Sure Got a Dirty Mouth

by JustineDelarge

Summary

This is NOT just a smutty story. This explains why Wincest is beautiful, loving, and right. Ever wonder how Dean started talking dirty? The genesis is in the way Sam and Dean allow their feelings for each other to become physical. Sam is nearly 17, Dean is nearly 21. This story has dirty talk, all the feels you can handle, infinite love, well-developed original characters, and a rich plot that develops into a nail-biting narrative, with the best kind of hurt/comfort. SPOILERS for seasons 1-6.

Notes

Yes, it's long! Just try the first ten chapters and see if you want to keep going.

In this book (and let's face it, at this word count, it's a massive book), Sam is a few months shy of being 17 years old. HE IS OF LEGAL AGE FOR SEXUAL ACTIVITY. There are some scenes of violence (implied, not graphic), leading to some experiences of PTSD. In later chapters, there is some anti-gay violence (not graphically detailed, but intense.) Certain scenes make reference to sexual assault. Chapter 55 explores consensual kink including a one-time instance of daddy kink role play. SPOILERS: You should have seen Seasons 1 through 6 at least. Preferably all seasons.
See the end of the work for more notes.
The First Time

The scent of fresh orange filled the kitchen when Sam got home from school. Dean leaned over the card table, painstakingly peeling an orange in one unbroken spiral.

“Hey Sammy.”

Sam swung his backpack, laden so heavily with books the straps strained under the weight, to the floor and sat in the chair kitty-corner from Dean.

“What are you doing?”

“Practicing sutures.”

Sam grabbed another orange out of the bowl, and ripped the peel off in great chunks, stuffing a segment into his mouth. “On an orange.”

“Yeah. You stitch the peel back. If you do it right, you can’t even see the seam. So like when you get your face sliced open during a hunt for being a dumbass, I can keep you looking pretty.” Sam slumped in his chair, shooting Dean a dirty look, and concentrated on eating his orange, pretending not to watch.

Dean threaded a small half-circle needle with silk from the suture kit. Sam watched out of the corner of his eye. Dean slipped the needle into the white pith and began suturing it back together. His fingers were delicate for such a masculine teenager. It only took a few minutes for Sam to soften from the verbal jab and watch Dean work, rapt, sucking on orange segments.

When he was done, a few areas showed gaps and tears, but where he had placed the sutures exactly right, the peel looked perfect, as if it had never been torn.

Sam stared at his older brother with something he would hesitate to call “awe” but Dean recognized it for what it was and smirked.

Sam leaned forward. “Show me?” Dean peeled another orange, and patiently but thoroughly, showed Sam how to do running subcutaneous sutures on a piece of citrus.

* * *

When Dean strutted through the door after his date with a local hottie, John was on the phone, hammering out the details of the lead he’d gotten on a possible demon sighting. Sam was stretched out on the threadbare sofa, bare feet hanging off the end, reading a thick book on Haitian vodoun. Dean flashed a blinding grin at Sam, who just shot him a sullen look in response and ignored him.

“Shove over, Francis.” Dean pushed Sam’s legs off the couch, pivoting him in place, and flopped down next to him.

“Ugh. You fucking reek of sex, dude.” Sam pulled his legs up and tucked them underneath, retracting from Dean.

Dean’s lips twitched, and he scratched his stomach. “How would you know, Sammy?”
“Because my brother’s a fucking slut, that’s how I know.” Sam’s face reddened. “Smell it on you. All the time.” Dean tried to look him in the eye, but Sam turned his head away and refused to meet his gaze.

Dean just looked at Sam for a long moment. Noticing. Thinking. Biting his lip, trying to hold back that feeling that flooded through him in Sam’s presence all the time now. This shivery warmth that had almost nothing to do with his dick. He looked at Sam until he squirmed, uncomfortable under Dean’s curious scrutiny. Then he leaned closer to Sam.

“Wanna know what it’s like?”

Sam dropped his book.

“No. Gross.”

Dean just looked at him, his green eyes glinting. “What it feels like to stick your fingers inside a girl?” Dean couldn’t believe what he was saying. Contrary to public opinion, Dean was actually more than a little shy. But the look on Sam’s face, desperately interested while pretending not to be, was like the first hit of the best drug in the world. Dean swallowed, and pushed a little farther. “Get her wet for you?” Saying the words to Sam made him feel all shivery. Dean licked his lips, still looking at Sam, and that was all it took. Sam was caught on the hook.

“See, a girl’s got lips too, kinda like this“ --Dean brushed the back of his fingers against his mouth- - “but down there. And you gotta push past them to get inside. And on top is the clit. It’s like a tiny little dick. So yeah, they like it when you get your fingers in, but to really make ‘em squirm, you gotta use your thumb to rub their clit.”

Sam squirmed on the couch, ruddy patches rising on his cheeks. Dean thought had just meant to embarrass his little brother, but…something else was happening here. Something he didn’t want to stop. It was like the air was suddenly thick between them. That thing that had been forming between them taking more weight, more fire.

“And if you really want to make a girl lose her fucking mind, you gotta lick her.”

Sam’s lips parted, the tip of his tongue darting out unconsciously. Dean’s cock twitched at the sight. “They love that.”

“Yeah?”

The breathiness in Sam’s voice got Dean rock-hard instantly.

“Go crazy for it. Grab your hair. Make these little sounds. If you lick them real nice, you can make them beg.” Sam shifted in place, and Dean just knew Sam was making room in his jeans for his cock getting hard. Hard because of Dean. What Dean was saying.

“Like…how?” Sam’s face was bright red, but he didn’t look away in embarrassment. The combination of innocence and boldness hit Dean like a freight train. He’d never been so hard in his life.

“Like… ‘Please, god, please, fuck me.’” Dean rubbed his hand on his thigh, desperate to touch Sam, not daring to do any such thing. Sam’s pupils were huge and dark.

“They… they actually say that?”

Dean leaned in a little closer, swiping his tongue over his lower lip in his unconscious habit. Sam’s
eyes darted down to watch, transfixed. “They do to me.” Dean couldn’t help the cocky smirk. It was part of his nature. And he was proud of how good he was. He waited until Sam looked up again. “I can make them beg, Sammy.” Dean took a deep breath to steady himself, and held Sam’s gaze. “‘C’mon… fuck me. Need you inside me. Want you to fuck me so hard.’”

Sam was trembling so hard Dean could feel the vibration through the cushions. Sam jumped up from the couch and pelted upstairs.

John poked his head in from the kitchen. “Christ, Dean, are you giving your brother a hard time again?”

Dean just grinned, and thought, you have no idea.
John threw the last of their things into the trunk of the Impala, and placed the cooler full of sodas and deli sandwiches on the front seat. Sam and Dean fought too much over who got to ride shotgun, so John had mandated the front seat was for food and storage, and the back seat was for teenage boys. Particularly on cross-country trips like this one, where they would try to sleep in the car when they could to save money.

Sam threw himself into the back seat with a whoof. Dean smacked his shoulder.

“Stop touching me.” Sam glared at Dean. He’d been testy for weeks, ever since Dean talked him up on the couch. They both knew why, without having to say a word.

“You sure about that?” Dean’s lip curled up in a slow, sweet smile, and Sam erupted in a fit of blushing.

“You boys be good, alright? Otherwise, it’s gonna be a long trip.” John clicked his seatbelt secure, and turned the Impala onto the endless stretch of black asphalt.

They’d been driving all day, pulling in at rest stops to stretch their legs and eat lunch, and now it had gotten dark. John drove with one elbow out the open window, cool night air blowing through, classic rock playing on the radio. Heart’s Magic Man came on, and John turned the volume up.

Dean took advantage of the opportunity.

He leaned against his half-asleep brother, throwing an arm around his shoulder. “Hey, Sam.”

“Mmm?” Sam said sleepily.

Dean leaned closer and whispered in Sam’s ear, “That girl in Branson? Best little cocksucker I ever saw. Been meaning to tell you about it.”

Sam snapped to attention, staring at Dad’s face in the rear view. John’s eyes were fixed on the road, paying no attention to the quiet teenagers in the back seat.

“He can’t hear us over the music. It’s ok.” Sam swallowed hard, neck arching at the warmth of Dean’s breath moving over it.

“I know you’ve never fucked a girl. But you ever get your dick sucked, Sammy?” Sam shook his head, hair flying into his eyes. “Didn’t think so. Too bad. You’re just too damn shy, Sam. You’re a good-looking kid.”

Sam stole a glance at Dean. “You think so?”

“Shit yeah. You’re MY brother, after all.”
Sam was quiet. Dean waited and held his breath. “So… what’s it like?”

Dean breathed out. “A blow job? It’s awesome. It’s like kissing and jacking off mixed together. But they don’t actually blow. Weird they call it that. Should call it a suck job. See, you kind of tuck your lips around your teeth so they don’t hurt” (and Dean knew perfectly well he should say “she tucks her lips” but that’s not what he said at all) and take just a little in your mouth at first and suck. And move your tongue on the bottom part. You know, on that part that feels really good when you’re fisting your dick.” And Dean knew Sammy jacked off, had listened to him in the night, his soft little gasps like sobs, curled up tense and miserable in his sheets, wanting to slip in next to Sam and wrap his fingers (god, his mouth) around Sam’s cock and make him shudder and come just for him.

And Sam was shivering. Listening to his big brother talk dirty.

“Then you take it deeper. Keep your lips tight around it and move your mouth up and down and suck.” Sam shivered harder. “And you move your tongue. If you practice, you can take it all the way down. They call that deep-throating.” Sam’s breath was coming faster now. Just from Dean’s words. It was like Dean was touching Sam all over, just with his voice. Making him crazy. Dean knew the effect he had, and loved it. Knew all the signs. And Sam was flashing every single fucking one of them. Dean took a deep breath to steel himself—this could go so wrong, so quickly—and then brushed his mouth against Sam’s ear.

Sam fucking moaned.

Dean nearly came instantly.

Their eyes met. Neither looked away. They had just crossed a thin, invisible line. No going back now. And Dean wouldn’t have gone back if a horde of demons had dragged him.

And it made him even bolder.

Dean’s lips ghosted over Sam’s neck as he whispered, “It feels really good, Sammy. So good. Someone’s mouth on your cock, all warm and wet, looking up at you, watching you watch them suck you off, taking it so good for you…” And with that, Sam shuddered, digging the nails of his left hand into Dean’s thigh, and gasped, “Dean.”

“Holy shit… Sammy… did you just…” Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s floppy hair.

Sam buried his face into Dean’s shoulder, seized by shyness. “Yeah.”

“I didn’t even touch you.”

“Liked what you said.” Sam’s voice was muffled by Dean’s flannel shirt.

Dean felt dizzy, euphoric. “You came in your jeans…just from me talking dirty.” Sam snuggled closer.

“I’ll ask Dad to find a rest stop. Get you cleaned up.” Get him some relief too. He was so hard he was about to poke a hole in his jeans.

“Hey, Dean? What you said?”

“Yeah?”

Sam looked up at Dean, eyes huge, and whispered, “When we stop? Show me? How to suck your
cock?"

And with that, Dean no longer needed to stop for relief. Just for a wet towel.
Anything You Want

Chapter Summary

Sam needs Dean to ease his pain, even if it's in a truck stop restroom.

John pulled the Impala into the 24-hour truck stop and diner and got out to fill the tank. “You boys run inside and grab something to eat. I’m gonna top up the oil and give her some TLC. Gimme about twenty minutes.” John reached for his wallet and handed Dean some cash. “And yes, Dean, you can have pie. But not pie FOR dinner.”

Dean didn’t want pie. Not right then. He wanted Sam. But despite what Sam had asked for in the car, a skeevy truck stop bathroom was not how he’d pictured their first time with each other. So when Sam dragged him into the men’s room and snicked the lock shut, he put a hand on Sam’s shoulder and held him back from crushing him against the wall.

Sam turned pale. He took a step back, blinking back tears, and turned away.

“Oh, Christ, Sam. I didn’t mean…”

“I knew you’d freak out. I just knew it.” Sam swiped his sleeve against his eyes. Dean came up behind Sam and wrapped his arms around him. Sam tried to throw him off, but Dean just held him tighter.

“S’ok, Sammy. Not freaking out. Promise.”

Sam teetered on the edge of breaking into sobs, chest heaving arrhythmically as he tried to breathe deep and stave off the panic that flooded him when Dean pushed him away.

“C’mere.” Dean turned Sam around to face him, and brushed tears from his face. “I just… Sam, we’re in a public toilet. I mean, when I pictured our first time, it wasn’t like this.”

Sam sniffed, a smile creasing his face. “You pictured it? You thought about it?”

Dean stepped in closer and breathed in the scent of Sam, all green apple shampoo and candy with a low note of Sam's individual scent, impossible to describe but Dean could pick him out of a lineup blindfolded by scent alone. “All the time. I think about it all the time.” Dean fisted his hands in Sam’s flannel. “Just wanted it to be nice for you. The first time. Our first time. Not in some truck stop bathroom.”

Sam's mouth trembled, and Dean was lost. Just like that.

“Dean. I can’t get back in that car with you without at least…”

Dean looked around at the stark white tile, the urinals, the rust-stained sink. “Not here. Not like this. You’ll always remember this, and… you deserve better.”

“Jesus, Dean, I’ll die. I’ll fucking die.” Sam grabbed Dean’s hips and pulled him against him. Dean’s eyes flared wide.
“Christ, you’re hard enough to cut diamonds.”

Sam rocked against Dean, burying his face in Dean’s hair, and made one of those little sounds Dean had heard so many times in the night. His voice came soft and fragile. “You want me to beg?”

The love, the heat, the need exploded in a perfect storm inside Dean. The room fell away and the only thing that existed was Sam. Sam, and a wall to press him against, and a floor to stand on. Dean gripped Sam’s shirt, pinned him to the wall, and kissed him.

And God, he could kiss Sam until they both grew old. The temperature of his lips, the shape and resilience of them, the way he opened to Dean, was perfect. Like Sam had been made just for him.

Just for him.

Dean ripped his mouth away and attacked Sam’s neck, licking his throat, nipping his collarbone, running his hands under Sam’s shirt, muttering things, sweet filthy things he could not keep inside any longer, gorgeous dirty things that had been running around his mind for years without him consciously realizing, things that had been buried so long they roared out, demanding to be given voice.

“…give you everything, anything you want, Christ, Sam, the way you feel, make me crazy, can’t fucking think…the things I’m gonna do to you, baby boy…” Sam groaned and shuddered. Dean snapped his fingers down on Sam’s nipple and squeezed. Sam arched his back into the pleasure-pain and cried out softly. “Yeah, want you to beg me, Sammy, beg for my cock, beg me to fuck you, come in your mouth, come in your ass, fill you up so good… beg me to let you come, come so pretty for me… and I will, I’ll make you come so hard, over and over, gonna make you scream my name…” Sam panted and moaned, sweat sheening his skin, totally giving himself over. “So fucking hot, Sammy…” Dean unbuttoned his jeans and shoved Sam’s hand inside, biting the meaty part of Sam’s shoulder when skin finally touched skin. “Yeah, baby boy, that’s for you, all that cock just for you, been wanting that for so long, haven’t you…”

Sam jacked Dean’s cock, rutting against his leg, and the roaring in Dean’s ears subsided enough for him to hear what Sam was repeating in a desperate flood of language: “Dean, please, can’t take it anymore, please let me come, Dean, please, wanna come for you, please, I’ll do anything, Dean, please…”

His brother. His beautiful, funny, brilliant, maddening brother. Begging so pretty.

Dean was the luckiest guy on Earth.

Suddenly no longer ruled by his own aching need to come (Sammy comes first), Dean dropped to his knees to worship the impossible gift of Sam. Gripping the top of Sam’s button-fly with his teeth, he yanked his head to the side hard, and popped them all free. Sam’s mouth gaped, and Dean just looked up and grinned. He’d been impressed when he’d first seen that done to him. And without hesitation, even though he’d never put his mouth on another man before in his life, he drew Sam’s (beautiful, Christ, like a fucking work of art) cock into his mouth, and showed Sam how it’s done.
Go Cowboys

Chapter Summary

Sam gets a gift from a stranger, and he and Dean take full advantage of it.

Sam couldn’t keep his eyes off Dean, sitting across the diner’s narrow table from him, shoveling French fries into his mouth with the shyest smile Sam had ever seen on him. When he stuck two fingers into his mouth and sucked the salt off, entirely out of habit, Sam made a little sound.

Dean looked up. Sam’s face was flushed, mouth parted, eyes locked on Dean’s lips wrapped around his fingers. Dean flashed to where his mouth had just been (wrapped around Sammy’s cock in the truck stop bathroom, hard tile against his knees, stripping his own cock furiously, the helpless choked sounds his Sam made, shaking like he was going to fly apart, and then oh Christ the taste of him, that taste he’d imagined so many times, flooding his mouth), and he turned bright red all the way to the tips of his ears.

“You’re blushing.” Sam took a fry from Dean’s plate, having only crumbs remaining of his grilled cheese and onion rings.

“So?” Dean tried to play it cool.

“You never blush.”

Dean pursed his lips, opened his mouth… “I got nothin’.”

Sam focused on eating his fry, then peeked up at Dean through his thick eyelashes. “‘S cute.”

“What’s cute?” John slid in next to Dean, smelling of WD-40 and gasoline.

Now it was Sam’s turn to open his mouth and have nothing come out.

Dean came to his rescue. “Sam’s got the hots for the waitress.” He took a big drink of his Coke and grinned at Sam.

“Dean!” Sam knew how to play it. He widened his eyes just a little and sat up straight.

“Likes her ass. Thinks it’s cute.”

“Shut UP!” Sam blushed, which was a regular occurrence for him.

John took one look at Sam’s stricken face and roared with laughter. “Wondered when you were gonna get there, kiddo. I was getting worried. There’s a lot more to life than studying and hanging out with Dean.”

Sam huffed and fussed and looked embarrassed.

John signaled to the waitress. “Can I get a cup of coffee—black—and a menu, sweetheart?”

The waitress, who did in fact have a cute ass, got that special kind of flustered that women got when a Winchester directed the full force of their charisma onto them.
John started debating with Dean about the maintenance interval for the Impala’s timing chain. Sam was instantly bored, and excused himself to go wander through the massive store inside the truck stop.

Sam had never seen anything like it. It was like the Great Mall of America for truckers. In addition to the usual oils and automotive fluids, this place had everything the long-haul big rig trucker could ever need. Aisles of replacement truck parts. Utterly ridiculous trucker novelty items. Bedding. Clothes. Books and DVDs. Audio CDs. A small grocery store’s worth of canned and refrigerated food. And things Sam didn’t even know existed. An entire range of appliances that plugged into 12-volt cigarette lighters: pizza ovens, crock pots, stoves, coffee makers, little refrigerators, grills, TVs, frying pans, even popcorn poppers.

Sam wandered the aisles, taking it all in.

He stopped in his tracks in front of the bedding. “Whoa.” Amongst the travel pillows and microfiber throws, there was a Dallas Cowboys Bed-In-A-Bag. Full flat and fitted sheets, two pillowcases, and matching comforter, with the logo and team name emblazoned on each.

Sam and Dean had decided that just because they didn’t actually have a home, that shouldn’t stop them from having a home team. So they picked the Cowboys, declared them the best team in the NFL, and watched the games whenever they got the chance.

Sam traced his finger over the thick plastic case enclosing the bedding. They only brought a couple of thin blankets with them, shipping what little they owned ahead to Bobby, and the weather had turned colder than John expected. And the heater in the Impala only worked intermittently.

“Cowboys fan?” A thin, nasal voice sounded in Sam’s right ear. A trucker in his late fifties stood in the aisle, impressive gut extending over his Lone Star State belt buckle.

“Yessir.” Sam stuffed his hands in his pockets. “Me and my brother.”

“Well, y’all have excellent taste.”

Sam glanced back at the plastic cube of bedding. Nothing in his pockets, and he knew John would never part with any of the meager cash he had left for something as frivolous as that.

The trucker grabbed a pillow from the pile. “So, you been keeping up with the games?”

Sam lowered his head. “Nosir. We…my dad and us, we move around a lot.” Sam looked out the window at the Impala. Even in the growing twilight, one could easily see into the front seat and the pile of belongings stacked there.

The trucker took that information in, looked at the boy in front of him, a little thin for his age, in torn jeans a half-inch too short for his long legs, and a faded t-shirt.

He worked at the wad of gum in his teeth. “On some kind of road trip?”

Sam blinked in gratitude for the lie. “Yeah. We’re headed out to see my Uncle Bobby in South Dakota.”

“Nice country.” An awkward pause. “It’s getting late. Where y’all staying tonight?”

Sam said nothing, embarrassment dulling his features.

The trucker looked at him evenly. “Sleeping in the car? Well, that’s a fine way to save some
money.” Sam’s face brightened. “Hell, I sleep in my car every damn day.” The trucker stuck out his hand. “I’m Bud.”

Sam shook it. “Sam.”

“Sam. Good solid name for a boy.” Bud thrust the pillow he was holding into Sam’s arms. “Hold that.” He grabbed up the Bed-In-A-Bag and two more pillows, and started toward the cashier. “Well, you coming or what?”

Sam followed, “Hang on, wait a minute—"

“Nope. You’re gonna take it. Cold night tonight.” Bud looked down at Sam. “And I know a little something about traveling on the road, kid. Makes you feel pretty lonely, just you and the dark and the road going on and on. My secret? Good pillows. Good blankets. Nice sheets. Makes a world of difference, even if you’re just stretched out on a back seat.”

Bud paid for everything, walked Sam out to the car with the pillows and bedding, and handed Sam the receipt. “You show that to your daddy, let him know you didn’t steal it.”

“He’s gonna ask. Why.”

Bud swallowed his gum, and stood there for a moment. “I had a boy. Little younger than you. And he died.” Bud chewed his lip and breathed in hard and sharp through his nose, then gave Sam a small, sad smile. “His favorite team was the Cowboys.”

Bud stood with Sam as he rearranged items in the truck and back seat. The larger items that had been underfoot, Sam moved to the trunk, with the room he made by pulling out all the bags of clothing and towels. Those, he laid out on top of the smaller items, until he had made a nest of soft items just about even with the back seat.

Bud said, “Hold on just a minute.” He walked to his rig carrying his new pillow, moving remarkably fast for such a big man, and returned with something large and blue in his arms. “Here. Y’all need this more than I do.” It was a thick rectangular piece of foam. He helped Sam fold it and arrange it across the entire back seat and bags of clothing and all, so it made a soft, smooth, even surface. “Yeah. That’s what I’m talkin’ about. It’ll almost be like sleeping in a real bed, kid.” Bud glanced at his watch. “Hey, I’m running a little behind. Time to head out. Y’all take care of each other, alright?”

Sam was seized with a strong desire to hug the man, but thought maybe it wasn’t a good idea.

And then he did it anyway.

Sam tucked the fitted sheet around everything and smoothed it down, spread the flat sheet on top of that, and laid down the Dallas Blue and white comforter on top. The two pillows, he tucked into the pillowcases and propped them against the far door (making sure the door was good and locked).

By the time John had finished his burger and Dean had convinced him that the timing chain wasn’t quite ready to be replaced, Sam had finished putting it all together.

Dean just stared, eyes wide, at the fully decked out Dallas Cowboys bed now part of the Impala,
while Sam explained everything in a breathless voice.

Once John realized 1) the items were purchased legitimately 2) the man was not a pedophile and 3) he’d driven off 10 minutes earlier, he softened.

“That’s actually really nice, there, Sam. I should have thought of that.” John looked at the bed, all set up and ready to go, and the light dancing across his youngest son’s face, the surprised happiness and pride on the face of his eldest, and suddenly blinked his eyes furiously a few times. “You two are going to sleep nice tonight.” He ruffled Sam’s hair. “Good job, son.”

John may not have noticed how Sam’s face blossomed under the warmth of his approval and praise.

But Dean did.

John had them change out of their jeans into their sweatpants (which Sam had wisely not used as padding, but had kept out where they could easily get to them). Sam insisted that Dean get in first, pulling the corner of the sheet and comforter down for him, standing outside to take his shoes, one at a time, beaming as Dean crawled between the sheets and laid his head down on the brand-new pillow. Sam slipped Dean’s sneakers into the front seat, sat on the edge and tugged his own shoes off, then laughed as Dean grabbed him by the armpits and hauled him backwards into the car.

Dean threw the bedding over Sam. They both snuggled down, reveling in the softness, warmth, and general Cowboy-ness of the entire setup.

“You nice and warm?” John’s face was soft, and the love in his voice was unmistakable.

Sam and Dean nodded in unison.

“Mind if I play a little music?”

“Nope.” Dean spoke for both of them.

John flipped through the box of tapes, and popped in Led Zeppelin II, turned it on low. Whole Lotta Love came through the speakers. To Sam and Dean Winchester, weaned on their father’s love for 70s rock, it might as well have been a lullaby.

As the Impala rumbled down the road, John tapping his fingers in time to the music, Dean pulled Sam against him, a gangly, floppy haired little spoon to his big spoon. “This is awesome, Sammy.”

Sam snuggled into Dean, drawing his arm around his waist. He sniffed once. Then again.

“You ok? Sammy?”

Sam wiped his eyes. “Best day of my life.”

Dean kissed the back of Sam’s neck, surreptitious, sheltered from the eyes of his father by their position and the dark. “Me too.”

His lips remained on Sam’s skin, breathing warmth over the little hairs along Sam’s neck, until Sam shivered. “Day’s not over yet, Sammy.”

Dean’s right hand settled on top of Sam’s hip. His mouth moved to right behind Sam’s ear. “Can you be quiet?”

Sam nodded.
“I mean, really quiet. Not make a sound.”

Sam nodded again, determined to prove he could by not even saying a word in response.

Dean whispered, “You real sure? ‘Cause I want to make you come again.”

Sam released a soft, shuddering breath. Dean’s fingers drew tiny circles along Sam’s thigh. “I really liked it. Back there. Making you come.”

Sam panted. Dean moved his fingers lower along Sam’s thigh, getting closer.

Dean’s lips right on the soft whorl of Sam’s ear. “Did you like it? Coming for me?” What Is and What Should Never Be played over the hiss of the car heater, hiding the sound of his voice.

Sam drew Dean’s hand up, placed his fingers on his lips, mouthed, “Yes.”

Dean shivered at the unexpected sensuality of it.

“You want to come for me again?”

Sam drew Dean’s index finger into his mouth, sucked on it, nodded, “Yes.”

“Fuck, Sam. You’re so…” A soft gasp as Sam sucked Dean’s finger in deeper, all the way to the base. “When I get you to a real bed with a door that locks, baby boy…”

At that, Sam gasped, arching his back, pressing the curve of his ass against Dean’s crotch.

“Shhh… keep still.”

Sam quivered.

“Dad’s a foot in front of us. I can’t make you come until you keep real quiet and still.”

Sam sank his teeth into the brand-new pillow.

“You can do it,” Dean whispered. “And when I get you all alone, I promise, Sam. You can make all the noise you want.”

Sam carefully turned in place, pressed his mouth to Dean’s ear. “You promise?”

Dean nodded.

“I’m scared I’m gonna scream.”

The thought of that, of his sweet baby brother so wrung out by the pleasure Dean was giving him that he couldn’t stop himself from screaming, nearly made Dean come on the spot.

He turned Sam back around to his original position, pressed his mouth to Sam’s ear. “Gonna make you scream, baby boy. That’s a promise. But right now, you gotta stay quiet for me. Ok?”

Sam sucked in a deep breath, then nodded.

“You need to make a little noise, you bury your face in the pillow.”

The Lemon Song started to play. Dean sat up. “Hey, dad, can you turn it up? We like this song.”

John smiled at the thought that his boys loved the music of his youth as much as he did, and turned
up the volume.

The thing about sweatpants is the elastic band makes them very easy to pull down. Not always good in gym class, but ideal when you’re trying to surreptitiously jack off your little brother in the back seat of a car while your dad is driving.

Dean tugged Sam’s sweatpants down underneath the covers, and inhaled sharply when he realized that Sam wasn’t wearing underwear. “Sammy,” he breathed, wrapping his hand around Sam’s hard cock. Sam’s hand scrabbled in front of him, found what he was searching for, pulled out a small bottle of lotion. “You plan this all out?” Dean asked. Sam shook his head no.

Dean quietly squeezed a little lotion into the palm of his hand, slipped it back under the covers and squeezed Sam’s cock.

Sam dug his teeth into the meaty part of his hand, fighting for control.

“Don’t move. Don’t make a sound.” Dean slid his fist up and down, so slowly, glorying in how it made Sam shake all over. “Christ. So sensitive. Aren’t you.” His soft whisper was masked by the music, Robert Plant moaning, “Squeeze me baby, ’till the juice runs down my leg.”

“Fuck, Sam. Couldn’t have picked a better song if I tried.” Sam buried his face in the pillow, trying desperately to hold still, as Dean worked his cock, slowly, agonizingly slowly, totally in control. “Keep still, Sam. Doing so good.”

The rush of it, of saying sweet, dirty things in Sam’s ear and Sam having to keep quiet but going crazy for it, of touching Sam’s cock and Sam having to keep still but going out of his fucking mind for it, was dizzying.

“Know the first thing I’m gonna do to you when I get you all alone, sweetheart?” Another shiver. Sammy liked pet names. So good to know. “Gonna take your clothes off, lay you down, spread you wide open…” Sam panted into the pillow, body rigid, stomach quivering, as Dean jacked his cock nice and slow, keeping his motions as non-suspicious as he possibly could. “…and I’m gonna eat your ass out like a girl.”

Sam sucked in a breath, and then made a muffled, choked groan into the pillow, spilling all over Dean’s hand.

“How. Sammy. Love you so much…” Sam had barely finished coming when Dean frantically tugged down his sweatpants and rubbed his cock against the smooth curve of Sam’s ass once, twice, and then he was coming thick and wet against him, biting down hard on Sam’s upper back muscle, hard enough to leave marks that Sam would feel for days.

They lay there, trying to catch their breath without revealing they had lost it in the first place, Dean’s palm pressed possessively against Sam’s still-twitching abdomen, Sam’s head thrown back, the curve of his neck on Dean’s shoulder. Then Dean chuckled. “Looks like we messed up your brand-new sheets.”

Sam took Dean’s hand, pressed it to his lips. "Best day of my life."
The Winchesters make it to Bobby's house. Dean talks dirty to Sam while John and Bobby are in the other room, and drives Sam out of his mind with need.

