Oblivious

by latethoughts

Summary

Being a hunter with the Winchesters means being aware of your surroundings but you're pretty oblivious to the fact that they're both suckers for you.

Notes

i do apologise for any mistakes, i will get around to editing
"You got a favourite song?"

"What?"

"Hum it, it'll calm you down," you instructed the scared college student. He was a foot taller than you but the way he acted, the way they all do, was like a poor lost child just wanting to call their mother.

Although not everyone faces a wendigo.

The two of you were hanging from the roots of a very ancient tree in the middle of the forest. Underground in a sticky cave, the freshness of the soil was beginning to make you gag.

Sam and Dean were right, you're a terrible babysitter.

"Biggie biggie biggie, can't you see. Sometimes your words just hypnotize me. And I just love your flashy ways I guess that's why they broke and you're so paid-" Tyler, the man with you, sang nervously.

"Seriously?" You asked. As you soon as you woke up and discovered your uncomfortable state, you got started on sawing away at the branches that attached you to the ground with the lucky pocket knife you kept on your sleeve.

"What? You said it'll calm me," Tyler's breathing was still heavy. You paused, biting your tongue and trying to be empathetic.

"I put hoes in NY onto DKNY. Miami, D.C. prefer Versace," you continued. He joined in with a smile on his face. The next few moments were just the two of you rapping along to 90s hip hop while sawing through roots.

"All Philly hoes, dough and Moschino.
Every cutie wit a booty bought a Coogi."

"Is that rap?" Dean's voice caught your attention.

"Dean!" You hissed, seeing the flashlight ahead of you. You noticed the familiar features of his gleaming smile as he approached and your heart rate slowed down with relief.

Dean looked at the two of you, noticing how dirty and scratched up you were, "you're a terrible babys-"

"Yeah, I know," you cut him off, "get me out of here."

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"So, uh thanks for saving my life and all," Tyler was currently covered in a shock blanket and sitting in the back of an ambulance.

"Anytime," you smiled back and turned to walk back to the impala.

"Hey! If you're ever in town, you think you maybe wanna grab drink?" He called out. You froze, seeing Dean and Sam's eyes roll as they got in Baby.
"Um," you closed your eyes, wishing he hadn't have said that, "maybe. Maybe next time you won't have urine running down your leg and we'll-we might-maybe uh,"

"It's okay. I can tell when I'm being rejected," he spoke nicely. You smiled back and nodded goodbye.

"He was nice," you commented once you strapped yourself in the backseat.

"Did you mention the pee running down his jeans?" Sam gave you a sly smirk.

"I did actually."

"When's the wedding?" Dean teased and received an eye roll from you.

No matter how much they teased or joked the boys knew that if you ever said yes to a date with a 'client' then they'd freak.

"I call first shower," you got a whiff of yourself, nothing but damp soil and fear in the form of sweat.

"Why do you think I laid towels down in the back?" Dean raised both his eyebrows.

* Dean stopped at a motel at Sam's request. Apparently, there was a quick salt and burn case in the next town.

"2 rooms please."

"Sorry hon, only 1 left but it's a queen and there's a cough, so it should be enough space," the middle-aged woman handed you the keys. You sometimes shared a room with the boys but Dean's snoring really got to you and sharing a bed with Sam was almost impossible due to his rolling around.

"Roomies again. Just like old times," your tone was fake happy.

"Are you serious? I've become too accustomed to sleeping without hearing your crazy dreams," Sam spoke.

"What are you talking about?"

"You talk in your sleep," Dean took your bags as you lead them to the room.

"No I don't," you laughed but second guessed yourself.

"Yeah, you do. I remember one time you were talking nonsense because your teeth fell out in your dream," Sam backed his brother.

"Don't forget the time you hogged all the blankets and screamed 'don't look at me!'" Dean gave another example.

"I'm assuming I was naked in the dream," you unlocked the door and let the men in, "Woah, shaggadelic." You commented on the 70s honeymoon suite decor.

Pink and white hearts covered the walls, drawing the eyes to the heart-shaped bed. The couch the front desk lady was talking about was also heart shaped and quite large but nothing compared to heart-shaped tub, which lacked a shower.
"Indeed," Dean shrugged, "where are you sleeping?" He asked while setting down the bags on the bed.

"Bed,"

"Okay, who do you want to put your cold feet on in the middle of the night?" Sam jokingly asked, you shrugged.

"I don't know, I just need to wash. I'll try and be quick." You grabbed some clothes and entered the bathroom.

The brothers turned to each other and gulped, both looking down at their feet and back up again, "flip a coin? The winner gets the bed," Sam suggested.

Dean immediately searched his pockets and wallet for anything but came up with nothing. The two stood there again, thinking about what to do next.

"1, 2, 3," the grown the men chanted, shaping their hands into resembling a paper and a rock.

"Dammit," Dean cursed and put his stuff down at the couch, Sam grinned as he emptied his bag on the bed.

"Did you choose rock again?" You asked Dean, emerging from the bathroom minutes later. He smiled tightly, also upset that you were wearing one of Sam's old t-shirts as pyjamas, "every time," you shook your head and teased.

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"Oh shit," you squirmed. The curve of Sam's cock was rubbing against you, making you wetter every second.

"Yes, yes, yes," you chanted. You were moments away from releasing when he put his hand to your throat. You didn't mind a little pressure being applied but the fantasy soon turned sour when it began to feel like your windpipe was being crushed.

"Hey!" Who was that? "Get off!"

"Dude! Get off of her!" Dean growled, tackling his brother to the floor.

Your breathing returned to normal as soon as you woke. Both of the brothers were on the floor, shirtless, and Sam was rocking a massive erection.

"Oh my god. I'm so sorry. Are you alright?" Sam came over to you and you flinched a little at his touch.

"Yeah," you squeaked then cleared your throat, "what was that?"

"Witch," Dean threw a hex bag on the bed, finding it hiding under the bed.

