She wasn't really sure how her life could get worse. Hunting with the Winchester's sucked.
Chapter 1

Y/N laughed as Dean recounted the tale of another hunt of the past. Before she had met up with the Winchesters, and inevitably became their hunting partner.

“So, we’re at this inn in Vermont. Fancy old place, freaky as fuck.” Dean spoke, “And Sammy here thinks that all of a sudden, it’s a good time for him to get shit-faced. In the middle of a fucking hunt.”

“I thought you were better than that Sam.” Y/N looked over at him, chuckling.

Sam rolled his eyes. “It was the only time I swear.”

“And then Sammy did like the most heroic dive into the pool to save the kid.” Dean continued, that look of brotherly pride.

“Ohh, Sammy all soaking wet, and muscles showin’.” Y/N waggled her eyebrows suggestively at him.

“Stop it.” He smiled shoving her shoulder gently.

“You know you love me.” She smirked until some guy slid between her, and Sam. He wasn’t ugly, handsome by regular standards.

“Hi.” He grinned.

Y/N eyed him warily. “Hi?”

“I couldn’t help but notice you over here, all alone…”

“Well I’m not alone, I’m here with my two friends. I was actually talking with them when you interrupted.” She frowned, indicating to Dean, and Sam.
The guy looked at Sam, and Dean, thinking nothing of the dirty looks they were giving.

“Listen baby, you fat chicks are all pretty much the same-“

“What did you just call me?” Y/N demanded. She wasn’t skinny, she knew that. It wasn’t all muscle either, she would admit that some nights when she should be sleeping she went to the bunkers kitchen instead to sneak a pieces of Dean’s homemade pie, but who could blame her? Dean was a great cook

“Hey, I’m not judging you I like my girls to be thick-“

“Okay dude,” Y/N interrupted, pushing him away from the bar, and her. “I like to believe in the best in people, so I’m just gonna assume that if you were sober, you would never say, or do this. So why don’t you fuck off?” She turned back to Sam, and Dean. They had remained quiet through the exchange, knowing that Y/N preferred to handle situations like this herself.

“Suit yourself, fucking fat bitch.”

But sometimes they couldn’t help but get involved, when assholes like this showed up. Dean was off his seat in an instant, grabbing the guy by the shirt.

“What the fuck did you call her?” Dean growled. The guy struggled in Dean’s hold, panic clear on his face.

“Dean, put him down!” Sam snapped, trying to get between them.

“No, Sammy. This fuck thinks he can’t just walk up to chicks whenever he likes, and fucking talk down to them? First of all asshole, even if you’re not lookin’ to get laid you never talk to a woman like that. Ever.”

“Dean, put him down before he shits his pants.” Y/N sighed, hopping off her stool. “He ain’t worth it, and I wanna go back to the motel.”
Dean let go of the guy, and as soon as he hit the ground he bolted. Dean looked back over to Y/N.

“Are you alright?”

“I’m fine, lets just leave already yeah?” She smiled.

“Alright.” Dean nodded, placing his hand on the small of Y/N’s back guiding her towards the door while Sam trailed behind them, sending one last dirty look to the man that had harassed Y/N.

Once back at the motel, Y/N said “Goodnight”, and quickly exited the car, heading across the parking lot to her room right next door to Sam, and Dean’s.

“Hey! Hey, Y/N, wait up!” Sam called, jogging across the parking lot. She looked over her shoulder as she pulled her key from her pocket; Sam came to a stop beside her.

“What’s up Sam?”

“So that guy at the bar…”

“Oh. Yeah, you know I’ve been called worse it’s whatever.” She shook her head, and unlocked her door.

“No, it’s not whatever. I mean…you know you’re not…” Sam gestured up, and down her body, flustered.

“Fat? Actually Sam… I kinda am, and honestly I don’t care. Like…I’m happy with my body, I’m not concerned it’s gonna hold me back because it doesn’t. I mean yeah I don’t get nice guys hittin’ on me often but when it happens, it happens, and that’s good enough for me.”
Sam’s gaze softened, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips. “As long as you’re happy. Me, and Dean worry about you.”

“I know. And I am happy. Besides if all the weight I’ve put is anyone’s fault” Y/N’s voice raised as Dean approached, “It’s your brothers for all that amazing fucking cooking he does.”

“I know it.” Dean grins back unlocking the door to his, and Sam’s room. “And I also know you’re the one sneaking into the kitchen at midnight to pilfer my pie.”

Y/N smacked a hand to her chest in mock shock. “How dare you accuse me of such a thing. I would never.”

“Yeah whatever helps you sleep at night honey.” Dean rolled his eyes.

“You know what helps me sleep at night Dean?” Y/N smirked.

“What would that be?” He asked taking the key out of the lock, hand on the door knob.

“Your pie.” Y/N threw her head back, and laughed opening her door, and walking inside it behind her.

The next day found Y/N out talking to victims by herself while Sam stayed at the motel to put together victim, and geographical patterns as Dean canvased town for any sign of the werewolf they were hunting.

“I’m very sorry for you loss Mr. Williams. Your sister seemed like a lovely woman.”

“She was, Agent Cambria. I miss her very much.”
The man in front of Y/N could only be describe as a silver fox. His graying hair, the thick rimmed glasses, and god help her a three piece suit. That whole thing about a woman liking a sharply dressed man was true. Even if he was much older, and out of her league he was most certainly attractive.

“Well I promise to make this fast, and get out of your hair.” Y/N smiled. “Was there anyone that was hanging around your sister in the days leading up to her death? Someone who made her feel uncomfortable?”

“No. Not that I can think of, although she did express to me that she had been feeling as though she was being watched.”

“Was there anyone else perhaps a co-worker that she didn’t get along with? Maybe someone she jilted?”

“My sister was very well-loved by the people in her life Agent Cambria. But yes, there was someone who used to work with her that harassed her quite frequently.”

Y/N pulled out her phone opening the memo app, “And do you recall the name?”

“Andrew Danvers.”

“Thank you very much Mr. Williams.” She smiled, and turned on her heel leaving the apartment, calling Sam. It went to voice mail, which was odd considering it was the middle of the day, and she had only left him an hour ago at the hotel.

“Yeah, Sam. Why the hell aren’t you picking up? Anyway, I’ve got a name for you to check; Andrew Danvers. He may possibly be our werewolf, so get back to me soon.”

Next she dialed Dean with the same result. “First your brother now you? What the fuck? Look, if you’re still out, and about in town do me a favor, and stop by where all the victims worked, and get files on Andrew Danvers it’s likely he’s our guy.”

Y/N hung up shaking her head. “Fuckin’ amateurs.”
“Okay asshole, this is the fourth time I’ve called you. Still haven’t heard from you, still at the bar on main street, and I am fucking waiting for you to come pick me up Dean. I ain’t walkin’ four miles back to the motel, and if I have to so help me God, I will cut off your cock, and balls. Do you understand me? I will turn you into the Ken Doll you already are!” Y/N hung up the phone, and stuck it in her purse shaking her head.

“That sounded bad.”

She looked up, sat a few seats down the bar was a handsome man. The bar was fairly empty, the clock hadn’t yet struck five, and so the after work crowd had yet to fill up the place.

“It will be bad if he doesn’t call me back.” Y/N huffed.

“Your boyfriend ignoring you?”

“Boyfriend? Yeah he fucking wishes.”

The man smirked, and it unsettled her in a way she wasn’t sure was good, or bad. “Well his loss, might be my gain.”

“Yeah, you fuckin’ wish too.” Y/N laughed, shaking her head, and pulling her phone out to check it. Still no new messages. When she looked up from her phone the man was right next to her. She jumped, placing a hand against her heart. “Jesus Christ” She breathed.

“I mean it.” He smiled, this time it was genuine, and charming. “I like you, you’re a very attractive woman.”

“Yeah well you’re one of the very few guys who thinks so.”

“What’s your name?” He asked.
“Special Agent Cambria.” Y/N flashed her fake badge.

“I’m Andrew Danvers.”

Her head popped up in a way she hoped was subtle. “It’s nice to meet you Andrew. Say this might seem a little forward but uh…maybe you want to have a drink with me?”

“I think maybe I would love to” He slid into the stool next to her’s just as her phone started to ring.

“Oh God!” She cried almost dropping her phone, “Uh, sorry. Sorry, I’ll be right back, I have to take this.” Y/N rushed out of the bar, and into the parking lot answering the phone. “Where the fuck are you Dean?!”

“….You’re gonna laugh.”

“I really doubt that.”

“So I finished checking around town, went back to talk with Sam, and he was gone. Just no idea where he was, then I got knocked out, next thing I know we’re both stuck in some fucking… basement closet dungeon. Like seriously it is cramped in here.”

“You got fuckin’ taken by the werewolf we’re hunting you stupid assholes. Also how the fuck does someone get the drop on man Sam’s size? And whatta ‘bout those fuckin’ hunter skills you’re always braggin’ about?”

“Listen Honey, it’s been a long fucking week okay? Everyone’s not as sharp as they could be!”

“How are you even calling me right now? Is the werewolf this fucking stupid? How do you even have service in a basement?”

“Oh, look at you. Asking the real questions when ME, AND SAMMY ARE FUCKING TRAPPED, AND NEED YOU TO GET US OUT!”
“Calm the fuck down Daphne, you, and Shaggy will be just fine. Lucky you, I ran into our guy here at the bar.”

“Wait, you went to a fucking bar with Williams?”

“What? No! A guy named Andrew Danvers is our werewolf.”

“No. It’s fuckin’ Williams, the guy you went to talk to today.”

“What?”

And then her world went black.

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When she woke up it pressed between two hard, warm bodies. The first thought that crossed her mind was that she must be in heaven because all of her dreams were coming true. And then she felt the splitting pain in her skull, and realized that it must be hell.

“Oh good, you’re finally awake.” Dean’s voice mocked her in the darkness of the small prison cell like space. This was definitely hell.

“All of my hate.” Y/N sighed.

“Well that’s excessive don’t you think?” Dean retorted.

“Oh my God, shut up.” Y/N snapped.

“Both of you shut up!” Sam hissed from behind Y/N.
Y/N sighed, “That’s it, we’re fuckin’ gettin’ outta here.”

“Good luck, me, and Sammy have been tryin’ for hours.” Dean sighed.

“Yeah well you just didn’t have the right tools.”

“And you do?”

Y/N started to shift around between the brothers, trying to find the door.

“Y/N stop!” Sam grunted his voice strained, trying to steady her.

“I’m tryin’ to find the door Sam.”

“Oh yeah, and what’re you gonna do then?” Dean demanded, that same strain in his voice as Sam’s.

“Try an’ pick the lock with my bobby pins.” Y/N reached towards her head trying to pull out one of the many pins that kept her hair in a professional looking bun.

“Okay, that would be a good idea if it weren’t for the fact that you’re between me, and Sam, and the doors behind him.”

“Okay. Sam switch with me” Y/N turned to face Sam, putting her hands on his shoulders in an attempt to lead him in a turn that would have her facing the door.

“No!” Dean snapped. “That’s uh…that’s not a good idea right now…”

“What the fuck is wrong with you? I’m tryin’ to get us ou-” It was then Y/N felt a bulge against his ass that she hadn’t felt before. “You’re fucking hard aren’t you?”
“Hard enough to hammer nails, seriously you need to stop moving around so much” Dean groaned as if the entire situation was that painful.

“Listen. I need to pick the lock otherwise we’re gonna die here. Now what’s worse Dean? Sam gettin’ a little more than necessary interaction with your dick, or living?”

“I for one choose death.” Sam sighed.

“Stop bein’ a drama quee-” She stopped suddenly, pressing herself closer to Sam. She was almost certain she felt somethi-“Are you fucking poppin’ a stiffy too?” She all but shrieked.

“Please stop that” Sam groaned trying to create any amount of space between them, only succeeding in pushing her closer to Dean, who in turn groaned at the pressure on his own cock. His hands went to Y/N’s ass pulling her in tighter to grind himself against her.

“Fuck, Dean stop that!” Y/N hissed smacking his chest. He let her go, putting his hands up in defense.

“Shit, sorry, sorry. I just…fuck I need to come.”

“Like you can’t go out to pick up a chick, either of you? Not even that you have your fucking hands!” She snapped looking back at Sam, who looked more than mortified by the compromising position.

“Well we’re hunting a fucking werewolf, and we haven’t really had that much time to go out to the bar to find chicks to hit on, cause you fuckin’ made us leave!” Dean snapped.

“So some guy harassing me is my fault now?”

“No, what I’m saying is you’re better than that, you usually just let shit like that slide.”

“Fuck you Dean. Sam, fucking move right now, I don’t care about either you being fuckin’ babies right now, cause we need to get the fuck out.”
Her ass started wiggling insistently against Sam. He groaned pulling her back against him, grinding himself into her ass, “Fuck Y/N, you have got to stop with all the moving around. You’re killing me.”

“She’s got a nice ass doesn’t she Sammy?” Dean spoke, his voice deeper somehow.

“God, yes.” Sam grunted, hips still twitching. Y/N felt her face heat up.

“Both of you stop it.” She huffed, trying to pry Sam’s hands away.

“Stop it? You started it!” Dean growled taking her hands, stepping closer to her “Like you don’t want this? You flirt with both of us all the time, an’ walk around the bunker in those fucking shorts. God those fuckin’ shorts, you know the ones I’m talkin’ about right Sam?”

“The ones that make you want to bend her over the library table, and fuck her right there? Yeah, I know what shorts you’re talking about.” Sam chuckled.

Y/N couldn’t believe this, there was no way Sam, and Dean would ever do something like this. “Okay, you both need to knock it off!” Y/N hissed, trying to pull her wrists from Dean’s grasp. “Fuck, where the hell is Cas when you need him?”

“Stopped prayin’ to him hours ago. Figured he had other things to do.” Dean shrugged. “Listen, Honey. All you have to do is say no, and we’ll stop, but I get the feelin’ that you don’t wanna stop so here’s the deal; you get down on those knees of yours like I’ve always wanted, and pick the lock after me, and Sammy come.”

“You’ll come too” Sam interjected, “Wouldn’t dream of leavin’ you hanging.”

She’d be lying if she said that this hadn’t led to a very serious itch that needed to be scratched right the fuck now.

“Fuck, fine yes. Whatever you want, holy shit.”
Dean leaned forward, crashing his lips against her’s in a bruising kiss. He pulled away from her lips, trailing his kisses along her jaw, and down to her neck.

“I meant what I said the other night.” Sam breathed into her ear as his hands worked at his zipper. “You’re not fat.”

“Sam-” She stopped dead, hissing in pain as Dean sunk his teeth in sharply into space between her neck, and shoulder.

“Let him finish.” Dean growled, Y/N couldn’t help but groan. This was more than she was ready for, but she wouldn’t ask them to stop, cause Dean was right. She wanted this.

“Okay, okay.” She agreed quickly. Sam pushed his pants down his thighs his cock springing free, and pressing against her ass.

“You’re not fat” Sam said again, hands reaching around the front of her to undo the zipper of her khaki’s. “You’re sexy. Weight has nothing to do with confidence, and you might not act like it all the time, but fuck that confidence you have is the sexist thing.” He pushed her pants down, and she gasped when she felt his erection press against her bare ass. “And your ass is amazing.”

Y/N chuckled, and Sam joined her. “Didn’t peg you for an ass man Sam.”

Dean reached for the buttons of Y/N’s white button down under her blazer. “Sam’s the ass man, and I’m the tit man. And God, you have perfect tits.” Dean’s hands cupped her breasts, pulling the cups of her bra down to expose them to him. “You’re body is fucking amazing, and the fact that you’re you on top of that, just holy shit.”

Y/N groaned when she felt Sam slot his cock in between her cheeks, fucking his cock against her. “When we get back to the bunker, I’m gonna fuck you right, that’s a promise.” Sam growled in her ear, taking the lobe between his teeth.

“You fucking better.” She huffed. Dean took a nipple into his mouth, giving it a gentle tug eliciting a hiss from Y/N. “Dean, you fucker, stop teasing.”

He chuckled against her breast trailing his hand down her stomach, and to her cunt, cupping it in his hand. “This where you want me? Huh? Want me to finger you? Maybe I’ll get down
on my knees, and go down on you.” His finger slid back, and forth along her lips, “Fuck, Y/N you are soaked. This turning you on? Huh? Me, and Sammy workin’ you over, usin’ you to get ourselves off?”

“Fuck, Dean, just shut the fuck up, and get it over with already! We need to get out of here!” Sam snapped.

“Jeeze, Sammy. Fine.” Dean sighed, pulling his hands away from Y/N to unbuckle his belt to pull his cock free. He placed a hand on her cheek, pulling her into a soft kiss while his other hand held his cock steady as slotted it between her thighs, pressed right up to her cunt.

They set up a rhythm, Dean rubbing his thumb over her clit. The press of Dean’s cock grazing over her slit with every thrust of his hips left Y/N lightheaded. God she just wanted them to fuck her so bad, she was so empty.

“Fuck the bunker, the second we get back to the motel one of you is fucking me until I can’t walk understand? I want to fucking splinter the headboard.”

That was it for Sam as he shot his load over Y/N’s ass. “Shit!” He grunted pressing his forehead against her shoulder.

“Shit, shit, shit” Dean whispered shooting between Y/N’s thighs; he kept rubbing at her clit. “C’mon. You can do it.” He whispered. Sam’s hand rubbed down her ass, intentionally or unintentionally rubbing his come into her ass. He slid his hand forward to her cunt sliding a finger into her channel.

That was the last thing she needed. Her back arched, and a whine escaped her lips as her walls clenched hard around Sam’s finger.

“Fuck, fuck, Dean you gotta stop, gotta stop, too much.” She gasped when the sensations became too much.

Dean chuckled, pulling his hand away from her, “You won’t get off so easy next time.” He promised.

“I still fuckin’ hate you.” Y/N grunted, rubbing at the tacky mess between her thighs. “I am
covered in come. That’s disgusting."

“I don’t know… I think it’s kinda hot.” Dean grinned. She could hear the tell-tale sounds of Sam, and Dean putting themselves away.

“You’re never coming on me like that again.” Y/N shook her head pulling her panties back up, followed by her pants. “Fuck, I’m gonna have to take my pants to a dry cleaners.”

“Why?” Dean asked zipping his pants closed.

“Do either of you know how to get semen out of clothes?” She asked, there was no answer except for Sam trying to stifle a laugh. “Yeah, that’s what I fuckin’ thought. You’re payin’ for it too by the way.”

Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and Sam pushed Y/N behind him protectively. “Sam? Dean? Y/N? It’s me, Castiel.”

“Cas!” Dean yelled, “Where the fuck have you been? We prayed to you for hours man!”

“My apologies, I was held up. I took care of the werewolf already, but I was wondering if you were finished.”

“Finished?” Sam asked.

“Yes I was wondering if you were finished fornicating. I didn’t want to brother you, Dean told me it was rude to interrupt something like this.”

Y/N pressed her hand over her mouth. She hadn’t been this embarrassed in a long time. “Cas.” She called.

“Yes Y/N?”

“Open the door please.”
Light from the hallway flooded into the small room; Y/N pushed past Sam into the hall to stand beside Cas. She turned back to look at the brothers; she pointed at each of them, and mimed slitting her throat.

“You’re both fucking dead, understand? I hate you!” She turned, and walked away muttering angrily to herself.

“Did I upset her?” Cas asked looking to Sam, and Dean.

Sam sighed, running his hand through his hair. “No Cas. You didn’t upset her, she’s just really mad at me, and Dean.”

“But why? You all seemed to be enjoying yourselves moments ago.”

“Cas. There are things you don’t talk about okay? Like having kind of sex with your brother, and best friend.” Dean clapped the angel on the shoulder, a pained smile on his face.

“Polygamous relationships aren’t uncommon you know.” Cas began, Sam looked at him incredulously. “As a matter of fact when the human race was just starting to get it’s foot hold in the world the females of tribes would often lay with more than one man so that if she was pregnant, and gave birth the males in the tribe wouldn’t know who the father was, and thus be more inclined to care for the woman, and the offspring.”

Dean hung his head, shaking it. “That’s not what this is about Cas. Just…just take us back to the motel, please.”

“Of course Dean.” Cas agreed, smiling pleasantly.
It was a few weeks later that Y/N found herself almost tolerating the brothers again after that fucking fiasco in the closet.

“Sweetheart, you can’t still be mad at us?” Dean practically pleaded with the young woman. She looked up from her book; she had put herself on research duty so as to not deal with the brothers while they went out on hunts.

“You guys go, I’ll look into the lore, and get back to you about what you’re dealing with.” She repeated the same thing she’d said to Dean over an hour ago; the same look of disinterest on her face.

“You haven’t come with us on a hunt in weeks” Dean sighed.

“You don’t need three people on one case. Besides it looks suspicious. I’m here if you need back up” She sighed rubbing her temple.

“But Y/N-”

“Just go already Dean. Please?” She sighed brushing him off.

“We’ll call in a few hours to check in with you.” Dean sighed. With one last look at her over his shoulder, he turned and headed to the garage.

Sam looked up from his phone as Dean got in the drivers seat. Sam looked around the garage, then back to Dean.
“Still no Y/N?”

“She’s… still angry.”

“Figures.” Sam sighed

“She’s stubborn.” Dean agreed.

“She’s upset, and rightfully so. We more or less took advantage of her in that closet.”

“That’s going a little far don’t you think?” Dean asked, turning the ignition on.

“Think about it Dean. She went along with it cause we were stuck; it looked like we weren’t getting out anytime soon, and to be honest we weren’t exactly letting her do much else even though she wanted to pick the lock.”

“Yeah, but she didn’t have to say yes. We told her we would’ve taken no for an answer, and left it alone.”

“Yeah, but she didn’t know Cas was right there. Waiting until we were finished to let us out. That’s pretty fucking embarassing Dean. Like that whole thing could’ve been avoided if we’d just waited five minutes.” Sam sighed.

“Yeah… but do you really wanna take that back? I mean that chick has been apart of our lives for going on eight years; how long have you been waiting to do that with her?”

Sam sighed again “Eight years.”

“Exactly, eight fucking years. So like I said she can be upset all she fucking wants, cause she’ll get over it. She always does.” Dean reached over to turn the radio on. “And you know what else man?”
“What?” Sam asked as the first chords of Cherry Pie drifted through the speakers.

“I would do it all again… just with less you in the room though.”

Sam snorted. “Me too.”

“Are Sam, and Dean gone?” Kevin asked quietly. Y/N jumped almost halfway out of her seat, not even realizing that Kevin had woken up from his nap.

“Dude, what the fuck have I told you about sneaking up on people?” Y/N snapped

“To not to.” Kevin said, sitting down across from her opening his notebook, and pulling the tablet closer.

“And that is the opposite of what you just did.” She snapped hand over her heart trying to calm it’s rapid beating.

“So?” Kevin asked looking up from his notes.

“What?” Y/N asked.

“Are Sam, and Dean gone?”

“Yeah, they left a couple hours ago.” Y/N sighed, looking back at her own book.

“Why didn’t you go with them again?”

“What? You don’t like my company anymore? I thought we were friends.”
“We are. But being in the bunker 24/7 for a few weeks can really mess a person up.”

“Well, maybe you should take your own advice every now, and then.” Y/N smirked at the teenager.

He chuckled. “Fair enough. I’m just saying, when was the last time you went on a hunt?”

“That uh… that werewolf case.” Y/N sighed, feeling the blood rush to her face.

“Did something happen? I’ve noticed you’ve been on edge lately. So have Sam, and Dean. Did you guys fight or something?” The concern in Kevin’s voice was genuine. She smiled at him; he was such a sweet kid.

“Or something.” She replied.

“Oh.”

“Oh? What does oh mean?”

“Like… did you have sex with them or something.”

Y/N slammed the book closed. “Oh my God, Kevin. Why the fuck would you insinuate something like that? You know they’re like brothers to me.”

“Brother’s who check out your ass every time you leave the room.” Kevin muttered.

“What?”

“Nothing!”
Y/N shook her head. “Look what happened between me, and them will stay there. You don’t need to know about it.”

“All I’m saying is that… it kinda seems like you’ve been really shitty to the guys lately.”

“I’m shitty with everyone all the time Kevin. That’s just who I am.”

“You’ve been shitier than usual.”

Y/N stopped to think for a second. Slamming doors in faces, dropping books on hands, cold shoulder treatment. Maybe she had been extra shitty lately. But it wasn’t like they didn’t deserve it. They had taken advantage of her, if they had waited just a little longer, if she’d convinced them more that she could pick the lock.

But she wasn’t embarrassed about Castiel finding them. No; she was embarrassed that she’d let it slip. Eight years she’d been in their lives, through thick, and fucking thin she had been there. She’d patched them up, watched them die time, and time again, been with them at their worst, and their best. And all it took was getting trapped in a fucking closet for her to lose years of composure, to let her hand show.

They were never supposed to know that she thought of either of them as more than family. They’d made it clear to her all those years ago that as long as she was on the road with them that she was off limits to them.

“You don’t fuck family.” Dean had said, smiling half smile of his at Y/N. She had grinned back at him.

“And you don’t let family fuck you.” She had responded. They had spent that night getting shitfaced, and when they woke up the next morning tangled around each other in the backseat of the Impala they had both just brushed it off; it wasn’t like it was going to be a regular thing. They were basically family after all.

“Yeah well… maybe you’re right.” Y/N sighed. “Maybe I owe them an apology.”
Y/N picked up the phone seeing that it was Dean on the caller I.D.

“What’s up numb nuts?” She asked pressing the phone between her ear, and shoulder.

“Wow, numb nuts huh?”

“I figure that’s what they feel like right now since the last time you got any action was with me in that closet.” Y/N smirks.

“Whoa, who the hell am I talking to? Is my girl finally done being mad at me? Cause if you are that’s the record for fastest mood switch I’ve ever seen out of you.”

“No I’m still pissed. But I’m always pissed,”

“True.”

“Anyway I just figured… you, and Sam have been really hung up on what happened in that closet, and uh… that’s not good y’know?”

“Whataya mean?”

“I mean you guys should take an extra day or two after your hunt is done, and get fucking laid. I can’t stand you guys moping around the bunker anymore giving me those fucking puppy dog eyes like you’re begging me to blow you in the library.”

“I wouldn’t say I was begging for it. Maybe Sam was; you know I’d much rather get down on my knees for you sweetheart.”

“Romantic as ever Dean. Just… consider my advice okay?”
“Can’t make any promises. Anyway that wasn’t what I called for” Dean said changing the topic abruptly.

“Figured as much. You know Dean, whatever happened to pleasant chats? All it ever is now is ‘where’s Metatron? Where’s Crowley? Where’s Abaddon?’ it’s getting a little tedious y’know?”

“Real cute Y/N. Have you at least figured out what we’re hunting yet?”

“Well I’m not entirely positive that I’m right, but I think I’m at least headed in the right direction. It’s definitely a vengeful spirit of some type, but it’s not like any we’ve gone against.”

“You’re telling me. The vic is in the hospital again. This time apparently she gouged out her own eye.”

“And she still says God told her to do it?”

“Yup.”

“Freaky. Well I’ll keep you posted, but I’m definitely on to something here.”

“Talk to you soon.”

Y/N pressed end call, and sat the phone down beside her. She looked back at the book, rubbing her tired eyes, and started going back at it.

“‘It’s called a Hym.’ Y/N said, two days later, and she had finally found the answer “It finds someone with a guilty conscience, the guiltier the better, and then feeds on them by forcing the victim to inflict self harm.”

“Like making them gouge out their own eye, or break a leg.” Sam’s voice came across the line.
“Yup. It’s also why your vic is sensitive to light. Hym’s thrive in darkness, they need the shadows so that they can show themselves to their victims.”

“Alright so how do we fight it?” Dean asked; the boys had Y/N on speaker phone.

“That’s the tricky part. You have to trick the Hym into leaving its host. The only way to do so is to make it think one of you has an even more guilty conscience. But once the Hym realizes you actually have nothing to be guilty about it will have to separate from you. That’s when you attack, fire to weaken it, and silver to kill it.”

“How do we do something like that?” Sam asked.

“Again, that’s the hard part. Hym’s are very intelligent; they also have to read the minds of their victims, once that happens it’ll know that you were faking it, and it won’t jump ship.”

“Any suggestions?” Dean sighed.

“The only thing I can suggest is that one of you needs to come up with a plan, and keep it from the other until the Hym possesses one of you. Once that happens you reveal the truth the Hym is expelled, and you can kill it. Other than that… I can’t help you at all.”

“You’ve helped plenty, thanks Y/N” Sam said. She could practically hear the smile coming from him.

“No problem. Just… come home in one piece.”

“We always do. Talk to you soon.” Dean said.

Y/N pressed end call, sighing. She knew they would be okay but… she could never not worry.

“Y/N.”
She turned to see Kevin wearing his jacket, and a duffle bag in hand. “Hey. Where the hell are you going?”

“I’m taking my own advice, and getting out of the bunker for a few days. I’m gonna be just in town at that motel when you’re getting right into Lebanon.”

“Alright… well just uh… call when you’re on your way home I guess.”

“Oh believe me, I planned on it.” Kevin muttered more to himself.

“What’s that supposed to mean?!” Y/N snapped.

“Just talk to Sam, and Dean when they get back.” Kevin sighed opening the door.

Y/N frowned as the door closed behind the teenager. "Jerk."

Chapter End Notes

There's at least one more part to this, so don't worry
Chapter 3

She was woken up by a phone call from Dean. She saw the time on the digital clock on her nightstand 5:46 am.

"Why are you calling me so early?" She grumbled, voice still thick with sleep.

"We fucked up."

"Don’t tell me you’re trapped in a fucking closet again or so help me God!"

"I wish, I could work with that. The Hym figured us out. We weren’t able to trick it, and now its feeding harder off the victim. She almost cut off her hand yesterday, she’s being restrained now but they were barely able to save the hand."

Y/N groaned. "Why is it that when I’m not around you guys always fucking bungle your cases?"

"Hey, watch it! We hunted just fine for years without you!"

"Yeah, and now you’re calling me to save your punk ass so what’s that say?"

"I… Shut up! We need your help ASAP, before this girl dies!"

"Yeah yeah, I’m on my fucking way you prick!" Y/N snapped hitting end call before Dean could say anything else. It was another five minutes before she could work up the energy to put her feet on the floor. Another three to actually stand up. By the time she’d showered, and packed her bag it was 7:30 and she was ready to hit the road.

Not looking forward to the Texas heat that awaited her, nor the eleven hour drive ahead of her, she dressed for the dry heat. A simple pair of black high waisted shorts, and a loose fitting lightweight grey long sleeve shirt. It was gonna be hot, but she refused to show more than absolutely necessary of her skin. The boys may have tried to prove to her in that closet that her overweight body wasn’t unappealing, or unattractive but one night couldn’t change a lifetime of insecurities.
Heading out to the garage Y/N smiled at her car. *Her* baby. She threw her duffle into the back making sure to keep her fake FBI badge, and gun in her purse on the passenger side in the event anything happened on the way to the boys.

The drive was uneventful, and the time the clock on her dash read 7:00 pm she was pulling into the parking lot of the boys motel, parking beside the Impala. She gathered her bags, and headed for the boys room knocking impatiently on the door. The second it opened she was greeted by Sam’s wide grin, and Dean placing his gun gently back on the table. She frowned at him.

“Can never be too careful sweetheart.”

“No I understand. Sometimes I wanna shoot me too.”

“Y/N” Sam sighed. She just smiled as he took her duffle off her shoulder dropping it with theirs on the other side of the room.

She immediately flopped face down on the closest bed. “Don’t ever make me drive eleven hours solo ever again.” She groaned into the pillow.

“Well can’t sleep yet. Do you have a plan or what?” Dean asked, arms folded over his chest. Y/N sighed, and turned over sitting back up. “Yeah I got a plan. You guys just have to trust me.”

“Y/N-”

“Look I know you guys have your issues, but we’ve been together nearly eight years now. You just gotta trust me. *Please.*” Y/N interrupted Sam before he could finish.

“Actually I was gonna say we do trust you.” Sam said.
“Of course we trust you, you’re one of the few people we can.” Dean added.

Y/N smiled. “Then we got work to do.”

“Uh… before we go, don’t you think you should change into something more… hunting appropriate?” Sam asked, coughing awkwardly.

“Nah, don’t need to for what I have in mind. Is there something wrong with what I’m wearing?” Y/N asked the frown on her face again. Dean looked her up, and down like he was actually seeing her for the first time since she walked in the room. She knew she should’ve felt weird about him looking at her like; any other time before the closet incident she would’ve slapped him. Now it almost felt like a promise of more to come.

“Those fucking shorts Y/N.” Dean smirked a little. Y/N kept frowning, confused.

“The…” Sam cleared his throat, trying not to make an ass of himself by staring, or ogling like his brother “The shorts we talked about in the closet. The ones that we really… love when you wear.”

It took Y/N all of three seconds to comprehend what had been said to her, and then her face flushed red. Suddenly the tiny a/c in the room was doing nothing to cool down the red hot embarrassment that covered her face, and made its way down her chest.

“You two are fucking pigs!” Y/N screeched. Sam cringed at her shrill voice, while Dean just sighed. He knew that was coming. “I can’t believe you… you… you assholes!”

“Well sweetheart, you aren’t the first woman to call us that, and I doubt you’ll be the last. You can be mad at us all you want, after we finish out this case.” Dean took a step towards hand reaching out to place on her lower back, and guide her out of the room. She twisted herself away from him.

“Don’t you fucking touch me right now you neanderthal, I am fucking pissed!”

“What else is new?” Dean pursed his lips at her. She narrowed his eyes.

“If your brother weren’t here to stop me Dean I swear to God I could kill you right now.”
Dean chuckled, “When did that ever stop you from tryin’ in the past?”

Y/N thought on that for a moment “In my defense for at least two of those attempts I was possessed by something.”

“You were also cursed once too don’t forget.” Sam chimed in, Y/N allowing him to walk her out of the room. Dean pouted.

“Yeah don’t remind me that was a freakin’ trip and a half” She sighed climbing into the backseat of the Impala while the boys got in front. It had been almost two months since she’d sat in that backseat. She smiled softly, she had missed this.

She’d be the first to admit this plan wasn’t by any means brilliant, and it could easily backfire in her face. But well looking at the victim how much that poor girl had already lost, and suffered it was all she had left. The boys were suited up, wandering around the hospital acting almost like bodyguards compared to pretending to be FBI agents on a case. It was in a darkened supply room that Y/N had Sam all but trapped. If this was gonna work, she was gonna have to be believable. At least the brothers made that part easy for her.

“Sam.” Y/N called quietly, he looked up at her from the cabinets he’d been looking through for nothing particular.

“What’s up?” He asked walking over to her to see what the problem might be.

Y/N sucked in a breath before pulling her knife from her shorts, rounding on Sam quickly. She must’ve weighed at least what Sam weighed, but where he was all tall, and muscle she was short, and plump. She wasn’t as strong, but she made up for it by being faster, and harder to hit given her height. God knows she was fucked when it came to extended chases, hell the short ones left her winded, but close quarters? She could fuck up anyone in close quarters.
Sam dodged just in time for Y/N’s swing to come down.

“Y/N what the fuck?!” Sam yelled. He grabbed at her knife arm, only succeeding in getting a nice little cut on his forearm. She knew he wouldn’t hurt her. Sam would never fucking dream of laying a hand on her, or any woman for that matter. But Dean? She could count on Dean to make this plan really work. It didn’t matter who was trying to hurt Sam, all that mattered is that Dean wouldn’t let the person who tried to hurt his baby brother get away with it, cursed, possessed, or otherwise.

Y/N went for another lunge backing Sam further into the room as he dodged just out of her swing zone.

“Dean!” Sam called making another attempt at grabbing Y/N’s hand; this time her silver knife nicked his face, and she tried not to cringe. “Dean, help!”

“What the fuck is going on here?!” Dean snapped as the door banged open. Y/N stopped, and looked over her shoulder at Dean. Now here came the hard part. This was really going to hurt.

“Dean thank God! Something’s wrong with Sam!” Y/N cried

“What?” Sam snapped. “No Dean, it’s her. Something’s wrong with her!”

“Dean he tried to grab me, and-and I can’t fucking defend myself against a guy Sam’s size!” She practically ran to Dean’s side, knife still clutched in her hand.

“Easy sweetheart, let’s hear what Sammy has to say?” Dean looked at his brother expectantly, but the only thing out of Sam’s mouth was his name. Dean barely managed to catch Y/N as she made a stab at him. He grabbed both of her wrists easily enough, trying to squeeze hard on them to make her release the knife without hurting her too much.

“Y/N what the fuck?!” Dean yelled trying to push her back, but finding it a lot harder to move her then he thought. “Seriously when did you get this strong?”

“Why are you holding back?!” She snapped, bringing her knee up to his groin. Dean grunted at the hard impact, and missing his chance to dodge at Y/N’s knife landed solidly in his shoulder. Dean cried out as Y/N yanked the knife back. He grabbed her wrists again, and she could tell there was
no holding back.

He yanked the knife from her hand sending it across the floor. Y/N’s fist came right into Dean’s jaw. There would be a good sized bruise there later.

“Dean don’t hurt her!” Sam snapped trying to get in between the fight.

“Hurt her? Sam she’s the one kicking my ass!” Dean snapped.

“Because you won’t fight back! What? Is big bad Dean Winchester scared of a fat little girl now?” Y/N mocked. Dean growled finally pushing Y/N away from him. But that didn’t stop her, she swung again getting Dean in the mouth. She wasn’t happy to see she’d split his lip, but she had to sell it. Just a little more.

Dean finally had enough it seemed when he took a well aimed punch, and hit Y/N in the side of the head. It was enough to send her stumbling back towards the metal topped island table in the center of the room. Dean grabbed her shoulders, and gave a hard shove sending Y/N flying backwards, the back of her head connecting hard with the edge of the metal top. She hit the ground hard, unmoving.

“Dude what the fuck!” Sam yelled rushing to Y/N’s side.

“What the fuck me? What the fuck her?!” Dean responded. It was then Dean noticed the blood on the edge of the table. “Shit.”

Sam tried to wake Y/N, but she wouldn’t move. “Dean, she’d not breathing!” Sam looked at him panicked. Dean knelt down beside trying to feel for a pulse, but finding nothing. He checked the back of her head, and his hand came away wet with blood.

“Dean…” Sam looked at him, eyes wide “What did you do?”

