Come Back

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Come Back

by Waywardsistershy
Part One

Chapter Summary

Dean is injured during a hunt and the Reader pleads with him to stay and confesses their true feelings to him.

I jumped into the back seat with a bleeding and lethargic Dean. I reached up front and grabbed the first aid kit from the glove compartment. I opened it and examined what was inside it. Nothing! Nothing to help Dean. Sam jumped into the front seat and started the impala. He whipped out of the driveway and sped off to the freeway.

"What the hell happened back there?" I yelled at him taking a layer of my shirt off and covering Deans bleeding wound on his side. My heart was racing and I didn't even want to think about what was going to happen. "Sam!" I yelled again "What the hell happened?" I couldn't read the look on Sam's face. I was so white that it looked like he was the one who lost blood. He was mumbling under his breath something I couldn't make out. "Damn it Sam! Tell me what happened!"

Sam blinked out whatever trance he was in and looked at me through the rear-view mirror. "We were ambushed. We didn't even have time to do anything. Dean got stabbed pretty bad." He went back to mumbling.

"Where was Cas?" I asked. The blood wouldn't stop. It was starting to soak through my shirt. "He left me to go get you guys!"

"They blasted him away," Sam responded. "How's he looking?"

"How the hell do you think?" I snapped at him. My heart felt like it was loosing Lucas all over again. "He's on the verge of dying, Sam!" I looked at Dean's face. His eyes were closed and his face looked peaceful. I lean an ear on his chest to hear a heart beat. It wasn't steady but it gave me some kind of hope. "Do we have anything that we can try and use on him? I can't stop the bleeding!"

Sam pulls off onto the side of road and slams on the break. He gets out and throws the trunk open. He's throwing things around and I know that if Dean makes it through this, he won't be happy to see how trunk messed up. I looked back at Dean and I can tell that he doesn't have much time. I reach and touch his face. It's smooth, beside of the stubs of whisker coming in. Again my heart felt like it's being torn apart the same way that it did when I lost Lucas.

"Come on, Dean," I whisper. "You gotta stay with us. You go on dying now, I'll just bring you back and kill you myself." The first tear slowly falls down. "Dean, please," Then the second on. "We need you." A few more start fall. "Dean, I need you." I try to control the tears that are flowing faster. "I love you," I whisper.

Suddenly the back door opened and a firm hand pulls me back. "Stand aside and don't look." Sam pulls me away from the car before I start to yell and scream for Dean. Sam forces me to look away and while I was looking at the ground, I saw a bright flash of light.
Part Two

Chapter Summary

After Dean is healed and is in a coma like sleep, the Reader and Sam share a moment.

I sat in the kitchen and stared at the food that Sam made for me. Pancakes. Again. It's been three days since we got back to the bunker and four days since Cas showed up out of nowhere and did some angel thing on Dean. I remember after that bright light, I pulled myself from Sam and heard Dean gasp for breath but didn't wake up. Cas had been sitting on the ground next to the impala and told us that Dean should be okay now, that the worst should be gone.

Sam walked back into the kitchen with his laptop. Must be googling some way to get his brother out of angel induced coma I guess. "So, get this," he started to say.

"No," I got up and walked away from him. "I don't want to hear anything that has something to do with getting Dean out of whatever he's in. Not yet at least." I walked out of the kitchen and into the main hallway. I made my way to Deans room.

Once I got there, I just looked at Dean through the doorway. He looked so peaceful as if he was sleeping. But Dean never sleeps on his back though. I walked in and looked at him closer. His face looked like it has never seen the horrors of this world. No vampires. No Djinns. No Werewolves. Nothing. I smiled a little. Everything was going to be alright.

"Hey," Sam's voice comes from the doorway, "I'm going to go out and get some food and drinks. Do you need anything?" I looked at him and could tell that he was hurting too. His brother was in some sort of coma and he couldn't do anything about it. I've been harsh to him the last few days and I couldn't tell him why.

"Yeah, let me make you a small list of what we need," I made my way to the kitchen. I grabbed some paper and a pen and start to make him a list of things. "Look, Sam," I looked at him and saw him staring at me. "I'm sorry. These last few days have been hard on us and we've been taking it out on each other or Cas or whatever." One of the reasons why Cas hadn't bee around lately. Either Sam or I would take out our frustration on him. He didn't deserve it.

Sam walked around the counter and right next to me. "It's okay, I've been trying to distract myself so I don't have to think to much about Dean just laying there helpless."

I laughed a little. A real laugh. "Dean's not really helpless if you think about it."

"Yeah," Sam forced a laugh then he turned to face me. He placed a hand on my cheek.

My heart literally skipped a beat. "Sam," I said.

Before I could say anything else, Sam leaned in and pressed his lips to mine. They we soft but eager and rough. To my surprise, I kissed him back. Sam used his free hand to pick me up and place me on the counter. Sam's hands slowly trailed down my chest and he began to unbutton my shirt. My heart began to race and I knew I had to stop the kiss. I couldn't. My body was craving the attention and need. I haven't had this in so long. I let my hands be the guide. I found myself also
un-doing Sam's shirt as well. Then Sam's phone rang, pulling me back to reality.

"Um," I said. I slowly slid off the counter and started to do up my shirt. "I should go and check in on Dean." I turned away to leave but Sam ignored his phone.

"YN," He said. I turned around and he looked different. Pleased? A bit happier? He was shirtless after all. "Um, the list." He picked up the paper and pen but I knew better.

"I'll text it to you," I quickly turned and made my way back to Dean's room. I knew that if I were to walk in his direction and right back to him, more clothes would come off. I didn't want to do that to Sam. No when I didn't feel the same way. How do you tell someone that you're in love with their brother after you full out made out with them?

I couldn't stop thinking about that kiss. There was a lot of passion behind it. I guess I always knew that Sam had something for me and I thought I did too. Back when I first saw him. Sam was always easy to talk to. But the one thing that always got in the way was Lucas. Sam reminded me so much of Lucas that it was like loosing him all over again. I didn't want to be reminded of him all the time. I guess that is why I can't feel the same way that he feels about me. Also, I'm in love with Dean.

I looked into Deans doorway and watched his breathing. What if I loose this man too? He doesn't even know how I feel about him. Not yet anyway. I walked into this room and sat on the foot of his bed.

My life turned around when I was kidnapped by that vampire. The same vampire that killed Lucas and wanted to turn me. Dean and Sam saved me of course and brought me home. It took a month until I found my fathers locked chest of files and cases he worked before he suddenly died.

Dean groaned a bit and I felt him move a little. I turned around and he was still sleeping. But this was a sign. This was good. "Dean," I got up and went to the head of the bed. "Dean, can you hear me?" Dean groaned again and this time he raised his hand and rubbed his eyes. "Dean!"

"Dude," he groaned. His eyes opened and there were those green eyes I loved so much. "How long was I out?" He looked at me and I smiled.

"About a week," I told him and helped him up into a sitting position. "If it weren't for Cas, you would be dead dead. How's your side?"

Dean looks down and un buttons his shirt, I look down at his healing would. It looked ninety time better than when i saw it a week ago. The wound that was once an open gash bleeding everywhere was now a nice little pink line. "How does it feel?" I asked him. I was afraid to touch it.

"Well," Dean went and touched it and i saw the wince in his face. "I'm not dead. That's the good part." Dean smiled. "So I was really out for a week? Must have been that bad."

"You have no idea," I said sitting on the edge of his bed. "After you guys left Cas and I behind, we sat for a bit until Cas got a feeling that something was wrong. Then all of sudden he vanished and the next second, Sam was dragging you. Almost lifeless. I sat in the back seat with you trying to stop the bleeding. Then Cas came back and fixed you up." I stopped because I didn't want to tell Dean that I begged for him to stay because I loved him.

"Where's Cas right now?" Dean asked.

I laughed a little bit. "Well this past week was hell for me and Sam," I started to say.

"Oh please tell me you didn't sleep with him!" Dean looked repulsed at the thought.
"Are you kidding me?!" I asked him. "What makes you think that I slept with your brother?! We fought and yelled a lot, sometimes we took it out on Cas. Cas left and only checks in once a day to see how you're doing." I got up and looked. "Want me to make you something to eat?"

"Dude," He looked at me with a smile on his face and in his eyes. "Hook me up!"

I walk back to the kitchen and look for something other than a sandwich to make. Sam and I ate the last of the bacon and pancakes this morning. I ate the last microwave meal a few hours ago. We are horrible at keeping a stocked kitchen when Dean is in a coma. Not that he is always in a coma. I pull stuff out for Dean favorite sandwich and began to make it. I barely got mayonnaise on the bread when I heard the bunker door open. Sam was back.

Sam entered the kitchen with a few bags on his arms. "Did it all in one trip," he smiled at me. He noticed the sandwich I was making. "Dean woke up?" I nodded as I put the finishing touches on the sandwich. Sam set the bags down and slowly walked around the counter.

I felt Sam's hands on my waist and I instantly pulled away from him. "I'm sorry Sam," I say walking away from him. "I can't do this."

"Why not?" he asked. I could see the love and hunger in his eyes. Part of me needed that but not with Sam.