"We were targets?" You inspected the bag of bones and leaves.

"I don't know, that thing looks pretty old. We'll ask management in the morning if there have been any deaths recently," Sam suggested, "we should probably get some sleep."

"I might do some impromptu research at the diner. Not really feeling tired," you excused yourself after putting some pants on and grabbing the laptop.
The brothers shared a knowing look. Dean quickly put some jeans and a shirt on and followed you out to the diner.

"I'm good, I just...don't want to risk getting strangled by Sam again," you shrugged.

The yellow and brown decor of the diner screamed staph infection but you still sat in a booth with Dean.

"I know," he sighed and wiped his tired eyes. It was around 4 am so you both decided to have some coffee and start your day. "Sammy will be up soon anyway. He wouldn't hurt you, you know?"

"Yeah, I know. I just don't want to risk it again, what if there are more bags?"

"I'm sure Sam will find them and destroy them all," a comfortable silence fell upon you two, "bacon?" Dean suggested, lifting the mood.
"The lady at the front desk got all defensive when I asked her about the room," Sam rolled his eyes and focused on his coffee.

You sighed as the boys looked at you with a polite smile, "I'm not doing that again."

"Come on, it works every time,"

"You're really good at it," Sam's cheeky smile convinced you.

"This is so stupid," you muttered as you put on the over the top jewellery.

"You're gonna do great," Sam touched your lower back and lead you inside the office. Your get up made you unrecognisable.

The Willy Wonka sunglasses and a blue scarf draped around you, along with your kimono made you look like one of those women who claim to be a medium.

You gasped, "I feel it!" You gripped Sam's shoulder as he continued to lead you in. You had caught the eye of the apathetic front desk lady. She immediately dropped her magazine, putting her attention to you.

"Okay, Madam...Zeroni. Just this way. Hi again," Sam greeted the woman, "this is a friend of mine, I was wondering if she could take a look at the room."

"You a psychic?" You snapped. Sam's smile was emerging but he bit his lip to stop from cracking. "What happened here?" You snarled.

That was the thing about Madam Zeroni, she was scary.

The woman jumped backwards and straightened her shirt, "um, nothing."

You didn't move, you just kept staring at her, hardly breathing. "Okay, so there might have been a number of...deaths,"

"Mysterious circumstances?"

"How did you know?"

"Strangulation?" The woman stepped back again, "how often?"

"One a year."

"Contact information." You ordered. The lady went through her records. You turned to Sam and
mouthe, "you're welcome."

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"Hey, Madam Zeroni is back," Deans eyes travelled down your body and you frowned in confusion at the weirdo.

"Sam's getting some info on the victims. Find any more bags?" you sat down next to him on the bed and removed the kimono and scarf, exposing your slightly bruised neck. Dean frowned but averted his eyes.

"I went and had a small talk with the sheriff but he's new and doesn't know anything about the town," Dean explained his dead end. He was having trouble looking at you, this Arizona heat caused you to wear a thin tank that clung nicely to your chest, it didn't help that he was also admiring the necklace that he got you for your birthday.

"Well, the woman at the front desk was as gullible as Sam said. Pretty much handed over answers as soon as I walked in. It's an anniversary type situation but I'm sure Sam is consulting her, I may have spat on her carpet."

"That's because if you come for Madam Zeroni you and your family will be cursed for always and eternity!" Dean's fingers spread like a vampire and he jokingly attacked you, tickling your torso.

"S-stop!" you giggled and kicked.

"I could come back..." Sam entered the room with some papers.

"Are those the vics?" you stood up and tried grabbing the papers, Sam held them high.

"Stop watching Law and Order."

"Stop using your height against me," you jumped.

"Sammy!" Dean warned. Half about messing around, half about flirting. Sam cleared his throat and walked over to Dean; handing him the information. It was hard to not flirt sometimes, you were in such close quarters with each other and they were both just so goddamn hot.

"Okay, see if their families are alive," Dean instructed Sam, then pointed to you, "you, come with me." he led you to the bathroom.

"What are we- oh my god." you noticed the fresh bruises on your neck.

"You need to cover that up, got any makeup or anything?"

"I can just wear a scarf,"

"In this heat? It's like 100 degrees outside. Where's your bag? I'll get it for you." Dean was being awfully chivalrous lately; carrying your bags, opening the door for you and now applying makeup to your neck. What the hell is happening?

"Now, I know Sammy feels really guilty and you probably don't want to be around him that much-"

"What? No. I know it wasn't his fault."

"I know...it's just that you two have been off today. God, I don't know what I'm freaking doing. I thought it was supposed to be like paint," Dean gave you the sponge to apply some more foundation.
"I think it's-I think it's because of the dream,"

"Dream?" Dean swallowed the lump in his throat. Of course, he knew what you were talking about.

You had woken him up in the middle of the night with your moans and whimpers. He remembers the moonlight illuminating your body under the thin satin sheets, seeing your chest rise and fall and your hips girate against the mattress.

But then Sam stirred in his sleep and Dean turned towards the back of the couch, trying not to think about you lusting after his brother. It was only minutes later he heard the sound of choking and Sam on top of you. Dean didn't think twice before tackling the bigger Winchester to the ground.

"Yeah it was quite steamy," you whispered, "and I think he was having the same...experience," you chose your words wisely.

"So do you think whatever this thing is, probably a spirit controlled by some lonely hag, gets into people's dreams and manipulates what they see?"

You hesitated to answer and slowed down on the dabbing, "it's possible," you replied with a high pitch. Dean squinted and folded his arms across his chest, leaning on the door. "How does it look?"

You adjusted your boobs a little bit and straightened the top.

Dean shrugged and nodded, "I'd have a wet dream about ya."

"What happened in-oh," Sam stopped himself when he noticed there were no longer bruises on you, "well, I called the latest victim's family. Her husband is serving 20 years in prison but her mother wasn't too keen on talking about him."

