His eyes are dark and pupils blown even in the night, the rave-lights inside bouncing off him in odd beats that cast them eerily in the dark.

If it weren't for the slight flush of Grace in those blue eyes, bioluminescent, I wouldn't be able to tell so well.

We're breathing heavy and dense and pushed front-to-front.

Warm together in the cold night.

Cas is very happy to see me, touch me, just as I am very happy to see and touch him.

Cas' throat is bare and the length of it flush from exertion and I can't resist leaning down to press warm lips to his throat.

The dark moan he lets out is worth it.

My miniscule shorts hide nothing, so when the sound sends a jolt to my cock it bounces on Cas', hitching his breath and prompting his hands to grip hard to my hips. Pulling me flush and grinding down with a purpose.

Chase chase chase.

But before Cas can reach the finish line a few loud wapoom! Wapoom! Wapoom! Sound out.

Grumbling, we turn to the windows to find Luci standing on the other side with a lecherous grin on his smug little face.

I wish he were near enough to punch.

Gabe appears next to the blonde angel and after a few lip-movements from Luke Gabe wiggles his eyebrows at us and give one pelvic thrust.

Seriously let me punch them.

With annoyed grumbles, the two of us disengage.

We tottle back inside with our dicks hard-as-fuck between our legs because it's cold as-fuck and if we stay alone for any longer we're gonna fuck like fuck.

We're standing very awkwardly awaiting someone to notice us, or rather not notice us. It's a weird inbetween since we want certain people (or rather non-people) to notice us but then we want others to give us a wide ass berth.

Then Cas likes to make things incredibly more uncomfortable because he thinks I'm annoyed or angry or something. He tugs on the back of my shirt and when I turn to look at him he's giving me puppy-dog eyes that say “I'm sorry for doing whatever it is I or my siblings did wrong I know they're asshats I love you please don't punish me” and all I do is sigh and reply: “I'm not mad. Really. At all.” Because I'm not. It's the truth. I was just acting annoyed. But I thought I remedied whatever doubt I implanted in his head with my sarcasm with a smile and a kiss.

My silence now is just because we're at a not-my-kinda-party party.
“No?”

“No, babe.”

“Okay…” By the raised eyebrow and the I-know-your-bulshitting expression on Cas' face I can only imagine his thoughts. And they go something like this ???????????????tell??me????????

Silence . . . more silence . . . and more . . . and MORE annoying Never Ending silence.

...

...

.................. UGH! “FINE! I'm . . . frustrated.”

“Sexually?” I pin a withering look his way, he just laughs at me. Truthfully? I wanna laugh with him. But I can't afford for him to win! Not today. Not again.

So instead I head over to the glow paint station. “Do you want to talk about Ess Eee Ex or do you want to paint my body?” I counter, brandishing a paintbrush at him. With a wink I put the handle between my teeth and divest myself of the not-much-of-a-shirt mesh I've been subjected to wearing.

He votes unfalteringly for painting my body.

I mean, who wouldn't?

He runs to me like a puppy to a teat. ;)

I watch Gabe and Sam dancing together.

That is, until Michael and Lucifer make their appearances. Luci twirls Sam out of Gabe's grasp while Mikey does the same to Gabe. They're laughing and chittering and look so happy.

So maybe the party wasn't a terrible idea.

"Finally," I mumble, spotting Gadreel dancing like a weird-o, internally I call him an awkward duck. But a cute awkward duck.

From there I see Charlie grinding with two girls (one of them Jo) and call them predictable.

The crowd is loud and large and boisterous, hard to separate one body from the next, the dark and flourescent paint making everything into a Jackson Pollock.

Then . . . I dunno, something suddenly feels wrong.

My spidey sense is tingling.

I'm scanning the herd, searching, back straightening and head clearing of any intoxicants, irrationally, the second my gut clenches. Like a shot of adrenaline has chased them away.

That's when I see it.

Beautiful, like a lion's mane. A mile of ebony hair, sweeping and cascading and shit.

Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit ABSOLUTE SHIT
I know that hair.
I know that skin.
I know that red.

Kali.

I rip my phone from my pocket and hold down 1.

Sam's voice rings through in only a few seconds.

“The hell, man, Gabe and I were – ”

“Poughkeepsie.”

Silence. A dead air, tense, drop everything silence. Then: “Copy” and the line clicks dead.

I start calling for Cas, but he doesn't hear me, he's off getting us drinks from wherever the hell the drinks' cooler is and FUCK. JERK! WHY IS HE NOT HERE?!

(And why am I always the one to notice her presence? Is this on purpose? What gives? Seriously?)

Maybe it's too loud? I rush outside, onto the balcony to catch my breath.

And then fuck fuck fuck Kali appears behind me.

And then she's not just in the doorway but Right. IN. MY. FUCKING. FACE! “Hello, Deany.” I try to scream, 'cause I'm human like that, but she silences me with a brutal chokehold.

“Don't you dare make another sound.”

Oh fuck.

Welp, she's not gonna like this sound.

Unlike other people, when someone's got me in a chokehold, I don't panic (I used to, but not anymore), I don't claw at their hands.

Oh no.

I reach into my pocket, pull out my handhorn – which I had the presence of mind to grab after Gabe blink! my new clothes on me – louder than a rape whistle – , bring it up, and sound it into her righteous fucking face.

Watching as the noise pummels her, as her gloating expression falls and she releases me to clutch at her no doubt bleeding ears, is worth a “thank you” to my mom. I crash onto the balcony, fall onto my ass and scramble, on my hands and knees then on my feet I sprint back inside.

Once there I blare the horn again, the only thing louder than the wall reverberating music.

I blare it and I continue to run. All the while screaming “POLICE!” at the top of my lungs 'cause there's nothing that breaks up an illegal party filled with underage drinking then the prospect of jail.

For those in-the-know, however, they were put on high alert.

As the rest of the innocent party-goers scatter and escape, within seconds I'm surrounded by the
I'm gasping from the adrenaline and I'm twitchy searching the shadows for the holy piece of crap that just dumped herself on top of us. Again.

The second their attentions are on me, each yelling about something this and that and asking what's wrong I heave out a heavy “Kali.” as I deaden the horn.

Utterance of her name is pointless, however.

I learn this when I see Gabe's eyes pinned over my shoulder and hear her voice ring out true. “Gabey, I'm ho--me.”

Lo and behold, when I turn 'round, who do I see?

Kali.

In all her Hindu glory.

And glory definitely be to thee.

You know that stillness just after someone's been shot? That split second just before pandemonium breaks out and all hell breaks loose and the screaming starts and the earsplitting wails of children and the small of blood sparks to life with the metallicism of war well this is it. This is that split second full of tension and breath except it doesn't last a second no not in the slightest but isn't that always the way? Split seconds always feel like millennia when you don't know what's gonna happen next and you're scared and you wish you could go back in time and take something back anything whatever brought you to this situation.

Actually you know, fuck that.

I wouldn't wanna take back anything that's brought this situation up.

Kali is here for something that ISN'T HER'S. And she's not taking it – not again.

Well the spell finally breaks, Lucifer is the first to approach the goddess. Swagger firmly in place.

“He's mine.”

“Like hell I'm letting you take my little brother.”

“Brother? Sure you should be calling him that. Some brothers you are.”

Luci's smile is venomous. “Go find someone else to fuck over.”

“It's him, or no one.”

“Then I guess it's no one.”

“Oh? And how do you propose to keep him away from me? He never could resist coming home.”

“We're his home. Now leave.”

“I'm afraid I can't. But I can have a little fun while I'm here.” Kali's black eyes flash, suddenly ink-black teeth gleaming.
Lucifer laughs, a bitter, aggressive, and fucking dangerous sound. “Oh, Kali. Of course you can’t. After all, you didn’t say ‘mother, may I?’, now did you?”

*Hmumph!* She snorts, patience wearing thin. “Mother may I play a game?”

“Simon says; ’no’.”

“Luce – ”

“Gabriel, *don’t.*” The command is clear.

The color as it drains from Gabe's face and the thick swallow he gives at the sound are also clear. The fear in his eyes crystal as he steps back, clinging to Michael as the elder twin attempts to shield him.

That’s about the last straw for Lucy.

“Do you think you own the planet? *What gives you the right?!!*” Lucifer confronts Kali; the latter of which dashes forward, stabbing into Lucifer like veal, ripping him apart from the inside with her bare hand. Lucifer screams and that’s when the bullet really sets in, when the scent of blood settles and the war begins.

“No one gives me the right, I take it.”

Lucifer's already healing, the wound closing like a sandtrap as he throws Kali to the ground. This only enrages the goddess as she rights herself, engulfing her arms in a firey inferno that would give a volcano a run for its money. The flames are licking and concentrating in her palms as she jumps back, out of the Archangel's reach.

Before she can throw the . . . there's no other word for them, okay? Fireballs, they're fireballs.

Before she can throw the fireballs at Lucifer, Michael intervenes. Manifesting in front of her, he sideswipes her hand away, causing the fireball to misfire.

And come straight for us.

Sam and I jump for cover behind an overturned table, pulling a statuesque Gabriel down with us as Cas stands sentry in front of us, crouched like a cat and ready for the fight to come to him. “You okay?” Sam asks of me. I give a quick nod before poking my head out from our hiding spot to look round, trying to see the fight.

In addition, I see Gadreel hiding behind another table.

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuckity fuck.

The fight's going TOWARDS the youngest angel.

Suddenly there's a scream and a flash of fire, efficiently distracting me from our newest supe.

SHITE!

Lucifer's arm's engulfed in flames, but it was Charlie who'd screamed, her hands over her mouth in the classic “oh my fucking gods I can't believe that just happened” expression before somethings all but clicks! and the redhead is snarling and leaping at Kali. Her unseelie definitely showing. Attacking with all her will, the fairy pushes the goddess back, shock on her side for *just long enough* for Michael to check on Luce.

The flames dissipate with a gust of wings, revealing no damage to Luci's skin.
Charlie faints then hits Kali with an uppercut to the chin, sending her flying.

Just as I think the fiery fay's gonna stomp on Kali's head she's blown back through the air, hitting the large bay windows. A crack radiates from where she connected, but she falls to the floor instead of through the glass.

Then Gabriel's there *blink!*, sword in hand.

*What?!* My head shouts as I glance to where he'd *just been*, Sammy's eyes are wide too, his body taut like a string 'bout to *snap!* Even Cas passes a terrified glance back at us before reverting his attentions again to his brothers. Now that Gabe's not behind him, I can tell the black haired angel's trying to identify the best way to get him back.

Gabe limbs are trembling and so not ready for this confrontation.

*Shit Mikey get him outta there.* Maybe telepathy's a thing because Michael does intervene, taking Gabe's sword away from him and pushing the younger angel behind him as Lucifer manifests his own weapon. Gabriel's sword in Michael's hand shifts and turns into Michael's own, larger weapon, Graces in the metal switching out or something angelic that I don't know about yet.

And still, it's a goddess against two archangels and I honestly don't know who'll win.

That's why allies are nice in situations like this.

Benny stands strong, looming close to the angels as second-string. Jo's helping a flickering Charlie to stand, her body unsure which personality fits the situation.

Gadreel's still behind the other table, so with a perfunctory glance at my brother, I sprint.

Kali pays me no mind as I dive for Gadreel, her eyes on the Archs and only the Archs.

Luckily, Gadreel's hide-out has an even better vantage point. Somewhere in the back of my mind I register talking – yelling! – but I'm too focused on . . . YES! A smirk grows on my lips as I elbow Gadreel in the side. Attention on me now, I motion to the speakers overhead. There's a landing above, where the bedroom of this place is, and on the edges are the speakers.