"Because I don't feel that way about you," I blurted out. "It was just a kiss. It didn't mean anything. In fact, I'm in love with your brother." I began to walk out of the kitchen when Sam sighed.

"How can you love him when you were trying to rip my clothes off?" He asked after me. But I ignored him because I, too, was wondering the same thing.
Part Three

Chapter Summary

The Reader avoids Sam who isn't having it but reluctantly puts it aside. Dean takes the Reader out to clear their mind where the Reader takes that opportunity to mention the kiss and their true feelings. Then things get really steamy between the two.

I sit in the library staring at the screen on my laptop. It's been two weeks since that kiss with Sam. I try my hardest not to think about it but sometimes I find myself looking back on that moment. The way his hands had trailed my body and the way my hands trailed his. I can still feel them if I think about it hard enough. I shake my head and go back to what I was doing. Looking at online news articles to keep me distracted. Hoping to find a case. I'm so into my searching that I didn't see Sam come in and lean up on the small bookshelf across from me until I close my laptop.

"For fucks sake," I say catching my breath. "How long have you've been there?" Sam shrugs his shoulders and I couldn't help but see that he's just in a short sleeve shirt. I dart my eyes down at my laptop.

"Long enough," Sam begins to walk towards me as you stand up to walk out of the library.

I tried to make it my goal not to be alone with Sam for reasons like this. Whenever we found ourselves alone, I would keep my distance from him but Sam would somehow find a way to be near or next to me. He would whisper things in my ear. Things that he somehow knew would make the hair on my body stand, in a good way. You take a deep breath to begin to walk away but, Sam is already across the room and I'm backing into the bookshelf behind me.

"Sam," I say looking up at his face. "How many time have I told you this? That kiss meant nothing." My back hit the bookshelf. I can smell the body wash off him. I close my eyes so he wouldn't see how the smell affected me.

I feel him cup my chin in his hands. They're soft but firm. I open my eyes to see him slowly inching closer. "But you're not stopping me are you?" Sam has a point. I was strong enough to push passed him. I could knee him, I thought. But I didn't. I close my eyes and tilt my head back to feel his lips on mine again. Sams lips barely graze mine when the bunker door opened.

I quickly move pass Sam whose face has disappointment written all over. I turned to see Dean walking down the steps with a few bags. He noticed Sam was standing with his arms crossed looking at me. Dean saw me hugging my laptop close to my chest.

"Come on guys," Dean says setting down the beer and food. "I'm awake and okay. Cas healed me up nice. Can we get over this whole thing going on between you guys?" I can't help but see that Dean knows theres something else going on between Sam and I. But Dean wont ask until theres more proof that there is something else going on.

"I've been telling him that for weeks now," I say walking towards my room. "But he just doesn't want to." I look behind me to see Sam staring at me.

Sam pushed up off the bookshelf and licks his lips and looks me up and down. I take a deep breath
because all that at one was kind of hot and annoying at the same time. "Fine," he says walking passed me. He purposefully brushes his arm on my shoulder. Leaving goosebumps on my shoulder. I turn and watch him walk away.

"You guys going to be okay?" Dean asks handing me a beer. I smile and take the beer. Deans green eyes look me over and that sent shivers down my spin. If only I kissed him, I thought to myself. Maybe I should kiss him now. Maybe that would get Sam off my back. But then Sam would just try harder.

"We'll be fine, I hope," I say cracking open my drink and taking a huge drink. Dean watches and raises an eyebrow. I love the way he watches me when I catch him watching. But Dean has been doing it more and more these last few weeks.

Dean sets his beer down. "Wanna go for a drive?" He asks me. "It looks like you need the distraction." I nod and set my beer down as well. I follow Dean to the garage and climb into the passenger seat of the Impala.

Dean drives to the only place he takes me to clear my mind. That's in the middle of nowhere parked in some wooded area outside Lebanon, Kansas. I have only been there a handful of times. When I found Logans killer. When I killed Vampire Logan. When I had a mental breakdown a few weeks after that. When arguments with Sam or Cas or other hunters got out of hand, Dean was always there to take me out to breathe. When Dean was in a coma I snuck here a few times to clear your mind.

"Alright," Dean parks the impala and reaches into the back and pulls out a few beers. "Tell me whats on your mind. Or," He hands me a beer and his gun. "You can go outside and shoot a few at a few things. It's all up to you, sweetheart."

I smile a little and look at Dean. "As much as I really want to shoot something, it wont help with whats going on between Sam and I." I crack open the beer and take a sip. "Something happened while you were out." I take a deep breath and get out of the impala. I walk over to the cardboard box that was just sitting there from last time and set it up with a few cans. When I turn around I see Dean leaning up on the Impala. Damn he looks hot. I can't help but bite my lip and when I realize I was, I look down at the ground.

"What something is that?" Dean asks handing me my beer. "You can't just tell me something happened and not tell me. You already said that you didn't sleep with him, unless you were lying about that."

I laugh and take a drink. I take a deep breath and shoot at a can before I answer. "No, that was the truth. I didn't sleep with him. But," I take two other shots at other cans. "He did kiss me and I to my surprise I kissed him back. It was stupid too, because I don't feel that way about him because I have feelings for someone else.He won't get that through his big head and let it go." I shoot the rest of the cans down and put a few rounds into the box.

I look at Dean and the expression on his face isn't hard to read. "So you have feelings for another dude and kissed Sam?" Dean took a few shots at the cans. He misses two but it doesn't phase him. "Does this other dude know how you feel and that you kissed another guy?"

I'm silent for a few minutes. I watch as Dean shoot the other cans off the box. I guess nows the time to tell him, I think to myself. But what he doesn't feel the same about me? I could ruin our whole friendship. I practically ruined mine and Sams. I would need to leave and go have my own life. I take a deep breath and give my answer. "I just told him."
Dean turns to me. His face is hard to read but his eyes tell me that he felt somewhat the same. "Well," he says holstering his gun. "I guess I have a confession myself." He rubs wipes his mouth with his hand and makes his way back towards me. "I remember some of what happened before I passed out for a week." Dean is a foot from me, I take a step back and feel the hood of the impala behind me. Dean steps closer and takes a hand and places it on my face. My heart begins to beat faster.

"What do you remember?" my voice shakes when I ask him. I look back onto that night and remember how I pleaded for him to come back.

"You were begging me to stay," he leans his head onto mine and I close my eyes. I know where this is going and I'm still nervous as hell. "You said you needed me. That you love me." I feel deans forehead furrow against mine. "Kind of sucks that you kissed my brother though."

I take a deep breath and open my eyes and look up into his. "But I'm here right now," I take my free hands and grab the collar of his shirt. I tilt my face up and press my lips to his. They were slightly chapped. Probably due to the fact he barely drinks water. But they were gentle. Unlike Sam.

Dean's hand slowly slides down from my face to my waist. Leaving goosebumps on whatever exposed skin that shows. He places his free hand on the other side of waist and lifts me up onto the hood of the Impala where I wrap my legs around him to pull him closer to me. Dean moves his lips from mine, but not before nipping my bottom lip making me suck in a pleasurable sharp breath. I can feel the smile on his face as he places his lips to my neck. I let out a sigh and bury my face into his neck and wrapping my arms around him as well. Taking in the Deans scent. This is what I want. This is what I need.

Dean pulls back and takes my chin in his forefinger and thumb and places a firm but gentle kiss on my lips. "We can stop and go home," he whispers against my lips. "Or, I can show you what I can really do." I gently grab hold of Deans bottom lip with my teeth and slowly pull back.

"Show me what you got, Winchester," I whisper into his ear as I slowly slide off the hood and pull him to the back seat of the impala.

Before we crawl into the backseat, Dean grabs a towel from the trunk and lays it down. Once it's laid down I slide right on in and pulling Dean in on top of me. The weight of him on top of me is different from the weight when we both were thrown into a wall a few months back. This weight made me tingle and wet. As we are adjusting to a comfortable position I begin to unbutton my shirt. I let it fall and when Dean looks up he just stares at my bare chest.

I lean forward and pull the flannel off Deans arms and throw it up front. When I turn back Dean is tossing his t-shirt to the ground. He pushes me down and gets in between my legs and kisses me. While he's kissing me, he's rolling his clothed hips into me. I moan softly against his lips. "You like that, don't you?" he smiles pulling back. "I bet you wish it was the real deal." Dean sits up and undos his belt. While I watch I focus on getting my pants undone and off. Deans are off within seconds and he's helping me get mine off. "Give me a second," Dean reaches up front and pulls something out of the glove compartment. Dean sits back and I notice that he has a condom in his hand. I sit up and when Dean looks up he just stares at my bare chest.

"Let me help you with that," without breaking eye contact, I slowly roll the condom onto his length. Dean closes his and bites his bottom lip. A low growl is heard from the back of his throat. When I get to the base of his length I move to straddle him. Dean opens his eyes and moves with me to where my entrance is right above him. I feel his hand grip my hips and slowly pulls me
down. A soft moan escapes my lips and I throw my head back.

"Fuck," Dean growls as he feels my fingers dig into his shoulder as he beings to thrust up into me.