"Have we got a name?" Dean asked.

"David Miller, 45 years old. Arizona State," Sam responded.

"Let's see if we can get in."

*

You had all changed into your detective suits, the classic FBI agent facade never gets old. What does get old is men whistling and shouting comments at you as you stride by. The three of you met in a communal space and you kept getting nudged by prisoners walking by.

"Hey, I got something you can inspect," one bald man grabbed his crotch.

"I'm a detective, not a scientist...I can't spot microscopic clues," you muttered.

"Hey, we got a problem?" Dean stood up, chest puffed out and jaw clenched. The man simply smiled and surrendered sarcastically. Sam had noticed you shuffle closer to him on the round table and appreciated the subconscious gesture.

"Why is the FBI concerned with me? I did it, I admitted to it," the guilty looking father slouched over. The beige jumpsuit was partially stained with dirt and some blood.

"It's more about the resemblance it has to another case we're working on," Sam began, glancing at you for a slight second, "did you notice anything strange about the room?"

"Besides the wallpaper?" He joked, "my dead wife's neck in my hands would be one thing off about it,"
You all grimaced, not knowing if his dark humour was due to his year in prison.

"Um, we were more thinking about if the room was cold or if you had any control at that moment," you spoke really slowly. Miller looked catatonic for a moment but made direct eye contact.

"I don't even remember doing it. I thought I was asleep."

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"What if it's like a Freddy Kruger situation? People dying in their dreams because a janitor or maid is seeking revenge on couples," you suggested, walking into the room.

"Yeah, but it doesn't explain the hex bags," Deans rebuttal stumped you. It was the late afternoon now and each hour you grew more nervous about sleep.

"I'm headed to the diner, you want anything to eat?" You grabbed your purse. Sam declined and Dean texted you a list consisting of fatty foods.

Walking by the front office you noticed it was empty, as usual, but you heard some yelling, or more specifically, chanting.

You opened the door slightly and used your knife to cut the string to the bell so no one would hear.

"haec mortalium nolite maledicere, curse haec mortalium, dominus!"

"Always the first weirdo you interview," you muttered, spotting the front desk lady. She was surrounded by shrubs, nests and fruit. At least there weren't any chicken heads or anything stinking up the place.

You slowly retrieved your phone and just as you began reading Dean to come to the office, he called you.

"Shit."

The witch's head snapped towards you, she didn't utter anything but simply locked all the doors and blacked out the windows.

"I should really start locking that office door," she told herself. You were frozen, unable to speak. Your phone continued to ring on the floor as she spoke. "I'll just silence that." She used her telekinesis to crush your phone and received a whine from you, "what's that, love?" "Now I have to get a new phone! Do you know the hassle I have to go through just to get a phone nowadays-" she shut you up.

"You won't be needing it for very much longer," she smiled, "if you'll excuse me I have some business to conduct."

"Mm mm mm?"

"What?"

"Sacrifice? Annual thing, right?" You guessed. All you could do was annoy your potential murderer until the boys realised you were gone for too long.

"I may have fibbed about how many victims we have here,"

"Bi-annual?" Her cheeky smile indicated it was much more.
"It's not personal, I just have a hungry god that's all. They require feeding just like anyone else, but it depends on the soul,"

"A human being can be soulless and still live," she approached you with what seemed to be a letter opener.

"I know but this is more fun," she whispered and sniffed your hair, "you seem a bit dead inside though."

"What can you do?" You tried shrugging but it didn't work, "I do have one question though. Why strangle someone every year?"

She paused to think, "I'm a showman. Also when hunters come along I need to them to sniff in another direction, don't I? You know what? I think I should start keeping people awake until I kill them, I'm loving the one on one time."

"Is it always in the back office you do this?" You quickly asked before the door crashed in. You dropped to the floor as she started flinging anything and everything she could find at the boys but Dean got in quick and shot her straight in the skull.
You sighed, relieved that they were both okay.

"You alright?" Dean kneeled by you then helped you up.

"Yeah, thank god she was a talker."

"As I said, lonely hag," Dean winked.
"What the hell are you watching?" Dean entered the den where you and Sam were watching a movie.

"Eraserhead." You answered, not bothering to look up.

"I don't see any erasers," Dean slipped in beside you so you were sandwiched between the two. You didn't care to notice, the couch was just big enough to fit you all.

Sam noticed Dean's arm go behind the couch and instinctively over your shoulders. He stopped the urge to scoff and continued on with the movie, spreading his legs a bit so they were touching yours.

"This makes no sense," Dean spoke out loud.

"None of his films do, have you seen Twin Peaks?" You asked rhetorically.

"Of course I have, Mr Niche Interests over here doesn't shut up about it."

"Shelly is pretty cute, hey?"

"Ooh yeah, but Norma is where it's at," Dean responded. Sam noticed your body was facing Dean now and gulped, turning jealous at the attention Dean was getting from you.

You two continued talking while the movie played but Sam ended up gripping your thigh when the baby popped up on the screen, "there it is!"

"What the hell?!" Dean jumped up, spilling his beer, causing you and Sam to laugh. Dean, now embarrassed and wet, went to the kitchen to pat himself dry.

"Why do you like his movies so much?" You asked Sam, who still held your thigh. When he realised it had been placed there for too long, he retrieved it, sat up straighter and turned to you. Finally happy that Dean was gone again.

"I guess I can appreciate a film being made for entertainment and its message. Sometimes a movie is just that, a movie. It doesn't need to make sense as long as it's entertaining us and it gives people the chance to imagine the characters lives afterwards."

"You're a real romantic aren't you?" You teased and got pushed playfully.

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Your next case involved a touchy subject: kids, specifically babies.

"This isn't my baby, you have to believe me!" The tired looking mother was forced out the police station.

"She'd be the 4th mother this week reporting a missing baby," Sam whispered in your ear, of course, he was a giant so he had to lean down. It still made the hair on the back of your neck stand.