A lot of them.

All over our heads.

Including Kali's.

Gadreel smiles, predatory and vengeful.

I dunno if he knows about Kali, but the fact he's on our side in the whole hating her department is a very good sign to me.

But, just in case he's unaware, I lean into him: “Guard Gabriel with your life.” I whisper.

Gadreel looks at me in confusion before replying “of course,” like that should've been obvious.

I like the kid.

Suddenly there's a weight at my other side. Sam's there and he's waiting for instruction.

Literally all I can whisper is: “Drop the speaker on her head.” before all hell breaks loose. Cas leaps
from his position in front of the other table, landing with a flutter beside Gabe and Luce, angel blade manifesting and a growl ripping out of his throat just as Benny's snarling and clawing as the goddess goes after a somehow fallen Michael.

That's our cue.

The staircase is behind us, THANKFULLY, and not through the fray, so we sprint up them. If anyone heard us on the infernal metal rungs they don't give indication. Reaching the landing is easy but we're faced with the task of WHICH speaker because now it's not a stationary target but one moving through a warzone and there's no way we'll risk dropping one on our own.

But first the wires.

Gadreel goes for the chords first, pulling them out and double-triple-checking that there's nothing that'll impede any of the four speakers if we are to push them over the edge.

Sam's look-out, watching the fight – watch GABE – to maybe hopefully determine if Kali's got a fighting pattern, if he can predict her next move or next step or SOMETHING.

“OVER THAT LITTLE CUNT BOY?” We freeze. Kali's voice rings like a shot and we look down to find her seething over Michael, Michael's wings blanketing Gabriel as a thick barrier, feathers sharp and dangerous.

Battle mode.

“YOU’LL CHOOSE HIM OVER ME?” She's not yelling. Let me make that clear. She's. Not. Yelling. It's that booming voice that movies typically give to gods and goddesses that just dominate and command the room.

“I-I'm ha-happy.”

“YOU'RE HAPPY? LETTING THAT LITTLE BITCH MOUNT YOU? MAYBE I SHOULD FOCUS MY SIGHTS ON THEM INSTEAD, TO SHOW YOU A LESSON.”

Gabe snarls at her, Sam's grip white knuckles.

“YOU JUST KEEP YOUR FUCKING DISTANCE, ASSHAT.” I boom. The acoustics from up top helping a lot. She looks up, scowling at me. Huh, looks like they really didn't notice we were up here. “Touch my little brother and you'll be sorry; you'll have to go through me.”

She huffs. Then laughs.

Her amusement irritates me.

“Oh, Dean Dean Dean. You're nothing but a measly little human. D'you really think you could make a dent in me?”

“Not really. But better late than never, huh?”

Her eyebrows scrunch, narrowing in on me in scrutiny and confusion as my partners-in-crime live up to their names, each pushing over a speaker.

Sam's falls first, the crash a surprise that sends Kali skittering away, right into the line of fire of Gadreel's already falling piece of equipment. The latter hits her on her left, pulling her and pinning her by that side. Her schriek is more outrage than pain, but it gives Michael the upper hand and he
pounces on his chance; sword at the ready.

The slice from her right shoulder, through her right breast, and ending with a slice through the speaker is deep and debilitating and her scream ignites an inferno around her.

The heat is suffocating, the light blinding as we each run for cover.

Then the light's gone but the heat stays and I look up to find Cas' wings wrapped thick around me, a suffocating blanket I wanna melt into and Cas' chest is there to cling to and he wraps his arms around me and clings right back and we wait, his Grace a cold-fire both relieving and killing.

Through the blaze her screams turn to rage and she spits out venom and curses galore before coherency comes back into focus.

“I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, LITTLE HUMAN. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO YOUR LIFE IN PLACE OF YOUR BROTHER'S?”

Shit.

“ALWAYS.” My mouth speaks before my brain has time to catch up.

Shit. Even through Cas' wings there's no doubt she hears me. Cas' eyes widen, his pulse quickening, staring at me like I've just told him I was about to give birth to a unicorn. Stricken, is one word. Terrified, is another.

“DON'T BE MISTAKEN, WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL BE BACK FOR SECONDS.” Sam. “THIS ISN'T OVER.”

And then it is. She's gone. And I've just signed my death warrant.


To sum things up; at this moment, of only four things am I absolutely certain:

One; Cas is an Angel of The Lord; his wings more of a safety net then anything I've ever had before.

(And he looks like he wants to smite something like there's no tomorrow.)

Two; I am going to strangle Gabriel when I get my hands on the pipsqueak.

(Then give him a monster hug.)

Three; Kali is trying to kill (both me and) Sam.

Four; I am in way, way over my head.
The Library Of Alexandria

Chapter Notes

So there're only 2 more chapters (which are mostly written except one section) then an epilogue and then on to the second part of the series! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?! YOU DON'T POKE THE BEAST, DEAN! YOU LET IT TIRE ITSELF OUT AND THEN SKILLFULLY CUT OFF IT'S HEAD."

"YEAH LIKE THAT'D EVEN WORK SHE'S A FUCKIN HYDRA CUT OFF ONE HEAD AND THREE GROW BACK!"

"WE DON'T KNOW THAT!"

"SHE'S GOT FOUR ARMS IT'S REASONABLE TO EXPECT SHE HAS MORE THAN ONE HEAD!"

"WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GET FOUR ARMS?!"

"SHE'S KALI! ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT SHE'S BEEN IN YOUR LIVES FOR YEARS YEARS AND YOU HAVE NOT RESEARCHED THE GODDESS KALI!!? EVEN I DID A PERFUNCTORY SEARCH!"

"WILL YOU EACH SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU ARE GIVING ME A HEADACHE!" Gabe bellows, effectively ending Lucifer and mine's shouting match. He takes a deep deeeeeeep breath before continuing. "Dean's right, ya know?" He states and I fist-pump the air. "Kali in myth has four arms, and believe me my – this Kali does too."

I don't wanna know why Gabe gets this faraway look in his eyes like he's reliving a tiring, scary memory. He probably is and I don't need more ammo for My Rage to go at Kali with; it's already got a full arsenal.

"I've been with Kali for years and even I don't know all she's capable of." Gabriel admits, eyes shifting. Sam's beside him and those caramel eyes flit to him and away back and forth over and over, nervous. Then Sam's hand's in his and the tension drains away like the air from a sail, suddenly Gabriel looks like he's about to cry.

All bark and no bite; a puppy wanting so much to look grown up and fierce but having been beaten time after time, whining and needing love.

"Sam's the best at research." I provide in the sad silence.

"Yeah, well, you know, before you start a war you better know what you're fighting for." Sam says, perfectly straight faced and in perfect time to "Angel With A Shotgun". He gets the desired reaction from his angel, Gabe looks at him with wide, shocked and kinda impressed eyes, looking less like he wants to cry.

Lucifer looks at him however like he cant believe that just happened.
All the while I look at him with pride.

"You know, until this moment I'd always doubted that you were siblings, and even that Sam was a good match for Gabe. I now doubt neither." Michael states, stoic as ever.

Sam laughs before getting us back on track. "Anyone got a library I can utilize?"

I'm about to open my mouth to offer “school” and/or “public” when Cas taps my shoulder. Looking at him he's got a slight smirk and humor in his eyes. “I think we may know a good place in Port Angeles.” He says and OH HELL YES.

“Perfect. There's a bookstore there with a MASSIVE Myths, Legends, and Religions section.” I remember there was an entire FLOOR devoted to the subjects. Just after the words leave my lips, a thought struck me and I narrow my eyes at the three elder angels. “A bookstore you three are familiar with; if not banned from entering.”

A universal groan is the only reply.

We waste literally NO TIME and after a short convo about who flies with who we simply blink! to Port Angeles and the cozy bookshop. It's past midnight, but there's a lone light on in the topmost window. Odd. I always assumed Kind Old Ladies went to bed at reasonable hours.

Walking up to the door of a bookstore at past-midnight, you would expect to find it locked.

Not me.

I walk up and give a slight turn of the knob and . . .

It opens.

With nary a whisk.

Oookaaay.

Thankfully, I'm not the only one worried by this turn of events and we all step forward hesitantly.

“Uhh, hello?” I call out.

“Up here, dear!” A happy voice rings out from somewhere up the stairs. The voice is definitely familiar. Cas and I share a look.

The Kind Old Lady.

.Has she . . . has she been awaiting us? My mind asks no one.

The light in the attic. That must be where she is.

I take a few steps towards the stairs, Cas on my heels, but once we reach them we realize that no one else is following. Turning 'round, I lift an eyebrow at them asking “You coming?”

“What if it's a trap?” Jo asks, a “hello, doofuss” look on her face. I roll my eyes at her and don't bother replying.

We're halfway up the first flight of stairs when we finally hear them following.
Hah!

We reach the second floor, where Cas and I had spent so much time together last time we were here, but we keep going.

On the third-floor we find the Little Old Lady, sitting next to the attic window with books spread out all around her, plucked from the numerous shelves meticulously.

She really did know we were coming. I think. “What's all this?” I ask.

“Everything you'll need to know about your enemy.” She breathes. Her entire body and aura are calm, collected, like a tranquil morning at the beach. There's even a fog of lethargy around her. Tiredness. She must've been waiting a while.

“How did you know?”

“I've know since you walked in the first time. Since you spoke on the stairs. Since you were hospitalized.”

Woah. Okay. Definitely a Supe.

“What're –”

“Spoilers.” She interrupts. Very River Song of her. “Now,” she heaves, standing from her armchair and finally turning away from the window, the first time she's faced us since we've entered. When her smiles graces us, the dim lamplight seems to lighten 10 shades. Sunshine brimming from her every edge. “I must retire to bed, m'Dears. Enjoy your reading.”

“Of course.” I answer, giving her a smile back. Wide, infectious, and so painfully happy I don't know where my muscles got the strength to pull it off. She chuckles at me, stepping forward – careful not to harm any of her tomes – and gives me a surprising kiss to the cheek. Then she's just – gone. Poof. But there's no sound, no flutter of wings, no whistle of wind, just, with a blink where there's not a blink, she's gone.

The stillness would be suffocating if her residual aura weren't so soothing.

“What just happened . . ?” Gadreel's voice is so small and meek but it carries. That's how silent the night is around us.

“We discovered a new ally.” Benny breathes.

“Let's not let it go to waste.” Sam adds, breaking the stillness with a purposeful step towards the books laid out for us. He kneels beside one and picks up another, lifting it into the air for whoever. “Everyone grab a book. Let's get to work.”

Apparently Kind Old Lady pulled books on Indian Mythology, Hindu deities, Indian religions, an Encyclopedia of Gods and Goddesses from different cultures, as well as The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Mythology, and more along those lines. She's definitely a supe, and she definitely knows more than she's letting on. You know, this means she probably knew Cas and his brothers were angels even back when she caught the elders doin' the hanky panky in her stacks.

After I've read three chapters on the Anthropological significance of religions upon cultures someone shouts “I've found something!” My head shoots up from the pages of my book in search of who it is. It's Gadreel, and he's standing, pacing back and forth, eyes still skimming the pages of whatever
book he's reading.

Sam's beside me, hand hovering over his keyboard while the book he's working on's open to the side. Multi-tasking research. He's stilled, watching his roommate too. Everyone is.

“Do you even know who the first Kali was?” Gadreel finally blurs and gods the lanky teen's one day gonna give Sammy a run for his money in stature. “She is literally a deity! They call her the Dark Mother!”

“The Dark Mother? Seriously?”

“You're named after the devil.”

“Lucifer is not – oh forget it. What else does it say, little angel?”