It felt like Dean’s heart was in his throat. What had he done? He’d never wanted to hurt her, just wanted her to stop acting crazy.
“Oh God, oh fuck!” Dean whispered. “Y/N, Y/N, sweetheart wake up, you gotta wake up come on.”

“Dean she’s not breathing.” Sam repeated.

Dean felt the presence then; something dark, and heavy shifting in the air as something took hold of him. This was it wasn’t? This was the plan? But if it was why wasn’t she moving.

“C’mon Y/N it’s-it’s here. This was the plan right? Now you gotta wake up please!” Dean begged. And suddenly all the loathing, and guilt Dean had ever felt intensified ten fold. He saw Y/N’s knife on the other side of the room, and then he heard it, saw it in the shadows of the room.

“Do it, do it, do it” It whispered in a hissing voice over, and over again. Dean made toward the knife, and he was only vaguely aware of Sam calling out for someone. Maybe it was him? He doubted it. Not after everything he’d done, especially tonight. Who had Dean been kidding when he’d tried to tell himself he deserved a girl like Y/N. That a girl like Y/N would want a broken down washed up hunter like him. Sam was right choice for her, but now she couldn’t even make that choice. Dean had done the worst thing he ever could’ve done to her.

Dean’s hand wrapped around the knife, her knife. It was the one he, and Sam had given to her on her birthday a few years back; had had it made out of pure silver, the best way she could protect herself. It still had the inscription on the handle he’d insisted on. It was a stupid cosmetic thing; didn’t make the knife any more potent against any particular monster.

All our love, S & D.

Dean raised the knife, although he couldn’t remember if this was actually what he wanted, or what the Hym wanted. He just knew it would make everything stop for a little while, the pain would help.

“Dean stop!”

Dean’s snapped wide over to where Sam was still kneeling. Cas stood up fully, and fuck he’d never been more happy to see that feathery asshole in his life. Sam was helping Y/N stand up as she groaned from the pain still in her head, but she smirked at Dean, and he knew. He knew it had all been a part of the plan. The shadows receded, and the heavy feeling in his chest left as the Hym was forced away. Dean looked at the knife in his hand, and back at the Hym.
“You figured out our plan, but you never figured out her’s? Man you monsters just get stupider every week don’t you?” Dean smirked before sinking the silver knife right into where the creature’s heart would be. It screeched one final time as it died. It seemed like the lights finally turned on as the shadows retreated with the Hym’s death. Like a blanket of darkness had been lifted from the hospital.

“Cas” Y/N spoke, he looked at her, “I could kiss you.”

The angel looked at her confused. “Why?”

Y/N chuckled, placing a kiss on his cheek, “Cause you’re the greatest angel ever. Thanks for saving my ass.”

“I still don’t understand why you couldn’t have informed either Sam, or Dean of your plan instead of me.”

Y/N shook her head. “It needed to seem believable” She said looking at Dean, hoping the look in her eyes was enough to convey how sorry she was for doing that to Dean.

“I thought I killed you.” Dean whispered “I-I thought you were dead.”

“I didn’t mean to scare you guys like that honest. But it was the only thing I could think of that would work.”

“Guys, let's just get out of here, talk about this more at home or something.” Sam spoke up.

“Yeah, that sounds good. Hospitals suck ass anyway.” Y/N agreed.
Y/N looked up as Dean held a beer out to her. She smiled, and took it with a quiet thank you. She didn’t open it right away instead putting the cold bottle to the bruise on side of her face by her right eye.

“You could’ve let Cas fix that y’know.” Sam spoke up. The two cars were parked side by as they sat on the hood of the Impala Y/N between both brothers, overlooking the lake they’d found to stop by for a pitstop and a drink.

“Yeah well… figured a black eye was the least I deserved.”

“For what?” Dean asked. Y/N had been right, she’d left a nasty sized bruise on his jaw, and his split lip still looked like it hurt.

“Well stabbing you for starters.”

Dean chuckled. “You aren’t the first woman to stab me. Besides, you’ve always wanted to do that.”

“It did feel kinda good.” Y/N agreed. Dean chuckled, wrapping his arm around her shoulders, and pulling her close to his side.

“It’s all good Y/N. Saved the girl, killed the monster, it all worked out, maybe not according to plan but it still worked.”

“Yeah.” She agreed leaning her head against his shoulder.

“Besides” Dean said “You looked fucking hot in those shorts while you kicked my ass.”

Y/N stood up, frown on her face, as she moved back to her car.

“Aw Y/N c’mon!”
“You’re an ass Dean.” She shook her head popping the top to her beer, and planting herself down next to Sam, taking his arm and putting it around her shoulders. He pouted, and she, and Sam laughed.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

So I toyed with this idea for awhile, just because I wanted to do more than just sex with this particular character, and the brothers. In all honesty I keep putting the Y/N instead of a name, but lately this particular character has been feeling more like an OC than anything so something might change soon. Regardless I’ve finally figured out my timeline, this is set in the back half of season 8, and from here on out it will be canon divergence with the reader taking on the trials instead of Sam. I promise there will be more smut to come, and more of a relationship development with the brothers, particularly Sam since I’ve noticed that I’ve been pairing her more with Dean, and I’ve been trying to view this as a polygamous relationship over one relationship with person C pining over person A whose with person B.

“Oh fuck” Y/N sighed watching Dean’s head between her legs. Now that was a mental image she could never get enough of. He’d finally kept on the promise he’d made in that closet, and after Dean was done with her it would be Sam’s turn to keep his promise. That sent another thrill through her.

Dean pulled away for only a moment to look up at Y/N, mouth and chin shiny with his spit, and her own slick, he smirked at her “I love you like this Y/N. All spread out for me, waiting to take anything I give because you know you’re not gonna get it better anywhere else.”

His hand slid up her belly, and Y/N couldn’t be bothered to feel self conscious of her stomach as he grabbed her breast, and slid his body up her to meet for a kiss.

“Dean, please!” She gasped tasting herself on his tongue.

“Please what Sweetheart? I gotta hear you say it.” He smirked at her.

“Fuck me, Dean!” She cried out.

“You awake yet Y/N?”

She jolted upright in bed, and looked over to the door. “What?”
The door cracked open, and Dean peaked in. “Said you ready to get up yet? Kevin’s in trouble… I think.”

Y/N’s eyes widened “You think? You don’t know?”

“I don’t know dude, the kid called me all in a tizzy, and he needs us so we’re hitting the road in an hour.”

Y/N sighed. “Sure. Let me get my shit together.”

“That’s my girl” Dean rapped his knuckles against the doorframe twice closing the door behind him; Y/N flopped back down on her bed. Fuck she was horny.

“I think I had a minor stroke” Kevin started, “But it was worth it!”

“What was worth it?” Sam asked.

Kevin grinned, “I figured out how to close the gates of hell.”

“Come here you smelly son of a bitch!” Dean lifted Kevin up in a hug, the teenager grinning ear to ear like a kid at Christmas. And in that moment, everyone was happy, laughing, smiling. Something Y/N hadn’t seem from her boys in years. She hugged Sam tight, and he hugged back lifting her off the ground too. This moment seemed almost too good to be true.

“Okay, okay,” Sam placed Y/N back down on the ground, “So how do we do it?”

“It’s an enochian spell. It needs to be recited after each of the three trials.” Kevin explained.
“Trials?” Y/N asked.

“Like Hercules. The tablet said something about ‘Those who take on these trials should not fear death, nor danger, and… I’m pretty sure that the last word means getting your spine ripped out through your mouth.”

“Good times.” Dean nodded.

“Cliffs-notes, God made three tests, and if you pass all of them you can slam the gates shut.”

“God wants us to what? Take the SAT’s?” Sam asked.

“Uh I guess. I mean He works in mysterious ways.”

“Yeah douchey, mysterious ways.” Dean agreed.

“Where do we start?” Y/N asked, feeling lighter than she had in months.

“I’ve only gotten one translated so far, but its gross.” Kevin pulled a face.

“How gross we talkin’ here?” Y/N asked, “Like maggots, and moldy food gross, or blood and gore gross?”

“Definitely closer to blood, and gore gross.” Kevin sighed, “You have to kill a hellhound and bathe in its blood.”

“Awesome” Dean stated.

“Awesome?” Y/N, and Sam spoke in unison.
“Yeah I mean, if all I gotta do is take a blood bath, and it means killing all demons forever, then yes I’ll do it.” Dean nodded.

“Who said you’re doing this?” Y/N demanded.

“What? You want to?” Dean asked incredulously.

“Yes. I do.”

“No, hell fucking no.” Dean shook his head.

“And who the fuck is gonna stop me?” Y/N folded her arms across her chest.

“Me. Sammy. Cas. Any fucking combination of, take your pick!”

“You can’t make a decision like this for me Dean, I’m offering to do it!”

“And I’m telling you no!”

“Both of you stop!” Sam snapped coming between the two. “Look we’re not gonna solve this right now, and we can talk about it more later. For now Dean why don’t you get some supplies for Kevin. Food that isn’t just hot dogs, and Y/N?”

“Yeah?” She sighed.

“Take a walk, and cool down. Think about what you’re trying to do.”

Y/N rolled her eyes, storming outside to walk along the pier where Garth’s houseboat was docked.

“She’s fucking crazy if she think’s I’m letting her do this Sammy.”
“I know Dean.” Sam agreed, “But we can’t make this decision for her. If it’s what she really wants man-”

“Now you’re taking her side? Hell no, I’m leaving before I kick your ass!” Dean growled slamming the door behind him.

“Kevin?” Sam sighed.

“Y-yeah?”

“Take a shower man.”

The car was silent, and tense as they made the drive to Idaho. Y/N had made up her mind, and so had Dean on the matter. Sam was on the fence no matter what, not wanting either of them to treat this like a suicide mission. Not wanting to lose his family for anything ever again.

“I don’t understand why you think you always have to be a martyr Dean.” Y/N finally spoke. Sam inwardly groaned; there went the other shoe dropping.

“Excuse me?” Dean nearly growled looking at her through the rearview mirror.

“Why does it just seem like you’re always trying to kill yourself? Crossroads deals, the Leviathans, countless other instances that I can’t even think of cause there’s been so many, and now this?!”

“Because I see what has to be done, and I do it! End of story, we’re not arguing about this anymore. I’m doing it, you’re not!”

“Dean I’m sorry that you think there isn’t anything worth holding on to, I’m sorry that you’ve been fucked over by the world so many times, and I’m sorry for all of the daily bullshit we all have to go through, but you see this as a suicide mission. I see this as something I can do, and survive it,
because I want to survive it. I wanna believe in the light at the end of the tunnel.”

“Dean… maybe she’s right.” Sam looked at his brother, his eyes pleading.

“I said we’re done arguing about this.” Dean all but growled.

“What’s stopping you?” Y/N asked as she saw Dean walk away from the pretty hispanic girl that managed the farm where they were hunting their hellhound. More than one deal had been made here, and it was prowling the farm waiting to strike.

“What?”

“Having a one night stand with a really pretty twenty-five year old girl.”

“Well we’re on a case.” Dean’s smile was smug, like he’d just won the argument of his life.

“That’s never once stopped you before.”

Dean shrugged. “I dunno… just not interested.”

Y/N adjusted the holy fire glasses on her nose to keep them from falling down any farther. “I wouldn’t be jealous.”

“What?”

“I wouldn’t be jealous. You’re an adult Dean, and so am I. We’re not in a relationship, we… sort of fucked in a closet with your brother there. It doesn’t make us anything, or really mean anything.”
“So that didn’t mean anything to you then?” Dean stopped, looking at Y/N.

“You know I care about you, and Sam, just…”

“Just what?”

“I never wanted to let myself think I had a chance with either of you. Especially considering when we first started hunting together we agreed we were off limits to each other. Besides that, fucking look at yourself Dean. You can do a lot better than me, Sam can too for that matter.”

“Why do you always sell yourself short like that? If anyone can do better it’s you. You’re fucking gorgeous Y/N, you just won’t see it, and I don’t know why.”

“Well I mean, I’m a hunter, I’m covered fucking head to toe in ugly scars, I’m not those skinny model-esque, blonde girls that you, and Sam always pick up. I’m short, fat, and I have a generally shitty personality so I mean… “ Y/N shrugged. She let out a sound of surprise as Dean grabbed her face, and kissed her right on the lips.

“You know I don’t see you like that. I see you, as you, which is why I fucking like you so much.” Dean said as he pulled back, Y/N stared at Dean for a moment before pulling him in, and kissing him again. Dean placed both his hands on Y/N’s waist pulling her body tighter against his. She heard the growl just as Dean swiped his tongue through her mouth. She pulled back, and Dean tried to chase her lips.

“Did you hear that?” She asked trying to push him away.

“Sweetheart the only thing I can hear right now is all the blood rushing down.” He placed a kiss on her neck.

“Oh shit, Dean.” She pushed him away, grabbing her knife. Dean finally looked over to where she was looking.

“Oh shit.” Dean said. The hellhound made a run at them, leaping for Dean first; it caught him in the side sending him to the ground. Y/N pulled her gun out as the hellhound jumped on top of
“Dean!” Sam yelled, firing his gun first. The hellhound looked at him next, and jumped off Dean, growling at Sam.

“Hey bitch,” Y/N called, firing a shot right into the hellhounds flank “Want some tender meat?”

The hellhound jumped at Y/N knocking her flat on her back. Y/N barely managed to get a hand on the dog’s throat just in time to keep it from biting a chunk from her own throat. She grabbed her silver knife from its holding place on her belt, and stabbed it up into the hellhounds stomach. She sliced down, and it seemed like the blood dropped all at once coating her from chest to knee in black blood.

Y/N grunted throwing the dog off her. She flopped back on the ground trying to get her breath back.

“Are you okay?” Sam asked helping Dean stand.

“I’m fine” Y/N panted, struggling to stand. “Dean, you okay?”

“Yeah, m’fine.” He grunted, hand going to his side. He looked at Y/N, and the black blood that covered her. His jaw clenched hard.

“You’re not doing this.” Dean shook his head.

“I bathed in the blood Dean, and Sam agrees with me. We both want all three of us to live through this, and this is the best way.”

“No, we can find another, and let me kill it.” Dean insisted.
“You have to have faith in me Dean. I’m strong enough to do this.”

“I do have faith in you, but I can’t watch you do this to yourself.” Dean shook his head, “I can’t lose you.”

“And you won’t Dean. I’m gonna live through this I know it; But for once let it be the Sam, Dean, and Y/N show; I’m sick of playing third wheel after almost eight years. Let me save you guys for once.”

“Y/N…”

“You don’t always have to make the sacrifices. There are other people who care about you two, who are just as willing.” Y/N pleaded.

“Read the spell.” Dean said quietly.

“What?”

“Read the spell.” Dean insisted “I won’t stop you if this is what you really want.”

“It is.” Y/N nodded, taking the paper from Dean. She opened the folded piece of paper, both of the brothers eyes on her. “Kah Nuh Ahm Dahr.”

The sound in Y/N’s ears rushed making her dizzy, and sending her straight to ground. White hot pain filled her, and in the veins of her right arm she could see light inside of her. She barely heard the brothers call to her over the rushing in her ears.

“Y/N! Y/N look at me!” She looked up to meet eyes with Sam as he held her.

“I’m okay” She gasped sitting up “I’m okay, I got this, I can do this.” She nodded more to herself than anyone else.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

A mysterious death leads the three hunters to Lake Geneva Wisconsin. Things end up getting more than a little out of hand.

Chapter Notes

I'm still working on the other half of this chapter, but it was starting to get away from me a little bit so I decided to break it in half to make it easier to read!

“Death by Orgasm” Dean announced at breakfast.

Y/N almost choked on her food; she’d barely been keeping a whole lot down since she’d completed the first trial almost two weeks ago.

“You can’t just say shit like that while I’m eating!” Y/N snapped around a mouthful of eggs.

“Dude, what the actual fuck are you talking about?” Sam sighed taking a sip from his coffee. He’d only gotten back in from his morning jog about ten minutes ago.

“‘A woman in Lake Geneva Wisconsin was found dead in her home early Saturday morning after multiple calls had been made to 911 from her home. At first 911 dispatchers thought it was just a prank due to the woman claiming she was being killed by her sex toy.’” Dean looked up at Sam, and Y/N from his computer.

“And you think this is a case?” Sam asked, raising an eyebrow at Dean incredulously.

“How is this not a case?! A woman was killed by her dildo Sam!”

“It does seem a little strange I’ll agree” Y/N nodded finally getting her mouthful of eggs down “None of my dildo’s have ever tried to kill me.”
Both sets of eyes immediately went to her. “You have dildo’s?” Dean asked.

“Well I mean… yeah; sometimes a girl’s gotta take care of herself” Y/N shrugged. Why were men always so fascinated by the fact that women owned sex toys. Dean placed a hand over his heart, and closed his eyes.

“I need a moment.” He whispered. Sam shook his head.

“Dean-” Y/N spoke, only to be shushed by the older Winchester. She opted to glare at him instead.

When he finally looked up at her, he grinned. “So do you like have one of those tiny pocket vibrators? Or is it like one of those enormous realistic dildo’s with the veins on the sha-”

“Dean!” Sam snapped

“It’s an honest question Sammy!”

“Well Dean the only way you get to find out” Y/N smirked grabbing her mostly empty plate off the table “Is if you want me to shove it up your ass.” Sam sputtered on his coffee, almost choking himself.

Dean stared Y/N down for a moment before speaking. “If you think I’m scared of assplay you got another thing coming.”

“Oh my God” Sam practically slammed his mug down on the table. “I did not need this.” He stalked off towards his bedroom.

“Twenty bucks says he’s gonna go jerk off in the shower” Dean said loudly, earning a clear but quiet *Fuck you, Dean* from Sam.

“You’re the actual worst Dean. The actual worst.” Y/N sighed scraping her plate off in the trash before placing it in the sink. She felt his hands on her waist, and she turned to look at him, not
“Sweetheart, I let a girl I barely knew put me in satiny pink panties, and spank me. If you wanted to strap on a dildo, and fuck me I just might let you.”

“Wow Dean, you sure are a classy lady” Y/N smirked putting her arms around his neck.

“Well I mean if you want me to bend over I do at least need dinner first, and some good booze.”

Y/N snorted “That could totally be arranged.”

Dean chuckled, but didn’t let go of Y/N. Instead he held her there, just smiling at her.

“Dean? What are you doing?” Y/N asked finally, her heart was beating a little too hard now.

“Just… thinking about how much I’d really like to kiss you right now Sweetheart.” Dean leaned in close, lips almost touching her’s “Would ya let me?”

“Never asked for my permission before why now?” Y/N breathed. She was like putty in his hands right now, and they both knew it.

“Cause I’m tryin’ to be a gentleman” Dean said, his voice low, and gruff, and making Y/N’s weaker than she’d like to admit.

“Then kiss me if you’re going to Winchester.” Y/N sighed. His lips were on her’s before she’d even finished her sentence. It was a gentle kiss, no tongue, no teeth, just pure affection. Y/N wasn’t sure how to feel about that. She loved the brothers, but she still wasn’t ready to admit any kind of feelings. That would only make things more complicated than it needed to be.

“Besides” Dean began once he finally pulled away “How else am I gonna get you to show me your collection of sex toys?”

Y/N smacked the back of Dean’s head, pulling away from him. “You’re an ass.”
Dean rubbed the back of his head “Get your shit packed, we’re leavin’ in a couple hours.”

“So this is really legit?” Y/N shook her head as she, and Sam walked out of the morgue. “She literally came so much she died.”

“I don’t even understand this” Sam shook his head “Yeah we’ve had our share of weird cases but this… this is a whole new level.”

“I’m thinking witch.” Y/N stated.

“Witch?”

“Gotta be a cursed object right? Or a spell?”

“That seems most likely yeah.” Sam agreed. They stopped beside the Impala, Dean was waiting in the driver's seat for them as they climbed in.

“So?” Dean asked.

“She literally came so much she died.” Y/N repeated. Dean was barely able to stifle the giggle that came out.

“Witch?” He asked

“Witch” Y/N, and Sam agreed in unison.

“Well lets head over to the vic’s house. Apparently her bible thumper husband just got home from his business trip today, and had no idea his wife even owned a vibrator.” Dean grinned
“Oh this is gonna be good” Y/N smirked shaking her head.

“We’re not actually from Wisconsin. This is just our families summer home” The husband, a nice looking man in his late 40’s, said.

“Well we’re very sorry about your loss Mr. Hawke” Y/N smiled sympathetically.

“Please Agent Cambria, just Garrett is fine.” The man smiled gently. She could’ve sworn he was flirting. Honestly what was it with her, and older men; it was like they flocked to her.

“Of course. Garrett, I hate to ask this I know it’s very… intimate. But did your wife often visit sex shops, use… bedroom enhancers frequently?” She really wished Dean, and Sam were done looking through the lakefront mansion. She hated the whole questioning part, especially when it was this embarrassing.

“Agent Cambria do you often find yourself lonely in need of a pick me up, so to speak?”

She knew what the man was getting at, and her face flushed red. She hadn’t expected to have this conversation once, let alone twice in the same week, and with a complete stranger at that.

“I’m… no stranger to it, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“That’s a shame for someone as beautiful as you Agent.” Garrett smiled, “But it was also a shame for someone like my wife. I never knew that that’s what she did when I wasn’t home. I never knew she was lonely or wanting in the bedroom. She never let on that things were less than good for us; I mean we have five children. You think she would’ve said that something was lacking in the bedroom long before the second one.”

“Do you happen to know where your wife might have purchased the toy? We’re checking in with every store we can find.”
“It’s called Lovers Lane. We visited once, sort of a joke. Do you know what exactly it is you’re looking for?”

“A lot of products went out recently just as a recall was done, but the company refused to issue a recall. And now with a death, we have a case to build against this company to get it shut down” Y/N spoke. She wanted to pat herself on the back for how smoothly that lie came out.

“Everything seems more or less fine up stairs.” Dean spoke as he, and Sam descended the stairs.

“Did you find anything the police may have missed Agen Coheed?”

“No sir, it was just a routine search, nothing moved out of place.” Dean promised. “We thank you for your cooperation.”

“Of course agents. Please if anything else arises, and you require my assistance just let me know.” The man smiled handing his card to Y/N. She smiled tightly, and bid goodbye.

“What is it with you and widowers?” Dean asked as they walked down the long black top driveway back to the Impala.

“I have no fucking clue. I swear to God, every time this happens the men just want to shower me in sex, and money.”

“And the women?” Sam smirked. Y/N had gotten more than a few proposals from the same kind of older women; and the younger ones too.

“Same as the men, just kinkier usually.”

“Well sex, and money doesn’t sound too bad right now.” Dean sighed happily. He reached into his pocket to pull out the keys to the Impala. “Oh by the way” Dean reached back into his pocket, and threw a small burlap bag at Y/N “Merry Christmas.”

Y/N looked at the bag curiously until she found the pentagram on the front. “I told you it was a Witch.”
“One with a serious grudge. Just wait until you see what’s in the hex bag.” Sam said

“This hex bag is some seriously bad fucking juju.” Y/N stated as she sifted through the contents at the table at the diner. They had gone back to the motel to change into more comfortable clothes before heading out for food.

“What do you mean?” Sam asked from his seat beside her, his arm was thrown behind her practically on her shoulders pulling her closer to him.

“Valerian root, Curse Oil-like you gotta make that shit from scratch, and you gotta be real fucking pissed to want to make curse oil, stinging nettles, finger bones… this is some serious shit. I don’t know who this bitch is, but I definitely don’t want her pissed off at me.”

“And here we go!” The waitress announced cheerily bringing their food to the table. Y/N scrambled to get the items back in the hex bag. The waitress-Sienna-Placed each respective plate in front of the hunters. Bacon cheeseburger extra onions, cheese, and meat in front of Dean, chicken caesar salad for Sam, and a hefty stack of waffles covered in whip cream, and strawberries for Y/N. She’d been craving sweets, and waffles were light enough for her to keep down without feeling the to urge to vomit after every bite.

“Would you like some powdered sugar on your waffles darlin’?” She smiled, flashing her lashes at her.

“Uh… sure, please” Y/N smiled, wondering just why today out of all days her game was so strong. It wasn’t like she was even trying. The waitress grabbed a canister, and proceeded to pat a literal fuck ton of powdered sugar onto Y/N’s waffles. Y/N had tried to ask her to stop, but it seemed she was determined to give the young hunter diabetes. She swore she heard the waitress muttering something.

“I’m sorry what did you say?” Y/N asked, looking at the waitress confused.

Sienna turned red, and stuttered “N-nothing darlin’ just make sure you eat up all those waffles, a girl like you needs to keep her figure!”
With that said, the waitress scurried away, and back into the kitchen.

“That was weird.” Y/N shook her head.

“Seriously. It’s like this whole city is hitting on you” Dean said around a mouthful of burger.

“I know! I don’t get it either!” Y/N agreed finally cutting into her waffles. She took a large bite of waffles, almost choking on powdered sugar. As soon as Y/N got the mouthful of waffles down, she reached for her water downing almost the entire glass in one go.

“Dude?” Sam asked concerned.

“Way too fucking much powdered sugar” Y/N shook her head. The trio finished up their lunch, and headed out. It was on the way back to the motel that Y/N started to feel off.

“Sweetheart you okay back there?” Dean asked looking at her in the rearview mirror. “You look a little red.”

“I’m fine” She said, “Just hot. Gonna take a cold shower before we head out to the sex shop.”

“If you’re sure; this doesn’t have anything to do with the tri-”

“No Dean” Y/N cut him off, a stern look in her eyes, “This isn’t a side effect of the trials. Drop it.”

As soon as the Impala was parked Y/N was out, and across the parking lot closing her door behind her before either brother could stop her. She stripped as she walked to the bathroom, turning the water to a nice luke warm as she pulled the plunger up to make the shower head start. Y/N stopped right before pulling her bra off, seeing her reflection in the mirror. She sighed, and shook her head.

Sure all those people hit on her today, even Sam, and Dean, but they were just taking her at face value. When they saw her body, and all the stretchmarks, and scars they wouldn’t want her then. The only reason Sam, and Dean had wanted her in that closet was because it was dark enough they
Y/N couldn’t see her body.

Y/N forced herself to look away, and climbed into the shower. Almost as soon as the lukewarm water hit her skin, the heat that seemed to be all over her body centered to just one part of her body. One very achy, needy, wet, part of her body. Y/N shook her head; she was no stranger to taking care of herself. She preferred it most nights since she was not always welcoming of physical touch, but after the incident in the kitchen the other morning she’d made a point of it to not bring her vibrator with her. She didn’t need to give the brothers anymore fuel, so she pushed aside the thought of her own needs, and pointedly ignored the throbbing in her cunt. She could take care of it later tonight, there was work to be done.

She felt no better once the three of them made it to the shop. It was really starting to become a problem especially the pervasive thoughts that came into her mind every time she looked at each of the brothers. And the fantasies of both of them at the same time? Lord help her, she was going to die from this.

“Sweetheart, are you sure you’re alright?” Dean asked as he walked in with her. Sam was out in the car, waiting in case the two needed backup. Dean had just shook his head at him, and called him a prude.

“I’m fine Dean.” She smiled reassuringly.

“You’ve been saying that an awful lot lately sweetheart. I’m inclined to believe it ain’t true.”

“Why Dean, are you initiating a heart to heart conversation with me? This is uncharted territory for both of us I think.”

“There’s a first for everything Sweetheart.”

“Easy there Winchester, people might start to accuse you of having emotions” Y/N chuckled. Dean pulled a face.

“Ew. Never.”
“Hi! Are you two lookin’ for anythin’ in particular?”

Y/N, and Dean’s heads snapped up to the familiar sounding cashier. “Oh!” Y/N smiled brightly “The waitress from the diner!”

“Oh no! That must’ve been my twin sister Sienna I’m Ana. She did text me earlier about three attractive FBI agents in her section.”

If Y/N had been anything but a hunter she might not have noticed the flash in Ana’s eyes. It was a little bit of jealousy, and a little bit of something else she couldn’t quite place. Well of course she looked jealous. She thought that Dean was Y/N’s. As if that would ever be a thing in real life, but it was nice to pretend if only for a moment that someone thought she was good enough for a guy like Dean.

“To be honest” Ana stage whispered at Y/N “I surprised a guy like him even came in here.”

Y/N laughed, “You, and me both, I’m just waiting for him to start acting like a kid and laughing at the dildo’s!”

“Sweetheart. M’right here” Dean shook his head. She patted his shoulder comfortingly.

“You know you’re my number one guy.”

“Aren’t you two just the cutest” Ana gushed “Now is there anything I can help you look for?”

“Strap-On’s” Dean immediately said. Y/N’s eyes widened as she looked right at Dean. The mother fucker just winked at her. Winked.

“Dean!” Y/N hissed.

“Oh there ain’t a thing to worry about Baby Doll!” Ana grinned “After all exploration in the bedroom is a healthy part of any relationship. And the fact that your man here is secure enough in
your relationship together to let you put something up his ass is something special.”

Y/N’s face heated bright red but she couldn’t help but find herself turned on by the image of Dean on his hands, and knees for her taking everything she gave him.

“Well you know what they say” Y/N smirked. Two could play at this game, “Go big or go home, and boy do I like’em big.”

Dean’s face visibly paled “Now Sweetheart, don’t go crazy-”

“One thing every man should always know” Ana interrupted, and Y/N couldn’t help but noticed the almost sadistic look on her face “Is that when it comes to this kinda stuff, the woman is one that’s always right.”

“Don’t worry big boy” Y/N said, a shit eating grin plastered to her face “I’ll be gentle with ya, I swear”

From there on everything was a little more standard. They flashed their badges, introduced themselves, did the routine line of questioning, and even walked out with a purchase they had both been severely sweet talked into.

“What took you guys so long?” Sam asked from the open window as Dean walked around to the driver’s side, and Y/N to the backseat. She shook the unmarked white bag at him.

“Your brother, and I bought a dildo together.”

“Oh my God!” Sam cried, Y/N couldn’t help but cackle at the cherry red color on Sam’s face.

“Relax, it’s not like it’s ever gonna get used” Y/N slammed the back door shut as Dean situated himself into the driver’s seat. “That salesgirl was really pushy. Wouldn’t answer half our questions until we agreed to buy something.”

“Like hell it ain’t gettin’ used! I just spent over a hundred dollars on that fucking dildo, and harness. I don’t care if you wanna fuck Crowley up the ass with that thing; it better fucking get
Sam stiffened for a second, and then turned to make eye contact with Y/N. “You bought a strap on?”

Y/N felt that shit eating grin working it’s way back on her face “What can I say Sam? Nothing gets me going quite like a man down on his knees for me”

Sam’s face heated up again, as he turned back to face the windshield as Dean peeled out of the parking lot.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

By far the longest chapter. Just some warning there is mildly dubious consent, a possible trigger warning for attempted rape of someone under the influence, and mentions of incest (not between Sam, and Dean)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Y/N smiled at Dean through the crack in the door. “You sure you don’t wanna come with us?”

“I’m not really in the mood to hit up the bar.”

“What? You could find some hot dude” Dean paused to think for a second, a predatory grin spreading across his face “Or a hot chick to try out that strap on with.”

Y/N snorted “As if.”

“Or maybe we could test it out later” Dean offered winking at the younger hunter. Y/N felt her face heat up, and again she was assaulted with the mental image of Dean down on his hands and knees for her, waiting for her to fuck him. That insistent throbbing in her cunt came back tenfold at that thought. Ever since lunch she’d been hornier than she’d ever been in her entire life; it was moments like this she loved being a woman. It was easier to hide the fact she was turned on.

“Don’t make promises you don’t intend to keep Dean” Y/N warned playfully.

“Who said I didn’t” Dean looked down at her, his eyes dark, and hungry. “I still have to make good on my promise of going down on you until the world ends.”

“Just go to the bar already” Y/N sighed rolling her eyes, squeezing her thighs in a way she hoped wasn’t obvious.

“Alright, alright enjoy your night in doing… whatever it is you do when we’re not around.”
“You mean sleep?”

“Yeah that thing.” Dean grinned, and leaned in to place a kiss on Y/N’s cheek. She smiled for him, and said good night, gently closing the door. She pressed her back to the door, sliding down to the floor slowly with a whine. More than anything right now she wanted someone, anyone, in her bed. Taking care of her. Especially if that someone’s last name was Winchester.

Y/N looked over to the white plastic bag still sitting on the table where she’d left it since she got back to her room. Dean was right, if it didn’t get used, it would be a huge waste of $100 some odd dollars.

Y/N stood up, and pushed the thought from her head. She was uncharacteristically horny yes, but she didn’t need that. She’d just go to bed, and she’d be fine by morning.

Y/N started awake when she heard the sound of her bedroom door open, but she made no indication that she was awake. Slowly she rolled over on to her stomach adjusting herself to make it look like she was just tossing, and turning in her sleep.

“Sienna, come on!” A distinctly familiar voice whispered. She heard a rush of footsteps, and the door gently click closed. Y/N shifted her hand under her pillow where her silver knife waited; she gripped the handle hard ready to go on the offensive.

“What’s the plan here?” the other girl asked nervously.

“You got her with the magic powder earlier right?”

“Yeah, on her waffles. But she’s not a writhing horny mess like she’s supposed to be” She whined.

“Well then you didn’t use enough, everyone is different, some people’s inhibitions take more to lower” The other girl explained.
So that’s why she’d been inexplicably horny all day, why she’d been thinking inappropriate thoughts about Sam, and Dean all day. Well maybe she couldn’t blame it on the spell these two obviously amateur witches were trying to cast. She didn’t need any help thinking like that about Sam or Dean.

She heard one of the girls begin to approach her on the bed. She felt it dip, and a hand stroke her hair back from her face.

“She’s real pretty Sienna. I think she just might be a keeper.”

“You said that about Mrs. Hawke! And then you killed her!”

“Well she didn’t want to be with us forever like she promised” The girl responded petulantly.

“And neither do I!” Y/N yelled pulling her knife from under the pillow, and lunging at the young witch.

“Menate!” She screeched, and Y/N’s whole body became immobile, the knife dropping from her hand.

“You little bitch!” Y/N hissed, “You think you’re the only one who knows magic??”

“Holy shit! I told you they weren’t FBI” Sienna screeched at her twin sister.

“Juina Shelt Fonse” Y/N chanted, her body moving on its own once again.

Ana’s eyes went wide as she practically dove across the hotel room to her sister’s purse. “Where’s the potion??”

“Here!” Sienna handed small vial to her sister in a rush. Y/N grabbed the knife off the bed where it lay.
“You two made a big mistake” Y/N growled “You don’t just fuck around with magic you barely understand, and you sure as shit don’t just try to ambush a hunter while she’s sleeping without thinking there won’t be consequences!”

“Abite!” Sienna cried flinging her arms outward towards the wall. The force from the spell sent Y/N back first into the wall her knife flying from her hand across the room.

“Now! While she can’t move!” Sienna cried looking at her sister. Ana rushed forward, uncorking the vial, and pouring the liquid into Y/N’s mouth forcing her to drink. Y/N tried to fight, pushing at Ana, but her strength began to ebb away replaced with a fire in her groin so hot she could barely think of anything else.

“How do you like that?” Ana smirked “Home brewed lust potion. Steeped it extra-long too, so it would be twice as potent.”

“Little bitch” Y/N huffed, skin already covered in a sheen of sweat as she forced herself to stand “I’m gonna kill you both I swear to God!”

“She’s still moving!” Sienna cried in surprise.

“You’re little spells aren’t so strong compared to a trained witch you know” Y/N smiled tightly, trying not to show just how much this spell was getting to her. She could endure this, just long enough to kill both those wanna be witches, and when Sam, and Dean finally got back they could get the cure together, and she’d be fine.

“You’re bluffing!” Ana crowed in delight, watching as Y/N swayed on her feet. “You’re so horny right now you can barely stand am I right?”

Y/N glared at the young woman. She wasn’t that much younger than Y/N, maybe twenty-five at the most.

“Why don’t you just sit down” Ana placed a gentle hand on Y/N’s arm, and she hissed in pleasure that the contact caused to rush through her body as she was forced to sit down.

“Holy shit” Sienna whispered wide eyed, watching at Y/N squirmed on the bed, clenching her thighs together “All you did was touch, and she’s already getting turned on.”
“I told you lil sis, this ones a keeper.” Ana leant down placing her full lips right on Y/N’s. Y/N couldn’t help the moan at forced itself out of her throat as she was kissed by the little witch bitch.

“I bet you’re soaking wet already, aren’t you?” Ana whispered, holding Y/N’s face in her hands. “Answer me.”

“Yes” Y/N hissed, clenching her thighs together again, needing something, anything, to take the edge off the throbbing that wouldn’t stop.

“Sienna come here” Ana called, waiting for the younger twin to come stand beside her.

“Yeah?”

“Kiss her.”

“What you get off on raping girls with your twin?” Y/N snarled at the older twin.

Ana smirked. “I do. And guess what? We’re going to keep you as long as possible because if this is how you react with the potion, I can’t wait to see what you’re like after we have you trained up right.”

Y/N opened her mouth, ready with a comeback until Sienna placed her lips on Y/N’s silencing her. Y/N hated the way her body was reacting, because she didn’t want this, not like this. Sure her fantasies weren’t explicitly full of overgrown attractive assholes, but the women she usually fantasized about didn’t try to take advantage of her.

Y/N was lost in the kiss, barely noticed when Sienna reached a hand under her shirt. She pulled away, a delighted noise making its way out of her throat.

“She’s not wearing a bra” She called out to her sister.

“And look at this. She still has the strap on she bought at the store today. It hasn’t been opened
yet; we’re you waiting to try it with your boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend” Y/N grunted, clenching her fists hard, trying to fight back at the wave of horniness that was trying to keep her from holding on to what sanity she could.

“Then the tall one is?” Sienna asked, smirking.

“Nope.”

Both girls stopped, and stared at her.

“You seriously travel around the country with two fucking male models, and you’re telling me you haven’t banged either of them?” Ana asked, white plastic bag in hand as she moved back over to the bed.

“No.” Y/N glared at her “I value their friendship more.”

She had a sympathetic look on her face, “They rejected you didn’t they. Said you’re too fat, you aren’t pretty enough.”

“No they didn’t-”

“Oh maybe not in words, Sweetheart, but they did didn’t they.”