"So, changeling? Baby swapping, mothers knowing the difference, all that jazz," you responded.

"Seems pretty open and shut, we just have to find out who's taking the kids," Dean piped in, "Sammy, you do some research. You and I are gettin' dressed up," Dean pointed to you.
"Child protective services, really? What if she doesn't want to give him up?"

"Well, we have to check. Women like this need someone to trust and perhaps she'll trust a psychologist," he pointed to you in your pencil skirt, "and some form of authority," he then indicated to himself.

"Okay, but you can't flirt," you instructed.

"You jealous?" Dean grinned with a cheeky glint in his eye but it disappeared when you answered.

"You can't flirt with me," you smiled and stretched out your face, even more, when the woman answered her door.

"Can I help you?" she eyed you both suspiciously.

"Hi ma'am we're from child protective services. We heard of a case where you may be experiencing-" you began.

"I'm not 'experiencing' anything," she rolled her eyes, "I know my baby and that thing isn't him!"

"May we come inside? Your case matches up with several other women and we'd like an interview. Anything we can do to help, we will do. Ain't that right, sweetie?" Dean smiled smugly at you. He jumped over flirting and went straight to marriage, apparently.

"My name is William Eilish, this is my wife, Pepper," Dean introduced himself as you two were lead to the living room. The house was well-made, everything clean and spotless. A peek in the kitchen led you to believe that a baby didn't live here at all. It wasn't until you saw the baby lying in its bayonet that you remembered this was a dishevelled mother.

"Helen," she responded.

"What's his name?" you went over to the bub and he immediately grabbed one of your fingers. You couldn't help but smile at the sight.

"My son's name is Robbie, I don't know what that is!" she folded her arms across her chest and sat as far away as she could, "sorry, did you want a coffee or..." she trailed, scratching the back of her neck. The woman clearly wasn't getting enough sleep but the baby hadn't made a peep in the time that you've been inside.

"A black coffee would be great, thank you," Dean accepted.

"May I pick him up?" you asked, she shrugged and nodded as she left.

The baby was grasping at your fingers, "he seems normal," you muttered, studying his behaviour.

"Any teeth?" Dean asked, coming beside you. One was growing in the centre and the ears seemed a bit sharp.

"Hey buddy, are you in pain?" your finger brushed the sharp tooth and he bit down on it, "ow shit! Fuck faeries man!" you gave the baby over to Dean. He cried in Dean's arms as you applied pressure to the bite.

"Take me to your father," Dean instructed the baby in an alien-like voice and looked at you, searching for a laugh. Something he did not receive.
"Sorry hon but the little shit drew blood," you showed him your finger.

"Yikes. Are you hungry?" Dean asked the kid. It responded with another cry.

"Did he bite you?" Helen came in with two mugs, you gratefully took one and nodded, "he hasn't stopped being a little...tyrant," Dean put him back down and sat on the couch with you and Helen.

"So, he's quite cheeky?" Dean took a sip of the coffee.

"That's an understatement. He's been doing...weird things."

"What do you mean?" you asked slowly. Helen was staring at the baby like she knew he wasn't human.

"He's not growing. It's been 6 months and he still looks like a newborn. His ears are pointy and he's just not mine" she was terrified and humiliated just telling you, "he's always crying."

You looked at Dean, who shook his head at you. He didn't think it was a good idea telling a woman her real baby is missing and replaced with a mythical creature.

"Helen," you began, "has Robbie been sick lately?" the look she gave you answered your question.

"How did you-I mean, yeah. We had some complications are birth and he um, he died for a few seconds," Helen started weeping, you had fought back some tears too, comforting the mother, "but they were able to revive him, he's my miracle boy. But this thing... I just want my baby boy back."

"I got a pocket, got a pocketful of sunshine. I got a love, and I know that it's all mine. Oh, oh whoa -"

"Sammy" Dean answered the phone, "really? Okay, we'll be there soon," Dean hung up. "I'm sorry, our son is in some trouble at school. Here's my number, call me if anything gets a bit out of control," Dean handed her a card and took your hand, pulling you out of the house.

"What's going on?" You were still holding hands right until you reached the Impala.

"Another baby was taken. He's at a bar, thank goodness," Dean looked up to the sky.

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"Can I see some ID?" The bartender winked at you but you were so shocked that you didn't pick up on the flirting.

"Oh really?" You frowned and showed him. He smiled while looking.

"FBI, huh? You in town because of the babies?" He grimaced while pouring your beers.

"Yeah, have any input?" You lazily asked.

He shrugged, "I'm just a handsome young bartender, don't really know anything about them," he made you smirk.

The boys picked up on this and Sam made his way over, "need some help?" He took two of the beers and nodded a thank you to the bartender.

"Thanks," you paid the man, who returned to you with a receipt with a phone number on it.
"So, what do you have?" You asked Sam on the walk back, glancing back at the cute bartender who shot you a smile.
"Another victim, but I saw something weird today," Sam answered and set down the drinks, you three sat on stools around a tiny table. All really uncomfortable at the seating, "those women over there with the pram, they come in and out several times with different prams."

Your eyes were directed across the dimly lit room to a beautiful auburn haired woman with pointy yet soft features. She was laughing along with a baby girl in her arms with two other similar looking women.

"Babysitters club?" You and Dean spoke in unison with you receiving a wink from the older Winchester as a 'good one'.

"Ha ha," Sam spoke sarcastically, gaining your attention.

"Do you think they're doing it?" You asked Sam

"That'll be hot," Dean interjected, thinking it would make you laugh but instead, both you and Sam sighed with disappointment, "what?"

"Look, maybe we can get Y/N to bond with them a bit," Sam suggested.

"Excuse me? How?"

"What do fairies love?"

"Flowers and wreaking havoc?" you answered.

"I mean, yeah-but also chocolate. Here, see how they respond to you eating it," Sam handed you a chocolate bar. You sighed at the thought of getting down from this stool in a pencil skirt.