“Well, obviously she's holy, a goddess, but we are holy beings as well.”

“Uh, hello, some of us really aren't.”

“I'm unholy.” Says the Vamp.

“I'm ambiguous.” Says the Fay, whatever that means.

“Yes, but, the thing about a lot of holy beings is that they're immortal. But BUT just because one culture thinks a thing is holy doesn't mean that holiness is universal! No matter what a zealot may think and/or say. Everything can be killed. Everything can be defeated.” I realize now that Gadreel's reading a book on religious comparisons between deities and beliefs.

“Hey, Sammy, any chance you could find us a description of the first Kali.”

“On it. I think I already found something. Does Kala work?”

“Kala?”

“Yeah. 'Kali comes from the Sanskrit root word Kal which means time. There is nothing that escapes the all-consuming march of time. In Tibetan Buddhism Her counterpart is male with the name Kala.' from goddess.ws/kali . . . and then somewhere else it says . . . Uh, this isn't all that hopeful but:

At the dissolution of things, it is Kāla [Time] Who will devour all, and by reason of this He is called Mahākāla [an epithet of Lord Shiva], and since Thou devourest Mahākāla Himself, it is Thou who art the Supreme Primordial Kālika. Because Thou devourest Kāla, Thou art Kāli, the original form of all things, and because Thou art the Origin of and devourest all things Thou art called the Adya [the Primordial One]. Re-assuming after Dissolution Thine own form, dark and formless, Thou alone remainest as One ineffable and inconceivable. Though having a form, yet art Thou formless; though Thyself without beginning, multiform by the power of Maya, Thou art the Beginning of all, Creatrix, Protectress, and Destructress that Thou art.” (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali)

“That sounds like a goddess of chaos, Sammy.”

“Also sounds like a goddess of destruction.”
“This explains a lot, gotta say.”

“You've really never researched her?”

“Never thought to. She's her own being, even if she is technically one and the same with the goddess she's had her own experiences and her own life, ya know?”

“Free Will to be what she wants to be and not what myth makes her out to be?”

“Looks like she decided to follow in the footsteps of her mythos.”

“Wonder what we'd be like if we did the same.”

“Unfeeling assholes, that's what we'd be.”

“I would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven.” Luci murmurs.

“I thought you weren't like you're namesake.” That gets a slight exasperated smirk outta the blond angel.

“You're a dick.” He snorts. He's got his head thrown back and looks half-way to sleep but he forces himself back up, back into a sitting position with his book open in his lap and his eyes filled with sleeping sand that he's trying hard to ignore. Michael's seated on the floor in front of Luci's chair, kneading his twin's calf tenderly.

“I found more on Kali.” I hear Jo's voice ring out. We all turn to her next. “This passage is about her:

*Can mercy be found in the heart of her who was born of the stone? [a reference to Kali as the daughter of Himalaya]*

Were she not merciless, would she kick the breast of her lord?  
Men call you merciful, but there is no trace of mercy in you, Mother.
You have cut off the heads of the children of others, and these you wear as a garland around your neck.

It matters not how much I call you "Mother, Mother." You hear me, but you will not listen.”  
(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali)

We're really in over our heads here.

“I found that too. Oh, it's in Kali's wiki page.”

“There's a wiki page on Kali?”

“Is that surprising?”

“Not really, actually.”

“Beneath that passage it says: to be a child of Kāli, Rāmprasād asserts, is to be denied of earthly delights and pleasures.”

“If her children experience such it is no shock her significant others experience the same.”

“Gabe, have you – ” Sam's voice trails off and we all look to my sasquatch little brother. Gabe's
head's in his lap, snoring lightly, hand fisted in and breath even. Sam's hand settles in the angel's hair, stroking lightly and cooing soothingly. The feathery butthead rumbles adorably and burrows closer, clinging to his clothes.

“Let's let the little guy sleep.” I murmur, smiling.

“He could sleep through a nuclear war, no need to whisper.” I chuckle at Michael's matter-of-fact tone of voice.

“Has anyone else found anything?” I ask to get us back on track.

“Maybe,” Benny says. He's holed up with literally 15 books opened on the floor around him, eyes going from book to book, skimming pages and skipping from word to word. When he begins to speak it's . . . well:

“Once Kali had destroyed all the demons in battle, she began a terrific dance out of the sheer joy of victory. All the worlds or lokas began to tremble and sway under the impact of her dance. So, at the request of all the Gods, Shiva himself asked her to desist from this behavior. However, she was too intoxicated to listen. Hence, Shiva lay like a corpse among the slain demons in order to absorb the shock of the dance into himself. When Kali eventually stepped upon Shiva, she realized she was trampling and hurting her husband and bit her tongue in shame.”

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali)

“This Kali would never bite her tongue in shame.”

“But she did trample over Gabriel more than once. I saw her do it. And always with a smile on her face.”

“Any chance any of us know any other Indian gods or goddesses who could teach us about Kali?”

“Not that I know. Not many of them reside here. They mostly reside in the Hindu homeland.”

“Unlike our species.” Gadreel mutters bitterly, obviously annoyed by the spread and dominatrix of his mother thriskeía (that's Greek for religion) or theodemos (I just made that word up, it's nice innit? It means god-people because I've been staring at Kalis for too long and needed to do something not Kali-related even just for a split-second).

“Dude Kali is supposedly very fierce.”

“We know that, but how so.”

“Kali is represented with perhaps the fiercest features amongst all the world's deities. She has four arms, with a sword in one hand and the head of a demon in another. The other two hands bless her worshippers, and say, “fear not”! She has two dead heads for her earrings, a string of skulls as necklace, and a girdle made of human hands as her clothing. Her tongue protrudes from her mouth, her eyes are red, and her face and breasts are sullied with blood. She stands with one foot on the thigh, and another on the chest of her husband, Shiva.”

(http://hinduism.about.com/od/hindugoddesses/a/makali.htm)
“That aaaaaannd:

*The Kalika Purana describes Kali as possessing a soothing dark complexion, as perfectly beautiful, riding a lion, four-armed, holding a sword and blue lotuses, her hair unrestrained, body firm and youthful.*” ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali))

This book also says:

*Kali, the “Black One”, is the terrifying aspect of the great mother goddess and SHAKTI of SHIVA. The personification of death and destruction, she is said to spring from the forehead of DURGA, another aspect of the goddess, when she becomes angry. Kali is usually depicted with blood-red eyes, four arms and with her tongue lolling out of her mouth in search of blood. She is naked, but for a girdle of severed heads or hands, a necklace of skulls and a tiger skin.*

*Like Shiva, Kali has a third eye in her forehead. In one hand she holds a weapon, in another the severed head of a giant, while her remaining two hands, in contrast, are raised in blessing. Her devotees regard her as a loving mother goddess who can destroy death as well as demons.*” ([The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Mythology ;376; Cotterell])

“How are you so good at this research stuff?”

“Oh I'm chatting with Ash, he's sending me info and links and more while I'm doing my own research.” Jo barks a laugh and I smirk. I should've known.

“Perhaps this Kali is more of the demonic variety?”

“Ash actually suggested that but I've researched the demon as well and no, she's definitely the goddess breed.”

“Maybe mixed blood? Do speciel powers present heterozygously or just homozygously or however genes mix?”

“Did you just make species an adjective?”

“Got a problem with that?”

“No, but a bit impressed I'll admit. To answer your question, tho: I have no idea.” Michael's stoicness is unrelenting sometimes. It's impressive.

“She is also known as Kalikamata ("black earth-mother") and Kalaratri ("black night"). Among the Tamils she is known as Kottavei. Kali is worshipped particularly in Bengal. Her best known temples are in Kalighat and Dakshineshvara.” ([http://www.pantheon.org/articles/k/kali.html](http://www.pantheon.org/articles/k/kali.html))
“That's not helpful except for the extra names. More to search.”

“Yes but in my experience if a god or goddess has multiple names then each name has its own specific characteristics and they are like multiple personalities.”

“True. Skip them. The same page says:

\[\textit{Kali ("the black one") is the Hindu mother goddess, symbol of dissolution and destruction. She destroys ignorance, maintains the world order, and blesses and frees those who strive for the knowledge of God. In the Vedas the name is associated with Agni, the god of fire, who had seven flickering tongues of flame, of which Kali was the black, horrible tongue. This meaning of the word has meanwhile been replaced by the goddess Kali, the grim consort of Shiva."} \]

(\url{http://www.pantheon.org/articles/k/kali.html})

“Agni?” I repeat.

Sam's brows furrow and he types a few keys before clearing his throat.

\[\textit{Agni is one of the most important of the Vedic gods. He is the god of fire, the messenger of the gods, the acceptor of sacrifice. Agni is in everyone's hearth; he is the vital spark of life, and so a part of him is in all living things; he is the fire which consumes food in peoples' stomachs, as well as the fire which consumes the offerings to the gods. He is the fire of the sun, in the lightening bolt, and in the smoke column which holds up the heavens. The stars are sparks from his flame. He was so important to the ancient Indians that 200 hymns in the Rig Veda are addressed to him, and eight of its ten books begin with praises dedicated to him.} \]

(\url{http://www.pantheon.org/articles/a/agni.html})

“That explains Kali's acceptance of Dean in place of Sam. A sacrifice.”

“Looks like Imma lamb.”

“Let's see her get through us.” Cas growls, furiously flipping through tomb after tomb, hand possessive and strong on my thigh.

I stare at him, feeling loved and loving but at the same time I hear Gabe's small sleeping breaths and a hardening happens in my gut. Steeling.

Sam may sacrifice for Gabriel, but I'll sacrifice for both.

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So, b a s i c a l l y:

POSSIBLY LIFE-SAVING NOTES ON THE HINDU GODDESS KALI

(Also affectionately known as: NOTES ABOUT KALI THAT DEFINITELY CONFIRM THAT SHE'S GOING TO KILL ME)
**Sanskrit**: “She Who Is Black”

“She Who Is Death”

**Feminine form of Sanskrit Kala**: “time-doomsday-death”

“black”

**Hindu**: Goddess of time, doomsday, death

*The Black Goddess*

**Element**: Fire

**Stead**: Lion

- Counterpart and/or consort of Shiva the destroyer.

- Fearful and ferocious form of the mother goddess.

- *The personification of evil in the kali-yuga, one of the four ages of the world.*

So, yeah, I'm dead.

It's around 6 am (it's passed sunrise, at least) and dawn is beautifying the sky with its angelfire or something poetic that's beautiful my eyes are heavy and oh shit I've been staring out the window for . . . for how long? I don't know. I jerk.

That myoclonic thingy.

My body seems to know it's gonna die soon. But it's a bit early and Kali's not even around, come on, Body, keep it together.

My eyes shut.

The attic is silent.

Everyone's asleep.
Only I and a sagging Jo are left alive in the room.

The Kind Old Lady had come up just before sunrise and offered Benny sanctuary from the sun in the basement (he can be in the sun but not too long and not too bright – sensitive eyes).

A clunk! jerks me awake again – if I ever really fell asleep – and at first I think the book in my lap has slipped, but no, it's still there. With a glance around tho, I find that Jo's fell. She's curled up into a ball now, having slid down the wall and just kinda floomp!ed into the floor, book askew over her side. Charlie's crashed out beside her, head pillowed on an encyclopedia and hands at the side.

The heater's on full and it's muggy and perfect for sleeping without blankets. The Kind Old Lady knows how to keep a home, that's for sure.

I straighten my back, deciding that enough's enough.

Standing, I (gently) throw the book I'd chosen down into the ever growing pile of ALREADY READ before heading to where Cas is spooned behind Sammy behind Gabriel. As I take the first step though; my phone beep!s in my pocket, vibrating uncomfortably.