"I should be the one saying-" I suck in a deep breath as his thrusts pick up the pace and become deeper. "Fucking shit, Dean!" I begin to feel my core tighten around Dean whose thrusts start to become sloppy.

"I'm not going to last much longer," Deans growls as he pulls me to his chest and kisses me. I know I wouldn't last longer either. Deans thrusts get deeper and I wasn't sure how that was possible but he kept hitting my g-spot.

I get tighter around Dean. As his thrust become irregular, I become a whimpering mess against his lips. I know I can't keep it together as I feel every muscle tighten up. "Holy...Fuck...Dean." I make some noise that I didn't know I had in me. I feel every my body begin to relax.

Deans hold on me gets tighter and thrust in me even faster and harder. I bury my face into his neck as I feel a second orgasm come on. Something that no man, not even Logan could do. I bite my lip as my second orgasm comes and scream into his neck. Dean comes seconds after me. He thrusts through both of our highs, grunting until he's done.

"That was amazing," Dean says letting his arms around me fall. "Next time, I will have to show you more of what I can do."

"There's more?" I ask pushing myself up to look at him. "You made me come twice which no other man has ever done. You even have orgasm control. What more can you do?"

Dean trails a hand over my chest and smiles. "Maybe I can show you later tonight after Sam has gone to bed. I have a few toys and a few ideas."

With a smile on my face, I look Dean up and down and bite my lip. "Well, count me in." I lean forward and press my lips into his.
Part Four

Chapter Summary

The Reader and Dean have been having lots of sex. Very much to Sam's knowledge that at first Sam doesn't care but, finally makes amends with the Reader. While out at one a case, the Readers whole world crumbles when she finds Dean with another woman that isn't her. The Reader runs and finds herself telling Sam everything, who then does damage control. Which Dean doesn't like when he finds out.

I yank at the restraints that bound me to the bed until my wrists hurt. What the hell kind of knot is this? I think in between gasps as Dean licks up whatever slick mess is left over from my orgasm. I look down to see Dean kiss the inside of my thigh. He slowly crawls up kissing my stomach, kissing both of my breasts, kissing my neck and then my jaw line, only to tease a kiss to my lips with his. He lingers them above mine for a few seconds longer than he normally does. I lift my head up and take his bottom lip with my teeth. Dean reacts by thrusting into me without warning causing me to scream out.

"Oh my god," I breath out and drop my head down on the pillow. I love when he did that but I knew what was next. Dean normally pulls out just as fast. I quickly wrap my legs around him and tighten them so he wouldn't pull away. "I got you now," I say managing to use all my body weight to roll the both of us over. Which is nearly impossible but after a few attempts I'm on top of up him but not much can happen since my hands are still bound together.

"I was not expecting that," Deans face shows that he is even more turned on. I feel him twitch inside of me. He reaches up without breaking eye contact with me and loosens the rope. His first mistake. I pull back and take and rope and tie his hands up. In the same exact knot. I slowly begin to roll my hips up and down. I watch his eyes close and as he tighten his jaw. Dean tries to pull his hands free as I feel him trying to take over to finish himself off.

"Now you know what that feels like," I saying leaning in to brush my lips along his jawline to his neck. I start to feel his body twitch inside of me. He reaches up without breaking eye contact with me and loosens the rope. His first mistake. I pull back and take and rope and tie his hands up. In the same exact knot. I slowly begin to roll my hips up and down. I watch his eyes close and as he tighten his jaw. Dean tries to pull his hands free as I feel him trying to take over to finish himself off.

"I need you to take over more often," Dean says rubbing my back as I roll off him.

"I need to find a rope that wont snap," I say looking at the remains of the rope.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. "I got a case," Sams voice is on the other end. "If you two are done in there, we should talk about checking it out."

"Well," Dean gets up and gets dressed. I follow suit and before leaving the room, Dean has me up on the wall pressing his lips hard on mine. He pushes his tongue passed my lips and I feel myself get excited. "That's for probably the best orgasm I've ever had." Then Dean leaves the room leaving me collecting myself before seeing Sam out there.
Since Sam found out that Dean and I were sleeping together, he said he didn't care and that he had dropped the chasing. But I can tell in his eyes that whenever he looks at me, he wishes that it was him pleasuring me and not his brother. So, Sam would try and avoid me and when he couldn't, he wouldn't acknowledge me. I pretend that this doesn't bother me and most of the time having sex with Dean helps. But on the nights that I don't, I think about Sam and contemplate leaving the boys. But I don't.

I make my way to the library where Dean and Sam are huddled over Sams laptop. Sam looks up and I can see the pain still but, at least he gives me a small smile. I return the smile. Maybe he's slowly accepting the idea that he and I won't ever be a thing. "So," I say sitting across from them, "Where and what is this case?"

"Looks like simple shifter case, in downtown Chicago." Sam says leaning back and crossing his arms. "Some people have reported seeing a dead loved one or someone who had died recently and once they caught up to them, a pile a goop was all they would find."

I nod. "I'm down for this." I lean my arms on the table. I see Sam takes a deep breath and his eyes look away from mine. Dean is too busy looking at the laptop to notice so I lean back in my seat. "We haven't been on a case in almost two months. We really need to get out. I'm sure we all are rusty on our fighting skills."

"Agreed," Dean says getting up and making his way towards the kitchen. "I've been itching to shoot at something."

Right at seven in the morning we load everything into the impala and take off. For the next eleven hours it's Deans music, the smell of gas station burritos, and small talk when the music got annoying. We rolled into the motel parking lot right at six. Just in time to check in and get settled before going over the plan for tomorrow.

"I think our best shot is having YN and you talk to the police while I go out and talk to those who made reports," Sam says leaning back in the chair.

"Sounds like a plan," Dean says getting up and grabbing his jacket. "I would like to check out the local bar around the corner. YN, would you like to come with me?" Dean looks at me with that smile he know I love.

"Sure, let me get out of these clothes and into something fresh," I get up and grab my bag and make my way to the bathroom.

"Sweetheart," Dean says looking me up and down. "You look hot. Just go as is and if anyone gives you shit, I'll kick their ass."

The boys stare me. "Okay, then, just wear something nice and a little flashy." Dean eyes the lace underwear that had fallen out of the bag.

"Screw off Winchester," I say grabbing it up off the floor giving Dean a playful smile. "Save me a seat at the bar."
"Will do," Dean dips out of the room.

After my shower I dress in something light. I throw my hair up into a hair tie because a few drinks in, Dean and I were most likely going to end up in the alley way behind the bar. I make my way towards the door when Sam stops me.

"Hey," he says gently. "I'm sorry for being a dick. Truce?"

"What brought this on?" I ask pocketing my wallet.

"I see the way Dean makes you happy. I see the way he looks at you. I see it all and I don't think I can compare to that." Sam doesn't make eye contact with me. "So I'm sorry."

"Sam...I don't know what to say," I take a step towards him but he turns to me and smiles.

"Go have fun tonight, for me okay?" Sam waves me on and I get this gut feeling that something was going to go down.

"Do I need to stay here and watch you?" I ask.

"Nope, just go have fun."

I walk out of the motel room and make my way to the bar around the corner. I still couldn't shake the feeling that something was going to go down. Sam looked sad and pained when he had said what he had said. But I guess that he was finally giving up at trying to win me over. I shake my head and cross the street. I head towards the bar only to have the dude at the stop me.

"ID?" he asks holding his hand out.

I reach for my wallet and pull out my ID. "What, I had short hair then. Sue me." The dude lets me in. I look around for Dean but couldn't see him. Normally he would be at the counter but I don't see him there. Maybe he went to use the bathroom, I wonder. I walk up to the counter and ask for the bathroom and the bartender points to a small hallway around the corner. I smile and thank him. I make my way over there while sending a text to Dean. The moment I turn the corner, my heart falls out of my chest and my body gets cold when I see it.

His lips are hook to hers. His hand trails down her side and picks up her leg to hook it around his waist. He walks her into a wall where she wraps her arms around his neck and lets a hand run through his hair. He kisses her jaw and neck and I'm too numb to move or to do anything. I just stare until I see her look at me. I drop my head and take in a deep breath. I hope to God I was seeing things. I look back up just in time to see Dean slowly turn to me.

"YN!" The blood falls from his face.

"You know her?" the woman says with disgust.

I spin around but Dean already has my arm in his hands. "YN, stop." He says spinning me back around. He looks horrified but I wasn't the one getting too friendly with someone that wasn't him.

"Touch me again and I'll make sure you never walk again," yanking my arm back.

I make my out of the bar and fight tears all the way back to the motel. How could he do something like that to me? I did nothing to him to deserve seeing him kiss someone else like he was. Maybe it was because I told him that Sam kissed me? Maybe he saw that it was easier to get into my pants if he played that he felt the same way about me? It could be almost anything and I all I want to do is
I storm into the front office of the motel and demand a room. "Aren't you with those guys?" the dude at the counter asks.

"Yes, just get me my room, or I will jump over this counter and get a room myself." I can tell my voice is close to breaking. The dude hands me a key and I quickly rush back to the boys room and storm in slamming the door behind me. I grab my bags and just as I am about to leave, Sam walks out of the bathroom. He's in just a t-shirt and sweatpants.