The Impala rumbled up the long path to Bobby’s house, headlights illuminating the way. Bobby stood in the doorway holding something in his hands.

Sam and Dean tumbled out of the back seat, stiff and half-groggy, breath visible in the cold air. John stretched out his long legs, clambered from the front seat, and bent over, stretching out his lower back.

He threw his arms around the shoulders of his sons, one on each side, and they walked to the front door.

Bobby thrust a warm “World’s Best Teacher” mug into John’s hand, and held out two more to the boys. “Thought you could use this.” John sniffed at the contents. Warm vapor, all apple, butter and cinnamon, ghosted over his mouth. “My take on Hot Buttered Rum. ‘Cept with Bourbon instead of rum. And some cider. And spices. Hell, it’s nothing like Hot Buttered Rum ‘cept that it’s hot and buttered.”

Dean took a sip, expecting a virgin version, and blinked at the unanticipated kick. Sam followed Dean’s lead, and was also surprised at the alcohol.

John raised an eyebrow at Bobby.

“What?” Bobby growled. “After all these boys been through, all they've seen, you think they’re too young for a little hooch?”

John could not fault that logic.

Bobby smacked John on the shoulder. “Now get your asses inside, pronto. Letting all the warm air out.” As Sam and Dean stepped past him and entered his home, he ruffled their hair. “Good to see you kids again.”

Sam and Dean sat on the worn sofa in front of the fire, knees pressed together, hands wrapped around the heated mugs, letting the warmth penetrate their bodies from inside and out. It was their second mug each, at the insistence of Bobby and the amused tolerance of John, and the alcohol wormed through their veins, heating them up every bit as much as the fire.

Through the open doorway to their left, John and Bobby stood bent over a large table in the kitchen, John poking an insistent finger at a large map while Bobby flipped through a cracked and worn leather-bound tome so old the boys could smell the musty scent from where they were.

Dean nudged Sam with his shoulder. “Finally.”
“What?” Sam rubbed his chapped lips together.

“You stopped shivering. Finally. You were shivering the whole day.”

Sam just shrugged. Which broke Dean’s heart. Sam shouldn’t have to think that being bone-shakingly cold for days was just a regular thing.

But it was.

“Warming up now, Sammy?”

Sam blew out his breath over Bobby’s concoction of spiced cider and alcohol, driving a puff of warm vapor up over his nose and mouth. “Yeah. Feels good.”

Dean watched John and Bobby argue over what to do next. Then he threw his arm around Sam and adopting body language that said he was simply talking in a light, conversational tone, said, “Know what I want to do, Sammy? Take you to a beach. Out in California. Sneak onto one of those big old private beaches. No one around but us.”

Sam sipped his drink, eyes darting up to look at Dean over the rim of the mug.

Dean continued. “Real hot day. Middle of July. Bring a cooler full of ice and bottles of beer. One of those huge beach blankets. Lay down, just you and me, and let the sun soak in until we’re so hot we can’t stand it.”

Sam closed his eyes, letting Dean’s words wash over him. This little encouragement bolstered Dean’s confidence.

“Yeah. Close your eyes. The heat from the fire? That’s the sun on your skin.” Dean closed his own eyes, caught up in the moment every bit as much as Sam, who was hanging on his every word.

“Just lay in the sun, listening to the waves, until we were all hot and sweaty, and then run into the water.”

Dean opened his eyes, to make sure John and Bobby weren’t standing over them, horrified. They weren’t.

“Then we’d stand and let the waves come in over our feet. I’d stand behind you, put my arms around you, hold you steady, you know, when the waves went back out.” Sam and Dean had been to the beach exactly once, and Sam got dizzy and fell over every time the waves rushed back over his bare feet. “Kiss the back of your neck. Lick the salt off your skin.”

Sam’s eyes flashed open, pupils dilated. The energy that crackled between the two of them was palpable.

Sam glanced over at John and Bobby, completely caught up in their own thing, but nonetheless absolutely able to see the two boys on the couch.

He turned his huge hazel eyes back to Dean. “Then what?”

Dean felt the hairs on the back of his arms raise up.

“Then… then I’d race you back to the blanket. And I’d win.”

“Hah.”
“And I’d win,” Dean insisted. “Break out a couple of beers.” Dean brushed a stray lock of hair out of Sam’s face. “And I’d watch you drink yours. Watch your mouth wrap around the neck of the bottle.”

Sam bit his lower lip.

“Watch you suck on it. Get hard watching you. Think of feeding you my cock, just like that.”

A small whimper escaped Sam’s lips.

“You like that?” This phrase, such a porn cliché, was spoken here with honest purpose. Dean needed to know, know that Sam liked what he was doing, liked him telling him what he wanted to do to him, liked the idea of sucking Dean’s cock.

“Yeah.”

“Want me to stand over you, pull my shorts down, pull that bottle out of your mouth and put my cock there instead?”

Sam dug his fingers into the fabric of the couch, making a small strangled sound.

Dean stared at the effect his words were having on his Sammy.

“Bet you do. Bet you can just feel it, can’t you, my cock sliding into your mouth, all salty from the water, stretching your mouth around it, sucking on it…”

Sam licked his lips unconsciously. “Dean. Want to.”

“Yeah?” Dean fought to keep his composure. “Then I’d pull out and put the beer bottle in your mouth again, make you drink. Put my cock back in your mouth before you swallowed, so I could feel that cold beer on the head of my dick.” Dean could almost feel it, the prickly bubbles on his sensitive flesh, the ice-cold liquid a shocking contrast to the soft heat of Sam’s mouth.

Sam nearly dropped his mug.

“Yeah. You’d do that for me. Wouldn’t you, Sammy. Suck my cock in broad daylight on a beach.”

Sam put his hand on Dean’s thigh, glancing toward the kitchen nervously. They were still deeply engrossed in their planning.

“I’d do anything. Anything you want.”

Dean dared to lean closer, just for a moment, and let his mouth brush over Sam’s ear. “I know you would, baby boy.”

Sam stifled a groan. “Dean.” His cheeks were flushed vivid red.

“How’re you boys doing in there?” John’s voice resounded through the hard wood interior of Bobby’s house like a Sunday preacher in church.

Sam’s face froze, stricken. Dean called out, “Great. We’re just getting warmed up.”

“Holler if you need anything.” Bobby interjected.

“Sam. Turn toward me.” Sam shifted so he faced Dean, turning away from the kitchen. Dean knew he had a much better poker face to begin with, and after all, he was the one driving his little brother
crazy with his dirty talk.

“Where were we? Oh, yeah. You were sucking my cock on the beach.”

Sam looked at Dean like a starving man eyeing a Vegas buffet. His expression was shockingly open and easy for Dean to read: Sam had never wanted anything more in his life than to take Dean’s cock into his mouth. Right then and there, if Dean would let him. He’d accept being ostracized from his father, from Bobby, from everyone. If Dean would just let him.

Sam wanted it that much. Wanted him.

Dean gnawed on his lower lip in that unconscious habit he had.

“Can you feel it, Sam? The sun beating down on you? My dick just sliding into your mouth?”

Sam nodded, swallowing on empty air.

“You working your mouth on me. Licking my cock, sucking on it, seeing how deep you can take it down your throat. Making me come with your mouth. You want that, don’t you, Sammy?”

Dean needed to hear it. Needed to see it and hear it and feel it, every second. How much Sam wanted it. Wanted him.

Sam opened his mouth, and Dean expected a wordless plea, or “Dean, please,” or “Yeah.”

What he said was, “When are you going to stop teasing me and fucking do it?”

Dean blinked, astonished.

Sam’s jaw was tight. “You know I want it. You know how bad I want to do that.”

Sam’s body was hard, muscles tight, quivering slightly all over like a guitar string that had been plucked.

“Dean. I want it so bad it hurts. It actually physically hurts.” Sam’s voice was wrecked. “And they’re here, and we can’t, and Dean, it fucking hurts.” He had tears in his eyes.

Dean suddenly felt terrible. He knew Sam was sensitive, both emotionally and physically (and Christ, he couldn’t wait until he got Sammy alone and finally got to see how exquisitely sensitive and responsive he was), but he’d underestimated both.

“Sorry. I’m sorry, Sam.” And Dean’s heart cracked open because Sammy started to cry. “I’m sorry.” Dean dragged Sam into his arms, where Sam shook with frustration.

“Sam? You ok?” John was suddenly right there, concerned and poised for action, as though he was attuned to the scent of his sons’ tears.

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “It’s just… you know.” Dean knew John would interpret that to mean the whole wealth of what had just happened. Uprooting Sam yet again, tearing him away from the friends that he, being such a sweet and loving boy, could not help but make despite John’s warnings not to get too attached again because he knew they wouldn’t be staying long.

John’s face darkened, twisting with guilt and self-recrimination. “I’m so sorry, Sam.” He sat with them, hand on Sam’s back, until Sam’s tears subsided. “Been a long trip for you boys, and a long day. How about you go upstairs to sleep while Bobby and I finish up?”
Sam made a face into Dean’s shoulder. Neither of them were looking forward to sleeping on the twin beds crammed into the cluttered bedroom John would be sleeping in.

Bobby called out from the kitchen, “Hey, I cleared out my second office for you boys. So you got your own room this time.” Sam raised his tear-stained face to Dean’s, eyes wide with surprise. “Got rid of those crusty old twin beds, too. Y’all got too tall for that. All’s I could find was a queen-sized bed, though. Figured you two wouldn’t fuss about sharing.”

Sam raced to the car to get the queen-sized Cowboys bedding, despite the fact that Bobby had already made up their bed. Bobby understood boys and sports teams, though, so he wasn’t offended in the least.

Dean helped Sam re-make the bed and settle the pillows into place, watching how Sam’s face lit up, as though this one thing made Sam feel like he had some kind of home.

“You two. Brush your teeth and get into bed. And I expect you two to stay in there all night, ok? No getting up in the middle of the night and ransacking my library, Sam.” Bobby’s voice was stern, with a ribbon of laughter running through it.

“Nosir. I promise. We’ll stay in bed all night.” How Sam managed to say that with a straight face, Dean couldn’t imagine.

The second Bobby’s feet hit the landing at the base of the stairs, Sam’s knees hit the rag rug next to the bed, tugging frantically at Dean’s belt buckle, pulling out Dean’s cock. The feel of Sam’s smooth fingers made Dean suck in a breath over his teeth.

Sam looked up at Dean with wide eyes. “I don’t know how.”

Sam was going to be the death of him, Dean thought. “S’ok, baby boy. I’ll talk you through it.”

Sam sat up on his heels, always the eager pupil.

“Main thing? Be real careful with your teeth. Don’t let ‘em scrape.” Sam nodded, and Dean could practically hear the pen inside Sam’s head scratch across paper. “But it’s you, Sam. I’m gonna love it.”

Sam blinked his eyes slowly and opened them again, like a cat saying I love and trust you.

Dean held his cock in his right hand and rubbed the head, slick with precome, over Sam’s lips, teasing him, because he couldn’t help himself.

“Dean. Want it.”

Dean shivered. This was not going to take long. Not long at all. “Gonna give it to you. I promised.” Dean pressed his thumb alongside Sam’s jaw.

Sam was already shaking.

“You want me to tell you what to do? Or you want to just do it all on your own?”

Sam hated being told what to do. Hated it. How many times had he heard Sam spit, “I’m not stupid, Dean. I can figure it out on my own.”?

But Sam was full of surprises today. Kneeling before Dean, he whispered, “Tell me what to do.”
Dean squeezed the base of his cock hard, desperate to not come all over Sam’s face—at least not so soon. Though he filed away that delicious mental image for later use.

“Open your mouth, Sammy.”

Sam did.

Dean pressed the head of his cock to Sam’s lips. “Lick it. Just the tip.” The first swipe of his little brother’s tongue made Dean shiver and curse, and pull back.

“Did I do it wrong?” Sam looked stricken.

“Fuck, no. No. You did it so good. I’m just…I’m trying not to come so soon.”

Sam looked legitimately confused. “Why? I want to make you come a bunch of times tonight.”

And again, Dean had to squeeze the base of his cock so as not to blow his load all over Sam’s sweet, upturned face.

“Christ, I love you, Sam.” Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s hair. “Fucking LOVE you.”

Sam bounced on his heels impatiently and gripped Dean’s thighs. “Dean. Please.” Sam blushed, eyes flickering to the floor for a moment, then back up to meet Dean’s gaze. “Want you to come in my mouth.”

And the expression on Dean’s face told Sam that he was not the only Winchester boy who really, really loved it when his brother talked dirty to him.

Dean slid his cock into Sam’s willing mouth, with a groan that rose from his very bones. “So beautiful. Fuck. Sammy. Wish I could take a picture of that.”

Sam looked up at Dean, mouth full of cock, and mumbled, “Next time.”

And that was it. Dean completely lost all control. He trembled and spasmed and pumped into Sam’s mouth, Sam clumsily sucking and trying to keep his teeth clear, Dean not caring, not caring at all, because this was the best blow job he’d ever had, Sammy on his knees for him begging for him to come in his mouth, promising to make him come over and over, fucking saying OK to Dean taking pictures of him doing it, and how Dean got so lucky as to have everything he ever loved, more sweetness and beauty and amazingness than he deserved AND every dirty fantasy he’d ever had in the body of the same person, he’d never understand.

With a bitten-down curse and a low, flowing chant of “Sam…Sam….Sam…,” Dean came harder than he’d ever come before, spilling into Sam’s mouth. When the bitter-salty fluid hit Sam’s tongue, he fucking moaned like he’d been dying to taste Dean’s come for years. He dug his fingers into Dean’s hips, his back curling, swallowing it all, wrapping his mouth tighter and sucking hard—which sent Dean’s aftershocks into a whole new orgasm, something he didn’t even know was possible. Another load, nearly as big as the first, spurted into Sam’s mouth. Sam’s fingers scrabbled at Dean, as he shook and moaned on his big brother’s cock.

“Sam. Christ. Sam.” Dean was reduced to single-syllable words. Sam was reduced to twitching and moans.

Dean dropped to his knees alongside Sam and thrust his hand inside his jeans, intending to ease his Sammy’s aching need. But…“Fuck. You came? Just from…”
Sam threw his arms around Dean and pressed his mouth to his throat. “Just from my mouth on you.”

Dean stared at Sam’s face, with an expression so intense it almost scared Sam. Then he took Sam’s face in his hands and kissed him. Soft, searching, a claim as much as a kiss.

Sam answered the claim, melting into Dean, opening to him.

After a long moment, Dean broke the kiss. “Hey. Back at that truck stop. I made you a promise.”

“Know the first thing I’m gonna do to you when I get you all alone, sweetheart? Gonna take your clothes off, lay you down, spread you wide open… and I’m gonna eat your ass out like a girl.”

Sam blinked, then remembered. The color rose in his cheeks.

Dean pulled Sam to his unsteady feet, and tugged his t-shirt off, then unbuttoned Sam’s jeans. He was already half-hard, with the miraculously short refractive period enjoyed by teenagers. “You thought maybe I forgot? I always keep my promises, baby boy.”
Chapter Summary

John and Bobby have to head into town to pick up something, leaving Sam and Dean all alone.

“Wait.” Sam stopped Dean from tugging down his jeans. “Hold on.” Sam had preternaturally keen hearing, because sure enough, there were heavy footsteps coming up the stairs.

Sam quickly pulled his shirt back on.

“Inside out!” Dean whispered. Sam stared in horror, then quickly ripped it off and put it back on right side out.

A gentle rap at the door. “You awake?”

“Yep!” Dean called out casually, sitting on the edge of the bed, untying his boots.

Sam tried to act casual, and failed miserably. Dean smacked him on the shoulder hard. Right then, John swung open the door—and saw Sam glaring at Dean with his epic bitch face, and Dean not even trying to hide the smirk on his face.

It was a perfectly normal tableau.

“Me and Bobby are gonna ride into town and pick up something.” Dean perked up, instantly interested in the strategy of the hunt. “I’ll tell you all about it tomorrow, Dean. You two going to be ok by yourselves?”

Dean and Sam stared at each other, both thinking, *Was this a trick question?*

“Er, yeah, Dad.” Sam couldn’t quite believe their luck.

“And Dean, stop giving your brother a hard time.”

Sam bit his lip, trying desperately to stifle his laughter.

Dean stared at John with a shocked, innocent expression. “What?”

“You know.”

Dean looked at Sam, palms raised in supplication, playing it up good. “What’d I do?”

“Dean. Be nice to your brother.”

“Yeah, Dean.” Sam could smirk every bit as well as Dean. “Be nice to your brother.”

“Oh, I’ll be real nice to Sammy.” Dean turned to John and practically batted his eyelashes. “I’ll be so good.”

“Don’t be a smartass, Dean. Mind me.”
Dean put on his serious face. “Yessir.”

“And Sam? Don’t get your brother going.”

Sam practically choked. “Sir?”

“You know. Don’t get him worked up.”

Now it was Dean’s turn to try to repress laughter, turning toward the duffle bag on the floor to hide his face.

“Nosir. I’ll be good.”

“Alright. There’s sandwich stuff in the fridge if you want a snack.” He ruffled Sam’s hair, which Sam hated when anyone but Dean did, but tolerated. “And we’ll be gone for a few hours, so don’t wait up.”

Sam and Dean stood in the living room watching the taillights of Bobby’s truck dwindle into tiny dots of light on the road.

“Are they really…”

“Gone?”

They stood stock-still, waiting. The lights disappeared, and did not reappear.

“Yeah. They’re really gone.”

Sam and Dean stood in the living room, and looked at each other. Then, as one, they burst into motion and raced each other up the stairs to their room.

Sam peeled off his t-shirt, breathless, laughing. Dean tackled him onto the bed, tickling him, making Sam spasm and laugh helplessly until he squeaked (which always made Dean’s heart grow three sizes at once just like the Grinch).

“Get off me!”

“Oh, that’s not what you want, little brother.” Dean straddled Sam, pinning him down, and tickled Sam’s taut, quivering stomach.

“Cut it out!” Sam batted away Dean’s hands, but Dean redoubled his attack.

“Say please.”

Sam writhed, tears streaming down his face, laughing so hard his face was bright red. “Off… off…”

Dean dug his fingers into Sam’s sides and worked them up underneath his arms. Sam flailed and kicked and finally, finally said, “I give. I give. Please.”

Dean sat back, staring down at Sam, fingers hovering over his stomach. “Please what?”

Sam gasped, trying to catch his breath. “No more. No more tickling.”
“What’ll you do if I stop?”

Sam panted beneath Dean, eyes going heavy with intent. Slowly, deliberately, he laid back and stretched both arms overhead, crossing them at the wrist. He bit his lip, looking up at Dean, and said, “Anything.”

Dean’s cock twitched and bucked, and Sam’s, right beneath him, answered in kind.

Dean unbuttoned Sam’s jeans. “I do have that promise to keep.”

“Yeah.” Sam’s voice was achingly soft.

“Two, actually.”

Sam cocked his head, like a confused puppy.

“First, I promised to take all your clothes off and eat your ass out like a girl.”

Sam arched his back. He looked so beautiful, so eager, that Dean could hardly contain himself.

“And second? I promised I’d make you scream.”

Dean peeled Sam’s jeans off, stripped him of his socks, slowly worked his boxers off. He stood at the foot of the bed and removed his shirt.

Sam’s eyes went wide, and he propped himself up on his elbows to watch. Dean blushed a little at first, but then went with it remarkably quickly, giving Sam a coy glance as he unbuttoned his jeans, watched Sam lick his lips involuntarily, pulled them down slowly, giving his Sammy a little show.

“Fuck. Dean. You’re so…”

“What?”

Sam shook his head. “Beautiful.”

Naked, Dean crawled up and pushed Sam down gently onto his back. “You’re the one who’s beautiful, Sammy.” He couldn’t keep his eyes off his little brother, all lines of just-developing muscle, soft skin, those incredible eyes, and a cock, fuck, a cock that the Greek gods would envy. And Sam was just getting started.

“Lay back, Sammy. You’re gonna love this. Feels so good.”

Sam let his head fall back. Then he sat up. “How do you know?”

Dean rolled his head in that funny little circle he made instead of saying duh. “Ronda Hurley.”

Sam pursed his lips in that funny little duckface he made instead of saying fair enough.

Dean grazed his fingertips along Sam’s body, feeling every line and curve. He dropped lower, settled between Sam’s thighs, exhaling a warm puff of breath over Sam’s cock, making it twitch.

Dean had gotten a taste for talking to Sam, and he liked it. He tapped Sam’s thigh. “Open.”

Sam complied, stretching his legs apart for Dean.

“Wider.”
Sam obeyed instantly.

“Fuck. Why don’t you take orders like this when we’re training?”

“You gonna lick my ass on the obstacle course if I do?”

Dean bit down on Sam’s inner thigh. “Don’t tempt me, baby boy.”

Sam gasped. “You do stuff like this, I’ll take any order you give me.”

Dean filed that away for future fucking reference. That could make training real interesting.

Dean tipped Sam’s hips up, pushing his thighs back. Sam blushed furiously.

“Shhh… you look fucking awesome like this. Christ.”

Dean stared down at his little brother, spread open for him, his cock frantically hard and twitching on his flat little belly, ass exposed, his sweet pink hole just…there. Waiting.

Dean couldn’t wait any longer. He flicked his tongue across it.

Sam jumped.

“Hold still, Sammy. Don’t make me tie you up.” Dean thought about that for a moment. “Strike that. Make me tie you up.”

Sam stared up at him, panting. “Again.”

“Hey, who’s giving the orders here?”

“Do it again.” Sam’s pupils were blown wide.

Dean laughed. “Bossy little bitch.” And he did it again.

This time, he held Sam down hard, pressing his palms against his thighs. Sam gasped, and bit down on his lip.

“‘S’ok. You can make all the noise you want.”

Sam looked startled. “I forgot.”

Dean grabbed one of the Cowboys pillows and stuffed it under Sam’s hips, then settled in and made himself comfortable between Sam’s legs. “Gonna be here for a while, baby boy.”

Sam moaned.

Dean licked another stripe, slow and wet. Sam’s thighs shook under Dean’s hands. “Oh god. Oh god.”

Dean brushed his lips against Sam’s inner thigh. “There you go, sweetheart. Tell me when it feels good.”

He lapped at Sam’s tight pink ring, slow curls of his tongue, letting it dig in a little each time as it passed over the center, then flicked the tip against the center, pressed it there, held it steady.

Sam made a sound that started off as a word and disintegrated into a drawn-out moan.
Dean tightened his tongue muscle and pressed, breaching the outer ring. Sam spasmed beneath him, crying out.

“That feel good?”


Dean moved his hands down to Sam’s ass cheeks, pulled them apart. Sam was too far gone to blush, instead gripping the backs of his knees and holding his thighs back.

He pressed his thumbs on either side of Sam’s sphincter, and gently pulled them apart. “Come on, baby. Let me in.”

A few more long, slow drags of his tongue, and Sam started making the sweetest sounds Dean had ever heard. Little pants, moans, low guttural sounds punched out of him. And how he moved… rolling his hips, fucking up into Dean’s tongue, completely without shame or modesty, like he didn’t even know these concepts existed. Completely guileless and open, completely lost in the pleasure of giving himself over to Dean in the most intimate way possible.

Dean couldn’t help making sounds himself, moaning as Sam opened to him, his tongue sliding over the rougher texture of the outer ring into the impossibly soft, silken texture of the flesh beneath. “So good,” he murmured. “Feel so good, Sam.”

Sam was the one writhing beneath him, but suddenly Dean was the desperate one. He wanted more, wanted to work his tongue as deep inside Sam as humanly possible. He buried his face between Sam’s ass cheeks, sucking on his sweet pink rim. Sam cried out, his voice rough with urgency. “Dean. Oh...oh, fuck, Dean.” Sam’s voice spurred Dean on, driving his tongue deeper inside Sam, licking inside him, curling and twining and tasting him, licking him open, and mother of all that’s holy, somehow Sam tasted good, somehow Dean hurting himself trying to jam his tongue all the way up his little brother’s ass tasted so fucking good, felt so silky soft on his tongue, and no one, fucking no one had ever done that to Sammy before, and Dean would make damn sure no one other than him ever would, just him. Only him.

“Yes. Yes. Yes.” Sam chanted,

“Go on, Sammy. Make as much noise as you want to.” Sam began making wordless cries, tossing his head from side to side, hands scrabbling at the comforter. “You want more? Want me to tongue fuck you some more, baby boy? You like it?”


Dean sealed his mouth over Sam and sucked hard, stabbing his tongue inside him again and again, driving a high-pitched cry out of his writhing, sweating little brother. Then he pulled his mouth away, earning a soft sound of protest from Sam, which was quickly silenced when he pressed the tip of his index finger against the wet rim of muscle.

“You thought that felt good? Oh, the things I’m gonna do to you.”

Sam shuddered underneath him. He really was every bit as responsive as Dean had hoped in the long, dark nights of repressed desire—and so much more. Sam was a drug, and Dean was already a hopeless addict.

Dean pressed the tip of his finger inside, penetrating the outer ring easily, all slick with saliva and yielding, prepared by Dean’s talented tongue.
“This what you want?”

Sam half-sat up, and fell back down, uttering sounds now. Just sounds. He arched his back, driving himself down on Dean’s finger. Dean cursed as Sam opened to him, taking his finger past the second ring of muscle.

When Sam felt Dean’s finger slip all the way inside him, he went crazy, raising his hips and fucking himself down over and over, practically sobbing, loud, so loud, spreading his legs as wide as he could, hands roaming over his chest, one pinching his nipple, the other darting into his mouth, sucking on his own fingers.

He was like a force of nature, writhing and crying out over and over, forming words now. “Dean” and “make me come” and “please fuck me” and it was all Dean could do to not spit on his hand and slick up his cock and just fuck Sam stupid.

But he promised himself he wouldn’t do that. Not yet. Not until Sam was seventeen. Everything else, hell yes. But not that. Wanted to wait. Do it right. So long as he could hold out that long…

So Dean fucked his little brother with his index finger, and licked a broad stripe along the underside of Sam’s cock, making him wail. “You wanna come, Sammy?”

Sam lifted his head, looked Dean straight in the eyes. “God please Dean please Dean fuck gonna die please Dean oh god please…”

“Come on, baby boy. Gonna make you come for me. As loud as you wanna be. No one’s around to hear.” And Dean sealed his mouth over the head of Sam’s achingly hard cock and sucked, driving down and pulling back, sucking hard, licking along the sensitive spot where the head meets the shaft, and curled his index finger and pressed up… and Sam screamed, arched his back and bucked his hips up as he fell apart for his brother, and screamed again, a fierce cry ripped from the very core of him like a declaration, coming in violent spurts that hit the back of Dean’s throat so hard it made him cough.

But he swallowed it. Every drop.

Sam whimpered, spasming again and again, emptying into Dean’s mouth. And Dean took it all.

“Taste so good, Sam.” He licked into the pulsing slit, making Sam shudder and cry out, releasing a last weak flood of come. “So fucking good.”

Dean crawled up, pressing his body against Sam, sealing his mouth around Sam’s… and Sam opened to him, licking the taste of himself out of his brother’s mouth, moaning at the taste of it, licking along the seam of Dean’s lips, licking deep into his mouth, and that was it, that was fucking it. Dean rubbed his cock against Sam’s thigh, grinding down against him hard, fucking his mouth with his tongue, hand wrapped in Sam’s hair hard enough to make him gasp into Dean’s mouth, and that was fucking it.

He made a surprised sound at the force of his orgasm, which hit him like a runaway train and slammed him past all rational thought, just his body shaking apart with pleasure too sharp to bear, to keen to endure, and now it was Dean screaming, howling with the overwhelming force of it, Sam clutching his shoulders, staring up at him in awe and disbelief.

Dean must have actually lost consciousness, because he came to with Sam pushing gently at his shoulders. “Dean? Dean.”

Dean pushed himself off and collapsed at Sam’s side. ”Mmph.”
Sam propped himself up on one arm and lightly traced little patterns along Dean’s back with the tips of his fingers, prompting murmurs of pleasure. After a long while, Dean said, “What are you… are those words?”

“Latin.”

“What Latin?”

Sam smiled, white teeth visible in the dim light of the room. “Well… that—“ and here his fingers made an elaborate series of flourishes—“is a prayer for protection, and that—” another pattern here “—is a claiming ritual, and that—” a slow, simple series of movements”—is I love you.”

Sam had never said that before. Not in words. Not like that.

“Claiming ritual, huh? You want to tattoo me with your mark or something, Sammy?” Dean was joking—but not.

Sam sensed it. “Would…you wouldn’t. Would you?”

Dean looked at Sam’s face in the faint light of the waxing moon through the bedroom window, so cautious and yet so hopeful. “Would you?”

“Dude, I’d tattoo ‘My heart belongs to Dean Winchester’ on my chest.”

“I’m serious, Sam. Would you?”

Sam’s face grew somber. “I would literally tattoo that on my chest, but you’d kill me.”

“Yeah, kinda hard to explain that one to Dad.”

“Dean. What are you asking?”

“I’d wear your mark if you’d wear mine.”

Sam was extraordinarily sensitive, but he really didn’t cry at the drop of a hat. And yet there he was, crying for the second time that night. “Yes,” he whispered against Dean’s mouth. “Yes.”
Let Me

Chapter Summary

Sam doesn't let Dean go to sleep, intending to fully take advantage of John and Bobby being out of the house.

No sooner had Dean drifted off to sleep, head nestled on Sam’s chest, when he felt Sam’s hand brush against the curve of his lower back. He stirred, reflexively pressing his hips towards his brother, his cock already filling.

Sam made a quiet, satisfied sound, brushing his mouth over Dean’s throat. Dean started to move, but Sam’s hand on his chest stilled him. “Let me.”

Dean murmured sleepy nonsense as Sam brushed his mouth along Dean’s throat, throwing his head back and letting Sam lick and kiss his skin, so softly he barely felt it—and somehow that made him feel it even more keenly, as though a heavier pressure would have just dulled the sensation.

Sam slipped free of Dean’s grasp and let Dean settle onto the mattress on his stomach. Sam straddled his lower back, ghosting his fingertips over Dean’s skin, again barely touching, and again, somehow, the sensation was more intense for it.

Dean wasn’t used to this. Not to any part of it. Obviously, he wasn’t used to the being sexual with his brother part, but frankly, he found many social rules to be ridiculous under close inspection, and he and Sam didn’t live inside society anyway. So the general “ooh, incest is icky” thing? Not such a problem inside Dean’s head.