It's a call.

From UNKNOWN NUMBER.

I can only guess.

I press ANSWER because why not? I don't get a word in, nothing before she's speaking and through.

“At the place that was home away from home, we'll meet.” She prophesizes – really? –, her words sticky sweet through the receiver. “I'm coming for you and not just to hurt you. But to kill you. Understood?” And then there's a click! and she's gone.

Great. Just what I needed to get a good night's sleep.

How do you give a whole bushel of supernaturals – not to mention a trained hunter – the slip?

This isn't a trick question of anything. *waves hands in frantic no no motions* Like; how do you disappear from beings who can A. smell you, B. sense your presence, C. track you, D. fly?

Easy.

Pick a fight with a skunk.

Coming across a skunk was a stroke of luck, though, that or the universe is being my friend right before it kills me.

We woke up around 3pm THE NEXT DAY after our night of research in the bookshop. The Kind Old Lady had appeared and asked us a series of questions and let us stay till Benny was safer – it was unusually sunny that day – so we'd stayed and played games till the sun went down.

Then we all flew back to wherever each of us needed to be.

We decided to meet up two days from then to discuss tactics and strategy and then off we went.

Cas took me back to his room and we crashed after I and Sammy texted our mom.
That was yesterday.

Now I'm laying in the sun spilling in from Cas' window and staring through said window at a meek little skunk traversing through the yard.

*My ticket outta here.*

I stretch, wondering where Cas wandered off to, before biting my lip in a satisfied smirk. This is gonna suck but it'll definitely work. It'll at least give me reason to get alone, to go home and shower for HOURS before any of them dare to disturb me.

Lucifer'll gag on the stench.

This has a lot of benefits.

At the same time, it's gonna allow me to walk right into my doom, so, a lot of downsides as well.

*Think of Sammy think of Sammy think of Gabriel think of Sammy do it for them*

*I should probably be less self-sacrificing*

*Oops! – Almost – too late*

Cas' window opens out to the yard – not the ground floor, of course, but there's a staircase from his window down to the patio. I can see now that I'd missed that the last time I was here. The patio the window's on each floor open out onto are wrap-around and have a staircase going from top to bottom. Brilliant.

It lets off on the patio next to a bench swing.

If I thought I could get away with it I'd pick up the skunk and put it in my lap while I sit on the bench seat and pet it but I don't think it'd appreciate that much.

Though that said, I do want it to spray me.

– I never thought I'd say/think that sentence. Ever –

I shiver at what I'm about to do but keep on keepin on. With the first step into the grass I realize that I'm not wearing shoes but that's okay, that's okay, that's helpful. More exposed skin means the scent will imbed itself more heavily. (*Awesome.*)

The skunk's no longer in the yard but I saw it disappear into the forest not too long ago and I follow its direction.

Wander long enough and I'm bound to *accidentally* walk by the thing and *accidentally* scare/annoy it into spraying me.

Till then . . .

The walk is nice.

The trees don't scream IMPENDING DOOM and the air is crisp with the bite of morning and fog. Fog like a blanket . . . no like a . . . like spiderwebs so thick they canopy the trees. A terrifying thought but accurate. The fog looks like woven wool or cotton threaded through the branches and the trunks and the leaves and it looks like it'd keep you warm all through the night.
We all know it wouldn't, unless it mugs up the air but that . . . that is a rare treat.

The rustling of the leaves and the whistles of birds and the stillness that comes from nature is beautiful and wonderful and I didn't notice how much I miss silence and alone time till now.

And yet at the thought there's an ache in my chest.

Cas should be here.

He should be walking beside me with his hand in mine and we shouldn't talk or even acknowledge each others' existence.

But just. Be.

I wonder if just being is what death is like.

I hope so. It's a nice feeling. Being able to feel everything and at the same time nothing is . . . it seems indescribable but it is, describable, that is. We just don't think we're describing it correctly.

I think I'm ready.

The universe is definitely watching.

Suddenly the ground feels fuzzy, a squeal! sounds, a sticky liquid sprays over my foot and calf, and a foul stench no mother other than a sow could love pierces the morning.

Time to start the day.

When I get back to the house I can't find anyone so I search all the rooms. When I reach the twin's room I find Lucifer still asleep.

I reek.

So of course I join him – gotta make the most of the time I've got left.

It only takes about 2.5 seconds of me spooning the blonde angel for their nose to twitch and for his brain to wake up SCREAMING IN PROTEST at the scent.

Flailing from the bed and fleeing the room with his hands over his nose after giving me a nasty glare and snarl; I know perfectly well what he thinks of my new cologne.

His reaction was quite impressive.

Very . . . visceral.

After spending a few more minutes adorning their bed with eau du mouffette, I set out to find them.

Just follow the angry ranting. “HE’S WAS JUST IN OUR BED STINKING LIKE – LIKE – LIKE – !”

“Skunk,” I snark, coming up the hallway. The second I enter the kitchen, every single nose in the vicinity scrunches. “The word you're looking for is skunk. I had a little mishap this morning.”

“Little? Little? Was climbing into my bed and infecting me with your gaseous odor a mishap?!”

“Oh no, that was completely intentional.” I smirk, completely and happily satisfied. “I'd burn that
bed if I were you.”

Michael groans.

Cas, in the middle of the our joint family group, is trying hard not to laugh. His smile is pointed directly at me. He may think I smell rank, but he still loves me like the moon loves the sun. I love that he gets my humor.

Probably 'cause he grew up with Gabe.

I didn't know what Cas' reaction would be – since he's all over the board most of the time – but I'm happy with it.

*Live the last of your life to the fullest.*

(*FYI: happiness makes life the fullest.*)

“What'd you do, babe?”

“Went for a morning walk. Found a friend.”

“Looks like your *friend* likes water sports, Dean-o.”

“Har. Har.”

“You really gotta wash up.” Sam speaks up, nose still scrunch and trying his damndest not to breathe.

“Oh believe me I plan to. Anyone wanna *blink!* me back home so I can soak in a 5 hour bath?”

Cas smiles before *blink!* he's outta his seat and standing before me – decidedly not breathing. “I will.”

“My hero.”

The side of his lip slips higher, lopsiding, then an arm's around me and we're *blink!* in my bedroom. Awesome.

My room's gonna smell *wonderful.* ( – Good thing I won't be here to enjoy it. – )

“Mind if I'm *not* here while you bathe?”

I smile, leaning forward and kissing him full-on the mouth. A full minute after I initiated, Cas pulls away gasping. My laughter is loud and fuckin' obnoxious. “Go, babe. I'll be ready for pickup in about 6-7 hours.”

Cas grins thankfully, pecking me on the lips once again, then each cheek, then my forehead.

“I love you.” I mumble.

If this is the last time, then he *needs* to know.

My angel's smile is blinding. “I love you too, babe.” He breathes against my skin. “I'll be back to get you soon.” Then: *blink!*

I breathe deep, in, out, *slow*, in, out, *trembling*. 
I don't think about the angels. I don't think about the angels. I DON'T THINK ABOUT THE ANGELS. I don't think about MY angel as I get my stuff together. They'd blink/ed Baby back to the house the previous day so she's waiting in the driveway for me but . . . like . . . I need to decide how I'm gonna get to my home away from home.

How to get there in as short a span of time as I can.

The less time it takes to get there, the less time they have to figure out where I've gone.

FUCK. I've gotta fly, don't I?

I'll die before I even reach her. I don't fly well, and girl when Sam found out . . .

“Dean, come on, we're boarding.” I look anxiously at my baby brother. How can he be so fucking calm and shit? “Uh, are you okay?”

“No, not really. Not okay at all, actually. Nada, nope.”

“What? What's wrong?”

“Well, I kind of have this problem with, uh . . .”


“It's never really been an issue until now!”

“You're joking, right?” He asks, his voice desperate but with this satisfied little fucking smirk on his face that says he's enjoying this way too much for words.

“Do I look like I'm joking, Sammy!? Why do you think we drive everywhere, huh?”

“Wait, so have you been on a plane before?”

“Oh, of course! You were too young to remember but after that first time . . . well let's just say our parents figured it was better to drive.”

“What happened?”

“. . . nothing . . .”

. . . it was fodder for a year. At least.

But then when we finally got on the plane? Fuck that was fodder for life.

While the flight attendants cross-check whatever they need to cross-check before departure I sit down in the aisle seat, anxiously reading the safety card.

“Just try to relax.” Sam urges.

“Just try to shut up.” I retort.

When the plane finally takes off, I admit, I jump at every rumble and sound. Sam smirks, the little
bugger.

I lean back, body tense and coiled, humming to himself.

Sam looks over at the sound. “You're humming Metallica?”

“Calms me down.”

“Look, man, I get you're nervous, all right? You've just got to focus on something.”

“What like the fact that I'm in a flying metal death-trap!”

Sam whistles, eyes wide. Both amused and a little scared.

“Just take it one step at a time, all right, Big Bro?”

And then the plane SHAKES. FUCK ME NO NO NONONONONONONONO!

“Dean, breathe. B r e a t h e. In out in out hee-hoo-hee-hoo-hee.” Oh, shit, I'm hyperventilating.

I try to justify it by yelling: “Come on! That can't be normal, Sammy!” And I bet the entire plane hears my voice crack. My muscles are locked and I feel constipated and bleary-eyed.

“Hey, hey, it's just a little turbulence.”

“Sam, this plane is going to crash, all planes are going to crash! Okay? So quit treating me like I'm friggin' four!”

Sam rolls his eyes at my antics. “You need to calm down.”

“Well, I'm sorry I can't.”

“Yes, you can.”

“Dude, stow the touchy-feely, self-help yoga crap, it's not helping.”

“Listen, if you're panicked, you're gonna lock up and if we do crash you'll definitely die. Looser body; less injury. Though statistically still death. So you need to calm yourself down. Right now.” I glare at him, my mouth wide and just DID HE REALLY JUST SAY THAT. “Besides, you like yoga and you know it.”

I take a long, slow breath.

The plane suddenly dips and heaves violently. Sam struggles to keep me from making a scene as I splay myself against the window, screaming.

The rest of that plane ride was uneventful. (Apart from a few more panic attacks. It was a long flight.)

Hopefully today's will be too.

The drive to the airport is calm and smells disgusting. I basically put tomato lotion on to drown down the skunk stunk.
The drive to the airport is little less than an hour and a half; luckily there's one in Port Angeles.

The plane ride itself will be no more than eight hours.

After six hours, the supes will have to figure out where I am. Even tracking their Grace will be difficult. Should take at least three hours? If I'm being optimistic.

So I've got nine hours; tops.

Glad my body's up for the challenge. Thankfully, with so much time I've spent engulfed in so much Grace, I'm nearly 100% better.

Time to die.

Chapter End Notes

FYI the two airports mentioned don't actually connect. The Port Angeles airport isn't a full-out airport that'll take you places as far as I could determine but I just wanted to use it cause it was close and Dean could leave Baby in Port Angeles.
It Means No Worries

Deadlands

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

No.

Styxx

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Better.

End Of The Line

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

There we go.

I haven't been here since I was a kid.

A running, snot-nosed, getting-trained-how-to-shoot-a-rifle kid.

I can't believe Bobby still owns the grounds.

I still don't know how Kali found out about it, but there's no doubt that she's here. This was always “home-away-from-home” even when I wouldn't even admit that I thought of Forks as home home.

I park the rental down the road, giving myself time to breathe and accept farther my fate.

The country road is dusty and barren, fuckin' ghost town, which is a good thing.