"What happened?" He sees my bags and the look on my face when I turn to see him. "What did he do?" He knew Dean did something.

I try to say something but the long awaited tears start. Sam walks up to me and takes my bag from my hands and pulls me into a hug. "I'm so fucking stupid," my voice breaking against his chest. "So fucking stupid to let him in like that." Sam rubs my back and tells to let it all out. Sam stands there holding me for nearly half an hour when I finally stop cry over what happened.

"Want to tell me what happened now?" Sam ask letting me pull away.

"Once i'm in my new room," I wipe my eyes. I must look like a red puffy mess but the way Sam looks at me, he doesn't care.

Sam nods and picks up my bags and lets me lead the way to my new room. Which on the next level and has a single bed. Sam sets the bags down and grabs the Chinese take out menu off the dresser. "What do you want?" he asks already on the phone.

"Surprise me," I say plopping onto the bed and staring into space. Even thought nothing sounded appealing, I knew that I should eat something.

"Okay, ordered." Sam sits a the foot of the bed.

"He was kissing another girl." I say sitting up. "I don't want to talk more about it. I just need space from him or I'm going to do something that might kill him."

"Okay," Sam says. "Want to watch Game of Thrones? I have my laptop so we can start where we left off or we can start over."

I smile a little. "That would be great. Let's start from the beginning since I don't remember what happened."

Sam is back in five minutes. Sam pulls a few phonebooks from the motel room drawers and sets them on the bed and had his laptop up and running. Just as we were about to hit play theres a knock at the door. Sam gets up and opened the door. It's the food. Sam brings in two bags and I just stare at him.

"What?" he smiles. "You said to surprise you so I ordered what I thought you would like."

Sams sits on the next to you and he starts to place containers on the bed. I grabbed the spicy beef lo mein and a fork. I couldn't use chopsticks if meant saving my own life. I see that Sam is still sitting a few feet from me on the edge of the bed. I pat the spot next to me. "Dude, sit right here so you can see the screen better. I won't bite you."

Sam moves closer and I hit play on the show. Its not until I finish eating that I am aware of how close Sam is to me. He's so close I can hear his breathing over the show. Sam leans ups and
stretches his arms and sits back and I see that he had been tense. I scoot a bit closer.

"Don't bite me," I say. "Relax your shoulders. You won't get those knots out like that." Sams shoulders drop and relax. I take my hands and before I place them on him, I think twice, but then again, I'm about to do it anyway. I place my hands on his shoulders and begin to rub out the few knots in Sams back. Sam takes a deep breath and drop his head down. I stop and sit back.

"That actually feels so much better," Sam loosens up his back some and sits back next to me. We sit in silence for a few minutes just letting the show play. "Thank you for being with me, Sam. Otherwise I would have ripped Dean a new one." I shiver and Sam, without thinking, puts his arms around me. I curl up next to him and lay my head on his chest. I can hear the sound of his heart quicken and his body tense up some. Soon it relaxes and he tightens his arm around me and plants a soft kiss on the top of my head.

I wake up the next morning to pounding on my door. I sit up to see that Sam was sleeping on the small motel couch. I smile a bit but that quickly fades when the pounding of the door continues.

"YN!" Deans voice calls out. "I know you're in there. The guy in the office said you were in this room. Can we talk?"

I sit on the bed and hear the pain in his voice. Sam stirs and sits up and see my face. Sam's about to speak until the pounding starts again. "Dean I assume?" he asks and I nod. "Let me get it."

I get out of bed and stop Sam. "No, I got it. Just make coffee." I unlock the door and open. There stands Dean, in yesterdays clothes, reeking of whiskey. I see the pain and regret in his eyes. "Okay, what do you want?" Dean walks in passed you and stops as he sees Sam making coffee.

"I see what this is," Dean rubs his face. "I do something stupid and you think revenge is the answer."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I ask closing the door. Sam continues to busy himself making coffee.

"Sam, YN! Why the hell was he sleeping here?" Dean angrily gestures towards his brother.

"First off," I take a step towards Dean and cross my arms. "Lower your voice or I'll tape it. Second, nothing happened between me and him." Other than the fact that Sam held me for three hours last night while we watched our show until I zonked out. "Sam helped me to the room and hung out with me. We watched a few episodes of Game of Thrones. I passed out. Sam stayed on his own accord. He was comforting me while you were screwing the local hooker." No, Sam stayed just in case I woke up and wanted to go out and throttle Dean or have angry make up sex. "So you can pipe it down."

I grab my bag and head to the bathroom and Dean grabs my arm. "YN," he whispers hoarsly. "I'm sorry."

"No," I take my arm back. "You're not. Now get out of here or so help me I will kick you out and over the railing. I gotta get ready so we can finish this damn case."

Dean raises an eyebrow and scoffs. "Alright, then." Dean slams the door causing me to flinch. Sam walks over to me and hugs me and thats when I notice that my body was shaking with anger.
Part Five

Chapter Summary

While working the shifter case with Dean, the Reader starts to pick up on Deans odd behavior. But the Reader brushes it off as regret for getting caught cheating. But soon, the Readers gut instinct is right and soon finds themselves in deep trouble.

The drive to the police station is silent. Dean tries to make small talk but I continue to shut him down. I'm not ready to talk to him yet. He made a huge douche bag move last night and I'm still trying not to kill him. I could have bailed on the case and gone back to the bunker or completely left and not come back. But after hanging out with Sam last night and laying next to him, I was beginning to about my feelings for Dean. I love him, but we never have actually said those words to each other. Dean and I were constantly having sex and on the nights we didn't, he barely wanted to hang out so I would hang in my room deep in my thoughts. Sam had every chance to get into my pants last night but, he didn't. He was there to comfort me and make sure I ate. He held me when I cried and the just held me. When earlier in the night I thought he was going to off himself for wanting a truce. Then the kiss on my head. That moment sparked something in me that I hadn't felt since Logan. Could I be falling for the younger Winchester?

"We're here," Dean parks the car in front of the station and looks at me. I look at him and see how tired he is.

"Did you even sleep last night?" I ask him pulling out my fed badge. "You look like hell."

"I feel like it. I threw back who knows how many shots until they kicked me out of the bar. Then this morning I find out that you changed room on us," Dean smiles wickedly. "I mean, on me. Because of course Sam knew."

I roll my eyes and get out of the Impala. "Oh for fucks sake," I say tucking my shirt into my pants and tossing my hair up. "Give it a rest. You cheated and you're jealous that your brother comforted me."

Dean gets out. "If you would have waited, we could have talked." Dean goes towards the trunk and opens it. I hear a frustrated sigh and some mumbling.

"What now?" I walk around the car to see Dean just staring at the weapons trunk. "Something wrong?" Dean has his hand balled into a fist.

He slams the trunk. "Theres a small sharp peice of metal on the lock. Got my finger."

That's weird, I think to myself. "There shouldn't be," I say following him into the station. "That's a brand new lock. Custom made out of pure silver."

"I know that!" Dean still sounds super annoyed. "Just forget it."

We walk through the station to the talk to the big wig aka the chief. While we talked to the chief about the case, I can't help but notice how Dean keeps his hand closed. He spoke to the chief in such a snarky way that I had to kick him out of the office just so I can finish talking. When I was
finished talking, I thanked the chief for his time and made way to back to the Impala where Dean was laying back.

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" I get into the vehicle and smack dean with the files. "You're being such a dick today."

Dean sits up. "So. What."

I scoff. "Okay, you want to talk about what happened. Let's talk about what fucking happened." I toss the files in the back seat and take the keys out of the ignition. Probably the worst idea I ever had. It was almost 95 outside and if I didn't make this fast, we would be sweating. In a not so sexy way.

"You kissed another woman," I say putting my head down. "And not only did you kiss her, you got real handsy with her. I killed me to the point that I contemplated your murder. When I changed rooms I wasn't expecting Sam to be there and be the comfort I needed and I'm glad he was because I don't think he would take kindly to me killing you. This morning seeing you made last night real all over again." Dean stares at me while I talk. "This whole thing has me thinking about if we just fuck buddies or trying to be in a relationship. If we are just fuck buddies, I'm done with it all. If not, then you have some serious thinking to do. So in the mean time, we need to spend time hanging out like going to dinners and drives and such without it ending in sex."

Dean nods his head and holds his hand out for the keys. "Okay," he says as I hand the keys back. "I'm sorry. I want you to know that."

"Don't say that anymore," I say looking out the window. "Show me. And just know I'm not some shiny toy that gets old after use. I'm a fucking goddess and you better treat me like one."

Dean smiles and grabs my hand and kisses it. Thats when I see the small burn mark. "Okay, Sam called by the way. He found a lead. Cabin in the middle of the woods. Wants us to check it out before heading back to the motel."

I agree. While we drive to that cabin I couldn't help but notice a few times that Deans eyes flash a different color. But I brush it over because part of me is still mad and I guess I'm still finding to be upset over. Deans eyes always changed shades in the sun if it hit it right. But that burn on his hand made my gut tell me that something was up. I shake my head again.