"Okay," walking over to bar seemed less suspicious than just eating right in front of the clucking hens so you said hello to the bartender.

"Back again?" you stood sideways against the bar and nodded, slyly unwrapping the candy bar. They didn't seem to notice so you made some noise.

"Yeah, I think you may have accidentally given me a damaged receipt, what will the tax office say?" you tilted your head to catch sight of the women but still nothing so brought out the chocolate to your chest and cracked it. There we go.

"I'm sure they'll get over it. Those guys you're with, brothers?"

"You wish," you muttered, he caught on it.

"Is that Hersheys?" his eyes lit up, uh oh.

"Yeah, want a bite?" there was something unsettling about the bar now. You could feel eyes on you, but too many to count.

"Dean," Sam slapped his brother's arm, pulling his attention away from his phone. The men noticed a good majority of patrons looking your way, feeding the bartender a tiny piece of chocolate.

"What the hell is she doing?" Dean muttered as he stood and made his way over to you. He took your arm, "I think we should go."

Dean's grip was firm and urgent. The three of you rushed out of there and into the Impala, "Town of faeries. This is new," you commented.
"Why were you hand feeding him chocolate?" Dean's disgusted tone made you feel uneasy as if you'd done something wrong.

"He's hot," you shrugged, "I didn't plan on it but at least we know that Helen is the outlier here."

"Where are we going to stay? We don't exactly know if this is a Hot Fuzz situation where everyone in town is part of some secret society," Sam was panicking.

"We'll have to do another test, pass me the chocolate," Dean reached for you.

"Oh, did you want some?" you responded, mouth still chewing.

"Did you finish it already?"

"I thought I could!" you defended yourself.

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The motel was all clear but you still got one room with a couch just in case anyone made an attempt on your life. You entered the room and plopped your bag on the first bed, "dibs."

"What's this?" Sam saw the receipt from earlier and picked it up, noticing the bartender's number.

"Oh!" you tried grabbing it back, "come on! What did I say about using your height against me?!" you shoved Sam but accomplished nothing.

"Is this the bartender's number?" Sam asked once you gave up.

"Number?" Dean frowned and inspected the small piece of paper, he scrunched it up and tossed it in the bin, "Curry!"

"Are you that thick?" you bent over and straightened out the receipt.

"What?"

"We can call and interrogate him about the kids. Surely, he knows something," Sam's eyes rolled at his older brother's recklessness.

"Oh. I thought we were just stopping Y/N from getting laid again-" Dean stopped himself.

"What?" Sam looked at the ceiling with Dean and around the room, keeping their eyes off you. As they began to venture in different directions you gathered them back, "have you been cockblocking me?"

"What? No, of course not. I'm very sex-positive, you know that" Dean tried defending himself.

"Yeah if it's with you," Sam muttered, "we may have stopped you from sleeping with some guys in the past-" you turned away from them and fell onto the dusty bed, "but for your own good! You're monster bait Y/N, for some reason they just want to... get with you," Sam admitted. He was clearly uncomfortable with the topic of the situation.

"Just to be clear I had no problem you getting with Joan: the witch, you remember?" Dean interrupted. You rolled your eyes and looked at the shadowing figures.

You had been wanting to sleep with someone for months and to find out that your two closest companions had been the cause of your increasing libido was complicated. Why were they doing this
to humans? There had been plenty that had flirted with you.

"I guess all I can say is thank you," your jaw clenched. The brothers felt enormous guilt for what they had done but to see you flirting with another person built so much anger in them. They couldn't control it.

You dropped the subject, hoping they would too and dialled the number on the receipt into your phone, "hey! Brandon? Hi again it's Agent-I mean Y/N. I was wondering if you were free tonight and wanted to have dinner together or something. I don't know, I don't really stay in towns for too long so I'm not exactly an expert in asking people out on dates-not that I am of course I just...do you want to maybe grab something to eat tonight?"

Sam and Dean kept quiet, they knew that what you were doing was to benefit the case and not your love life. You sounded incredibly convincing on the phone, the perfect amount of 'cute yet nervous idiot' spilling out.

"That sounds great, pick me up at my motel? It's room 15. Great, I'll see you later," you hung up, "piece of cake."

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"What the hell?" Brandon the bartender was currently tied up to a chair, "kind of a kinky date, don't you think?"

"You're witty," you commented, still in a bit of a sour mood from earlier.

"Where are the babies?" Dean hopped straight into questioning.

"How should I know?"

"You're a faerie, right?" You asked.

"Let me guess, hunters?" Brandon paused for a second, "I swear I didn't do anything. Please, don't define our community by a few outliers,"

*Outlier*

Sam remembered that you had said that earlier. Perhaps Helen really was an outlier, maybe she was somehow in the wrong.

"What do you mean by few?" You picked up on the plural.

"Let me out of these ropes and I'll tell you."

"That's funny," you stepped closer, "what do you mean by few?" You repeated yourself.

Brandon could tell you were more than just a sweet face but he still wouldn't let up. Sam decided to entice him with some chocolate, Dean's chocolate.

"Woah what are you doing?" Dean went to grab the bar from his brothers hand but you placed your hand on Dean's shoulder to settle him.

"Do you like chocolate, Brandon?" Sam spoke in such a seductive yet dangerous way, it made you feel a little excited.

The look on the faerie's face was nothing but yearning. "It's really good," Sam broke off a piece and ate it, savouring the taste and sucking on the sweet with his tongue.
Then he sauntered over to you and put a block in your mouth, his salty finger brushed your tongue, you couldn't help but smile.
"Would you like some?"

"Yes. Yes please," Brandon leaped and was almost hyperventilating at his excitement.

"Then we're gonna have to come to a trade."

There was always something about Sam that made you feel some type of way. His stance right then, shoulders straight, arms crossed against his hard chest making his biceps bulge enough to practically rip his shirt; it was almost too much.