No one around to save me, but at the same time, no one around to get hurt. This is my fight, my battle.

My family.

And my responsibility.

The walk is languid and I draw it out with heavy steps and heavy breaths through the hazy heat. I bought packs and packs of baby wipes and cleaning supplies and continually tried to wash over the
skunk stink.
I can barely smell it anymore.

Now all I am is all alone in the South Dakota sun, walking down the empty road and approaching the abandoned yard.

The *Singer Salvage Yard* sign waves to me as I pass, but I cannot go in. Can't spend the time. Can't visit the broken down autos, not now. Not ever. Gotta get this over and done with.

Another breath and I'm fucking **pounding** on the front door.

No need for subtlety.

The brown wood shivers.

The blue exterior yawns.

Huh . . .

*Oh.*

I guess Sammy and I were homesick when we chose the color for Momma's door, 'cause I'm staring at it now.

*Egyptian Blue.*

Covering foot to head Uncle Bobby's former home.

The home we spent so much time in, being a family, being **happy**.

The same color.

Fading and dull but still perfect. Still distinguishable.

The color that is home to me. I wonder if Momma knows. If she sees the color every time she goes home and thinks of here.

The smile that stretches my lips nearly to agony is worth it.

The tears? A little embarrassing. But come on! Give me a break, I'm walking into my death here.

Hand still curled against the wood, I drop it to try the knob, which turns with a rusty creak.

*Looks like I'm not the first to arrive.*

Refusing to think about it, swallowing my nerve, I push the door open and stand in the foyer, aligning myself with the energy in the house. Listening. I still know this house like the back of my hand, despite the years it's been since last I was here.

*There.*

There's a stillness emanating from the library that's scorching and upturned.

A goddess unavenged.

I turn slowly, feet sludging through air as I crawl to the archway separating this room from the next .
. . . and find her sitting regally upon the couch, directly in front of me, facing me with hair wild and in aflame, aglow from behind by the sun streaming in.

Kali looks like a rich CEO. Confident and undefeated and . . . oh, yeah, I remember.

She's the Christian Grey to Gabriel's Anastasia Steele.

It's silly to think I hadn't noticed Kali on that first day of school.

She has a presence like the sun. Hot and biting, makes all things too close to her uninhabitable.

At this distance you might as well call me Mars.

She's only a few feet away from me, arms folded, looking at me curiously. There's no menace in her face or posture at this moment. Now, right now *imagine me pointing my index finger to the ground beneath my feet, thanks*, she looks so very average-looking (except having the no-nonsense attitude of a billionaire), nothing remarkable about her face or body at all.

Just her dark skin, red-circled fire-eyes, and thick black hair.

Very Fire Nation – the movie version not the canon version.

She's wearing a pale blue, long-sleeved shirt and deep blue jeans.

In her hand hangs the amulet Sam had given me for Christmas years ago. The one that I'd put in my desk drawer only two days ago and had left there for Sammy to find.

My suicide note.

So that he'd know that this was my choice.

*Well fuck you very much, Kali.*

Her possession of it is an obvious wave at the fact that I wasn't as safe as I'd thought I was surrounded by more angels that Jesus. Angels who each want to slit her throat and would take any opportunity to do so.

Really it just pisses me off that she had the nerve to take it when she knew she'd already won.

Feels like overkill to me.

We stare at each other for a long moment, and then she smiles and it's like the cat got the cream.

Cat.

Shit.

Her fuckin' lion.

With a swift 360° I scan the Library, but nowhere is there a 550 lb lion laying in wait. At least not one that I can see. And who knows, invisible lions could very well be a possibility with this goddess. After my full-turn turn-around we're face-to-face again, and all I can see is the ordinariness of her, this goddess before me.

“I'm not afraid of you.”
She stares at me for a long while. Too long. Then, with a breath and a quirk of the brow, she finally
speaks her mind. "How odd. You really mean it." She mutters. Her dark eyes assessing me with a
keen interest verging on obscene. Irises nearly black, just a hint of ruby around the edges, she keeps
them locked on me.

Thirsty.

\[ \ldots \text{for my blood}. \]

Ah, damn! If she were a vampire that'd totally be pun intended.

It's when she stands that I really get a jolt of fear, but the smirk she sports at the sight turns that fear
into anger. The sudden shift in me causes her expression to harden. Clearly unamused.

"Do you know what cryptophobia[1] is, dearest Dean?"

"Uhh, should I?"

Oh, fuck.

Kali's entire facial expression changes, becoming childlike and innocent.

It looks like a sweet child has taken over the body the demonic Kali possesses.

*That's not Kali. It's not Kali!*  

It's fucking horrifying to watch.

I feel like I'm seeing the sweet seduction she fed Gabe all those years. She's put on this mask of
innocence and happiness and *I-could-never-harm-you-why-would-I-ever-harm-you-I-love-you* like a
murderous child.

I feel like I'm seeing the face she wears after a kill.

Or just before.

*How long has she been like this?*

*Was she always like this?*

*Was she born to her sadistic ways?*

No doubt.

Without touching me, she flicks her hand like she's flinging water off it, I flinch but the action merely
causes the sliding partition behind me to race quick out of the wall to my right, flinging hard up
against the wall to my left, closing, airflow whipping me with how fast it trains away.

I feel like a railway crossing pole.

I also feel trapped.

The now slammed shut door pins me in here with her.

Her expression doesn't change.
She breathes deeply, savoring the moment, before she flicks her hand to the side.

I should’ve flinched this time.

I don't realize what's happened till I'm hit, pulled through the air and flung atop the desk, pinned by heavy air and heavier pain. Without a single touch.

The pain in my body is akin to the beating of Gabe's wings the day she’d left.

It's always her fault.

I grunt as I hold up my head, fighting against the weight so that I can keep eyes on her.

She walks like a run-way model towards me, amusement in her volcanic gaze. “Cryptophobia means fear of the unseen or fear of the hidden.” I glance at the invisible weight on top of me and she laughs. Loud and boisterous and so unlike her. “Do you know what they say about me, young fledgemate?” She spits the word for an angel-mate like it's revolting, the first time I've been called it, pulling a peak of anger from my gut. Her red eyes gleam, seeing the ire in my own and feeding off it.

She grabs hold of my chin, forcing me to face her.

Against my will – shocking the ever living hell out of me before the pain sets in – she gives me a kiss and I can hear how it sizzles as her lips meet mine. The scream I scream against her blistering lips is muffled, accompanied by her laughter.

It's like a brand against the most sensitive of my skin and the tears are icy as they escape.

“Your lips are too soft.” She mutters as she removes her lips from mine, voice amused. “Your taste sweet.” A heartbeat. “I hate sweet.” Why choose Gabriel then? Even her breath on my skin feels like a scalding desert-day, dehydrating and blazing. My lips blistered and boiled.

Jerking my head up and to the side, I try to get loose from her clammy hand. To someone not in this situation, that touch may be sensual, but now it's humid, moist and inescapable.

Another chuckle greats me.

“Back to cryptophobia. Do you have it?”

Keeping my lips sealed, I keep my head turned away from her.

Bad idea.

The scalding slap jerks me to face her, pulls a shriek from my gut.

Kali's laughter is nearly hysterical. “No.” I manage.

“Too bad. Mmmh.” Kali's face, her skin and hair and lips are within my reach, radiating heat like nuclear power. “Do you know what they say about me?” This time, she punctuates her words by pushing off of me; cutting me on the chin as she does so, drawing blood.

Her nail is red and glistening when she licks the droplets down.

“They call me Lion King.”

I know.
“I am She Who Is Black. She Who is Death.”

I don't tremble. I don't. She doesn't frighten me. This isn't worse than the plane. I've accepted my fate.

The Fourth Horseman is my guide. The Reaper's have permission. Death is my friend.

(That doesn't mean that I can't be worried about where I'm gonna end up.)

“Mounted on a lion, Kālikā was dark with full and prominent breasts, four arms and a beautiful face, and held a blue lotus. She was radiant. Fulfilling wishes and giving fearlessness, sword in hand, possessing all qualities, with reddish eyes, beautiful free-flowing hair, captivating the mind.” (http://weareferment.net/kalikapurana.html)

She breathes, verse hot in my ear, form morphing as the words give purpose. Taking the form of the true Kalika. “Kalika Purana; Chapter 8: verses 9-10. I am known. I am feared. I am loved. And why do you think you can take what's mine?”

“Nothing is yours.” The words tumble out before permission and I find myself with a second degree burn on my cheek in the shape of the goddess’ hand.

“Do you take me for a fool? Gabriel is bound to me. Now, and forever. He is mine and he will always be. And you, well you've been a very bad boy, taking away my toy, so I'm gonna have to send you far, far away.”

Gods, how many times has she laughed at me?

She doesn't need to draw this out.

She's playing with her food.

“What were you saying about cryptophobia?” I murmur, sobbing as my lips smack together, but I have to keep myself together. I have to.

Kali's smile is bright and eager. “You should always fear the unseen,” There's that feeling again, like I'm in the water and around me swims a sea-monster. A kraken waiting for it's food. The air billowing and yeah, I'm afraid of the unseen. She steps away from me then, watching with that ecstatic expression and with a flick of her hand says: “Sic 'em, girl.”

I hear a roar in answer, one you would hear in the Sahara of Africa, booming and encompassing and predatorial, and my face falls.

I snap my head at Kali but then something, something latches on to my legs and suddenly the weight on my chest is gone as I'm being pulled down with a scream.

Knives as sharp as Katana slice in over and over again.

Drawing sanguine and bone and muscle and agony from me, ripping at me as I claw at the world, helpless, scared and panicked.

I'm struggling on the floor, thrashing, her lion having already slashed through my right leg, now
attacking my chest as I shriek in agony. I turn over, onto my stomach, throwing my hands out to claw at something anything that I could grab and haul but there's nothing.

My nails scrape the bloodied floor and give it more.

My salted tears are a constant now as torture mounts, the fear and the bile battling in my gut overflowing from my screech raw throat.

Kali watches with a little smile on her face as her pet slashes across my back and shoulder. Stripes thick and oozing and shearing. The instinct to flip over is crazy but I follow it, taking the inevitable wound as the beast slashes over my chest, blood gushing out.

A normal person would be watching in horror. But as I'm taking what feels like my last breaths, the goddess is laughing.

As the blood pours out my chest, my screams no longer sound, but I'm still not dead. And Kali's just laughing and smiling.

I'm her fucking entertainment.

The growl of Zira is a kick in the gut.

The loss of my blood is a numbing agent, so I hardly feel it when Kali begins to burn. But I see it. Oh, gods do I see it. Her lions are feasting, devouring me and shredding my flesh, but my tear-soaked eyes are trained on her above my scream-sobbing maw.

Kali's become gleefully enraged, victoriously enflamed, engulfing her arms in fire which she throws out at her sides. A swirl worthy of a little child in their first dress, twirling and twirling and princess perfect. Streams of the oxygen-eater vine their way out and up and snake their way out and away. The flames dissipate none, revealing nothing but showing off the damage they wring as they grow and eat at the dying home.

Now she lunges.

Those four arms attacking and joining her vicious mount in my decimation. Who knew the hysterical laughter of a madwoman could be so terrifying.

Life Lesson Number 1: Smiles and laughs are subjective.

Don't simply judge or trust someone by their smile.

Ever.

It's Hulk worthy strength I find myself subjected to now.

And I would be fine, giving my life now; I walked in here with that intention.

Came so far with the implication to die.

But Kali just keeps laughing, she keeps laughing and suddenly I have this too-late epiphany that she's not gonna give up. Not gonna give up Gabe. Even with my soul in exchange for her surrender. Even with my sacrifice which should appease the goddess.