"Everything okay?" Dean asks me quickly looking at me. Again, a weird eye color change. My gut starts to scream at me. My gut tightens. My gut hasn't been like this since discovering the signs that all pointed to Logan being a vampire. I don't leave a voice mail but send a text telling him about my gut feeling. Just as I was about to hit send, the service cuts out. "Shit," I hiss.

"Everything okay?" Dean asks making a turn onto a dirt road.

"The service is gone and something tells me that something isn't right." I look at Dean whos smiling at me. "What?" I look down to make sure my shirt was buttoned all the way. Sometimes a buttons pops and he likes to look at my boobs. Not that I was complaining.

"Oh sweetheart," He takes a hand and places it on my neck. "This was just too easy." Next thing I know, my head is being smacked onto the dash and passing out.
I wake up tied to a chair in an almost empty cabin. My head is throbbing like hell. I look around to see Dean tied next to me. He's looking at me and with a battered face. He looks like hell.

"Are you okay?" He asks in a hushed whisper. "Those dicks came at me from behind the night we got here."

"What?" I ask. "Are you saying that you've been down here this whole time?"

"Yep," Dean says trying to yank. "Apparently the guy that runs the motel is also a shifter and sold us out." Dean stops tugging at the ropes. "Wait, what do you mean 'this whole time'? You didn't sleep with the one that looked like me did you?" Dean looks pissed off and I don't blame him. Someone using his body to do stuff. Kind of personal.

"No," I say tugging at my rope. "I caught shifter you, thinking it was you, kissing some blonde with red lips. I've been pissed about it all day. I thought you were off all day. Now that burn mark makes sense." I hang my hand.

The front door opens and I see Shifter!Dean and another shifter looking like me waltz in. "Oh look, you're awake," the shifter posing at me smiles. "This ought to be good as I sent an SOS to Sam not that long ago. He should be here soon and when he is well I guess we know where that will go."

I look to Dean who looks even more pissed. "Once I'm free," Dean says yanking on the rope again. "I'm going to kill you. Starting with the idiot that used me to hurt YN."

Shifter!Me kneels in front of Dean and takes a blade and runs it along his face. "Oh honey," she purrs. I feel a twinge of jealously as she puts her lips on his ear. "The both of us had a part in playing you."

"Why?" I ask. I needed her to pull away from Dean. "What made you change your game. No one died yet. We could have let you live. We just needed to see what the heck was going on behind leaving the body goop."

Shifter!Me turns to me and I see the same flash of different eye color in her eyes. "Really? You'd let us live?" She laughs. Does my laugh really sound like that? I think. "You're funny. The way we see it is when the Winchester boys and YN YLN stroll through town, the monster or monsters always die."

"But a small few are able to live in peace because of us," Dean says. "Theres a shifter that helps people heal after getting closure from a loved one. Theres a couple werewolves that live in peace eating animal organs and living a normal life. We knew of a few vampires that lived off animal blood. You could let us go and we'd leave you alone if you promise to clean up your mess and no people go missing and end up dead."

The two shifters looked at each other. Shifter!Dean looks at me and then Dean. "Who says we haven't killed anyone?" he asks. "This town is a hot spot for shifters to hid from hunters. We choose a poor victim and remove them and the shifter takes his or her place."

I stare at the shifters wide eyed. "So anyone in this town is a shifter?"

"Yep!" Shifter!Me says happily getting up.

Car door closes outside. I'm about to yell something when Shifter!Dean gags both Dean and I. Shifter!Me walks outside and I can hear talking. They come back in and I'm happy to see Sam. He looks around at both Dean and I. Theres anger and questioning in his eyes. I try my damnedest to yell through the gag. I even add some thrashing around.
"Try not to listen to that one," Shifter!Me says. "She's tried to convince Dean that she's the real deal.

"How'd you guys get them?" Sam asks. "The Dean one looks like he put up a hell of a fight." I continue to yell and thrash around. Sam looks at me and kneel in front of me. He takes the gag off. "What do you have to say?"

"Don't listen to her, man," Shifter!Dean says. "She could lie or something. They killed some town folk. They have to put down."

"Yeah, Sam," Shifter!Me says walking towards me with the silver blade in her in hands. "Shes gotta be put down."

"Guys, shut up," Sam snaps at the shifters. "Just let me hear what she has to say." He turns back to me.

"Sam," I whisper. "They are the shifters. Me and Dean, we are real. Human. The Dean shifter has a burn on his hand from touching the lock on the weapons trunk. You have to believe me. I wouldn't lie."

Sam looks me in the eyes. He looks down and towards Shifter!Dean and spies the burn on his hand. "Okay," Sam whispers. "I'll figure something out. Just hand tight." Sam gets up and the moment he turns around, Shifter!Me throws Sam aside.

"I told you she's gotta be put down," she growls. She marches towards me and grabs my shoulder and thrusts the blade into me.

I look down to see the red blossom of blood flow from my stomach. I don't feel the pain just yet, just the thick, warm wetness trickling down my stomach to my side. From the corner of my eye, I see Dean finally break free from his bindings. Sam gets up and runs towards me. He cuts me loose to lay me down and presses his hand on the wound. That's when I start to feel the pain. I scream out but Sams soothing voice calms me.

Soon, I heard two bodies hit the ground. I close my eyes and know that it's over. I'll be home soon.
Part Six

Chapter Summary

Everything slowly gets back to normal. Except for the hot sex that the Reader and Dean had before. The reader and Dean talk about trying to actually have a relationship until that takes a small turn when the Reader and Sam share more just a moment. After learning about Dean’s secret.

I don't recall much of how I got back to bunker. I remember blacking out many times from blood loss. I remember Sam's soothing voice as he called out for Cas to show up. I remember a fuzzy looking Dean just standing there, doing nothing. Why wasn't he next to me? I wondered. Why wasn't he encouraging me to stay the way that Sam was? I black out again and wake up in the Impala to Sam holding me telling me, "It's okay, I got you." Those words are enough for me. I lean my head on his shoulder and close my eyes. I feel extremely safe in Sam's arms.

I wake up in my room in the bunker. There's a glass of water sitting on my night stand and a few Advil. I see a small note that said Cas said you might wake up with a headache, this will help it. - Sam. I smile and take the Advil because my head was slowly killing me. I set the paper down and get up. Everything in the room spins and I am back to sitting on my bed. Cas must have done some serious healing to make me feel this way. I look down and lift up my shirt a bit, no scar. No sign of ever being stabbed. Just perfectly smooth skin. The way it has always been.

There is a slight knock on the door and it cracked open, I put my shirt down. Dean walks in. "Hey," his voice sounds relieved. But Dean isn't who I want to see. Not after he just stood there staring at me while I bled out. He was always so quick to get to Sam or someone else when they were attacked or on the brink of death. "You're awake."

"Yeah," I fake a smile. "And starving too. How long was I out?"

"A couple days," Dean says sitting next to me. His fingertips drawing circles on my arm and making their way up to the buttons of my shirt. "I can fix the starving part though." Dean leans in to try and brush his lips on my cheek.

"Not that kind of starving." I get up and with luck, I managed to stay up and not fall over. I see the shock on Deans face by the rejection and for some reason I don't feel bad. "Starving as in I want a nice fat juicy hamburger. Preferably wrapped in bacon."

I watch as Dean forces a small smile. "Right," he gets up and you can visibly see his hard cock pressing through his jeans. "Um, let me just get ready and then I can take you to that burger joint in town." Dean gets up and walks right out of the room.

I take a deep breath, grab my cup and walk out of the room. I hear the shower down the hall and knew exactly what Dean was doing. I am really tempted to slip on in there with him but, I knew I can't. I go straight to the kitchen and see Sam sitting at the table eating a sandwich. My heart takes a sudden a stop and I take in a deep breath.

"Hey," Sam finishes the bite he took. "You're awake! How do you feel?" Sam gets up and hugs me. Without thinking, I take in his scent as I hug him back.
"I'm okay," I pull back but notice that Sam's hand lingers a few seconds on my side. "Dean says I was out for a few days."

Sam tenses up at Deans name. I didn't want to ask about because I'm sure I would hear it from Dean later. "Yeah, Cas found out that there was poison in your blood," Sams voice is hard. What the hell happened while I was out? I wonder. "It had spread pretty fast and Cas wasn't sure if you'd pull through." His voice somewhat breaks, and he straightens up and he's back to looking like normal Sam. Except, he isn't normal Sam. Something is bothering him.

"Well," I say patting his arm. "I'm awake and alive. Cas did a good job like he always does."

My hand slowly slides down Sams arm and he catches and holds it. I give a small smile as he rubs his thumb across my hand. It feels nice. It feels right. I clearly don't want it to end and the look in Sam's eyes says the same thing. He takes a step forward to close the gap between when Deans voice startles us both from down the hall. We take a step back and Sam drops my hand.

"Alright," Dean walks right into the kitchen. Oblivious to what happened two seconds before. "Are you ready for the greasiest and fattest burger of your life?" He asks me tossing his keys back and forth in his hands.

I fake a smile and nod. "Hell yes I am."