Guys, generally speaking, weren’t his thing. Just Sam. Somehow, Sam was outside all the rules and guidelines. He had barely begun to get to know and touch and learn his brother’s body, and already, it was all he wanted.

He wasn’t used to getting what he wanted. That was a big one. But Sam wanted him. After all this time of watching and wanting and wondering, it was really true. Sam wanted him. And not just wanted him. Wanted him like it was the only thing between him and dying. Wanted him like Dean wanted Sam. And wanted to give Dean everything.

But the key element in that exact moment was that Dean wasn’t used to being treated with such love and devotion. Sure, girls had fallen in “love” with Dean. Some even treated him like a movie star, gushing and fawning over him, and clearly full of adoration, but it was the kind of thing that rang false to Dean. Felt unhinged, unhealthy.

Yeah, his baby brother being in love with him should have struck him as unhealthy. But it actually wasn’t. And part of that was because Sam simply radiated purity. When Sam loved, that love was pure by definition, because it was Sam that felt it.

And here Dean was, dissolving under Sam’s touch as Sam—there was no other word for it—worshipped him with his touch, his gaze. Dean could feel it radiating through Sam’s fingertips, feel it soaking into his skin and sinking down to his bones. Feel how Sam touched him with such
tenderness, such complete focus, such love.

Dean really wasn’t used to that.

Sam slid down a little farther, his weight positioned over Dean’s upper thighs, and trailed his fingertips along Dean’s lower back, down over the curve of his ass.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Dean gasped. Sam’s touch felt electric, sparking subtle sensations in his skin he’d never felt before.

He brushed his fingertips in slow circles, slipping down the outside into the indentations at the side of each hip, then back up.

Dean arched his back, skin coming alive under Sam’s touch.

Sam moved lower, brushing his fingertips down the back of Dean’s thighs. Dean made a soft, hushed sound he would never admit to in the light of day. Because Dean Winchester didn’t make soft, hushed sounds of pleasure.

Except when he did.

Sam moved between Dean’s knees and gently pressed them apart, laying down between them. He used his mouth in the same soft, barely-there pressure, ghosting his parted lips over the curve of Dean’s lower back, lower, brushing over the curve of his ass, exhaling warm and moist air over his skin.

Dean bit his lip. “Oh god.” He wasn’t going to… oh god, please, let him be about to…

Sam extended the tip of his tongue, licking Dean’s skin so, so softly, moving along his flank, down to the juncture where his ass met his upper thigh, tonguing that line so delicately.

“Sam,” Dean whispered.

Sam dropped his hands to the backs of Dean’s thighs, gently pressed them outward. Asking.

Dean spread his legs for Sam. Saying yes.

Sam’s tongue brushed against the cleft in Dean’s ass, just on the topmost curve. Then again, pushing a little deeper. Closer.

Dean groaned, arching his back, canting his ass up, and spread his thighs wider, opening himself to Sam.

Sam kittenlicked between Dean’s ass cheeks, the tip slipping between them, barely touching where Dean now desperately wanted to feel Sam’s tongue.

Suddenly, Dean felt shy. All his dirty talk dried up. His sweet little brother was about to rim his ass, and he didn’t have words for that.

Sam’s tongue lapped tentatively, as though he was nervous it might be not so nice. A soft sigh, and another swipe of the tongue, more firmly this time.

Dean groaned, balling his fists in the sheets. An answering moan from Sam, as he began lapping at Dean’s tight little hole, licking him again and again.

“Jesus Christ mother of god holy shit, Sam.” Dean found words again. Not delicate words but it
was not the time for eloquence.

Sam chuckled, and Dean squirmed because it tickled. “Am I doing it right?”

Dean blew out a sharp puff of air. “Guh.” He laughed. “Yeah. Fuck yeah, you’re doing it right.”

Another lap of Sam’s tongue, then a swirl around the rim, and a long, slow lick all the way up the center again. Goddamn, that kid was going to be a ninja master of sex without much practice at all, Dean thought.

Sam pulled off slightly, blew a puff of breath over the wet flesh. Dean shivered. “More?”

By way of answer, Dean got up on his hands and knees and offered his ass to Sam.

Sam accepted. Greedily. Apparently, Sammy loved licking Dean’s ass as much as Dean loved licking Sam’s. For such a sweet, virginal kid, Sam was shockingly forthright when it came to sex. Once he was shown the ropes, he wasn’t restrained by inhibition or shyness.

By the way he moaned and licked and sucked with total abandon, Sam genuinely loved his tongue in Dean’s ass.

By the way he groaned and gasped and writhed with total abandon, Dean loved Sam’s tongue in his ass every bit as much.

“Christ, Sammy. Not gonna last…”

Sam gnawed on Dean’s right ass cheek. “Told you. Wanna make you come a bunch of times tonight.” And he lapped up into Dean’s ass, making Dean soften, open up, let him in, pushing past the outer sphincter, shivering when he got his first taste of the sweet, silky soft skin just inside.

At that feel of Sam’s clever, probing tongue entering him, Dean cried out, collapsing down on one arm, right hand going to his cock as he began coming untouched, fisting his cock hard and fast, orgasm rapidly building into holy-shit-this-is-too-much territory, voice breaking, uttering a half-chant, half-sob, “Sam. Fuck. Oh god. Sam.”

Sam grabbed Dean’s ass cheeks with both hands and fucked Dean with his tongue, driving in as deep as he possibly good, licking inside him, going even deeper, and Dean, for the first time in his life, screamed someone’s name other than Christ.

It took him a few minutes to regain control of his body, shaking and gasping for air. Then he dropped flat on the bed and rolled over, pulling Sam down so he straddled Dean, holding his hair, kissing him slow and deep, then licking at Sam’s lips, teaching Sam there was nothing they could do together that was dirty or gross. When Dean did that, Sam began to tremble violently, making helpless little panting sounds into his mouth.

“You like that too? Me licking the taste of my ass out of your mouth? Christ, Sammy, you’re fucking perfect. Perfect.” Sam’s hips bucked uncontrollably, fucking the air, desperate for Dean, desperate to come. “My sweet baby boy.” Sam shuddered. So close to breaking. To coming on nothing… just desire and the sound of Dean’s voice.

Dean decided he loved this idea beyond measure, and wanted to try it out—later. “Wanna come for me so bad, don’t you.”

Sam groaned and gyrated his hips, not lowering down to press his cock against Dean, instinctively knowing that Dean wanted him to ask permission. Liked the game of it. Liked making him say
please. Liked it being absolutely clear that Sam wanted this.

“Please. Let me.”

Dean placed his come-slick hand on Sam’s cock and began jacking him off. When Sam realized what was making Dean’s hand so slippery, realizing it was Dean’s come all over his cock, he made a surprised cry and spasmed, coming so hard and fast he was sobbing by the end, Dean staring up at him in wonder, whispering, “So good. So good. So good.”

Sam collapsed into Dean’s arms, crying. After a few moments, he sniffled and said, “Sorry. Dunno why I’m like this.”

Dean brushed Sam’s hair out of his eyes. “Hush. Don’t you ever apologize for that. Not ever. It’s awesome.”

Sam looked up at Dean through wet eyelashes. “You don’t think I’m being a baby?”

“Are you kidding? Hell no. You’re… dude. You just came so hard for me it made you cry. That’s… you don’t even get it, how awesome that is.” Dean’s face was lit up like Christmas morning. And in a way, it was. If Santa was a kinky, pervy, benevolent pagan god.

Sam shoved the back of his hand across his eyes. “It’s… it’s a good thing?”

Dean brushed his hand along Sam’s cheek. “It’s the best.” He took Sam’s mouth in his and kissed him soft and sweet. “You. Are the best.”

And it was like this, laced in each other’s arms, that Sam and Dean fell asleep. And did not hear the sound of Bobby’s truck pull up to the house. And did not hear the sound of John and Bobby’s footsteps up the stairs, moving past their closed door and into their separate bedrooms at the end of the hall.
You're Gonna Love This

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean learn what it is that John and Bobby really went to pick up, and they have some more alone time.

The scent of bacon woke the boys, still wrapped in each others’ arms. They stared at each other in shock, both knowing that sometimes John would just walk right into their room with only a brief knock to announce himself.

“Gotta put a lock on that door today,” Dean muttered, as they threw on their clothes hastily. Dean sat on the bed tying his shoes. “You go down first, Sammy.”

Sam leaned down and brushed his lips against Dean’s cheek, then headed for the door. Dean pulled him back and threw him down on the bed, straddling him, pinning his wrists to the mattress and kissing him like he was starving.

Sam whimpered, arching his back. “Not fair, Dean.” Dean sucked on the lobe of Sam’s right ear. Sam shuddered, then immediately pushed Dean off forcefully. “Stop.”

Dean stood up, legitimately surprised. “Sorry. Thought you’d like that.”

Sam fixed Dean with a serious expression. “I do. That’s the problem. You can’t… you can’t just DO that.”

“Why not?” Dean was perplexed.

Sam’s entire body was rigid, muscles in his neck standing out. “Because… that goes straight to my dick. You do that… if you don’t let me come…you can’t just do that and make me go downstairs.”

Dean got it.

He pushed Sam back down on the bed and lay alongside him, hands scrabbling at Sam’s jeans. “How fast can you come for me, baby boy?” Dean shoved his hand inside Sam’s pants, wrapping his fingers around his cock, and latched onto Sam’s earlobe, sucking and lapping at it.

The answer was pretty damn fast. And hard.

Then Sam sank to his knees and wordlessly asked Dean the same question as he took his cock into his mouth, staring up at him with his big hazel eyes.

Dean answered him in record time.

~

They went down for breakfast. Bobby had made thick-cut peppered bacon, a huge pot of strong coffee, and was working on something on the griddle.

Dean stopped dead. “Are you making… chocolate chip pancakes?”
“What, you didn’t think I could handle a basic quick bread? More to me than meets the eye, Dean.”

“But…” Dean was at a loss for words. “Chocolate chip. Pancakes.”

Mary used to make chocolate chip pancakes.

John never made pancakes, with or without chocolate chips.

Dean stared at Bobby with something close to awe.

Bobby’s mouth softened into a smile. “Just glad to see you boys again, is all. Wanted to make something nice. Besides, me and your dad had a real good night.”

Sam sat down at the table, pulling out the chair next to him for Dean. Dean sat down, a little dazed. Sam poured them both a cup of coffee, adding cream and sugar to his.

Dean took a deep swig of his black coffee. Bobby stacked three fat pancakes onto a plate, tucked a nest of bacon strips alongside and set it in front of Dean.

“I’m dead. And this is heaven.” His glance at Sam was loaded with meaning, and he squeezed Sam’s thigh under the table.

Dean squirted a generous amount of Mrs. Butterworth’s over the top of his stack and took a huge bite. “Mmmphing heaven,” he muttered.

Bobby turned away from the boys and went back to the griddle. “Yours are coming right up, Sam.”

Sam watched Dean eat, a funny smile on his face, his tongue darting out to swipe over his lower lip.

“Drink your juice, Sam. Help you get big and strong.”

“Not yet.” Sam swiped his tongue over the seam of his lips again.

And Dean realized what he was doing. Tasting Dean on his lips. And liking it. Liking it a lot.

Dean had to close his eyes for a moment to regain his composure. When he opened them, Sam scooped his finger through the mixture of syrup and melted butter on top of Dean’s pancakes, slipped it between his lips and sucked it clean, eyes locked onto Dean’s.

Dean cocked his head and sent Sam a stern look promising him so very many things the next possible chance he got.

John thumped into the kitchen like a general, crackling with energy.

Bobby set a plate of pancakes and bacon down in front of Sam.

“Thanks, Uncle Bobby,” Sam said, but didn’t touch his food.

John walked to the counter and began eating bacon off the platter.

“Eat your damn food, Sam,” Dean whispered.

“Don’t want to get the taste of you out of my mouth.” Sam whispered back.
Dean pressed his palms flat on the table and took a few deep, steadying breaths. Then he leaned over and whispered in Sam’s ear, “I’ll give you more later. As much as you want.”

Leaning back in his chair, he said at a normal volume, “Eat your food before it gets cold, Sam.”

Sam mouthed, “Promise?”

Dean crossed his heart.

Sam ran his tongue along the inside of his cheek one last time, then forked a large triangle of pancake into his mouth.

After they had all eaten their fill and thanked Bobby profusely, John and Bobby sat the boys down in the living room and explained what had happened the night before.

“We’re getting closer to finding the demon that killed your mother.” Dean sat up straight, and Sam leaned forward in his chair. “Got a lead on a…”

“A nest,” Bobby spat.

John laughed humorlessly. “Yes. A nest of demon sympathizers.”

Dean blinked. “Of what?”

“Humans, if you still can call ‘em that,” Bobby continued. “People that want to help the demons. Work for them. Do favors. Demons give them a little taste in return. Make ‘em a little bit demon.”

“That’s horrible.” Sam shook his head in disbelief.

“Yes. It is.” John’s face was hard. “They’re every bit as much a monster as anything we hunt. You can’t let yourself be fooled by the fact that they look human. That they are mostly human. Because mostly isn’t enough.”

“But demons are super powerful. Why would they need people to do stuff?” Sam was perplexed.

“We don’t understand most of what they do or why they do it, Sam,” John said.

“They’re just another tool in a really big arsenal that helps them fuck shit up.” Bobby went to the table in the far corner of the living room to retrieve a folded-up piece of paper.

“Anyway, so we got a call last night that one of our people had spotted one of these demon sympathizers and had snatched him up for us.”

Dean frowned. “That thing you had to pick up? Was a person?”

“NOT a person, Dean. Ain’t you been listening? A demon sympathizer.” Bobby unfolded the paper, smoothing it out on the table.

John continued. “So we interrogated this…thing. Extracted some very useful information.”


John leaned forward. “We’re hunters, Sam. Not babysitters. And we’re at war. You know that.” Sam lowered his gaze. He knew it was true. “Those things aren’t human. There’s no Geneva Convention for them.” Sam squirmed visibly, but couldn’t come up with an airtight argument, so he remained silent.
“What kind of information did you get?” Dean pushed the conversation back to where it had been going.

“How many in the nest. What they were doing for the demon. Best of all, he let slip where they’re based.”

“Wouldn’t give us no address, though. Not even with your dad working him over. Tough son-of-a-bitch.” Bobby shook his head with grudging respect.

Sam and Dean stared at their father with a mixture of admiration and something darker and far less pleasant.

“So we’re gonna put a plan together and go after them. We need the head of the nest. We can use him as bait. Trap the demon.” John’s face was lit up, happier than either of the boys remembered seeing him before. Bobby motioned to the boys to come look at the hand-drawn map he’d unfolded and pointed out to them where the demon sympathizer said the nest was based.

John joined them at the table, and explained his general plan. “…and that’s where we can flush them into our trap. But we need to run around a bit and set things up. We’ll need your help later, but for right now, it’s best if we leave you here for a little while. Can you boys take care of yourself for a few days, maybe a week?”

Dean looked over at Sam. His expression was placid, oh-so-casually accepting. “Yessir. Take as much time as you need. We’ll be fine. I’ll take care of Sammy.”

John headed toward the stairs. Sam took a deep breath. “Dad? What happened…after he gave you the information?”

John stopped, and looked back over his shoulder. His eyes were sad. “Son, if you trap a rabid dog, you don’t just let him back out in the world.”

~

Bobby took the boys to the grocery store and let them pick out what they wanted to eat. Sam chose stuff to make salads and his new favorite thing that he’d learned how to make: stir-fry. Dean grabbed fixings for hamburgers, hot dogs, spaghetti with meat sauce, and the only other thing he knew how to make, tuna noodle casserole.

Bobby slipped three six-packs of beer into the cart. “This is to keep you two out of my whiskey. Not a drop of my whiskey, and don’t even try the watering-down trick with me. And I know the level of each bottle, and you do not want to test me on this.” Bobby rubbed his beard. “For the love of all that’s holy, do not tell your father about this. And don’t drink it all at once. Only one per night, for each of you. Two if you absolutely have to. And if you drink any more ‘n that, you puke in the toilet and not anywhere else, and you take your hangover like a man. Got it?”

“We got it.” Dean grinned.

“Thanks, Uncle Bobby.”

Bobby had Sam and Dean put the groceries away, slipping into the pantry to hide the beer, signaling to Dean where he stashed it.

John slammed a cup of cold coffee and grabbed his Army surplus bag, packing up the rest of what he needed. Dean followed him from room to room, making sure he didn’t forget anything, so there was no unpleasant, “Oops, I forgot something” returns to the house.
“I’ll call you every night and let you know what’s up. Sam, Bobby’s got you set up to start school next Monday. We should be back by then, but if we aren’t, Dean, I need you to take him at 7 am to meet with his counselor and get his class schedule. Information’s in a manila envelope on top of the fridge.” John ruffled Sam’s hair. “And see if you can’t talk him into getting a damn haircut, wouldja?”

“Good luck with that,” Sam retorted with a smile.

“And don’t get lazy. I want you two training every day, rest day on Sunday. What are you working on right now, Dean?”


“And Sam, what are you two going to study?”

“Memorizing the exorcism ritual. Native American lore. And flash cards.”

“What kind?”

“How to kill what.”

“Very good.” John smiled, a genuine smile that reached his eyes. “Proud of you boys.”

Sam gasped, very quietly. But Dean heard.

“Ok, we have to head out. Got a lot to get done. Dean, don’t work your brother too hard.”

Dean licked his lips. “Don’t work Sammy too hard. Check.”

“Let him have some fun, alright? Blow off a little steam. Do what he wants sometimes.” Sam fought to keep his expression innocent.

Alright. We’ll be back as soon as we can.” John gave Dean a man-hug (one arm around the shoulders, a single step closer, thumping the other hand twice across the upper back), and walked out the front door.

John and Bobby’s footsteps echoed down the entryway and down the front steps. Bobby’s truck started with a tubercular cough and a rumble, and they drove away.

They waited in silence. The truck stayed gone.

Sam smacked Dean’s arm. “Didja hear Dad? Gotta let me have some fun. Do what I want.”

Dean bumped against Sam, hands curving around his ass. “Sure, sweetheart. After I work you hard.”

Sam leaned in hungrily, kissing Dean like he’d been dying for it all morning.

Which he had.

Dean luxuriated in the feel of his little brother opening to him, want radiating off him.

“You taste like coffee, Sam.” Sam’s breath was already coming faster. “I promised I’d take care of that for you.” And Dean didn’t even have to put any pressure into his hands on Sam’s shoulders.

Sam fell to his knees, and let Dean take out his cock. He rubbed it over his lips, against his cheek,
let his hair spill forward and brush over it. Dean groaned. “Never cutting your hair, Sammy. Fucking never.”

Sam licked Dean’s cock in broad, flat strokes like an ice cream cone, flicking the tip of his tongue into the slit, moaning at the taste of the droplet of pre-come he teased out.

“Christ, you love it, don’t you. You really love it.”

Sam sucked on the head, then pulled off and stroked Dean’s cock with his fingers. “You taste good.” Sam took a deep breath, blew it out. “Been wanting to do this for so long, Dean. You don’t even know.”

Dean trembled. “When? When did you first think of sucking my dick?”

“Been a long time.” Sam plunged his mouth down over Dean’s cock, driving rational thought from his mind. He worked him with a bit more finesse this time, learning from Dean’s little sounds and breathing what felt good, and what felt “holy shit I’m gonna lose it” good.

And then Dean had an idea.

He pulled Sam to his feet. “Clothes. Off.” He quickly stripped, kicking his trainers to the side, peeling off socks, jeans, boxers and t-shirt. Sam did the same, eyes darting around the room, at the window in the kitchen that looked into the living room. “Are you sure—“

“They’re gone, Sam. Just us.” Dean pulled Sam to him for a kiss, unable to keep his mouth off Sam’s. Then he took his hand and led him to the wide, comfortable couch. “Lay down.”

Sam stretched out on the couch. Dean knelt next to him at an angle, facing away from Sam’s head, his left hip touching the side of the couch, and lowered his mouth on Sam’s cock. He worked him for a moment or two, until Sam was moaning and letting his thighs fall open. Then he said, “You want me in your mouth again, Sammy?”

“God. Yes.”

Dean rose up, throwing his left leg over Sam, bringing his right knee up, sliding back and settling over Sam, his cock poised over Sam’s mouth. “You’re gonna love this, baby boy.” He lowered himself slowly into Sam’s open mouth, Sam taking him in with a groan, and dropped his mouth onto Sam’s cock, hands moving beneath him to grip Sam’s ass.

The sound that came out of Sam’s mouth was low, feral. He sucked Dean’s cock feverishly, hips bucking up, fucking Dean’s mouth, crying out with each exhaled breath.

Dean could barely stand the pleasure of it, sharp and shaking, so open, so exposed, his mouth full of Sam, Sam’s mouth full of him, right there on the couch. The symmetry of it was astonishing. Him sucking Sam’s cock. Sam sucking his cock. Hands gripping each other’s asses, kneading, taking each other as deep as they could, answering each wet push/pull of lips and tongue with a groan, a roll of the hips, groaning and growling and hissing, sucking the head of Sam’s cock, and Sam answering, mirroring everything Dean did to him, a flick of the tongue on Sam’s cock answered with a perfect parallel of Sam’s tongue on his.

Dean slowed down and sucked slowly, so slowly, down the length of Sam until his lips touched the base, driving tears from his eyes, then pulling back slowly, so slowly, tongue pressed against Sam’s hard flesh, all the way to the tip, swirling his tongue around the head, then back down again, trying to prolong the pleasure of it.
Sam followed Dean’s lead, and Dean realized Sam was letting him teach him like this. Teach his little brother how to suck his cock.

“Fuck,” Dean moaned, his mouth full. “So good, baby boy. Gonna make you come in my fucking mouth.” Wasn’t going to last. Couldn’t possibly last. Didn’t want to. He wrapped his hand around the base of Sam’s cock and sucked on the last third, hard and demanding, his fist following the rise and fall of his mouth.

Sam fell apart under him, body shaking, mimicking what Dean was doing to him, crying out without breaking the seal of suction, then wrapped both arms around Dean’s lower back and held him tight, taking him deep, making the sweetest, most helpless cries of pleasure, bucking up into Dean’s mouth, spilling hot and salty into his mouth, an intense flavor but not unpleasant, not unpleasant at all, because it was Sam. Sam coming in his mouth.

And suddenly, all Dean wanted to do was make Sammy come in his mouth, over and over, feel that total trust and abandon, feel Sam give himself to Dean, give part of his body, his essence to Dean for him to swallow, take inside, make part of himself. “This is my body,” thought Dean, as he swallowed Sam, and then Dean lost it, fell to pieces, shivering and moaning, his Sammy’s mouth wet and hot on him, sucking him, pulling it out of him, wanting it, wanting to taste him again, wanting it. Wanting Dean.

And Dean raised his head up, pressed his cheek against Sam’s thigh and howled, and gave Sam what he wanted.
John and Bobby are away. Sam and Dean have the place to themselves.

Sam and Dean spent the afternoon getting in their six-mile run, sit-ups and pushups, and were lounging in the living room in front of a fire, working on their flash card training. Sam held up an index card with the word “Rugaru” written on it in black marker. “Kill it with fire.” Dean crossed his legs at the ankle and leaned back on the couch. Another card. Changeling. “Also kill it with fire.” Sam stared at the cards. “These are kinda lame.” Dean snorted. “Kinda, huh.” “I’m hungry.” Sam was always hungry. Constant low level hunger that spiked to ravenous several times a day. It was astonishing how much food he could put away. But it was also astonishing how tall he was getting. Nearly seventeen and he was already nearly as tall as Dean. Not that Dean would admit it. “What do you want? Burgers?” Dean’s face was hopeful. “Or maybe spaghetti?” Sam’s face was equally hopeful. “My way?” Sam’s way of making spaghetti involved ground turkey, grated zucchini and chopped up spinach in marinara. It wasn’t bad, but Dean preferred it his way: same red sauce, but with ground beef, onions and mushrooms. Sam didn’t even protest. “Sure.” He stretched, pulling his long arms over his head with his fingers laced, and put the index cards back in their envelope. “I wanna take a bath. You need the room first?” Sam took long, elaborate, girly baths, with scented oils and a book and music playing. Once, Dean had even caught him sneaking in votive candles. He could spend hours in the tub, running more hot water when the bath cooled off, until his fingers and toes were pruny like an old man. So it was only polite to offer up the facilities to Dean before he locked them down for a long time. “Yeah, I could bleed the lizard.” “Ew.” “What? You haven’t heard that before?” “Course I have. From douchebags.”
Dean smacked Sam’s arm. “Calling me a douchebag, Sam?”

“Keep talking like one, I might.” Sam smiled, softening the words into the light teasing he intended.

“You prefer squeeze the weasel?”

“Dean.”

Dean walked up the stairs to the bathroom. “Drain the main vein?”

“You’re like a child.”

“See a man about a horse?”

“It’s like you’re 12.”

From the closed bathroom door floated the words, “Tapping a kidney?”

“You’re. So. Gross.”

~

While Sam ran his bath, drizzling in a few drops of lavender oil from Bobby’s stash of essential oils, Dean went to it in the kitchen.

He wasn’t much of a cook, but he could make a few things very well. Spaghetti with meat sauce was his best dish.

His knife skills weren’t relegated to the realm of violence. Dean made short work of the yellow onion, neatly slicing the end off for stability on the cutting board, slashing through it vertically in even rows, then horizontally, and then lopping off cubes in a rough dice. He scooped out a mottled spoonful of bacon grease from the coffee can Bobby kept next to the stovetop, and sautéed the onions until they had softened and caramelized here and there. Cracking the lid of the jarred marinara sauce with a wet pop, he poured the contents into a saucepan and added the onions.

A few quick motions of the chef’s knife and the mushrooms lay in tidy slices. Into the cast iron pan with a bit more bacon grease until they yielded their moisture. Into the saucepan they went. Finally, Dean crumbled two pounds of ground beef into the pan and seared it until it coughed up its grease, poured it off, then sautéed it until evenly brown. He dusted it with Italian seasoning and salt, and scraped it into the saucepan.

He put another log on the fire and sat on the couch waiting for Sam, working on a beer, the scent of simmering sauce filling the house with a warm, homey smell.

Sure enough, Sam didn’t spend nearly as long in his bath as Dean might have expected. Only 45 minutes after he went into the tub, Dean heard the creak of old pipes as the bathwater was drained, and the high-pitched whine of Sam’s hair dryer, the possession of which Dean gave Sam shit for but secretly loved the end result. Dean cranked up the simmering pasta water and dumped in two boxes of spaghetti.

“That smells awesome, dude.” Sam trudged down the staircase, hair perfectly smooth and shining. He kissed Dean on the neck. Dean breathed deep, openly inhaling the scent of green apple shampoo and the Irish bar soap Bobby preferred.
Dean grabbed Sam a bottle of beer and forked an enormous heap of buttered spaghetti onto the plate, ladling several full scoops of meat sauce over the top. He set it in front of Sam at the table and slid the green can of Parmesan cheese toward him.

Sam stared up at him with wide eyes. “You’re the best.”

Dean’s mouth twitched in that tiny smile he gave on rare occasions, when something amused him deeply. “The best what?”

Sam opened his mouth, intending to say “brother,” but nothing came out, as he realized the difficulty of naming what they were now. Dean could practically hear the gears whirring in that powerful brain of Sam’s, already so smart it was scary. “The best everything.”

Dean served himself an equally huge plate of spaghetti, turning the cheese can’s top to fully open holes and shaking a great cloud of Parmesan over it.

They ate the first plate quickly, like the teenagers they were.

The second helping, they ate more slowly. By the time their plates were reduced to red, oily smears, they had both finished two beers.

They looked at each other, remembering Bobby’s stern admonition to keep it to two each per night.

“We might as well finish off the six-pack, right?” Sam went to the refrigerator and pulled out two more.

Dean rifled through Bobby’s stack of movies on VHS. “Dude, we have got to bring this guy into the 20th century. Get him a frickin’ DVD player.”

Bobby owned nearly ever Western from the 30s to modern day. Sam and Dean bickered over whether to watch A Fistful of Dollars or Unforgiven, when Sam uncovered a tape hiding behind The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance. Dean took one look at the box and threw his hands in the air. “Done.”

Dean pulled a blanket out of the vast, old trunk next to the wide, comfortable couch and Sam inserted “Blazing Saddles” into the VCR and turned the lights off, kicking a small bag he’d brought down with him to the side of the couch.

They settled back under the blanket, fire flickering, making the shadows dance and writhe behind them, drinking their third beer each, feeling the warmth rise up from within and seep in from without, becoming giddy when two met and melted into one. Arms around each other, they got lost in the movie, laughing so hard tears rolled down their cheeks.

They watched the ending, rapt.

“Where you headed, cowboy?”

“Nowhere special.”

“Nowhere special.” Gene Wilder tips up his hat. “I always wanted to go there.”

Dean sighed. “Best ending line in any movie, ever.”

Sam couldn’t dispute that. Dean watched Bart and the Waco Kid dismount their horses and get into the car. Sam just watched Dean in the soft light of the fire, a curious expression on his face.
“What’s on your mind, Sammy?” Dean loved how Sam looked at him. Like he was a work of art and the hottest woman in the world walking along the beach in a barely-there string bikini, all in one.

Sam just blinked his long eyelashes once, without artifice. But the effect was striking.

Dean leaned in. “So, you all nice and clean from your bath, Sam?”

Sam’s eyes darkened. That’s all it took.

Dean stoked the fire, adding another log. He didn’t want his Sammys getting cold. And he wanted him—oh, how badly he wanted him, stretched out naked in front of the fire, that warm light playing over his naked body.

Dean pulled a thick comforter out of the trunk and spread it out in front of the fireplace. Then he pulled Sam to his feet and undressed him, slowly.

“Are you cold?” Dean peered at Sam, concerned.

“No. Not at all.”

“But you’re shaking.”

“I’m not cold.” Sam stood before Dean naked, trembling visibly.

“Is it… is this too…are you feeling shy?”

Sam’s mouth slipped into an easy smile. “No. I like being like this with you.” He made a small gesture indicating his nakedness. “Your face gets all…lit up.”

“That’s ‘cause you’re fucking beautiful naked. Love to see you like this.”

San stretched himself out on the comforter, watching Dean watch him. “There’s a bag by the couch. Get it for me?”

Dean found the small paper bag and handed it to Sam. He pulled a small bottle of sweet almond oil out of it and paused, blushing. Then he popped the cap and drizzled the oil over his chest, rubbing it in until his skin gleamed.