Sooooo...
I've been doing some thinking. And well, the thing is, I don't want to die.

I don't want to go to Hell.

I want to live.

That doesn't appear to be an option. Not with the smoke clawing at my lungs, the flames cloying at my skin. The lady of death baring her fangs at my neck. There are hands everywhere, blue skinned fingers prodding and pinching and pulling and choking. Time is against me and my world is fading fast.

_Maybe with this death the universe will feel fit to redeem me and you, though. We who disrupted their lives and tore a rift between them. With my death, I can protect you one last time. And that's all that matters._

. . . or isn't that what the hero usually says before their fall?

Well, screw that.

I'm a survivor.

And I'm gonna make it.

So . . .

Fuck her. Fuck Kali.

I don't know when I closed my eyes, but now they're open, and they aren't gonna close again.

Nuh uh.

But, huh, there's something off about my vision.

Everything's… blackened?

Like a shadow's engulfed me.

_It's just the flames. A trick of the light, nothing more._

Kali's there, vicious snarl and flaring red eyes and breathtaking hands 'round my neck. A gorgeous, murderous warrioress deity deserving of fear and subjection and worship.

But not by me.

Her favorite lioness is gone from where it had migrated to my side, fangs no longer digging into the soft flesh of my abdomen, now only blood lies there, flowing freely from my many wounds. I don't know where the invisible beast has gone now.

I don't know how I'm still alive.

It's not possible.

But the reality makes me brave.

Makes me wanna try my luck.

The lioness' fangs slice through my right shoulder, unexpected and unforeseen, hooked and attached
to my bloody and sweaty body. There’s blood bubbling from my mouth and I should feel completely terrified, that’s what anyone in this situation would express, but I feel . . . nothing like that.

I feel rage and determination.

My body is numb, the liquids exuding feel now like water over rocks. Something I can see but not feel. As if I'm a third-person observer to my own pain, my own death.

Near-death.

Yeah.

The shadow is back over my eyes, the darkness, and Kali's face above mine distorts. Pales, flickers from human to goddess as her eyes widen and flash, confusion and fear and anger warring.

I wonder why.

Her grip tightens in response to it, though.

On instinct, my hands raise to grip at hers, tugging on wounds and gushing blood, trying to pull her off. I don't expect to me able to do much. And yet, when my palms grip tight her wrists, a thump! of power blares, causing her to tighten.

My body should be near-death, but as instinct takes over it looks like I no longer care.

My body has a mind of its own.

Proven when my fist hits Kali with an uppercut to the chin, sending her skin rippling and her teeth through her tongue, sending her flying.

She lands with a bang!

IMPOSSIBLE.

Even when at my strongest, she is a goddess while I'm simply a measly human.

Any strength of mine should be mute.

Her screech is as worthy of note as her lion's. Reaching impossible decibel levels. Banshee-worthy and just as bloodcurdlingly war-like.

I turn at the sound, pushing up on my elbow to face her. She's staring at me with venom in her eyes. Around her the fire sets her features ablaze, morphing her further into the grotesque face of death itself.

Out of the surface of Durga's forehead, fierce with frown, issued suddenly Kali of terrible countenance, armed with a sword and noose. Bearing the strange khatvanga², decorated with a garland of skulls, clad in a tiger's skin, very appalling owing to her emaciated flesh, with gaping mouth, fearful with her tongue lolling out, having deep reddish eyes, filling the regions of the sky with her roars, falling upon impetuously and slaughtering the great asuras in that army, she devoured those hordes of the foes of the devas. (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kali)
Yeah, they didn't skimp on the details.

Nor did they exaggerate.

But I don't give a shit.

*I'm not dead yet, Oh Mother.*

She lunges at me then but I swing, using my arms as balance as I swing my legs 'round like weights and—channelling all my energy into my foot—aim a luckily well-placed kick to her gut, pushing her off and away again similar to a malfunctioned game of Airplane (ya know, the game where you lay on the ground with babies balanced on your feet? I think it's called Airplane . . .).

Thankfully, it works. She slams through the window, only to return a flash, howling, a screeching roar filling my ears as her hands manage to make it back 'round my neck. Her lioness has one of my arms now, having latched on again at my sudden movements, but my feet are free and I channel all my energy into a second kick to the goddess' kneecaps.

The pain causes her hands to slip *just enough*.

*Now push up into sternum with both heels,* again.

*Oomph!* Her hands slip ever more. Although unfortunately her claws stay sharp as ever, slicing through my skin effortlessly like butter.

Not deep, but not inconsequential, either. Although, when taken in with the rest of my injuries—still only in the background of my sense-perception—potentially fatal.

Her scream of outrage is enough to put the fear of the gods in me, if not The Fear Of God.

But I've had enough with gods.

With a frustrated roar she pushes forth, propelling me back into the wall with a not-dull *blam!* and a grunt from my chest.

I should be incapacitated—I should've been the second her lion went on the attack—but as I fall forward and land on my hands and knees, aching and sore and gory as all hell, after a few breaths deep in I stand. Perhaps a little wobbly, but alive and not even close to relenting.

*Maybe it's all that Grace Cas gifted me with.*

*Pre-emptive healing powers maybe? Second-hand angel hood?*

Who knows.

But man alive! Does it feel good.

Giddy, even. And now I'm laughing. I'm laughing because she's looking at me like she hates my guts but doesn't know why, because she's confused and a little fearful and because above all—she's angry because I'm not yet in a hole six foot deep.

*(I can lay my body down but I can't find my sweet release!)*

*So let me REST! IN! PEACE!*)

Okay so maybe that was bad timing cause now the tears are from too much laughter and there's a
knot in my gut from how hard I'm laughing but I CAN'T HELP IT!

I don't even notice when she lunges at me.

But my hind-brain must 'cause she doesn't land, instead she's side-swiped by my right hand. A “bitch”-slap that ends up with her imbedded in the wall.

Successfully killing the laughter in my throat.

How did I do that?

I don't know. I don't know anything right now except – except survive.

Fight or flight? Fight.

Both my hands must be all-seeing and independent of the rest of my body because with a swift turn the left slams into the invisible hide of the lioness and a whine of pain splits the air as it goes barreling off into the bookcase.

Through the shadowy haze and the fire my eyes trick me. Telling me I can see an outline of the beast. But that's . . . impossible.

'Cause, hello, I N V I S I B L E, duh.

But maybe today's just a day for impossibilities, huh?

It sure seems like it.

You know what I'd forgotten about?

The fire.

Which I'm brutally reminded of as a beam crashes down on my head. But you know those scenes in movies with the humongous burly man who – oh no! Better yet! You know the scene in Sherlock Holmes where Robert Downey Jr. as Sherlock hits the big giant guy with the tiny hammer and it simply bounces off his chest?

THAT's what happens when the beam falls down upon me.

Flames flickering up my skin and soliciting no burn. Licking and leaving me in peace.

I stare at the fallen piece of ceiling with confusion and thankfulness before glancing up to meet Kali's shocked gob.

Her expression turning instantly into an infuriated glower.

I smile back, biting my bottom lip before it turns into a victorious smirk and shrug like what-can-I-say?-I'm-invincible.

Confidence is brewing inside me, suffocating the fear bubbling under.

– I'll address the latter later-on –

“How're you still breathing?” The goddess spits.
“Determination? Maybe? I won't allow you to harm my family.”


“I'm Batman, that's my job.”

Kali looks me over, trying to find a weak spot, a spot unprotected, but that is all of me. Every bloody inch. She seems to realize that every single piece of me is supposed to be weak, so why ISN'T it. “I have a million siblings. And I wouldn't put my life on the line for any of them.” She distracts, prowling round within the flames, trying to understand as she looks me up and down. “How can you care so much for one?”

“He's my weak spot.” I admit, shrugging with a happy smile.

Mom always told me to take care of Sammy, so I will.

I do.

And yeah, I wouldn't regret trading my life for Sammy's.

Never.

But looks like that doesn't have to be a reality. (Not today, anyway. Maybe tomorrow.)

Then again, you should always be prepared for everything.

Kali's hands disappear behind her back a moment, and upon return she once again resembles her ancestral self.

“They say you can’t protect your loved ones forever.” She grins sickeningly.

“And? I say screw that – what else is family for?” That's what Ellen always said, and I believe her.

But, Sammy, Ellen might've been wrong. Especially now, in the face of Kali.

My hormones and body may be confident, but my mind is riddled with doubt, with the fear which I carried upon my shoulder all the way here weighing me down. Kinda pulling from me the want to sleep from deep within.

Sorry, lil bro. I've always tried to protect you. Keep you safe. No one even had to tell me. It's just always been my responsibility, you know? It's like I had one job. I had one job, and I screwed it up. I blew it, and for that, I'm sorry. I guess that's what I do. I let down the people I love.

Remember, Sammy, what's dead should stay dead.

Tell that to my bloody and beaten body 'cause so far I'm not yet a corpse.

But I'm getting tired.

I'm losing will. It's clear in my most recent thoughts.

But my body keeps jerking me out of it. Making me blink rapidly and breathe and defend.

And when she feints, well, my body reacts.

Launches me at her, makes mer hiss at me and scratch but I push her down into a bed of flames and
my body doesn't care it's like I'm not even in control anymore. Like I'm backseat driving in my own body.

Or rather, that I'm going on instinct instead of rationale.

The goddess shrieks. “YOU INSignIFICANT CHUTIA D'YOU Truly BELIEVE YOU CAN DEFEAT ME!?” I'm on top of her, reaching for her neck, lips pulled back and teeth exposed, fury bleeding through my veins. Strength coming from somewhere. “YOU THINK I'LL EVER GIVE UP WHAT IS MINE TO A SWINE LIKE YOU!”

“GABRIEL IS NOT YOURS!” I scream, hands pushing that last inch and wrapping vice-like 'round her neck. The blood in my veins is pounding and the roar in my heart is quickening.

I don't understand it, but I won't stand down.

“WHO ARE YOU TO TELL A GODDESS NO!!” She screeches. Voice like an eagle and hair like snakes.

The doors to the Library crashes open now, the red-fire joined by blue, revealing Gabriel.

Alone.

Looks like my time-to-die's up.

I spare him a glance but he's frozen, staring at a scene he obviously did not expect.

“ANYONE CAN TELL A GODDESS NO! GABRIEL DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU OR ANYONE.”

SHIT! Right! Invisible lions. Are. A. Thing!

I remember this when one of her's slams into my side, feeling like a train barreling forward.

How could I forget?!

“DEAN!” Gabriel's finally finds his voice, rushing forward as a new bite opens at my hip. I fling out my arm on instinct, the hit slamming the lion away. (Impossibly; need I remind you)

And then that sound, that heavenly fucking sound like a clap of thunder breaks through the blaze and I spin on my heel to see not one but four angels, twenty-eight different wings, standing there ready for battle like the warriors of god that they are.

Eyes blazing with grace and fury.

Gabriel's intent on killing Kali, that's clear in his eyes as he stands before her.

Too bad he's too late. This is no longer his fight to win.

I stand, facing the goddess and not giving the angels another glance.

“MOVE, GABRIEL.” I command of him. Voice . . . inhuman.

Kali's hackles raise and she know longer has eyes for Gabriel. She knows she needs to finish the job before she can take a crack at Gabriel. She knows she has to kill me before she can move on. She's intent on it.

“YES, DEAREST GABRIEL. MOVE.”
“What?! No.”

“THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT, GABE. NOT NOW.”

“How IS THIS NOT MY FIGHT!” Gabriel's the only one actually yelling. Kali and I are... well we're doing that booming-commanding-voice-of-god voice. How my body is managing that... again, I have no idea.