It certainly wasn't the first time you'd thought Sam was attractive; it wouldn't even be the second. To say you harboured a crush on the younger Winchester brother was a little bit of an understatement but nothing could come out of it. You were hunters, you couldn't lead that life.

"Okay okay!" Brandon was sweating and shaking like an addict needing another dose, "the nappers name is Nathan,"

"Are you serious?" Dean asked, clearly amused at the alliteration. You slapped Dean's arm, indicating that it was inappropriate.

"Why is he doing it?" You asked this time but Brandon kept glancing to the chocolate. You rolled your eyes and grabbed the bar out of Sam's hand, breaking it up into little pieces, "pay attention!"

"Okay! Gosh! Don't hurt it!" Brandon pleaded, "no one knows specifically what faeries do to young humans, we can choose to offer them to a higher power or keep them as servants or even adopt them as family! No one knows, I don't even know! He comes in the bar all the time, red haired dude with an outdated goatee."

* 

"Gross," you spotted Nathan the faerie hitting on a woman. He was trying really hard, leaning in and whispering sweet nothings in her ear, not that she was interested. She seemed to shy away every chance she got and continued talking with her friends.

"Looks like you're the bait this time. Should be easy. I mean, look at him," Dean wasn't too pleased at the idea of flirting with someone else but knew it was just the job, "just smile and touch his arm," Dean shrugged.

"How do we know you can't be 'bait'?" You said as you noticed Nathan now checking out Dean. You two were standing at a high table and as you walked backwards towards Sam, who was in a booth, Deans face dropped. He was going to reach out for you but Nathan already approached.

"Hiya," Dean smiled awkwardly, death glaring you.

"Just smile," you mouthed as you squeezed Sam's arm. Your hand lingered on the hard muscle but let go, embarrassed at the touching.

"Ha Ha Ha! You're so funny!" Dean squeezed the guy's arm.

"And he's got him," you spoke.

"Okay, let's go outside and pull the car up," Sam took your hand and led you outside. You assumed he was playing into 'putting on a show' for the faeries.
Dean stayed with Nathan, smiling whenever the red haired man looked at him.

"How about we take this to a more private location?" Nathan asked. Dean forced a tight smile and told him to lead the way, walking behind him and slyly pulling out the sedative hiding in his jean pocket. Once outside Dean tried attacking the faerie but Nathan was sharp and quick, "ugh, hunter."

Nathan blocked the needle then the punch Dean was about to land on him. The faerie continued blocking Dean's fast paced kicks and punches and the hunter was getting tired of it.

So, with a frustrated groan, Dean headbutted the thin framed creature, knocking him out and sending him to the floor. Dean searched around for the impala but failed to find it. He groaned pulling the dead weight body around the corner of the bar into an alleyway.

"You looked good-you did a good job today, in the interrogation or whatever," you tried to compliment Sam but the anxiety hit you out of nowhere. You cleared your throat to eradicate the tension but it didn't work.

"I looked good?" Sam hid his smile while scratching his neck. You two walked leisurely to the car.

"Yeah I mean, you always do-but the um...the feeding was a brave choice," you were becoming flustered and needing to control your breathing at how embarrassing you were being.

Sam chuckled, "thanks. I uh, thought he'd respond better to chocolate disappearing rather than violence. Which worked," Sam nodded as if you thanked him. He pulled the keys out but dropped them as you spoke.

"Worked for me," you muttered.

"Woops, butter fingers."

Once you were in the passenger seat you stopped Sam from turning the key, he like the contact but was definitely confused.

"Just quickly," you began, retracting your arm and fiddling your thumbs, "you didn't stop any humans from...getting with me did you?"

Sam was uncomfortable with your curious eyes, you weren't sad but you were definitely looking for an excuse to the obvious answer, "I..." Sam trailed off, "I'm not sure,"

"You're not sure?" You two were facing each other now on the leather clad seats.

"I means it's hard to tell with everyone so Dean and I kind of just," he gulped, "scare everyone off."

You could feel the anger in you rising, your fists clenched and neck turned hot, "I m angry," you spoke precisely, trying not to laugh like a maniac.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!" Sam surrendered.

"Why would you guys do it with everyone? It's so obvious when someone's human, I can tell within a few minutes. You know that and this whole cockblocking thing is obviously sexist because you and Dean, especially Dean, are always hooking up with random women. How the hell is that supposed to make me feel? I mean-"

The kiss was soft and short. Not merely a peck but definitely an attention grabber. It wasn't the first time you felt the Winchester's lips but there was definitely a different connotation.
The first time was a drunken night after a heavy case. You were all tired and tipsy, lazing on the sofa and just appreciative to have each other alive. Just after Dean left for bed you had decided to go as well but you and Sam had a small heart to heart and ended up entwined on the couch hugging and kissing.

You claimed not to remember, as did he.

But now as he grabbed your face and felt your lips on his again, it was breathtaking and eye opening all at once. When the smooch finished you were both silent.

"Um we should probably-"

"Probably check on Dean, yeah," Sam interrupted.

"Oh shit," you cursed, noticing Dean had pulled the knocked out body to the side alley. Sam immediately got out and helped his brother drag it into the car.

"What the hell took you guys so long?" Dean grunted.

"Nothing," you and Sam answered in unison.
Origin

Chapter Summary

A flashback to the time Dean knew how he felt about you

After finding out what Nathan was doing with the children, you and the Winchester's had to make a tough decision.

"We should tell her the truth," you were thinking out loud, contemplating the pros and cons while pacing the motel room.

"Then what happens to the kid?" Dean was doing some contemplating of his own with beer.

"Either way she'll find out. Faeries don't stay with their human guardians for very long, he'll go missing in a few years and she'll be just as devastated. Would you rather be prepared for your child to leave or think they're dead when they're a teenager? Robbie's dead, she needs to make peace with that and either choose to offer the faerie back or take care of him for a while like he's her own," it was a dilemma that you all hated.