"Good," Dean starts to make his way out. "I called in a special favor to make you that burger."

I follow Dean out and look back at Sam. He's watching me walk away and I give him a smile. A real genuine smile. He returns the smile and I can't help but feel my heart melt at the it. What the hell is happening to me?

Once one the road, Dean is quite. I can tell something is bothering him. Maybe Sam? Maybe me rejecting his invitation for sex? Both?

"Hey," I reach for his free hand that always rests on his leg while he drives. He didn't pull away which makes me happy. "I'm sorry for earlier. I didn't mean to make you feel rejected."

Dean pulls my hand up and kisses it. "No, don't apologize," He says. "I shouldn't have been thinking with my dick." I smile and we continue the rest of the drive in silence.

Something still is off with him by the time we make it to the burger joint. It's probably Sam, I think to myself. I'll find out soon. I take a sip of my beer when a long hair ginger woman walks in. She spots Dean and looks him up and down and smiles. I look at Dean who is just too focused on his hamburger. Maybe he didn't know her? Maybe she found him attractive? I mean who wouldn't? Then the woman sees me and her eyes get hard and she turns away. Okay, I think to myself. I don't bring it up.

We finish up at the burger joint and stop at a gas station to pick up some beer when I see the same ginger chick show up. From the impala window, I see her stop Dean. Dean who is surprised says something to make her back off.

"Who was that?" I ask when Dean is back in the impala.

"Some chick who has been trying to make a move on me for the last few days," He says and notices the look on my face. "I went out to bar a few nights ago to clear my mind and she was there and she tried to get into my pants. Nothing happened." I notice Deans eyes shift up and look at the ginger chick. Something happened and he won't tell me. Maybe that's why Sam was tense when I said Dean's name.
"Okay," I say sitting back.

"Anything else?" Dean asks before driving off.

"Yes," I say looking at him. "We should work at having a relationship outside of us having sex. So no sex for a few days. Let's just do couple like things like watch crappy movies and go out to dinner or lunch. Then we will revisit the sex life if we can have a relationship outside of it."

Dean is quiet. Dean has always been a a physically intimate guy. Part of me doubts that it'll work but, if he really wants to move on with me then he will have to work toward it. "Okay," He says putting the Impala into gear. "But, could we have fun like with toys and straps."

"No," I say with a small little smile. "As much as 'have fun' sounds fun. If we can be a couple outside of this and work for it, then I will let you strap me up as tight as you want and fuck me as hard as you can." I give him a side glance and see his side glance.

"Alright," he says with a smirk.

When we get back to the bunker, Dean get out saying "I think I'm going to hit the hay early and maybe tomorrow you and I can see what you actually know about cars. Baby here," he pats the hood. "She needs a tune ups."

With that he walks on into the bunker. I lean up on the hood of the Impala and think. I think about anything but Dean. This last case involving the shifter has made me want to think about anything but him. Even though, it wasn't really Dean but the shifter posing as him, the whole situation has made me think. What do I really want? A fuck buddy or someone who actually cares about me and doesn't care about wanting to have sex twenty- four seven.

I walk into the bunker to a door slamming in the distance. There stood sam in the library looking pissed off. "Guess I missed an argument," I say walking down the stairs. "What was it about?"

Sam looks up at me and then back at the table. "He does't know what he's doing," He mumbles loud enough for me to hear.

"What?" I ask sitting next to him at the table.

Sam looks up at me and signs. He shakes his head. "I really shouldn't say it. It's his place to say it and he won't. He wants to choose to forget it." Sam clutches his fists. I knew it was serious.

"What is it?" I hear the hardness in my voice. My suspicion from earlier rises to the surface of my thoughts. "Did he do something while I was out?" Sam just stares at me with eyes that answer my questions. "He did, didn't he? That asshole." I quietly laugh to myself. "And here I was trying to figure out if he and I were relationship material. Who?"

Sam reaches for my hand and I let him take them. "I'm sorry," He says softly. "It was some ginger he says. He even regrets it because he was drunk, thinking he was going to loose you." When Sam says ginger, my body shakes. Sam continues, "and it wasn't just once, it was a few times. But he wants to forget it ever happened."

For some reason, I don't cry or have the will to cry. I just stare at Sam. Why? I wonder. I was healed. I pull my hands away and stand up. Without thinking, I begin to laugh and I have hard time stopping. Sam stares at me with confusion clearly on his face. "Are you okay?" He asks coming up to me.

To both of our surprise, I grab Sam's face, pull it to mine, and kiss him. The kiss sends sparks to
my brain and shivers down my spine. Sam pulls away slowly. I pressed my lips together. "I'm sorry," I whisper. "I don't know what came over me."

Sam gave a small smile, "Don't be." Sam put his hands on mine face and brought it back to his. This kiss is gentle. Not rough like our first kiss. Sam's handstrail down to my hips, his fingertips leaving goosebumps through my clothes. When his hands are on my hips, I wrap my arms around his neck. He lifts me up and set me on the table where I also wrap my legs around him to keep him close to me. The action alone makes Sam pick me up. Without breaking apart, Sam walks us to his bathroom which is on the opposite side of the bunker.

"Are you sure about this?" He asks pulling away from me a bit. Feeling his dick harden has me excited.

"Yes, I need to every inch of you on me, in me, everywhere," I say as Sam set me down. I swiftly take my shirt off to expose my braless chest. Sam's eyes linger on me while he takes his shirt off. Biting my lip at the sight of his chest and abs, I take this opportunity to turn the shower on.

I feel Sam come up behind me and kiss the back of my neck. It sends shivers down my spine and I let out a sigh. He runs his hands from my shoulders to my breast where he cups each one. He proceeds to run them down my stomach and to the pants waistband. I close my eyes as I feel he undos my pants just to slide a hand into them. I take a free hand and reach up behind me to touch his face. He kisses my neck again making me sigh again. As soon as the sigh leaves my lips, I feel Sam's fingers find my folds and he instantly begins to massage them.

I let out a small moan when Sam's free hand flies to my mouth. "Shh," he coos into my ear. "Another sound and I'll have to gag that pretty little mouth of yours." The idea of being gagged, has me extra excited. I have no more time to think about it when Sam inserts two fingers inside of me.

The grip over my mouth tightens so my gasp and moans were muffled as he slowly but firmly pulled his fingers in and out. My muffled moans were starting to get out of control. I drop my head back onto his chest as I feel my stomach tightening up. My hands claw at whatever exposed skin it could as I grew closer and closer to my orgasm. My hands that are still around his neck tighten, making me need the control but, Sam, oh Sam is really good at not letting me have it as his free arm pinned both my arms to my chest. Then all of a sudden his fingers were out and his hand is out of my pants. But his hand remains over my mouth.

"I'm sorry," he whispers into my ear. "Were you close?" his voice is teasing. I like that and get excited all over again. If my mouth wasn't so constricted by his hand I would have playfully bit him. "Get in," He releases me.

I remove my pants and underwear and willingly get into the shower. The water is still hot. As I let the water run over my body, I feel Sam slip on in and wrap his arm around me from behind. He rests his head on top of mine. We stand like that for a few minutes before I turn around in his arms.

"Are you still sure about this? Do you still want me?" He asks. "We can stop any time you want." I grab his face and pull towards mine. That's enough answer for him. Sam slides a hand down my back to my thigh and picks up to wrap around his waist. He pushes me to the shower wall and deepens the kiss. This kiss isn't like the one from the library, there was hunger behind it. I feel his hand reach between us to guide his dick to enter me.

Without breaking eye contact, Sam agonizingly and slowly slides himself right on inside me. I bite my lip from making a sound and Sam groans softly. Once he's fully inside, he waits as I adjust to his size. When I am, Sam puts a hand over my mouth and begins to thrust hard into me. My small cries of pleasure are muffled by his hand. My arms that are still around his neck tighten, making
Sam thrust even harder into me. The sound of his small grunts make my stomach tense. I drop my head to his shoulder and close my eyes. I focus on his movements and as I do, Sam's thrusts start to falter. They are still hard and they go deep making me closer and closer to my orgasm. Sam's hand covering my mouth begins to slip and I can tell he's getting closer to his orgasm too.

A few thrusts and small grunts later we feel the sweet release of both us orgasming. I feel his warm cum fill me up. I am holding on tight to Sam, digging my nails into his back and biting my lip hard enough that I swear I taste blood. They sure would leave a few marks. Our silent screams stop and we are left holding onto each other until we feel that the water is cold.

Sam lets my leg slide down as he pushes away from me. "You're not going to regret this are you?" He asks me whipping a hair out of my face.

I shake my head and trail my hands on his chest. "No, I wanted this and you've been on my mind a lot since that night."

Sam wraps his arms around me and kisses my head. "Well, then, in that case, you also have been on my mind and," His voice trails off for a few seconds. "I've been in love with you since I met you at that diner. Now, I don't except you say it back because I know you want to see if things with Dean work out but if you can't and feel the same," he pulls back and cups my chin. "I'm always right here and i'm waiting."
Part Seven

Chapter Summary

A month after the Reader and Sam slept together, the Reader tries to make it work with Dean who knows something is up but still tries anyways. But all the Reader can think about is Sam. During that time the brothers go on a hunting trip and while they hunt the Reader and Sam can't stop talking. The morning after they come back, the reader is welcomed by something unexpected.