“BECAUSE HE SHOULD'VE DIED ON FIRST ATTACK.”

“AND YET, HERE I STILL AM. PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT AS POWERFUL AS YOU BELIEVE, MOTHER.”

Kali's lips pull back, revealing a set of fangs. Her blue skin is bubbling, her black hair rippling, red eyes blazing, flames licking.

That blue body leaps.

One second she's coming right at me, the next, suddenly she's slammed, knocked out the window.

I jerk, eyes wide as Lucifer stands panting.

Might I say that furious angels are hot.

I know I said she was my fight, but that was fun to watch.

I blink and out of nowhere Cas is before me, reaching for me, but the second he touches the skin on my shoulder I shout.

'Cause it fucking SEARS me.

It's worse than the flames ever were.

Jerking away, he seems alarmed for only a split second before he reigns in his eyes – Grace-erupted – and tries again. Although new tears are in my eyes from the agony of that touch, I allow him to bring me into his embrace, knowing he didn't mean to harm me.

Burying his face; nose and mouth, in my hair, he breathes me in deep.

"Dean."

We both know the embrace must be short-lived.

That hit would never incapacitate her.

And we're right. Her outraged yell booms! the windows and walls then she's crashing back into the building like a bull in a rage.

She enters only to find herself face to face with Lucifer, Gabriel, Michael, Me, Castiel, and Sam. At the warehouse that might not have scared her, but after how trying to kill me went, I can see hesitation in her eyes. Till she looks at me. Then it's replaced by outrage and betrayal, like I misled her to believe I was weaker than I was. But really, I truly believed I'd have no chance against her.

This is just... an unpredicted development.

With a smirk, Kali charges Castiel, forcing him up against a the walls. But Michael's there fast and
smashes Kali’s face into the mirror until it cracks.

Lucifer comes and flings the Hindu deity backwards – smashing her through a wall.

From the doorway Sam runs to me. Looking me over and searching through my bloodied clothes and over my bloodied skin for my wounds.

The look of utter confusion on his face screams loud and clear WHERE ARE THEY?! to which I have no answer.

Castiel returns and scoops me up like I'm in distress (which from all the blood is a reasonable assumption and I was at the beginning).

He leaps toward the destroyed window, now an exit, when suddenly we're jerked back. Jerked down. Cas grunts, yells, and then we're on the floor. And Cas is protecting himself from nothing. DAMN LIONS.

With an earth-rattling growl Cas manifests his wings, whacking our attacker away.

Among our companions they're fighting the visible enemy.

I see Kali yank Gabriel violently onto the floor, out of my baby brother's arms, yelling: “YOU ARE MINE I WILL LET NO OTHER HAVE YOU.” As she knocks Sammy away.

“DON'T TOUCH THEM!” I call out as Michael grips her tight and flings her up into the broken ceiling. Embedding her in the casement and bricks and wood. (This house is gonna fall. Goodbye home-away-from-home.)

Cas crouches beside me, grabbing my hand, squeezing as he tracks her movements.

Kali’s looking directly at Gabriel with a sinister grin – till her eyes suddenly shift to Sammy. And she suicide-dive-bombs from the ceiling and onto Sammy. Her legs wrap around his hips and her arms wrap around his neck and she SINKS HER TEETH INTO MY BABY BROTHER'S NECK!

He SCREAMS in agony.

My rage erupts, my body quick and sure as my mind's just along for the ride as I savagely pull her back and plow her through the floorboards. My fists are moving on their own as I punch and punch and punch.

The venomous hatred's traveling through my veins and is exploding out from my fists.

I must be channelling the spirit of Jean Claude: “I take everything I'm feeling, everything that matters to me . . . I push all of it into my fist, and I fight for it.”

Kali takes a page from my own book and uses the Airplane on me.

I go flying, only for Michael to catch me, holding me about the waist, wings half-manifested and half-gone as we hover.

I see Gabe at Sammy's side reaching hands to his wounds, working fast to assess his wound, focusing on the massive bleed and healing it as he writhes in pain.
I see Luke stalk Kali like a cat circling it's prey.

I see Cas start toward her, revenge in his body language, but the goddess stands before anyone can get to her. Michael lands and we disengage, keeping defensive stances, watching her warily. Kali’s fury has grown, and with it, her powers. Her extra limbs have sprouted, her body grown, her lions billowing the air. She is an island unto herself and she is demanding all our heads.

Unseen, the lions charge.

One catches me around the chest and Michael yells.

My eyes are all-seeing as I fall to the ground, watching as Cas turns swift and his eyes suddenly pop open to see the EXPLOSIVE RAW REALITY OF ME GOING DOWN.

Wings flap and – that's it. That's the final straw.

Cas Voices shrieking like a shrill incoming jet as he spins back round, kicking her roundhouse so the giantessic goddess bursts through flame and fire and brick; eyes aflame in white-blue fire Cas taps his Grace and utilizes it, pounding and delivering death blows when till Kali's hand shoots up to grab at my angel's ankle.

Castiel roars up to his feet as Kali swings him around like a baseball bat, smashing him into wall after wall. Cas' siblings crouch into attack mode and lunge at the goddess with a hold on their youngest brother like a pack of animals till finally she's piled upon by heavy wings and blistering Graces. Cas is battered, beaten, but so is Kali. So are us all. When I step forward even I let out a moan – the sound calling attention to myself as pain slices through me.

In an animalistic fury, Kali bites off BITES OFF a chunk of Lucifer's flesh, revealing the bubbling Grace below the surface. The touch of that heavenly heat sears her. Different holy lands clash and different deities mash.

She's thrashing but there are four angels upon her and each has an arm, each flaps their wings and PULLS.

Being drawn and quartered.

Her head and torso exposed and vulnerable.

I rush to the injured enemy who screams again in frustration and anger. Sammy dashes towards me – but I leap like she done to him. I wrap my legs round her waist, I hold on her dear life, I put my hands on either side of her face.

The angels are struggling, their Graces growing brighter and brighter till it's dangerous.

Till it's almost godly.

Like I'm going to turn to ash.

They're tapping into heaven.

Their fangs are dropping, their claws elongating, their wings on full display and powerful. Power runs like a current through the air and it feeds me. Nourishes me.

Sammy's boxed her in with me. He stands behind the struggling goddess with eyes all on me, waiting for my call.
The powers are building.

This needs to be soon. This needs to be over and done.

Kali's spitting in rage and she's trying to bite at my hands and she's raging her head from side to side and I don't think about it I just do. With a look to Sam I tighten my hold on her head and his hands join mine and we – snap!

But see the problem with a goddess is.

You can't just break a neck.

The angels are savage now, pure primal, but now her body's lax.

Now she's easy to tear apart. To rip her apart like they're ripping up floorboards. They stack her limbs like logs to build a fire.

A funeral pyre.

When I think it's over it's not.

Cas crouches down over her torso and then I've got Lucifer's hands over my eyes and even through them I can see the sun of his Grace. A series of nuclear explosions as one by one the angels do something to the body that ensures she never wakes again.

When finally we're allowed to see again Gabe and Cas are standing before Sam and I.

Each holding something out to us.

In their hands are . . . they're definitely at primal instincts now.

Feral smiles in place and eyes glowing holy as they each hold out half the goddess' heart to us.

A courtship.

But around us the house is falling, flames still lick the walls and my brother and I should've died a long time ago from both heat and smoke and why we haven't we'll probably never know but “we have to get out of here, now.” So our angels wrap us up warm in their feathers.

Cas blink!s and we're in the yard, Bobby's old house before us up in an inferno of blue-Grace-fire with Kali's dismembered remains within.

And then there are wings everywhere and a shrillity that could deafen.

Voices. Angelic voices. Singing and crying and so so joyous and brilliant.

Even I hear it.

A measly human.

I hear the angels and decipher their supersonic call. Their united voices ringing through innumerable skulls. Pounding like parade drums or the trumpets of victory.

Dean Winchester Is Saved.
I made this word up and then searched it and Google was very helpful. When I frankensteined it it meant: “fear of the hidden” or “fear of the invisible/unseen”. Urban Dictionary defines it as: “aversion to texts or messages written in cypher; hatred of cryptograms.” while an Answers answer says: “It's not an accepted word, but could possibly be used as an improvised word to mean "fear of secrets or of secrecy" or perhaps "fear of the unknown." From Greek kryptos ("hidden") and -phobos ("fearing").”

Skull-topped staff
The Men of Letters Headquarters
Lebanon, Kansas

Machines that haven't moved or sounded in over 30 years start turning on by themselves, flaring up like a lighthouse beacon.

Or the reflection of an eye that gets the prey caught.

*Tapetum lucidum.*

The bright tapestry.

The way to find a shifter, a were, on camera.

And now, the way to find an angel, a fairy, and a demon on a map.

More machines turn on, their buttons brightening up.

Focused on magnitude and number and fortitude. Where, when, how many, how strong. Importance. Rank.

“Well, well, *well*. What do we have here?”
Mom and Jody are pacing and fucking panicking around the house when we get home, and they charge at us.

And like . . .

They just fucking know.

How?

And then I see the bracelet that Momma is wearing; adorned with protective charms.

Like Jo's necklace.

She runs at us, full-force and concerned and scared and all I can think, all I can say – even after everything that just occurred is:

“Are you a Hunter?”

And she stops. Contrite and ashamed and oh my fucking GODS.

“You're a Hunter!” I don't mean to yell, really, I don't.

She hardly seems phased, though. Even when Sammy joins in with me staring down at the protection charm she wears on her arm.

“Yes.”

“And you never thought to tell us?” Sam accuses.

“No!” The vehemence of that one word alone has the two of us backtracking. But then she continues. “I wanted to get out. I needed to get out. That job, being a Hunter, that life, I hated it. I wanted a family, I wanted to be safe! You know, growing up, the worst thing I could think of? Day in and day out. The very worst thing? Was for my children to be raised into the life like I was. No, I wouldn't let it happen!” She yells. And then she turns her gaze on Cas and his brothers.

And everything kinda . . . clicks.

“And then they – they had to drag you into it! They pulled you into the life that I never wanted for you and now they've alerted the Men of Letters to you and your brother's presence! And to their own as well!”

“I'm a little rusty on my boy bands, Momma. The men of what?”

Jodes manages to roll her eyes but I swear, in this instance, Momma is so torn between amusement and wanting to Gibbs'-slap me till my teeth bleed that it's giving me whiplash. Thankfully I'm all Gracefully healed after my 'bout with Kali, otherwise, if she whacked even lightly I have no doubt I'd finally actually die.

But okay, wait. Backtrack to Jodes rolling her eyes.
“Woah woah woah, Jody knows!? Mom, you know too?!”

Mom and Jodes' deflate a bit at that, and we seesaw our sights between them.

“My husband and son were . . . taken . . . supernaturally.” She cringes at her own choice of words, but I don’t blame her for not wanting to explain the details. “While I watched.” The Sheriff finishes, expression hollow and sad.

Sam's at her side in an instant, pulling her in for a bone-crushing hug with his growing frame.

Momma brings my attention back around with an answer for my question.

“The Men of Letters are supposed to be ‘preceptors, beholders, chroniclers of all that man does not understand’. They once only shared their findings with a few trusted hunters – the very elite. But that's changed since the . . . the massacre.” That can be elaborated on at a different time. “And now the Men of Letters have laid with the Hunter Community. One in the same. And corrupt as all hell.” Her last words are spit as she looks over my shoulder.

“Momma,” I mutter. Cas and Gabe have been so quiet, waiting under the awning and eaves of the door and porch, that I'm surprised they're still there when I glance back.