“Fuck. Sam. You’re…” and Dean couldn’t continue. Not in words.

“Gonna come down here anytime soon?” Sam stared up at Dean, face rapt, as he shucked off his clothing and lay down next to Sam.

The firelight played across their naked bodies like fingers delicately grazing their skin.

Dean groaned as he dragged his hand over Sam’s oiled flesh. Sam dripped more oil over his stomach, between his legs, and, eyes locked onto Dean’s, he spread his thighs slowly and worked the oil onto his cock.

“Jesus Christ, Sammy… gonna kill me.” Dean watched Sam rub the oil all over his cock, not lasciviously putting on a show like a porn star, but with such trust and intimacy it brought tears to his eyes. He brought his hand to Sam’s cock, slid over it easily, and Sam shivered, arching his back, letting his hand fall away. “Dean. Want you.”

“Fuck. Gotta taste you, baby boy.” Dean slid between Sam’s legs, unable to resist licking a wide
stripe up his cock, despite getting a mouthful of oil for his trouble. He settled between Sam’s thighs, pushed them back, tipping his hips up and placing that sweet pink hole at the perfect level.

He lapped at Sam. Sam gasped.

He did it again. Sam hooked his knees over his hands and pulled his legs back as far as he could.

“You like it when I do this.”

Sam answered with a moan.

“Good. Because I like doing it.” Another long swipe of his tongue.

Sam had never stopped trembling, not from the moment he stood completely naked in front of the fire. But now the trembling was heightened, shivers rocking his frame with each lap of Dean’s clever tongue.

When Sam grabbed his ass cheeks with both hands and pulled them apart, murmuring “more,” Dean nearly lost it right there. Sam opened to him, his tight little rim softening, yielding, letting Dean’s tongue in deeper.

Christ, he could do this forever, Dean thought, driving his tongue in deeper, punching a rough cry out of Sam, his cock blurring a gleaming drop of pre-come onto his stomach.

Dean scooped it off with his fingers and stuck them in his mouth, licking up the taste. “Sweet,” he murmured.

Sam whimpered, running his hands through Dean’s hair.

Dean resumed trying to kill his little brother by working his tongue in his ass.

He licked it with gentle curls of his tongue, teasing the tip around the rim, probing deeper, astonished at how silken the flesh just inside the rim felt on his tongue. It was the softest thing Dean had ever felt.

And Sam gave it to him. Just to him. Only him.

The sounds Sam made felt as good as physical touch to Dean, the little cries and gasps, and oh Christ, the pleading and begging. His beautiful, whip-smart little brother, so much smarter than Dean would ever be, stretched open for him without shyness, oil-gleaming in the hypnotic dance of the firelight, red mouth open, trembling with pleasure, with something deeper… it was almost too much.

He could come just from this. Struggled not to come just from this.

“Sammy,” he breathed, moving up to lay over Sam. Sam pulled him down into a kiss, panting into his mouth, body a slow serpentine of desire beneath him.

Sam tipped them both over until they were laying on their sides, pressed the bottle of oil into Dean’s hand. “Please. More.”

Dean slicked his shaking fingers, unable to take his eyes off Sam, cheeks stained red, pupils wide, eyes half-lidded, biting his lip unconsciously, still trembling. Still trembling.

He pressed an oiled fingertip to the center of Sam’s entrance. “This what you want, Sammy?”
Sam parted his thighs, pressing down against Dean’s finger. “Dean. Please.”

Dean pressed more firmly, and his finger breached Sam with barely any resistance at all. Sam just opened to him, repeating, “Oh…oh…oh…” and finally finishing with “god.”

Dean bit his own lip, trying to keep it together, as the tight grip of his little brother on his finger threatened to shiver him to pieces. So good… it felt so good….it would feel so good on his cock but no, he couldn’t, he wouldn’t. Not yet.

But Sam. For the love of all that’s holy, Sam. Sam rocked down on his finger, crying out as the entire length of it entered him, all the way to the last knuckle. “Yes. Yes. Yes.” Sam chanted, body sheened with sweat.

Dean fucked Sam slowly with his finger, watching him writhe. Sam just fell to pieces, shivering, unable to hold still. Dean was suddenly seized with a desire to tie Sam down completely, knot him up so he couldn’t move, HAD to hold still, and drive him crazy with his fingers up his ass and a long stream of sweet/dirty talk in his ear.

“More. Please. More.” Dean increased the pace, but Sam shook his head. “More.” His voice was rough with urgency.

Dean blinked a few times. Then he pulled his index finger out, brought his middle finger alongside, gently pressed the tips of both against Sam. “You want more, Sammy?”

Sam practically sobbed “Yes” and arched his lower back, driving himself down on Dean’s fingers. They slid inside Sam without much less resistance than Dean expected. “Christ, Sam. You just took that so easy for me.”

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean, whispered in his ear, “I got myself ready for you.”

Dean had to bite his lip and think of ugly people to avoid coming at the thought of Sam in the bathtub, working a finger (or two at least two oh Christ three?) in his ass, preparing himself for Dean.

Dean swore and worked his two fingers inside Sam, fucking him slow and deep. Sam gave a frustrated groan, and fucked up into Dean’s hand.

“Want it faster?”

Sam nodded furiously, sucking on Dean’s lower lip.

Dean gave it to Sammy, faster, slick fingers working him, stabbing into him. Sammy bounced and jerked and groaned underneath Dean, gasping into his mouth. “Dean. Want you. Please. Want you so bad.”

“You wanna come, Sammy?”

Sam’s hazel eyes were wide, guileless, dark with need. “I want you inside me.”

Dean wanted nothing more than to be inside Sam, that heat and tightness around him, feel Sam just lose it beneath him, driving into him, his Sammy, claiming him.

But he couldn’t.

Sam sensed Dean’s hesitation. “’S’ok. I… I, uh, cleaned myself. So you could… it’s ok.”
Sam’s innocence just hammered home Dean’s absolute resistance to going all the way with Sam before he turned seventeen. The age a boy became a man, according to Hunter lore. But Christ, he was two fingers inside his little brother’s ass, and Sam was naked, oiled, prepped, and literally begging for it.

There was no way he could resist. Nobody could resist that.

Nobody except Dean Winchester.

He brushed his mouth over Sam’s throat, murmured, “Not yet, Sammy. Gotta wait.”

Sam answered by spreading his thighs wider, arching into Dean’s fingers. “Please. I need you.”

Dean shook his head no, whispered, “I can’t, sweetheart. Not yet. Not ‘till you’re seventeen. We gotta wait.”

Sam shuddered with frustration. “I can’t wait. I need you inside me. So bad.”

Dean worked his fingers inside Sam, crooked them, finding that spongy spot along the top wall and stroking it until Sam cried out, sharp and surprised. “I am inside you, baby boy.”

Sam half-sat up, gripping Dean’s shoulders, and said, “I want your cock inside me.”

Dean seized Sam’s mouth in his, driving his tongue into his mouth, pushed almost beyond endurance by that phrase coming out of Sam’s mouth.

He pushed Sam back down. “Yeah? You want to feel my dick inside you? Want me to fuck you? Want to give it up to me?”

Sam was practically in tears. “Yes.”

“Then you gotta be a good boy for me, Sammy. Gotta wait. I’ll do it. I promise.” Dean crawled between Sam’s legs, worked his fingers into Sam harder now, stroking that special spot that drove sharp, delicious cries out of Sam, and wrapped his other hand around Sam’s cock. “Christ, want to do it so bad. Want to be inside you, make you feel so good, split you open on my dick. You want that? Feel how good I’ll fill you up? Want to come on my cock, baby boy?”

And Sam wailed, body seizing, wracked with tremors as he came, shooting ropy white strands into the air, landing on his throat and face.

Dean licked the come from Sam’s throat, sucked it from his lips and cheek, hands scrabbling for the bottle of oil, slicking up his cock. “Fuck, you taste so good, Sam. Goddamn.” He rolled Sam onto his side, wrapped his hand around Sam’s chest, held him close and thrust his oiled cock between Sam’s thighs. “Keep your legs closed.” He pressed Sam close to him, fucking his smooth thighs, murmuring into his ear, “Love you so much, fuck, Sammy, feel so good, Christ, Sam, oh god, Sam, Sam, Sam…” And then Dean was lost in the spark-white chaos of his own orgasm, the taste of Sam on his lips, all control lost, shooting hot and wet between Sam’s thighs, shuddering with the force of it.

Sam shook in his arms. Still trembling.

Dean stroked Sam’s hair, his face. His face was wet.

No. Not still trembling.
Crying.

“Sammy? What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Dean turned Sam to face him, held him close.

Sam wouldn’t say anything. Just clenched his teeth and tried to hold the tears back, but they spilled, traitorous, down his cheeks.

“Shh… it’s ok, Sammy. C’mere. Tell me. What’s wrong?”

Sam just shook his head, breath coming erratic, control all but gone.

Dean stroked his hair. “You wanted…more tonight.”

Sam cried openly.

Dean felt like an absolute, scum-sucking, puppy-murdering asshole. It was all clear now. Sam upstairs, taking a special bath. Getting ready for his night alone with Dean. No John, no Bobby. Dinner. Firelight. Beer.

Of course.

“You got yourself ready. Wanted tonight to be special.”

Sam sob-hiccuped, nodding wordlessly into Dean’s chest.

Dean was glad Sam’s eyes were closed. He couldn’t bear to see the disappointment in them.

“I want that too. Sammy. I do. I swear.” Dean held Sam close. It was killing him. This was killing him. “But it’s important, Sam. Waiting. It’s really important.”

Sam sniffled. “Why?”

“Because it is. It just matters. Being seventeen first matters.”

Sam squeezed his eyes shut harder. “But that’s like six months away.”

“See? Just six months.”

Sam’s eyes flashed open. He stared at his brother like he was the world’s biggest moron. “Just six?”

“Shhh. It’ll be over before you know it.” Dean kissed Sam’s forehead. “You don’t like the other stuff we’re doing?”

Sam hiccuped again. “Course I do.”

Dean assured him, “We’re gonna do all that stuff. All the time. As often as we can get away with it. Ok?”

Sam burrowed his face in Dean’s chest, but wouldn’t look at him. Dean tipped his face up gently until he met his gaze.

“Hey. I’m gonna be counting the days. Literally. Counting the days. Don’t you even doubt that I want you like that.”

Sam took a deep breath, and wiped his eyes.
“You know I keep my promises, right?”

Sam nodded, softening.

“I’ll make it worth the wait. I promise.” And Dean sealed that promise, as solemn as any vow he had ever made or would ever make, with a soft brush of his lips across Sam’s mouth.
Didn't See This Coming

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean get into a fight, made worse when John and Bobby come home and plan to head out on the hunt without Sam. And then things take a turn.

The next three days were different. Sam was responsive as always, and they did all the incredible “everything but” things they’d been doing, taking full advantage of having the house to themselves, but increasingly, Dean could feel something building beneath Sam’s skin.

It didn’t help that Dean couldn’t stop talking about how much he wanted to fuck Sam. He wasn’t doing it deliberately, to be cruel. He just couldn’t stop thinking about it. Picturing it. Wanting it so bad he could taste it. Couldn’t keep his slicked-up fingers out of Sam’s ass, working him just like he wanted to fuck him, sliding in slow, taking forever to pull out, back in again until Sam was shaking, then picking up the pace, fucking him faster, eyes squeezed shut, pretending it was his cock, making Sam come on just his hand, whispering, “Gonna fuck you like this, baby boy, can’t wait to feel you come on my cock like this, gonna feel so good…” Couldn’t stop licking him open, burying his tongue in Sam’s ass, tongue-fucking him like it was the best thing ever (and it was Christ it fucking was).

He couldn’t let himself fuck his baby brother in the ass before he turned seventeen. He’d had it drilled into his head his whole life that seventeen was a turning point for hunters. Not sixteen. Not eighteen. Seventeen. All the lore known to hunters was clear on this rite of passage, and more than clear on how important that was. But he couldn’t stop trying to get as close to the experience as possible.

He didn’t even realize he was doing it. Or what it was doing to Sam.

~

It came to a head the day John and Bobby were supposed to come home.

They’d been sparring for 20 minutes. Dean kept pinning Sam, growling filthy/sweet nothings in his ear. Instead of making him shiver and breathe faster, spreading his legs for Dean, or rolling on top and rubbing against his thigh, needy and shameless, Sam just threw Dean over more roughly, gripped his wrists more firmly, put him in increasingly hard joint locks.

Instead of getting turned on, Sam was getting mad.

Sam tried to be patient. He really did. But he didn’t like rules that made no sense. And this one made no sense to him.

After the third time of Dean getting the upper hand and purring, “Come on, baby boy, I know you want it…” into Sam’s ear, Sam let out a frustrated hiss and trapped Dean in a submission hold from which he could not escape, and had to tap out.

“Nice move, Sammy.” Dean stood up and held his hand out to Sam to pull him up.

Sam took it grudgingly, but when Dean went to close the distance between them and pull Sam in
for a lingering kiss, he was met with a surprising opposing force, in the form of Sam’s hand pressed against his chest, arm straight. Holding Dean away.

“Just… stop.”

“What’s up?” Dean stayed calm, despite the fact that his heart was pounding in his chest, and not for pleasant reasons. The feel of Sam pushing him away scared him.

“Not in the mood.”

Dean gave Sam his best smile, guaranteed to melt panties and drop zippers on anyone in a three-mile radius. “You’re always in the mood, Sammy.”

Sam turned away, mumbling something under his breath.

“What?” Dean moved around Sam’s side and stood in front of him, preventing him from leaving.

Sam stuck his jaw out and said in a louder voice, “Not in the mood for you cockteasing me. Is what I said.”

Dean blinked. “That’s what you think I’m doing?”

“Don’t care what you think you’re doing. It’s what you ARE doing. Being a fucking cocktease.” Sam’s face was red from exertion and from the anger and frustration that had been building under the surface for days.

Dean should have been calmer. But he had inherited his father’s temper, although to a lesser degree. He snapped, “Don’t blame me because you can’t handle following rules.”

Sam’s veneer of control cracked. “I only have trouble following stupid rules.”

Dean took a step closer. That word triggered things in Dean. “You calling me stupid?”

“I’m calling your rules stupid.”


Sam threw his hands out at his side, shoulders raised, in the challenging gesture he made when he got really mad. “Yeah, Dean. Stupid rules. Like that I’m too young for this body part to go into that body part. It’s ridiculous. Like, I’ve noticed, I’m not too young to have your dick halfway down my throat, or your mouth all over me, you know? You’ve made it pretty clear I’m not too young to take your fingers up my ass. Huge yes to your fucking tongue up there. Not too young for you to talk about how good you’re gonna fuck me. Won’t fucking shut up about that. But I am too young for an actual cock in my ass.”

Dean blew up. The words… they just came spilling out of his mouth. He could almost see them glowing in the air like fire as they escaped his mouth, impossible to pull back. “Jesus, Sammy. Are you that fucking desperate for it?”

Sam just stood there, fingers curled into hard white stone at his sides, breathing rapidly through his nose in sharp dragon snorts, like he did when he was so angry, he couldn’t even risk letting his mouth open a crack for fear words he’d regret would pour out.

And it was in that moment that Sam and Dean heard the creaking suspension and crunching of gravel as Bobby’s truck rolled up to the front of the house.
Sam spun on his heel and thumped into the house, pelting up the stairs and into the shower.

Dean washed his face and hands in the sink in the garage, drying them on a shop towel, and went inside to greet John and Bobby.

Not a soul noticed the dirty-white van that slowed way down as it passed the gravel road leading to Bobby’s house.

~

The recon mission for the nest of demon sympathizers had not started off well. “Little bastard gave us wrong information. Nest wasn’t where he said it was,” Bobby announced, heading to the liquor cabinet to pour two double shots of bourbon. He handed one to John.

“We tracked them all over town. Finally got a good lead though. Hunted them down.” John tossed back half the contents of the tumbler in one swallow.

When Sam finished with his shower, Bobby and John were bent over the kitchen table with Dean, showing him the map they’d drawn and all the intel they’d gathered over their several days of surveillance.

“You find ‘em?” Sam spoke from the kitchen hallway. His hair was still wet. He would not look at Dean.

Bobby was the only adult who noticed this. Dean pretended not to notice. John simply didn’t.

“Yep.”

“What’s the plan?” Sam was curiously calm.

“We’ll go over all of that after dinner.”

Sam volunteered to cook. He wouldn’t let Dean get near him, not even when John and Bobby were up to their elbows in Bobby’s truck, replacing some squeaky belt or other.

As Dean’s hot temper faded, he began to see even more of how stupid he’d been. Of course Sam was mad. Not about the rule, because waiting until he was seventeen was just the right thing to do, and Dean was damned if he wasn’t going to do SOME part of this right.

No, Sam was mad because Dean had been cockteasing him. He knew how bad Sam wanted Dean like that. And here he’d been just talking it up. Couldn’t keep his fingers out of Sam’s ass. His tongue. And oh Christ, the things he’d been saying. As Sam cut potatoes into wedges, Dean built a new fire, remembering the things he’d been saying over the past few days.

Poor Sammy.

Dean slipped into the kitchen.

“Fuck off.” Sam spoke with his back turned.

“Sammy, I—“

“Fuck. Off.” Sam tucked the potato wedges around the raw chicken, sprinkled everything with the red-topped can of garlic salt and shoved the pan into the hot oven roughly.

“Sam. Come on. I just—“
Sam shot Dean a look that withered his words in his throat.

He washed his hands and wiped them on a towel, then grabbed his heavy wool coat and headed outside. “Back in an hour.”

Sam paced around the salvage yard. Bobby and John replaced the squeaky belt. And Dean sat in front of the fire, thinking.

Dinner was a muted affair. John had finally noticed the distinctive whiff of teenage angst rolling off Sam in waves.

“Dean.” Dean looked up, mouth full of roast chicken. “Spill.”

Dean’s eyes went wide.

“Your brother seems pissed off. What happened?”

Dean swallowed. His mouth opened and closed on empty air.

“Nothing.” Sam’s voice was low, seemingly calm. He chewed on a potato wedge.

“Dean?”

“Nothing. Just… cabin fever. You know? No big deal. We’re good. Right, Sammy?”

Sam fixed Dean with a level gaze. “Yeah. We’re good.”

Out of everyone at the dinner table, only John believed him entirely.

~

Dean cleared the dishes and he and Sam washed and dried them, putting on a show of brotherly solidarity.

Sam still wouldn’t talk to Dean. Standing over the sink, he looked so angry and miserable that Dean’s heart hurt.

It really came to a head after dinner.

John began laying out the plan of attack, how they would leave first thing in the morning, what Bobby would do, what John wanted Dean to do.

“What about me?” Sam stood at the table, hands shoved into the pockets of his jeans.

John looked up at Sam in surprise. “You’re not coming.”

“Why does Dean get to go and not me?”

If Dean could have pulled it off in time, he would have faked a seizure. Thrown a flash bomb. Stood up and declared he was really a woman. Anything to derail his father from saying what he knew he was about to say. Not that. Not right then.

“Because you’re too young.”

Sam closed his eyes, and when he opened them, Dean was actually frightened of what he saw in them.
“I can help.”

“That’s not the point. You’re too young, and that’s that.”

Sam put his hands on the table. “So you’re saying that I could help. You aren’t questioning my abilities. You just won’t let me.”

John looked around at Bobby and Dean, looking for allies. “Jesus, Sam, when did you turn into a little lawyer?” Sam’s mouth twitched at the word “little.”

Bobby met John’s gaze. “He does have a point. He’s strong enough. Damn well fast enough. Faster than Dean. Hell, he’s as good a shot as you are.”

John’s mouth hardened. “I don’t care. I’m damn well not taking my sixteen-year-old kid on a hunt.”

Sam’s breathing sped up. “So… like, when, exactly, would you take me on a hunt?”

“Not before you’re seventeen, Sam. You know that.”

Sam’s face contorted at the mention of the magical "seventeen" yet again, and he exploded. “What’s the deal with seventeen? What’s going to magically be different next spring? Am I going to be taller in three months? A better hunter? Is the moon going to line up with Vega and blast me with special Man rays? What?”

John stood up. Sam was already nearly as tall as him. Still, his presence was intimidating, and he used it to his advantage. “What will be different, Sam, is you’ll be seventeen.”

Sam’s breathing changed again, to that closed-mouth fast exhaling kind that signaled trouble.

“Sam. It matters. It’s an important rite of passage. A sixteen-year-old is a boy. A seventeen-year-old is a man.”

Sam looked at John, and then at Dean. Dean stared back in solidarity with his father, expression practically screaming, “See??”

Sam yelled, “That’s fucking stupid! It’s arbitrary and has no basis in logic or empirical evidence. It’s just stupid…hunter lore!” John scowled. "You can’t just pick a date on the calendar and say this is too young and that’s not too young. I can handle it, I can handle a lot more than any of you think, and it’s just fucking stupid!”

Dean didn’t say a word. But he knew Sam was yelling at him too.

“Samuel Joshua Winchester, you watch your language with me.” John’s face was ruddy, his eyes sharp and furious.

“What, I’m too young to curse too? You want me to go put on a diaper? Get a picture book?” Sam’s face was bright red.

John got right up in Sam’s face. Nothing could get John madder faster than Sam. “If you’re going to act like a baby and throw a temper tantrum, then yeah. Maybe you do need a diaper.”

Sam stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind him with a loud crack.

John yelled after him, “Great job on proving my whole point, Sam.”
Bobby found Sam later, slumped over in the back of a broken-down school bus in the back of the salvage yard. He brought him his coat, forgotten on the hook in the entry way, and draped it around his shivering body. “It’s not fair, Sam. And I’m sorry.” Sam fell against Bobby’s chest, his own heaving as he struggled not to cry. “It’s gonna be ok.” Bobby stroked Sam’s hair. “It’s hard. I don’t envy you, being your age. But time passes. Trust me.” Bobby glanced up at his own weathered face in the window, illuminated by moonlight, saw the lines carved into his face and the grey in his beard. “It passes real quick.”

Dean had been talking John’s ear off the whole time Sam was sulking in the bus. He made up a story about how he and Sam had gotten into a fight and that Dean had called him a big baby and he was still mad at Dean, and that’s why he got so upset. He stood up for Sam being ready to come along, broke out his best arguments, talking up Sam’s abilities. He knew most of why Sam picked that fight was his fault, and wanted to make it up to him. By the time Bobby brought Sam back inside and mixed him up a Singer Special to warm him up, Dean had talked John into taking Sam on the hunt and giving him a chance.

Sam sat hunched over the kitchen table, cold and miserable. He drank his hot buttered bourbon and cider quickly, not tasting it. Dean rapidly explained everything— “So you can come, Sammy. We worked it all out.” — and John pulled up a chair across from Sam as he finished.

Sam blinked his reddened eyes and said in a quiet voice, “You were right. You’re all right.” He took a last sip of his cider and pushed it away. “I’m too young. I’ll stay behind.”

He walked upstairs to their bedroom. John went up for a moment, motioning for Dean to stay where he was. When John came down, he simply said, “He’s not coming.”

Later, when everyone else headed to bed, Dean slipped into bed next to Sam. Sam was in his full flannels, turned away from Dean. He put his arm around Sam’s waist.

Sam let him.

Dean exhaled a shuddery breath, desperately relieved at the moment of closeness again. He nuzzled Sam’s neck, ghosting his lips over the tiny hairs the way Sam loved it. He pressed himself closer.

Sam’s body tensed. “If I’m too young to do everything, I’m too young to do anything.”

And he wouldn’t say anything else. Or let Dean touch him any more than that.

“Sam. Come on. You don’t mean it.”

By way of answer, Sam got up, taking his pillow, and walked to the door.

“Sam,” Dean whispered.

“Going to sleep on the couch. Stay here, Dean.”

Dean lasted all of an hour, unable to sleep. He snuck downstairs.
Sam was curled up on the couch, the blanket and comforter from the chest wrapped around him, shivering hard in the cold of the drafty living room, fire dead in the fireplace.


Sam didn’t move.

“Please. Come back to bed.”

Sam allowed himself to be brought back to bed, and let Dean hold him until he stopped shivering, but that was all he would allow.

~

In the morning, Sam watched them pack, sullen and unhappy, and load up the truck. “We’ll call you once we’ve cleared the nest. Money’s in the coffee can.” Sam would barely meet anyone’s eyes.

“Be back real soon, Sam. Ok?” Dean tried to pour everything he wanted to say but couldn’t into his expression, his hand on Sam’s shoulder.

“Come back safe, ok?” Sam whispered.

“You know it.” Dean gave Sam his best cocky smile, and headed down the steps to the truck, where John and Bobby were waiting.

Bobby gave Sam a tip of his ball cap, John waved, and Dean just stared out the back window at Sam standing in the doorway until the truck rounded the corner and he couldn’t see him anymore.

They made it 50 miles when the new fan belt snapped.

It took them a couple of hours to get a tow back to Bobby’s, John and Bobby bickering the entire time, Dean wishing he had been able to stay home too.

When they got back to the house, the front door was open.

The kitchen was a shambles. Overturned furniture, broken kitchen table. Blood on the floor.

“Sam?” Dean called out. No answer. Dean started shaking uncontrollably.

Bobby picked up something from the kitchen counter. Held it up.

It was an unmarked VHS tape.

John’s face was ashen as Bobby slipped the tape into the machine.

A grainy image of static, then a wavering handheld shot of the steps leading up to Bobby’s front door. The back of someone. Hands reaching out, jimmying the lock, pushing the door open. The figure slipping into the front door, followed by a second and a third.

Sam’s back. Sam turning, yelling, exploding in a frenzy of limbs. Cursing from unfamiliar voices. “Strong motherfucker. Quick. Get him.” Sam falling under two men. Getting up again, sending them flying. The third coming for Sam, recoiling with a punch to his throat. “Good for you, Sammy,” Dean whispered. The camera lowered to the floor on its side, the fourth man joining in. Sam finally succumbing, unable to take four at once.
Dean had to turn away at the sight of the four men over Sam. Kicking and punching.

A hand, wrapped in Sam’s hair, pulling his bloodied face up, showing it to the camera. Another face entering the shot. Black, stringy hair. Sharp watery-blue eyes. “Hey, there, Johnny.” His voice was tobacco-rough, with a distinct Alabama drawl.

“Dad. Who is that?”

John answered in a whisper. “That’s Earle Spivey. Head of the nest. The father of the one we got ahold of.”

Earle Spivey slapped a pale hand on Sam’s face. Hard. Unconscious, he didn’t react.

“Got your boy, Johnny.” Earle’s face was twisted, gleeful. “Gonna hurt him.”
Chapter Summary

Sam's been taken by demon sympathizers (who work for demons in the hopes of being granted a few drops of demon blood in payment) eager to exact retribution for what John and Bobby did to one of their own. Dean will do anything to get Sam back.

Dean didn’t know how, but he was on his hands and knees, bile rising in his throat thick and fast, and he was throwing up all over the rag rug, over and over until he was retching up nothing but air.

Bobby’s face was a mask of you-don’t-know-the-kind-of-hell-you-just-called-down-boy.

John dropped to his knees like a string had been cut. “Jesus. Not my boy. Not my boy too.”

Dean wiped his mouth and dragged himself to his feet. “Come on. We gotta go.”

Bobby put a hand on his shoulder. “Hang on, kid. We gotta do this smart.”

Dean stared at Bobby like he didn’t know who it was inside his skin. “They. Have. Sam.” The sound of boots impacting flesh, Sam’s grunts of pain. Dean shook all over. “We have to go now. Right now. Right fucking now.” His voice was desperate. He grabbed Bobby’s shirt. “They have Sammy.”

John rose to his feet. The rage in his face was, quite simply, terrifying. He put his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “We’re going to get him back.” He took a rapid, shuddering breath. “But Bobby’s right. We can’t just run off half-cocked, or we’ll walk right into the trap.”

Dean didn’t understand. The words rushed through him without sticking. He needed to hear, “…going now…kill them all…grab the arsenal…” What he heard instead was meaningless.

Dean raced to the door, grabbed the keys to the Impala and was in the driver’s seat before John could stop him.

When he turned the key, nothing happened.

He wrenched open the hood, and stared in horror at the tangle of severed hoses and ripped-out parts.

Bobby’s truck was non-operational.

The yard was filled with junkers in various states of disrepair. But none of them were running.

Dean dropped, waves of helplessness washing over him. Sam’s bloodied face, lax and unresponsive in the hands of that thing that had him. Got your boy, Johnny. Dean began to sob, digging his fingers into the dirt. Gonna hurt him.

The fear built in Dean like nothing he’d ever felt before. Not ever. His Sammy. Taken. The sound of them hitting him. Hard enough to break bone.
Dean retched again, crying hysterically now, unable to breathe.

“Dean. I need you to hold it together.”

The impossibility of that statement was so vast that Dean began to laugh amidst the choking sobs and great sucking breaths of air that didn’t seem to bring any actual oxygen into his lungs.

Another voice. Maybe Bobby’s. It didn’t matter.

Dean cried harder now, growing dizzy.

Strong hands gripping his flannel shirt, pulling him to his feet. A hard cuff across his face.

“Man up, son. You’re worthless to Sam like this. He needs a soldier, not a crybaby.” These words, so callous and hard, shocked Dean so much the sobs died in his throat.

John fixed Dean with a fierce stare. Beneath the military drill sergeant demeanor, Dean could see he was holding it together by the thinnest thread. “Sam needs you. Need your strength. Not your weakness. So lock that shit down. Stay frosty. Help me get Sam back alive.”

That nearly undid him. The possibility behind that phrase.

Dean wrenched himself away from his father with an agonized sound and stumbled, half-blind with crying, to the nearest junker. He snatched up a piece of metal pipe and laid into it, raising up high and using his whole back and legs to smash it down with as much force as he could muster. Animalistic. Primal.

His attack on the car was so savage, John and Bobby were transfixed. Dean smashed the windshield, smashed the driver side window, beat the mirror into fragments, wrenched the door open, beating it until it was deformed, laid into it like a major league batter, wailing on it until it bent back nearly parallel with the hood, kicking it, bending it back, tearing at it with his hands, wrenching it and twisting it until he ripped the door clean off.

He stood there, chest heaving, sucking in air, hands clenched at his sides gradually opening, breath coming slower, until it resumed its normal pace.

When he turned back around to face John and Bobby, it wasn’t Dean that looked at them. It was someone far older, harder and infinitely more dangerous, wearing Dean’s skin.