“Don’t call me that.” Y/N snapped, surprising Sienna with the force of her voice. She shrugged it off, and continued working Y/N’s clothes off until all she was left in were her panties.

“Don’t call you what? Sweetheart? Why not?” Ana crawled on the bed towards Y/N putting herself over her. “Is he only allowed to call you that?”

“You better shut up, or so help me-”
“Or what? You’ll kill me? Sweetheart, you’re naked under me you’re in absolutely no position to kill me. The only thing you’re in any position for is for me to go down on you.”

“I thought you said I could go down on her?” Sienna whined.

“We both will, don’t worry. We’re going to have a lot more fun with her yet Sienna; why don’t you play with her tits in the meantime.”

Sienna hummed happily as she leaned over sucking one of Y/N’s nipples into her mouth while she massaged the other breast.

Y/N cried out, the sensation too much, and overwhelming her. Ana chuckled, moving herself lower down Y/N’s body.

“Just cause those two assholes don’t appreciate your body doesn’t mean we won’t. Bigger girls are the best, cause you’re so soft” Ana’s hand caressed Y/N’s inner thigh “And you have all that extra hip to grip on to” Her hands held Y/N’s hips ready to pull down her panties. “And you’re always so grateful for a good fuck!”

Y/N closed her eyes tight, trying to will this all away, and almost like a miracle she heard it. The Impala’s engine rumbling as it pulled into the parking lot. Sienna pulled herself away from Y/N’s chest, running over to the window as Ana sat up arms crossed over her chest seemingly annoyed at being interrupted.

“Oh shit!” Sienna hissed “It’s them!”

“What?!?” Ana screeched throwing herself off the bed, and towards the window. Y/N struggled to get up. She heard as the doors creaked open, and slammed shut. The brothers muffled voices as they walked to the door next to hers. She made it to the front door, slamming it open as both girls finally noticed her.

“Witches!” Y/N snapped both brothers stared at her for only a moment, taking in her nakedness before they moved into action. The window slammed open, both girls launching themselves out, and across the parking lot to their car.

“Oh hell no!” Dean snapped, racing after them gun drawn, Sam on his heels. Y/N sighed in relief
falling down on the ground up against the door.

“Son of a bitch!” Dean snapped as their car pulled out of the parking lot before he could make it. Sam came to a stop too shaking his head.

“Was that the waitress from the diner?”

“And the sales girl from the sex shop. They’re twins.”

“Were they after Y/N?” Sam asked, looking back to her where she sat in her doorway trying to breathe.

“I dunno,” Dean shrugged “But she needs to put a fucking shirt on man, I can’t do this tonight.”

Sam hummed his agreement “Me neither.”

“What the hell happened?” Dean demanded as they came back to her room. She looked up at them, and Dean had to remember to breath. She looked wrecked. Her skin was flushed, her eyes wide, and lust blown. And then there were her tits. He had to force himself to keep his eyes on her face.

“They fucking…” She trailed off taking a deep breath, and Sam couldn’t take his eyes off her chest

“They fucking drugged me. Lust potion, at lunch with the powdered sugar, and fifteen minutes ago with a potion. Need to get… all the ingredients.” She struggled to stand. Sam immediately reached out to steady her. She clung to him, groaning with pleasure at the contact he was giving her. Dean shed his jacket throwing it over the chair at the table in the corner of the room, and pulled off his flannel handing it to Y/N. She grabbed it tightly nodding her thanks. Sam stepped away allowing her to get the shirt on and buttoned.

“So why did they attack you?” Sam asked as she rolled the sleeves of Dean’s shirt up.

“Cause they’re looking for a third or something.” Y/N shook her head, sitting down on the chair at the table. This was easier to manage when no one was touching her; she could focus, and form coherent sentences.
“A third?”

“For their incestuous threesome.”

“Ew.”

“Hot.” Dean and Sam responded in unison.

Sam looked over at Dean, pulling his best bitch face.

“What?” Dean asked his tone defensive “Twins are hot.”

“You’re disgusting” Sam shook his head.

“Look focus.” Y/N snapped “One of you needs to go after the witches, and the other needs to help me get the ingredients to the fucking cure for this shit that they put in my body.”

“Well it’s a lust spell ain’t it?” Dean grinned.

“Yeah so?”

“Well I mean, the cure is standing right in front of you isn’t it?”

“No. No, hell no!” Y/N snapped “I’m not having sex with either of you while under the influence.”

“Why not?” Dean demanded “You got two guys, one incredibly attractive, the other Sam-”

“Hey!”
“Who are willing to help you out of this situation. Wouldn’t it be easier, and more effective to just satiate the effects?”

“It’s easier, but it’s not right. This isn’t me” Y/N placed her hand on her chest “This is me under the effect of a spell. I’m completely aware right now, but who’s to say that I will be in an hour when the potions had a chance to work its way through more of my system. I won’t be in the right frame of mind.”

“She’s right Dean.” Sam agreed.

“So you just want her to suffer?”

“No, she gave us the other option. We can find the ingredients for the cure.”

Dean dragged his hand down his face “Sweetheart, you know if there’s a way to do this without you having to be in pain, that’s the way I wanna go”

“Dean, please this is the right way-”

“You didn’t let me finish.” Dean interrupted “If there’s a way to do this without you being in pain that’s the way I wanna go, but if you’re absolutely sure this is the way you wanna go this is the way we’ll go. Sammy can go after the witches, and you, and me will get the shit together that you need.”

“Thank you” She breathed.

“Put on some pants, and give Sam your car keys, we got work to do” Dean nodded.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Dean asked, glancing over at Y/N in the passenger seat. She was flushed, sweating, and looked more pissed then he’d ever seen her. But he’d never seen her looking more attractive, wearing his shirt, and those snug skinny jeans that were at least two sizes
“I’m fine Dean.” She answered tersely.

“Sweetheart—”

“I don’t need your fucking pity Dean!” She snapped looking at him “Not from you, or Sam! Okay, I get it I’m not the most attractive girl, and I’m not the thinnest girl but I’m a far cry from the ugliest, or the fattest. It may take me some time, but I get by just fine in the one night stands department. So stop trying to fucking offer yourself to me cause you feel bad!”

Dean stopped the car right there in the middle of road.

“Why are we stopped?” She glared over at Dean, and he gave her the same scathing look.

“You think I do something because I feel bad?”

“What?”

“You think I flirt with you because I feel bad that you don’t get enough action?”

Y/N shrugged, “Why else would you?”

“Because I fucking like you, you idiot! I think you’re the sexiest girl I know. Sure maybe I didn’t at first because yeah, I’m shallow, and a dick, and all those other things you love to call me; but the fact is that we’ve known each other for nearly eight years, and goddamn if I haven’t learned that appearances aren’t everything because of you. I can’t imagine wanting to be with anyone but you half the time!”

Y/N looked away sucking in her cheeks, and biting on them to keep from saying something stupid before she could find the right words.

“Who do you think of the other half?” Y/N asked, a smile tugging on her lips.
Dean chuckled, “You know that girl that advertises my favorite beer?”

“Yeah.”

“Her.”

Y/N snorted “Typical.”

“Sweetheart, I don’t do anything that I don’t want to do, so when I flirt with you, or kiss you, or anything, I do it because I want to, because that’s the only way I can think to express to you how I feel about you… if that makes any kind of sense.” Dean shifted the car back into gear as they made their way to closest hunter friendly store closest to Lake Geneva. The owner was an old Witch contact of Y/N’s, the one who had taught her magic actually.

Y/N hummed, “It makes perfect sense Dean.”

Dean sighed in relief, reaching his hand across the bench seat to take a hold of Y/N’s. She inhaled sharply, the heat of Dean’s hand seemingly radiation through her whole body just from that slight contact.

“Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“I want you to fuck me.”

Dean almost choked on his own saliva as he tried to get words out through his shock. “Sw-Sweetheart, you literally just told me like twenty minutes ago that you wanted to cure this thing the right way, not the great way.”

“So? I changed my mind.” She shrugged nonchalantly.
“Is this the spell, or is this you?”

Y/N shook her head, “To be honest I don’t know anymore, but I’m literally so wet, and horny right now Dean, that I’ve soaked through my panties, and I’m pretty sure I’ll soak through my jeans any minutes now.”

Dean slammed on the brakes, yanking his hand from Y/N’s and looking at her. “You can’t tease me like this Sweetheart. I can’t handle you giving me another case of blue balls.”

“Dean I want this, and I want you. I’ve always wanted you.”

Dean made quick work of moving the Impala to the side of the road, and shutting it off.

“You’re absolutely sure about this?” Dean asked, always ready to give her an out.

“Dean, I need you to fuck me right now.” Y/N stated calmly.

“Get in the back seat now!” Dean growled. He clambered out of the front seat while Y/N made short work of climbing over the front seat, and falling into the back. Dean yanked the door open to see Y/N laying on the car seat struggling out of her skinny jeans.

“Fucking jeans!” She panted. This was probably the workout of her life.

“I fucking told you skinny jeans are no good for our line of work” Dean grunted grabbing the ankles of her pants, and giving them a good tug.

“But they look so good, and the fit so nice-”

“And they make your ass look almost as good as those shorts of yours.”

“You, and those fucking shorts” Y/N shook her head.
“Those fucking shorts.” Dean sighed happily.

“Focus champ, skinny jeans first.”

Dean gave another hard tug the jeans finally coming down to her knees, and coming off completely with one more tug. He threw them into the front seat and climbed into the back putting himself over Y/N.

“Shit Sweetheart, you are fucking soaked” Dean sighed pulling her panties off as she opened the flannel she was wearing to reveal her chest. Dean scooted down lifting Y/N’s knees up, and over his shoulders putting his face right into her cunt.

“Dean what are you doing?” Y/N asked impatiently, shivering at the feeling of Dean’s hot breath on her.

“I’m finally making good on my promise, and going down on you like no tomorrow.” He stated matter of factly.

“As much as I would love you too, I’m more than ready for you. I need you.”

Dean looked up at Y/N incredulously. No girl had ever said no to him going down on them.

“Are you fucking serious right now?”

“Dean, I totally believe that you’re a champion pussy eater-”

“You’re fucking right I am! Compared to eating pussy, hunting is my second job!”

“But this fucking lust potion has made me horny enough, and wet enough. I need you inside me right now!” Y/N pleaded

Dean wiped his hand down his mouth in frustration. “Fine. But when we get back to the bunker I get to go down on you for at least an hour.”
“Deal” Y/N agreed.

Dean climbed back up, Y/N’s knees still hooked over his shoulders. She grinned wolfishly at him as he unbuckled his belt tugging his jeans, and boxer briefs down to his thighs, his hard cock springing up with the motion.

“Sweetheart, you have no idea how many times I’ve imagined this.”

Y/N smirked, pushing Dean’s dark gray t-shirt up so that she could feel him better. She hadn’t had this opportunity in the closet, and she was surprised to find that even though Dean was in great shape, he had a bit of a pudgy belly. It made her smile.

“Stop groping my love handles” Dean laughed.

“I can’t, they’re too cute!” She got a good grip on his love handles, and gave a slight tug that had Dean laughing harder.

“Knock it off” Dean chided, grabbing both her wrists in one hand, and pining them above her head. With his other hand he grabbed his cock, giving a few pumps as he looked Y/N in the eyes.

“Tell me about all the times you imagined this” Y/N breathed.

“Sweetheart, you’re gonna be the death of me.” Dean breathed shakily.

“Tell me” She repeated just as Dean sunk the head of his cock into her.

“Holy shit you weren’t kidding about how wet you are.” Dean closed his eyes, slowly sliding himself into the hilt letting Y/N feel every wonderful, and tortuous inch of his thick cock stretching her.

“Tell me” She cried as Dean hit just the right spot pulling out.
“Right when I got back from Hell.” Dean grunted setting a steady pace, grabbing Y/N’s thighs, and pulling her closer letting her hands wander over his body again. “When me, and Bobby went to find you, and Sammy. You were walking around that motel room in nothing but your panties, and that little black tank top. That was the first time I ever thought about you like this.”

Y/N groaned as Dean’s hips snapped harder into her.

“And then, when we saw each other again, after Sammy went into the pit. We hadn’t seen each other for a year, and I was just reminded how much you meant to me. I think that’s when I realized you were more than just family.”

Y/N cried out as Dean leaned in, taking one of her nipples in his mouth. She put both hands in his hair, scratching her nails hard enough against his scalp to send a tingle down his spine. He pulled back, and stared down at her snapping his hips harder causing Y/N to cry out louder than before.

“And when I got back from Purgatory” he growled “You were the first real woman that I had seen, and God, I almost fucking took you right then just because of that. You made Rufas’s cabin your little safehouse, and we were the only ones there and I swear to God I’d have done it too if Sammy hadn’t showed up fuckin’ five minutes later.”

“Dean!” She cried reaching a hand down to rub her clit. Dean slapped her hand away.

“Nuh uh Sweetheart. You want something you gotta ask for it; you weren’t scared to ask me to fuck you, now ask me to make you come.”

“Oh God!” She cried, as Dean angled himself just right, hitting her in all the right places.

“Use your words Y/N, tell me what you want” He whispered in her ear placing a kiss on her neck.

“I want to come!” Y/N cried out, almost sobbing with need. Dean placed his hand on her abdomen, thumb rubbing her clit just right. She cried out one more time finally coming. Dean thrust a few more times, losing himself in the feeling of her body trying to milk his cock before he pulled out, finishing himself on her stomach.

Dean sighed contently as he laid himself down on top of Y/N who just laughed as he did so.
“You make a nice body pillow” Dean smiled.

“Yeah?” Y/N asked

“Mmhm.” Dean hummed nuzzling his face in Y/N’s breasts. Y/N chuckled, wrapping her arms around Dean’s shoulders holding him there. They stayed like that for a few minutes, enjoying the feeling of each other.

“Dean?”

“Yeah, Sweetheart?”

“You’re starting to make it hard for me to breathe.”

Dean immediately sat up, and then groaned in annoyance.

“What?” She asked.

“Jizz on my shirt.”

Y/N snorted. “Come on big guy, let’s get cleaned up”

“So, you’re all better than?” Dean asked. Y/N thought for a moment, trying to get a feel on her body.

“I think so. At least okay enough to not warrant and immediate repeat performance.”

“Just my luck” Dean sighed. Y/N smacked his shoulder. He looked at her, smiling warmly, that adoring look in his eyes again. Y/N smiled back.
The moment was broken when Dean’s phone started to ring. He groaned, and twisted around to reach into his back pocket, pulling out his phone.

“What’s up Sammy?” He answered. He listened for a moment “Yeah, our end is taken care of she’s all right now. Yeah… no she uh had the tea ready for us when we got there, we’re already on our way back. The twins weren’t too much trouble to handle were they?”

Dean listened, and chuckled “What can I say? I’m a natural worrier. Yeah… see you soon.” Dean hung up, and looked at Y/N.

“Let’s get cleaned up, and get back. The sooner we get back to the Bunker the sooner we can get back down to business between you, and me.” Dean smirked. Y/N rolled her eyes.

“I swear there’s only ever one thing on your mind Winchester.”

Y/N was woken up the next morning by pounding on her door. She groaned, and rolled on to her back. A second later the door opened, and Sam stepped in.

“Hey, you awake?”

“No” She groaned pulling the pillow over her head, she felt fucking sick. Maybe it was an after effect to all the things those witches had forced into her body. Sam chuckled.

“We just got a call from Kevin he’s deciphered the next trial.”

Y/N sat up throwing her blankets back. Sam’s eyes roved appreciatively over her as she turned her back to him grabbing her jeans from last night.

“Well then what are we waiting for?!” Y/N looked over her shoulder at Sam, a grin on her lips. He smiled right back. “We were waiting for you to wake up sleeping beauty.”
Y/N pulled her messy hair back into a bun, and flew around the room getting everything packed back into her duffle. Sam took it from her as she made her way to the door.

“Sam! You don’t have to do that!”

“No, but I like to” He leaned down kissing the top of her head. She stopped still, and looked up at him, eyes wide.

“What?”

“N… nothing. I’ll meet you out in the car I gotta pee quick.”

“What’s up?” She asked looking confused between the brothers.

“I’m fine, I’m fine, I’m fine” she repeated over in her head as she made her way out of the motel room.

Dean shrugged. “Nothing, just thought I’d roll with you for once.”

“I already asked him if he was feeling alright” Sam called.

Y/N shook her head. “Well come on big guy, lets hit the road.”
Dean grinned, and climbed into the passenger seat of her Corvette. She got into the driver’s seat, and started her baby up.

“You feeling alright?” Dean asked.

“What?” Y/N snapped.

“Easy. I’m just asking cause you were in the bathroom a while.”

“Sorry, yeah… yeah I’m okay.” She reached for her stereo, and turned it on.

“Hey” Dean said placing his hand over Y/N’s as she shifted her car into drive “You, and me are okay right?”

Her face softened, and she smiled at Dean. “Yeah Dean. We’re okay.”

“Good” He smiled back.

Y/N hummed to the music as it played getting on to the road behind the Impala.

“I have these thoughts so often I ought to replace that slot with what I once bought cause somebody stole my car radio and now I just sit in silence”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Apparently I’m incapable of anything short anymore so I mean for some of you its a good thing. I’m not so sure about this chapter, it was mostly just plot working up to the end of season 8

“Y/N!”

Y/N jolted upright looking at Sam across the library table.

“What?” She asked quietly; she’d spent most of the morning since she’d woken up hacking up a lung, and her voice hadn’t fully recovered yet. There had been a lot more blood then she wanted to think about.

“I asked you if you were feeling alright.” Sam repeated a soft smile on his face.

Y/N nodded looking back down at the book in front of her “I’m fine.”

“No you’re not” Dean said as he entered the room carrying a tray of food “You’ve been getting worse ever since you rescued Bobby’s soul.”

Dean placed the tray down in front of Y/N. She frowned at it, “What this?”

“The snacks of champions” Dean stated proudly.

“Three reeses cups, jerky-”

“Teriyaki your favorite”
“And half a beer?” She looked at him with what had to be the world’s most pitiful expression.

“I… I got thirsty.” Dean smiled awkwardly, like the kid caught in the cookie jar.

“We’re low on supplies?” Sam asked.

“There hasn’t been time to make a run, not since we’ve been looking for Kevin.”

“It’s fine, I’m not hungry anyway” Y/N shook her head, “We just need to find Kevin, and end this.”

“Y/N you can’t keep going like this, this isn’t healthy.” Sam sighed “You’ve lost so much weight.”

“Most people would look at that as a positive thing.”

“Not twenty pounds in three weeks Y/N. That’s not healthy, that’s malnutrition.” Sam said.

“He’s right” Dean agreed “You stay here, let Charlie in if she gets here before me, and Sam get back; we’ll get this place stocked up.”

Y/N nodded mutely, not even saying anything when the boys called goodbye, promising to be home soon.

It was not shortly after that Y/N felt her vision start to go blurry, and fade. She felt a weird tickle under her nose, she reached up to wipe with the back of her hand; when she looked at it it was covered in blood.

“Oh shit” She whispered as she fell off her chair on to the hard marble floor.
conditioner, her favorite body wash, hell even her favorite scented wax cubes that she put in her oil burner. Dean would be the last to admit, but tranquil spa day was his favorite.

“No, I’ve been waiting for like an hour for you guys to let me in; didn’t you get any of my texts?” Charlie frowned at the brothers walking over to Dean’s side.

“We forgot our phones. Why didn’t Y/N let you in?” Sam asked

“She didn’t respond either; I thought she was with you guys.”

“No we left her here; she was supposed to let you in while we went grocery shopping.”

“Maybe she went out?” Charlie suggested. Dean felt uneasiness settle in his chest.

“She wouldn’t.” Dean frowned, putting the car in gear, and heading around the side to the garage.

Charlie sighed in defeat “Guess I’ll just wait here!” She called.

Sam was already out of the car, and running for the library before Dean had even put the Impala in park.

Y/N was lying on the ground, a trail of blood running from her nose down her cheek. The shallow rise, and fall of her chest was the only indication that she was even still alive; Sam knelt by her lifting her into a sitting position.

“Y/N, Y/N wake up” Sam gave her a gentle shake.

“Is she alright?!” Dean yelled running into the library.

“She’s breathing, so that’s a plus” Sam sighed, pushing his hair back off his forehead. “Y/N?” Sam said her name again gently, trying to wake her.
“Thank God” Dean breathed a sigh of relief “I’m gonna go let Charlie in, why don’t you go tuck sleeping beauty into bed.”

“Sure.” Sam agreed lifting Y/N’s unconscious body into his arms. Sam couldn’t help but feel more worried when he realized that her weight in his arms was significantly less than the last time he carried Y/N to her bed.

He opened the door flicking on the light. Sam sighed again. Her bed was still made from the day before yesterday. She hadn’t been sleeping… again. He placed her down on the bed, pulling her blankets back before pulling them up to her waist.

Looking over at her night stand, Sam was surprised to see a lot of picture frames; some lined the walls too. He picked up the first one, a smile spreading across his face. It was the three of them, and Bobby in front of his house standing beside Y/N’s newly rebuilt car; her little 2001 black corvette. She’d been devastated when it had been almost completely wrecked in an accident that year; the only thing that had really survived was the engine, but Dean had sworn up, and down to her that it was more than enough to get her baby back up and running. She’d done it with the combined help of Dean, and Bobby, and it was still her most prized possession to this day.

Some of the other photos were older too; Sam still couldn’t believe they’d been that young sometimes.

The photo that caught his eye though was the only one that wasn’t in a frame. It looked like it had been folded, and opened many times if the creases on it said anything. It was of him, and Dean just sitting at a table in a diner, smiling, laughing, and stuffing their faces. Dean was looking at the camera ear to ear grin on his face, while Sam was trying to cover his face.

Sam flipped the photo over, finding Y/N’s small, and neat handwriting.

*My boys, Brooklyn, April 2011*

Sam placed the photo back in its spot, and looked at Y/N as she slept. He looked at Y/N, finally breathing evenly. She’d been getting worse since the first night she said the spell, and Sam was worried. Dean wasn’t the only one that couldn’t stand the thought of losing her; now that Bobby was gone, she was the last person who’d been in their lives this long. She was family now.

“You’re gonna survive this,” Sam spoke quietly “Because I know you can.”
He turned, and turned the light off closing her door gently behind him.

“I can’t lose you.”

“What happened?” Y/N asked walking into the library a few hours later. Everyone in the library looked up at her as she came slowly walking in, a blanket wrapped around her shoulders.

“We were hoping you could tell us.” Dean said as he stood up, and pulled a chair out for Y/N. She sat down with a quiet thank you as Dean pushed her chair back in for her.

“I don’t really know what happened.” She shook her head, “I was fine but then my eyes went unfocused, and I couldn’t get them to focus back, and my nose started bleeding… I think I might have had an aneurism.”

Dean sighed. “I just wish we could get Cas here to take a look at you.”

“I’m fine Dean.”

“Would you quit saying that Y/N! You’re not fine!” Dean snapped quietly, taking Y/N’s hand in his. “You can’t just fucking worry me like that, and think that I’m gonna believe you when you say you’re fine.”

Y/N scoffed, yanking her hand from Dean’s, “It’s not your job to worry about me.”

“Like hell it isn’t! You started hunting because of me that makes you my fucking responsibility!”

“Uh guys-” Charlie tried to speak up, Sam put a hand on her shoulder, shaking his head quickly back, and forth. It was never smart to get between Y/N, and Dean’s arguments.

“Well fucking sorry Dean! I didn’t realize I was your fucking responsibility! Cause apparently, I’m
not a person anymore, I’m just a fucking burden you drag around everywhere!”

“You’re not too far off there Sweetheart!”

“Dean!” Sam snapped. That was too far, and a low blow.

Y/N stood up, and started walking away.

“Where the hell are you going? We have a case!” Dean snapped.

“Well I’m going to pack my shit, and leave that way you don’t have to worry about your responsibility Dean!”

Maybe her outburst would’ve been taken more seriously if she hadn’t collapsed less than five feet away.

Dean sighed, and walked over to her.

“Don’t!” She screamed, trying, and failing to get up by herself. Dean lifted her into his arms, and carried her back towards the bedrooms.

“Is she okay?” Charlie asked “The last time I saw buxom beauty over there she was kicking ass, and taking names. Now it looks like a strong breeze would knock her down.”

“She’s doing something dangerous” Sam explained “And, it’s really taking a toll on her.”

“What ever it is… She’ll beat it. I mean she’s basically a Winchester, and you guys bounce back from everything right?” Charlie smiled.

“I just don’t know if this is one of those times.”
Sam stood right outside the door to Dean’s room listening as Dean talked to Y/N.

“I’m sorry I said that.”

“No you’re not” Y/N immediately retorted her voice watery like she’d been crying “Even I think I’m just a useless burden you guys picked up for no reason.”

“You’re not useless,” Dean reassured her “You’re family.”

“Is that really all I’ll ever be to you?” Y/N asked quietly.

“Sweetheart, you know I care about you. More than anything in the world, but right now with you doing the trials, and everything… is this really the time?”

“I’m not asking for sex Dean, God I couldn’t even if I wanted to right now; all I want is someone to just hold me, and kiss me, and tell me I’ll be okay cause if I get one more of those fucking pity looks you, and Sam keep throwing at me I’m gonna fucking just kill you.”

Dean laughed then, and Sam knew it was genuine. “I can do that.” He agreed.

Sam chanced a look into Dean’s bedroom through the crack in the door. Dean was knelt on the floor in front of Y/N as she sat on his bed. Sam clenched his jaw as Dean reached out to hold Y/N’s face, pressing his lips gently against hers.

Dean smiled gently as he pulled away from her “Stay in here. Get some sleep. I’ll be back before you know it.”

“Okay” Y/N agreed.

Sam backed away from the door quickly as Dean got up. Dean almost ran right into Sam as he pulled his bedroom door closed behind him.
“Jesus Christ dude!” Dean snapped.

“She okay?”

“Yeah, yeah she’ll be fine. She always is” Dean smiled tightly; it didn’t reach his eyes, not like it had for Y/N.

“Dude if…” Sam stopped, shaking his head. “No. Never mind”

“What?” Dean asked.

“It’s nothing” Sam assured.

“It’s not nothing Sam, it’s never just nothing with you” Dean said.

“She’s… she’s good for you.” Sam finally said. It wasn’t what he wanted to say.

“You… heard us?”

“Yeah.”

“Shit Sammy.”

“No dude, it’s… it’s okay I get it. You two are good together, you two have a lot more in common-

“C’mon man, it’s not like I ever thought it was something that would happen! I know you fucking care about her too-

“Love, Dean. I love her. At least I’m willing to admit it.”
Dean rubbed his hand down his face as Sam walked away.

“I want to come with” Y/N said the next day. “I haven’t been out of the bunker, or on a hunt in weeks.”

“You’re not coming” Dean stated.

“I’m still a hunter Dean, and a damn good one. Besides the fresh air would be good for me.”

“You’re not coming” Dean repeated, “We got Charlie on this one. We’ll be fine without you.”

“And who’s gonna make sure I stay while you’re gone?” Y/N asked smugly “After all if you leave me alone, we both know I’m just gonna come after you guys anyway. No one’s gonna be able to stop me.”

“Sam?”

“On it” Sam scooped Y/N up, hoisting her over his shoulder as she screeched in indignation at being manhandled.

“Put me down!” She snapped.

“Don’t make this worse than it needs to be Y/N, I’m already stuck babysitting you.”

“Oh so you’ll go out with Charlie but not me? She’s hardly out of her training!”

“Hey!” The red head snapped back, definitely offended.
“Charlie’s got my back. We’ll be fine, you two have a nice night in” Dean smirked waving at Y/N.

“Dean Winchester you son of a bitch get back here!” Y/N cried as Sam carried her to his bedroom. He sat her down on his bed, and smiled at her.

“Turn on some Netflix, and just relax. I’m gonna make us some dinner.”

“I’m not hungry” Y/N responded sounding much like a petulant teenager.

“Y/N.”

“I’m not being difficult, I really am not hungry.”

“Well you’re gonna eat whether you like it or not. You’re no good when you’re so tired, and hungry that you can barely keep from falling over.”

“Sam please-”

“Get some rest; I’ll be back in a little bit.” He assured.

Y/N huffed laying back on Sam’s bed. She closed her eyes for only a moment, but when she opened them again, and looked at the alarm clock it was past midnight. On Sam’s nightstand was a note. She picked it up, and smiled.

You feel asleep before you could eat, dinners in the microwave for you just heat it up, I’ll be in the library doing some research if you need me, Love Sam.

She placed her feet on the floor, and admittedly felt more rested than she had in weeks but there was still that lingering general pain that just wouldn’t go away. It wasn’t one focused spot, it was everything. She had just felt… not right for weeks now.

She headed for the kitchen first, the prospect of food actually appealing for the first time in a long
time. She found that Sam had made a simple dinner, light enough for her to get down without any problems. She pulled the hot plate from the microwave, and headed for the library to sit with Sam for a bit.

He was so engrossed in a book that he didn’t even hear her enter the room. It wasn’t until he felt her chapped lips on his cheek that he finally looked up from his book.

“Hey, you’re up – and you found dinner.”

“Yeah, it’s really good thanks.” She sat down, eating more off her plate. Sam smiled softly at her watching as she completely forgot that he was there, and was engrossed in finishing off her plate. She finally looked up embarrassed that Sam had seen her practically inhaling her food.

“Sorry” she looked down “Once a fat kid, always a fat kid.”

Sam sighed, “Y/N you know I don’t think that about you. And besides if anything you need to gain all the weight you lost back. You look sick; before you looked-”

“Obese? Disgusting? Untouchable?” She listed off before she realized what she had said.

“Why do you think those things about yourself?”

“Because I’m not delusional Sam. Guys who look like you, and your brother, don’t go for girls who look like me.”

“Well Dean seems to be more than into you.” Sam noted; he inwardly cringed at how harsh his comment sounded.

Y/N looked up at him, confused. “What? Like you’re mad or something?”

Sam scrubbed his hand down his face. “Dean wasn’t the only one in that closet. You two seem to keep forgetting that.”
“Like I told Dean, just cause we had almost sex doesn’t make it anything.”

“So it didn’t mean anything to you?”

“I don’t want to have this argument tonight Sam, I’m tired” Y/N sighed.

“Well too late, cause we are having this argument right now!”

“I care about you too Sam, just as much as I care about Dean-”

“That’s a fucking lie-”

“Let me finish!” Y/N snapped. Sam clenched his jaw, and looked at her. “I never thought we’d end up in this situation, I never thought we’d get stuck in that closet, and I really never thought that the point in our lives would come where I finally fucking had to admit that I care about you two assholes as more than family. I was going to take that fucking secret to my grave, and then of course Lemony Snicket had to make a goddamn guest appearance, and now we have a serious of unfortunate events”

Sam couldn’t help but snort at that reference. “You did not just make that joke.”

“I did, and it was a fucking good one, give credit where credit is due Sammy.”

Sam held his hands up in defense. “Wait… you said you have feelings for me, and Dean?”

“Yeah, is that so hard to believe?” Y/N sighed, rubbing the back of her head “Look, Dean, and I have been having that argument on, and off for a couple weeks now anyway.”

“Well you chose Dean didn’t you?”

“I never intended to choose. I never thought I’d have to choose, and I still don’t want to choose, cause you both mean the fucking world to me, and yeah Dean gets it, but he’s not the sharing type, and-”
“Whoa, wait… sharing?” She wanted them to share her? Like a fucking toy?

“Yeah. Look I was gonna spring this on you at a different time. What with everything going on right now, I’m not even in the right frame of mind to be talking about relationship bullshit since I barely understand the relationship Dean, and I have now.”

“I’m not sure I follow” Sam admitted.

“I care about you, and your brother. I don’t want to choose between the two of you if I don’t have to; understand?”

“You want us to share you?”

“I mean more or less that would be ideal for all of us don’t you think?”

“And how do you figure that?”

“Cause eventually it’ll come to a fight between the two of you, these kinds of things always do. One of you will try to step aside for the others happiness, and end up being fucking miserable. The other will notice, and will try to rectify the situation; in this case I’m the situation, and what would end up happening is me leaving so that the two of you can salvage your codependent pseudo-incest brotherly relationship.”

“That’s harsh, and untrue. We would never get rid of you!”

“The apocalypse.”

“That was for your own good, you didn’t need to get caught up in that with us.”

“Leviathans” Y/N folded her arms across her chest.
“They didn’t know who you were, you were safer.”

“When Dean got sent to Purgatory, and you ran off to live whatever kind of life.”

Sam looked away. That wound was still too fresh. Y/N realized her mistake almost as soon as she said it.

“Sam I’m sorry-”

“No. *I’m* sorry. I did run away. From Dean, from what happened, from my life, from *you*.”

“Look Sam, all I’m trying to say is that we’re all adults. There is no judgement here, cause the only opinions that matter are our opinions. So we should all think on it, and try to make the best out of a shitty situation.”

Sam nodded. “I’ll think about it.”

“That’s all I ask.”

Suddenly the door to the bunker slammed open. “SAMMY!”

Sam looked at Y/N conflicted, wanting to finish this conversation. She just smiled.

“Go, he needs you more; I promise I’ll be fine alone.”

Sam nodded back, a thankful smile on his face. He stood up, calling out to Dean as Y/N headed back towards the bedrooms.

“Well Charlie, you’re never a true part of the family until Sam, and Dean get you caught up in some bullshit.” Y/N smiled at the small red head. She’d just barely made it back from her first real
hunting gig, but she looked proud of herself more than anything.

“And then you almost die” She agreed, grinning at the brothers standing on either side of Y/N.

“And then they try to rescue you.”

“And then it always goes sideways-”

“Alright we get it!” Dean snapped interrupting the two women. They both just laughed.

“Right well” Charlie smiled, and hugged Sam first, the tall man stooping down to hold her close. She pulled away after a moment grinning

“Make sure to take care of these two Sam. You’re the only one with any amount of common sense.” Charlie said, and moved to hug Y/N next.

Y/N hugged her tightly, trying not to wince at the ache it caused in her muscles. Charlie pulled back to look at Y/N seriously for a moment.

“Whatever it is you’re trying to do, you just need to know that we all care about you, and we all got your back. You’re gonna kick its ass.”

Y/N smiled, “I know.”

Charlie hugged Dean tightly bidding her final goodbye with a star wars quote no less. They watched as she left.

“She’s the little sister I never wanted” Dean sighed wistfully.

Y/N snorted, “It’s weird how alike you two are sometimes that’s for sure.”
Dean slung his arm around Y/N’s shoulders as they followed Sam back inside the bunker. “Let’s get you inside. We got a lot of work to do.”

“On?” Y/N asked.

“Finding Kevin. You may be benched for the time being but that doesn’t mean me, and Sam can’t do some heavy lifting. The sooner we get this done, and over with the sooner we can all take a vacation.”

Y/N snorted, “Yeah. Vacation, cause you can totally do nothing for a week.”

“I mean it Sweetheart. You, me, the open road, a nice beach, and some beer.” The stopped at the top of the stairs.

“And Sam?” Y/N asked.

Dean stopped, and looked at her for a moment; then he smiled. “Of course Sam would be there too. Just gotta promise me we get some time to ourselves.”

“Deal” Y/N agreed.

“Hey guys, come check this out!” Sam called from the library.

“What’s up?” Dean called as they walked down the steps.

“It’s a message from Kevin, and it doesn’t sound good.”

“Shit.” Y/N sighed.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

This is not the end

Chapter Notes

I was just so pumped about this chapter that I managed to get it out in record time. Also this fic now has an aesthetic board on Pinterest https://www.pinterest.com/Deansbrave/aes-tight-squeeze/.

“Well, if it isn’t my favorite trio of hunters” Crowley smiled “Moose, Squirrel, and Kitten.”

Y/N glared at him.

“What? Are you still mad at me for all those people I killed? It was the only way to get you to three to meet with me.” Crowley shrugged nonchalantly. “Speaking of death, and pardon my French Kitten, but you look like absolute shit.”

“So you mean I look like you?” She responded quickly. Dean smirked.

“Let’s just get this over with” Sam spoke up impatiently.

“Right” Crowley nodded, with a snap of his fingers a large roll of paper appeared in his hand, and he unrolled it towards the hunters.

Y/N’s eyes widened at the length of it. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“Highlights, you give me the demon tablet, I give you the angel tablet, you stop the trials forever, and I stop trying to kill all the people you’ve ever saved. Sign, and date the bottom if you please” Crowley smiled. Dean moved towards the contract, “Ah, ah, ah. Y/N is doing the trials, Y/N is the one that signs.”
“Uh-uh” Dean shook his head “I’m reading it first”

“I’m amazed you even know how to read” Crowley quipped.

Dean frowned, and opened his mouth trying to find something to say.

“This coming from the man who’s had how fucking many of his deals loop holed?” Y/N said.

“Oh. Ouch. Squirrel you can’t speak for yourself anymore? Need the girlfriend to fight your battles for you?”

“I’m not his girlfriend.” Y/N immediately responded.

“Fine, friends with benefits, whatever the fuck you kids call it these days.”

“You all wanna just shut up, and let me read?” Dean snapped picking up the farthest end of the contract.

About an hour later, Dean had worked his way towards the end of the contract standing almost face to face with Crowley. Y/N sat beside Sam sat on the hood of the Impala waiting. As Dean finally got towards the end Sam headed over, nodding as Dean looked at him. Before Crowley could see it coming Dean slapped the demonic handcuffs on him.

“Really?” Crowley sighed in annoyance “You realize all I have to do is-” Crowley snapped his fingers but nothing happened. “What?”

“Demonic handcuffs asshole. No flicking, no teleporting, and no fucking deal. You’re our bitch now.”

“So that’s how you want to play then?” Crowley narrowed his eyes at Dean, then punched the taller Hunter right in the face. Dean grunted at the impact, and then punched Crowley in the face, taking the angel tablet from him, and handing it to Sam; Dean grabbed Crowleys jacket, shaking
“I can do this all fucking day, and you know why? Cause it feels good. And you’re gonna have to face it man, you’re ours, and pretty soon your demonic ass is gonna be a mortal ass!”

Crowley looked to Y/N.

“What does that mean?”

“You’re the third trial Crowley. I’m going to cure you.”

“So what else did the Father’s play book say about curing a demon?” Dean asked as he, and Y/N walked out of the abandoned church. Sam was leaning up against the car waiting for them.