The next month is hard and almost a blur.

As I knew it already, the next morning I wake up feeling just fine. There isn't a shred of guilt or conviction of sleeping with Sam. I lay there in bed thinking about all of it over and over again. The way his hands felt on my bare skin. The way he looked at me when thrust inside of me. The way our bodies felt against each other. It will forever be embedded into my mind.

I get up and get dressed into something comfortable. When I open the door, there stand Dean in jeans and a t-shirt. The same thing he wore yesterday and what he was wearing while sleeping when I went to peek on him after my 'shower' with Sam.

"Hey," I say catching my breath. "What's up?" My heart races as Dean looks me up and down. I may not feel guilty for having sex with my brother but I surely didn't want him to find out if it isn't through me first. Good thing I got dressed too, Sam let me take his flannel when I saw that my shirt was wet.

"I just wanted to know if you wanted to get a quick breakfast and work on Baby with me this before it gets too hot," He says brushing his hair back. Damn that was hot too.

"Um, sure," I say closing my door behind myself.

"Perfect," Dean smiles and leans in and kisses my cheek. "Let me shower up and we will be on our way. I do wish you could join me though and help me get those hard to reach places." With that he walks away. He probably thinks I'll follow him or that I'll say screw and have sex with him. Not going to happen. One, I had sex with Sam last night. Two, I'm still confused as fuck as to what my feelings for both Winchester brothers are. Finally, three, he must think me stupid or desperate.

I make my way to the kitchen and see Sam already up and dressed and making a smoothie. I have some dirty thoughts about the smoothie and where it all could go so he could lick it all up. If Dean weren't here I would jump onto that real quick, but I remember Sam's words from last night. He's going to wait until I make up my mind.

"Morning," I say standing next to him handing him the spinach.

Sam takes the spinach and smiles. "Morning," He lets his hand brush mine. The movement leaves a trail of goosebumps and a small shiver runs down my spine. "No regrets?" His voice is in a hush tone. "Cause I don't." Sam's takes a step behind me and leans his face down to where I feel his breath on my neck. "In fact, I had a dream where we continued to my room. Sadly, I woke to a hard dick with nowhere to put it in. So I had to take care of myself."
I begin to feel hot and wet. I bite my lip an turn to face Sam whose face is just inches from mine. "I can see how that can be problematic," I whisper as I slowly run my fingertips up his arm. "And no," I then start to trail them down his chest to the waistband of his pants. Sam shifts his legs around. That alone makes me even more wet and the longing for him more urgent. "I don't have any regrets about last night."

Sam senses what I am feeling. He lifts his hands and brushes loose strands of hair behind your ear. "Don't get too excited," he whispers. "Unless you want Dean to walk in on us. Cause I can bend you over the counter and get deep inside you."

I smirk and step aside. "You're right," I grab a glass and get some water. "Speaking of Dean, he's taking me to breakfast and we will be working on the impala. To be honest, I don't know how to feel about it."

The rest of the day is a full blown blur. Sam kept busy with some reading while Dean and I worked on the Impala. I have a hard time focusing on helping Dean that I tell Dean that i need to take a break . He offers to come with me and I tell him he should stay and continue on the impala. He nods and continues working.

As I am about to leave Sam spots me. He wonders where I'm going and decides he wants to tag along. I know I should say no because I am actually enjoying my time with Dean and wanted a break to think. How can I think when the younger attractive Winchester is sitting next to me in the car?

Once at the gas station, I go in and tell Sam to just stay put. As I'm grabbing beer and snacks, I see her. The ginger bitch that makes me want throttle her. But I don't because I know I am no better than her. She notices me and stares me up and down. Her look is pure hatred. I ball my fist and move on. She isn't even worth.

Back in the car I pull out the two mini bottles of Captain Morgan and shoot them back. I almost never shoot back straight rum without mixing it. The burn of the alcohol coats my throat and I start to feel the buzz. Sam watches and take the keys from me.

"Hey," I say tossing the bottles in the back.

"Nope," Sam is already out and motioning me to the passenger seat. "I'm not going to let you drive after you just downed those. Are you okay?" He starts the car and before I answer the ginger walks out and I stare at her as she walks away. I envision of me pull her to the back alley behind the gas station and putting the fear of God into her. Sam notices and pulls the car out of the parking lot before I act on my thoughts.

"Do you think I should confront Dean about what he did? Or should I see if he tells me?" I ask once we were on the road. I am starting to feel the effects of the rum. "Or we can pull over and have some really hot sex. I'm pretty felxible."

Sam laughs. "YN," He says. "I am super tempted but I won't. One, you're buzzed and I don't take advantage of buzzed beautiful women. Two, we need to get something you to soak up the alcohol. Finally three, I do think you should confront Dean about it when you're ready and right now, honey, you are not ready."

Sam goes through a drives thru and orders me a giant hamburger and fries. Once I'm done eating it and chugged the water he got, I start to feel better and less buzzed. "Thanks for coming with me," I rest my hand on Sams leg. He takes my hand and holds it there.
"Me too," He says kissing my hand and letting it go.

When we get back to the bunker, Dean has the impala parked up front. He's putting a few bags into the trunk. Dean must have found a case or someone called him about something. This will be perfect time to just stay behind and think.

"Hey, I was wondering where you went," Dean says as Sam gets out of the car.

"Yeah, I insisted on going with YN," Sam says pulling out the three bags. "Good thing too, She decided she just wanted to down two mini bottles of rum."

"Just because?" Dean asks.

"Just because," Sam says. I sigh knowing that Sam has my back. Sam passes Dean who grabs his arm. "Is that pie?" He points to the bag and looks at me.

"Yep," I make my way and take the bag. "But it looks like you're headed out somewhere so you'll have to wait until you're back to have some fun with it."

Dean rolls his eyes and follows both Sam and I inside. "About that," Dean keeps following the pie. "Jody called and said she thinks that she has a vamp problem and wants some back up."

I nod. "Well in that case, "I hand him the pie. "Share with Jody and the girls. I will be staying back to relax."

Dean closes the gap between the two of us and pulls my face towards his. His lips were soft gentle. "Don't get to freaky while I'm gone," and he walks out the bunker.

Sam is looking at me. "It looks like he's trying." Sam sounds sad but he walks up to you and set the bags on the library table. He runs his hands on the table probably thinking of the night before. "But the look you give says you don't want to."

I shake my head. "I don't know, Sammy," my voice is quiet. "We shared something last night that I never felt with him." I look down and lick my lips thinking back to that spark that I felt with Sam and how safe I felt with him. Dean may make me orgasm two times but, I never felt that spark with him.

"Help me pack a bag," Sam says taking my hand and pulling me to his room. I am extremely confused why he wants me to help him pack a bag but, the moment we get to the doorway of his room, he spins around and pulls me into a soft kiss. Now, I understand. I smile against his lips and then pull away. "I wanted my lips to be the last thing you feel."

The boys left shortly after that.

I spend the next week reading and studying some of ancient books in the bunker. Something that Sam and I had in common. Something Dean and I didn't. When I'm not reading I am baking. I bake a few pies, breads, and muffins. When I'm not baking I am shopping at the local farmers market. Something that Dean would be confused at because I love fast food as well.

When I'm not doing any of those things, I am laying down in my bed either watching a pointless show on Netflix or staring at the ceiling. Thinking of ways to confront Dean about that ginger chick. But nothing good comes from it. Everything I think about leads to an argument or me leaving. But I can't do that to Sam. Not since I'm falling in love with him.
By the end of the week, while I am soaking in an herb bath to relax my muscles, I get a text from Sam. I dry my hands and pick up my phone that is laying on the ground.

Sam: Hey, some good news and bad news. What do you want first?

YN: Bad news.

Sam: We won’t be home for at least another week or two. That nest was part of two other nests. One nest is in Michigan and the other is in Illinois. Shouldn't take too long. How are you holding up?

YN: I'm doing well. Just soaking in a nice warm bath.

Sam: If my brother weren't next to me I would ask for a picture.

YN: Oh stop it! I miss you. These books are boring without you here.

Sam: I miss you too, YN. I should probably go, Dean just gave me a side glance. I don't need him getting upset. Especially during a hunt.

YN: If he asks, Tell him I baked some goodies to donate to the nursing home here in town.

Sam: On it.

I set my phone back down on the ground. That wasn't the first time Sam texted during that week. Sam always made sure to check in once a day where as Dean, he barely did so when he tried to sext the other night, I couldn't do it. Nothing he did or said or sent turned me on. But this simple exchange with Sam makes me long for him even more. I can already feel his hands on my skin, trailing it inch by in. It's in this moment that I realize that I am done with Dean Winchester.

Over the next few weeks. I do the same things. I read, I bake to donate to shelters or nursery homes, and go shopping at the farmers market. I text the boys every now and then. They call if they have something they need looked up and they can't do it.