Sam and Dean sighed.
"Okay," Sam agreed reluctantly, as did Dean with a slight nod, "we'll tell her tomorrow."

"I'm going to the bar," Dean grabbed his jacket and didn't bother closing the motel door. You gently shut it.

"So about before...with the kiss."

"You did it to shut me up. I understand," you waved it off and went to walked by him, to the bed.

"Stop," Sam took you by your shoulders, "look, I love you-"

Your shoulders relaxed as you expected to hear 'like a sister'. "I know," you looked down at your feet and got out of Sam's grip, "you do it to protect me. It's fine, I'll stick to places where I know I'll find humans."

Sam wasn't prepared to admit his feelings for you. The feelings he's had since was in college with you. That's how you met, before Jess, before everything went to shit again. You were friends for a long time, witnessed Jess' murder and the yellow-eyed demon. He killed your parents as soon as he could along with Jess' family.

You changed majors once Sam left and decided to study theology and mythology. No career was made out of it but you met up with Sam a year or so later and since then just been travelling with the boys. Once the yellow-eyed piece of crap died you expected the boys to send you away like they did with so many others but they didn't. You stayed, Dean welcomed you with open arms and an open crotch but you two kept it light. You never really wanted a relationship in fear that whoever came close to you was going to die.

Just like them.
But over time, things changed.

You changed, especially for Dean.

Being younger than Dean, you were seen as kind of a little sister. He snapped at you, told you to shut your cakehole, made fun of you for getting flustered around pretty boys - the whole nine yards - but one day you simply weren't.

He wasn't sure when that day was, it could have been the first time he saw you decapitate a vampire, maybe even the day you started talking back and making jokes with him, pissing off Sam. Or it could have the time you wore one of Dean's old band shirts as pyjamas.

He saw you in the kitchen of the bunker getting a glass of water, your hair was in your face and eyes half closed but you looked so precious and at ease.

"Is that my shirt?" Dean seemed to appear out of nowhere, frightening and making you spill your water on Dean's top.

"Shit," you cursed and shivered at the cold water now on your chest. Deans mouth fell open at the sight, after all, it was a white shirt. But instead of running away and covering yourself like a young girl, as Dean imagined you would, you walked up to him. "You're such a dick," you shoved him. All he could do was watch you walk away, tongue in cheek, trying to erase the image of you but not entirely wanting too.

The feelings came later. He lusted after you for a while and enjoyed the one on one flirt sessions he got from time to time but the day he realised he fell for, well that wasn't good at all.

"Hey! Hey! Look at me. You're gonna be okay," Dean told you, choking on your own blood. "Sammy!" He called to his passed out brother who was yet again possessed by a lowly demon. One that didn't really like you.

You gave your best fight but he was too strong. Dean exorcised the demon as he approached and wrestled with his brother. You had been choked and stabbed, clinging onto any breath you could. Dean was above you trying to resuscitate you. Damning god when you died, damning everything and everyone. He didn't speak to his brother for a week. Sam was beaten up so bad, emotionally and by Dean.

That's when Sam knew how his brother felt about you.

The boys didn't sleep or eat properly for a month, they prayed and prayed. Asking for help from anyone, God, Castiel, Amenediel, Gabriel, even Crowley. But nobody picked up. Not for a while anyway.

Thankfully, Castiel was there to help you. He just took his time. Hell is a big place after all. You had had quite the time down under but then you saw him. The white light reaching for you in the darkness. You were sceptical of course, hell is unpredictable and demons are always full of tricks but Castiel got sick of waiting for you to trust him and sent you back. That explained the bright red scar on your back.

When you came to, Dean didn't leave your side but Sam let you be. He was riddled with guilt even though you forgave him. He was possessed, there was nothing he could do. He still gave you time by yourself and with Dean.

During that time, you and Dean became very close. You sat in the front passenger seat and he always kept a hand on you. Dean would always eat with you, do the cleaning up and make sure you
"So, you new in town?" The blonde rocker chick approached Dean at the bar. He smiled and scratched the sticker off his drink, preparing himself for another lust filled regrettable night.
"Castiel, hi. How are you?" You were in the library at bunker just killing time by studying more on changelings. The angel appeared at the desk, looking catatonic as usual.

You sat and indicated that he could too but he missed out on the cue, "I'm fine, how are you?" He seemed concerned but you couldn't really tell.

"I'm good. As always,"

"Then why do you still pray at night?" you gulped and closed the book. You quickly got up and checked the surrounding area.

"I'm just...going through a personal problem right now. It'll resolve itself,"

"Is this about the kiss you shared with Sam?"

"Can you see everything?" You asked. Castiel shrugged.

"More or less. I know it has affected you emotionally and you're searching for answers within yourself. Unfortunately, I don't think God can help you with that,"

"That's always encouraging to hear," you muttered sarcastically.

"Sarcasm won't get you anywhere. You should discuss your feelings with the brothers. They will see it be either beneficial or problematic," you hesitated snapping at the clueless angel.

"Yeah, I know. That's why I don't want to risk it," you explained, taking one step closer to him. You both heard footsteps, "please keep a tight lip. As you said I need to sort it out by myself," you held Castiel 's hand and released it when Dean walked in.

"Hey Cas, what's up?"

"...the sky...the fan...the air conditioning. Everything above you is up," Cas smiled politely, not aware of the joke. You shook your head and smiled at the clueless angel and Dean took a deep breath.

"Allow me to be more specific, what prompted your visit?"

"Prayer, of course."

The room filled with tension.

_Dammit, Cas._ Both you and Dean thought.

It turned out that Dean had been doing some unintentional prayers himself. It was here and there, more like a little call for help rather than your own thoughts before bed.
"Who prayed for you?" You asked, slowly. Cas turned and studied your face, he as in trouble.