“Uh… well we got the consecrated ground, we got the demon, now I need to inject him with eight shots every hour, and then seal the deal with bloody smack to the mouth.”

“Then say the spell, and the gates are closed forever?” Sam asked.

“Yeah, as far as I understand it.” Y/N shrugged.

“You’re still sure about this?” Dean asked

“Even if I wasn’t it’s still too late to go back.” Y/N looked up at Dean, and there was a light in them he had not seen in a very long time. “I’m seeing this through to the end no matter what.”

Dean nodded. “So you need purified blood for this, have you ever done the whole “forgive me father” thing before?”

“No. I’ve never even stepped inside a church for any kind of religious purpose in my entire life.”
“Really?” Sam asked eyebrows raising.

“I mean… I never really felt the need to. Until recently I never really believed in the whole God thing, I was more like… agnostic I guess is the world. I wanted to believe there was something. Now I guess I know there kinda is.”

“Well, I mean if you need suggestions I have a few” Dean offered. Y/N looked up at him confused.

“What?”

“I mean, I’m just spit ballin’ here but uh… being a Witch for starters. Accepting power from Ruby, trying to kill me, and Sam more than once-”

“I was defending myself! You tried to kill me first! You were hunting me!”

“Don’t fucking try to wiggle out of it; you know you fucked up” Dean snapped.

“And you haven’t?” She said, and then looked at Sam, “Either of you?”

“Hey, woah don’t drag me into this-”

“No, by all means Sam please if you have any ideas too, let me know. Your asshole brother seems to have plenty of my faults to remind me of even though I’ve tried every day I’ve been with you guys to make up for all of it.”

“Maybe try harder” Dean said.

“What the fuck do you think I’m trying to do out here? Why do you think I offered myself up for the trials? God Dean, you’re such an asshole!” Y/N snapped, and walked back into the church heading for the confessional.
“Don’t you think that was a little far? After everything we’ve been through with her?”

“I was just saying the truth Sam.”

“Yeah well, she’s more than made up for all her fuck ups. Besides if you felt so betrayed by her why would you ever want to be with her?”

Dean stopped for a moment “You’d only ever understand if you hate yourself as much as she, and I hate ourselves.”

“That’s really fucked up Dean.”

“That’s love for ya.” He shrugged. Sam stared at his brother for a long moment.

“Did you really just say that?”

“What?” Dean played dumb. Sam shook his head.

“Never mind.”

“Where’s Dean?” Y/N asked as she walked out of the confessional; her eyes were red, and puffy like she’d been crying.

“He said to start without him. He’s helping Cas.”

“With what?” Y/N frowned.

“The angel trials. He’s going to close up Heaven, and we’re going to close up Hell.”
“So everything in the world will go back to normal before we opened the devils gate?”

“More or less… I hope.” Sam shrugged.

Y/N walked over to the alter table to grab the syringe; she found the vein on the first try, and slowly pulled out an entire syringe’s worth of blood, and headed towards Crowley.

“Do you actually think that that can cure me?” Crowley smirked “Kitten, I know not all Hunters, and Witches for that matter, are the brightest, but I never thought you’d be this stupid.”

Y/N didn’t even bother to answer, and instead jammed the needle into Crowley’s. He cried out in shock as Y/N yanked the needle out once it was empty.

“See you in an hour.” She said, turning back to the alter table, Sam following her. She placed her hands on the table, and fought the wave of nausea that threatened to overtake her. There were no words to describe the feeling that washed over her, but it was like a dramatic shift, and her heart skipped a beat, and stuttered back into pace beating faster than before. Something was different, and not a good different.

“Y/N, your arms.” Sam whispered, comforting hand on her shoulder. She finally opened her eyes, and looked at them. They were glowing again.

“Well, shit.”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me” Y/N slowly stood as the church doors crashed open. Abaddon walked in.

“Hello boys… and girl.”

“That’s my line” Crowley snapped. Y/N grabbed the jar of holy oil as Sam raised his gun to start shooting at the Knight. She slammed him into the wall, not bothering with Y/N. Maybe she looked too weak, not even close to a challenge in her current state.
“Well, kill them both already, they’re trying to close the gates to hell!” Crowley snapped.

Abaddon looked at him, a sick smile slowly curling up her face. “I’m sorry… was that an order?”

“I am your King.”

“You are nothing!” She snapped punching Crowley in the face. “We are going to talk about a Regime change.”

Abaddon was so focused on Crowley she never noticed Y/N approaching with the Holy Oil, lighter lit, and ready to go.

“Hey bitch, you’re ruining my finale.” Y/N snapped. Abaddon looked at her in time to be doused with Holy Oil.

“What in the hell-” Abaddon broke off with a screech as she was set aflame. Her vessel whirled around until finally the demon smoked out.

“Sam you okay?” Y/N called.

“Just fine” Sam groaned slowly getting up. “I’m getting too old for this shit.”

“You, and me both” Y/N agreed, and turned to look at Crowley, pulling the syringe from her pocket.

“Is it that time already?”

“How the fuck did she find us?” Y/N demanded.

“Right well, remember when I bit you? Very… soft, and supple skin you have by the way, I used your blood to do a spell.”
“You fucking son of a bitch!” She yelled.

“It was a mistake on my part, but I saved you in the end!”

“Really now?” Sam called, arms folded across his chest as he came to stand beside Y/N.

“If she hadn’t been so preoccupied with me, Kitten never would have been able to grill her. So you’re welcome.”

“Whatever” Y/N shook her head, and jammed the needle into Crowley’s neck injecting him again for the sixth time.

“Ah!” Crowley cried out, and began babbling. “You’re my Marnie, Kitten.”

“You watch Girls?”

“An-and Hannah, she just wants to be loved, she deserves it – you, me, Moose, we deserve it, I deserve to be loved!” Crowley yelled, then shook his head, looking at Y/N “I just want to be loved” He said in a much quieter voice.

“What?” Y/N finally said, staring at the demon in confusion.

“What?” He said, finally seeming to regain himself.

“Sam what time is it?” Y/N croaked, she was starting to feel so tired.

“Almost seven.” He answered looking at his watch. She nodded, and unwrapped the bandage from her arm, and filling the syringe with another wince.

“Would it be possible, Kitten… I’d like… I’d like to ask a favor of you Y/N.” He licked his lips, and stared intently at the ground for a moment like he was trying to focus on his words. “What did
you confess in there” He nodded at the confessionals.

“I only ask because given my history, and who I am… where do I even begin to start… to ask for forgiveness?”

Y/N’s gaze softened with sympathy as she walked over to Crowley. She held up the syringe.

“It starts here, and when you’re mortal… we’ll go from there. Wing it. It’s what we do best.”

Crowley nodded, and tilted his head to the side, offering Y/N his neck. She gently placed the needle in his neck, and Y/N swore he looked content.

Y/N placed the book down, she had finished the last injection, and had said the spell. Now it was time to finish. Sam stood off to the side, watching her warily. This was it, for good or worse, this was all being ended tonight. She took her silver knife, and ran her thumb over the inscription. *All our love, S and D.*

She sliced the palm of her hand, and moved towards Crowley.

“Y/N!”

“Dean?” She looked over at him as he came running into the church. He was panting, and looked scared.

“Dean what’s wrong?” She asked.

“Y/N Metatron lied, if you finish the trials, you’ll die.”

For just a moment silence filled the room, and Sam moved to stand over by his brother.
“So?” Y/N finally said “I told you already I’m seeing this through no matter what.”

“Y/N” Sam said.

“No! Look at him” She pointed at Crowley where he sat patiently, docile, waiting for it all to be over too. “Look at how close we are to finishing this! And you just want me to stop?!”

“Y/N just stop for a minute okay!” Dean snapped “Think about it, all of it! Think about everything we know, curing demons, releasing souls, killing hellhounds, we know everything we need to know to turn the tides! But we can’t do it without you.”

“Yes you can!” Y/N replied, her voice sounding tinny. “You fucking remind me almost every chance you get that you, and Sam don’t need me!”

“That’s not true” Sam interjected “We need you Y/N you’re one of us, you’re a Winchester. For better or worse you’re with us to the end.”

“Then let this be the fucking end! Let my death mean something!”

“Y/N this isn’t the end-”

“I swear to God Dean, if you try to give me one of those fucking lifetime speeches right now I will fucking gut you!”

“This doesn’t have to be the end” Dean said.

“Why not? Why can’t it just be over finally? What the fuck am I supposed to do when the two of you run off on me again, or abandon me somewhere cause you think that it’s better that way so I won’t get hurt? What’s stopping you from leaving me again?!?” Y/N screamed, tears running down her face finally.

“We’re not leaving you” Sam said, reaching out to comfort her. Y/N jerked away from him.
“Do you know what I confessed in there?” Y/N asked “What my greatest sin was? It’s how many times I’ve failed. I’ve been nothing but a failure, I’ve cost people their lives, I’ve cost you more than just injuries; I’ve been nothing but a failure all my life.”

“You’re not a failure” Dean said grabbing Y/N’s chin forcing her to look him the eyes.

“Yes I am! But for once in my life I can do something worth anything. I can save so many lives, and stop so much heartache, and pain if you just let me finish this. Let me finish so that I don’t have to be a failure anymore” Y/N begged.

“Listen to me” Dean grabbed her face in both of his hands. “You cannot seriously think that about yourself. Don’t you know how many lives you’ve saved, how many you’ve changed for the better? I am willing to let Crowley, and all those other black eyed bitches walk because of you. So don’t you think for a second that I think you’re any of those things, or that I’ve ever wanted you gone. I’ve only ever wanted what’s best for you; and God you deserve better than some washed up hunter with a drinking problem but for some cosmic reason you chose me, and you chose to stay, and now I need you to stay again. I need you to see that, I’m begging you Sweetheart. Don’t break anymore hearts tonight.”

Y/N nodded looking up at Dean. “How do I stop?” She whispered.

“You just let it go” Dean said, and he kissed her. It was gentle, and sweet, and everything she’d ever wanted from Dean. “You just let it go, and we’ll figure it out just like we always do” He said, pulling her into a hug. She clung to him trying to control the sobs still wracking her body. She felt that shift in her body again, and looked at her arms to see the light fading.

“Dean” She whispered pulling back.

“See?” Dean smiled, taking a bandana from his pocket, and tying it around the cut on Y/N’s hand “Just like I said.”

The joy only lasted for a moment as Y/N doubled over in pain, falling to her knees.

Sam rushed over, and lifted her up back on her feet. “Hey, hey, it’s okay, we’ve got you” Sam promised as all three of them finally headed out of the church. Y/N collapsed just outside the Impala. She was only vaguely aware of Sam, and Dean arguing back, and forth about what to do, and she swore she heard Dean screaming for Cas. When she finally managed to look up at the sky
it was like a huge meteor shower was lighting everything.

“What’s happening?” She asked.

“The Angels. They’re falling” Dean replied, fear, and awe in his voice.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Dean makes a decision for Y/N

Chapter Notes

As I've said a few times, the reader might end up with a real name since she's starting to feel so much like an OC compared to just an insert character so if you guys have any name suggestions feel free to hit me up

“What’s goin’ on?” Y/N yawned as she sat up in the backseat.

“Nice to see you awake Sweetheart, how you feelin’?” Dean asked, looking at her in the rear view mirror.

“Uh… I’m not sure.” She answered honestly.

Dean hummed in acknowledgement.

“So what are we gonna do about all this?” Sam asked looking at Dean. “All of the angels fell, nobody seems to notice; they’re calling it a meteor shower? Are you serious?” Sam shakes his head at his tablet, and looked over to Dean. “Dude you okay?”

Dean shook his head, eyes flashing back to his view of Y/N in the mirror, and nods at Sam. “Yeah man I’m good, it’s just-”

“Just that it sounds like we got a major shit fest on our hands” Y/N snorted “Thousands of feathery assholes touch down, and we have no idea where to even start.”

“Angels aren’t are problem right now, okay? Or demons, or fuckin’ Metatron, or whatever happened to Cas” Dean snapped.
“Why?” Sam demanded “Just because you, and Y/N made out in a church we’re gonna go to Disneyland now? Dean you said it yourself, we can’t sleep till we’re done.”

“I know” Dean sighed.

“Then what’s the problem?” Y/N asked quietly. Both of the brothers looked at her.

“You” Sam said.

“What?” She asked confused.

“There’s no easy way to say it Y/N, but something happened to you in that church. I don’t know what, and I don’t know why… but you’re dying.” Dean said.

Y/N laughed “Yeah fuckin’ right. Everyone knows Winchesters don’t die.”

“Dean… she’s not doing good.” Sam whispered to Dean as the doctor did a check up on Y/N as she lay in the hospital bed, hooked up to life support. “She’s not breathing on her own.”

“Shut up Sam.” Dean shakes his head.

“The MRI shows that she has major burns effecting the major organs, oxygen to her brain has been severely deprived. The coma is a result of her body trying to protect itself from further harm.” The doctor finally turned away from Y/N to face the brothers.

Dean shakes his head “This wasn’t supposed to happen. This was supposed to be me.”

“I’m sorry but if your wife’s condition carries on like this the machines will keep her alive but-”
“But she’ll be dead?” Dean finished.

“I’m sorry.” The doctor said.

“So there’s—there’s no recovery? No bounce back? No nothing?” Dean demanded.

“I’m afraid not. It would take a miracle… it’s all in God’s hands now.”

Dean glared at the man. “You’re a doctor. You’re a medical professional, and you’re tellin’ me that my girl’s life is in the hands of God? And what? Is that—is that supposed to be some kind of comfort?”

“Dean!” Sam snapped.

“No!” Dean snapped back looking at Sam “God has nothing to do with this equation. Her life is in the hands of God? That’s not good enough!”

“I’m sorry about him.” Sam apologized to the Doctor as Dean stormed out. “We lost our… father about two years ago. And he’s not ready to lose any more people.”

“Everyone handles grief differently. His reaction isn’t uncommon.” The doctor nodded. “As her husband however, Mr. Cambria does have power of attorney. And he will need to make a decision very soon.”

“Oh course” Sam nodded. He waited until the doctor left, and then sat in the chair next to Y/N’s bed placing his hand over hers. “I’m sorry this happened to you.” He sighed “But we always told you… people who get caught up with us end up hurt, or worse.”

“You’re not dead yet” Dean said, and suddenly Y/N’s sitting in the front seat, and Sam is gone.

“What the fuck?” Y/N asked.
“We’re in your head, you’re in a coma.”

“And I’m supposed to believe you?” She asked, looking around the Impala, wondering why Dean wasn’t worried that Sam had literally just disappeared.

“You think I’m lying?”

Y/N looked back at to Dean, “Yeah. Kinda. You’re very good at it.”

“I’m good at a lot of things Sweetheart” Dean grinned for just a moment before going serious again. “But you understand right? That we’re not really in the Impala right?”

“If not then where?”

“In your head. You’re in a coma, in a hospital, dying right now.”

“And how do you even know that?”

“Because I’m you! And you’re you! This is all in your head! Why do you think Sam disappeared?”

Y/N exhaled. “If that’s true, then this is some bullshit, because I stopped the trials to live.”

“And next time we see Naomi, or Metatron, or whoever is responsible for this shit will pay. But right now we gotta focus on you.”

“Then what’s the plan?” Y/N asked.

“Yeah, I’m still working on that.”
“Are you for real right now?” Y/N laughed nervously.

“I’m working on it!” Dean snapped “It’s harder than you think!”

“The thing is” Y/N began, looking at her hands “Is if I believe you, which I do, and you’re you but really me it means that you’re the part of me that wants to fight.”

“Yes. I don’t really understand what you just said, but it sounded about right.”

“You’re the part of me that wants to live, but you don’t have any clue where to start fighting. So the real question is… should I even fight at all?” Y/N looked at him, unsure, scared, wanting some kind of reassurance from Dean that this was the right way.

“Are you fucking serious right now?” Dean demanded

“Hell yes she is!”

Y/N, and Dean both snapped their heads back to look into the back seat where Bobby was sitting watching.

“And you know what else? She has a good point.”

“Where the hell have you been?” Sam asked as Dean walked back into the hospital room.

“I needed some air” Dean grunted, pacing the room. “I can’t… I can’t fucking look at her like this.”

“And you think I can?” Sam asked quietly, looking up at Dean. His eyes were red rimmed, like he’d been crying.
“What have you been crying like a bitch again?”

“I’ve been saying my goodbyes Dean.”

Dean stopped dead, and fixed his brother with the coldest look. “Don’t you fucking dare.”

“We need to accept it Dean, there’s nothing that can be done.”

Dean punched the wall hard enough to leave a dent, and the bloody impression of his knuckles. “She’s not dead Sammy. There’s everything that can be done.”

“Dean-”

“No! I never once fucking gave up on you, and I will not give up on her either! After everything that she’s done, and sacrificed I’m not gonna let her just die in some fucking hospital!”

Sam was on his feet, and in Dean’s face in a second. “And how many hunters get to go out like that Dean? How many hunters die without suffering at the end?! At least this way she’s comfortable, and she’s peaceful!”

Dean’s fist connected with Sam’s face sending the taller man stumbling back. “You better shut your fucking mouth Sam. She’s still alive, which means she’s still fighting, and as long as she’s fighting I’m going to keep fighting too, cause there is a way. There is always a way.” With that said Dean left the room, slamming the door closed behind him, leaving Sam standing there in the middle of the room.

“Hey, hey, woah. I never said I wanted to die” Y/N interrupted the arguing men. “I just asked if I should-”

“Shut it!” Dean snapped at her, and then turned to Bobby “Oh, and uh, before you throw me under the bus, you’re welcome for the rescue.”
“Oh you shut it you idjit. That wasn’t you that was Y/N. And Y/N” Bobby looked at her “You’re in a coma right now Sweetheart. And suck as that may, it’s just the way things go sometimes.”

Y/N face softened as she looked at the man she had considered a father figure for years “I know.” She whispered.

“You know? No, you don’t know shit! There’s always a way, and he’s the one who fucking taught us that!” Dean jerked his head at Bobby.

“You mean like that way you idiots sacrifice yourselves time, and time again in some stupid attempt to save the other? Like the time you sold your soul?”

“ Exactly” Dean nodded “Like the time I sold my soul.”

“Yeah, cause that worked out.” Bobby frowned.

“Enough both of you!” Y/N screamed “I can’t even hear myself think!”

“You don’t buy any of the shit he’s selling right?” Dean pleaded.

“Excuse you, are you dead? Because maybe that’s the reason I’m here, maybe I’m the part of Y/N that knows what the fuck she’s thinking!”

“Well I’m up here in the front because I’m the part of her that wants to fight!”

Suddenly Bobby was sitting on the other side of Y/N putting her between him, and Dean.

“Well this just got awkward.” Bobby pursed his lips in thought. He placed his hand on Y/N’s shoulder, and smiled. “We’ll be seein’ ya Dean.”

“What?” Dean yelled “No, no, no! You stay right here!”
Suddenly Y/N was standing in a gorgeous forest with Bobby.

“Bobby?” She asked looking around. He smiled gently, and put his arm around her shoulder.

“Let’s have a chat” He said leading her down the trail.

“What the hell?!” Sam stood up as Dean entered the room with another man. “Who’s he?”

“Look short version, this is an angel, Ezekial, and I more or less put out an APB, and there are other angry ass angels on the way to kill me cause they’re looking for Cas.”

“And he’s going to heal Y/N?”

“That’s the plan, you got a better one?” Dean asked watching warily as Ezekial walked over to Y/N, placing a hand on her forehead.

“So you have enough juice to… heal her right?” Dean asked tapping his foot nervously.

“I should but she’s just so… weak.” He shook his head. Dean reached for his phone as it began to ring, and answered it.

“Who the hell is this? Cas?” He pulled the phone away from his ear, and looked at Sam “Keep an eye on him.”

“Dean, we shouldn’t even be doing this!” Sam yelled. He stepped out the door, and not a minute later there was an ominous rumble that had Dean stepping back into the room as he hung up his phone.

“One of yours?” Dean asked looking to Ezekiel.
“Trying to secure a vessel” He confirmed.

Dean took the dry erase marker from the whiteboard on the door, and began drawing symbols. “We better get started then.”

“Dean!” Sam snapped.

“I’m not arguing this anymore Sam. I told you, there’s always a way.”

Sam stood there for a moment before he snatched the marker from Dean’s hand. “You can’t draw straight lines.”

Dean almost laughed in relief. “That’s my boy.”

“There it is” Bobby smiled, and pointed to the cabin at the end of the path. “Everything inside that you need to help you on your way. Go on, girl. I’ll be waiting for you with some cold ones.”

“Thank you Bobby.” She smiled. He opened his mouth to speak, but was stopped short when an angel blade came through his chest. Y/N looked up, mouth hanging open in shock as she watched Dean pull the blade from Bobby’s chest; Bobby slowly vanished.

“Sorry old man, but you had to go.” Dean sighed dropping the blade.

“Dean what the fuck!” Y/N yelled.

“What the hell me? What the hell you! Where’s the girl that I know?! Why isn’t she fighting tooth, and fucking nail to come back to me like she promised?!”

“She’s tired Dean. She’s tired of fighting for nothing!”
“You’re not fighting for nothing!” He yelled, then he looked over at the cabin, his voice calmer when he started to speak. “Is that it then? That’s your endgame? You’re just gonna go gentle into that good night?”

“I fought Dean. So hard, and for so long, and I’m tired of it. I’m tired.”

Dean smacked her hard across the face. “Then wake the fuck up Sweetheart, because I’m not giving up on you yet!” He shoved Y/N’s shoulders hard almost putting her on her ass. “I’m gonna try, and I’m gonna fight” He grabbed the collar of her jacket, dragging her close “And I’m gonna give a damn. Cause I’m not letting you go. Not yet.”

“Dean whether you like it or not, I’m going into that house. Cause that’s the last thing I’ll ever fight for. You just gotta accept it man. Things end, people leave, for better or for worse. It’s my time.”

“Y/N please. You gotta want to fight, I can’t help you if you don’t wanna fight for yourself.”

She smiled sweetly, and grabbed Dean’s face in her hands pulling him into one last gentle kiss.

“I know Dean.” And suddenly he was gone. She sighed, and looked at the house for a moment before she started walking towards it.

She opened the door slowly, and closed it gently behind her. She almost laughed when she saw the old man standing by the fire place.

“Hello Y/N” Death greeted.

“Dean you can’t be fucking serious about this!” Sam said wiping his sleeve across under his bloody nose. “She’d never agree.”

“It’s now or never Sam! I’m not losing anyone else, and I know you don’t want to lose her either!”
“I don’t but this is something else, she can’t even really say yes!”

“Look if this is what it takes, this is it. This is what we have left, and I say go for it.” Dean turned to Ezekiel. “Do it.”

“No!” Sam snapped. The angel stopped where he was as they listened to the heart monitor beep wildly. “We can’t make this decision for her.”

“We aren’t. If she says yes then she made the decision herself. He promised, as soon as they’re both fixed up he’s gone.”

“He’s an angel Dean, when have we ever trusted them?!”

“He’s doing it Sam!” Dean yelled, then looked to Ezekiel again “Do it!”

The angel nodded, and placed his hand back on to Y/N’s forehead.

Sam shook his head, “I just hope you’re ready to deal with the consequences.”

“I don’t give a shit about the consequences as long as she comes back to me.”

“You’re not the only one who loves her.” Sam reminded.

“Really? Cause all today has proven to me is that maybe I am.”

“Because I respect her decisions, and her wishes? That makes me the bad guy?”

“No, because you were so ready to give up on her! My girls a fighter Sam. She always has been.”
“It’s time my dear, shall we?” Death offered his arm out for Y/N. She smiled, and placed her hand in the crook of his elbow.

“Hold on!”

She let go of Death’s arm, and turned to see Dean.

“What the hell!!” She yelled.

“It’s okay Y/N” Then he looked to Death “Sorry I didn’t bring any county fair treats, it’s hard to get deep fried oreo’s this time of year, but time is short so…”

“By all means” Death waved his hand towards Y/N as she let go of his arm.

“What the hell is going on?” She asked.

“I found a plan.” Dean said.

“No, Dean it’s too late!”

“Listen, it’s not. Sweetheart, it’s not.”

“Why are you even here, I told you I was done fighting!”

“Listen to me, I can fix this! We can have another chance, but you’ve got to let me fix this, it’s not your time”

“That would be for Y/N to decide” Death spoke calmly. Waiting to see how these events turned out.

“Y/N I made you a promise in that church. You, and me come whatever, I said I would never
leave you, and you promised you wouldn’t leave me. Well this is the whatever, but I can’t help if you shut me out, you’ve got to let me in!” Dean pleaded.

Y/N looked to Death, then back to Dean. “What do I do?” She asked.

Dean grabbed her face in his hands “Is that a yes?”

“Yes” She said immediately. Dean smiled relieved, and for a moment Y/N swore his face morphed into a man she’d never seen before but it was gone in a bright white light before it could even register.

“How’s it look in there?” Dean asked. Watching Y/N walk so stiffly, speaking so clear, and concise was a weird thing to watch.

“Not good. There is much to be done.”

“But she’s gonna wake up right?” Sam asked coming to stand in from of Ezekiel, and the three stopped just outside of the Impala.

“Yes, in time.”

“And she’ll-she’ll feel you inside?” Dean asked.

“No. There is no reason for Y/N to even know I am here at all.”

“We can’t just lie to her, she needs to know” Sam stated matter of factly.

“And what will she do when she knows she is possessed by an angel?” Ezekiel said, standing to Y/N’s full height, head high trying to look stronger.
“She’ll just have to understand” Dean shrugged.

“And if she does not? Y/N can eject me anytime; without her consent I will be ejected, and she will die.”

Dean scrubbed his hand down his face in frustration. “Then we keep it a secret until she’s strong enough to live without you, and let her make the decision for herself.”

“Dean we can’t keep this a secret forever” Sam said.

“And we won’t. Just until she can survive on her own.”

“How do we explain the hospital then?” Sam asked.

“I can erase her memories if you like.” Ezekiel offered. Dean nodded.

“That would be for the best.”

“What the hell happened, and why do I feel like death warmed over?” Y/N groaned as she sat up in the backseat of the Impala.

Dean looked back at her, a grin on his face. “Hey there Sweetheart, how you feelin’?”

“Exhausted. Like I slept for a week straight.”

“Well more like twenty-four hours. But close enough.”

“What do you remember?” Sam asked turning in his seat to look at Y/N fully, hand reaching out to cup her face.
“Uh, the church, feeling like shit, and then the… the angels falling.”

“But you feel okay?” Dean asked again.

She leaned her face into Sam’s hand, and nodded with a yawn. “Yeah, just really tired still is all.”

Dean grinned, and laughed the sound like pure joy to Y/N’s ears. “Good, good. It’s like I told you, you’re not a failure Y/N you’ve made a difference, and you will keep making a difference.”

She pulled back from Sam leaning against the back seat.

“Good. Cause we got work to do.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

She's better, but she's not 100%. With that in mind Dean thinks it's a good idea for the three of them to take care of what seems like an easy hunt in Pismo Beach California.

Chapter Notes

trigger warning for attempted rape/mentions of rape/implied rape etc. Nothing actually non consensual happens.

With that said, she's finally been named my dudes. Meet Nic Remington (like the gun), the star of Tight Squeeze. Here's her pinterest board if you want to see body/face claim https://www.pinterest.com/Deansbrave/oc-nikita-nic-remington/

“So baby pull me closer in the backseat of your rover, that I know you can’t afford bite that tattoo on your shoulder. Pull the sheets right off the corner of the mattress that you stole, from your roommate back in Boulder, we ain’t ever gettin’ older”

“Have I ever mentioned how much I hate your taste in music?” Dean grumbled as he leaned from his spot right against the passenger door to turn the radio down. It had been his turn to sleep, and for someone else to drive, and since Nic had drawn the short straw it was her turn to let both the boys sleep until morning.

“That’s a little harsh” Nic pouted “My taste is very eclectic, you never know what I’m gonna listen to next.”

“You’ve been listening to that song for a week straight.” Dean gave her a pointed look.

Nic finally caved, sighing deeply “Look I fuckin’ love Halsey okay? And this song is really fuckin’ catchy, so sue me!”

“You’re such a girl sometimes I swear to God.” Dean shook his head. Nic wished her life was like the office, cause this would’ve been the moment where she stared into the camera trying to process
the stupid that had been said to her.

“Okay Princess” Nic rolled her eyes at the man-child next to her.

“Hey, watch it, if anyone here is the Princess, it’s Sammy with that stupid hair of his.”

“Well now that’s just rude. Sam has very lovely hair.”

“Oh why don’t you just marry his hair then?”

“I love how when you’re tired you make zero sense, and by love I mean hate.”

“Shut up you love me, and you know it.” Dean folded his arms across his chest, leaning back into his spot as he closed his eyes.

Nic just shook her head, keeping her mouth shut as he fell back asleep. She looked at the clock, and sighed. It was only one-thirty. This was gonna be such a shitty trip.

“Just breathe in that fresh sea air!” Dean grinned. They were driving along the cost headed towards Pismo Beach, California. Something was drowning people. Surfers, fisherman, just people walking the public pier for an evening stroll. It was more than suspicious.

“It makes me want to vomit” Nic admitted from her spot in the backseat.

“What? Sweetheart come on, what’s better than some surf, shine, and ocean view sex?”

“It smells like dead fish, and I don’t like the feeling of sand on my ass.”

“This is all more information than I wanted” Sam interrupted. He’d been a good sport about it, Nic thought, ever since she’d thrown the idea of a threesome at him he hadn’t made things awkward.
But she was still waiting for an answer.

“Look, this is gonna be an easy one, I can just feel it.” Dean said, “And when this is over we’re gonna take some time, we’re gonna get some comfy chairs, a lotta beer, and be beach bums for a week.” Dean reached back to give Nics shoulder a pat.

“Some vacation Dean, we have to do work first.” She scoffed.

“There’s always work to be done Sweetheart, Winchester 101.”

She just rolled her eyes, and watched out the window as they drove past a sign.

“Four more miles” She announced looking back to the brothers.

“Thank God, I’m starving, and I need to piss like a race horse.” Dean grunted shifting in his spot.

“Motel first, I’ve been in this back seat for twenty three hours, and I would like a shower before we have to be seen in public.”

“I’m with Nic on this one.” Sam nodded.

Dean sighed “Fine. Motel first.”

“Here” Dean tossed a set of keys to Sam as he came out of the front office.

“Thanks” Sam said, picking up his bag, and heading straight for his room.

“Where’s my room key.” Nic folded her arms across her chest leaning against the Impala.
Dean rubbed the back of his neck “Well, I mean… I thought you, and I… could share a room this trip.”

“What?” Nic tried not to let her surprise show, but it must have because Dean immediately started back pedaling.

“We don’t have to of course, if it’s too soon or whatever, I can go bunk with Sammy-”

“No! I-I mean I’m okay with it.” Nic said quickly before Dean could find an excuse to back out of it. “I don’t mind sharing a motel room with you. I mean I practically share your actual room with you.”

“Yeah well.” Dean shrugged “I was just worried this might be… too soon since the whole church thing.”

“It’s fine Dean. I’m fine with this. Are you fine with leaving Sam to have his own room though? I know how… protective you are.”

“He’s a big boy, he knows how to take care of himself, besides are room is right next door so it’s all good.” Dean assured.

“Well I don’t know about you, but I’m ready for a shower.” Nic took the keys from Dean, and headed for their room duffle bag in hand.

“We can always share y’know” Dean called running after her “Save on water, this is California after all they got laws about that shit.”

Nic snorted, and turned to face Dean as she opened the door. “Wow Dean, I had no idea you were so eco-friendly.”

“Of course Sweetheart, I’m all about protecting the environment, legalize marijuana all that shit.”

Nic laughed out loud at that “You fuckin’ stoner!”
Dean just shrugged, not confirming, or denying. They closed the door behind them and Nic headed right for the shower as Dean flopped down on the bed.

About forty minutes later Nic came out of the bathroom, dressed in clean clothes, and brushing out her wet hair. She smirked when she saw Dean had fallen asleep sitting against the headboard. She placed her brush on the table, and climbed onto the bed straddling Dean’s lap. He didn’t even stir a little bit.

She leaned in close to his ear, lips gazing with every word she spoke “Dean, wake up. Come on” He just grumbled in his sleep.

“You know Dean” Nic began shaking her head “I never thought I’d see the day where you slept through a hot chick getting into your lap.” She smacked a hand against his chest hard jolting the older hunter awake.

“You lazy ass old man!” She snapped.

“Excuse me Sweetheart, not all of us can be in our twenties forever!” Dean snapped back, not even sure why he was yelling or getting yelled at for.

“Whatever” She rolled her eyes.

Dean tried to shift himself only to realize that Nics weight on his legs had him pinned down to the bed. He smirked.

“Sweetheart, did you try to come on to me while I was asleep? Were you gonna try, and wake me up all sexy like?” Dean grinned wolfishly at her.

Nic rolled her eyes again “I was trying, obviously it failed; you slept through it.”

“Aw now Sweetheart, it ain’t that bad. How about you let me make it up to you?”
“Oh yeah? How?” Nic raised an eyebrow at the man beneath her.

“Well for starters I could let you sit on my face.”

Nic went stiff, her face red, and the color creeping down her neck. “Dean, you gotta stop sayin’ shit like that.”

“What? I do want you to sit on my face Sweetheart, I love eatin’ girls out, and you’re the first one who’s never let me.”

“To be fair the one time we had sex, I was under the effects of a potion, and I didn’t have time to wait for you to get your fix.”

“And how long ago was that? Four months?”

“Give or take. Why?”

“I’ve gone four months without sex Nic. I am a man starved.”

“If you say ‘I’m hungry for you’ I will literally kill you.”

Dean just smirked “Maybe I can have a snack before dinner.”

Nic opened her mouth ready with a snappy comeback when there was a knock on the door. She just smirked at Dean as his cocky grin fell away.

“Looks like you’ll have to wait cowboy. Sounds like Sammy’s hungry.” She laughed as she rolled off Dean’s lap, and went to open the door.

“You two ready to go?” Sam asked.
“I’m good, don’t know about your brother though. You know how old men get when you interrupt their nap time.”

Sam snorted. Dean frowned, and moved off the bed.

“Look Sweetheart, I may be getting old, but I’ll have you know that I have aged like a fine whiskey.”

“Let’s just get dinner, I’m fucking starving.”

In the three weeks since she’d been possessed by Ezekiel, Nic had managed to gain almost all the weight she’d lost back. Dean just smiled, because there she was almost a hundred percent again, ready to kick ass, and take names, and hunt everything that went bump in the night.

“Come on lets go” Dean grunted checking to make sure everything was still in his pockets. He wrapped his arm around Nics waist as they all headed for the car.

“Hey Sammy, get in the back will ya?” Dean called opening the passenger side door for Nic.

“I don’t mind sitting in back you know” She folded her arms over her chest.

“Yeah, I’ve longer legs, I need to sit up front!” Sam practically whined.

“Just get in the back man!” Dean snapped. Sam huffed, and yanked the back door open, and climbed in. Nic tried not to feel smug over the fact that Dean had finally given her front seat privileges; when he put his arm around her shoulders she just smiled, and leaned her head against his shoulder. She tried not to hear Sam’s scoff.

This was one of Sam’s favorite things to watch. Because he would never get over how well Dean, and Nic could play a con together. Especially when it came to hustling pool. Sam was a good player, definitely better than Nic. But he also wasn’t a very attractive, and distracting woman with cleavage for days.
“I’m tell-telling ya” Dean stumbled against the table “My buddy Nic over there can kick your ass. One a the best players I know.” He took another shot of whatever the hell they had been drinking over there, and he wasn’t concerned it was going to get him drunk. He drank harder shit for breakfast most days.

“Yeah” The guy asked. He was blue collar, maybe a local fisherman, tattoo’s on his arms. Not a serious danger if things went wrong.

“Yeah” Dean agreed “Nic, dude, get over here!” Dean called across the bar. The men at the pool table playing with Dean all looked at Sam expectantly, waiting for him to get up. He almost laughed out loud when he saw the way their faces went to confusion as Nic got off her stool, and headed over.

She slid her arm around Deans waist with practiced ease; like they’d done this con a hundred times. Cause they had done this con a hundred times.

“My guy causing you gentlemen trouble?” She asked, trying to sound innocent as if she needed to get Dean out of trouble.

“Trouble, Nic come on, you know me better than that dude” Dean scoffed “When have I ever caused any trouble?”

She rolled her eyes.

“Oh, no…” The fisherman shook his head finally regaining his composure “Your boyfriend seems to have gotten in over his head.”

“How much did he lose?” She asked, glaring at Dean now, playing the part of pissed off girlfriend so well.

“Two fifty so far.” The man answered. She hit Dean hard upside the head.

“Ow! What the hell man?!”
“That’s our rent money you fucking idiot!”

“I’m sorry babe! I thought I could at least win it back.”

“Why don’t you go sit down or something, you’ve caused enough trouble for one night!”

Dean walked away to sit down at the table next to the pool table looking much the part of a kicked puppy.

“I’m so sorry about him. When he gets drunk he gets this idea in his head that he’s such a good player. Is there any way I can convince you guys to maybe give back what he lost?”

The men around the pool table laughed, and it made the hair on the back of Sam’s neck stand up. He could see Dean had the same uneasy feeling, but if Nic felt it she hid it well.

“Well there’s a way, but I don’t think that’s the way you wanna go. Look how about I give you chance to play me for it?”

Nic looked relieved, and grinned. “Please, I would at least like a chance.”

“Alright if you win you get the two fifty back. I win… well we’ll figure it out.”

She made a show of sucking at first. Claiming it had been so long since she’d last played. Within fifteen minutes however she had sunk the eight ball, and all the men at the table seemed pissed.

“Beginners luck.” She shrugged as the man handed over the two-fifty. She tucked it into her bra, and made to bid good night. The man grabbed her wrist hard, and Dean sat up straight in his chair ready to go over. She shook her head at him.

“What’s up?” She asked innocently enough.
“One more game.” The man growled “Double or nothing.”

“Oh no, I don’t trust my skills enough for something like that” She laughed “The only reason I did so good was because I’ve had nothing to drink, my hands are steadier right now.” She tried to tug her wrist away, but the man held fast.

“Then your boyfriend can play again right?” The man called looking over to Dean. Dean smirked, and stood up.