Bobby was on the horn calling in every marker he had out there. He spread the word. Spivey and his clan had snatched John Winchester’s youngest boy. Every hunter safe house, rest stop, dive bar and diner was open for them. Every hunter dropped what they were doing and put their feelers out. Nobody messed with a hunter’s family. And few hunters were as respected and feared as John Winchester.
Within an hour, people were at their door, hard men and women with bandoliers, tattoos and weathered skin, and a brand-new four-door truck.

One man with four fingers on his right hand screwed and hammered the kitchen table back together. Another cleaned the blood off the floor. Others came. The phone rang, on multiple lines, rang nonstop, into the night. Bobby’s CB radio was cluttered with traffic. A surprising number of hunters made their living as truckers.

Plans were made. Trails followed. Information floated back to them through the hunter network, information driven out the hard way.

Dean watched it all, face impassive, mind working furiously, taking notes, paying attention, saying nothing.

*Keep it locked down. Don’t think of the sight of Sam falling underneath the mass of the four grown men, the four men it took to subdue him. Don’t think of what they were doing to him now. Keep it locked down. Stay cold and dead and fucking lethal.*

*Get Sammy back.*

Dean refused to sleep until John made it clear that a soldier took rest when he could, because he had to, because an efficient hunting, killing machine needed reset time to keep its reflexes at peak capacity.

So Dean laid down on top of his bed, closed his eyes, and forced himself into sleep. He didn’t dream. He told himself not to, and his body, stunned and helpless, obeyed.

In the morning, he awoke without an alarm clock, and pushed his way through the half-dozen strangers in the kitchen. They parted, knowing he was John’s eldest, that he was Dean, watching his hard face and steely demeanor.

One brought him a cup of hot black coffee. Bobby pushed a plate of eggs, ham and biscuits with butter in front of him. “Eat all of it, Dean.”

Dean complied, like a good soldier, and ate every morsel. Nobody cared that he couldn’t taste a damn thing, least of all him.

*Don’t think of what they were doing to Sam. Don’t. Think of that when you have their bleeding bodies in front of you.*

Dean tried not to think. Tried not to count the hours, crawling under his skin, as the day passed from light to dark. Lay down in bed again, fully dressed, and willed himself to sleep once more.

A new morning. More unfamiliar faces, strange people stepping back respectfully as he walked through the house, listening for information, ignoring the chit-chat. The light changed again, brightened into midday, faded again into dusk.

Dean refused to let hope fade, but the disappearance of the light was agony.

Yet another knock on the door, but the response was different. People moved toward the door, voices rose. Someone called for John.

A thin blond man in blue overalls and a bandage on his temple strode through the hallway, handed John a small bag. Dean caught snatches of conversation. “…didn’t see who it was…came to, there was a bag on the floor…deliver it to this address or he’d kill my wife…said just drive as fast as you
can...”

John pulled out another unmarked videotape.

Every voice in the house fell still.

Every pair of eyes was on John and Dean.

John looked at Dean. “You might not want to watch this.” Dean just stared at him, and refused to leave the room.

John slipped the tape into the VCR. Sam was bound to a chair in the middle of an empty warehouse, slumped over, hair in his face. Earle Spivey stood next to him, along with a stocky man in his late forties.

“Hey there, Johnny. Bet you’ve been wondering what's up. Bet your mind’s been going a mile a minute since you strolled in that front door. Ain’t it.”

John swallowed hard, fists clenched.

“Well, let me fill you in.” Without warning, Earle cracked Sam across the jaw. His head rocked to the side, and he roused, eyes bright with pain. “Wakey wakey.”

Sam’s right hand, taped to the arm of the wooden chair, fluttered.

“Can’t go nowhere, son. Already taught you that.” Earle looked at the camera again. It was steady this time. On a tripod of some kind. “I found my boy, Johnny. Saw what you did to him before you killed him.”

John and Bobby stared at each other in horror, blood draining from their faces.

“And here’s the thing, Johnny boy. We got some special abilities, you know. Don’t know what we’re gonna get once we earn that dose of demon blood. It’s like a grab bag.” Earle’s watery blue eyes shone. “And my brother here, he got himself a real interesting one. Show him, Buck.”

Buck stood alongside Sam, and with a sneer, moved his finger in a sharp line.

Sam screamed, a hoarse sound like he’d been screaming for hours, straining against the bonds, cords in his neck popping out.

Dean’s lockdown nearly failed.

Earle had the audacity to smile. “See, that right there? That’s like the fucking cattle prod you used on my Leon. But it don’t leave no marks. Don’t cause no nerve damage. So you can do it over. And over. And over.”

A hand on Dean’s shoulder. “You shouldn’t be watching this, son.” It was Bobby.

Dean laid his hand on Bobby’s, squeezed it. “Sam has to take it. I have to watch it.”
Sam’s hand fluttered again, fingers twitching, tapping, as he tried to breathe.

“Me, I like the old fashioned way, though. Like to leave marks. Like to see the effects of my hard work. So, we been trading off, Buck and me.”

Earle tore open Sam’s shirt. A collective groan rose from the assembled crowd. Dean squeezed his eyes shut, tried not to see the massive purple-black bruising all over Sam’s rib cage, the blood, the lacerations.

“Holy hellfire,” Bobby breathed.

“Bet you’re wondering what I want, Johnny. What’s the ransom? Where’s the trap?” Earle laughed, a dry, humorless chuckle that trailed into a cough. “Ain’t no ransom. No trap, trying to get you here.” Earle nodded to Buck, who motioned with his hand and made Sam scream again, worse this time, a terrible high-pitched sound that went on and on.

“What I want? Is for you to know. What I’m doing to your son. Because of what you did to mine.” His drawn face was animated by pure hate. “I want you to see it. Know it’s because of you. Know he’s gonna get it ten times worse than Leon. ‘Cause I’m meaner than you, Johnny boy. And when I’m tired of this, I’m gonna give what’s left to Buck.” Buck grinned at the camera, in an expression that left no doubt what Earle meant. “And then, when he’s all used up, maybe we’ll kill him.”

Sam stared into the camera, blood on his lips. His right hand trembled and fluttered, straining at the tape, tapping at the arm of the chair. “John,” Bobby said. “Take it back.”

On the tape, Earle wiped his mouth. “I have to give it up to him, though. I mean, I loved my boy, but he was weak. But Samuel here? He’s tough. All we put him through over the past day, he’s never once begged us to stop. Not so much as a “Please.” Earle grinned. “And I have to say, I respect the hell out of that. ‘Course, that’s just gonna make it all the more delicious when I finally do break him. And don’t you worry, Johnny boy. I’ll be sure to send you the highlight reel.”

Dean had somehow wrestled most of what made him Dean, the living, breathing functional human being, into a steel box lined with chains, to get him through the hours until he had Sam back safe at his side. But John was barely holding it together.

Earle continued. “See, Johnny, I know you thought you could sleep at night because we’re just fucked up, right? Me and mine? Full of demon blood and all? Not quite human? Here’s the thing. Leon never took no demon blood.” He spat on the floor. “My boy was all the way human, just like you.”

John stared in shock.

“You tortured and killed an innocent boy, who was just trying to protect his family. And I’m gonna make you pay for that.”

Bobby grabbed the remote control. “John! Are you seeing this?”

John stared at Bobby in horror. “Of course I’m seeing this.”

“No, you idjit. Sam’s hand. Are you seeing his hand?”

Bobby rewound slightly and hit play.

Sam’s right hand. Fluttering. Fingers tapping on the arm of the chair.
“Oh my god. Oh Jesus. Sam.” John let out a sob.

Dean missed it. “What?”

John grabbed Dean’s hand. “Look at him. Look at his hand. He’s tapping out Morse code.”

They rewound the tape to the beginning, with the sound off this time, and Dean stared in awe at his little brother, bloodied and bound hand and foot, tapping out his location in between screams of pain.
Hell Hath No Fury

Chapter Summary

Sam's coded message enabled them to locate where Spivey is keeping Sam. They saddle up and head out to bring him home. Dean shows what he's made of.

Between the information Sam tapped out in Morse code and the leads the hunter network had squeezed out, John and Bobby felt sure they knew where Spivey was keeping Sam.

Dean didn’t even pay that much attention. He had his own plan.

The hunters offered the new truck to them to use, the black one with the nice hard top over the bed, and said they’d pile into their second car and follow them.

Dean wouldn’t let them put any gear or weapons in the truck bed. He dragged out the thick blue foam (from what felt like a lifetime ago, when Sam had tricked out the back of the Impala into an honest-to-god bed) and laid it out. He carried out every spare comforter, pillow and blanket in the house, settling and arranging everything to flesh it out into a comfortable place to lay Sam.

He stood in the corner of the room and listened as the grown men drew up their plan of attack. People often thought Sam was the smart one, but Dean was extremely intelligent. Much smarter than anyone gave him credit for, other than Sam.

So he listened. Evaluated. Strategized.

John tried to give Dean his orders.

Dean stood up, cutting him off. “You all go in first. I’ll be behind you.” And he would say no more on the subject. But the expression on his face and something unexpected in the tone of his voice, a low thrum of command, made every single person in the room accept his declaration without question.

“That boy is going to be a hell of a leader someday,” Bobby said after Dean left the room.

The drive to the location they thought Sam was being held was quiet, but the very air was alive with tension. It wasn’t far. Just an hour up the road.

They parked the two trucks out of sight of the abandoned warehouse, and crept up on foot.

Dean held back. Watched them. Then he removed a LHR combat knife from the bag at his feet, deadly sharp and so black it seemed to absorb all light that fell on it, augmented by runes that Dean had scratched into the blade. He secured it to his belt in its quick-release sheath, and tested the safety release that would only let the knife slip free for the person wearing it. He tucked a boot knife into place and made his way silently toward the warehouse.

He peered in a window. Sure enough, Spivey had lied. It was a trap.
John and Bobby were on the floor, guns pointed at their heads. The five other hunters that had come with them were standing or lying on the concrete, bleeding from various places, shame and embarrassment clear on their features.

Sam, wearing only blood-stained jeans, hung by his bound wrists from a hook in the middle of the room, barely conscious. Dean hissed at the sight.

Loud voices. Guns cocked. Dean slipped in, unnoticed in the chaos.

Earle Spivey delivered a wicked hard punch to John’s nose. Blood streamed over his mouth.

“Are you really that dumb?” He knelt in front of John. “You didn’t think that I wanted to take out what you done on you? Make you pay too?”

John spat in Earle’s face.

Earle just smiled, and didn’t even wipe the spittle off his mouth. “Just for that, Johnny boy, I’m gonna make you watch this next part yourself.”

Dean crawled along the side wall. Observing. Calculating. Boxes, pallets, mechanical equipment. Six of Spivey’s clan in all.

Dean pulled the first behind a stack of pallets, breaking his neck silently, and laying him down out of view.

Spivey’s voice reverberated through the vast space. “You found us sooner than we expected.” He chewed his lip contemplatively. “Not sure how you did that.”

He finally wiped the spit from his face and smeared it down Sam’s ravaged chest. “I was gonna make you a special tape. One you could watch over and over. Watch Buck make your boy into a man. Teach him all kinds of new tricks.” John made a low growl. “He’s shown the patience of a saint. Held off until I was done with your boy before he got his turn. But good things come to those who wait, ain’t that right, Buck.”

Buck scratched the patchy beard staining his chin and licked his lips.

Sam stirred, lifting his head, one eye swollen shut, the other blinking in the harsh overhead light. He saw John and Bobby kneeling. The guns. His head dropped, unable to bear the weight of the despair that rushed through him.

Then out of the corner of his eye, he caught a flash of motion. He glanced left, for just a second. Their eyes met.

Dean. In the shadows.

Only Dean saw the hope flare on Sam’s face. Within a second, he’d damped it down, concealing his reaction to not give Dean away, let his face fall back into abject surrender and pain.

A gloved hand clamped over the second man, pulled back into the shadows silently. This time, Dean used his knife, drew it across his throat, held the man until he shivered and bled out, dropped him to the floor without a sound.

One of the hunters saw Dean drag the man back. He straightened up and yelled, “You keep your hands off him, you son of a bitch!” He lunged for Buck, making a great show of it.
This gave Dean the distraction he needed. Unable to pick the rest of them off from the shadows, he crept up behind a third, one of the ones with a gun. In a blindingly fast motion, he sliced through his Achilles tendons, dropping him like a fish, stunned and flopping, and drove his knife straight into his heart.

The room erupted. Despite their demon-blood enhanced strength and speed, Dean had single-handedly taken out three of them in the space of a few minutes. And that returned the advantage to the hunters.

Sam raised his head up with great effort, eyes locked on Dean.

Spivey bolted for the side door. Dean’s boot knife shot through the air, landing dead center between his shoulder blades, severing his spinal cord instantly.

Dean rolled to his feet, did a leg sweep, bringing Buck down hard, and then Dean was on him. A single slash, and Buck’s intestines were spilling in long ropes from his abdomen. He screamed, pissing himself. Another slash of the knife, and Buck frantically clutched the bleeding emptiness between his legs, in too much agony to scream or even breathe.

“That’s for what you were gonna do to him, you son of a bitch.” Dean wiped the blood from his mouth.

He looked up. The other hunters had the last of the Spivey clan.

“That one, you can have.” Dean wiped his knife clean on Buck’s jacket and peeled off his leather gloves. One of the hunters pulled out a hunting knife and took care of business.

John and Bobby stood over the prone, pleading form of Earle. Everyone except Earle was staring at Dean in shock or awe. Rising to his feet, he walked to Sam.

“I’m here, Sammy. I got you.” Dean positioned himself at Sam’s side, reached up and carefully cut the rope attached to the hook. Sam crumpled like dead weight. Dean held him up, brought him gently to the floor in a graceful movement, sliced the rope tightly binding his bleeding wrists together with surgical precision.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was wrecked, barely able to force out a sound.

Dean cradled Sam, tears streaming down his face. Sam tried to lift his hand to touch Dean’s face, but he was too weak. Dean lifted Sam’s hand for him, pressed his palm against his cheek, held it there.

Sam lay in Dean’s arms, looking up at him, a smile breaking over his bleeding lips. Dean held his Sammy, strong arms locked around him, looking down at the battered ruin of his face. The love he saw there shattered him.

“We saw it, Sam. Got your message. You did good.” Dean’s body shook. “You did real good.”

Sam sucked in a shallow breath, mouth moving.

“Shhh. Don’t try to talk. I’m gonna take care of you. No one’s gonna hurt you anymore, Sammy.”

Behind him, a scream, a wet crunch and a gurgle, and Earle Spivey was silenced.

Dean wouldn’t let anyone touch Sam. He gathered him up and heaved himself to his feet, face twisting into a grimace when Sam shuddered and moaned in pain. He carried his brother in his
arms by himself, all the way.

John opened the back of the truck, reached out to take Sam so Dean could jump in and lift Sam inside.

He turned and accidentally banged Sam’s head against the door. Sam gave a sharp cry.

The look that Dean shot his father was chilling.

Dean jumped out and simply took Sam away from John. John stepped back, palms extended outward.

Dean placed Sam inside with infinite care, laying him inside, head nestled on a pillow. He settled him down so gently that Sam didn’t so much as whimper. John was stunned that Dean could flip from that look of promised violence to such tenderness in the space of a few heartbeats.

He didn’t understand they both stemmed from the same simple thing.

Dean lay in the back at Sam’s side, and let John close the door. John climbed into the passenger seat, and Bobby turned the truck onto the road. The hunters piled into their car and everyone headed out. A local doctor was waiting for them in his private clinic to evaluate the extent of Sam’s injuries.

Dean was grateful the hunters had lent them this fancy new truck. The suspension in Bobby’s truck was punishing, but this vehicle was smooth, absorbing the shocks of the rocks and potholes without transmitting hardly any of it to Sam’s broken body.

Dean sat up on one arm, stroking Sam’s hair, rubbing his thumb on the one spot on Sam’s face that wasn’t bruised or bleeding.

Bobby glanced at them in the rear view, and watched them for a few moments.

John turned around and opened the sliding window between the cab and the truck bed. “How’s he doing?”

Dean didn’t even look up. “Conscious. But barely. Breath sounds good, but he’s got at least one cracked rib. Pretty sure his left arm is broken. But he’s gonna be alright.”

Bobby tapped John on the thigh. “Let him rest, John. Give the boys some privacy.”

John slid the window closed and turned back in his seat.

He didn’t see Sam open his one good eye and look at Dean. Didn’t see what was reflected there. Didn’t hear Dean whisper, “I love you so much. So much.” Didn’t see Sam find the strength to lift his hand, grip Dean’s shirt weakly, tug him down with the force of a butterfly until Dean’s lips brushed his.

~

Back in the warehouse, a sound like air being sucked out of a tight space, and a figure stood in the room. He bent over the body of Earle Spivey and pressed his fingertips into his chest.
He chanted a series of unintelligible words. Earle sucked in a wet breath and screamed.

The figure’s eyes gleamed yellow.
Chapter Summary

They bring Sam to a doctor and learn the extent of his injuries. Dean takes care of Sam.

Dean held Sam’s head up, gingerly brought the bottle of water to his lips. Sam drank gratefully, taking a few sips, then letting his head fall back in exhaustion and pain.

“You rest.” Dean wanted to wipe the blood from Sam’s face, but didn’t want to hurt him, and he knew the lightest touch would sting. Instead, he just lay next to him, their bodies rocking gently with the motion of the truck on the highway,


Sam let his open eyelid fall closed.

“They’re all dead. We killed every last one of them.” Sam breathed out a soft chuff. His eye opened again, and he looked at Dean with concern. He plucked at Dean’s shirt, kitten-soft.

“I’m fine.” Dean squeezed his eyes shut, trying to force the tears back. Here was Sam, beat to hell, only caring if Dean was ok. “Dad’s got a busted nose. Bobby’s fine. The others have bruised egos, but I think they’re mostly ok.”

Dean settled in next to Sam, his head resting on the pillow. He listened to Sam breathe, shallow gasps that made his own ribs ache to hear it, until he couldn’t stand it anymore. So he talked to him.

“They tape-recorded it. Breaking in. Grabbing you up. And left us the tape.” Sam’s eye flew open again. “You put up a hell of a fight, Sam. Three big men on one, and you were winning. That throat punch? Nice move.” Sam’s mouth twitched in a little smile. “Took four men to take you down. I tell you, I was fucking impressed.” Dean petted Sam’s hair, trying not to look at Sam’s swollen eye, the horrible bruises on his face, the swelling of his left forearm, the thick abrasions on his wrists…

“When we found out you were gone… that they took you… Sam. I went crazy.” He took a deep breath. “Should never have left you alone. It’s my fault this happened.” Sam shook his head, trying to form words of protest in his damaged throat, but Dean shushed him in a gentle voice. “Shhh. It’s true. And I’m so sorry, Sam.” He looked at his brother’s battered face, still so beautiful, and the tears came, hot and stinging. “I’m sorry.”

Dean would not allow John to help get Sam out of the truck, or to carry him. In fact, he wouldn’t let John get near Sam.

John stood in total confusion. Bobby thumped him on the back. “Hang back. Dean’s got this.”
And Dean absolutely did. He settled Sam on the gurney, stayed right at his side, talked to the
doctor. He refused to leave when the doctor went to examine him.

The doctor gave John and Bobby a quizzical look. Bobby snorted. “Oh, you best not try and get
between those two. Dean won’t get in your way, though. Just don’t try and send him away.”

Dean shot Bobby a look of surprised gratitude.

~

The doctor brought Sam into an examination room. Dean followed, leaving John and Bobby in the
hall.

Sam strained to take a breath. Raised his index finger and tapped it on the back of Dean’s hand.
“Dean. Hurts.” His voice was almost entirely shot, and his one open eye pleaded with Dean.

“Doc. Help him.” Dean couldn’t bear to see Sam in normal pain. And this was nothing like normal
pain.

“I really should do a preliminary examination before I administer a pain killer, because—“

Dean cut him off. “Help him.” Again, Dean’s voice dropped lower, hit a certain timbre that
commanded respect, instinctively, easily.

The doctor injected a shot of Dilaudid into Sam’s vein, and within moments, Sam’s agony was
eased, and he was breathing easier and more deeply.

Dean stood at Sam’s side as the doctor cut away Sam’s jeans and boxers, and examined him.
‘S’alright, Sam. We’re gonna get you all patched up.”

The doctor did a brief examination. “I don’t feel any clear fractures, but I’d like to get a chest x-ray
to be sure. His ribs are almost certainly cracked.”

He continued, palpating and checking Sam. “He’s extremely dehydrated. I’ll get him started on a
saline drip. He suffered extensive soft tissue damage and abrasions on his upper body. His jaw is
badly bruised, and several of his teeth are loose. His nose does not appear to be broken. He got
lucky with the eye. It doesn’t look like he sustained any real damage. His abdomen is normal, and I
don’t feel any signs of internal bleeding. Has he thrown up?”

Dean shook his head no.

“That’s a good sign.” The doctor manipulated Sam’s fingers and wrists. “Nothing broken here. Bad
lacerations on the wrists. And the left arm is clearly broken. Collarbone looks good.”

Most of the physical signs of trauma were located on Sam’s torso, but Dean know that half the
torture consisted of demon-blood powers that left no mark. So the fact that his lower body
appeared relatively untouched meant nothing. Which reminded him to ask something.

“Can you tell… if he was… um…”

“Sexually assaulted? Yes.”
Dean went white.

“Yes, as in I can tell if that happened or not. Not yes, as in he was assaulted.”

The doctor turned to Sam. “I need to examine your genitals to make sure the people that had you didn’t cause you any kind of damage there. Is that alright?” Sam nodded yes. The doctor examined Sam quickly but thoroughly. “Dean, would you help me turn him onto his side, please?”

Dean did, and stood facing Sam as the doctor moved behind him with a small flashlight. “I need to examine your rectal area now. Is that alright?” Sam nodded, burying his face in his forearm.

Dean kneeled so his face was at the same level as Sam’s. “So, when we get home, what do you want for dinner?”

Sam peered at Dean, who smiled at him, determined to distract him from what was happening. “Bet I can get Bobby to barbeque.”

Sam croaked, “November.”

Dean grinned. “Charcoal still burns in November. You want barbeque?”

Sam started thinking about it. “Turkey,” he finally whispered.

“Thanksgiving dinner?” Dean had forgotten. With everything else, he had actually forgotten that Thanksgiving was just a week away. “With pumpkin pie? Or pecan?”

Sam took a shallow, painful breath and said, “Yes.” And his grin, mischievous and adorable, was pure Sam.

The doctor finished the rectal exam and peeled off his gloves. “No rectal tears or swelling, no trace of semen. He’s intact.”

Dean breathed a huge sigh of relief.

The doctor examined his spine, and didn’t see anything that concerned him.

They lowered Sam onto his back and covered him with a blanket. They wheeled him into the x-ray room, where the doctor did insist on sending Dean outside until the x-rays were complete.

Then he brought them into a large empty room and Dean helped move Sam onto a bed, and help Sam into a medical gown. The doctor inserted an IV and got Sam started on the saline drip.

He brought the developed x-rays into the room and stuck them onto the light box. John and Bobby were brought in the room.

“Sam’s left ulna is broken. His ribs are badly bruised and right here on the left, you can see that three of them are cracked. You’re going to have to watch him very carefully to make sure he doesn’t develop pneumonia. You’ll need to keep his pain down as much as possible so he can breathe properly so that doesn’t happen.

He turned to Sam and Dean. “Sam, you’re going to need to take a deep breath, as deep as you can possibly manage, three to five times an hour. It’s extremely important to keep your lungs expanded to full capacity. Otherwise, you could get very, very sick.”

The doctor glanced at John. “He’s young and strong, so I expect it won’t take him long to heal up. But I want him on a fairly serious dose of narcotics for the next three or four days, so he can
breathe deep and keep his lungs fully inflated. And I want him up and walking around every day, to keep the blood moving so he doesn’t throw a blood clot. But someone’s going to have to hold him up and walk with him, because he’s extremely weak and he’s going to be pretty high, with what I’m going to give you.”

He continued. “He’s bruised all over his upper body, but there is no internal bleeding or damage.” The doctor pulled the x-rays down from the light box, and motioned to the three to join him at the door, out of Sam’s earshot. “They worked him over really bad, John. That’s clear just from the physical indications. And I know that some of the torture was supernatural in nature, and we don’t have any physical signs of what happened there. But what he must have endured, John…” The doctor took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. “I estimate it was fairly severe, because his vocal chords are strained from screaming.”

Dean had to turn away.

“He needs to not try to talk for a few days. At all. I want him gargling with warm salt water, and drinking warm tea with honey. The usual.”

The doctor set Sam’s arm and put a cast on it, tended to Sam’s eye, cleaned and bandaged his cuts, and carefully treated and wrapped the deep abrasions on his wrists. By the end, Sam was starting to moan and sweat again, and the doctor gave him another shot for the pain. They agreed to keep Sam overnight for observation, and make their way home the next day, with a pack full of medical supplies and a long list of instructions.

They didn’t even bother trying to get Dean to come to the motel with them. The doctor simply wheeled in another bed and set it up right next to Sam’s.

The doctor gave them his pager number, and left them alone.

John kissed the top of Sam’s head. “I love you, Sam.” Sam, high from the pain meds, gave a huge goofy grin and slurred, “Shuh. Took enough to get you to say it.”

Bobby laughed at John’s obvious discomfiture. “You had that coming.” He stroked Sam’s hair, leaned in, whispered, “I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you. I swear.”

They left Sam and Dean alone for the night.

Dean kicked his shoes off and sat cross-legged in bed, spoon-feeding Sam vanilla pudding. He refrained from making “Here comes the airplane” jokes, which took considerable effort on his part.

Even with the Dilaudid making him silly and loopy, Sam was still clearly in pain. But he opened his mouth and let Dean slip the spoon into his mouth, swallowing dutifully, until the pudding container was scraped clean.

“Awesome, Sam. Good job.”

He turned off the overhead light and settled in next to Sam, his hand resting gently on his chest. He wanted to touch him, take the pain away, but there was nothing he could do.

So Dean talked to him, sweet and soft, touching him with his voice, letting his words drift over him like his fingers could not, stroking and soothing Sam.

“It’s always been you, Sam. I can’t even remember when I knew. You know, that we were more than.” As deep as brother bond could be, Dean had always known it went way beyond that, even when he refused to admit it. And that’s how he thought of it. More than. “And when I found out it
was the same for you… Christ, Sam. I couldn’t even… I mean, I was scared. So scared. But it felt like how Christmas is supposed to feel like.”

Sam made a soft, happy sound.

He closed his eyes, remembering the moment Sam smiled at him in just this funny little way that told him, that moment when he knew, unequivocally knew, that Sam also felt they were more than. Inside his chest, it felt like he’d come home from a long, bitter cold trek in the snow to a home full of warmth from the fire, an apple pie in the oven, roast turkey just pulled out, gleaming with butter, being handed a mug of steaming cider, a stack of presents under the tree…

“And when they took you, and you were gone, and I thought… I thought maybe I wasn’t going to get you back, and I remembered what I did. What I said to you…the way I left it…” And Dean couldn’t hold the tears back any longer. He was a warrior, a soldier, a world-class bad ass, but he was also a scared young man, so desperately in love he could barely breathe.

And the scared young man started to cry.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was raspy and weak. Dean tried once more to regain composure, but failed utterly, dropping his head onto the pillow with a sob, hand fluttering Sam’s chest, wanting so badly to hold him, absolutely unwilling to hurt him even a little bit.

Sam pressed Dean’s hand down over his heart. That simple gesture was too much, and Dean cried into the pillow.

With great effort, and completely against doctor’s orders, Sam forced out three more words. “Always. Been yours.”

Dean cried until he was dry, his hand over Sam’s heart, and Sam drifted into a deep sleep.

Dean lay by his side and kept guard all night, watching him while he slept.
Chapter Summary

Sam gets through the first night, and gets to go home.

Dean woke to the sound of Sam moaning, the effect from the medication having faded.

It was awful.

Dean quickly paged the doctor, and gave Sam one of the oral pain meds the doctor had left for him. “Hey, Sammy. This is gonna kick in real soon. I promise.”

Sam opened his eyes. Both of them. The white of his eye was nearly solid red, but the eyelid opened now, and Dean remembered, the doctor had declared the eye itself to be sound.

Sam mouthed “Thank you.”

“Real good. You remembered not to talk.” Dean smoothed his hand over Sam’s head. His hair, Sam’s pride and Dean’s secret joy, was lank and greasy.

The doctor had already been on his way, and arrived shortly. He gave Sam a bolus of liquid Dilaudid, and examined him, and was satisfied with the progress Sam had made overnight.

Dean pulled the doctor into the hallway with a serious look on his face. When the doctor learned what Dean was so concerned about, he smiled. “I have just the thing.”

He disappeared into another room and came back with an inflatable shampoo basin with attached drain hose, a plastic pitcher and a small bottle of shampoo. He helped Dean move Sam’s bed close to the sink, inflated the basin with the air pump, set the drain hose in the sink and turned the rest over to Dean.

Dean ran warm water into the pitcher and positioned Sam’s head properly in the inflatable basin. “Gonna get you all cleaned up. Just relax.”

Sam let out a soft sigh at the first feel of warm water poured through his hair. Dean was careful not to spill, and shielded Sam’s forehead with his hand so that no water ran down into his eyes when he wetted his hairline.

Dean leaned over Sam and worked the lavender-scented shampoo into his hair, rubbing his scalp with his fingertips. Sam closed his eyes. “That feel good?”

Sam raised his right hand and let it rest on Dean’s waist, right above his hip.

“Is that a yes?” Dean’s mouth softened into a smile.

Sam squeezed.

“One for yes, twice for no, huh?”

A single squeeze.
Dean worked the shampoo into a rich lather, lingering at the task. It was surprisingly intimate, shampooing Sam’s hair. And surprisingly pleasurable for Dean.

He released the clamp on the drain hose, letting the soapy water flow into the sink, and filled the pitcher again, checking the temperature on his wrist to make sure it was just right.

Sam made a happy sound when Dean poured the water over his head. “Bet you could get used to this, huh, Sammy?”

A single squeeze.

“Yeah, princess, well, when you’re all fixed up, you better plan on giving me back rubs for weeks.”

Sam stroked Dean’s side, and mouthed, “Ok.”

“How’s he doing?” John’s voice was a bull in a china shop, a chaperone at a school dance, a cop in a bar full of teenagers.