By the end of the third week that they are gone, I start to feel sick. Massive headaches, body aches, extreme tiredness, and then not to mention I'm always hungry. Every morning feels like I've been hit by bus. I even sleep most of the days and snack on crackers and ginger ale. The night that the boys are supposed to return, I text them saying I wasn't feeling well and that they were more than welcome to eating the baked goods I made.

The morning after the boys get back, I wake feeling one hundred perfect. Finally, I think to myself, I beat whatever virus wanted to kill me. I get up and dressed for the day. I am starving as I make my way to the kitchen. I see both boys are awake. Dean is at the stove making eggs and bacon. The smell hits me like a bag of bricks. I feel my stomach turn and in the next minute I am rushing to the bathroom with my hand over my mouth.

"YN," I hear Sam call after me.

I ignore him as I slide into the bathroom on my knees and let whatever wants to come up, out. And it doesn't stop. I am fully aware of Sam coming in and pulling back my hair and just being there. By the time I'm finish, Sam hands me a towel. I lean back and bury my face into the towel.

"Are you okay?" Sam asks rubbing my back. The action feel super nice and I try and focus on that.

"I think so," I mumble into the towel.
I never puke unless I've over done with alcohol. Which I didn't. I am a super light drinker most of the time and these last few weeks I rarely drank. My stomach turns again and I drop the towel and am back to hacking up stomach acid. Sam is back to holding back my hair until I'm done.

"I'm going to shower," I rest a hand on Sam's knee when the realization becomes stronger as to why I'm hacking my guys out.

"Okay," Sam rubs my back again. "I'll head out to the store to get you something to help settle your stomach." Sam gets up and walks out the door, closing the door behind him.

I get up as fast as my stomach will let me and turn the shower on. I open the bottom of the sink and dig through my stash of tampons for the hidden tests. I learned with sleeping with Dean that he's really good at convincing me not to use a condom or the pull out method. And me being stupid, never bought birth control either. So far, I never needed a test until now. I rip open the one test I do find and sit back on the toilet. When I'm done, I cap the test and set it on the counter and get into the shower. I need to have proof that I actually showered.

The water feels amazing on my skin and my stomach starts to feel better. I focus on other things than the test I took but I can't. I quickly wash my body and brush my teeth before getting out. I dry off and get dressed. I close my eyes and say a little prayer. Whatever the results are, I will figure it all out.

PREGNANT
The words stare right up at me and I feel a little dizzy. "Okay," I whisper. "It's okay. You know who the father is. You know everything will be alright." There's a knock at the door. You stash the test back into my pants pocket and open the door. It's Dean, he's got a worried look on his face.

"Sam said you were hacking your guts away in here before leaving to get stuff for you," he says. I can detect a hint of jealousy in his voice.

"Yeah," I slip on out of the bathroom. "Can we talk before he gets back?" I ask.

Dean and I walk to the library. The test is poking my side and thigh as I walk. We sit at the table I can see that Dean was aware of what I was planning on saying. He was smart like that.

"I cheated on you," He blurs out before I can get a word out. "The night that we got back and found out that the blade the shifter used on you was poisoned and Cas had a hard time healing her, I thought I was going to lose you. So I went to the bar and got drunk and next thing I knew I was walking up next to some ginger. I did it again a few times. Then Cas saw signs of you improving and I felt really guilty. I told Sam and he begged me to tell you but all I wanted to do was forget."

I sat back and with nothing to say. I had this whole thing planned out. Pregnant or not. Dean continues, "I feel you start to pull away after you woke up and I guess you found out. Then that day you went out with Sam to get beer and stuff, I was jealous and started to have some doubt. I started to hope that maybe going hunting with just Sam would fix that and we would be close again but then I saw you guys kiss. That's when I knew I lost you. I'm an Asshole for what I did"

I look down at the table. There is guilt rising up to the surface. I knew in the back of mind I needed to leave the boys. Leave and never return. But about about the baby? I shake my head and pull out the test and sit it in the table. Dean sees it and before he could talk I speak.

"No, you're not the father," I pick up the test and just stare at the big bold words that tell me that I'm going to be sober for nine freaking months.
"When?" Dean doesn't sound upset. Sad but not upset.

"The night that we got back from the burger place. Sam told me about the ginger." I look up at Dean who's nodding. "Then Sam and I had sex." Literally steamy hot shower sex.

"Okay," Dean gets up and storms out of the bunker, slamming the door behind him making me flinch.

The hormones start to make themselves known. The tears start to form in the corner or my eyes. I'm not sad for what happened. I still don't regret that night with Sam. I wipe a few away and notice Sam standing at the bottom of the stairs. He sets the bag in his hand on the table and before he could get to me, I slide the test over to him. He sees it and picks it up.

"Are you sure?" He asks. I hear worry in his voice but I see a glint of happiness his eyes. I nod and wipe a few more tears aside. Why couldn't they stop? Sam walks up to me and pulls me from the chair. He brushes a hair back behind my ears and cups my cheek. "We got this," he says, "Everything will be just fine."

Sam presses his lips to mine. I smile against his lips and knew that he speaks the truth.
Final Part

Chapter Summary

A few years later, Sam and Reader are living a happy life

SAM POINT OF VIEW

It's been a few years since YN told me that she was pregnant. One of the happiest and most scariest things in my life to have happen to me. Dean was in and out of the bunker. He would find cases and go on solo hunts. I can see that he was hurt and sad. Not by YNs choices but by his. Hes convinced that if he didn't do what he did he would still have a chance at winning YN over. He's right too, if he didn't go and get jacked up and cheat he would have had that chance. But I wouldn't sitting in my car right now staring at the gorgeous picture of YN and our baby girl.

After YNs morning sickness was gone, we looked at small homes to rent. There really wouldn't be any room for the baby and we both decided that the bunker wasn't the appropriate place to raise a child. We didn't have any issues finding homes as many of the ones in Lebanon were very family friendly. We ended up choosing a small two bedroom home with a big enough backyard.

The weekend after we moved in, YN and I went straight to the court house and got married. There wasn't anything fancy, just a judge and two random witnesses, as we didn't tell Dean about it until afterward. He's just now getting over the fact that YN chose me and forgiving himself. Dean does come over once a week to check in on things and to have YNs well seasoned steaks and homemade apple pies. But we both think it's for our neighbor, Brielle. Those two had hit it off from the start.

I stick the picture back into my wallet and grab my bag and get out of the car. I still hunted every now and then if Dean needs me to. Some times he won't let me tag along because I have a wife and child. He's right and part of me still has that mentality that if Dean were to go down guns blazing, I would want to as well. YN would kill me if she knew that I thought like that every now and then.

I walk into the house and instantly smell fading aroma of the pies she made. I close my eyes and smile. I hear some shuffling and I open my eyes. There stands YN. Her hair is in a messy bun and in one of my tshirts. I let my eyes trail every part of her bare legs as she isn't wearing any pants. When our eyes meet, she smiles. This smile is different from all her other smiles, this smile means she's happy and glad to see me come home in one piece.

YN drops the laundry basket she's holding and makes her way towards me. When she gets close enough, I grab her hips and pick her up. YNs legs and arms wrap around me tightly as I feel her lips crash onto mine. I feel her body melt right into mine as I walk to the nearest wall for support. I let go her hips and break apart her arms from around my neck and pin them above her head. I feel the mischevous smirk form against my lips. YNs legs drop from around me and she slides down and pushes me back. As she does she flawlessly wipes the tshirt off and is left in just a lace bra and underwear.

I suck in a deep breath. "Have I told you recently that you are so fucking beautiful?" I say taking my shoes off and trying to get out of the monkey suit I still wore. I look her body over as she stalks towards me and backs me into the couch, undoing my belt.
"You can say it a few more times," she says in a teasing tone. "But right now, I need you to fuck me before Daisy wakes up again."

Within seconds, YN has me pantless and is lowering herself onto my throbbing dick. She's so warm and warm that I drop my head on the back of the couch. She slowly starts to move up and down but I snap my head up. I wrap my arms around her and pull her to my chest and thrust right into her at an inhuman pace. YNs nails dig into my back as I feel her start to tighten around me. Her small whimpers tell me that she's close. I continue to thrust until I can't keep a steady pace. A few sloppy thrust later, I come undone and so does YN.

We lay there on the couch covered up as YNs draws circles on my chest. Her breathing starts to deepen and I know that she's about to pass out for the night. Before I hear her soft sorr she says "Happy Birthday Sammy." I move slowly to grab my pants off the ground and pull out my phone. It is in fact May 2. No wonder she was wearing a lace bra and lace underwear.I kiss YNs head and gather her up in my arms and get off the couch.

I make my way to our room and lay YN down gently. I brush the hair out of her face and kiss her cheek. "I love you," I say quietly. I walk out of the room and down the small hallway to check in on Daisy. I get into her room and see that YN changed the crib to a small little toddler bed. My heart aches in a bitter sweet way. I'm sad to see my daughter grow up but I'm happy to see what she will contribute to the world. I walk up to her to see her stir a bit. Her hair thrown about all over face. I bend down and softly brush it away. Daisy smiles in her sleep and that's enough to make everything worth it.

THE END

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