“Hell yeah. Double or nothing? I like those odds” Dean almost fell walking over to the pool table, and Nic had to wonder if he really was still playing or if he had that much to drink. The man let Nic go, and she walked to stand beside Dean.

“Dean come on, let’s just go” She begged tugging on his arm.

“Relax Sweetheart, I got this.” He made a show of kissing her, much like they had every time before when they played this con. Dean would reach up, and undo a button, or two on her shirt, she’d smack him, and he’d just laugh, and wink at her. And that’s exactly what happened.

Nic huffed, and adjusted her shirt, and he didn’t like the way the men looked at her chest. One man leaned over to the other, whispering to him, and Sam’s grip on his beer tightened. The two men walked into a room in back.

It was an hour later, and Dean had finally sunk the eight ball. There was a tension in the air, and Nic had stopped her flirting a while ago; the second that the man had offered to take her into a back room to be exact. If Dean hadn’t managed to shut the man up with such a good shot, Sam would’ve gone over there to punch him himself.

“Well thank you fellas for the game. But it’s time we got goin’” Dean nodded, taking the money off the table. Nic smiled, and started to follow behind Dean but was stopped by a hand around her neck, and knife in her face.

“Hey whoa!” She screamed hands up in a defensive gesture. Dean turned back, ready to punch the guy when one of his friends pulled out a gun. He stopped dead. The other patrons in the bar went silent, waiting for the other shoe to drop. The bartender did nothing, like this was just a normal occurrence.
“You hustled us. Both of you.” The fisherman snapped “I don’t like people who can’t work for their own money.”

“Well I mean we did” Dean smirked. Nic shot him a look that said now wasn’t the time for the cocky sarcasm.

“Dean how about not pissing off the guy who has a knife at my throat, that’d be great!” She hissed.

“Please he ain’t gonna do anything to you. Not with all these people watching, not when the cops could be here any second.”

The fishermen laughed “You think that’s gonna help you? My brother in law is the sheriff asshole.”

Nic felt an icy chill run down her spine at that. “Look, we’ll give you back your money, just let me go. We can all just walk away, and no one has to get hurt alright?” She said, her voice calmer then she felt.

“What I think we’re gonna do is your little boyfriend, and his pal over there are gonna hand the money over, and you’re gonna come into the back room with the rest of us until we think you’ve paid us back for all the trouble you caused tonight.”

“Well I’m not gonna do that.” Nic said

“Whys that?” The man sneered. Nic elbowed him hard in the gut, causing him to drop his knife, and double over in pain. She reached for the guy that had the gun, and grabbed his wrist hard, and yanked the gun out fast releasing the clip from it. She reached into her back pocket, and pulled out her FBI badge.

“We’re FBI. We’ve been investigating the recent deaths in town, and wanted to canvas undercover hoping that we would get more info from you locals. But apparently that just didn’t go over well.”

All the men paled at the sight of her badge, and she swore she could feel the tension ease in the bar.
Sam stood from his chair, and moved over to stand behind Nic, and Dean.

“How do you all think this is gonna go over when I press charges. You assaulted, and attempted to rape an FBI Agent.” Nic hissed, her face a perfect mask of calm.

“We-we didn’t know” The fisherman held his hands up in defense knife falling to the floor.

“Well we’ll still be talking to your brother in law the sheriff tomorrow. So don’t worry. Boys lets go.” She stormed out of the bar the brothers close on her heels. She got as far as the Impala before her knees were shaking so hard she fell down; the nausea rolled in waves as she finally vomited right next to Baby.

“Nic!” Sam yelled. “Are you okay?”

She coughed, nodding as she was hit with a dry heave.

“Shit” Sam hissed, grabbing her deep red hair, and pulling it back into a ponytail with his fist; his other hand rubbed soothingly across her back.

“Sweetheart, just breath” Dean knelt in front of her as Nic kept gasping and coughing, waiting for the next dry heave to come.

“I can’t” She shook her head, eyes watering hard.

“Yes you can, just put your head between your knees, and take deep breaths.” Dean instructed “C’mon, breathe with me. In” He inhaled deeply, and Nic mimicked “Then exhale until there’s nothing left in your lungs.”

She repeated this a few times until her breathing finally went normal, and she didn’t feel like she was gonna be sick anymore.

“Look at me” Dean said gently, Nic looked up “You’re okay. You’re safe. Nothing happened, and nothing was goin’ to happen. You know we wouldn’t have let it get that far.”
Nic nodded “I know, I know. I just…” She shuddered, and another wave of nausea hit almost undoing all of the work Dean had done to get her to finally breathe right again. Sam’s hand was still rubbing her back, and the other was still tangled in her hair, and she let the comforting feeling of that ground her back.

“If you really want we can get them put away for what they did tonight” Sam assured.

“Guys like those don’t stop just cause they got scared. They’ll try again with a different girl.” Dean said.

“Dude!” Sam snapped.

“No he’s right. When we go to talk to the sheriff tomorrow, I am gonna press charges.”

Dean nodded “Good. Let’s head back yeah? Tonight was kinda exhausting.”

Nic scoffed “That’s an understatement.”

Sam’s hands fell away from her as she stood up, knee’s still wobbly, but she was able to stand on her own. The trio got in the car, and headed back for the motel.

Nic woke up screaming from nightmares that night. Nightmares of a white light, of being held down, of something large, and terrifying fitting itself inside her. Where it didn’t belong.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The hunt continues

Chapter Notes

I just can't stop

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m sorry I woke you guys up” Nic groaned, face in her hands as she sat on the bed. Sam, and Dean stood in front of her looking much the part of scolding parents. “I’m fine, I promise.”

“You know Sweetheart, if there’s one thing that I’ve learned it’s that when people say they’re fine, they’re lying. You woke up screaming, that’s the opposite of being fine.” Dean frowned.

Sam sat next to her on the bed, rubbing his hand up, and down her back in a comforting manner.

“What was the nightmare about?”

Nic rubbed her hands up, and down her face before she looked up at Sam. “There was like this… invisible pressure holding me down. It was just so heavy like it was crushing my chest. And then there was this bright white light, and it tried to force itself in my body, and it got in but there was just so much pressure inside me, like it was a weight and it wasn’t sitting right, and I know it was just a nightmare but I swear I can still feel it in my chest.” She put a hand close to her heart. “It just doesn’t feel right.”

Sam, and Dean looked at each other. Dean nodded, uncrossing his arms as he knelt in front of Nic.

“Sweetheart, we got something important to tell you.”

“What?” She asked, she just felt so tired.
“It’s about what happened after the church-” Dean was cut off midsentence as a blue light flashed in Nic’s eyes. She sat up straighter, and Sam’s hand fell away from her.

“I thought that we had an agreement Dean Winchester.”

“Ezekiel.” Dean said flatly. “I didn’t know you were in the nightmare business.”

“Yes, well that was unfortunate. I was not aware of the possibility that Nikita would remember her possession.”

“I can’t keep lying to her about this. You heard what she said, she feels something inside her.”

“It shall pass. It was just me repairing nerves, and tissue.”

“It was that bad?” Sam asked.

“The damage was quite substantial yes. Her body had been altered on a sub-atomic level. So I must repair her on the same level, it will still be some time before she is fully healed. Which brings me back to where we started” Ezekiel fixed Dean with a hard look. “We had an agreement.”

“I know but you heard what she said-”

Ezekiel’s eyes flashed blue “It has been wiped from her memories. She won’t wake until morning, and she will not remember the nightmare.”

“You can’t just do that!” Sam yelled standing up “You can’t just pick, and choose what memories she gets to keep!”

“Why not, she wishes to forget the events that happened at the bar. I could make her forget that as well.”
“They’re her memories Zeke.” Dean said “They’re hers no matter what; you can’t take them away from her.”

Ezekiel nodded, “I will keep that in mind for the future. For now I will let her rest.”

Ezekiel’s eyes flashed again, and the blue light left as Nic fell back against the bed out cold.

“This is fucked up Dean.” Sam shook his head “We can’t keep lying to her.”

“Not for much longer Sammy. You head Zeke. She’s getting better every day.”

“She’s gonna figure the truth out one way or another. And when she does you know she’s gonna wanna kill you.”

Dean nodded, “But at least she’ll be alive. And that’s what matters more than anything.”

Nic woke to the sound of the shower running, and Dean’s off key singing. She smiled, and pulled the blanket tightly against her enjoying the feeling of warm sheets. The shower shut off, but Dean’s singing continued however at a quieter volume. She wasn’t sure what he was singing, but she knew that it was an old song. A classic, and one of his favorites. The sound of Dean’s singing drifted away as he came to the end. The bathroom door opened a few moments later, and she groaned as the night from the bathroom filled the dark room.

“Rise, and shine Sweetheart!” Dean called.

Nic groaned again, and rolled over bringing the pillow over her head.

“You forget Nic, I raised Sammy. Which means all through sixth grade to his senior year I was gettin’ his ass out of bed for school.”

“Sam’s not a cranky bitch when he wakes up, he’s a morning person” Nic mumbled feeling under her pillow.
“Nic don’t even think about grabbing the gun.” Her hand froze on the handle. “I took the clip out when I woke up. I’m not ever letting you wave a loaded gun at me again after what happened last time.”

“Hey the doctor said it could’ve been a lot worse. And they were able to reattach your toe.”

“I don’t have feeling in it anymore!”

“Oh it was just a toe, what’s it matter?” Nic waved it off as she sat up scratching at her head. “Is there any hot water left or do I gotta wait?”

“I’d give it a good ten.” Dean shrugged walking over to his duffle on the other side of the room. He opened it pulling out his FBI suit, and dropped his towel right there.

“Dean!” Nic screeched covering her face. He turned to face her, cocky grin, and not a scrap of clothe to cover him.

“What Sweetheart? It ain’t like you’ve never seen it before.”

“Put your fuckin’ clothes on or so help me I will shoot off something other than your toe!”

“You don’t mean that, you like my other appendages, and what they can do for you too much.”

“You wanna chance that?”

“I like my odds” He chuckled as he walked over to the bed, letting go of his underwear.

“Dean no, I just woke up.”

“Could anyone ask for a better way to start the morning?” He crawled on the bed putting himself over Nic, and pushing her back down against the bed.
“I look like shit dude, my hairs a fuckin’ bird nest, I haven’t even brushed my teeth—”

“You think I give a shit about any a that?” Dean grunted pulling back the blanket Nic had tried to use as a shield between the two of them; she licked her lips at the sight of Dean’s half hard cock hanging between them. “You always look good to me, and I’m not just sayin’ that cause I wanna have sex.”

Nic felt her face flush redder. “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to you sayin’ shit like that” She admitted.

“Why not? It’s all true, you’re gorgeous. You’re everything I’ve ever wanted in a woman, you know that right?”

“Dean seriously stop.” She placed a hand on his chest “I don’t like it when you talk to me like that.”

Dean sat back on his heels, and folded his arms across his chest. “You don’t like me complimenting you, or telling you that I think you’re gorgeous? And why the hell not?”

“Because guys that look like you, and Sam aren’t supposed to look twice at girls that look like me! Seriously, you can do so much better!”

Dean scrubbed his hand down his face, his erection flagging with the serious talk.

“Nic you gotta believe me when I say that I can never do better than you. God, you just don’t want to see how amazing you are! I don’t get it!”

“A life time of being told that if you lose fifty pounds you’d be fuckable will really mess a girl up.”

“All those guys before me were just fucking assholes.” Dean said, face serious.

“Please, you were one of those assholes when we first met! You straight up told me that I’d be a
lot better looking in my jeans if they actually fit me!"

“You’re right I was an asshole! But that was like eight years ago, you can’t keep carrying that kind of shit with you for the rest of life.”

“Well if that just ain’t the pot callin’ the kettle black.”

“Why are we even fighting? Is this because I wanted to have sex? Because you could’ve just told me no. You didn’t have to pick a fight out of nowhere at the ass crack of dawn!”

Nic shook her head “I just… I don’t fuckin’ know what’s wrong me with me Dean, okay? Neither of us really does the whole relationship thing well, and given both our track records I’ve just been waiting for the other shoe to drop.”

“Sweetheart you gotta just believe me alright. There’s no other shoe that’s gonna drop. I want to be with you, you want to be with me, isn’t that enough?”

“I know Dean it’s just so hard sometimes.”

“I get it, I do. But you gotta give it a chance; give us a chance. Can you at least promise me that?”

“Yeah” She nodded “Yeah I can do that. I can try.”

“It’s not gonna be easy. It’s not supposed to be; we’re hunter’s we both know the shit always hits the fan eventually but even then I know we can work through it.”

Nic nodded again, and sat up to press a quick kiss to Dean’s lips. “I’m gonna get in the shower.”

“Want me to join you?” He asked hopefully, Nic just laughed as she closed, and locked the door behind her.

“Well great” Dean sighed looking down at his cock “What the fuck am I gonna do with this?”
“Wait Sammy” Dean reached out a hand to stop Sam from walking up to the information desk where Nic was currently talking to a sheriff’s deputy. Her heart shaped ass looked perfect in her tight little pencil skirt stopping just below her knees, and her perfect cleavage on display with just the right amount of buttons undone. “I love watching this.”

“You like watching your girlfriend flirt with other men?”

“She’s not my girlfriend first of all” Dean started “And second, I have never met a girl better at the long con than her.”

Sam nodded his agreement, then turned to look at his brother. “If she’s not your girlfriend, and you’re not her boyfriend, then just what are you guys?”

Dean shrugged “Not every relationship needs labels.”

“Wow, look at you. Never thought I’d see the day where you’re in what could be considered a completely healthy relationship with someone other than your hand.”

Dean glared at Sam as the taller man chuckled at his own joke. “You think you’re so funny don’t you?”

“I think I’m hilarious.”

“Head’s up chuckles here comes our girl.” Dean nodded at Nic. There it was again. Not his girl. Not my girl. Our girl. Sam shook it off, probably nothing more than just a slip of the tongue.

“So good news, and bad news which one you guys want first?”

“Bad” Both brothers replied in unison.
“There was another victim last night. Sheriff’s at the scene right now.”

“And what’s the good?” Dean asked.

“Remember that fuck from last night?” Nic asked, “The one who had the knife at my neck?”

“Yeah?”

“He was the victim.”

“I wouldn’t consider that good news” Sam frowned as the three of them walked out of the station, and back to the Impala.

“My mistake, it was good news for me only then.” Nic couldn’t help the smug little smirk on her face as she climbed into the back seat.

“Cold. Blooded.” Dean whistled low “Remind me to never piss her off Sam.”

“Why? You always do anyway” Sam chuckled.

“He’s not wrong” Nic agreed.

“You’d think he’d learn his lesson after getting a toe blown off” Sam chuckled.

“It’s not funny!” Dean yelled, “I can’t feel it anymore!”

Sam, and Nic just laughed harder as Dean pulled out of the parking lot headed for the public pier. They arrived to the scene just as the body was being loaded into the back of the coroners van. The Sheriff was talking with a local woman as they approached, and introduced themselves.

“I wasn’t aware the FBI sent out three people for a couple of drowning’s.”
“They’re my senior agents” Nic cut in “This is actually my first time out in the field, and our supervisor thought I’d benefit from learning from the best.” She smiled sweetly, and Dean couldn’t help but notice how the Sheriff seemed to relax just a little. It was awesome having a girl on the team.

“Well they’d better be teaching you somethin’ worth learning.”

“They like to think they are” She responded quickly, and she and the Sheriff shared a laugh. With the ice effectively broken the routine questions began.

“Did anyone report anything strange when they found the bodies?” Sam asked.

“Strange like how?” The Sheriff asked.

“Like weird smells, strange people, anything out of the ordinary?”

“Well if they did they didn’t report it to us” The Sheriff responded “But if you’d like to check in with them I can give you a list.”

“Please I’d appreciate it.” Nic nodded. The Sheriff left them there to continue investigating the scene while he went back to the station, saying he needed to call his wife.

“There’s no EMF reading” Dean announced. Nic hummed in acknowledgement as she looked over the railing at the choppy water.

“Anything you can think of?” She called to Sam, and Dean, eyes still on the water. She swore she saw something down there.

“I mean… a mermaid?” Dean said.

“Dude!” Sam groaned “You know that they aren’t real.”
“Nic?” Dean called looking over to her, she was halfway over the railing hand reaching towards the water. “Nic?” Dean called again, it was like she couldn’t hear him.

“Nic!” Sam yelled running over to her just as she slipped over the railing. Dean swore it looked like something pulled her in. Sam was over the railing in a second leaving Dean to stand on the pier calling for them. Dean was just about to jump in himself when Sam surfaced holding Nic by her waist.

“Jesus Christ!” Dean screamed, Nic was sputtering trying to claw Sam’s arm away.

“What the fuck!” She screamed smacking Sam’s arm until he let her go.

“I could say the same!” He snapped back splashing water at her.

“I saw something in the water” She announced.

“Sweetheart, I know it’s hard to not fall in love with your reflection, but you gotta draw a line somewhere.” Dean called, shit eating grin on his face. She flipped him off.

“I mean it I saw something” She called back.

“Right well you two have fun swimming back to shore, I’ll meet you at the beach.”

“I hate you Nic” Sam sighed, splashing her again.

“Don’t make me hold your head under water.”

“So care to share with the class why you decided going for a swim was a good idea?” Dean asked as Nic walked out of the bathroom in yoga pants, and a loose flannel he was sure belonged to Sam at one point.
“I saw a figure in the water” She explained. Sam folded his arms, he had switched out of his soaked fed clothes into sweats, and a t-shirt.

“And you decided diving in after it was a good idea?” The taller hunter demanded.

“No one said you had to dive in after me.”

“Bullshit whatever it was, was dragging you down!”

“So you did see it!” She screamed at Sam in an ‘Ah-hah’ voice.

“Yeah, it was definitely humanoid, it… kinda looked like a mermaid” Sam admitted.

“I told you!” Dean yelled.

“Shut up Dean, just cause it looked like a mermaid doesn’t make it one. We have some research to do.”

“Right so while you two do that, I’m gonna go get us some dinner!” Dean was out the door before either Sam, or Nic could complain.

“You get the laptops set up, and I’ll get the coffee goin’” Nic sighed standing up, and heading for the kitchenette. She returned minutes later with two mugs, and sat down across from Sam. She put in her password, and went straight to google.

By the twenty minute mark Nic was out of coffee, and Sam was starting intently at his screen.

By thirty Nic was laying on the bed, pillows under her chin so she could read the screen.

By forty she finally had something.
“I think I got something” Nic called out. Sam perked up, and moved over to the bed sitting beside Nic, as she sat up putting her computer in her lap for both of them to see.

“Nereides?”

“Sea Nymphs. Greek mythology.”

“Right, right, but weren’t Nymphs supposed to live in mountains, and forests by lakes?”

“Not the fifty Nereides. They were the daughters of Nereus, the Old Man of the Sea who had the ability to shapeshift, and prophesize. He was the God of the sea until Zeus defeated Cronos, and Poseidon took his place.”

“So one of his daughters has gone AWOL?”

Nic became acutely aware of Sam pressed up against her side, the ends of his hair just brushing her cheek as he leaned over to read the screen.

“Yeah” She mumbled looking at Sam. He was so focused on the screen that it took him a moment to notice Nic. He looked at her, and then realized just how close he was; he made no attempt to move.

“You didn’t have to dive in after me.”

“Yes I did.” He nodded.

“You could’ve gotten hurt.”

“You could’ve died.” But then Sam remembered the passenger she was carrying that she didn’t even know about. Ezekiel wouldn’t have let her die. So maybe it had been stupid to dive in after her, but he’d have done it no matter what.

Nic hummed, a smile on her face as she placed a small hand on Sam’s cheek. “Nah, I’d have been
fine. Come out on top after way worse, I mean just look at me now.”

Sam placed his hand on the small of her back, dragging her closer. “That’s not funny Nic. I… we almost lost you.”

Her smile faded a little “I know. But you didn’t, and that’s what matters.”

Neither knew who did it first, but they were kissing, and it was gentle, and perfect, and just right. Neither heard the door open.

“What the fuck is goin’ on here?” The pulled apart quickly, looking at Dean as he stood in the doorway holding a plastic bag with their dinner in it.

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments, and kudos, nothing brightens my day like reading your comments!!
I'm sorry if this chapter feels incomplete or rushed in someway I was having a hard time working through some kinks, and apparently the writers block has finally decided to strike. Anyway I've been feeling at a loss for where to go next, so if you have any suggestions feel free to comment with them. I may do some episode chapters next to get back in the swing, but I've also been considering flashback chapters to where the boys met nic, or during season 5, or an episode set in The End as that is one of my all time favorite episodes. Anyway thank you guys so much for all the support and comments Tight Squeeze hit over 10k hits making this my most prolific fic! Even more so than my yugioh 5ds days back in middle school!

The silence was palpable. Two sets of eyes on Dean, and Dean staring right at them. His jaw clenched, the muscle rolling then settling. Nic was the first to look away, eyes going back to her computer screen.

“We think… we think we found what we’re hunting.” Nic spoke up

“Good.” Dean grunted dropping the food bag on the table. He dug through the bag, and pulled out all the boxes, checking through them until he found his. He headed right for the mini fridge, and pulled out a beer twisting the top off as soon as he sat down on the couch turning the TV on.

Nic looked at Sam, and he shook his head. This was how Dean coped. He ignored.

“Dean” Nic called, and Sam sighed.

“What?” He snapped, not looking away from the TV.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?”

He went still. Finally he looked away from the TV, back to Nic, and Sam who were still sitting as close as when he walked in on them.
“Say anything about what? ‘Bout how he had his fuckin’ Gorilla hands all over you? ‘Bout how you were suckin’ his fuckin’ face?”

“Dean-”

“What am I not enough for you? You gotta go for my little brother? Are you really that much of a slut?”

“Dean!” Sam snapped. Nic was up in an instant, grabbing her purse, and jamming her sandals on.

“Oh that’s right Sweetheart, you just run away like you always do!” Dean called as the door slammed closed behind her.

Nic returned about three hours later. She’d walked to the nearest gas station, bought a pack of cigarettes, and two six-packs. One of which she’d slammed in fifteen minutes, the other she took her time with, and still had half left when she walked into her, and Dean’s motel room.

It was about one in the morning, and Dean was still awake it looked like. The room was dark, and the only light you could see was the TV.

“Look who’s finally back.” Dean called, and Nic couldn’t tell if he was angry, or if he was okay. He looked at her, and she could barely see his face. But he could see the cigarette hanging out of her mouth.

“Ouch, didn’t think I upset you that much.”

“What?” Nic finally croaked out, voice hoarse from smoking, and drinking.

“The last time I saw you smoke the world was literally ending.”

“What the fuck do you even care for Dean?” She just sighed, and flicked on the light.
“What’re you doin’?” Dean grumbled as Nic dropped what was left of her six pack on the table.

“Packin’ my shit. Gonna got get another room.”

“Why?”

“Clearly you don’t want me here after what happened earlier!” She snapped.

“Did I say that?” Dean stood up, eyes narrowed.

“No, but I’m not gonna stay where I’m not wanted!”

Dean grabbed her wrist hard as she tried to walk away from him. Nic glared at Dean.

“Did I say I didn’t want you here?”

“Dean-”

“No Nic, you need to fuckin’ listen to me. Yeah I’m fuckin’ pissed; walkin’ in on you and Sammy? Not exactly what I fuckin’ expected. But I’m not losing you just because Sam tried to fuckin’ put the moves on you!”

Nic sighed, gently tugging her wrist from Dean’s grasp. “It’s not like I told him no.”

“I know. We talked. Me, and Sammy.”

“About?”

“You. Where we all stand. How we’re gonna deal with this shit, and move on from it.”
“You know this is exactly the situation I was trying to avoid.”

“I know.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I know.” Dean grabbed Nics face, and kissed her gently. Dean pulled away, a smirk on his face. “You taste like beer, and cigarettes.”

“Good way to sum up how I spent the last couple hours.” Nic shrugged.

“I like it” Dean kissed Nic again, deeper. She placed her hands against his shoulders, trying to push him away gently.

“Dean no I… I can’t right now.”

He sighed, and scratched the back of his head “Yeah… Yeah you’re right, that’s not a good idea right now.” He agreed.

“Can we just go to bed? We have a long day tomorrow.”

“Yeah, uh speaking of which Sam found a way to kill the Nereid.”

“Good.” Nic finally smiled.

“I talked with some of the locals” Sam said at breakfast that morning. The three of them were sat in a booth, Nic on the inside next to Dean, backs to the wall like always. For all their sakes the three of them tried to pretend like last night hadn’t happened. And Nic had to give the boys credit, they were doing it very well. But she could just feel the tension surrounding all three of them.
“Dude it’s not even eleven yet. You had time to do that?” Nic looked at Sam like he was crazy.

“There are a lot of early morning surfers, and joggers around.” Sam shrugged “Anyway I got to thinking about how Nymphs have secret lakes, and ponds. So I asked around about their possibly being any grotto’s off the cost of Pismo Beach.”

“And?” Dean asked, wanting Sam to finally get to the point.

“There’s one. About forty miles out.”

“Which means we have to rent a boat” Nic sighed “Great.”

“What?” Dean asked.

Nic frowned “I get sea sick.”

“Them’s the breaks kiddo” Dean chuckled putting his arm around Nics shoulders. She rolled her eyes, and she tried not to see the sad look in Sam’s eyes as she cozied up to Dean.

“So what do we have to do?” Nic asked, trying to get back on topic.

“Well this is where it gets tricky. We have to corrupt the grotto.”

“What like… sex cause I am so in” Dean smirked at Nic, and she rolled her eyes.

“No, definitely not sex” Sam huffed “The Greeks were too into that for that to be even considered close to a corrupting factor. I’m talking pollution.”

“Wait, we have to pollute a grotto? Sam I’m not sure how I feel about something like that.” Nic looked uneasy.
“I don’t like it either, but if we do that we can draw her out of the water. She’ll be weakened, and we’ll be able to finish her off.”

“And how do we do that exactly?” Dean asked.

“Evergreen stake dipped in blessed water.”

“And if that doesn’t work?” Nic asked.

“You have an angel blade” Sam shrugged.

“You’re sure you can drive this thing?” Nic asked yelled over the roar of the engine. The boat was fairly large – big enough to seat eight people no problem. All it had to do was get them to the grotto. They’d be lucky to make it alive with the way Dean was driving.

“Of course I can” Dean yelled back “It’s not rocket science, how hard can it be?”

“Very reassuring Dean!” Sam yelled. Nic eased back into her seat next to Sam. Both were behind Dean. Sam leaned in close to Nic, so that she could hear him over all the noise.

“I’m sorry about last night.”

She leaned in close to Sam, her mouth right next to his ear “I know.”

“I didn’t mean to-“

“Sam it’s alright. I didn’t tell you no. It happened, it’s over, let’s move on.”
Sam pulled back, and nodded at Nic. But she could see the pained look in his eyes. This wouldn’t be the last time they spoke about this. She tried to ignore how Dean looked at them through the rear view mirror.

Within an hour they had reached the entrance to the grotto. Dean cut the engine, and they drifted in.

“Holy shit” Nic whispered watching as the crystal clear water shimmered, and danced on the cavern walls. Then she felt the gentle rocking of the boat. “Oh shit” She groaned putting her head between her legs as a wave of nausea over took her.

“You okay?” Sam asked, hand on her back. She nodded.

“Sea sick” She groaned.

“You’re fine Sweetheart, just play through the pain” Dean said trying to steer the drifting boat clear of any rocks as they came to the exit of the cavern. As they drifted out of the cavern they came into what almost looked like a small forest encased by a wall of rock. There was no way this was natural, Nic noted, this was something that only could have been achieved by something supernatural.

Dean pulled the boat diagonal into the shallow water, and Sam dropped the anchor. Nic was first off the boat jumping into the ankle deep water; finally standing on solid ground, the nausea went away.

“Will this really work?” Nic called catching a bag of trash as Dean threw it overboard at her.

“It’s got to” He called back “Besides. How’d you feel if someone just dumped other people’s garbage all over your pad?”

Nic nodded her agreement, and carried the bag up to the grassy ground. Sam, and Dean joined her a few minutes each carrying two bags.

“You think we brought enough trash?” She scoffed as Dean pulled out his knife, and cut the bag open.
“We’ll just have to see” He grinned at her.

It didn’t take them long to scatter the disgusting trash around the grotto, even going as far as to dump a portion of it in the water. All three held a stake in their hands watching the water, and waiting. It was at least an hour before anything happened.

Nic heard the sound first, like something repeatedly surfacing. She whistled at the boys, and both looked at her curiously. She jerked her head to the edge of the water of the left most side of the little island. Just as Nic looked back at the water, a head poked up, and she locked eyes with a young beautiful looking woman. She grinned showing rows of sharp teeth.

“Oh fuc-” Nic was cut off when what seemed like a fist of water shot out, and grabbed her pulling her in. She held tight to the stake in her hand as she twisted around in the water, trying to find the Nereid, but also trying to fight against the pressure that kept holding her down. It was trying to drown her like it had with its other victims. Finally the Nereid grabbed Nic’s shoulders pushing itself into her face.

“You humans think you can just do as you please, and harm Gaia, but I won’t let any of you get away with it anymore!” It hissed. Nic tried to, but every thrust she made was met with resistance from the water around her, and it was never enough to graze the Nereid. She felt her world go black as she was slowly deprived of oxygen.

Topside Sam, and Dean were fighting the water itself it seemed as large columns rose up, striking them down, and soaking them wet. Just as they were able to recover from a hit, they were knocked down again. Suddenly the attacks stopped, and an intense blue light filled the water. Sam, and Dean both knew what it meant, and they stood there on land waiting for Ezekiel to come up. Not a moment later the angel walked Nic’s body back to shore, and glared at both of them icy blue light engulfing Nics green eyes.

“Please stop trying to get Nikita killed” Was all Ezekiel said before Nics body collapsed. Sam was beside her in an instant checking her over to make sure she was okay. Dean frowned, and walked over pushing Sam out of the way, and lifting Nic up into his arms.

“Dean-”

“I’ve got her Sam, you drive us back.” Dean grunted as he headed back to the boat.
“What happened?” Nic asked when she awoke to a blindingly white room.

“The Nereid almost drowned you. We brought you to the hospital to make sure you were okay” Sam said sitting up at attention not that Nic was awake.

She looked over at him, and smiled “See Sam. Came out on top, just like I always do.”

Sam chuckled, and placed a hand over her’s “Yeah Nic. You’re a real Winchester alright.”

Nic chuckled “Maybe someday if your brother has anything to say about it.”

“Or me.” Sam smiled hopefully. Nic looked at Sam wide eyed.

“Nic I…”

She jerked her hand away from Sam’s, and sat up to really look at him. Her heart monitor was beeping wildly. She heard the sound of something falling to the ground, and she looked at the doorway to find Dean returning to her hospital room with a carrying tray of coffee. The look on his face… she knew he had heard.

“Nic I… I love you. I always have you know?”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

All the times that Nic had been with different men, and Dean wasn't sure how to feel about it.

Set around season 5

Chapter Notes

So I kinda experimented with this chapter. The writers block is still kinda screwing with me, so I'm not sure how to feel about this chapter.

Another city, another bar, another man. Nic preferred the bigger cities they hunted in; it meant night clubs full of young hot guys, willing to do anything for a pretty face, and a good fuck. It was where her game shined, because what she lacked in being skinny she made up for in being a downright cold bitch. And it attracted a certain type of guy to her. And she could always find that specific breed of man in a big city.

The guys weren’t kind, they weren’t take home to mother material. They were downright assholes who objectified her, and left her feeling like shit when they walked out the door. But both sides knew who was really in control. Occasionally she attracted a nice guy, but she never stayed in one city long, and never kept the same number for more than six months.

She was walking one particular special brand of asshole out of her room in Chicago when it happened for the first time. She had on nothing but her bra, and panties, and one of Dean’s old flannels hanging open; she’d confiscated it months ago for sleeping purposes. She’d never admit that it smelled like him, and it made her feel safe at night; knowing that the man who’d saved her life on more than just one occasion was with her in some way.

The man, Brent? Brock? Brad? Stood in the hall saying goodbye just as Sam, and Dean walked out presumably to come check on her, and see if she was ready to hit the road.

The man was attractive enough, late twenties, definitely worked out, and had made it a point to tell Nic multiple times to do the same.
He must have either noticed the way the boys zeroed in on her, or her look of discomfort when the approached but he made it a show to grab her, one hand on her ass, and the other cupping her breast, and kissed her hard. Nic swore her head was spinning when he pulled away, the man had literally stolen her breath.

“You make sure you call me when you’re back in the city darlin’” He grinned, side eyeing Sam, and Dean. The latter of which was looking oddly angry about the whole scene, while Sam just tried to look away. “Make sure you lose a few pounds first though. I like the ass, and the tits, but that stomach could stand to be a little flatter.”

That’s when it happened. Dean jerked the guy away from Nic, and shoved him hard.

“You think that’s anyway to talk to a lady asshole?!”

Nic looked uneasy but didn’t say anything.

“What are you her fuckin’ boyfriend or something?” The other guy shoved Dean back.

“Dean” Sam warned, and Nic had never felt so embarrassed.

“No. But I don’t have to be to step in when a woman is clearly gettin’ disrespected by a total ass!” Dean punched the guy in the face. The guy scrambled back pressing himself against the wall out of Dean’s reach.

“This isn’t fucking worth it!” The guy snapped, and stumbled away. Dean looked at Nic, anger clear in his eyes.

“What?” She snapped.

“You can do better than that.” He shook his head. Nic rolled her eyes. She noticed Dean look her up, and down; she felt her face flush, as she pulled the shirt closed around her.

“That my shirt?” Dean smirked.
“Shut up!” She hissed, and slammed the door closed.

“We’re leavin’ in an hour!” Dean called through the door.

The next guy was in Austin Texas, and Nic very specifically remembered laughing her ass off when he’d introduced himself to her. Austin from Austin. He was total frat brother douche, but the kind that everyone loved because he was so kind, and genuine. He grinned ear to ear when he told Nic all he wanted to do was go down on her for hours on end.

He didn’t fuck her, he made love to her. He was gentle, and so focused on her pleasure that he got Nic off multiple times before he even thought about himself. He was the kind of boy that liked to be told that he was good, and doing a good job.

He came harder than he ever had spilling himself across his fist, and on to Nic’s stomach her hand in his hair, whispering in his ear over, and over what a good boy he’d been.

When he said goodbye the next morning it was with a tender kiss, and a promise that if she ever called he was hers. She chuckled as she waved goodbye, leaning up against the door, wearing only one of Sam’s flannels that she’d taken months ago.

“This becomin’ a thing?” She looked over to the room next door to see Dean giving her a dirty look.

“What?” She frowned.

“You sluttin’ around every city we go to” He shrugged. Nic glared.

“This comin’ from the one true man whore? Believe it or not Dean I don’t exactly do the one night stand thing that often. The last one I had was two months ago, when you know, beat the guy.”

“I punched him, I didn’t beat him.”
“You might as well have; you scared the guy off!”

“You can do so much better than that fuck wit, and the one that I just saw leavin’.” Dean frowned.

Nic rolled her eyes “You worry about your sex life, and I’ll worry about mine okay?” She snapped, and walked back into her room slamming the door hard enough to shake the frame.

The next one made a move on her right in front of Dean, and man did she enjoy that. The utter shock, and horror on his face just made her grin.

“Dude, you might want to close your mouth” Sam chuckled.

“He did that… right in front of us?”

Nic shrugged looking at the note in her hands. Time, place, and his name. Aiden. “He probably just thought you were my brothers or something; people think we’re related all the time.”

“That doesn’t change the fact that that was completely rude.” Dean insisted. Nic rolled her eyes.

“Like it’s not gross, and rude when you do it to our waitresses?”

“That’s different!” Dean defended.

“It’s really not Dean.” Sam shook his head

She met up with the man – Aiden – that night. He wasn’t gentle, and he wasn’t easy on her, and Nic walked back to the room she shared with the boys with more than a few bruises, and bites on her neck. Neither brother said anything about the funny walk, but Sam did smile at her.
“Good night?”

“Fan – fucking – tastic.” She grinned. Dean scoffed, and walked outside talking about loading Baby up, and hitting the road.

“What’s his problem?” Nic asked “Every time I hook up with someone he acts like such a bitch, and then gets pissed when I tell him I don’t wanna hear about his one night stands.”

Sam shrugged, “Honestly I don’t know… but it is a dick move.”

The next guy was a guy Nic would’ve stayed far away from under a normal circumstance. But as it was she needed something, she needed to feel. She had cost two lives tonight, and while Dean, and Sam had said over, and over that it wasn’t her fault, and that there was nothing she could’ve done, it didn’t make her feel any better. It didn’t make anything better. She downed the next shot of whiskey, and felt the heat burn her throat, and pool in her belly.

The bartender sat another drink in front of her.

“I didn’t order this” She said, but she could hear her words starting to slur.

“He bought it for you… said you looked like you needed something strong.”

When she looked at him, she swore he looked like something right out of fifty shades of grey, and not in a good way if there even was a good way to be compared to that. He was dressed very well, and clearly was a man who knew what he wanted when he wanted it. And it looked like he wanted Nic. She tried to shake the uneasy feeling in her gut as she lifted the glass in acknowledgement and downed it.

Not a moment later the man was beside her with two of the same thing she’d just had to drink. He slid one to her, and kept the other for himself.

“You seem like you’re trying to forget something.” He said.
She looked at him, and wondered just what game he was trying to play with her. “I am.”

“So am I.”

She didn’t remember the ride, or the walk up, but next thing she knew she was standing in a penthouse apartment with the most breathtaking view she’d ever seen of New York. She was pulled from the view moments later by the man, fuck she couldn’t remember his name. Had it been Mike? Or was it Steven?

He fucked her more than once that night. The first time he’d held her face down, a bruising hand on her throat, and the other fisting her hair. The next had been bent over his kitchen table. The last he’d pressed her face first into the glass of the large windows looking out over the city as he called her filthy names, and promised that come morning he’d find even more dirty things to do to her.

When she woke up the next morning the man was still asleep, and all Nic could remember of the night before was drinking, and fucking. Her souvenir was a sore throat, and a purple hand shaped bruise around her neck. When she’d called Sam back after a total of twelve missed calls from the brothers she’d almost felt ashamed for her actions.

She was worth more than getting manhandled to the point of being hurt by complete strangers. Yet she craved it sometimes. The brutality that made her feel alive.