Dean’s hand movements shifted in a subtle fashion from tender to efficient. “He slept pretty good.”

“How’s his pain?” John moved to stand at Sam’s side, and put his hand on Sam’s shin.

“He was hurting bad this morning, but me and the doc got him fixed up.” Dean looked up. “His hair was really gross. He hates that.”

“Mighty nice of you to play spa treatment with Sam.” Bobby stood in the doorway holding a cardboard tray with four cups of coffee.

“Bobby. You’re a lifesaver.” Dean took the cup Bobby offered him, pounded back a long drink, then set it aside to finish with Sam. He rinsed Sam’s hair with a fresh pitcher of water until it was squeaky clean, then drained the basin and towelled Sam’s hair off.

“Give me a hand?” Dean motioned to John to help him wheel Sam’s bed away from the sink back to where it had been. They carefully raised the front half of the bed until Sam was sitting up. Dean tried to ignore Sam’s winces, even with the hefty dose of pain meds in his system.

Bobby handed Sam a paper cup. “Double latte. Low-fat milk, two pumps of pumpkin spice.” Sam’s grin was positively childlike, surprised and grateful. “Yeah, kid. I remembered.

Sam looked even worse in the light of day. The bruising on his face and arms had deepened to livid red and purple, his hurt eye ghastly red, deep circles under his eyes, lips swollen.

But he smiled at Bobby like it was Christmas day and took a sip of coffee.

Bobby passed John his coffee, and pulled up chairs. A crinkle of paper, as Bobby stuck his hand in a bag. “Got a cinnamon roll for you, Dean. And Sam, got something special for you.” From a small plastic bag, Bobby pulled a jar of baby food.

Sam snorted, then squinched his face in pain.

“Laugh all you want, kid, but I’m serious. Doctor’s orders.”

Sam stared at Dean. Dean started to laugh. “Face all beat to hell, and you can still pull off a bitch face.”
Sam exhaled through his nose, the sound of frustration unmistakable.

Bobby busted out laughing. “Gotcha.” He pulled out another item, a plastic bottle containing a protein smoothie. “Here you go. Food you can drink.”

They sat, drinking their coffee, the three who were able to speak indulging in lighthearted conversation to soothe Sam. Sam drank his entire smoothie. Dean devoured his cinnamon roll, and loudly sucked the cinnamon sugar from his fingers. This earned him a stern look from John and a different sort of look from Sam, when Bobby and John weren’t watching, that made Dean’s breath catch in his throat.

John went to confer with the doctor in the hallway. Oddly, he wouldn’t discuss Sam until Dean joined them.

“He did very well, so I think it’s ok to bring him home. I’ll come over every day to check on him and keep you stocked up.” The doctor primarily looked at Dean as he spoke, “Remember. He needs to take a really deep breath three to five times an hour when he’s awake. You have to make sure to get him to do this, Dean.”

Dean nodded, making a list in his head.

The doctor explained the side effects of the oral pain meds, and Sam’s dietary restrictions. “Lots of warm tea with honey for his throat. Have him gargle with warm salt water a few times a day. Soft food, no acid. That means no orange juice. Ok? Don’t be surprised if he doesn’t want to eat much. The pain meds will probably suppress his appetite. But get some soft food in him every day. Mashed potatoes. Macaroni and cheese. Soup. Things he doesn’t have to chew, and that won’t hurt his throat.”

More notations in Dean’s mental checklist.

“Get him up once a day and walk him around, so the blood doesn’t pool in his legs. Hold him and walk with him when you do this. It’s going to be painful with his ribs, but it’s very important.”

John stood and watched the doctor give his oldest son instructions on how to care for his younger son.

“The pain meds may cause him to have nightmares or trouble sleeping. And, of course, what he’s been through.”

Now the doctor looked at John. “Don’t be surprised if the nightmares are…vivid.”

The doctor turned his attention back to Dean. “You two share a room, right?”

Dean nodded.

“If he has nightmares, you need to wake him up—quickly—so he doesn’t make his injuries worse. Got it?”

Dean got it.

“He needs rest, and calm, and to breathe deeply.” The doctor scribbled on his notepad, tore the page off and handed it to Dean. “That’s the schedule I want him on for his pain pills for the first three days. Keep the pain well controlled, so he can keep his lungs working.”

The doctor and Dean went back into the room to bring Sam out to the truck, waiting outside.
“I’m right here,” John said. “I’m standing right here.”

“Dean needs to do this for Sam.” Bobby put his hand on John’s shoulders. “Let him do this.”

~

This time, Dean wouldn’t even let John try to help him get Sam into the nest of foam and blankets in the truck bed. “I got it,” he said, barely looking at John. He held Sam in his arms and walked to the back of the truck, setting him down inside and sliding in next to him, supporting his back as Sam scooted himself all the way in using his legs, laying him down gently and arranging the pillows with care.

By the time Dean tucked the comforter around Sam’s hips, Sam’s eyes were clenched shut with pain, sweat beading on his brow. Dean wiped it off with the bandanna in his back pocket.

“Hey, Bobby.” Dean’s face was hard. “Drive real careful.”

~

Bobby drove like a Sunday school teacher all the way back, creeping up the drive to his house at five miles an hour so as not to jostle Sam any more than necessary.

“Dean, let me give you a hand with him.” John opened the back of the truck and extended his hand.

“S’alright. I got him.” Dean extracted Sam in a way that caused the minimum amount of pain to Sam, and strained Dean’s back in what must have been a very uncomfortable way. But Dean revealed no sign of discomfort.

John watched Dean carry Sam toward the house.

Bobby appeared at John’s side. “You know how the song goes, John.”

“Oh god, don’t.”

“He ain’t heavy,” Bobby sang in a rasp.

“Please. No more.”

Dean and Sam heard none of this. Dean cradled Sam in his arms, Sam’s head resting against his shoulder, his breathing coming quick and shallow. “We’re home now, Sammy.” Dean carried him up the front steps, and over the threshold. “We’re home.”
Go to Sleep

Chapter Summary

Just a short chapter where Dean helps Sam settle into bed, and asks him to take a deep
breath for him, but realizes Sam might not want to do anything for Dean anymore after
what he said and did, and what happened to Sam after that.

Dean carried Sam up the stairs and went to lay him in bed. Sam tapped his arm and nodded toward
the bathroom. Dean set Sam down in front of the bathroom door and helped him walk inside.
“You ok by yourself?”

Sam gave him a look that said he’d have to be a damn sight more broken to require Dean’s help
taking a piss.

“I’ll wait by our room. Knock when you’re through.”

Sam was in the room a long while.

He finally knocked, and Dean came to get him. When Sam opened the door, Dean swore at the
sight of him, pale and sweating, and caught him before he swayed and fell over.

He carried him to the bedroom and settled him into bed as carefully as he could, but Sam still cried
out in pain, jerking his broken arm in close to his body and rocking himself, breathing shallow and
quick.

“Oh god, Sam.” Dean was on the verge of tears. “I’m sorry.”

When the pain had subsided, Sam reached up his good hand and touched Dean’s face.

“You want to get some sleep, Sammy?”

Sam tapped once, lightly, for yes.

Dean thought for a moment, remembering what it was like when he’d cracked a rib on his first
hunt with John. It was easiest for him to sleep when he was on his injured side, oddly enough,
because it let the uninjured side expand better so he could breathe with less pain. But Sam’s ribs
were bruised on the right side too. Still, probably better for him to try to sleep on the left side at
first.

He also remembered how agonizing it was to try to change positions. Shifting more to his front or
back caused sharp stabbing pain.

So he came up with a plan, and presented it to Sam. He explained the reasoning behind having Sam
sleep on his left, and Sam nodded ok, so exhausted it broke Dean’s heart to see it.

At Dean’s instruction, he relaxed completely and let Dean roll him, very slowly, very carefully,
onto that side, settling the broken arm into place.

Dean, fully dressed, climbed on top of the bed and settled in behind Sam. “I’m gonna lay here with
you, Sammy. Make sure you don’t move in your sleep and hurt yourself, ok? And if you need to change position, you just whisper it to me.” Sam made a soft sound. “I know, you’re not supposed to talk, but the notepad thing isn’t going to work for this. Just whisper “back” or “stomach” and I’ll move you, ok? You just stay completely relaxed and let me do it for you, ok?”

Sam reached for Dean’s hand, laying on top of his hip, and pulled it across his chest, brought Dean’s hand to his mouth and kissed it. Then he held it to his chest.

“This good?”

Sam nodded.

“Can you do one thing for me?”

Another nod.

“Can you take a deep breath?”

Sam tried. He pulled more air into his lungs, and stiffened.

Dean stroked Sam’s chest and nestled closer. “I know, Sammy. Hurts so bad. I remember. But you need to. Can you try again for me?”

And at that, Dean stopped. Remembered what he had said to Sam before he was taken. Treated Sam like a child. Refused to do what Sam wanted from him more than anything, because of a ridiculous notion he had in his head that Sam wasn’t mature enough to handle certain things. Worse, he’d basically called him a slut. Jesus, Sammy. Are you that fucking desperate for it? Said and done those things, and Sam had gotten so mad at him. So hurt. And with reason. And because he was so mad and hurt, he stayed behind when Dean talked John into letting Sam come on the hunt. And because of that (and because of what John had done, but that was a whole dark well of anger he wasn’t ready to deal with yet) Sam was left all alone, unprotected. And they took him. And hurt him. Hurt him in ways Dean couldn’t think about. So scared and alone, enduring terrible pain, with those words practically the last thing he’d Dean had said to him, still echoing in his head when he went to find some memory of love, some reason to keep enduring it. Jesus, Sammy. Are you that fucking desperate for it?

Dean buried his face in Sam’s hair, sleek and shining now, and took a breath. “Sam,” he whispered. “After… after what I did. What I said. I don’t have the right to ask you to do anything for me. I know that.” He stopped, trying to keep it together. “You must just hate me for that. And Christ, I’d take it back if I could.”

Sam brought Dean’s hand to his lips again, exhaled against the crook of his thumb. “Shhh.”

“No, I need to say it. Sam, I—“

Sam did it again. “Shhh.” He moved Dean’s hand down, held it to his diaphragm. And then Sam exhaled. Paused. And drew in a deep, shuddering breath.

Dean’s fingers flared against the edges of his rib cage, feeling it expand. Sam held his breath, shaking, then stroked his fingers over Dean’s, and inhaled even more deeply.

He held his breath for a long moment, then exhaled. His whole body trembled.

“That was so good. You did so good.” Dean kissed the back of Sam’s neck. “Jesus, Sam. You’re so brave.” He held Sam until his trembling eased, and he drifted into desperately needed sleep. And
he held Sam some more, until he also fell asleep.

Neither of them woke up when Bobby cracked the door open and stuck his head inside. “Made some soup, you boys want—“ He saw the two of them, curled together like cats.

The expression on his face was soft as he turned his head and, ever so quietly, shut the door.
Chapter Summary

The doctor warned them that between the side effects of the pain medication and what Sam had endured, he might be prone to nightmares.

The doctor was right.

The screaming woke Dean.

He should have been prepared for it. The doctor warned them. He should have been prepared.

He wasn’t.

The sound that reverberated off the walls and made Dean sit bolt upright next to Sam was like the terrifying one in that book John used to read to him when he was little, that he still remembered almost word for word, so profoundly had it affected him.

"I don't like that sound," Fezzik said, his skin, for the moment, cold.

Inigo grabbed the giant and the words began pouring out: "Fezzik—Fezzik—that is the sound of Ultimate Suffering."

And that was the sound Sam was making now. The scream would have been horrifying anyway—so much pain, so much terror carried in the sound wave—but it was so much worse because it came through a throat already wrecked from screaming. So this scream carried the echo of its thousand brothers and sisters with it.

Sam was rigid on the bed, body bowed, weight supported by only his heels and shoulders, head thrown back, cords of the muscles in his throat standing out. And the scream. It went on, and on, and on.

Then he stopped, sucking in a huge, agonizing breath. And all the air left the room, and Dean couldn’t breathe, couldn’t move, knowing what was going to happen next.

Sam screamed again, screamed through the agony of his torn throat, screamed through his broken ribs and bruised mouth. This time the scream was darkened by the despair of being bound and hung from a hook in a deserted warehouse, helpless and alone but for the men hurting him.

“Sam! Sam… wake up. Come on, Sammy. Oh god, please wake up, Sam, just wake up.” Dean seized Sam by the shoulders, frantically ran his hands over Sam’s face, took hold of his hands, desperate to do anything to save Sam from the nightmare that was savaging him all over again.

Sam didn’t feel him. Sam didn’t hear him.

The sound of heavy footsteps up the stairs, down the hall, and the bedroom door slammed against the far wall. “Sam!” John fell to his knees by the side of the bed.

Sam’s eyes were open, but they saw nothing. Nothing in the actual world, at least. His mouth
frozen open, he screamed a third time.

Bobby stood in the doorway, tears welling in his eyes.

John took hold of Sam’s face. “Sam. Look at me. Come on. Wake up.”

Sam didn’t wake up. Just stared into nothingness, his face contorted.

Dean didn’t know what to do. He had to do something, and he didn’t know what to do.

He pressed his hand to Sam’s chest, warm and real, skin to skin, and whispered in his ear, so soft, so quiet.

Sam’s eyes fluttered open. He saw Dean. Still half in dream, confused, he stared at him, his expression softening.

“I got you, Sammy. I got you.”

Sam watched Dean like he was afraid he was going to vanish in a puff of smoke.

His eyes darted to John, then Bobby.

John gave a weak smile, relief tainted by the fear that still pumped through him at the sound of his boy screaming to wake the dead. “Hey, buddy. You’re alright now.”

Sam blinked, still half-caught in his nightmare. “You came for me.” His voice sounded like his throat had been flayed from the inside out.

Bobby closed his eyes. John stroked Sam’s sweat-damp hair. “Of course we did.”

Sam turned his face to Dean. “You.” His face was grey. “You saved me.”

Dean couldn’t even speak. He just held Sam’s hand, a tear rolling down his face.

Sam opened his mouth again, forced two more words from his abused throat before it refused to make another sound. “Thank you.”

Dean glanced over at John. He had tears streaming down his face.

Bobby snort-sobbed from the doorway, and Dean and John stifled involuntary laughter.

“What? We don’t all cry pretty.” Bobby complained, wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

Sam screwed up his face, arched his back with a hiss, clearly in sizeable pain.

“Hey. Hey, Sam. Time for another pill, yeah?” Dean grabbed up the bottle and snapped the lid off.

Sam nodded furiously, eyes closed.

Dean gave him a pain pill and Sam swallowed it gratefully.

John took Sam’s hand. “Nobody’s gonna hurt you, Sam. You’re safe. Ok? They’re dead. They’re all dead. And your badass brother here killed most of them all by himself.” John looked at Dean with quiet, deep pride. “And I don’t think you’re gonna be able to pry him off you with a crowbar now, so you’ve got the best bodyguard a man could hope for.”

Sam was still caught in the fine tendrils of the nightmare, not catching everything, but Dean
noticed the word choice John made.

“And this place is protected now six ways from Sunday. Got some backup. So it’s ok to relax now. You’re safe.”

Sam nodded, but his body remained taut.

His breath was rabbit-fast and shallow. This worried Dean.

“Your ribs. Really hurting, huh?”

Sam nodded, barely moving his head, eyes clenched tight.

Bobby said, “I’m going to make you up an ice pack, Sam. Won’t take but a second.” He thumped off down the stairs.

“Let’s get him sitting up. Might make him feel better,” John said.

Dean surveyed John as though deciding whether or not he was going to let John touch Sam.

And he was.

“Ok.” Dean slipped his hand behind Sam’s back and did most of the lifting, only letting John hold Sam’s left shoulder. “Careful of his arm,” he muttered.

John was exquisitely careful, but got the distinct impression that wasn’t good enough for Dean.

When they had gotten Sam into an upright position, he sighed, clearly more comfortable. But there weren’t enough pillows to hold him in the position in which he was most at ease.

Dean had an idea. “Hey, Sam. How ‘bout I carry you downstairs, and you can lay back in Bobby’s recliner, watch some TV with me? I’ll even let you pick what we watch.”

Sam’s eyes flashed open. He liked this idea. He tapped his right hand on Dean’s thigh, once.

“You got it.” Dean didn’t even let John go through the formality of asking to help. He scooped up his brother like he weighed nothing, lifting him with smooth grace and such care, John couldn’t help but marvel at it.

Sam barely even winced when Dean placed his good arm around his neck and picked him up, as though there was no place on Earth more free from pain and fear than Dean’s arms.

Dean held Sam in a perfect upright position, the exact position that gave Sam relief from his pain. He carried Sam down the hall and turned at the head of the stairs, angling Sam’s back toward the staircase so he didn’t bang his legs on the banister.

Dean lowered Sam into the recliner. “Is that good?”

Sam’s face radiated gratitude. He took Dean’s hand, squeezed it.

“Alright. Whattaya want to watch? Die Hard?” Sam tapped twice. “A Bond movie?” Sam thought about it. Then tapped twice. “Oh, hey… how about Toy Story?” Sam didn’t even have to tap once. The look in his face said everything.
Dean grabbed a couple of cokes out of the fridge, cracked Sam’s open and put it into the drink holder on the right side of the recliner and popped the tape into the VCR. As the trailers for new movies started playing, Bobby showed up with four bags of frozen peas duct-taped into an elaborate rib pack harness, and laid them carefully on Sam’s torso, over his t-shirt. He draped a large, soft blue blanket over Sam. “That’s gonna start feeling real good any second now, Sam.”

Sam reached out for Bobby’s hand as he tried to walk away. Mouthed “Thank you.”

Bobby couldn’t meet Sam’s eyes. “Absolutely nothing to be thanking me for. If your dad and me hadn’t—”

“Bobby. Wanna make us all some popcorn?” John’s voice was smooth, but everyone but Sam knew that John had cut him off deliberately.

John settled on the far right end of the couch, a beer in his hand. Dean sat on the couch on the far left, trying to hide the expression put on his face by the fact that Sam was three feet away.

John noticed, and stood up. “Let’s bring him a little closer.” They each took a side and lifted the recliner with Sam in it, setting it down gently right next to the couch, next to where Dean had been sitting. Dean fell back into his seat, much relieved, as Sam was now only separated from him by the thin arm of the couch and the round arm of the recliner.

Sam scrabbled at the blanket, pulled the end free and tossed it over Dean. Dean got the hint, and spread the blanket over both of them.

Bobby brought a massive bowl of popcorn and settled in between Dean and John. Sam drank his coke slowly, smiling at the antics of Woody and Buzz.

Dean slipped a kernel of popcorn into Sam’s mouth. “How’s that? Hurt to chew?” Sam shook his head no. Dean fed Sam kernel after kernel of popcorn, swigging his own coke, eyes lit up and fixed on Sam, hardly paying attention to the movie at all, just drinking in Sam watching it.

After about 20 minutes, Sam started breathing better.

Dean took a deep breath along with Sam, and realized he’d been breathing shallow in sympathy with Sam since the movie started.

Sam set the half-finished coke in the drink holder, slipped his hand under the blanket, and took Dean’s hand in his.

Two minutes later, he giggled.

“And there you go. Pain meds finally kicking in,” Bobby said. “Frozen peas too.”

Sam giggled again. Took a deep breath, expanding his rib cage, and rubbed his stomach like he was proud of himself.

He turned his head toward Dean, working his hand beneath the blanket again, taking Dean’s hand and squeezing it. His face obscured from the view of Bobby and John, he mouthed something Dean hadn’t been sure Sam would ever want to say to him again.

Dean felt the warmth bloom in his chest, tears welling in his eyes yet again. He let his mouth form the shape of the words, said them silently back to Sam. I love you.

As Sam drifted into a blissfully pain-free slumber, Dean thought of the look on John’s face when
he cut Bobby off. Didn’t want him to finish his sentence. Absolutely nothing to be thanking me for. If your dad and me hadn’t— Thought of how sweet Sam had been with Bobby and John. How not angry he was.

Then he realized.

Sam didn’t know. He didn’t know that he was taken on purpose, hurt deliberately, tortured the same ways John and Bobby had tortured Spivey’s boy.

Sam didn’t know.
Mine

Chapter Summary

Dean informs Bobby and John that they have a lot to make up for. John tries to get started. And we find out what's been happening back in the abandoned warehouse since they rescued Sam.

The VCR clicked and whirred into rewind mode, spinning the tape back to the beginning.

Dean wished more than anything he could do that to the last few days. Just rewind to the day he had the fight with Sam. Do it all differently.

But that was impossible.

Sam was dead to the world, sleeping soundly for the first time since they rescued him.

John looked across Bobby to Dean.

Dean shook his head no and pursed his lips into a tight line. “Not now.” He didn’t want to talk about it. Didn’t want to open the door to that locked and chained box inside him where he’d put away the knowledge that John and Bobby had brought this all down upon Sam’s head. Even worse, that the demon sympathizer they had interrogated and killed apparently had no demon blood in him after all.

He was human.

Just like Sam.

Dean could not think about that. Certainly couldn’t calmly talk about it. And he was damned if Sam was going to find out about it until he was stronger.

He’d been through enough.

John and Bobby moved into the kitchen. Dean sat with Sam for another hour, watching his breathing, until his full bladder forced him to get up. “I’ll be right back, Sam.” He let go of Sam’s hand, put another log on the fire to keep the living room nice and warm, took care of his aching bladder, then went into the kitchen.

John and Bobby were deep into Bobby’s stash of good Scotch. John poured a generous shot into a tumbler and handed it to Dean.

Dean accepted it, but did not sit down. His face was hard, striving to contain his emotions.

“You gotta know how sorry we are.” Bobby looked ten years older, wrinkles more pronounced, eyelids swollen.

John looked up at Dean, and flinched at what he saw on his firstborn son’s face. “Dean. Please.” He looked so lost, unmoored. “Say you forgive me.”
Dean tossed back a swallow of Scotch, burning his throat. “Asking the wrong guy.” He jerked his head toward the living room. “He’s the one you need to ask.” Beg, Dean thought. Beg for forgiveness on bended knee. “Sam’s never hurt anything in his life. Christ, he saves stray dogs.”

John dropped his gaze to the table.

“What happened to Sam? That’s on you two.” Another swallow, and Dean’s tumbler was empty. “And me. We’re responsible.”

Bobby looked at Dean quizzically. “Dean, you aren’t to blame for what happened to Sam.”

“Yeah I am.” Dean wiped his mouth. “Just—trust me. I am.” Jesus, Sammy. Are you that fucking desperate for it? Dean hated himself for that. Hated the darkness he had inside him that came spilling out sometimes when he got scared or mad, the harsh words that stormed right past his inner censors and laid waste to whoever was in his presence.

And he hated himself for letting Sam stay behind. But Sam was so insistent on not going, and Dean thought he’d be safer, secretly had been glad John never let Sam come on hunts.

He left Sam alone, unprotected. And Sam could take care of himself to a point, better than even Dean could have done all alone, maybe. But they were stronger together. And Dean would never make that mistake again.

“But you two… you’ve got a lot to answer for. Make up for. Not to me. To him.” Dean rubbed his eyes. “Look, I get it. What hunters do isn’t pretty. And sometimes you have to do things that civilians would never understand.” Dean tried to keep a lid on his anger, threatening to corrode the lid keeping it locked away and eat everything in its path. Sam bleeding, broken, screaming. Because of what they did.

He took a deep breath. Not now. “But you fucked up. And they made Sam pay.”

It was an odd tableau: a young man standing in front of two contrite adults, chastising them, their heads bowed, guilt and shame rippling off them like heat rising off asphalt.

John poured more Scotch into everyone’s glasses. “Jesus, Dean, what they did to him…” He buried his face in his hands.

“Not gonna talk about it.” Dean’s voice was hard. “Not now. Maybe not ever.” He took another drink, already feeling the effects. “But Sam? You two are gonna tell him exactly what you did. And exactly why they took him. He needs to know.” And you don’t get to get away with it, Dean thought bitterly.

“But he doesn’t need to hear it yet. Not until he’s healed up some. But you’re gonna tell him. Both of you. And you’re gonna make it up to him.” Dean had no idea if that was even possible. But he was damn sure they were going to try.

And he was going to make it up to Sam. Even if it took him the rest of his life.

~

The doctor stopped in that evening to check on Sam, as promised. He wasn’t happy about the intensity of Sam’s nightmare and Dean’s description of how Sam reacted physically in the throes of it. “He’s going to keep re-injuring himself, and those rib fractures will take longer to heal. And his vocal cords…” He didn’t even have to say it. Sam could end up with permanent damage.
He thought for a moment. “Maybe if there’s something in the background while Sam sleeps. Something to keep his unconscious mind engaged in something other than reliving his trauma. Music, or television, or the sound of someone’s voice. Do you have any books on tape?”

Bobby did not, but there was a library downtown. “I’ll pick some up tomorrow.”

“Sothing ones, alright? Don’t get anything with action or shooting or military stuff. That’s the last thing Sam needs in his head right now.”

The doctor turned to Sam again. “How does it feel in the recliner? Better than sleeping flat?” Sam nodded yes. “Good. Let’s have you try sleeping like this for a while.”

Sam made a face, and motioned for his notepad. Dean retrieved it, and Sam wrote, “Want to sleep in bed.”

Dean kept his face impassive. He knew that Sam liked having Dean hold him while he slept. More importantly, Dean needed it. Especially now. Being a few feet away, unable to touch him or feel the warmth that radiated off him like a heater, made Dean tense.

“Just try it for a few days, Sam. The more rest you can get, the more quickly you’ll heal, and the sooner you can get back to all the things you used to love to do.”

Sam glanced up at Dean, a ghost of a smile on his lips. Dean shivered at the hidden meaning.

Then Sam scrawled something else.

“My cast is itchy,” the doctor read out loud. Dean grinned.

“There’s actually something that can help with that. It’s a little weird, but it works.” The doctor explained how to use a soda bottle, duct tape and a vacuum cleaner hose over the cast’s opening at the wrist to provide relief from the itch. Bobby grasped the idea immediately. “I’m on it.” He left to put the contraption together.

The doctor had Sam breathe through a device he called an incentive spirometer. He had marked a level on the side of the plastic tube. “You want this little piece to hit that level there, and this ball needs to float right in the middle. If you breathe in too fast, it’ll shoot to the top. If you breathe in too slowly, it sinks to the bottom. Ok?” He pressed a pillow against Sam’s abdomen. “Dean, if you can do this for him, it’ll help ease the discomfort.”

Sam liked the device. He liked things that showed tangible goals with measurable results. Things he could do well on. Sam was a straight A student, and this appealed to him.

He struggled, though, and didn’t reach the level the doctor wanted until the third try.

The doctor put a paper bag on the couch. “This has some more meds, and a shampoo basin. He’s still too unsteady for showers or baths, and I bet Sam’s ready to get clean, so I also gave you supplies for sponge baths. Sam, you’ll be able to take care of this yourself pretty soon, but until you can move and bend without so much pain, you’ll need someone to do it for you.”

John and Bobby looked at each other.

Sam rolled his eyes and wrote on his notepad. “I don’t mind. But just Dean.”

He showed the message to everyone. John looked relieved. Bobby’s face was unreadable. And only Sam caught the flicker that lit up Dean’s face. The little flash of emotion that was just for
Sam.

Bobby showed the doctor out.

John disappeared into the kitchen and emerged with a steaming mug of soup. “Chicken soup with stars.” That was Sam’s favorite when he was a little boy. Sam beamed, reaching out for the mug.

John sat next to Sam and arranged the blanket on his lap. “Too hot?”

Sam, lips glistening with soup, shook his head no and took another sip.

Dean jammed his hands in his pockets and made them into fists. He watched John brush a stray lock of hair away from Sam’s forehead, and saw how Sam’s eyes lit up.

“You were real brave, Sam. And so smart. That Morse code trick. Really, really smart. And pulling it off while they…” John paused. Dean tried not to remember the tape, how Sam tapped out his message while they were hurting him. “Most men couldn’t have done it. Hell, I don’t know if I would have been able to.”

Sam scribbled on his notepad.

“Sam. It took four grown men hopped up on demon blood to take you. You fought like a warrior. I’m so proud of you.”

The words hung in the air like the afterimage of a Fourth of July sparkler. Sam gazed into John’s face, basking in the moment.

It was the first time Sam had ever received such praise from his father.

~

Dean tried not to hover, wanting to allow Sam to have this moment with John. But it burned. Knowing that John was so very much to blame for everything Sam had to endure, all the pain and fear, and yet here he was, laughing with Sam like he had just had a bad fall from his bicycle, telling him stories about how he broke his arm as a teenager climbing out on a weak tree branch, making Sam grin like a fool under the wealth of his attention.

Once Sam knew…he wouldn’t be smiling at John like he was the best thing in the world.

And despite the jealousy raging in Dean (he’s supposed to look at ME like that only at ME), that’s exactly why he busied himself in the kitchen, and let Sam have that moment, pure and unspoiled.

Dean walked past the couch on his way upstairs, studiously not looking at the two of them, but Sam plucked at his shirtsleeve. His expression was questioning.

“You two do your thing. I’ve got stuff to do.” Dean kept his voice smooth, giving nothing away. But Sam could see right through him. Always could. He plucked at Dean’s sleeve again, and didn’t let go.

“Young mean to intrude on your territory, Dean.” There was the faintest undercurrent of tension in John’s voice. He’d found a tiny cord of reconnection with Sam, and he clearly didn’t want to let it go.

As if he’d been quietly watching over them all, Bobby suddenly appeared in the kitchen doorway. “John, if you aren’t too busy, I could use your help.”
Sam gave Bobby a grateful look. Bobby set a glass of water on the coffee table next to Sam, and took away the empty mug. “Get some water in you, wouldja?” He ruffled Sam’s hair.

John patted Sam’s knee. “You rest up, Sammy. I’ll come by and check on you later.”

Dean bristled.

When John left the room, Sam wrote something on his notepad and handed it to Dean.

*When I get my voice back, I’ll tell him only you get to call me Sammy.*

Dean laughed, and sat down on the couch next to Sam. “Yeah, that’d go over well.”

Sam wrote three more words. *Your Sammy. Yours.* He looked at Dean intently. Then he underlined yours. Twice.

Dean exhaled hard, letting go of some of the jealousy that roiled in him.

Sam scribbled another sentence. *I feel really gross. Need to get clean. Fresh clothes. Give me a hand?*

“Sure. Anything you need.”