"I...I was responding to a call I got a few weeks ago. I'm sorry I couldn't help out, I have been very busy. Doing, you know, angel stuff," Cas tugged at his collar. Another paused fell onto the room but then Sam walked in and asked the same question as Dean, "angel stuff!" Cas raised his voice but not aggressively. Simply just raised the volume and disappeared.

"That was..."

"Weird," you finished Sam's sentence. Then got along with your day. Dean went out for a beer run and left you too alone.

Sam was still nervous around you. Wanting to tell you at every moment that he only kissed you because he wanted to, he always wanted to.

"Look, y/n, I really need to talk to you," although looked mean sometimes, he sure never acted like it. He had all that power, pent up rage and mixture of emotions but he kept it under control, it was admirable. But he needed to let loose every now and then and in those times it was when you were most attracted to him, like when he fed you that chocolate just to show that faerie he was in charge. It was exhilarating.

"Yeah, what about?" You turned your attention to him, he suddenly couldn't remember what he was going to say.

"I have this knot in my back, I was wondering if you could massage it," Sam chickened out and pointed to his shoulder blade. You shrugged, thinking of nothing better to do.

The two of you ventured to the den, Sam sat on the floor while you sat on the couch to rub his back. He turned on the TV and enjoyed the feeling of your legs against his arms.

"Take your top off, I keep slipping off the muscle," you instructed. Sam did as you said and groaned when you really got into the knot.

"Oh my god, that feels so good," you smiled, proud of yourself for making Sam feel this way and enjoying the view of his torso in the reflection of the TV cabinet, "you really do have magic hands."

"You're really tight, I can walk on your back if you'd like. My kick is better than my elbow," you suggested.

"Yeah, maybe once Dean is back so you have something to hold on to,"

So that's what you did. Dean found you in a compromising position once he got back. You were getting tired from rubbing Sam's back so you told him to get on the floor so you could kneel and really get into the knots. Dean came into the room to you practically bouncing on your knees, not knowing what was under you but he was relieved it was just Sam's back.

"How does that feel?" You asked Sam, your grip on Deans shoulders was really tight but he didn't if you fell into his arms.

"Can't breathe," Sam struggled, you hopped off in Dean's direction.

"Sorry!"

"It's alright, I think I'm ready for bed. Thank you so much I feel so much more relaxed," Sam hugged you lazily and kissed your forehead.
"You're not having dinner?" You asked, he just waved you off as he walked to his room, "just you and me then."

"Cool, pizza?" Dean asked, not wanting to cook.

"Yeah sounds good," you agreed while rolling your shoulder.

"Are you sore?"

"Yeah, Sam is huge. I spent ages just in one spot and it wouldn't let. I was literally punching his back as hard as I could and that stupid knot wouldn't untie itself," you tried accessing the pressure point on your back but growled with frustration when you couldn't reach it.

"Here, let me," Dean scooched closer, putting his phone down once he finished ordering the pizza.

"Oh shit," you moaned at his touch. He was in the perfect spot, making your eyes shut with bliss. You leaned into him a little, which caused Dean to adjust his position.

"Did you wanna lie down?" You nodded smiling.

You laid on your right side, as did Dean behind you. He dug his thumb into your sore tender muscles, enjoying the whimper and occasional moan he got from you.

He loved your scent and being this close to you. Dean shuffled closer, almost spooning you. The moment was so relaxing, he noticed your breathing deepen and hips wiggle against the comfortable couch.

You'd never admit how Dean made you feel. The way he looked at you from time to time made you squeeze your thighs together just to release some tension. It worked for moments but in this one with his hands all over your neck, back and hips...it was almost impossible to secure the whimpers.

As Dean neared your hips, you rocked back, slightly brushing against his crotch. The low rumble in the older brothers chest made you do it again. After a few more trials you turned to kiss him, he was already diving in before you could say anything. Dean's kiss was hot and heavy. His tongue performed wonders in your mouth, you could only imagine what he could do down there.

Dean's grip on your hips tightened as he pressed his hardening crotch against you. No words were uttered, they were more like growls. Dean grabbed your ass as he ground against your clothed core. You were first to initiate the removal of clothing by desperately undoing Dean's belt.

You threw the leather strap across the room, reached into his unzipped jeans and grabbed the already hard cock. Dean groaned, cursed and spoke huskily in your ear.

"Oh god, you have no idea how-"

Ding dong

Oh shit. You wanted to whine and tell whoever it was to go away. You went back to kissing-

Ding dong

"Oh come on," you breathed heavily, feeling irritated at the interruption. You stormed the constant ringing doorbell and opened the door, "what?"

"Your p-pizza," the young delivery boy noticed your dishevelled look and handed you the food.
You grabbed the box and shut the door politely, now out of your irritating mood and into an embarrassed one. You traipsed slowly back to the den, thinking about what to say or what Dean would do. You'd always imagined what sex with Dean would feel like. Many women who exited his room left in a daze so you figured he'd have some moves.

When you entered the den Dean was fully clothed and nursing a beer, leaning on his knees and looking at the floor like he needed answers. Your confidence level shot down even further.

"Here," you put the box down on the coffee table and rushed back to your room, not even glancing at Dean.

But he appeared at your door a few seconds later.

"Hey, uh," he cleared his throat, "you sure you don't want any?"

"I'm not very hungry," your eyes darted to Dean but he never caught them. Dean shut your door and stood by it, working up the nerve to talk to you.

"Look, about-" he laughed, "what just happened-"

"It's cool!" you interrupted, standing up, "we just haven't been lucky recently and it was a...moment of weakness," you chose your words carefully. You knew there'd be no way Dean Winchester would ever be interested in you romantically, oh how wrong you were.

"Right," Dean spoke after some hesitation. Silence fell on the room again causing a stirring tension, "I guess I'll just eat my pizza in peace," Dean opened the door again, hoping you'd stop him dramatically and grab his face down in a kiss.

But you didn't.

This isn't tv.

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