When she stepped out the door to find Dean waiting in the hall for her his eyes instantly went to her neck.

“What the fuck?” Dean whispered, and she could hear the barely masked rage.

Nic shrugged “I asked for him to be rough.”

“Nic…” Dean shook his head. She glared at him.

“You really gonna fucking judge me? Don’t act like you’re better than me Dean; you get off on torturing I know you do!” She hissed. Suddenly Dean’s hand was on her throat, and her head hit the wall hard enough for her vision to go black on the edges.
“Don’t you ever fuckin’ talk to me like that again!” He growled. Not a second later he released her, looking at her in horror of what he’d just done.

“I told you Dean.” She sighed.

“Sweetheart, shit I’m-”

“Save your sorry’s for someone who cares Dean.”

Dean was never sure why he acted the way he did with Nic. Maybe it was the whole ‘family don’t end in blood’ thing. Had to be. She was like the most annoying little sister in the world that Dean wanted nothing to do with half the time; but he needed to protect her, keep her safe. Normal big brother type feelings.

So why was it that when she found a hook up he felt his skin prickle, and a heaviness in his chest settle?

This newest guy wasn’t as bad as the ones Nic usually picked. He was a good ol’ country boy. Had shook Dean’s hand when he’d come over to talk to Nic. When she’d said she’d go out with the next night he’d even sworn to Dean he’d have her back in one piece, no worse for wear. He was the kind of guy deserved to go out with; the kind he’d prefer her to go out with. But if Dean had his way, there would be no one for her, and fuck he needed to reevaluate why that was a priority to him. Nic was a grown woman, and her one night stands were her business, and no one elses.

It finally hit him the morning after next when the country boy dropped Nic back off at the motel in time for them to hit the road. She’d kissed him goodbye, and smiled at him, and Dean felt his heart start to beat faster when she turned that smile over to him, and Sam. Maybe it was the way the light hit her, maybe it was way she smiled. Maybe Dean had finally fucking opened his eyes.

She was gorgeous. Even if she was overweight, even if her hair was extra frizzy with the humid Missouri air, even if she’d made them all swear that they were off limits to each other when they first started hunting. She was gorgeous to him, and that was all that mattered.
Something had slowly started to switch, Dean realized. At some point Nic had changed from annoying little sister figure, to something far more unobtainable. She was something he could never have, and if he was honest with himself he didn’t deserve her.

She deserved more than some broken, alcoholic, high school dropout. So he pushed the feelings down, and tried to not think of her like that. He couldn’t have her. He wasn’t meant for someone like her.

So instead Dean smiled, and asked her how her night had been. She smirked, and shrugged, claiming that it had been ‘just alright’. Sam laughed, and pointed out the love bites. She tried to hide them, and Sam laughed again. Nic couldn’t help it, and laughed with him, and easy grin spreading across her lips. Dean swore her smile was like looking into the sun.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

You never know that when you meet someone they're gonna be something to you

Chapter Notes

yoooo fuck writers block amiright? Apparently all I have to do is sit at the laundromat for 2 hours, and man can I bang some shit out fast.

2006 Horicon Wisconsin.

The gentle rapping on the door was unexpected, and had Dean on his feet in a flat second pulling his gun off the table, the safety already flicked off. He shared a look with Sam as he quietly walked to the door. He looked out the peep hole, and saw that a young looking woman was standing there, looking as uneasy as he felt.

“Sam, and Dean?” She called, cringing at the way her voice cracked. “I’m Nic Remington.” She waited for a moment, and when the door didn’t open she spoke up again “Ellen sent me. Said you guys were looking for some help on this hunt.”

Dean opened the door a crack, and peered around it at Nic. Immediately she seemed to fill with relief at seeing him.

“Thank God someone was actually here, and I wasn’t just standing out in the hallway talking to myself like an idiot.”

Dean took a second to really look at her before he opened the door. She was shorter. No taller than 5’2”, and she probably weighed at least sixty pounds more than what was considered healthy for her size. Her hair was a shade of red so dark it looked almost purple in the soft yellow glow of the hallway lights; her makeup was minimal. Some foundation, and eye liner. She was okay to look at he guessed, but definitely not his type. She was more Sam’s speed, Dean thought to himself trying not to laugh.
“Yeah, yeah” He responded, and opened the door all the way. “When Ellen said Nic, I assumed you’d be a guy.”

She shrugged, an easy smile on her face “Most people Ellen sends me to do.”

“Nic?” Sam stood up from his seat at the table, a welcoming smile on his face too. All the happy made Dean want to gag. “I’m Sam, and that’s my brother Dean.”

Dean waved with the gun in his hand. Nic rolled her eyes at it. Dean smiled sheepishly, and placed the gun on the table closing, and locking the door.

“Nice to meet you guys. So how can I help?”

“Well Ellen wasn’t specific about what you do-”

“I’m a witch.” She interrupted Sam, beaming at him. “I do hunting on the side. Usually I man the shop I work at, direct hunters to the right spells, and ingredients. Procure some of the rarer stuff for them too.”

Dean’s hand itched to reach for his gun again. “You’re a witch?” He asked.

Nic nodded, a little too enthusiastically for Dean’s liking. “White witch technically. I make Hex Bags, charms, and protection spells mostly. I do some healing magic too, but I’m not as good as my teacher.”

“So you don’t do any darker magic?” Sam asked “You don’t deal with Demons?”

“Witches that deal with Demon’s want a quick, and fast solution. They don’t want to put the time, and effort into learning the craft. Some people are naturals, and take to it like that” Nic emphasized her point with a snap of her fingers. “And then you got the ones like me, who work hard for years to achieve their abilities.”

“How long have you been practicing?” Sam asked, curious now. Dean rolled his eyes; leave it to his brother to flirt with the shit that went bump in the night.
“Since I was a sophomore in high school so… five years now?”

“So you’re what… nineteen? Aren’t you a little young to be hunting, and fucking around with magic?” Dean asked.

“First of all I’m twenty, and no. I’m not. Considering that a lot of the hunters I’ve met over the years were either raised into it, or were about my age when they started.”

“How long have you been actively hunting?” Sam asked.

“The last six months. There was a poltergeist at the house of a family friend; I couldn’t get a hunter out here to take care of the case soon enough so I took care of it. I’ve been doing local hunts ever since. Mostly around Milwaukee, and Madison. Although they’re usually a lot of werewolves, and hauntings up north.”

Nic looked around the room, and saw Sam’s research set up. She pointed at it, and looked to him “May I?”

“Oh yeah, of course. You’re here to help, not have small talk.” Sam smiled nervously as Nic walked over to the table, and sat down in his spot.

“So a demon?” She asked.

“Yeah, we’re… we’re having trouble finding it.”

“And I assume trying to summon it is out of the question?”

“Extremely.” Dean answered. Nic nodded as she stared intently at the screen for a few more moments, trying to make sense of what she was looking at.

“My shops in town. Come by tomorrow, and I’ll have something for you guys.” She grinned, and stood up, heading for the door. Just as she was about to leave the room, she stopped and looked up
at them. “And bring cash. I’m sick of hunters, and they’re stolen credit cards; I’ve been fucked out of too much money because of it.”

“Whoa, Ellen said she sent you to help” Dean interrupted.

“Yeah, consultations are free. Any actual work I have to do is gonna cost you.” She smirked “I’m a witch remember.”

She closed the door behind her, and Dean shook his head. “What a bitch.”

“I dunno” Sam shrugged “I like her.”

Dean snorted “Never figured you for a chubby chaser Sam.”

Sam rolled his eyes. “Not every woman’s value is based on how good she looks, or how great she is at sucking dick.”

“I beg to differ Sam.”

The next day the boys walked out of the shop three hundred dollars lighter, and with a guaranteed one time shot at locating the yellow eyed demon. Sam had also managed to walk away with Nic’s phone number, for hunting purposes only he’d sworn. It didn’t stop Dean from making any inappropriate jokes. He hadn’t been wrong though; not all of Sam’s conversations with Nic had been entirely about work.

They ran into her again about four months later on a hunt in Minnesota.

“I thought you only did local hunts.” Dean said as they walked into the bar after a successful hunt. Nic just shrugged.

“I’m branching out.”
“Did something happen?” Sam asked concern clear on his face. Nic smiled at him, but it didn’t reach her eyes.

“It was just time to move on.”

Dean got shitfaced that night. When he thought back on it years later though, he’d wonder how much of it had been the alcohol talking, and how much of it had really been him.

“How do you hunt like that?” He asked. Sam choked on his beer, and Nic narrowed her eyes at him. He didn’t like that shrewd look she gave. It was like she was looking directly into him.

“I’m not sure I get what you mean” She said instead. Sam shot him a look; Nic was giving him a chance to back down from this line of conversation but Dean was too drunk to give a fuck.

“You’re fat.” He said, and Nic just sat back in her seat, and looked at him arms crossed over her chest.

“Your point?” She asked.

“How can you hunt effectively like that? I mean you can’t run after something, or run away. And you don’t really look all that strong.”

“I use magic while I hunt. Sure I’m not good for a long distance chase but I can do a pretty good job at keeping up if I have to. I’m more of a close quarter’s fighter anyway. I may be big but I’m also short. It makes me harder to hit, and I’m a lot faster than you think.”

As if to prove her point, her hand shot out, and yanked Dean’s beer from his hands, and finished it before he could even say anything.

Sam laughed giving Dean a look that said he had just gotten burned hard.

“But by all means you wanna be a complete, and total fuck boy, and make comments about my
size go for it. I’ve heard it all before.” With that said Nic slapped a twenty on the table, and walked away with Sam racing after her.

Dean sat back, and groaned. He wondered why he had to fucking open his mouth. She was a good hunter.

He called the next day, and left a message – on Sam’s insistence – apologizing for his words, and hoping that she would at least still help them in the magic department when it came to hunts.

They didn’t see her for another three months after that, and it was sort of a fluke that it had happened. They just happened to be at Ellen’s Roadhouse at the same time.

“Oh great, it’s you two.” She sounded like she was pissed, but her eyes sparkled with mischief. Sam chuckled.

“Nice to see you again too Nic.” He sat down with her just as Ellen came up to the bar to greet the boys.

“Nice to see you three gettin’ along this time.” She said, she fixed Dean with a stern look, and he looked at Nic like he’d just been betrayed.

“Did you fuckin’ tattle on me?”

“Language!” Ellen snapped “And just cause you’re drunk doesn’t give you any right to talk to a lady like that Dean Winchester! Especially one so much younger than you!”

Nic stuck her tongue out at Dean, and he just glared at her.

“Brat.” He stuck his tongue back out at her, and she giggled taking a sip from her beer. “Just you wait until Ellen is gone. You are so in for it!”

“You can try, but you won’t win.” She smiled smugly, and Sam chuckled. Dean rolled his eyes,
and headed over to the pool tables leaving Sam to his chubby chasing.

“Mind if I play with you?” Nic asked coming up to Dean’s table an hour or so later “Sam’s talkin’ with Ash about that demon of yours.”

“You any good?” Dean asked.

“Not really, but I could use the practice” Nic shrugged, and handed an unopened beer to Dean. “Consider it payment for lessons.”

Dean chuckled, and accepted the beer “It’s a good start.”

They spent a good hour playing pool together, joking around, and drinking. And then Dean did it. He shoved his foot so far in his mouth he wasn’t sure he’d ever taste anything other than pavement for the rest of his life.

“You know Nic, you’d be so much hotter if you actually could fit into your jeans.” Dean noted, a little tipsy, the way Nic’s jeans clung just a bit too tight. Like they were too small for her; he couldn’t help but notice the muffin top either when her shirt rode up.

Nic looked at him with what had to be the most detestable look he had ever seen a woman give him.

“You just don’t know when to stop fucking talking do you?” She slammed the pool cue on the table, and walked away.

“What? I just said you’d look better not that you look bad now!”

“You’re an ass Winchester.”

Dean looked behind him to see Jo standing there holding a serving tray. She was headed for a large group of men on the other side of the busy bar.
“You too?” He asked shocked.

It was a month later that they came across Nic again. They were on a vampire hunt in Mississippi. Dean never heard the Vamp approach him from behind but he did hear the machete slice through the air, and turned just in time to see the head fly off, and the body drop. Nic smirked at him.

“Hey Princess” She greeted.

“You have got to be fuckin’ kiddin’ me.”

They headed nearest bar after killing the last one. Nic was practically giddy over her entrance.

“Come on, it was pretty fuckin’ badass! I even had the snappy one liner!” She exclaimed taking a sip from her beer.

“It wasn’t that great Sweetheart” Dean shook his head. She looked at him, and Dean wasn’t sure how to feel about it. “What?”

“Don’t ever call me Sweetheart again.” She shook her head.

“So how have you been?” Sam asked, trying to ease the tension.

Nic shrugged. “Okay I guess. Getting sick of running into you two all the time though.”

“That makes two of us” Dean smirked.

“That how you wanna play Princess? Cause lemme think… who saved who’s ass? Oh right I saved you ass.”

Dean rolled his eyes “Oh my God just drop it already.”
“What can’t handle the fact that a girl saved you? Or just that I saved you?”

“I can’t stand braggers” Dean glared at her.

“Look will the two of you just cut it out already?” Sam asked “I get why you two don’t get along; but you guys need to just stow the bullshit, and try to move past it.”

Nic, and Dean at least had the decency to look sheepish.

“Try to act a little more professional” Sam added before he got up, and left.

“So…” Dean tapped his fingers against the table.

“Shots?”

“You read my mind.”

They woke up together in the backseat of the Impala the next morning, fully clothed, and nursing killer hangovers. Both were in too much pain to think anything of the compromising position they could’ve been found in. And neither mentioned how sleeping together in the backseat had been the best night’s sleep either of them had gotten in a long time.

“Sweetheart… sunglasses, glove box” Dean grunted getting into the driver’s seat.

“Don’t make me do things” She groaned, but got his glasses for him anyway. Nic fished her own sunglasses out of her purse, and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Breakfast?” Dean asked starting the car.

“With a side of painkillers” She agreed.
Sam found them in the diner, still wearing their sunglasses, and nursing coffee, and eggs.

“You two look like shit.” Sam said sitting down next to Nic.

“Don’t talk” Nic groaned laying her head in her arms.

“Fun night?” Sam chuckled.

“Yeah Sammy, we’re best friends now. Now shut the fuck up man” Dean rested his head back against the booth seat. Sam chuckled.

“Yeah? Maybe we should get you two some celebratory breakfast? How does underdone sunny side up eggs, and extra greasy, rubbery bacon sound?”

Nic gagged, and Dean groaned.

They parted ways later that evening, with an exchange of current phone numbers, and a promise to come if called.

They ran into each other again only two weeks later, working the same hunt again. This time the boys invited Nic to hunt with them full time.

“Save us all the trouble of running into each other on hunts all the time” Dean shrugged.

“No more stepping on anyone’s toes” Sam agreed with a hopeful smile.

Nic looked at them for a minute, trying to understand what they were trying to do. “You guys really mean it? You aren’t just fucking with me?” She asked.
“We mean it Sweetheart.” Dean said.

“Stop calling me Sweetheart, it’s gross.” She frowned.

“What do you say?” Sam asked. Nic pursed her lips, and looked away from them. She let out a long suffering sigh at the kicked puppy looks they were both giving her.

“Fine” She threw up her arms in defeat “Just for a little while at least.”

“It’ll be great” Dean assured “Besides, havin’ a chick on the team is awesome.”

Nic never thought that eight years down the road she’d still be with them… and that she’d be sitting in a hospital bed with both the brothers looking at her like she was their world, and that she had the power to shatter it with the right words.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Sam, and Dean come to an agreement of sorts while Nic’s out on a hunt

Chapter Notes

yo! So I decided to make a second fic to go with tight squeeze, just a collection of moments from episodes that I skipped over, and scenes that didn't make it into the actual story so be sure to check it out if you want more back story on these three!

“Where are you off to?” Dean asked as Nic made her way towards the garage with her duffle, and jacket on.

“Cas called. Has a case for me.”

“Then I’ll come too” Dean nodded, and started to walk to his bedroom.

“No.” Nic called. Dean stopped, and turned to look at her in confusion. “Look ever since California things have been fucking weird with all three of us alright? I need some time away from the two of you, just as much as you, and Sam need some time to talk.”

“There’s nothing to talk about” Dean shrugged.

“There’s everything to talk about. I know where I stand on all of this, now it’s time for you guys to work it out.”

“Sweetheart, do you really think you should be goin’ on a hunt… solo?”

“Why not? I’ll be fine; honestly I’m feeling better than I have in years.”
“You’re not budging on this are you?” Dean folded his arms.

“Abso – fucking – lutely not.”

Dean sighed. “Fine, fine… looks like I’m stuck on dead language research while you get to go off, and have all the fun.”

Nic chuckled, and pressed a chaste kiss to Dean’s lips. “If you behave while I’m gone, and play nice with your brother, I’ll do that thing you like when I get back.”

“‘You mean actually have sex with me?’” Dean grinned “’Everyone knows the way to a man’s heart is to bribe him with sex!’”

“Actually the fastest way to a man’s heart is through his ribcage” Nic smiled. Dean frowned.

“You’re dark.”

“You love it.”

“Make sure you call when you get there yeah? I wanna know how Cas is doing.”

Nic nodded “Sure thing big guy!”

“Hey did Nic leave?” Sam asked a few hours later walking into the kitchen where Dean was cooking dinner. Kevin was at the table with a plate of untouched food as he kept going through the research.

“Yeah Cas called in with a case, so she went to check it out.”

“Are we sure that was a good idea given the situation?” Sam asked. Dean just threw his spatula
down, and turned to look at Sam arms folded over his chest.

“She can handle herself. She’s not a fucking kid.”

“But man does she have excuses for days about not doing research.” Kevin spoke up.

“Shut up” Sam, and Dean spoke in unison.

“I’m just saying she’s still not fully recovered. And with Cas being in danger…”

“I trust her to take care of herself.” Dean shrugged “Besides uh… this gives you, and me some time to finally talk about what happened in Cali.”

Sam sat up a little straighter, and looked over at Kevin. “Dude… you mind doing your reading in the library.”

Kevin looked up at Sam, then at Dean. “Alright… I can tell when I’m not wanted; let me know when you two are done with the whole man pain thing. I could really use some help with these translations.”

Sam waited until Kevin was out of the room before he looked back over at Dean. “What’s there to talk about anymore?”

“Nic said she knows where she stands on this” Dean began.

“Yeah she wants you, and I to share her.”

“Yeah that’s fucking out of the question.” Dean nodded.

“Is it really though?” Sam asked “I mean this is what she was talking about. That eventually we’d let her come between us, and that’s the last thing she wanted. If there’s a way for all three of us to be happy.”
“She’s not some fucking toy Sam!” Dean snapped “She’s a grown woman, and I love her, and I will not just pawn her off to you whenever you start to feel jealous or horny or whatever man!”

“And you think I don’t love her?” Sam snapped back “That’s what that whole thing in California was about! I was sick of holding it in, like I’ve been holding it in for the last seven fucking years!”

“Seven years?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. And fucking come on Dean, do you think you’d have ever given Nic a second thought if we hadn’t gotten stuck in that stupid closet? I mean did you ever even think of her like that before then?”

Dean looked away, wiping his hand down his face. “Look, I know I wasn’t always the best to her-”

“You made fun of her for her weight.”

“She knows I never really meant it.”

“Does she?”

“I’m not gonna pretend like I’m a saint, cause I know that I was a fucking dick to her in the past, but she fucking gave back better than she got. And don’t try to act like you’re fucking innocent in this Sam. Don’t you fucking remember what you did to her when you were soulless?”

Sam bit the inside of his cheeks and shook his head. “We’re not talking about me right now-”

“Oh so you can throw all my shit in my face, but the second I try to bring up your wrong doings I’ve gone too far?”

“No Dean, cause you’re always throwing my wrong doings back at me, that’s how you’ve always been! You use my crap as an excuse to get away with your crap!”
“That’s not true!”

“That’s absolutely fucking true, and its emotional abuse 101. For years you’ve used my mistakes as reasons to bring me down, or make yourself look better. And I’ve just taken it cause I’m your brother, and you’re all I got, and deep down I think I deserve it, but I only think that because you’ve made me think that!”

“I’m not dad.” Dean growled.

“No, You’re not. Sometimes you’re worse.” With that said Sam stood up, and left the kitchen. Dean looked down at the ground for a moment before he grabbed his untouched bottle of beer on the counter, and whipped it at the wall.

“Hey I’ll take a pack of menthols” Nic grinned at Cas as he stood behind the counter

“Nic? But I thought you were still recovering, I thought you said you’d send Dean.”

“Dean’s a little busy working through some shit with Sam.”

The two looked at each other for a second before nodding their heads, and speaking in unison “The usual.”

“Well regardless Cas, it’s good to see you again.” She smiled as Cas stepped from around the counter to give her a hug.

“It’s good to see you are well too, especially after surviving through the trials.”

She pulled back, and patted his shoulder. “I’m glad you survived yours too.”

Cas sighed, and looked down at himself “Just barely.”
“But you did, and that’s what counts.”

Cas smiled at his young friend. “Ah, so what about the case?”

“It’s definitely a case.” Nic nodded just as a man walked in with some product.

“Hey Steve” The guy smiled pleasantly “Just need you to sign here.”

Cas took the clipboard, and signed his name. Nic gave him an odd look waiting for the beer guy to leave.

“Steve?”

“Dean said I’d have to lie low, find a place to settle for the time being.”

“Yeah man, gas station attendant-”

“Sales associate” Cas corrected.

“Sales associates work in retail, and make commission. This is minimum wage bullshit. By the way, how you doin’ for yourself? You got a place? Motel room at least?”

“I’m doing fine Nic, you don’t have to worry about me.” Cas smiled gently for her, but she didn’t believe him.

“Hey, Steve sorry to interrupt” An older looking blond woman walked over to them. She was pretty Nic noted “But a customer had an accident in the mens room.”

“On it.” Cas nodded. The woman side eyed Nic, but smiled at Cas.
“And seven tonight works for you?”

“I’ll be there.”

“Great!” She walked away, with a large smile on her face.

“Is that what it’s about?” Nic smirked “The woman?”

“What? No! Nora is… she’s very nice. I’m almost positive she’s not a reaper intent on killing me. She asked me out, that’s something humans do right? Dean’s taken you on dates before?”

Nic scoffed “Hell no he hasn’t. But Dean’s a dirt bag eighty-five percent of the time.”

“And the other fifteen?”

“Sometimes he says something, or does something really sweet that reminds me why I like him. Otherwise yeah, he’s a piece of shit. Learn from his mistakes, she seems very nice.”

“Well-”

Castiel was cut off by Nic’s phone going off.

“Agent Natalie Romanova.” She answered “Yeah, I can be there right away.” She hung up, and looked at Cas. “There’s been another victim. You gonna come?”

“I don’t have my powers” Cas sighed.

“So? That’s never stopped me, or the boys.”

“You’re a witch.”
“I don’t practice anymore. I can barely force push a monster away if I have to.”

“You are a hunter” Cas reiterated.

“And you’re in training remember. You need the experience if this is something you’re really gonna do.”

“Dean said I sucked.”

“Dean’s a dick.”

“Alright” Cas finally agreed “My shift ends in five minutes.”

“Great, I’ll meet you at my car.”

“Dean, man come on.” Sam sighed as he followed Dean into the garage. “Nic’s fine on her own; she was right, you, and me have a lot of shit to talk about.”

“No, absolutely not. I’m not gonna fucking stay here, and let you accuse me of being worse than dad. There’s a case, and I’m gonna work it.”

“Well you don’t wanna be like dad, then stop running away from shit like he did. We have to talk about this Dean.”

Dean dropped his bag. “What you wanna write up a share chart? I get Nic Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, you get her Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and we alternate Sundays?” He sneered.

“Dean’s it’s not funny. Cause she was right, we are letting her come between us, and we keep saying that we’re not gonna let anything come between us cause we’re stronger together than we are apart.”
“This is different than all the other shit Sam, this is Nic. I’m not gonna send her away, and I’m not gonna let her leave just because you, and I can’t play nice.”

“Dean she’s the one who suggested we both be with her. It’s what she wants. It’s not like she’s expecting you, and I to have any sort of sexual relationship-”

“Gross. Fucking gross, don’t even think it.”

“Same.” Sam nodded. “But she’s not expecting that of us. She wants you, and I to be with her separately.”

“So what… she wants to be with both of us romantically, emotionally, and sexually, but never with both of us at the same time.”

“As far as I understand what she meant, yes.”

“If, and this is a big fucking if, Sammy; If I agree to this what’s to stop her from leaving one of us to be with the other full time? I’m the jealous type Sam, I don’t share well.”

“It’s a risk we have to take Dean but… for once in my life I wanna be happy, and this is a chance to be happy. This is a chance for all three of us to be happy.”

“I just… I need some time to think about it alright? I’m not saying yes, but…” Dean shook his head, and picked up his bag heading for his room.

“This is bad” Cas sighed as he climbed into Nic’s corvette. “Very bad.”

“You’ve seen this before?” She asked nodding her head back at the school bus turned crime scene.

“It’s a special class of angel called Rit Zien. It’s Enochian for Hands of Mercy; they’re medic
angels who appear on the battlefield to heal the wounded, and help those who are too far gone to move on quickly, and painlessly.”

“By turning them into pink goop?” Nic looked horrified.

“It’s a special kind of smiting. So quick, and powerful that it’s virtually painless.”

“But why is it seeking out humans, and not any of the angels that fell?”

“Distress is like a beacon for it. Any kind. It doesn’t know any better that human beings feeling upset, or discouraged is normal for them. I’ve only just begun to understand human emotions; to this angel, pain is pain.”

“So we have to stop him.” Nic nodded.

“You do” Cas said.

“You’re scared” Nic stated.

Cas sighed “It’s… it’s different now. Everything feels different.”

“Alright… alright for sure.” She nodded “So I’ll uh… take care of this rogue Paladin with the bad Lay on Hands.”

Cas looked at her confused. “I don’t get what Knights Errant would have to do with this but, I know you can get this job done.” Cas smiled reassuringly.

Nic smiled back “Thanks Cas. Now where am I dropping you off?”

Nic crashed into Nora’s house holding an angel blade just as the Rit Zien was about to put its hand
“You get the fuck away from him!” She growled. He smiled, and looked over at her.

“Ah another soul crying out in pain, and… what is that deep inside you.” The angel turned from Cas, and looked right at her. “Brother?”

Cas saw his chance, and yanked the angel blade from the Rit Zien’s hand stabbing it right through the rogue angels heart.

“Cas… why did he call me brother? What’s… what’s inside me?”

Cas just shook his head, as confused as she was. They had the body in the trunk of Nic’s corvette, and the baby safe, and sleeping by the time Nora returned. Nic waited as Cas said goodnight, and got into her car.

“I’m sorry your date was such a bust.”

“Yes well, at least the people of this town are safe now.”

“Always a bright side right Cas?” She smiled.

“And what about you? Where’s your bright side?”

“I’m not sure what you mean”

“You used to have such a light Nic. Even when I met you during the… well during the apocalypse. You still managed to find the bright side, to smile genuinely. You’re not that girl anymore.”

Nic hummed thoughtfully. “I guess I’m not. The world really takes a lot out of you sometimes” She sighed, “Especially doin’ the trials. It’s all just finally taken a toll on me I guess. I’m just… tired.”
The rest of the drive was spent in silence as Nic finally pulled into the parking lot of the Gas N Sip.

“I know it seems tough right now Cas, but you’re adapting. You’re a good human, and I’m proud of you.”

Cas smiled, and nodded. “Thank you Nic. It’s good to see that you’re well, and to know that Sam, and Dean are doing well also.”

“Yeah so whatever you decide to do, you know we’re with you one hundred percent. Just… make sure to call to check in more often, instead of leaving us all worry about you.”

“I promise.” Cas assured.

“See you around dude.”

“See you around.” The car door slammed shut, and Nic waited until Cas was safe inside the gas station before she started the drive home.

“So it’s irreversible?” Nic asked as Dean led her into the library.

“Unfortunately yeah.”

“And Crowley was able to translate the dead language that Kevin translated the tablet to?”

“Shocking I know.”

“And he wasn’t lying?”
“Even we didn’t know what ingredients the spell required.” Sam called. Nic nodded.

“How was everything else while I was gone?”

Sam, and Dean shared a looked.

“Good” Dean responded first “Me, and Sammy had a good talk. Right?”

“Right” Sam nodded, tight smile flashing on his face for only a moment.

“We talked about what you said, about the whole… all three of us being able to be happy thing.”

“What do you mean?” Nic asked.

“Remember when you talked to me about the possibility of Dean, and I… sharing you?” Sam asked. Nic nodded, not sure she liked where this conversation was heading.

“I’m not sure how it will work out, but… it’s something I’m willing to try” Dean said. She looked at him shocked.

“Really?”

“Really. Sam was right I was… I was letting you come between us, and I know that that’s the last thing you ever wanted. So if this is what it takes to keep you from leaving, and if you’re really sure all three of us can be happy this way… I will try.” Dean nodded, looking at Sam for a moment, and then looking back at Nic. “For all our sakes.”
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

A new hunt, a new city. But just their luck, they manage to stay at the only haunted motel in the city.

Chapter Notes

This chapters mostly porn, which I kinda feel like I owed you guys since it's been like ten chapters without any kind of smut

Nic groaned at the blaring alarm clock, and rubbed her face into his broad, warm chest.

“I gotta get up” Sam chuckled.

“No you don’t” She gripped his t-shirt “You can stay right here, for one morning, and sleep in with me.”

“I think you can survive. Besides, Dean’s in the bed right over. If you’re still tired sleep with him.” Sam chuckled, and got up heading for the motel bathroom. Nic sighed, and pushed the blankets back. Dean was sound asleep on his back, mouth hanging open as he snored softly. She pulled his blankets back, and slid in next to Dean. Immediately his arm wrapped around her shoulders pulling him in close to her.

“You don’t know what you’re missin’ Sam.” Dean called, eyes still closed, just on the verge of falling back asleep.

“I think I’ll manage” Sam called as he closed the door. Nic fell back asleep to the sound of the shower running, and Deans soft snoring in the dark motel room. Sounds of home.

When Nic woke up again, a few hours later both the brothers are gone, and the motel room is weirdly silent. She found a note for her on Dean’s side of the bed.
Went with Sam to get some supplies for the drive home, we’ll be back by noon at the latest, have to head to a hunter supply shop to fill up on ingredients for your hex bags, and spells.

She smiled *At least they left a note for once*, she thought to herself. She headed for the shower dropping her clothes as she went. Ever since both brothers had agreed to be with her she’d become more comfortable, and confident with her body. She was learning that she didn’t need to be the skinny model to be loved, because her boys loved her just the way she was. Rolls, cellulite, stretch marks and all.

Stepping out of the shower with a towel around her hair she walked into the room naked, water still running down her body. She’d have thought she’d imagined the temp drop; they always kept the room as cold as possible. Sam sweated too much. But she could see her breath, and the lights flickered.

“Shit!” She hissed, reaching for the shot gun in Dean’s open duffle. She cocked it just in time for a spirit to show. She fired off a round, and the door slammed open.

“Sweetheart!” Dean’s eyes zeroed in on her “What the hell?”

“Motel’s haunted.” She threw the shot gun on the bed as the temperature finally seemed to reset.

“Well that’s one hell of a welcome home” Sam smirked as he came in carrying plastic bags.

Dean, and Nic both looked down at the same time, finally realizing how naked she was. Nic yelped, and yanked the towel off her head to cover her body.

“What’s the point?” Dean smirked “Seen it all before… love to see it every time.”

“Yeah well, you have the front door open, and the whole world has a fucking view of my tits so…”

Dean slammed the door closed, his smirk growing. “Now they can’t see shit” Dean made it over to her as Sam moved about the room getting the stuff in the bags put away. He grabbed her hips, and
pulled her close, grinding his crotch against her.

“Dean, Sam’s still in the room.”

“So? Who doesn’t like a little free live porn?”

“In a haunted motel room? I don’t fucking think so.” Nic pushed him away, and fished out her clothes from her duffle.

“Can I at least watch you get dressed?” Dean asked pitifully. He hadn’t gotten any in over a week now. He’d learned that while Nic did very much enjoy sex, she wasn’t as overly sexual as Dean was. She didn’t feel like she needed it every single day. Once in a week was enough to get her by, and Dean had gotten her last week, which meant this week it was Sam’s turn. Dean sighed at the prospect of two week’s worth of blue balls.

“That’s kinda the opposite of what you typically want, but also no.” Nic said as she closed the door to the bathroom.

Sam chuckled quietly.

“What’s so funny nerd?”

“Nothing man just… you’re a lot more comfortable with this then I ever thought you’d be.” Sam shrugged. “I mean offering to have sex with Nic, and let me watch? That’s a whole new level for either of us; and last I checked, I was the kinky one.”

“I dunno man, Nic’s pretty kinky.”

Sam scoffed “You’re telling me. My ass will never be the same.”

“Did she use the strap on with you?” Dean asked. He felt almost offended. He’d bought the damn thing for Nic, and she still hadn’t even tried to use it with him.
It was at just that moment that the bathroom door opened, and Nic emerged wearing the usual garb of black skinny jeans, and a flannel shirt. Honestly there was nothing sexier, Dean thought.

Nic brushed long wet hair over her back as she pulled her socks on. “Well we can’t leave yet. Place is fuckin’ haunted.” Nic sighed. Dean groaned. They’d just finished a long grueling hunt that had gone on for almost three weeks now as they tried to flush out a ghoul.

“It’s always just one thing after another” Dean flopped down on his bed, and sighed. Nic smiled, and laid down next to him on her stomach.

“I know Dean, it sucks ass.” She patted her hand on his soft belly, and was rewarded with a rumbling purr sound from his chest.

“Are you two gonna lay there all day or are you gonna help me with research? I wanna get home just as much as you two do.” Sam called from the kitchenette table.

“I’ll get lunch, you guys get started.” Dean was out the door before either could say anything.

“Every fucking time you say the word research, he does this.” Nic frowned at Sam.

“I don’t know why I haven’t learned my lesson yet.” Sam sighed as he finally opened his web browser.

Dean came back to the motel with two bags of food to find Nic sitting in Sam’s lap with her black bra on show, and the flannel she’d been wearing pushed down her shoulders. Sam’s hand was in her open jeans, and Dean willed the jealousy away. There was no reason to be jealous when they both got the same exact thing. Nic at least had the decency to look embarrassed.

“You gonna watch, or are you gonna go, cause we’re a little busy here Dean.” Sam huffed. He hated being interrupted more than anything. Sam turned his attention back on Nic’s neck where he’d been busy sucking a mark. The door clicked shut.

“Finally” Sam grumbled, fingers moving towards Nic’s entrance again, sinking one in to her tight wet heat. She sighed above him, and fuck did Sam love that noise.
“You like what Sammy does to you Sweetheart?”

Both hunters jumped, and looked over at the door where Dean was toeing his boots off.

“You must cause just this morning you said you wouldn’t have sex in a haunted motel room.” He dropped his jacket on the bed as he sat down, eyes watching them intently.

“Show me how much you love what Sammy does to you.”

Nic was frozen, face flushed red. She looked to Sam for confirmation that this was in fact happening, and he just smirked. She looked over to Dean, and he was wearing the same expression on his face.

“I… I thought you said that this is something you guys wouldn’t do.” Nic’s voice was small.

“We said Sam, and me wouldn’t touch each other. We never said anything about watching.” Dean noticed how uncomfortable Nic seemed, “But if this is something you don’t want to do Sweetheart, we don’t have to.”

“This is as much your choice, as it is our choice” Sam spoke. She looked at Sam, and he smiled so gently.

“This is something you two are really comfortable with doing?”

“He’s my brother” Dean said “There ain’t any part of him that I haven’t seen before. And in all honesty Sweetheart… you aren’t the first girl we’ve shared. You’re just the first we’ve been in a relationship with at the same time.”

Nic took a deep shaking, breath “You know me” Her smile more confident than she felt “I’ll try anything once.”

“That’s our girl” Dean smirked “Sammy why don’t you move her over to the bed?”
Sam gripped the back of Nic’s thighs and stood, keeping her held tight to his waist. She tried not to make a noise, but every time Sam lifted her like it was nothing it not only turned her on more than she wanted to think about, but it scared the shit out of her because Sam was the only person that ever had tried lifting her, and she didn’t want him to hurt himself doing it.

Sam dropped her on the bed, and then she saw it. The shift from sweet, caring Sam to totally dominant, and in charge Sam. He pulled her pants, and underwear down in one swift motion. Sam got down on his knees at the foot of the bed, and gripped Nic’s ankles quickly pulling her down the bed, and putting her knees over his shoulders. Nic’s hand immediately gripped the hair at the top of Sam’s head, and they looked at each other for a moment. Sam growled as Nic tugged his hair sharply, and then his mouth was on her.

“Oh fuck Sam!” Nic cried out as he tongued her clit, and sunk his index finger into her cunt. He carried on like that until he had Nic right at the edge, and begging him for it; just like he liked her. Sam pulled away, a smirk on his face, as Nic laid on the bed breathing raggedly, thighs twitching, the flush from her face had crept down her chest.

“You just gonna leave our girl hangin’ Sammy?” Dean asked from beside them; his voice was low, and when Nic looked at him his eyes were dark, and lust blown, and he was palming himself through his jeans, not having quite worked up the courage to pull himself out yet. “That’s just rude.”

“See” Nic panted, still trying to regain her composure “Dean thinks it’s rude too.”

Sam glared at his brother. “You get to have Nic your way, and I have her my way.”

“And sometimes I have you my way, or did you forget about the strap on?”

“I knew it!” Dean cried “I knew it!”

Nic chuckled, and smirked at Dean “What? You jealous I used it with Sam first?”

“No!” Dean protested too quickly, flush creeping on to his face “I just…”

Nic just laughed, and looked back at Sam. “We gonna get this show on the road? Cause fuck if you haven’t accomplished what you set out to do.”
Sam grinned, and climbed on top of the bed hovering over Nic. “And what would that be?”

“Turning me into a horny wreck” Nic grabbed Sam’s face, and pulled him into another kiss. Sam growled again when Nic nipped at his bottom lip, and swiped her tongue into his mouth. Sam pulled away grudgingly, and sat back on his heels looking at Nic.