But they are.

And despite being undeniably intimidated – 'cause they've confessed numerously that our mothers scare the beejeezus out of them – they're holding their ground under her vehemence.

“What do you mean they've alerted these Men of Letters to our presences?”

But instead of her answering me, I get an answer from behind.

And decidedly not from Cas or Gabriel.

“The reason my boys don't go using their powers all willy-nilly is because of the Kaiomai. If they do then the Men of Letters can track their location and where their Grace is most concentrated – i.e.: where they spend most of their time.” Chuck explains, stepping over the threshold and making himself awkwardly at home.

He sighs, breathes deeply, then pick-pockets his trousers.

Uncovering a piece of folded paper, he unfolds it, stepping forward.

The tired author hands the paper off to my mother then.

Handling the hastily written note gingerly, she reads it all through before shooting a look to her wife. Silent conversation over, Mother Mary returns her attention to our guests. “You are some writer, Mr. Shurley.”

“Please, call me Chuck.”

“Well, Chuck, you are something different, aren't you?” Those eyes, that look she's giving is piercing, killing.

_Dude, am I finally going to find out what Chuck is?_

“I am, and I'd like to keep the mystery alive.”
Damn. So much for that.

“As you wish, Chuck.”

“What does the paper read?” Sheriff asks, holding Sammy loosely around the shoulders.

“It’s a chapter.”

“Of?”

“Let me rephrase; it’s a draft of the next chapter in our lives.”

Excuse me?

Momma begins to read it as a Librarian would to a group of children, to which we listen just as rapturiously.

Michael staggered as a blade sprouted from his side, just beneath the shoulderblade.

If Lucifer screamed then, the sound was swallowed by wind, rain and hail.

Dean saw a second lance pierce the Arch’s leg, saw him fall. It’s then that he ran, ran towards his brother and his lover, until something punched in the small of his back and the damp compacted mountain earth met him with a slap. “Cas!” He screamed.

Skin slapped against skin, punches dealt and delivered, bodies thudded into trees, woods groaned and branches snapped.

His friends were by Hunters, Men of Letters, their daggers rising and falling, stolen from creatures upon creatures upon creatures. Angels and demons and wolves and weres.

Dean’s back was on fire as cackling from an unknown face spouts above him.

But before he can move a sight catches his eyes.

Gabriel rose powerfully up the mountain, stood tall on the cliff-face, holding his blade and staff, till a blade of demon-make went in his open mouth and came out the back of his neck. The Arch crashed forward, knocking some harpies off the steep incline and sending shifters, weres, angels, and hunters bouncing, spilling, and sliding down the mountain.

A scream of banshee-worth leaves the blond then as a Hunter bludgeons the fallen angel ‘cross the face with a blade, blood gurgling out of his mutilated maw in his last breaths. But when the human foe reached for his belt a crossbow bolt drove him to his knees.

Dean saw Jo Singer-Harvelle cut down Gordon Walker.

One of the Hunters was bitten through as he was wrestling with Benny Lafitte.

The crossbows, wielded by Jo Singer-Harvelle, Bobby Singer-Harvelle, and Ellen Singer-Harvelle took down Eldon Stein, Walt, and half a dozen more. Samuel had seized Gadreel by the arm, spitting and frothing in the young angel’s face, but Dean saw him manifest his blade in his other hand, slash
it full in his face, run for the hills. Before he can clear it tho a throng of hunters march through, the leader clad in protective steel from helm to heel; a dozen Men of Letters-at-arms packing the pass behind her.

They were armed with heavy longaxes, thin katana, and sigiled pistols.

“Mercy!” A young wolf cried, but wind and hail and the clang of metal and the splatter of blood smothered her plea.

The leader, Raphael, buried the head of her axe in Gadreel's stomach.

Dean's eyes were swamped with tears, searching the throng of bodies and gone with frantic heartbeat.

There was a dagger on the ground a few feet away.

There was a cackling above his head.

Then there was the grunt of a stab and the whipping of wings above his back and a choked out cry from Castiel's mouth.

And Dean screamed at the blood that poured over his calves as he lunged for the blade and twisted, face-to-face with the laughter and the wounded.

Cas bent over a wound so deep and vile none could survive it, surely.

The blade was damp and heavy in the male's grip.

His eyes blackened.

And he lunged.

“Chuck, what the fuck are you?”

“Well, there's only one explanation. Obviously I'm a god . . . I'm definitely a god. A cruel, cruel, capricious god.” I don't know if I've ever heard Chuck make a joke before . . . it's oddly unnerving.

“Think of him as a Prophet of the Lord.” Cas deadpans, and the mystery is dead, he says it like he's bored and this is old news.

Scratch that, for him it is. But for us . . . “A . . . prophet?”

“Yes.”

“Like an oracle?”

“A prophet receives prophecy . . . so, yes, I suppose they are synonymous. Though different mythos. I myself am a bodacshee.”

“Did you just make that up?” Chuck smirks, a sarcastic little thing that's so Gabriel it hurts.

“My kind are not well known. We are related to the Banshee.” The prophecier explains.

In reply, my Momma huffs, calling all of our attentions back to her. “It doesn't matter. You're a
bodacshee, a *prophet*, and you saw this – ” Momma whips the paper about with a sharp *schtick!*

“How? When ?”

“I, uh, I might have dreamt about it.” Chuck stumbles, not used to the raw . . . predatorial nature of my mothers.

“ *When ?*”

“A few days ago.”

“And you didn't tell us?!”

“One prophecy at a time.”

A thought hits me, and I lean in to speak more quietly to Cas: “So, Chuck is the guy who decides our fate?”

Cas chuckles. “He isn't deciding anything. He's a mouthpiece – a conduit for the inspired word.”


“Yes.”

“Why'd *Chuck* get tapped? Or was he born as one since he's a . . . uhh . . .”

“The powers of the *b odacshee* skipped four generations in Chuck's lineage. And then his powers awoke a few years back. I don't know how prophets are chosen or why, but he wasn't born with *this* power. He wasn't born a *see* er. As an *empowered* b odacshee, he was only able to predict a death, not the circumstances surrounding one. Literally a male banshee. We believe that the order comes from high up on the celestial chain of command.”

“How high?”

“Very.” He says, then: “That is, if you believe.” My mouth falls slack.

“Do you believe?”

Cas glances at me, a smirk in place. “We'll talk about *that* at a later date.”

“You best believe we will. Damn. An *angel* who doesn't believe.” I mutter in awe.

His smirk turns to a grin then, before we're roped back into the full conversation by Sam's voice.

“Is that really what's gonna happen?” Sam breathes, so small and quiet I hardly hear him.

But Gabe sure does, and my little bro soon finds himself wrapped with all kinds of short angel.

"Not necessarily. I see things — things that might happen, things that are coming. But it's very subjective. The future isn't set in stone. Things change.” Chuck explains. “Especially if you know one possible future from another.”

“And that's only one possible future?”

“Oh yes, there are an infinite number more that could come true.”

“And that's – ?”

“Was simply the most likely at the time of it's inception.”
“Great.” Sam mutters in agitation.

“So what happens now?”

“Now? Now the alphas need to vanish.”


“The fingerprints of their powers are all over this land. And the land where they did empower is owned by one whom lives here. Whom has a connection with you and your family. Who is a known ex-hunter turned ally for the Supernatural.”

Shit.

“Shit.”

“Shit indeed. My family needs to relocate. And so do the others. If but for a while.”

I glance at Cas, see his devastated face. Mirrored on his brothers and my own. Even my mothers look saddened. It's been a battle for them to make sure my brother and I were protected but at the same time happy. Unfortunately for them, that which makes us happy also puts us into their most feared form of danger.

“And now it's time to say your goodbyes. Make them quick, we leave at midnight.” Chuck orders, voice unlike what I've heard from him before. Confident and assured. Not meek and scattered like I'd always viewed him as.

Two sides of a coin.

With a grateful look to my mothers, Chuck says: “Thank you for your help” before he's out the door.

And the house is tension thick in his wake.

I grip Cas' hand like a vice, glancing hurriedly at the clock.

10:45PM.


I glance at the couples around me, all touching somewhere and somehow. Michael and Lucifer look at me and Sam in turn, their eyes the only goodbye I need, before they're gone.

And so are we.

Disappearing in a flutter of wings.

Chapter End Notes

One more to go
I can hear him the second he enters my house.

My *home*.

After nearer 20 years of no contact, not since I was 19 and making to run away with John.

How the years fly.

And *still*, after twenty years. *Twenty*. I still recognize that scent.

The stench that Daddy and my uncles always carried

They always smelt like demons and humans alike. Sulfer and salt, *together*.

Accompanied by tobacco and sanguine. A Hunter through and through.

Old man isn't as graceful and skilled as he thinks he is, or more like, as he used-to-be, neither.

Jody immures from the kitchen, steak-knife in hand. That's my girl. “Can we help you, *Sir*? What do you want?”

He must ignore her because no reply commences. With a deep breath more filled with annoyance at my own blood than reassurance, I balance myself.

“You get out of my house.” I command, standing from the armchair and facing my father without a hint of fear.

Hunters can smell it as well as any predator.

Wonder where they get it from.

With one look

“And you leave my sons alone.”

“Now, Sweet-pea. You know I can't do that. Just tell us where the Alphas are and no harm'll come to pass your sons.”

“Do you not care if they're hurt?”

“Why should I.”

“Cause you're their grandfather.”

“They are *not* my grandsons.” *Dad* doesn't need to yell to get his point across.

“What is wrong with you? They're your *blood*.”

“No! Not the bastards of *that man*.” Samuel spits, face making that sour lemon look that used to drive me insane.
Still does.

“And you. You! Ran off with a mechanic from a family of mechanics, with a boy who never mingled with the spirits a day of his life! He 'as never good enough for you! He took you away from us. From the family business, Mary . . . family.”

“I never wanted no part of the business, Daddy.”

“Well, you know, the one similarity between John Winchester and I: we know how to live without you.”

Of all the words he could've said, those are the only ones that could make me feel like I've been slapped right 'cross the face.

“Mary Winchester is nothing to me. Mary Campbell is my daughter, and she’s dead, and I can do something about it.”

He said what? “You can do something about it?”

“Like hell,” Jody breathes, weighing the knife in her hand. “You fucking bastard.”

“I can bring my baby girl home.”

“In your dreams, Samuel. I am not that caged little girl anymore. I'm a Huntress. As my eldest likes to say, I am a Lioness. And I won't give in to anything you're capable of. You cannot simply burst into my home, demanding the Alphas. No. They are safe.”

“They. Will. Be killed, baby girl.”

“No, Daddy. They won't.”

“We won't let you.” A new voice joins, and Samuel's head cracks! like a whip as he turns to glare at it's origin.

Dean.

With Sam standing strong beside him.

They've been gone two days, and I'd half expected them to go with their angels. But I suppose their angels have more decency then I thought.

My babies are standing in the stairwell, even though none of us had known they were upstairs.

What a first impression for them to have of Grandpa.

“Alpha Archangels are the most dangerous of creatures!” Samuel growls.

“Well, then it's a good thing you killed them.” Sam replies, face stoic and straight.

“Only half!” My father spits.

It's Dean who replies this time, voice devoid of emotion but eyes blazing with rage. “Half is enough.”

Chapter End Notes
My friend said it wasn't clear this' from Mary's point of view, what do you guys think?

STAY TUNED FOR PART 2! :D

P.S. my bestie just read this and asked "Did Sam miss his quiz?" always askin' the important questions.

P.P.S. "He only has four of them a semester!!!!"

P.P.P.S. "His fictional quiz had made me stressed." :c

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