Sam wrote one last sentence on the sheet of notepaper. *Better flush this page down the toilet.*

Dean imagined what would happen if John fished a crumpled piece of paper out of the waste bin and read what Sam had written. “Yeah, no kidding.”

~

Back in the abandoned warehouse, a piteous figure lay prostrate at the feet of another figure. “Please,” he whispered. “Please just kill me.” Over a day of nonstop torture had reduced Earle Spivey to a gibbering wreck.

“Earle. You haven’t begun to make up for what you did. I’m not going to kill you yet.”

“Didn’t. Know.” Spivey gasped. His gasp rose to a scream, twisted off into a strangled sound as the figure with glowing yellow eyes made little motions with his hand.

“Ignorantia juris non excusat. Oh, what, they didn’t teach Latin in whatever bumfuck grade school you graduated from, Earle? My sincerest apologies for using my ten dollar words. It means ignorance of the law is no fucking excuse.

“But you should know that already. Papa Winchester didn’t know your boy was pure human when he brought out the pliers and cattle prod, and snapped his neck when he was done making him dance. But you tortured his son for revenge, because his ignorance didn’t matter.” The yellow-eyed demon flicked a finger, restoring air to Spivey’s airway, and he sucked in a huge breath. “Of course, we both know you would have done it anyway, even if little Leon had sucked down some demon juice like his daddy. Because he hurt what was yours.”

Spivey began to shudder and tried to crawl away. Azazel waved his hand and sent Spivey spinning up into the air, hovering there, all four limbs outstretched like they were tied to four horses.

“And that’s what you did to me, Leon. Sam Winchester is mine. He’s a very special boy. My special boy. I have such plans for him. And you stole him. And hurt him. Real bad.” Azazel’s voice disintegrated into a malevolent hiss. “And you don’t hurt what’s mine.”
Azazel sat down in a wooden chair and flicked his finger. Spivey screamed as his limbs were torn from him by the invisible force. He hung in the air, quivering, and suddenly his arms and legs were attached once more, his body whole again. He threw his head back and howled as his limbs were again slowly pulled out in all four directions.

Azazel leaned back and crossed his legs. “Oh, I could do this all day.”
Clean You Up, Baby Boy

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean reconnect in a more intimate fashion.

Dean gave Sam another pain pill, and made him drink the entire glass of water. “Hey, before we get you cleaned up, what say I help you walk a little?” Dean remembered his checklist, and that was the one thing he hadn’t done for Sam.

Sam looked less than enthusiastic, but nodded ok.

Dean put his arm around Sam and helped him to his feet. “Inside or outside?” It was cold outside, but Sam had been stuck inside all day, so he indicated toward the outside with his head.

“Oh, but we’ll make it quick.” Dean helped Sam walk toward the door, down the steps and outside along the side of the house.

Their breath was visible in the crisp night air, mouths puffing white vapor like tiny chimney stacks.

Dean held Sam close, walking with him slowly.

Sam shuffled slowly, every step clearly painful for him. He was sore in more places than his ribs. Dean didn’t even know what all they had done to him. But he was basically one solid bruise.

Dean held Sam close, his flank pressed to Sam’s, walking in perfect lockstep. Sam leaned on him heavily, his hand pressed tight to Dean’s waist.

They moved out of the line of sight of the house, past a work shed.

Sam slowed, moved to the side.

He leaned against the cold metal of the work shed, and pulled Dean close with his good hand.

“Sam. Are you sure? You’re all messed up.”

Sam slipped his hand along the back of Dean’s neck, urging him closer.

Dean kissed him.

Sam opened to him like nothing had ever happened. No. Like it had all happened, and Sam had forgiven him. For all of it.

Dean couldn’t hold back the sob that spurted out of him, wild and sudden.

Sam stroked his face. Dean rested his forehead against Sam’s, body shaking. “Sammy… I… oh god, Sammy.”

Sam tipped Dean’s face towards his, took his mouth in his again, told him with lips and tongue and fingers that it was ok.
Dean shivered, but it had little to do with the cold.

Sam kissed him like he never thought he would have the chance to kiss Dean again. Like it was a second chance.

Like Dean was his reward.

~

Dean walked Sam back to the house. Entering it was like diving into a heated swimming pool. The warmth of the fire and the central heating washed over them, stripping the November chill from their skin.

“Hey, me and Sam are gonna go upstairs for a while. Gotta clean him up, get him into some clean clothes.

John walked up and gave Sam a kiss on the forehead. “He take his pain pill?”

Dean gazed at John evenly. “Of course.”

Dean snatched up the bag the doctor had left for him on the couch. “Want to try walking up the stairs?” Sam tapped his fingers on Dean’s waist once for yes.

And he did it. He walked slowly all the way up the stairs, Dean holding him steady.

By the time they reached the top of the stairs, Sam was sweating like he’d run three miles.

“Christ, Sam, you don’t have to impress me.” Dean scooped Sam up into his arms, not caring about the expression of protest on Sam’s face, and carried him into the bedroom.

Dean ran warm water into the first of two rigid plastic basins the doctor had provided, added a squirt of mild soap, and set a bath sponge inside.

Then he flushed the note Sam had written down the toilet.

He carried the first basin back to the bedroom, setting it on the end table. He filled the second basin with warm water with no soap, added another sponge and set it next to the first. He lay a stack of clean towels on the bed next to Sam, and unfurled a thick, soft blanket.

He turned to shut the bedroom door…and noticed something different.

There was now a deadbolt on the inside of the door.

He stared at it for a moment.

Sam stared at it too, with a questioning expression.

Then Dean turned the knob, and the deadbolt snicked into place.

“Ok, Sam, you ready?”

Sam grinned up at him, looking both happy and a little shy.

Dean laid towels out on the bed, and helped Sam to lie on top of them, on his stomach. Sam hissed at the movement, and lay flat, panting, until the pain subsided.
Dean wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Ok. This part might kinda suck.” He stretched Sam’s arms overhead and pulled his sweatshirt off. The movement pulled Sam’s ribs, and he cried out.

“Sam, you’re wearing button-front shirts from now on until you’re better and that’s that.” Dean blew out his breath, shaking a little.

Dean carefully pulled Sam’s sweatpants and underwear off, tugged his socks off, and tossed them all in the laundry along with his socks. He pulled the warm blanket over Sam, making sure he was completely covered.

He moistened the sponge in the warm water and stroked the soapy sponge along Sam’s back, trying not to notice the livid marks and wonder what caused them, stretching his arm out, cleaning his armpit, which made Sam laugh—and that made him swear wordlessly, breaking into a sweat again that made Dean have to redo his forehead.

Dean sponged Sam’s left deltoid and bicep, trailing lightly along the mottled bruises, skipping the forearm encased in the cast, and cleaned off his hand. He repeated this with clean water, and every so gently dried Sam off with the clean towel.

He pulled the blanket to the side, so he could do the left side of Sam’s ribs. Seeing the visible damage, the skin a solid, angry purple, Dean cursed under his breath. Gently, so gently, he swept the sponge along Sam’s cracked ribs, barely touching his skin.

Sam turned his head to watch Dean, following Dean’s every move, reassuring him with his eyes that it was ok. That he was grateful.

Dean barely touched his ribs with the towel, and pulled the blanket back over so Sam wouldn’t get a chill. The last thing Sam needed was to catch a cold.

He moved the blanket off Sam’s left leg. When he moved the warm, wet sponge down his thigh, Sam shifted a little. When he moved it toward the center, along the inner thigh, Sam made a little sound.

“You ok?”

Sam’s cheeks were flushed. He nodded.

Dean’s hands shook a little. He repeated the process with the clean-water sponge and dried Sam’s leg off.

When he did Sam’s left foot, Sam squinched his face up tight, trying not to laugh.

“You always were ticklish.” Dean was rougher here, knowing that this would tickle less, and seeing that his feet were unscathed, so he did not have to worry about hurting him.

Dean repeated the same process on the other side. Again, when he hit the inner thigh, Sam squirmed a little, and his breathing changed.

Dean bit his lip.

“Oh, Sam. Gotta move you onto your back.”

He pulled the blanket off, lay down on the bed next to Sam, drew his upper leg over Sam’s left
thigh, brought his right hand along Sam’s chest, held him close to his body, and in one smooth movement, rolled himself and Sam over.

Sam stared up at him like he was magic.

“Did that hurt?”

Sam shook his head no, in absolute wonder.

“Awesome.”

With Sam on his back, it was clear to see. Sam was fully, gloriously erect.

Dean licked his lips.

“Right. Gotta… yeah, need to finish this. Ok.” Dean tugged the blanket up over Sam to keep the chill off, leaving his chest exposed.

Sam watched Dean, a curious expression on his face.

Dean moved the sponge over Sam’s face, cleaning it delicately. When he’d used the clean-water sponge and towed his face dry, he moved on to Sam’s chest. When he passed the sponge over his right nipple, Sam made a soft sound.

Dean swallowed.

He continued with his doctor-appointed task, brushing the sponge over Sam’s skin. He passed the sponge lightly over Sam’s left nipple.

Sam bit his lip, watching Dean.

“Sammy…” Dean breathed.

Sam laid his right hand on Dean’s arm. Tapped once. For yes.

Dean dipped the sponge in the warm water again, tugged the blanket down lower, wiped the sponge along Sam’s stomach. It fluttered at the touch.

He wiped Sam’s stomach clean, took up the clean-water sponge, wiped him clean again, and stroked the towel across Sam’s skin.

Sam’s breathing quickened.

Dean tugged the blanket lower. Sam’s cock popped into view. Hard, perfectly sculpted, curving gently towards Sam’s belly.

“So beautiful.” Dean didn’t even know he’d said that out loud until he saw the expression of pleasure and pride break across Sam’s features.

Sam moved his right thigh up, giving Dean a better view.

“You like it when I look at you.”

Sam blinked, a slow flutter of his long eyelashes, and lay his hand on Dean’s. Tapped once. For yes.
So Dean looked. He didn’t see the bruises marring Sam’s skin, livid red and purple on his thighs, chest and belly. He saw only Sam, the impossible sleek beauty of Sam, back home with Dean where he belonged, warm and safe in his bed, opening himself to Dean’s gaze, so clearly, so visibly wanting him.

“Jesus, Sammy.”

Sam bent his knee, stretched it up higher. Tapped once for yes.

Dean dipped the sponge into the warm water again. Drew the dripping sponge over Sam’s cock.

Sam gasped, instinctively arching up as he always did when Dean so much as ghosted his fingers over him—and winced as the sharp pain shot through him.

“Gotta keep still, baby boy.”

At the sound of that endearment, that command, Sam’s eyes went dark. He slowly, carefully, moved his arms up, not over his head and crossed at the wrists like he might have done before, but bent at the elbow.

The other way was too reminiscent. And they both knew it.

Dean licked his lips again. “Gonna hold real still for me? Don’t want you to hurt yourself.”

Sam nodded, eyes never leaving Dean’s face.

Dean ran the sponge between Sam’s legs, rubbing gently.

Sam closed his eyes for a moment, breathing fast. Then he opened them again. Moved his hips slightly, not enough to hurt, but enough to convey his meaning.

“That feel good?”

Sam nodded.

Dean dipped the sponge in the water again. Moved it between Sam’s legs, warm water dripping over Sam’s balls, down the crack of his ass.

Sam bit his lip and thrust his jaw into the air, trying his best to lay still.

Dean worked the sponge harder, stroking Sam’s cock, moving it between his cheeks, pressing with his middle finger right against Sam’s hole.

Sam gave a soft moan.

“Shhh, baby boy.” Dean lay down next to Sam, and sealed his mouth over Sam’s lips. Sam licked up into Dean’s mouth like he was starving for it.

Dean kissed Sam for a long, long time, like he needed nothing more. Finally, Sam made a low whine and pushed up into Dean’s hand.

“Don’t want to hurt you,” Dean whispered.

Sam ran his right hand through Dean’s hair, and whispered, “Need you.”

And Dean melted. Held Sam’s face in his hands and kissed him slow and sweet. The faint tinge of
blood spilled over his tongue from Sam’s cracked lip, but Sam held the back of his head hard, and would not let him go.

With great effort, Dean pulled free. “Gonna take care of you.” He kissed Sam’s throat. “Always take care of you.”

He slid down, settled between Sam’s legs.

Sam brought his right hand to his mouth and bit down on the meaty part of his index finger as Dean took the head of Sam’s cock into his mouth.

He kept his mouth soft and wet for Sam, all yielding, silken flesh and luxurious swipes of his tongue. He groaned at the taste of him, lapping greedily at the beads of pre-come rising from the slit one after another.

Dean lay between his little brother’s legs and worshipped his cock. Every slow rise and fall of his mouth was like a prayer murmured to God thanking him for returning Sam to him, every slow, languorous lick of his tongue a hosanna. His warm breath, his fingers stroking Sam’s thighs, his soft moans, a litany of fervent praise.

And Sam, stretched out for his big brother, his Dean, let the pleasure rise through him, beating back the pain like it was a tiny gnat, nothing to him now. He knew nothing but the glorious feeling of Dean’s mouth on him, Dean’s hands on him, anchoring him to this world, keeping him safe, sparking such intense pleasure in him that he could only remember three words: love, and Dean, and please.

“Wanna make you come for me, baby boy. Come in my mouth. Need to taste you so bad.” Dean’s whisper sank through Sam’s skin, moved beneath the surface and set it all off. Sam gasped, hands digging into the blanket, teeth clenched, trying to stay quiet as he fell apart beneath Dean, trembling as he came in Dean’s mouth, flooding over Dean’s tongue in pulse after pulse, bitter and sweet and better than anything.

Dean moaned, and swallowed, and swallowed again, taking Sam inside him like a sacrament.

Sam pulled at Dean’s shirt. His eyes were wide. “Please,” he whispered in a cracked voice.

Dean stripped his t-shirt off, squirmed out of his jeans. Green-striped tube socks still on, he straddled Sam’s hips, spat into his hand, and stroked his cock.

Sam stared up at him, rapt, face so full of love that Dean could hardly bear it. Didn’t deserve it. He worked his cock hard and fast, shuddering, then rolled his fingers over the crown once, twice, three times and was spilling over his hand, shooting onto Sam’s chest and stomach, whispering Sam’s name.

After his vision returned to normal, Dean lay alongside Sam and cleaned him off again with the sponge.

Sam’s eyes were clenched tight, his breathing labored and shallow.

“I hurt you. Oh god, I hurt you.”

Sam’s eyes flashed open, and he frowned at Dean. Raised his hand to Dean’s chest and thumped twice for no.

“Is it… is it laying flat?”
One big thump for yes.

“Ok, let’s get you dressed, and I’ll take you down to the recliner.”

Sam looked mournful, but tapped once for yes. He wanted to sleep next to Dean, but the pain was too severe.

Dean dressed Sam in clean underwear, wool socks and soft plaid pajamas. He put on clean boxers, sweatpants and a sweatshirt.

He brought Sam to the bathroom and let him pee in private, and they brushed their teeth in the sink together.

Just to be safe, he carried Sam downstairs.

John was already in bed, but Bobby was at his desk poring over an old book of Japanese text. He watched Dean settle Sam into the recliner.

Dean went upstairs to grab all the bedding, and found Bobby adding more wood to the fire. “Damn cold tonight. This should help.”

Dean covered Sam with two thick blankets, and put a pillow behind his head, and set the recliner back at the exact angle that Sam had liked best. “How’s that?”

Comfortable, warm, but locked into an island of brown vinyl, Sam gave a melancholy smile, full of gratitude, tinged with pain, and aching with sadness.

Bobby cleared his throat. “Made you two some warm milk.” He held two ceramic mugs out.

He gathered up his books as Dean settled himself on the couch, getting as close to Sam as he possibly could.

“Night, boys.” Bobby turned off the lights, and let them drink their warm milk alone in front of the fire. They had barely finished when their eyelids got heavy and they fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

~

The next morning, they awoke to a cold fireplace, the sounds of John bustling around the kitchen making bacon and eggs, and no Bobby.

He showed up after everyone had finished breakfast. “John, could you give me a hand?”

John went out to the truck, and they came back carrying a large piece of furniture.

Bobby directed John to set it down in the living room.

It was a wide, two-cushion reclining love seat.
Flashback

Chapter Summary

Hunters have set up camp around Bobby's house. Dean finds out why. And Sam experiences something that triggers a terrifying flashback, and they learn more about what was done to him, with disturbing implications.

Dean and John wrestled the love seat recliner up the stairs and into the boys’ room. The room was big enough to accommodate it and the bed, with plenty of room to move around.

John didn’t even question why Bobby got a recliner that could sleep two. Sam needed to get as much rest as possible, and he always slept better when Dean was right next to him. Ever since Sam was a baby, he liked to sleep with Dean, curled up in his arms or even just touching his foot to Dean’s leg. And that never stopped. So if Sam had to sleep in a recliner, it had to be big enough to hold Dean too.

It was perfectly normal.

After Sam finished his hot tea with honey, Dean buttoned Sam up in a warm parka and brought him outside for a little walk to keep the blood moving in his legs, as the doctor had requested.

This time, Dean noticed something that wasn’t there the day before, when he’d taken Sam for his walk.

Two RVs were parked amidst Bobby’s vast collection of junkers. A gray-haired man in a thick woolen sweater sat on a folding chair in front of one, a card table in front of him, cleaning his guns. He snapped to attention at the sight of them.

Dean recognized him. He was one of the hunters that accompanied them on the rescue mission. The one who created a diversion for Dean.

Sam looked to Dean, and was satisfied by Dean’s reaction that this man was allowed to be there. He gave him a small nod, and Dean raised his hand by way of greeting.

The man rose to his feet and saluted them.

Two more hunters, a man in his forties and a teenaged girl, both with striking red hair, emerged from the RV. They just looked at the boys, but didn’t speak.

“Hey.” Dean didn’t recognize these two.

The girl, about Dean's age by the look of her, said, “We did a sweep less than an hour ago. Yard’s clear. But we’ll cover you.”

Sam looked stunned.

“We’re good. But thanks.”

The man spoke. “Bobby’s orders. You leave the house, we go with you.”
Sam looked at Dean, his questions clear as day.

“I don’t know, Sam. We gotta ask Dad and Bobby.”

Dean walked with Sam past the metal shed. With their unexpected bodyguards, Dean was unable to pull him around the side and kiss him soft and sweet like he had planned.

Sam walked slowly, sweat beading on his forehead, cheeks a blotchy red from the cold and the exertion. His foot slipped on a rock, causing him to twist to the side. He made a muffled sound of pain.

“Jesus, Sam.” Dean kicked the rock out of the way. “You ok?”

Sam nodded, and straightened up, walking in the direction they had been going.

“Uh-uh. Back to the house.”

Sam gestured forward with his head.

“Sam.”

Sam frowned and tapped twice on Dean’s arm.

“You really want to keep going?”

Sam nodded.

“Always were stubborn,” Dean said with a soft smile. He supported Sam as they walked. Sam seemed to be enjoying being outside. They continued to the end of the salvage yard.

There was a new vehicle parked there as well. A white van, with another hunter sitting in front holding a shotgun.

“Come on, Sam. Let’s go back.”

Sam tapped once for yes.

~

Back inside, Dean settled Sam back in the recliner in the living room, and gave him a pain pill. “I’ll go find out what’s going on.”

He found John and Bobby in the library, up to their elbows in books.

“What’s with the Rainbow Gathering outside?”

“I told you. We got backup. For protection.”

“What do we need protection for? We killed every last son-of-a-bitch that laid a finger on Sam. Got the whole damn nest.”

“You got the whole damn nest, Dean.” John gave Dean a smile that combined pride and embarrassment. “If it hadn’t been for you… You saved your brother. You saved all of us, too.”

“You’re a legend now. The entire hunter community’s talking about it.”

Dean was startled. “Really?”
“Oh yeah. Son, you’re famous.” Bobby thumped Dean on the shoulder.

“Hmm.” Dean pursed his lips. “Ok, so what’s the deal with our new bodyguards?”

John rubbed his jaw. “The demon sympathizers may be gone, but there’s a demon out there that’s gonna be pretty unhappy we took out that nest.”

Dean closed his eyes. He hadn’t even thought of that. “Shit.”

He thought for a long moment. “Sam isn’t ready to know the whole thing yet. I’m just gonna tell him the demon might be coming after us for killing his pets. Leave the rest out. For now.”

“How’s Sam doing?” John shut the heavy book in front of him.

“No nightmares last night. But…” Dean paused. “He’s really hurting. Like, bad. He’s full of pain pills and still…”

“A good long soak in a tub full of Epsom Salt’d make him feel a hell of a lot better. Help his breathing too. Think you can get him into a bathtub?”

Dean pondered that. Sam was stronger today than he had been yesterday. And he would do anything to make Sam feel better, help him heal quicker. “Yeah. I can do that.”

Dean headed toward the living room. The sound of John’s voice stopped him.

“Dean. We’re going to have to ask Sam to tell us about it. Soon.”

Dean didn’t turn around. “Doctor says he can try talking tonight.”

He didn’t want to make Sam talk about it. Wanted Sam to forget every second. But he knew his father was right.

~

Dean filled Sam in on the reason for the armed guards outside the house. Sam nodded, but did not seem inclined to ask any questions. Sam’s face lit up when Dean told him he was going to help him take a bath. Sam had always loved taking baths.

Bobby filled the huge claw-foot tub with warm water and dumped in a small box of Epsom Salts, swirling the water with his hand until it had all dissolved. “All yours, kids.”

Dean undressed Sam and brought him to the side of the tub.

Sam’s face froze at the sight of the steaming water.

“I checked the temperature. It’s not too hot.”

Sam still looked nervous, his eyes huge.

“Dude. I’m not gonna drop you. I promise. I’ll help you in nice and slow, ok?”

Sam swallowed, and looked at Dean. His face was so open, so hopeful. He wanted to do this for Sam, make him feel nice.

So Sam allowed Dean to help him, ever so carefully, into the water.
Sam gripped the edge of the tub. As the water closed over Sam’s legs, he started to shake.

“It’s alright, Sam. Just lay back. Gonna feel better real soon.”

Sam forced himself to lay back, knuckles white from the death grip he had on the tub.

The water rose to Sam’s chest. And suddenly Sam was a flurry of motion, tearing himself from the water, pulling himself out of the tub along with a wall of water. His feet slipped on the wet floor and he went down hard on his right side, but didn’t stop moving, scrabbling along the tile, until he was in the farthest corner of the bathroom.

“Sam?” Dean dropped to his knees. “Sammy. What’s wrong?”

Sam’s hands fluttered against the wall, pressing, lifting off, in frantic motion. He curled in on himself, then straightened with an agonized cry. His chest spasmed, hyperventilating.

“It’s ok, Sam. I’m right here. I got you.”

Sam gasped, “Can’t. Breathe.” His voice was practically nonexistent, his vocal cords still wrecked. He tried to take a deep breath, but the pain in his ribs prevented him. His panic escalated, and he stared at Dean with terror in his eyes.

Dean didn’t know what to do. He held Sam’s hand.

Sam squeezed Dean’s fingers hard. “Dean. Help.”

“You’re ok,” he kept saying. “You’re ok.” But it wasn’t helping.


Dean kicked the bathroom door wide open. “Dad! Bobby!” he hollered. “Help!”

John was up the stairs and skidding to a stop in the bathroom less than a minute after Dean first started screaming for help. Bobby, huffing, was right behind.

Sam was frantic, gasping for breath, his left hand clutching his heart, the other locked onto Dean’s hand. He looked at John, and mouthed, “Help.”

“What happened?”

“He got in the tub. He was fine. And then he just freaked out and pulled himself out. Started saying he couldn’t breathe, he was dying…”

“Sam.” John kneeled next to Sam, “You’re ok. You’re just having a panic attack. You’re not going to die.”

His words did nothing.

John slapped Sam hard across the face.

Sam didn’t snap out of it. If anything, it only increased his agitation.

But Dean stopped breathing. His vision went red.

The next thing he knew, John was flat on his back, bleeding from the nose.
Dean shook with barely restrained fury. “The fuck were you thinking?”

“Christ, Dean, I was just trying to—“

“You don’t hit Sam. Ever.” His face was hard. “You don’t fucking touch him.”

He turned his back on his father and cradled Sam, stroking the side of his face where John had slapped him, fingers caressing the livid mark of the palm print John had put there.

“I’m sorry, Sam. I’m sorry.” His voice was thick with emotion.

Sam clutched at Dean’s shirt. “Dean.”

Bobby disappeared, came back moments later with a paper bag. “Have him breathe into this.” Dean pressed the bag to Sam’s mouth. Within a few minutes, Sam had stopped hyperventilating, but was still in a blind panic, because he still couldn’t breathe well, as the fall on the wet floor had tweaked his ribs yet again.

“Have him breathe with you, Dean. Count it off. Two counts in, two counts out.” Bobby threw a clean, wadded-up handkerchief onto John’s chest. “You. Come here.”

Bobby stalked out of the room into the hall. John clambered to his feet and followed, dabbing at his bleeding nose with the handkerchief.

“Before you even think of giving me a lecture—“

“You made the wrong call.”

John’s face was flushed with anger. “He was having a panic attack. I was trying to get him to snap out of it!”

“A normal panic attack? Sure. But your boy was just beaten and tortured for two days and you really think slapping him around is gonna make him snap out of it?”

John opened his mouth…and closed it.

“He was clearly having some kind of post-traumatic flashback—and you went and made it worse. He’s laying on the floor begging for help, and his daddy comes and hurts him some more. Nice job, John. Good one.” Bobby was furious, eyes narrowed to tiny points. The sight of that anger directed at him from affable, mild-mannered Bobby stunned John into silence.

John stared at the far wall, and exhaled. “Yeah. That was the wrong call.”

“Now get the hell downstairs and call the doctor. Do something that’ll actually help your boy, for a change.”

Bobby went back to the bathroom. The boys were breathing in tandem now. “He doing better?”

Dean nodded. His face was wet, but not from the bath water.

“What do you say we get Sam into some dry clothes and get another pain pill into him?”

“Yeah. Ok.” Dean looked almost as exhausted as Sam.

“I’d like to give you a hand with that. If that’s ok with you, Dean.”
Dean looked up at Bobby’s request. “Sure. **You** can help.”

Bobby knew exactly what Dean left unsaid.

Bobby and Dean helped Sam to his feet. Dean dried Sam off, and together they dressed Sam, limp and still panting, in clean dry clothes. Bobby sucked air in through his teeth at the sight of the violent bruising all over Sam’s body, turned a mottled purple and green.

Dean lowered him onto the reclining love seat, and draped a blanket around him. “Be right back.” Sam just shivered and pulled the blanket close around him.

Dean threw an armload of towels onto the lake of water on the bathroom floor, and stripped off his sodden jeans and boots, putting on dry sweatpants, socks and his sneakers. When he emerged, Bobby was there with Sam’s pain pills, a glass of water and two mugs of steaming liquid. “It’s just chicken broth from powder.”

Dean blinked in gratitude. “You’re the best, Bobby.”

Sam took a sip, his hands shaking so hard he barely avoiding spilling it all over himself. Dean took a drink and set his on the table.

He sat next to Sam, took the cup and held it to Sam’s lips. When Sam had drank half the contents, he set it down and gave Sam a pain pill, bringing the water glass to his lips and helping him drink.

Dean draped his arm over Sam’s shoulders. Sam tilted his head toward Dean. Dean picked up the notebook from the end table and put it on Sam’s thigh.

Bobby sat on the edge of the bed, facing them.

“Sam. What happened?”

Sam shivered again. Stared at the notepad. Finally, he picked up the pen and wrote something.

When Dean read it, he closed his eyes and wouldn’t open them for a long moment. “Oh god. Sammy.”

Dean handed the notepad to Bobby, and curled himself around Sam, holding him as close as he could without hurting him, burying his face in Sam’s shoulder.

Dean started to cry, trying hard to hold the tears back.

Sam whimpered, and held onto Dean, stroking his hair. When he realized that Sam was trying to soothe him, Dean burst into sobs.

Bobby read the note, and turned pale.

*They nearly drowned me. Stuck my head in a bucket. Over and over.*

Bobby left the boys’ bedroom and shut the door behind him. He walked slowly down to the kitchen.

John was slumped at the table, a bag of ice pressed to his nose. He glanced up at Bobby. “Doctor’s on his way. Be here in an hour.”
Bobby handed the note to John.

John read it. Dropped it to the table. Stared up at Bobby in shock.

“Yeah.” Bobby’s voice was grim.

“That… the bucket… that’s exactly…”

“Exactly what we did to Spivey’s kid.”

“But… he was dead. We left him dead. We made sure.”

“Yes.” Bobby rubbed his mouth. “So how the hell did Spivey know exactly what we did to him, if he wasn’t alive to tell anyone all the details?”
Sam's not doing nearly as well as anyone hoped. Dean has a few choice things to say to his father.

The doctor checked Sam out thoroughly, concluding with listening to his breathing.

He set his stethoscope aside and took Dean and the adults into the kitchen.“He’s reinjured his ribs. And I’m hearing a little crepitation in his breathing.”

“What does that mean?” Dean took the lead.

“It means he’s probably developing pneumonia.”

Dean looked worried. “You said that was bad.”

“That’s very bad.”

"So, we up his pain pills so he can breathe more deeply?” John interjected.

The doctor shook his head. "Clearly, it's tremendously painful for him to breathe, but I'm reluctant to keep him on such a high dose of painkillers. There's the problem of immediate addiction. And the human brain isn't fully formed until the early twenties. Heavy use of narcotics while his brain is still developing might make him susceptible to addiction years in the future."

Nobody spoke.

"What I'm saying is this: If he doesn't improve substantially by Friday, you may need to admit him to a hospital.”

The doctor handed Dean a bottle of pills. “That’s the most powerful antibiotic I have. This may buy him enough time.”

The doctor examined John’s nose and declared it to be unbroken. And didn’t ask questions.

Dean insisted on walking him to his car.

“How bad is it, if he does develop pneumonia?”

“He’ll be very sick. Very, very sick. He may need to have fluid drained from his lungs, or surgery to clear out the infection, and he could lose lung capacity permanently.”

Dean looked at the ground. “Could he die?”

The doctor removed his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose. “He’s young and strong. But yes. That is a possibility.”

He put his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “I understand the resistance to bringing him to a hospital. But if you love Sam, you need to protect him. If he’s not breathing better by tomorrow night...”
Dean nodded.

“Sam’s counting on you.”

Dean stood up straight. “I know.”

Dean walked back inside and past John and Bobby without a word, busying himself heating apple cider in a saucepan and making instant mashed potatoes.