“Fuck you’re gorgeous” He sighed as he reached for the buttons on his own flannel. Next came Sam’s pants, and then he was naked before Nic his cock heavy, and hard between them just starting to drop precum. Sam grabbed Nic’s thighs, and quickly wrapped her legs around his waist slotting his cock right against her slit, but not going in. Nic whined.

“Damnit Sam, just fuck me, please!” She begged bucking her hips. Sam steadied her instantly, not want her to end this before he’d had a chance to really start.

“I don’t know Nic. Do you think you’ve earned it?”

“Oh fuck you” She groaned, head falling back against the pillows.

“Do you think she’s earned it Dean?” Sam looked over at his brother. Dean didn’t know how to answer; he knew his brother like it rough, and liked to hold girls down. He didn’t know that lurking behind the sweet Sam exterior was this.

“Don’t make the poor girl beg Sam.” Dean finally answered.

“But the begging is the best part, Nic makes such pretty noises, and knows just the right things to say.” Sam looked back at Nic, eyes half lidded “Don’t you?”

“Sam please fuck me!” She whined “Please, please, please!”

“You’re gonna have to do better than that, say all those things you say to me so Dean can hear you, can hear just how bad you want it; how bad you always want it.” Sam growled gripping his cock, and sinking just the head into Nic before he pulled back out; she practically screamed in frustration.
“I want your cock Sam!” Nic finally gave in, face burning red “I want your cock in me, I want to feel you for days after you’re done with me; please I just need you to fuck me!”

“That’s it” Sam smirked sliding in in one hard thrust that practically knocked the breath out of Nic. His pace was fast, and hard, and his thumb was rubbing her clit, wanting to get Nic over that edge quickly. It didn’t take long, and Sam had to remember to breathe when her walls clenched him, trying to milk his cock.

“Fuck!” Nic cried when Sam didn’t stop, his thumb still on her oversensitive clit. Sam finally pulled out, still hard, and aching. He flipped Nic on the bed so that she laid sideways facing Dean, giving him the perfect view of her cleavage. Sam pushed her shirt up over her ass pooling it in the small of her back. He pulled the back of her thighs right against him, and wasted no time reentering her. Nic closed her eyes, and cried out, arms shaking as she tried to hold herself up.

Dean still wasn’t sure what to do with himself at this point. He was hard, and fuck he wanted to jerk off, but he wasn’t sure if that was crossing the line; but maybe crossing the line had been agreeing to watch his brother have sex with their shared girlfriend. Sam grabbed both of Nic’s arms and pushed her face down into the bed while he held her wrists together tight at the small of her back. Dean watched for a moment as she rocked back, and forth into Sam’s thrusts, mouth hanging open as the prettiest gasps, and moans left her mouth.

“Shit” Dean growled, finally making his decision. He stood up, and unbuckled his belt, pulling himself out, and hissing as the cold air of the room hit his overheated flesh. He stood at the edge of the bed, and lifted Nic’s head to look at him. “Open up Sweetheart.”

Nic’s eyes widened, and Sam stopped completely. Neither had anticipated Dean going this far.

“Or is Sammy gonna have to make you open up for me?” Dean asked, usual cocky smirk on his face. Sam’s other hand went from Nic’s hip to her throat, holding her head up for Dean.

“You don’t want to make me force you to open your mouth for him.” Sam whispered in her ear. Nic shuddered, and felt her heart skip a beat, and start beating faster. She really hadn’t expected this today; not that she’d changed her mind. It was just more intense then she’d been prepared for. She finally opened her mouth, and let Dean push his cock in. The length, and thickness of it in her mouth was uncomfortable to start, but once Dean started rocking gently, giving Nic a chance to work her tongue there was nothing she wanted more. Until Sam started moving again. Sam’s powerful thrusts, and hand on her throat kept her stuck in place, her body being rocked between the two brothers like she was nothing more than just their toy to use, and fuck that idea shouldn’t have been as much of a turn on as it was but she felt herself clench around Sam.
“You like this Nic?” Sam growled in her ear. “Being stuck between me, and Dean with nowhere to go, no way to get away?”

She whined around Dean’s cock in her mouth, and he just groaned at the vibrations it sent through him.

“You gonna come again Sweetheart?” Dean asked, her eyes shifted up to him, and she nodded as best she could “Good, cause I wanna see you come again.”

Sam started thrusting with renewed vigor, practically knocking the breath out of Nic; her airway already restricted now she was barely able to get in any air. She came hard just as she started to see black spots in her vision. Sam was first to follow after, pulling out, and jerking himself to completion, coming across her ass. Dean was about to pull out when Nic finally seemed to come out of her haze, and finished Dean herself.

“Fuck!” Dean cried gripping the hair at the back of her head. He finally pulled his softening cock out, and fell back on his bed just panting. Nic reached for the tissues on the night stand, and spit into it, and dropped the wad in the garbage.

“I thought you swallowed.” Sam said from his spot leaning against the headboard.

“No. Semen is disgusting which is why I ask you guys to not come in me. It’s more of a mess than I want to deal with.”

Dean shrugged “Fair enough.”

The blissful post orgasmic haze was broken by a piercing scream from the room above theirs. All three looked up.

“Real talk” Nic said “I forgot for a little bit there that this place was haunted.”

“Shit!” Dean yelled quickly tucking himself back into his pants, and grabbing his sawed off heading out the door. Sam was quick on his heels, jerking his jeans up, and at least having the decency to grab his flannel, and throw it on. Nic groaned.
“And of course I have the longest clean up.”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Things finally reach that tipping point.

Chapter Notes

I had a rough time with this chapter. Also I'm gonna finish out season 9 on this fic, and then end it there, and more likely than not pick it back up at the start of season 10 in a new fic. Also there is no continuation to chapter 16. It was literally just porn.

“Four agents? Doesn’t that seem like a little much?” The Sherriff asked as the trio stepped up to the bar.

“Four?” Nic asked in confusion, but also a feeling of dread. It could an actual agent, it could be other hunters, most of which none of the three of them had a good relationship with since most of them still blamed Sam, and Dean for the apocalypse which made Nic guilty by association.

“Yeah he’s inside. Like I told him, we’re getting the bodies out of here, y’all knock yourselves out with the crime scene. It’s a doozy.”

The Sherriff walked away, and Dean shook his head.

“What’s his problem?”

“I dunno, but I think we might have more of a problem to be concerned about since there’s a fourth agent.” Nic frowned.

“I don’t think we need to worry too much.” Sam smiled as he headed inside. Nic looked in, and shook her head. Dean followed in, and walked up to Sam, clapping the other ‘agent’ on the shoulder.
“Well this is… certainly a development I didn’t see coming” Cas said watching as Sam slid his arm around Nic’s shoulder. “I thought you, and Dean were…”

“Well now me, Sam, and Dean are…”

“Wow. Well like I told you all those months ago, polyamory is perfectly natural.” Cas smiled. She would’ve laughed if the thought hadn’t been so absurd. A fallen angel telling them that polyamory was natural, and more or less didn’t care that God’s word was “One man, and One woman.” Not “one woman, and two male models who she totally doesn’t deserve”.

“Hey, hey lets… lets not talk about it okay?” Dean sighed even as his hand sat heavy on Nic’s thigh rubbing up, and down comfortably. “Somethings are drinking conversation, and some things aren’t.”

“Touchy, touchy” Nic shook her head, and placed a gentle kiss on Dean’s cheek. She would’ve believed him more too if he hadn’t practically leaned into her touch like a cat looking for the world’s best cheek scratch.

“Thank you for letting me come out with you guys.” Cas said, and Nic could see the glaze in his eyes. Lucky bastard. One beer, and he was shitfaced.

“Of course Cas. You’re family.” Sam nodded. Cas smiled then, the first real smile she’d seen from him in a long time.

“I’ll get us some more beer!” Cas finally decided, and chugged the rest of his. He barely managed to make it off his stool, only stumbling once before he reached the bar.

“He’s as bad as Garth.” Nic shook her head.

“Worse” Dean said.
“Why do they keep sending us the lightweights? It’s like nobody knows how to party anymore” Nic sighed.

“Oh?” Dean quirked an eyebrow at her.

“Is that something you were?” Sam asked, all dimples. “A partier?”

“In high school. More or less once I hit twenty-one alcohol lost all appeal for me. Besides I had more important things to focus on rather than get shitfaced every other night.”

“Like what?” Dean asked.

“You two.”

She felt like she was reliving the same day over, and over. She couldn’t really remember the last time she’d left the bunker. They’d gone out to that bar with Cas, and honestly… that was it. It was like she was stuck on never ending research duty, broken periodically by Dean, and Sam interrupting it with either help, or words of encouragement, or kisses. But neither brother seemed to actively seek her, or her attention out.

More like she thought of them, and then they showed up to pay attention to her for a while. It felt… surreal.

“This is the kind of domestic crap you dream about?”

Her head turned sharply, and she saw Crowley standing right there in the library.

“What the-”

“Don’t worry Kitten. I’m here to help.” He assured.
“Sam! Dean!” She screamed.

“Poughkeepsie.”

Nic stopped dead hand twitching as it hovered over the demon killing blade. When had it gotten there?

“How do you know that word?”

“Dean said it was your go word. Drop everything, and run.” Crowley sighed “Let me make this quick Kitten. You’ve been possessed by an angel. And he’s got you locked away in some dark little corner of your mind.”

“And I’m supposed to believe that?”

Crowley picked Dean’s gun off the counter, and unloaded the clip into Nic’s chest. She finally opened her eyes, and looked down. No pain, no blood, not even bullet holes.

“See? Not real. I know how possession works Nic. Kind of my forte” Crowley rolled his hand over his body, and Nic had to wonder just who the body had belonged to before he’d possessed it. “You’ve seen everything this angel has seen. Even if you don’t remember; but I need you to remember.”

Nic closed her eyes, and suddenly was assaulted with images of her in a hospital bed, talking with Sam, and Dean in a motel room, defeating the Nereid. Kevin-

“Did I kill Kevin?” She whispered.

“Not you. The angel. You need to take control Nic, blow it up, get angry, be the bitch I know you are, and cast this punk ass holy roller out!” Crowley yelled slamming his fists on the wooden table.

“Oh shit.” Nic sighed seeing a fairly attractive man standing in the doorframe.

“Hello Nikita.”

“Who the hell are you?” She demanded.

“Gadreel. The original chump. He’s the one who let the garden get corrupted you know.” Crowley smirked leaning back against the table.

“Wow. I’m honored that I got to be possessed by such a celebrity.” Nic smiled tightly.

“I am a chump no longer.” Gadreel growled “But you Demon. You are a coward; why are you still here?”

Crowley lunged first, landing a solid punch on Gadreel’s face, but the tides turned quickly leaving Crowley pinned beneath Gadreel as the angel wailed on the demon.

“What are you waiting for Nic? Cast him out!” Crowley yelled taking another punch to the face.

“Get out!” Nic screamed reaching for Gadreel only to be force pushed back.

“Are you sure about that? I’ve been healing you for weeks. Are you sure that I’m not the only thing holding you together?” Gadreel sneered. Nic felt her anger rise, and focused on that strength. This thing had used her, had been using her. Another decision had been taken away from her, and made for her. She had been seen as weak, as something that needed to be protected, as something that couldn’t take care of herself.

“I said” She began calmly, and threw her hands out focusing on the thrum of magic under her fingertips waiting to burst out in force “Get. The fuck. Out!”

Gadreel slammed into the wall hard, and Nic was in his face. “I don’t like repeating myself” She hissed. And suddenly he was gone.
“We’ll have to do the healing in stages, and it will take time” Castiel said lowering his hand from Nic’s forehead “But you will recover.”

“Thank you” She mumbled.

“Of course” Cas smiled “Do you feel any better?”

“Better now that I’m me again.” Nic nodded, and looked over at the brothers. Both of them gave her pained looks, and approached her hesitantly, and she knew this was going to be it. The big fight she didn’t want.

“Nic-”

“No.” She stopped Sam before he could even start. He was good at that, the whole emotions thing, and how to work through them in an almost healthy manner. She didn’t want that right now. Right now she just wanted to be angry. “You lied to me, and you tricked me” She looked at Dean.

“I’m sorry.” Was all he said.

“Is that really all you have to say for yourself?” Nic glared at him.

“Then let me hear it” Dean threw his hands up in defeat. “Say everything I’ve heard you say about me a million times before. I’m a dick, I’m a piece of shit, I’m a liar, I don’t deserve you! Let me have it, be angry Nic, fucking hit me, kick me, stab me! I don’t care because the only that matters, the only thing that’s ever mattered is that you’re alive!”

“I was ready to die” Nic responded so quickly, all three of them did a double take. “I… I was. I was ready, and you took that choice away from me, you made a decision for me. You treated me like an object, not a person!”

“I made a decision to keep you alive” Dean pleaded “I couldn’t let you die. I couldn’t. That isn’t
“It doesn’t matter that that’s who you are Dean. You betrayed me, you betrayed my trust, you’ve betrayed everything our relationship is built off! I... I can barely stand to look at you right now.”

“Sweetheart” He reached out to her, but she jerked back from him the second his fingers brushed her jacket covered shoulder.

“Don’t touch me! Don’t you fucking touch me ever again, you lost that right!” She screamed.

“Nic-” Sam began again but was interrupted by Nic.

“Don’t try to defend him, don’t even try to defend yourself. You lied to me too Sam! You are just as guilty in this as he is; you helped him keep this a secret from me” Nic shook her head brushing her long red hair back from her forehead “I expect lies from Dean... but I thought you were better than that.”

Nic took a few steps back from the brothers, and paced for a moment, her hands at her temples keeping her hair pushed back off her face. She stopped dead.

“Oh God Kevin” She wailed, and bent over hands on her knee’s. Regardless of how much time they spent arguing over texts, and translations, and everything else he had been the best friend she’d had in a long while. It helped that they were closer in age (albeit her being Kevin’s senior by almost eight years), but it didn’t matter. Her friend wasn’t home to go back to. She wouldn’t have a listening ear, and a shoulder to cry on.

“That’s not your fault” Sam said.

“That’s on me, his blood is on my hands, and I will burn for that” Dean said. Nic looked to both the brothers, tears glistening in her eyes.

“Is that all you can think of? How everything is supposedly your fault? I know I didn’t kill Kevin. That was Gadreel. I’m crying – mourning – because Kevin was my friend, he was family, and you don’t get to use him as an excuse like that.”
“I’m going to find Gadreel” Dean finally said, “And I am going to kill that son of a bitch. But I’ll do it alone.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Nic just shook her head at him.

“Can’t you see it?” Dean asked “I’m… I’m poison Nic. Everyone around me ends up dead or worse. I – I try to tell myself that I do more good than bad, I save more people than I hurt but…”

“Then go” Nic said. “You think I’m really gonna try to stop you after all this?”

Dean’s face fell “Sweetheart-”

“Go. But don’t go thinking that that’s the reason why I’m letting you walk away. Because it’s not.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dean asked confused.

“Just go.” She looked at Sam “And you better go with him.”

“Nic c’mon” Sam tried to plead.

“I can’t fucking stand to look at you either right now. So you go with him, or you go somewhere, but you’re not going back to the bunker. I don’t want either of you even thinking about coming home until you have a real fucking apology for me.”

Nic was left alone on the bridge with Cas that night. She sighed, her shoulders sagging in defeat as she finally climbed into the front of Cas’s Continental.

“T’m digging the pimp mobile” She said, a smile not quite reaching her eyes.

“Don’t you think you were a little harsh?” Cas asked.
“They betrayed me. They hurt me. They built our relationship on a lie… a little harshness was more than deserved.”

“But you love them.”

“More than I could ever hate them.”

“You didn’t tell them that.” Cas pointed out.

“Because they don’t deserve to hear me say it.” Nic said. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore.”

Cas nodded, and started driving.

Nic stared out the window, and tried not to think about the empty home, and the cold beds she was going back to.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

A reconciliation of sorts.

Chapter Notes

yo if you guys want feel free to follow me on tumblr at deansbrave. Feel free to send me messages, and questions about Tight Squeeze there if you want!!

“How’s it all lookin’ Cas?” Nic asked. It had been three weeks since she’d been freed of her possession, and two since Sam had come home begging Nic to forgive him. She hadn’t forgiven him, but she’d let him back in. Now she was just waiting on Dean, but she knew that would mean playing the waiting game. Dean would suffer for months before he finally cracked.

“Much improved.” Cas assured pulling his hand from her abdomen. “Only a few more sessions, and you should be back to normal. But I do recommend bed rest, and actually sleeping.”

Nic looked away, trying to ignore Sam’s presence in the room as her next words came out.

“It’s not easy to sleep alone anymore.”

“May I suggest-” Cas was cut off by a glare from Nic. She wouldn’t forgive that easily

Another week later Sam came home from a hunt with Dean. She didn’t even look at him.

It took Dean just over twenty-four hours to crack. Nic was surprisingly shocked.

There was a soft knock on her door that afternoon, and she knew it was him the second he stood outside her door. Sam was a lot quieter. Dean waited a moment for a response, and knocked again. This time he opened the door a crack, and peeked around to make sure she was in the bedroom.
“Sweetheart, do you mind if I come in?”

Nic’s response was to flip the page of her book, and turn her music up just a little louder. Dean closed the door behind him, and sat on the edge of the bed.

“I know you don’t want to talk to me but will you at least look at me?”

When Dean didn’t get an answer he wanted he put his hand over her book, and then Nic saw it. The mark on his arm.

“What’s that?” She asked.

Dean covered it, and looked away.

“Dean, what did you do?” She asked, her voice sharp, scolding.

“It’s going to help me eighty-six Abaddon for good, and Gadreel too for that matter.”

Nic stared at him hard for a moment before she spoke. “You’re fucking stupid.”

Dean pulled back, a confused look on his face.

“Nic.” Sam called opening her door “Cas is here.”

Nic put her book down, and got off the bed. “Coming” She said.

“How’re you feeling today?” Cas asked as Nic laid down on the exam table. She shrugged.
“Tired, like usual, but uh… less fatigued I guess. More of just a general mental tiredness.”

“Any particular reason?” Cas asked. Again Nic tried to ignore the brothers presence in the room, but they liked to hover.

“Not really sure to be honest.” She shrugged. She knew that Cas knew she was lying, but she didn’t care.

“Well let’s get started then. Hopefully you’ll feel better after this session.” Cas smiled. Nic laid back. The feeling of being healed was hard to explain. Cas was more or less pushing his Grace into her body, letting it thread through her. It was like tiny spindles crawling over her skin, not in the ants crawling on your skin kind of way, more like a gentle feather light touch.

The feel of the energy itself healing was even more different. It felt like molten light was being poured into her body, and just settling in areas. Like in her stomach it felt white hot, but not painful; just shy of uncomfortable.

Nic almost didn’t realize the session was over until she was being carried to her room by Dean. She looked up at him, and frowned.

“Wha’ happened?” She slurred, still feeling tired.

“You fell asleep while Cas was healing you. Didn’t have the heart to wake you.” Dean opened the door to Nic’s room, and laid her down on her bed.

“’Kay.” She pushed her blanket back, and climbed under, laying on her stomach, and facing away from Dean.

“Sweetheart…” Dean began. But her breathing was already even, she was out like a light. Dean just sighed, and brushed her long hair over her back. “I love you.”

He leaned in, and placed a kiss on top of her head.
Nic laid there for just a moment, trying to reign herself in. She wouldn’t let herself break over something as simple as an ‘I love you’. Even if it had been the first time Dean had said it.

“Where are you headed?” Sam asked, trying for his part to seem casual. Nic looked up from her phone.

“Taking my car to the shop. She needs an oil change, and I think something might be up with my ball joints.”

“Might be time to get a new car.” Sam suggested “I know how you like PT Cruisers.”

Nic sighed dreamily. “I do like PT Cruisers.”

“Why didn’t you ask me to take care of it?” Dean asked from his seat at the library table.

“Because it’s not your problem.” Nic shrugged.

“Oh come on. Just cause you’re pissed off doesn’t mean that you can’t ask me to help you.”

“Yes it does Dean.” Nic said, “Because I don’t want, or need anything from you.”

She left the room before he could say anything, and headed for the garage. She got into her car, and fiddled with the auxiliary cord, and her radio for a moment before finally turning her music from her phone on.

The door passenger door opened as she turned the car on.

“Turn it off.” Dean grunted.

“No, I’m goin’ to town.” Nic argued.
“Nic, c’mon dude, just lemme take a look alright? I can save you time, and money.” Dean assured.

Nic sighed, and turned the ignition off. Dean smiled slightly, and closed the door. Nic climbed out, and glared at the older Winchester.

“What exactly are the problems?” Dean asked rounding the front to pop the hood of her corvette.

“She definitely needs an oil change, I’m well over three thousand.”

“How over?”

“Five thousand.”

“Nic” Dean sighed.

“I know, I don’t take care of my car.”

“Yeah, and if you keep up not taking care of this one, we really will need to get you a new car.”

“I do want a PT Cruiser.” Nic said thoughtfully.

“I will not let you buy a mini hearse.”

“But that’s why I want it. It looks like a mini hearse!”

“We can shop around later” Dean shook his head, “But there will be no mini hearses in my garage.” He kneeled down by the wheel well, and pulled out his phone to shine the flashlight to get a better look.
“Oh yeah.” Dean said “Your caliper looks like shit on this side. It’s worn down, and grinding.”

“That would explain the bad breaking.” Nic agreed. “And it makes like really bad clunking noises, and the front end vibrates.”

“Then yeah, your ball joints are also shit.”

“How much to fix that?”

“Well if I do it, about five hundred. If you take it to a mechanic about a thousand, if not more.”

“Well would that be the best option?” Nic asked leaning against her baby.

“The best option would be to buy a new car. We can replace the ball joints, and the calipers, but it’s not a permanent fix, cause I know how you take care of your car. We’d just end up back here in another six months.”

Nic nodded silently. Dean looked at her, and the faraway look on her face. He sighed.

“Nic I know you hate me now, and everything, but I just need you to know that I don’t want you to leave. The Bunker is your home too.”

“Dean-”

“I never meant to hurt you the way I did, I never wanted to hurt you. You’ve been such a big part of my life for the last eight years, and I just… I never wanted to lose you. Even if that meant going against what you wanted. It was selfish of me.”

Nic walked over to Dean, and grabbed his face, forcing him to look up at her.

“I don’t hate you Dean. I could never hate you. I’ll always love you more than I could ever hate you. Our relationship had been changed, a lot, and not necessarily for the better, but I still love you.”
“Does that mean you forgive me?” Dean asked hopefully, hands covering hers.

“No. It’s gonna be a long time before I can forgive you for what happened, but that apology is a step in the right direction. That apology was all I wanted.” Nic leaned in, and placed a gentle kiss on Dean’s lips. He returned the kiss just as gently, not wanting to push his luck.

“I love you too.” She said pulling away.

“You heard me?” Dean asked, a wry smile on his face.

“Of course I did.”

Dean smiled gently, and rubbed the back of his neck, finally he looked back up at her. “I love you, Nic Remington.”

“And I love you too Dean Winchester.”

Dean stood up, and pulled Nic into another kiss. This one more heated, and demanding as Dean swiped his tongue through Nic’s mouth. She pushed him back, and smirked at him.

“But that doesn’t mean you get to touch me. You, and Gorilla Hands gotta keep your hands to yourself until I’m ready to go back to that with either of you.”

Dean groaned, and Nic kept going, that smirk still on her face.

“And man you are gonna suffer. I’m gonna make sure you know every day what you’re missing out on because you fucked up.”

“You can’t do that to a man!” Dean practically whined. “I suffered through eight years of perpetual blue balls with you; I can’t take anymore.”
“Get used to it.” Nic said, slapping Dean’s ass before she turned to walk away.

“Oh!” She called stopping, and turning to look back at Dean “You, and your brother are gonna buy me a new car FYI. I want a PT Cruiser.”

Dean shook his head as the door to the garage slammed shut.

“Whatever you want Sweetheart. Whatever you want.”
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

A little trip to the spa

Chapter Notes

Straight up NSFW in this chapter a little solo Sam/Nic action

“He had the fat sucked out of him” Dean said finishing a sentence Nic didn’t hear the beginning of as she entered the kitchen in her panties, and a t-shirt. Now that the boys were back, and earning their places with her back she felt revenge was in order, and that was dressing as sexy as she could manage, and let both the assholes know exactly what they were missing out on.

“Got a case?” Nic asked as she pulled the fridge open, and bent over searching for the orange juice. She knew the silence that followed her question was because both sets of eyes were glued to her ass. She finally stood upright holding the carton, and looked at the brothers.

“Well?”

“Right, right, yeah. 300 pound man shrunk to 90 right before he died.”

“That definitely sounds like a case” Nic agreed, opening the carton, and drinking straight from it, tilting her head back so her chest popped just so, so that the boys could see the length of her neck. She heard a distinctly Sam like groan. Of course he’d be the first to break. Dean was always too guilty to cave first. And since he’d gotten that mark on his arm he was different than the Dean she knew.

He was darker, angrier. Just different then what she knew. She wanted her Dean back.

“I’ll get my shit together, you guys should too, and we can hit the road.” Nic put the orange juice back in the fridge.
Both brothers watched her go, and they knew that the exaggerated sway in Nic’s hips was just for them.

“She’s trying to kill us.” Dean shook his head.

“What do you mean trying?” Sam asked “We both know she’s gonna be the death of us some day.”

“With her thighs around my head? Yeah man that’s the way I wanna go too.” Dean agreed.

After meeting with Sherriff Donna Hanscum, and investigating the gym the latest victim had died at led them to Canyon Valley. While the boys, and all their muscles, and fit bodies could get themselves jobs in there Nic had to take a slightly different approach. She let the girl at the front desk swipe her fake credit card for an amount she didn’t even want to think about to get her into the place.

“I’ll show you to your room.” She smiled cheerily. Nic smiled back strained. As the girl led her down the hallway she saw Sam, and Dean being led in the opposite direction of her.

“So what exactly is it that you’ve checked in for?” The girl asked.

“I’m sorry?” Nic replied.

“Is it a family reunion, or a wedding? Most girls around your age check in for stuff like that.” She shrugged.

“Uh yeah… my wedding actually. My boyfriends a personal trainer, says he loves me the way that I am, but I wanna feel better about myself.” Nic was more than a little surprised by the own truth in her words. She’d never been, and probably never would be the skinny model type, and she’d grown to be comfortable in her own body, but it could be rather discouraging when she’d go shopping for new clothes, trying to find something nice to wear to show off to the boys only to find that the things in her size were always blocky, or patterned, or oversized.

“Well don’t worry. By the end of the week you’ll be getting in that dress no problem!” The girl
grinned, and stopped in front of a door. “Here we are, and here’s your schedule.”

Nic took the paper, and the key, and let herself in as the girl walked back to the check in desk. Nic was a little shocked by the niceness of the dorm room, then reminded herself that it had better be for the amount of money she’d just spent, even if it wasn’t her own. There was a Jacuzzi in the corner closest to the door, a nice large bathroom, and a king sized bed in the center of the room. In the far corner was a couch, and TV set up, and there was also a desk where Nic could set up her laptop. She sat her duffle on the bed in time for a knock at the door.

She checked the peephole first, then opened the door letting the boys in.

Dean let out a low whistle. “Nice digs. Much better than the motel.”

“Yes” Nic nodded “The shower also does steam baths.”

Dean’s eyes widened, and he looked to Sam. “Dude.”

“No, remember last time?”

Dean frowned, and kicked at nothing. “Fuckin’ bugs.”

Nic just shook her head. “So the interview went well?”

“Yes we’re in.” Sam nodded. “Dean’s a lunch lady.”

Nic snorted.

“S’not funny!” He snapped

“It’s kinda funny” Nic said.
All three stood there in peaceful silence for a moment before Nic finally remembered the paper in her hands.

“You guys gotta get goin’ I have a schedule.” Nic flapped the paper at the boys. Sam snatched it out of her hand.

“Well would you look at that” He smirked “Yoga with me. I’ll see you at nine sharp.” He handed the paper back, and Nic sighed.

“Torture. Pure torture is what this shit is. I never wake up before eleven, now this shit wants me gettin’ up at the asscrack of dawn?”

“I wouldn’t call nine am the asscrack of dawn, but sure Nic. Torture is what they’re doin’” Dean agreed solemnly.

“Ass.” Nic stuck her tongue out at him. She herded the boys out of the room with a goodnight. When Dean leaned in for a goodnight kiss she slammed the door in his face.

“Bitch” Dean sighed. Sam smacked him upside the head.

“Don’t call her that.”

“Well she is!”

Nic swore she felt a muscle pull as she collapsed against her mat.

“Are you alright Ms. Remington?” Sam asked as he stopped in front of her mat.

“Fine” She whimpered hand on the back of her thigh.
“If you’re sure then get back into position, just five more seconds for the rest of the class, but I want you to hold it for fifteen.”

Nic wanted to punch Sam in his smug fucking face right about now as she got back into position. Left foot slightly behind, right forward, bend sideways at waist, and put arms as far out as they will go. Nic tried not to start at the feeling of Sam dragging his hand across her ass, and up her back “helping” her into position.

“How does that feel?” Sam asked, hands now at her waist.

“Like I have the world’s worst Charlie horse.” She panted; it really was a struggle to hold this position, and she could feel her practically nonexistent abdominal muscles trembling.

“That’ll pass” Sam assured as the rest of the class moved into resting position. “With a little work you could be the bendiest person in the world.”

Nic tried not to dwell on how that sounded more like a promise than a suggestion. When the seconds passed, and Sam let Nic go she fell to the ground, and laid there while the class around her gathered their things, and left.

“You okay?” Sam asked putting a water bottle down in front of her. Nic snatched it up, and downed half the bottle as she rolled over onto her back.

“I hurt all over.”

“Tomorrows gonna be worse.”

Nic groaned, and then looked at Sam irritably. “Any specific reason you had me holding certain positions longer than everyone else?”

Sam knew when he was caught. “Cause I’m in love with your ass… and what those yoga pants do to it.”

Nic sat up cross legged, and looked at Sam. She knew she’d have a rough go of it when she
walked in that morning, but now really looking at him she couldn’t help but feel the low thrum of arousal make its way through her.

“If you think all that touching, and the hair, and the muscles are gonna be enough to seduce me… you’d be very right.” Nic grabbed Sam’s hands, and pulled him down to her level kissing him. Sam dropped to his knees one hand on Nic’s face, while the other went to the back of her neck, and bending her down.

Sam had to admit he was pleasantly surprised. For all Nic’s anger she’d only withheld from him for about a month. He’d have thought he’d be suffering much longer than that.

“We might wanna head to my room or something before we get caught” Nic breathed heavily as Sam pulled away.

“Not gonna make it” Sam groaned as he pushed Nic’s mesh workout tank top up her chest revealing her sports bra. The bra was removed next, and Nic groaned as Sam’s mouth immediately latched to a nipple. His brother was the same, and she really didn’t want to think about what sort of fucked up thing in their childhood that had them so fixated on nipples in their mouths.

“Sam c’mon man, ease off the tits there all… sweaty from yoga.” Nic sighed as she threaded her fingers into Sam’s hair.

“Don’t care” He replied pulling away to place himself right above Nic. Sam pulled his own shirt off, and Nic found herself looking away.

“What’s wrong?” Sam asked, “If you don’t want to do this we don’t have to.”

“I know” Nic sighed, and covered her face with her hands “This is just really embarrassing.”

“What do you mean?” Sam asked.

“Just… well this place has me just realizing that… I’ve put on a lot more weight lately, and I’m so… flabby, and you’re so…” She waved her hands at Sam’s six pack. “And all the other muscles too” She placed her hand on his bicep, and she swore Sam flexed just for her “You’re arms are like the size of my fucking head, and my ass is twice the size of your fucking head.”
“That’s what I love about you.” Sam said placing a gentle kiss on Nic’s lips. “I love that you’re soft, and squishy.”

She frowned at him, and Sam chuckled.

“I don’t mean squishy in a bad way” Sam promised. “But I honestly love your body the way it is Nic. I don’t need you to be thin, or a model, or all of those other things you try to compare yourself to. You’re perfect for me just the way you are. You always have been.”

“Sam…” Nic muttered, looking away. Sam placed his hand on her chin, and made her look at him.

“I mean it Nic. You’ve always been beautiful to me, and I’m sad that it took you so long to see it too.”

Nic pulled Sam down into a hard kiss, and he grunted in surprise as she slid her tongue into his mouth. Sam recovered quickly, and set to work removing Nic’s yoga pants as she continued to kiss him. Finally Sam pulled back as Nic lay naked on her yoga mat, flushed, and panting just the way Sam loved to see her.

“Sam” She gasped as his index finger slid through her folds, testing her wetness. Sam swore as he sunk two fingers in with no resistance.

“You want it bad don’t you?” Sam smirked.

“It’s been so long.” She whimpered bucking into his hand.

“Well whose fault is that?” Sam teased.

“Mine” Nic whined as Sam pulled his fingers away.

“All you had to do was ask you know?” Sam chuckled “And you wouldn’t be such a wet little wreck underneath me.”
Nic loved the dirty talk, fuck she loved it. Dean could make every fucking joke he wanted about Sam but the fact was that his baby brother was a goddamn Sex God.

“But isn’t that the way you love me?” Nic asked, smirk on her face. “Especially when it’s all because of you, and how fucking hot you get me just with the right look?”

“You know me too well sometimes Princess.” Sam chuckled. Nic shuddered, Sam only ever called her that in the bedroom, and fuck she loved it, she did. Before Nic could say anything else, Sam was flat on the hard floor, and Nic’s knees were over his shoulder as his tongue met her slick mound.

“Fuck!” Nic cried as Sam’s tongue swiped up, and down before pushing his tongue into her. Nic whined high at the false length inside her, undulating but not the right amount of pressure. Nic almost shot up off the mat when the tip of Sam’s nose brushed her clit with the lightest touch. Sam placed a heavy hand on her stomach to pin her to the floor enjoying the softness of her skin, and the give of her belly. It was seconds later that Sam’s thumb found her clit, and Nic swore she saw stars.

Nic wound both hands into Sam’s hair, and tugged hard a growl vibrating from the older man’s chest. He really did have a thing for getting his hair pulled, and Nic watched in awe as Sam started grinding himself against the floor.

“Do I really turn you on that much?” Nic asked, voice wrecked from the onslaught of pleasure. Sam pulled away chin, and mouth shiny with spit, and her slick.

“Princess, I don’t think you’ll ever fully know just what it is you do to me” Sam said, his voice low, and completely wrecked too. He put himself back over her, and kissed her stupid. Nic swore between him, and his brother, she was gonna lose her mind with the ways they just worshipped her body. Nic slid her hand into the waist band of Sam’s shorts, and he snatched up her wrist, and the other one pinning them above her head.

“Ah, ah. You made me wait for so long, it’s only fair I make you wait.” Sam smirked his free hand sliding his shorts, and boxer briefs down. Nic whimpered as his large cock sprang free, tip already glistening. Sam made a show of jerking himself off for her.

“See what you do to me Princess?” Sam grunted, hand gently working the head of his cock. He was so hard, and leaking for her. Sam grunted as one particular stroke felt so good his hips
stuttered.

“Sam!” Nic whined writhing on the floor, begging to be touched, to be fucked.

“Shit, Nic” Sam grunted; he made to move Nic’s ankles on to his shoulders, but the second he pushed her leg up she cried out in pain.

“Shit! Sorry!” Sam cried putting Nic’s leg back down gently.

“I told you I got the world’s worst Charlie Horse. Legs aren’t meant to bend that way” Nic hissed, hand on the back of her thigh as she rolled on to her side.

“Well then we just gotta get creative” Sam smirked pushing Nic’s legs to a ninety degree angle. He moved behind her, and sank into her in one hard thrust. Both hunters cried out in pleasure.

“Did I work you too hard?” Sam whispered in her ear, messaging the back of her thigh.

“Yes” Nic whimpered “I don’t bend.”

“Well with a little work we can get you all kinds of bendy” Sam said “Think of all the new positions.”

“Won’t let the bendy thing go will you?” Nic huffed snaking her arm around Sam’s shoulders, and gripping his hair. Sam grunted, and thrust harder all but knocking the air out of Nic. Under any other circumstance five minute sex would be embarrassing but Nic hadn’t been touched in weeks, and neither had Sam. Nic was the first to tip over the edge, and Sam pulled out just time to paint stripes over her ass.

Sam fell back panting, and Nic hummed in delight.

“You’re the best fucking yoga instructor in the world.”

Sam laughed.
“You two stink like sex.” Dean frowned at the duo once they made their way over to him.

“Well I mean your brother just pounded me into the mat, so yeah, I would think we stink like sex.” Nic replied, face straight. Sam tried not to choke on the juice he had taken a sip of.

Dean just rolled his eyes. “Shocker, Nic’s playing favorites.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Nic snapped, glaring at him.

“It means exactly what it fucking sounds like” Dean snapped back.

“Both of you knock it off” Sam hissed. “We’re here to work, not argue.”

“And not get laid, but look what happened.” Dean shook his head “But please, continue.”

“I found more of those suction marks” Sam said “During class, I noticed them on almost all of the patients.”

“You mean you weren’t too busy being handsy to actually work?” Nic gave Sam a pointed look. “Speaking of class I’m fucking starving. Is there any eggs? Or like bacon?”

“I wish. No, it’s all tofu, and… fruit.” Dean shuddered.

“We need to leave this evil place immediately.” Nic looked right at Sam.

“Nic-”

“No meat Sam. No. Meat.” She hissed.
“It’s not the end of the world” Sam consoled.

“Like hell it isn’t!” Dean snapped.

“New guy, quit flirting with the trainer, and the clients, and get back to work.”

Dean sighed, and clenched his fists. Nic looked at the man that had called Dean back to work, and looked at Dean.

“Little young ain’t he?”

“Which is why I want to strangle him every time he opens his goddamn mouth.” He growled stalking back behind the serving line.

“Well… ready to do a little investigating?” Sam asked.

“Can’t. I have to stick to my schedule” Nic sighed.

“Where are you heading too next?”

“Some kind of cupping spa treatment.” Nic replied as she stood up.

“Have fun.”

“I’ll try.”

“I dropped ten pounds.” Nic announced as she walked into the storage room. Dean was sitting on a crate, hand on his head, can of monster in the other, and Sam was knelt in front of him making sure
he was okay. “Don’t know how, don’t get why, don’t fuckin’ care. Ten pounds. Gone.” She finally took in the scene. “Dean, you okay?”

“I got fuckin’ roofied.”

“From what?” She asked confused.

“That caramel, and sea salt pudding.”

Nic’s eyes widened. “There was roofies in that?” She asked horrified.

“Yeah. Lemme guess they gave you some right before your treatment?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. Shit was good, kinda wanna puke now that I know there was roofies in it.”

“Same” Dean agreed with a heavy sigh. Nic knelt in front of Dean scooting in beside Sam.

“But hey on the plus side, I dropped ten pounds.”

“Sweetheart, that’s nice, it is but-”

“It means I can fit into your favorite pair of shorts again.”

Dean perked up at that. Sam smirked, hand on her back.

“You know…” Sam began.

“No. You already got your chance today!” Dean snapped at Sam. Nic laughed, and placed a kiss on Dean’s cheek.
“You sure you’re okay?” She asked.

“Feel like shit, it’ll pass.” Dean sighed.

“If you’re sure” Nic nodded. Dean attempted to stand up, but wobbled, and sat back down heavily.

“Need a few more minutes. You two go on ahead, and talk with the sheriff, I’ll catch up.”

“Sounds good, lets go.” Sam said standing up.

“You had the spa treatment right?” Donna asked, looking at Nic.

“Yeah, I did. I was down ten pounds literally right after.”

“Me too!” Donna exclaimed. Sam was shocked.

“Wait but… ten pounds? Aren’t either of you concerned about that?”

“No offense sheriff, you look great” Dean smirked, and nodded at her “But don’t you want to know how you lost ten pounds in one day?”

“I don’t care” Donna sighed “I really don’t. My husband… Doug, he left me last year. Said I love cookie dough milkshakes more than him.”

“Sorry to hear that” Sam said, sympathetic look on his face.

“Doug’s a dick” Dean agreed taking a drink of his Monster.
“If he really did care about you, he wouldn’t have left over something as vain, and petty as your dress size.” Nic shook her head, folding her arms.

“And you know, it took me a long time to realize that.” Donna looked at Nic, “But sometimes… you just want to feel pretty again. Which is why I came here… waited six months for it actually. You know that old saying, eating your pain?”

“All too well” Nic agreed.

“I really did just want to feel pretty again.” She shrugged, and then looked to the trio curiously “But what I really want to know is what the three of you are doin’ here.”

“Undercover” Sam said. Donna smiled, and chuckled.

“I kinda got that.”

“We think the murders in town are connected to this place” Dean answered.

“What connection?” Donna asked.

“Suction marks” Nic said, lifting her tank top, and showing the marks on her back.

“Oh!” Donna exclaimed, reaching to do the same “You mean from the spa treatment?”

“What kind of spa treatment?” Sam asked.

“Cupping. I thought it would hurt, but I slept through the whole thing.”

“Me too, but I was out like a light the second I laid down on the table.” Nic said.

“Do you remember who did the treatment?” Sam asked urgently.
“Oh yah. You betcha.” Donna nodded, face serious.

The hunt ended rather unclimatically Nic had to admit. The owner of Canyon Valley, her brother, had been the killer all along. Feeling starved, and deprived of food he went out, and took the lives of three people, including his own brother in law. What had shocked Nic however had been Dean’s careless disregard for the fact that Maritza had been cooperative, and never hurt people. He’d wanted to kill her.

“Dean” Nic called quietly knocking on his open door.

“What’s up Sweetheart?” Dean asked, pulling a t-shirt over his head. He looked like he’d just gotten out of the shower.

“Are you… are you doin’ okay?” She asked stepping into his room

“Why wouldn’t I be?” He shrugged sitting down. Nic closed the door, and moved to stand in front of him.

“Just… you haven’t really seemed like yourself lately, and it has me a little worried to be honest.”

Dean narrowed his eyes at her. “What do you mean, not myself?”

“You just… I don’t really know how to explain it, but you seem off… angrier, meaner, more violent, I mean shit Dean normally you wouldn’t have even considered killing that woman so casually.”

“She’s a monster.”

“There are monsters, and then there are monsters Dean. Some are far more helpful than others, I mean for fucks sake I’m a Witch, but you haven’t killed me, you keep me around.”
“You’re different” Dean said.

“Am I though? I’ve accepted power, and help from Demons, I’ve used my own blood in spells, and rituals, at some point I became more monster, than human.”

Dean stood, crowding Nic’s space, backing her into a wall. “What are you trying to say?”

“I’m saying there’s something fucking wrong with you, and it scares me!” Nic snapped. “I’ve never seen you like this.”

“No offense Sweetheart, but you don’t really even fucking know me anyway. All you really know about me is that I’m a good lay.”

“Dean, that’s not all you are to me-”

“Don’t you try to lie to me. You think I don’t get it? Sam’s the easier one to get along with, he’s more understanding, he listens, he’s in touch with his emotions; that’s what all the girls say about him. All I am is just a pretty face right? Something nice to look at while you ride my cock? Use me to get yourself off?”

“Dean!” Nic snapped.

“Lets face it Nic, you’ve always been a fat little slut just waiting for the day I would finally stoop so low to fuck you.” Dean smirked, and God it was just so smug, and malicious. Nic smacked Dean in the face as hard as she could muster. The sound of skin hitting skin echoed in the room, and the force of the impact set Dean stumbling back.

“You’ve always been more to me than that Dean. Always. But if that’s really how you view our relationship, after all these fucking years together then maybe you, and I should just call it quits? Is that what you want? To just lose me completely? After fucking everything we’ve been through? After the church?”

Dean glared at her, rolled his jaw, and licked his lips. “Why don’t you just walk on back to Sam’s room? I hear he’s got a thing for fat whores.”
This time Dean was ready for her when Nic’s hand swung out to hit him. He caught her wrist easily, and twisted her wrist in his grasp. She swore she saw the mark on his arm glow just the smallest amount. Nic finally cried out in pain, and Dean let go in an instant. He gasped hard, and seemed to come back to himself; he looked more aware now than he had moments ago when he’d been saying those horrible things.

“Shit! Sweetheart I am so sorr-”

Nic shoved Dean away from her, and glared at him. “I don’t know what the fuck is wrong with you, but something needs to change.”

“Nic-”

“Don’t fucking speak to me” She hissed, and stormed out of Dean’s room. He sighed, and sat on the bed with his face in his hands.
Chapter 20

If some of my chapters lately have felt incomplete or just not up to snuff I wanted to let everyone know I'm going through some shit right now, and it's more than a little hectic. I want to keep updating but I keep getting distracted which is why I've been putting stuff out that probably isn't as good as it could be

“Drop it Dean.” Nic said, walking slowly to him. Sam was still tied to the supporting beam, calling out to his brother as well.

“Dean, let it go. He’s dead, he’s gone, you can let go of it now.” She said soothingly reaching out to Dean.

“Nic, don’t!” Sam called.

“I got this Sam. I got this.” Nic called back, eyes still on Dean like a startled animal. She reached out, and touched his arm. Dean yanked his arm from her grasp, and turned on her. His hand shot out to grab her throat as he forced her back against the wall, the First Blade to her neck.

“Dean! Dean stop! Let her go!” Sam yelled pulling on his restraints. Nic’s hand wrapped around his wrist.

“Dean, let go of the blade.” She whispered against the hand crushing down on her wind pipe. “Let it go, it’s okay, I’m right here.”

“Dean, stop, you have to stop!” Sam screamed. Nic reached out one of her hands, and placed it gently against Dean’s face, her fingers just barely able to brush his jaw.

“Just let it go. I’m here Dean, I love you.” Nic said, and suddenly the spark of humanity flashed in Dean’s eyes.

“Let the blade go Dean.” Nic whispered comfortingly. Dean instantly dropped the blade, and Nic, who stumbled back against the wall as she tried to regain her balance.
“I’m sorry” Dean said, and looked at Nic wide eyed, and shaking terrified. “M’sorry, I’m so sorry.”

Nic knelt down in front of Dean, and held his face in her hands.

“It’s okay” She reassured.

“I’m sorry” Dean choked out, fighting back at the glisten in his eyes.

“I know, it’s okay” She pulled him into her hug, and Dean relaxed against her easily, clutching at her clothes.

Sam sighed in relief, and sagged against the support beam. “Thank God.”

“So what was it that you absolutely had to snatch from Magnus’s library?” Sam asked from the front seat as they headed for the closest motel.

Nic looked at Sam, and frowned.

“You stole something from Magnus’s collection?” Dean asked “Nic, we shouldn’t be fucking with that kind of stuff.”

“No, what we should be doing is taking it all back to the bunker, and cataloguing it. That would be the smart thing to do.”

Dean just sighed, and shook his head. “What did you take at least?”

“His Book of Shadows.”
“His witch bible?” Dean asked.

Nic tried not to laugh “No, no, that’s just for Wiccans. Every witch has their own Book of Shadows, which is more or less just a spell book. This book is literally how Magnus achieved everything he did. It has incantations, spells, charms, hexes, ingredients down to their exact measurement, and they’re organized by the ones he made himself, and ones from cultures all over the world. Like… he said he was the Men of Letters magical expert, but it’s clear he himself was a witch.”

“So you’re trying to… recreate what Magnus did?” Sam asked.

“No I’m trying to twist his magic to work with my magic. What I gather from his witchcraft is that he was… neutral. Nothing he did was for good, or bad, it just… was. I can easily change these spells with a few ingredients, or different words to work in our favors. Like tracking spells for example.”

“Nic just… just don’t fucking turn anyone into frogs or something okay?” Dean sighed.

Nic snorted “I promise. I won’t turn anyone into frogs.”

Sam was passed out in the bed; he was out the second his head hit the pillow. It had been a long, and exhausting day. Nic stepped out of the motel room in to the chilly October air. Dean was leaning against the Impala looking up at the sky, bottle of Whiskey sitting on the hood of the car.

“You doin’ okay?” Nic asked quietly as she walked over to him, folding her arms over her chest against the cold night air.

“I’m fine” Dean nodded, not looking at her.

“You’ve been saying that an awful lot lately. I’m inclined to believe it ain’t true” Nic smirked.

Dean scoffed “Don’t use my words against me Sweetheart.”
“Dean, I’m serious when I ask you, are you okay?” Nic placed a hand on Dean’s bicep, and he tried to shake her off. Nic dropped her hand, and sighed.

“Dean can we talk?”

“What’s there to talk about?” Dean sighed, and tried not to let his eyes linger on the purple hand shaped bruise on Nic’s neck.

“What do you think? I miss you Dean.”

“And I miss you too, but I just… I can’t keep hurting you like this Nic. All I do, is hurt you! And I never wanted to be the one to make you cry, or make you feel bad, or lay my hands on you, but I can’t seem to fucking stop myself!”

“I don’t care.” Nic shook her head “I don’t. Because I love you Dean, and yeah I’m still really pissed about what you said, but it’s not enough to make me hate you.”

“What if I wanted you to hate me?”

“There will never be anything that’s enough to make me hate you.”

“How can you be so sure?” Dean asked stepping in close to Nic, hand hovering at her cheek wanting to touch, but afraid to.

“Because I love you” Nic said again, like it was the simplest thing in the world. “I can’t even think of the possibility of never loving you. I’ve always loved you, even when I didn’t want to admit it.”

“You’re too good for me, you know that right?” Dean laughed breathlessly, like a weight had just been lifted from his shoulders.

“I know” Nic agreed grabbing Dean’s hand, and putting it on her cheek.
“And so modest too” Dean chuckled, and Nic laughed, and it was music to Dean’s ears to hear that noise again instead of the dirty looks, and the wordless grunts he’d gotten in the past two weeks from her.

Dean leaned in placing a gentle kiss on Nic’s mouth, and she sighed contently at the contact.

“I’ve missed you” Nic said pulling back.

“I’ve missed you too” Dean said.

And then his mouth was back on hers, and Nic swore she was going to pass out from the searing heat on her lips it was making her so lightheaded. She loved the way Dean groaned in pleasure as he slammed her up against the side of the Impala, grinding himself against her as he lifted her up to wrap her legs around his waist.

“Dean” Nic gasped pulling back for air as his mouth continued its journey down her throat.

“Missed this” Dean grunted, a hand reaching down into Nic’s leggings, fingers slipping past her damp panties to stroke at her sensitive nub.

“Fuck!” Nic hissed wrapping her arms around Dean’s shoulders, tilting her head back to give him easier access to her neck “Missed this too.”

“Missed you” Dean murmured sucking a mark right at the neck line of Nic’s t-shirt. Nic would never admit to the high pitched wine that just left her mouth, but she did like the effect it had on Dean as he snapped his hips into Nic’s grinding himself against her again relieving some of the building pressure Nic felt in her core.

Dean pulled his hands from Nic’s leggings, and moved her to the hood laying her down over as he pulled her leggings just under her ass, and quickly plunging two fingers in. Nic threw her head back, and gasped in pleasure.

“Like that Sweetheart?” Dean asked, voice low, and right there his breath hot against her ear.
“Yes” Nic whimpered clutching the back of Dean’s head and pulling his mouth to her’s for another searing kiss. Dean pulled away from the kiss at the same time he pulled his fingers from Nic’s slick channel. She sighed at the loss of contact, her head finally clearing a little bit as she heard the jingle of Dean’s belt.

“Dean we’re outside” Nic finally realized how exposed they were out here.

“Don’t care” Dean grunted as he pulled himself free of his boxer briefs.

“People can see us.”

“Good.” Dean gave his cock a few jerks before he held it steady, head at the entrance of Nic’s cunt. God she just wanted him to fuck her already.

“Dean!” She snapped as he pushed her t-shirt up far enough to roughly palm her breast, and tweak a nipple before his attention drifted back downward.

“I want them to see me fucking you, want them all to know you’re mine.”

“And Sam’s” Nic huffed out a laugh.

“And Sammy’s” Dean agreed sinking into Nic with one heavy thrust. She barely managed to keep herself from screaming out. Dean’s thrusts were hard, and fast practically knocking the wind out of Nic, and just so fucking perfect. Nic came more quickly then she could’ve imagined as Dean’s thumb swiped over her clit.

“Shit Sweetheart!” Dean snapped, hips stuttering at the feeling of Nic’s cunt spasming around his cock, trying to milk him for everything he had. He kept going, prolonging Nic’s orgasm for far longer than she could’ve thought possible until finally Dean pulled out, and jerked himself to the finish painting white on Nic’s stomach.

They stayed there just like that for a moment, catching their breath, and just staring at each other.

“I really am sorry Sweetheart.”
“I know.”

“I never wanted to hurt you like that.”

“I know.”

Dean nodded, unsure of what to say next, so instead he stepped back, and tucked himself back into his jeans, and zipping them back up. Nic slid off the hood, and pulled her leggings back up as they both headed back into the room. Sam was still out like a light, and Nic made a b-line for the bathroom while Dean shucked his jeans, throwing them into a corner, and removed his layers finally laying down on his head in just his t-shirt, and underwear.

The toilet flushed, and the door opened just as the light turned off. Nic stood at the edge of the beds for a moment before finally climbing into Dean’s bed. Dean didn’t say anything, didn’t question it. He just wrapped his arm around Nic’s shoulders, and pulled her in tightly to his side kissing the top of her head.

“Nice to see the two of you back to normal” Sam said that morning coming in from his run. He’d returned to see Nic curled around Dean while she still slept.

“It’s good to have her back.”

“You should’ve never said those things” Sam agreed.

“I know” Dean sighed scrubbing his hand down his face “I know. It was like I was watching myself from the outside, I just couldn’t stop no matter how much I wanted to.”

“You really hurt her Dean. I… I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen Nic really cry, and especially not over something like that.”

“I fucked up” Dean sighed “I really fucked up, and I almost lost her.”
“Not that I mind sharing Dean, cause I don’t, and like I said I knew this would be the way that all three of us can be happy” Sam sat down on the edge of his bed, looking right at Dean “But if you ever hurt Nic like that again I will do everything in my power to keep you away from her.”

“Sam~”

“I’m serious Dean. I love her, more than you can ever imagine, and if you ever hurt her like that again I don’t know what I’ll do to you, but it’ll be bad. She deserves far better than that.”

“I know Sam, I know. And God knows I’ve tried to give her everything she deserves, and more but it just… it doesn’t work out. And I don’t want to hurt her anymore.”

“Then we’re on the same page?” Sam asked.

“Yeah man, we’re on the same page” Dean nodded, looking at the sleeping woman in his arms.

“Good” Sam clapped Dean’s shoulder, and headed for the bathroom. Dean was gone before Sam was out of the shower, and before Nic could wake up. It was for the best. Abaddon was his responsibility, and maybe once that was taken care of he could go home. But until he could trust himself again, he had to stay away. He didn’t want to hurt anyone anymore.
Authors Note/Update

So for my update just wanted to let you guys know that things in my life have calmed down since I took my break my living situation has changed not for better or worse just changed. Now I just have to get myself back into writing which might take longer unless I can get around my mental block and figure out where to go from where I left off.
Chapter 22

It had been about three weeks now since Dean left, and Nic was past worry, and fear, and straight on to uncontrollable rage.

“I am going to kill your brother you know that right?” Nic asked from the passenger seat.

“Nic” Sam warned.

“I mean it. He’s fuckin’ dead. I’ve been with my share of dudes, but never, not fucking once has a guy I cared about as much as your brother fuckin’ just left me before I could wake up because of all the fuckin’ issues he has!” Nic snapped.

“I know you’re upset-”

“Upset doesn’t cover it!” Nic hissed “And fair warning Sam. If you ever do that to me I will kill you. I will literally track you down, and make you suffer before you die.”

Sam went stiff for just a moment, and looked back out the windshield of Nic’s car. “Noted.”

“So what did Cas say this was all about?” Nic asked, leaning back in the seat, and folding her arms.

“He has one of Metatron’s followers on lockdown. He wanted me, and Dean to handle the interrogation.”

“Yeah well I’m killing Dean so you might be on your own” Nic smiled sweetly.

“Just talk to him before you try to gouge his eyes out.”

“No promises, but I’ll try.”
“That’s all I ask, I don’t really feel like burying Dean… again.”

Nic, and Sam followed closely behind an angel as it led them deep into the municipal building turned headquarters. She could see the office coming up, and Dean sitting there talking with Cas.

“The Commander is waiting for you” The angel said side stepping, and allowing the two hunters to pass. Nic narrowed her eyes, and headed for the door stomping past Sam.

“Nic!” Sam hissed trying to grab her elbow “Calm down!”

She shook off the taller hunter, and slammed the door to Castiel’s office open.

“Hey Dean!” She yelled, Dean was out of his seat in an instant eyes wide as he took in all 5’2” of seething red headed rage staring at him with barely concealed anger under her grin.

“Oh shit” was all that came out of Dean’s mouth before Nic launched herself at him.

“Nic!”

“You ever fucking leave me like that again Dean, and I’ll do more than give you a fuckin’ black eye we clear?” Nic asked sitting down next to him as Cas handed him an ice pack.

“Crystal, Sweetheart” Dean grunted placing the ice pack against his face.

“Good” Nic raised her hand to pat his shoulder, and frowned when Dean flinched away eyeing her. “Really?”

“…I don’t want you to hit me again.”
“Don’t give me a reason to!”

“Both of you knock it off” Sam sighed sitting down against Cas’s desk. Cas sat behind his desk, and sighed.

“Now that you three are… reunited can we get to the task at hand?” Cas asked.

“Right, interrogation” Nic said leaning back against her seat.

“Yes, exactly” Cas nodded “We have an angel from Metatron’s inner circle, so far he has revealed nothing, which is why I asked you here.”

“You want us to do your dirty work?” Dean asked.

“You’ve had success with this sort of thing in the past right?” Cas asked, practically pleaded “If you don’t want to, I understand-”

“Who said I didn’t want to?” Dean asked

“Well if you two are gonna do that… is there a reason you wanted me here too Cas or not?” Nic folded her arms across her chest.

“Yes actually, we are… in need of a powerful witch.”

“For?”

“Tracking.”

“An Angel?”
“Gadreel.”

Nic sat up straight, and looked at Cas. “Gadreel?”

“No” Sam said “No. Absolutely not.”

“Excuse you?” Nic snapped.

“He’s right” Dean added “You’re not helping them go after Gadreel.”

“And why the fuck not?” Nic snapped.

“Because you have a grudge, and you’re a fucking witch with a grudge on top of it!” Dean snapped.

“That doesn’t mean anything!”

“That means you’ll get reckless, like you always do when you do magic when you’re pissed!”

“Enough!” Sam snapped. “Cas… are you sure asking Nic to help you find Gadreel is the best decision?”

“She has a personal connection to him, she was possessed by him. And if there’s one thing I’ve learned from how Nic practices her craft… being pissed off just makes her that more dangerous. That’s what we need right now.”

Sam, and Dean shared a look. Nic fucking hated those looks, and those silent fucking conversations.

“You have to be with her every step of the way Cas” Dean finally said.

“Of course, that was my every intention.”
“So I can do what I already decided I would do?” Nic asked.

“Yeah” Dean nodded.

“Thanks Dad.”

“Don’t start with that kinky shit Nic, it’s too early in the day.”

She, and Sam both rolled their eyes.

“Then let’s get started. Nic if you’ll wait here, I’ll show Sam, and Dean where the prisoner is, and then you, and I can get to work.”

“Sounds like a plan” Nic agreed. Sam crossed the room, and bent over to press a kiss to Nic’s lips. She smiled at him as he pulled back.

“Be careful, be safe.”

“You too.”

“You two make me wanna puke” Dean sighed standing up. He didn’t even bother with a goodbye as he followed Castiel out of the room. Sam sighed, and took Nic’s hand in his.

“We’ll get through this.”

“I know.”

“I have a question… if you’ll indulge me” Cas said picking up a hornets nest, and placing it back
on the table of Nic’s ingredients.

“Go ahead” Nic said grabbing some sort of blue powder, and sprinkling it in to the copper bowl she was using.

“When you were possessed by Gadreel were you… were you aware of his presence?”

Nic sighed, and scratched the back of her head. “I mean… I don’t know. Not exactly it was more like… we shared my body. I think vaguely I got like… hints of feelings you know, of… of his intentions.”

“And did he feel hostile, or angered in some way?”

“No. He felt… he felt misunderstood I think.” Nic said reaching for another powder. This time the concoction started smoking.

“Get me the map quick!” Nic said, Cas rushed to hand it to her, as she spread it out she reached for the bowl of liquid, and poured it over the map.

“What’s happening?”

“It’s kinda like acid. It’s gonna eat away at the map until it finds the spot where Gadreel is.”

“And it’s accurate?”

“It should be.”

“What do you mean should?”

“I told you, I’m not much of a practitioner anymore, and besides this spell isn’t even mine, it’s an old men of letters spell so I mean… it should still work? I don’t know.”
“You could’ve said that before!” Cas snapped.

“Hey, easy Angel, I got this shit” Nic smirked, and reached for the left of piece of map “Looks like he’s about forty miles away from here.”

Cas took the piece of map, and examined it carefully, then looked to Nic. “Will you be coming?”

“You fuckin’ know it.” Nic grinned just as her phone rang. She grabbed it, and saw the caller I.D.

“Sam, what’s wrong?”

“I can’t find Dean.”

“Fuck”

“How did you make it to Cleveland all the way from Illinois?” Sam asked as she came up to the lobby of the Humboldt hotel.

“It’s good to not burn bridges with every single angel we meet. One of’em brought me here. Where the fuck is Dean, and why aren’t you with him?”

“It’s a long story. Crowley has Abaddon cornered, Dean has the blade, and… well this isn’t going to play out well.”

“No” Nic agreed “It isn’t.”

“He should be up in the penthouse” Sam said as the pair headed for the elevator. The ride up was spent in silence, and Sam reached for Nic’s hand, tangling their fingers together. Nic squeezed his hand, and Sam squeezed back.
“It’ll be okay.”

When they entered the penthouse, it was just in time to see Dean sink the first blade into Abaddon. She was dead, he didn’t stop.

“Dean!” Sam yelled letting Nic’s hand go “You can stop!”

But he kept going.

“Dean” Nic called, calmly walking over to Dean. “Stop. You can stop, she’s dead.”

Dean stilled, and Nic placed her hand gently on Dean’s arm. “You can stop now.”

Dean looked Nic in the eyes, and let out a shaky breath.

“I don’t know if I can” He whispered.

“You can” Nic nodded holding his face in both her hand “Just let the blade go. Put it down, and everything will be alright.”

“I don’t want to let it go.”

“Dean just-”

The first blade pressed to her neck for the second time, and Nic felt her like this might really be the end. The crazed look in Dean’s eyes, the steadiness in his hand she hadn’t seen in years because of all the drinking.

“Then do it Dean” She whispered.

“Dean, let her go” Sam spoke calmly walking carefully towards them.
“Do it Dean, show me that this is how you love me.”

Dean narrowed his eyes at her, blade pressing harder into her neck. Nic felt the blood run, and Dean watched it.

“You hurt everyone you love right? You’re poison? Then just fuckin’ do it Dean, end me. End this, end us.”

Dean finally pulled the blade back from her neck, seeming to come back to himself, the recognition back in his eyes.

“Sweetheart…”

“I love you Dean, I really do… but I don’t know how much longer I can put up with this.”

Sam stepped in, and pulled Nic up, and away from his brother, shoving her behind him.

“Dean… give it to me.”

Dean let out another shaky breath, and handed the blade to Sam, handle first. Sam snatched it up, and put the blade in his jacket, and then turned to Crowley.

“Splendid show all of you, what a finale” Crowley grinned, digging in his shoulder.

“You son of a bitch Crowley!” Sam roared.

“Ah, ah, ah, son of a Witch to be exact.” Crowley let out a yell as he finally pulled whatever it had been out of his shoulder. He tossed it across the room, and Nic smirked. Devil’s trap bullet.

“Well regardless of witchy bitches, let’s get something straight Crowley… you’re fucking next” Nic glared at him.
“Really Kitten? After all you, and I have shared, the emotions, the *humanity.*”

“You just watch yourself asshole, you get to leave for now, but we do know how to find you, and we have more than one way to kill you now.”

“Maybe I’d be a little more scared if Squirrel over there could manage to control himself, and not blow his entire load on one kill.”

With that Crowley was gone, and Dean sat in the center of the room covered in blood, and staring shocked at his own hands.
“Are we going to talk about this? Any of this?” Sam pleaded following Dean into the bunker’s library, Nic following closely behind him.

“About what? Yeah, I lied, but you were being an infant.”

“Wow” Nic stopped dead in her tracks, and glared at the eldest Winchester. “That was a shitty apology, even for you.”

“Like you care?” Dean snapped “You’re the worst of us Nic, you’re a fucking cunt.”

“Don’t talk to her like that” Sam said, stepping between Nic, and his brother.

“Or what Sammy? You gonna kick my ass? Newsflash I’m part of this relationship too, and I can fucking talk to her however I want, especially if that’s the way she’s gonna talk to me.”

“Oh classy Dean, just fuckin’ blame it all on me. It’s Nic’s fault, it’s always Nic’s fault.”

“We wouldn’t run into a lot of the problems we run into if it weren’t for your fuckin’ mouth. Or your attitude.”

“That’s rich coming from you!”

“Enough!” Castiel snapped walking into the library. “I don’t know what issue you the two of you are having, but you need to stow your crap. We have other things to worry about right now.”
“Whatever” Nic scoffed, and walked away.

“Go ahead Sweetheart, just run away like always!”

“Fuck you Dean!” She screamed from the next room.

“What is it with you, and Nic lately? You two are always at each other’s throats” Sam asked.

“She’s a fuckin’ bitch Sam.”

“You still love her?”

Dean stopped for a moment, and stared at his brother in confusion. “What kind of question is that? Of course I love her, but it doesn’t change the fact that she’s a fuckin’ bitch.”

“That isn’t love Dean. The way you treat her, the way you talk to her, ever since you got the mark…”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dean demanded.

“It’s like you’re abusing her, and you’re always just one fucking trigger away from putting your hands on her. I mean it Dean… you hurt Nic ever again, and it will be the last thing you do.”

Dean stepped into Sam’s space, looked up at him, noses centimeters from touching.

“What exactly do you think you can do to me, little brother?”

“I.”
The brothers glared at each other for a moment before Sam turned, and walked away. Dean shook his head, and sat down, Cas following him to the table.

“So… batteries?” Dean asked looking at his friend.

“I’m fine” Cas sighed.

“No. You’re not. How long you got?”

“Long enough. Hopefully long enough to end Metatron, that’s as long as I need.” Cas shook his head, and rested his elbows on the table putting his face in his hands. “But without an army…”

“You’ve still got us.”

“Do you really believe we four will be enough?”

“We always have been” Dean shrugged like it was the simplest answer.

“Guys!” Sam yelled running into the room “Kitchen, quick!”

Dean, and Cas were out of their seats in an instant racing to the kitchen.

The scene they came into was very unexpected. Gadreel cowering to the side of the kitchen farthest from the exit, and Nic brandishing a meat cleaver at him.

“Why are you in my home?! Why are you here?!”

“Nic!” Sam grabbed her around the waist trying to pull her back even as she struggled against his hold “Nic you need to stop!”
“Please, I’ve only come to make peace, to help stop Metatron!” Gadreel pleaded, hands held up in defense. He looked at Cas “You understand yes Castiel?”

“Why should we trust you?” Sam demanded finally wrenching the meat cleaver from Nic’s hands, and throwing it across the kitchen.

“Because I can give you Metatron! I know where he is, I know everything, I know his agents. I know you don’t trust me, but I’ve… made mistakes, but haven’t you? Haven’t we all?” He pleaded.

The brothers exchanged looks, and Dean nodded heading towards Gadreel, hand held out. Gadreel visibly relaxed, and held out his hand to him. The second his hand was in Dean’s the First Blade was slashing across Gadreel’s chest.

It was almost like it happened in slow motion, Sam threw Nic to the ground behind him as Cas, and Sam both made a run for Dean restraining him as Gadreel collapsed to the ground. Dean screamed, and struggled as Cas, and Sam both led him out of the kitchen towards the dungeon.

Nic sat there for a moment trying to collect her thoughts. Nic finally managed to stand, hands, and knee’s shaking as she walked out of the kitchen leaving the wounded angel on the floor.

She followed Dean’s screaming to the basement in time to see Cas, and Sam coming out of the dungeon room.

“Sam…”

Sam rushed to her side catching her just as she fell. “Hey, hey, you’re okay, I’ve got you.”

Nic wrapped her arms tightly around Sam burying her face in his chest, refusing to cry.

Sam clenched his jaw, and placed a kiss on top of Nic’s head. “I’ve got you.”
“Well hey there Sweetheart, you, and the assholes upstairs finally come to your senses?” Dean smirked as Nic entered the dungeon closing the door, and locking it behind her.

“No. But I came to talk to you.”

“Is there anything even left for us to talk about?”

Nic walked up to him, and grabbed his face tightly in one hand. He narrowed his eyes at her.

“There’s blood in your mouth.”

“I got the black lung.”

“Dean” Nic sighed, loosening her grip, and letting her hand rest lightly on his throat.

“I just…” Dean heaved a heavy sigh “This is what being away from the blade for too long does to me.”

“It was never this bad before” Nic looked him in the eyes, almost like she was searching for a lie.

“I was never in contact with the blade as much before but… I need it now. I need it.”

“You know what I need?” Nic asked, lips pressed into a thin line.

“What?” Dean whispered.

“You. I need you back Dean. I need you back, I need what we had back, I just… I can’t do this anymore.”
Dean’s hand came up to Nic’s throat, holding just as loosely as she was. “We can’t go back.”

“Do you… are you feeling okay?” Nic asked.

“It’s like… when I have the blade in my hands I get this high, and I just have to kill” Dean squeezed putting only slight pressure on Nic’s throat, but enough to let her know. “And when I’m separated from the blade, I get this… feeling, of despair, and… and loneliness, and then I get sick, and I start hacking up my lungs-”

“It’s like a drug” Nic nodded “You’re going through withdrawal.”

Dean nodded, a shaky sigh leaving him. “It’s exactly like that.”

And then Dean’s lips were on hers. Hot, and hard, and biting.

Nic gasped as Dean lifted her up against the wall holding her in place with his hands on the back of her thighs.

“Dean” She gasped as he pressed hot kisses down her neck.

“You know what else is like a drug?” Dean growled pulling back from Nic’s throat.

“What?” She asked gripping the hair on the back of his head tight in her fist.

“You. God Nic, I can’t get enough of you” Dean grunted tearing at the buttons of Nic’s flannel “You’re so fuckin’ gorgeous, and all fuckin’ mine, and I can’t ever get enough of you.”

Nic smirked as Dean pressed a searing kiss to her lips. The need for oxygen finally drove their mouths apart.

“I can’t get enough of you either” Nic admitted “I could never get enough of you.”
Dean’s hand was back on her throat as he pressed kisses to her chest just above her low coverage bra. Dean pulled away, and looked Nic right in the eyes.

“I love you Nic” Dean said, eyes trying to convey all the feeling he couldn’t express. She smiled.

“I love you too.”

“And I’m sorry”

“What?”

Dean’s hand began to squeeze more tightly against Nic’s neck. Both of her hands shot out to grip his forearm.

“Dean” She gasped, and Dean knew he should feel guilty, sick even, at the sight of the terror in her eyes, but it only excited him, made the mark sing for more blood.

“I’m sorry” Dean said again feeling Nic’s nails finally break the skin.

It wasn’t long before the edges of her vision began to blacken. If this was how she was going to die, she supposed there wouldn’t be a better way. At the hands of someone she loved.

She always knew the Winchesters would be the death of her.

Sam found her that way, unconscious barely breathing, shirt torn open, and love bites covering her skin. He was by her side in an instant, gently shaking her awake, pleading for her to wake up, to not leave him.

She finally opened her eyes, and Sam felt his heart wrench. She looked broken.
“He almost killed me” She whispered hoarsely. “He told me he loved me, then he almost killed me.”

Sam wrapped Nic in his arms, and held her closely.

“It’s okay” Sam promised. “I’m here, I love you.”

Nic clung to him, and she never felt more vulnerable, or more scared.

“Sam, Dean’s gone we have to find him” Cas said walking into the dungeon.

“I can’t leave her” Sam pulled away far enough to look at Cas. Nic loosened her grip on Sam, and looked at him.

“Find him. I don’t need a baby sitter.”

“Nic-”

“You need to go after him before he does anything worse. I’m no good in the field right now.”

Sam nodded, and pressed a kiss to Nic’s lips.

“Be careful, be safe.”

“You too” Nic nodded as Sam let go to follow Cas out of the dungeon. Nic sighed, and stood up on wobbly knees.

Nic heard the bunker door slam open, and the footsteps that followed. Only one set.
“Sam?” Nic called as she made her way into the war room. There was no answer. “Sam?”

She saw him coming down the stairs then, carrying Dean in his arms, and Nic felt her heart stop.

“Sam?” She whispered stepping towards him. Her eyes stayed on Dean, the blood that covered him, and how unmoving he was. Sam stopped in front of her, and Nic reached out her hand, fingers trembling.

“Dean?” She whispered. She knew already, she knew, but she didn’t want it to be true.

“I tried” Sam said, his voice tinny like he was still on the edge of crying.

Nic’s knees gave out as she let out a heart-wrenching wail. Sam felt the tears well up fresh in his eyes again as he walked around Nic to head to Dean’s room.

He left her there curled up on the cold marble floor crying.

Nic was still there, still sobbing when Sam came back a half hour later to sit down in the dark library, a bottle of Dean’s favorite whiskey in his hands. He watched Nic for a few minutes before he managed to get himself out of the chair. He poured a second glass of whiskey, almost to the brim, and walked over to Nic.

“Princess?”

She shook her head curling in on herself more. At least she wasn’t making noise anymore. Sam sat the whiskey down beside her, and then walked back over to his seat.

It was another hour before Nic managed to get herself up. She grabbed the whiskey some of it sloshing over the brim due to her shaking hand. She chugged it all in one go. She looked over at Sam, and he was still sitting there, still sipping his glass, the bottle significantly lower than when he brought it out with him. Nic placed the glass on the table. Sam didn’t even look at her.

“How did it happen?” She asked, her voice hoarse.
“Metatron” was all Sam said before he finished off his glass.

“Why didn’t you stop him?”

Sam didn’t answer, only filled his glass again.

“Sam!”

“I wasn’t fast enough!” Sam snapped slamming his hands on the table as he stood up “Is that what you want to hear Nic? That it was my fault? That I didn’t do anything to save my brother?”

“I loved him!”

“You weren’t the only one you cold, mean, little bitch! For once in your life think of the feelings of others!”

Nic stumbled back from Sam, eyes filling with fresh tears.

“I loved him” She repeated, more quietly this time “And I didn’t get to say goodbye.”

Sam sat back down with a heavy sigh pinching the bridge of his nose.

“I’m sorry Nic-”

“I love him more than I ever loved you.”

Sam couldn’t even bring himself to feel hurt over that statement. He had always known. She favored Dean; everyone did. He was the charismatic one, the social one. People just flocked to him because he was such a good person. And now he was gone.
“I know” Sam responded quietly “I always knew. But he never loved you like I love you.”

Nic gripped the hem of her shirt tightly in her hands “He loved me more.”

Sam scoffed “That’s what you call it? The times he screamed at you, the times he put his hands on you, the bruises?”

Nic placed her hand on her neck, the impression of Dean’s hand had finally started purpling.

“No Nic, I always loved you more. Love isn’t hurting the people you care about.”

“Isn’t it?”

Nic turned away, and headed toward the bedrooms. She stopped at Dean’s closed door, hand hesitating over the knob. She took a deep breath, and felt another fresh set of tears work its way down her already stained face. She took a deep breath, and opened the door.

He was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Tight Squeeze if officially over. It's been a fucking journey, and you guys have been here and supporting me through this fic nearly every step of the way, and I appreciate it so much so shout out to you guys. I never expected the outpouring of support, or that so many of you would like this fic, nor that you all would be so accepting of Nic. She's like my child and I'm so glad I was able to share her with you, and that many of you shared the love that I have of Nic with me. With all that said look forward to the sequel, it will happen I assure you, I've already started the first chapter so make sure to look for it. It may be some time before the first chapter is out, but don't worry Nic's story is far from over.

Thank you for reading Tight Squeeze, and I hope you guys continue to follow the story! ~Kodi

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