Nobody said anything for several minutes.

Dean stirred butter and salt into the mashed potatoes. John cleared his throat, and spoke. “That was wrong of me, Dean. I’m so sorry.”

Dean spoke with his back turned. “To him. You say that to him. Not to me.”

“I will. But I need to say it to you too. I… Dean, I was trying to help him. I know you don’t see that, but—“

“But what? It’s just another in a series of bad calls.” Dean poured the apple cider into a mug and turned the burner off.

John was stunned into silence.

“I’m going to take care of Sam from now on.” Dean’s voice was calm and steady. “Just so we’re clear on that.”

“Dean—“ John began.

“I’ve been doing it most of my life anyway.” He turned and looked directly at John. His green eyes were cold and utterly determined. “I’m just making it official.”

Dean left the room with the bowl of potatoes and cup of cider, and went upstairs to Sam.

John rubbed his eyes. “Jesus. I’m losing both of them.”

Bobby watched the figure of Dean walking up the stairs, careful not to spill the warm cider. “Just… leave ‘em be for a while, wouldja?” Dean shut the door to their room, and Bobby thought he could hear the sound of the door being locked. “Maybe they’ll come around.”

~

“Hey, Sammy. Brought your favorite.” Sam stirred, groggy from the pain medication. “Got some new pills for you. Gonna make your lungs feel better. But you can’t take them on an empty stomach, ok, so I need you to get down as much of this as you can.”

Dean set the bowl in Sam’s lap and put the cider on the table next to him. “I could totally spoon-feed you. If you’re into that.”

Sam’s mouth curved into a little smile.

“Is that a yes or a no?”

Sam picked up the spoon, and shook his head no.

“Too bad. I kinda liked it.”
Sam took a big bite, smacking his lips deliberately.

“Gross.”

Sam paused, closing his eyes.

“That good, huh?” Dean’s face fell a little.

“It’s good. Just feel kind of sick.” Sam’s voice came in a whisper.

“Hey. Hey. It’s ok. You don’t have to talk.”

“Want to.”

Dean handed Sam the warm cider. “This might help.”

Sam took a drink and sighed, soothed by the warm liquid. He eyed the bowl of potatoes warily.

“I’m serious, dude. I’ll spoon feed you. I don’t mind.”

“I’m not a baby.”

Dean was silent for a moment. “No. You’re not a kid.”

Sam took another bite.

“Sam, I’m sorry.”

Sam looked up at him. His eyes were bloodshot, eyelids heavy with fatigue and pain.

“I treated you like a little kid. And you’re so much… I mean, you just…”

Sam laid his hand on Dean’s leg. “Not now,” he rasped.

“Sam. You’re more mature than I am.”

Sam gave Dean a sweet, sad grin. “Finally got that, huh?” His voice, what little of it there was, was already fading into grit and shadow.

“Yeah.” Dean didn’t even accept the invitation to banter. “I finally got it.”

Sam forced himself to swallow another spoonful of mashed potatoes. “When I’m better. Let you make it up to me.” His breathing was shallow. So shallow.

Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s hair, unable to stop touching him. “When you’re better, Sammy, I’ll give you anything you want.”

Sam lowered the spoon to the bowl, tilted his head to the side like a quizzical puppy.

“Not gonna hold anything back, Sammy. Whatever you want. All of it.”

“You promise.” Sam trailed his fingertip along Dean’s thigh.

“Yeah.”

Sam made a little circle with his fingertip, and peered into Dean’s face with a hint of mischievousness. “You swear on pie?”
Dean laughed and took Sam’s hand in his. “Yeah. I swear on pie.”

Sam looked down for a second, then back up, eyes searching Dean’s face. “Can I—"

“Yes. Whatever it is, yes.”

“Don’t you even want to know?” Sam’s voice was a mere whisper now. He took another sip of cider.

“Sure.”

“What if I want to… um, be inside you?” Sam’s face turned bright red, but he met Dean’s glance without squirming away.

“Holy fucking hell, Sam.” Dean blew out a breath. “Dude, you better get well fast.”

Sam blinked slowly, and took another bite of potato. “‘S that a yes?”

“Yes. That’s a yes. That’s a huge yes. And would you shut up already? You’re killing your voice.”

Sam mouthed, “Yessir.”

Dean groaned. “Don’t even do that to me, Sammy. I can’t even..”

Sam picked up the notepad, scrawled, “like it when I call you sir, huh”

Dean shook his head. “Unbelievable.”

Sam wrote, “Duly noted. Call Dean sir, watch him get all hot and bothered. Check.”

“Are the pain meds kicking in or something?”

Sam giggled.

“We’re totally saving a couple of these for when you’re all healed up, Sammy.”

Sam grinned.

“Now finish your potatoes, so you can take the antibiotics and get better.”

“Yessir,” Sam whispered.

“You’re in so much trouble.”

Sam ate all his food, and swallowed the large pill Dean gave him.

Without even being asked, Dean ripped off the piece of notepaper and flushed it down the toilet.

~

Dean set the recliner at the right angle for Sam to sleep, set a pillow up for himself, and climbed in next to him, pulling the flannel sheet and thick comforter over both of them. Sam shivered.

He kissed Sam’s forehead. It was shockingly hot.

He kissed Sam’s mouth. It was warm and dry.
“You gotta get better fast, Sammy.”

Sam mouthed “Ok,” and tried to settle in. Even in the recliner, even full of pain pills, he was still quite uncomfortable.

Dean closed his eyes, trying to will himself to sleep. And then Sam coughed. A deep, wet cough followed by a wheeze, and another series of coughs.

He clutched at his ribs and made a low, terrible sound.

Dean wasn’t the type, but he held on to Sammy, closed his eyes tight and began to pray.

Sam coughed a few more times, an utterly agonizing experience for both of them, but finally drifted off into a fitful sleep.

Dean watched him breathe, shallow quick breaths. Not at all the kind of breath he was supposed to make. Using the spirometer every hour hadn’t helped, apparently. Not enough.

Dean spoke out loud to the empty darkness. “So, I know I’ve not been on your radar or anything. God. Or whoever’s out there that does nice things for good people who really need a few nice things to happen. But… I need help. Sam needs help. So, if there is a happy bearded guy on a throne watching out for all us good little girls and boys, could you throw me a bone here?”

Dean laid his hand on Sam’s chest. “He’s really messed up. And… I can’t take it. Seeing him hurt like this. Sick. So, please. I’m asking. Please make him better, God. I’ll… I’ll owe you one.”

And that was the first time Dean Winchester had ever prayed to a benevolent higher power.

~

Dean tried to keep his eyes open to watch over Sam, but eventually even he couldn’t resist the lure of sleep, and his eyes fluttered closed.

A shadow emerged from the corner of the room. Solidified into the figure of a man with curious yellow eyes.

“Poor Dean. Pray all you want. God won’t answer. He left the building a long, long time ago.” Azazel stood over the boys, a grin stretching across his face. “Good thing for you I’m here. Good thing for you I’ve taken an interest.”

Azazel leaned over Sam, pressed his mouth almost to Sam’s lips, and inhaled. “Oh, that’s not good.” He closed his eyes, palm touching Sam’s sternum. “Not good at all.”

He dropped into a crouch. “Don’t worry, Samuel. I’ll take care of you. Not all the way. Can’t make ‘em suspicious. Pry too much. Find out our little secret. But I’ll get you almost all the way there.” He ran his fingers through Sam’s hair. Sam stirred but did not waken. “I can’t have you dying on me, now, can I?”

Azazel laid his hands on Sam’s ribs, and muttered something incomprehensible. Sam gasped, but did not wake up.

Azazel pressed his lips to Sam’s and exhaled. Sam breathed in, lungs filling fully, and exhaled as the demon inhaled. He spat something viscous onto the floor.

He ran his fingers through Dean’s short hair. “And you. You’re almost as precious to me as Sam is.
Because you’re a good little bulldog, aren’t you? You’re going to keep him nice and safe for me, just like you’ve been doing. With this one little lapse.” He patted Dean’s head softly. “But I forgive you. Just keep my boy safe. I have such high hopes for him.”

He turned his yellow eyes back to Sam, sprawled on the recliner, one foot hanging off the end. “Sleep well, Sam. See you again real soon.”

Azazel was there in the room—and suddenly he wasn’t. He was standing over John, asleep on the couch, a half-empty bottle of Scotch in his hand.

“Johnny boy. I have to say, we’re all getting such a kick out of you. Your parenting skills alone… such a source of amusement. You’re the talk of the Union Meeting House.”

He cocked his head. “You’ve been trying to find me for a long time. Oh, my, you got so angry with me when I burned up Sammy’s momma.” Azazel suddenly lunged, hovering over John, one hand braced on the couch on either side of him, faces almost touching. “So close. And yet so far away.” He stayed like that for a long moment, lips curled, teeth exposed.

“Too soon.” He stood up. “I can wait. You know what they say about me, John. I have the patience of a saint.”

And like that, he was simply not there anymore.

~

Dean awoke with a cry, shaking violently. This time, it was Sam who rubbed his sleepy eyes, reached out for his brother to soothe him awake.

He wrapped his arms around Dean and pulled him tight to his chest. “Bad dream?” he whispered.

“Horrible.” Dean shook his head, trying to clear away the images, the feelings, so vivid, so real. “Horrible.”

“S’ok. I got you.” Sam turned onto his side and held Dean closer. Dean finally stopped shaking. “What did you dream about?”

Dean let his head fall back and stared up at the ceiling. “Fire.”
Kiss and Make It Better

Chapter Summary

Sam is feeling better today, for some strange reason. John asks Sam to tell him what they did to him, and is shocked to learn how familiar what Sam tells him is. Dean learns more than he wanted to.

When Dean awoke, cold November light streaming in through the bedroom window, Sam was curled up on his left side, snuggled against him, left arm with the cast stuffed under the pillow supporting his head, his right arm wrapped around Dean.

“You awake?” Dean ruffled Sam’s hair.

Sam yawned and rolled on his back, stretching. “Mmph.”

“Five more minutes, right?”

Sam snuggled closer. “Mmm.”

Dean held Sam close, reveling in the moment of nowhere particular they had to be, nothing particular they had to do, just listening to Sam breathe.

His eyes snapped open.

Listening to Sam breathe.

Deep, even breaths. Not tortured, shallow, wet-sounding gasps.

“Sam?”

“…sleeping.” Sam’s voice still sounded thrashed.

Dean touched Sam’s face, tipped it up. Sam opened his eyes, bleary and still a little bit asleep.

“Take a real deep breath for me?”

Sam’s body tensed, anticipating the nearly unbearable pain, but he knew the drill, and drew air into his lungs.

Dean waited for Sam’s face to squint shut in agony. It happened every time Sam did the breathing exercise.

But this time, Sam just winced. And was able to take a full, deep breath and hold it.

“Jesus, Dean… what was in the pill you gave me last night?”

Sam smiled, and Dean couldn’t help smiling back, so happy was he to see Sam feeling better. But something about it just felt too good to be true.

Sam walked down the stairs by himself, Dean right behind him to steady him if needed.
John looked up as Sam entered the kitchen. His eyes had dark half-circles under them, as if he’d only slept a few hours.

To everyone’s surprise, John rose and wrapped Sam in his arms, holding him close, but careful not to squeeze too hard.

Sam blinked in surprise, staring at Dean over John’s shoulder. Dean gritted his teeth. The only thing holding him back from swatting John’s hands off Sammy was the expression on Sam’s face: a shocked look that melted as he sank into the feeling of his dad hugging him.

“I’m sorry, Sam. I’m so sorry. I should never have hit you like that.” John swallowed hard. “I just… that’s what I was taught to do. If someone is hysterical. You slap them to snap them out of it. That’s what…” John stroked Sam’s hair, held him close. His shoulders started shaking in a peculiar rhythm, and his breathing went all choked and funny, and it took Sam and Dean several beats to realize that John was crying.

“It’s ok, Dad.” Sam’s voice was hoarse but functional.

John made an embarrassing sound, part sob, part snort. “No. It’s not. It’s really not.”

Sam’s eyes fell shut, as his father held him in his arms and wept, wept for having hurt him.

Too little. Dean stuffed his hands into his pockets. And way too fucking late.

He watched John struggle for composure and fail. Saw Sam, his own eyes wet with tears, bury his face in the soft flannel of John’s overshirt, breathe in his scent of cigarette smoke, whiskey and Jovan Musk for Men, let himself be gently rocked.

But at least…at least Sam has this. Finally.

Dean heard Sam whisper, “It’s ok, Dad. I forgive you.”

Dean’s mouth twisted, his face openly showing his warring emotions, but neither Sam nor John was looking.

But Bobby, back from the pantry with a bag of flour to make biscuits, caught every last flicker.

“Hey, Dean. Wanna give me a hand?”

Dean shut down the emotions he couldn’t deal with at the moment, and moved into action.

“What’s on the menu?

“Biscuits and gravy.”

Sam’s favorite. And Dean’s favorite breakfast that didn’t involve bacon.

Dean already knew how to make sausage gravy. That was practically the first thing Bobby had ever taught him to cook, when he was only 14. (As Bobby explained it, “A man needs to know three things: how to drink whiskey without embarrassing himself, how to shoot, and how to make sausage gravy.”) So he busied himself crumbling up the sausage and frying it brown, then sprinkling in flour, stirring and adding milk.

Bobby busied himself making biscuits. He knew his way around a kitchen, but he made a terrible mess, particularly with anything involving flour. By the time he slid the pan of biscuits into the oven, he was dusted in flour from chest to knees.
Sam and John sat at the table drinking coffee.

Dean tapped Sam on the shoulder and handed him something. His pain pill. Sam swallowed it with a gulp of coffee, and blinked his thank you in that way that Dean understood immediately.

John watched Sam for a moment. “You look like you’re breathing better.”

Sam nodded, adding more sugar to his coffee.

John’s smile was genuine, and more than a little relieved. “Good.”

Everyone but Sam ate two fat buttermilk biscuits, generously doused with sausage gravy flecked with black pepper. Sam closed his eyes with pleasure at the first bite, and slowly managed to eat one, wincing as he chewed. He looked at his plate sadly, then slid his plate over to Dean. After a moment of debating trying to spoon-feed Sam a few more bites, Dean caved and devoured Sam’s second biscuit in four huge bites.

John finished his cup of coffee and set it down on the table. “Sam. I know you may not be ready to talk about what happened, but we need to know.” He and Bobby exchanged a coded glance. “It’s important.”

Sam took a deep breath, a resigned sigh, as though he’d known all morning this was coming. Under the table, Dean put his hand on Sam’s thigh. Sam dropped his hand under the tablecloth and squeezed Dean’s hand.

“Tell me what you remember.”

Sam stared at his cup of coffee, which was nearly empty. Bobby jumped to his feet and refilled it.

“I remember being jumped. Fighting. Remember them beating the crap out of me. I pretended to pass out. They shoved me in the back of a van. I was able to see street signs, and I counted the miles like you taught us, Dad.” Sam explained how he was able to determine where they had taken him, with physical landmarks he was able to see when he dared open his eyes a crack, and based on comments they made, thinking him unconscious.

“They took me into this warehouse. Tied me to a chair. Worked me over.” Sam stirred sugar and cream into his coffee. “The one guy used his fists, mostly. A stick. You know, physical stuff. But this other guy…” Sam swallowed. “He could…do things. Without even touching me.”

Dean’s fingers tightened on Sam’s thigh. Sam stroked his hand quickly.

“Not sexual things. Although… anyway, he could hurt me. Without touching me.”

Dean caught that. Went cold all over. Nearly called Sam on it right then.

“What kinds of things. Exactly.” The wrinkles in John’s face stood out, making him look older than he was.

Sam looked at John first, then Bobby. Something in their expressions told him they needed to know.

He looked at Dean. “You don’t want to hear this.”

“Sam.”

“You really don’t.”
Dean’s voice was gentle. “I don’t want to. But I have to.”

Sam took a deep breath, tilting his head to the side as if to say you asked for it.

“It felt like he was pulling out my fingernails. One at a time. Slow. He’d do one, and then the other guy would hit me. Punch me in my ribs. My stomach.”

Bobby flinched.

“Then he’d do it again.

“What else did they do, Sam?” John’s voice was smooth, calming, the voice of a father reading his children a bedtime story.

“Don’t want to.”

“Dad, do you really have to do this? Now?” Dean was becoming extremely agitated.

“I do.” John’s face was etched with sorrow and rage, but also determination.

Sam suddenly stood up, shoving his chair behind him with a squeal. “They stuck my head in a bucket of water until I passed out. They liked that one. Did it a lot. They hung me from my wrists and used me like a punching bag.

“And the first guy, the older one? He’d tell me to beg. To say please.” Sam shook his head. “It was weird. He told me to say, “Please, mister, don’t hurt me anymore.”

John closed his eyes. Bobby stared at the floor.

“But I wouldn’t say it. No matter what they did.”

It was hard to say who looked at Sam with more pride, John or Dean.

“But that made him mad. So he got mean. And he told the other guy something. He did this thing. Felt like an electric shock.” Sam shuddered. “That one really hurt. And he did it a lot. On my chest and…” Sam stopped.

“I know it’s hard. But we need to know. Where else?”

Sam shook his head, eyes squeezed shut. “No.”

“Sam—“

“No.” The Sam that glared at John wasn’t the 16-year-old teenager that squirmed when you tickled him under the arms. It was the young man that endured two days of torture without ever once begging for mercy.

John let it go. “Ok. You don’t have to say.” But everyone in the room knew. Two people, in fact, knew exactly where else the man had inflicted the sensation of electric shock on Sam’s body.

Bobby abruptly stood up and left the room. A moment later, the sound of retching was heard from the downstairs bathroom.

Dean stared at John, his green eyes burning with the full realization of what he and Bobby had done to that other boy, of what they had called down on Sam in revenge.
It looked like hate.

Sam leaned against the refrigerator, shaking. “We done? Can I go now?”

John sagged in his chair. “Of course.”

Dean went to him immediately, turning his back to John, blocking Sam from his view. “You wanna go upstairs?” Sam nodded. “I’ll be right up,” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. Just that gentle touch was enough to bleed off a bit of the tension racing through Sam’s body. Just a bit.

Sam left the room, broken arm pulled in hard against his stomach like it was aching, and went upstairs.

John couldn’t meet Dean’s gaze.

“What the fuck?” John had never seen Dean this angry, because Dean had never been this angry. “That’s what you two did? To that kid? That’s your fucking interrogation technique?”

“Dean, you don’t understand—“

“Oh, I get it.” Dean wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “Not much of a difference between them and you, huh.”

John flinched.

“Hurts, huh?” Dean leaned across the table, palms flat on the wood. “Not as much as it hurt him.” And Dean’s badass demeanor cracked wide open, tears spilling down his face. “I can’t even talk to you.” He stood up, stumbled, had to sit down. “Dad. What they did to Sam…” Dean buried his face in his forearms.

John walked to him, lowered himself to his knees, put his arm around Dean. “It’s my fault. It’s all my fault, Dean. You’re right. And I’m so sorry. I’m going to make it right. To both of you. I swear on your mother. I’ll make it right. Please… Dean, please, just give me a chance.”

Dean did not throw off John’s arm and storm out of the room. He did not curse his father’s name. He just pressed his face against the smooth wood of the table and cried himself to exhaustion for what they had done to Sam.

When he was drained, he roused himself and stood. John remained kneeling, head bowed. He didn’t say a word. He had no words in him to say. But his hand hovered over his father’s head, and then stroked his hair once, so gently it was barely perceptible.

~

Dean went upstairs, shut the bedroom door and slid the deadbolt shut. Sam was curled up on top of the bed.

Dean lay down behind him, curled up around him and held him. He just held him.

Gradually, Sam stopped shaking.

With just gentle pressure of his hands, Dean asked Sam to roll over towards him. Sam did.

Dean kissed Sam’s forehead. His eyelids. His nose. His mouth. Featherlight kisses, moist with warm breath from his barely parted lips.
He kissed his throat, mouth warm and soft, moving from top to bottom, one side to the other. His fingers toyed at the neck of Sam’s t-shirt.

Sam stripped it off, lay back down.

Dean kissed every bit of Sam’s exposed skin, moving slowly down his chest. He brushed his lips against every bruise, every healing cut and abrasion. So slowly. So gently.

He undid the top button of Sam’s jeans, drew the zipper down, pulled the clothing away. He stripped Sam bare. And wordlessly, with an intensity that transfixed Sam, Dean kissed Sam’s body, working his way across every single inch.

He paused over Sam’s inner thighs. “Sam. Did he. Here?”

Sam knew what he was asking. Did the man with the dark powers to cause pain inflict the sensation of electroshock torture there, on his inner thighs? And he couldn’t lie to Dean, as badly as he might want to.

“Yes.”

Dean breathed warm breath over Sam’s flesh, stroked it with his fingertips, and kissed every inch of his inner thighs, breathing out as if to drive softness and love and pleasure through the skin to sink into Sam’s muscle and bone.

Dean closed his eyes for a moment, as if steeling himself, then brushed his mouth over Sam’s cock. “Here?” His eyes, bright green in the midday light, looked hopeful.

Sam’s response, closing his eyes tight, body shuddering, a sharp nod, drove the hope from his eyes, but not the love. Dean brought his lips to Sam, kissed the tip of his cock, mouth parting. Kissed the crown, his lips velvet-soft. Kissed his way down the shaft, not leaving a single molecule of skin untouched. Sam was hard. And so was Dean. But this was not sexual, not meant to spur desire and assuage it. This rooted deeper, flew higher.

Dean rolled Sam onto his stomach. He kissed Sam from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes, with inexhaustible patience, the love rolling off him in waves, breathing out between his lips, telegraphed in the gentle touch of his fingertips, the brush of his cheek against Sam’s lower back.

His mouth ghosted over the curve of Sam’s ass. His voice, fragile. “Sam. Here?”

And Sam turned, looking over his shoulder at Dean so that he would be able to read the truth of it on his face and said, “No. Not there.”

Dean rested his cheek in the sleek curve of Sam’s lower back, hand caressing his flank, his tears falling warm and soft on Sam’s skin.
A Visitor

Chapter Summary

Someone comes to call.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A tap at the bedroom door. “You boys might wanna come down. Someone’s here to see you.”

Sam raised his head from Dean’s chest, the two twined together naked under the flannel sheets and thick comforter. They exchanged a confused look. They hadn’t been there long enough to get to know anyone.

Dean helped Sam dress. Although he was breathing much better, he was still very sore and stiff, his bruises doing the ghastly progression of color from Battered Red to Three-Weeks’-Dead Green. His skin looked worse, not better.

Sam let Dean button up his flannel overshirt with a tiny smile on his face.

“A tap at the bedroom door. “You boys might wanna come down. Someone’s here to see you.”

“Getting to like this, aren’t you.” Dean buttoned the third button from the top and stopped there.

Sam extended his arms for Dean to button the sleeves, grinning.

Dean buttoned them up. “When you’re better, dude. Gonna be you waiting on me hand and foot.”

Sam’s face pinked up. His expression sent a shiver through Dean.

“You like that?”

Sam made a little sound.

Suddenly, Dean felt very warm, despite the late November chill. He stepped closer to Sam, not actually touching him, feeling the pull between them like a physical force. “Yeah, you do. That how you’re gonna thank me for taking such good care of you, Sammy?” Dean could have touched Sam with his hands. But he’d gotten addicted to doing it with his voice, watching the desire flicker across Sam’s face. “Strip down, get on your hands and knees for me? Do whatever I want?”

Sam’s eyes were huge. Dean could see his pulse racing, twitching that vein in his neck.

“Can’t even talk. Shit, you DO like that.”

Sam swallowed hard. “I like everything with you.”

“Yeah, but you really, really like that idea.” Dean palmed Sam’s cock. “Knew it. It just kills me, how quick you get hard for me.”

Sam closed his eyes, fighting to keep himself under control. “Dean. They’re waiting.”

As if on cue, John’s voice rose from downstairs. “Boys! Hurry up.”

“Can’t even talk. Shit, you DO like that.”

Sam swallowed hard. “I like everything with you.”

“Yeah, but you really, really like that idea.” Dean palmed Sam’s cock. “Knew it. It just kills me, how quick you get hard for me.”

Sam closed his eyes, fighting to keep himself under control. “Dean. They’re waiting.”

As if on cue, John’s voice rose from downstairs. “Boys! Hurry up.”
Dean stroked Sam’s cock again, finding it hard to pull his hand away. “I just… fuck. Goddamn it.”

The frustration in his voice made Sam smile. “This probably won’t take long.”

Dean practically stalked downstairs, hackles raised like a peevish dog.

A man he’d never seen before stood in the living room, talking with John and Bobby. Sam came up behind him.

John introduced them. “This is Reggie Beaumont.”

Dean extended his hand. “I’m Dean. And I’ve heard of you.” Dean couldn’t hide a note of hero worship in his voice. Reggie Beaumont was perhaps the most legendary living hunter in America. A lethal shot with an eagle eye, skilled knife-maker, dogged and determined, smart as hell and if the tales were true, possessed of uncommon bravery.

“Everyone’s heard of you.” Sam stuck his hand out. “Sam.”

Reggie was in his sixties, with a full head of messy, grey-white hair shot through with a few strands of black, dark bushy eyebrows, a thick white moustache that covered his upper lip, and vivid blue eyes. He chewed on a toothpick. “Well, everyone’s heard of you now, and that’s a fact.”

“What?”

“C’mon, what say we sit down? Look like you’re still tender, Sam.”

Sam gratefully accepted the offer, sitting on the couch so Dean could sit next to him, instead of in what had temporarily become Sam’s recliner.

Bobby brought out a bottle. “Too early for whiskey?”

Reggie just laughed.

“Yeah. Didn’t think so.”

Bobby set out five tumblers.

Sam and Dean exchanged a glance.

Bobby splashed whiskey into each glass, and distributed them. He didn’t even try to meet Dean’s gaze. He did look at Sam briefly, but his face fell and he averted his eyes.

“Reggie came here just to see you two boys.” John took a swallow of whiskey. He too found it difficult to look Dean in the face.

Dean did his level best to keep his feelings secured, and not let them burn through the veneer of polite sociability. Just the sight of Sam’s swollen eye and jaw, and bruised face, reminded him of what John and Bobby had done, and how that had spilled over onto his innocent baby brother.

He stretched his arm over the back of the sofa, not touching Sam, but shielding him.

“Why did you want to see us?” Sam held his tumbler, but did not drink.

“When I heard about what happened, what you two boys did… well, I had to come.”

Dean cocked his head questioningly.
“Word’s gotten round, see. About how you two handled your business. You, Sam. How you kept your head and figured out where they took you. How you signaled your family while they were torturing you. How you kept your cool and took what happened to you like a man. About how you didn’t beg.”

Sam straightened up, as though the words were being pumped through him.

“Most men couldn’t have done that. Not even most hunters. What you did, Sam…” Reggie paused, worrying the toothpick in his mouth. “It was extraordinary.”

Dean let his arm settle onto Sam’s shoulders.

“I just… I just did what I had to do. What Dean would have done.”

Dean squeezed his eyes shut and turned his head away, unable to hide the emotion on his face, not wanting the men to see. He blew a breath out. “Sam. I couldn’t have done that.”

“And what you did, Dean. That was… unheard of for a hunter your age. Hell, unheard of for most hunters, period.”

Dean held his head up and met Reggie’s gaze like a man, but his face broke into the smile of a little boy unwrapping his first BB gun under the Christmas tree.

“Your father and Bobby, there aren’t many finer hunters on the planet than these two. And those things got the jump on them. But you took them all out. You were smart, and brave, and damn lethal with a blade. But it was more than that. You showed your character. Both of you.”

Dean held his whiskey, trying not to let his hand shake.

Reggie took a deep swallow of whiskey, rolling it in his mouth and swallowing with a sigh. Then he set the glass down. “I never had kids. Starting hunting early on, and I couldn’t have that kind of life. But if I had…” Reggie blinked a few times and rubbed his nose. “If I had, I’d have been the proudest father in the world if my sons were half the men you two are.”

Sam’s eyes welled with tears. Dean’s, too.

“You raised two fine sons, John. And Bobby, I know how much you helped with that. “ Bobby raised his head, surprised, an expression of gratitude on his face for that unexpected recognition.

“Anyway, I came here to meet you two in person, and have the pleasure of shaking your hand. And to give you something.”

Reggie rummaged in the army knapsack at his feet, and brought out two bundles wrapped in soft leather.

He handed one to each of them.

They unwrapped them. Inside the leather wrapping was a knife tucked inside a beautiful leather sheath, with long teardrops of blood-red material that looked like dragon scales, inlaid in a peacock-tail pattern in hand-carved leather.

They pulled their knives out. Each was a spear point steel blade flowing past a pointed quillon, meant to protect the hand from sliding down the blade, becoming the handle ornamented with a dark red gemstone grip, inscribed on either side with elaborate symbols, curving down and ending in a rear finger ring.
Etched into the flat of the blade was a phrase in Latin. “Fidus et audax.” Dean read it out loud.

“Faithful and brave.” Reggie and Sam spoke in unison. Reggie smiled at Sam.

Dean stared at the knife and sheath in his hands, holding the blade, turning it this way and that way in the light.

Sam stroked the sheath, barely touching it. “This is… I don’t even know what to say.”

Dean spoke without thinking. “It’s the second most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my whole life.”

The older men laughed.

“What’s the first?” Reggie grinned, his moustache twitching.

Sam looked at Dean curiously.

Dean blushed… and then blushed harder when he realized he was blushing in front of everyone.

“Um… Ronda Hurley.”

“Figures.” Bobby snorted.

“Hey, he’s got his priorities perfectly straight. A beautiful knife ain’t as pretty as a beautiful girl.” Reggie finished his whiskey.

Sam looked up at Reggie, eyes bright. “You made these.”

“Yes I did. Made them for a pair of hunters a long time ago but they were killed before I finished. Kept them around. Figured someday I’d figure out who they were meant for. When I heard about you two, I knew.” Reggie drew his finger down the Latin inscription of Sam’s knife. “I put that on there special for you and Dean.”

Dean looked up. “Two matching knives. Were they brothers?”

Reggie’s smile reached all the way to his eyes. “No. They were together.”

“Together-together?” Sam’s leg moved almost imperceptibly until it touched Dean’s.

“Oh yes.” Reggie removed the toothpick from his mouth. “All my time on this earth, I’ve never seen two people love each other more than those two guys. They were each other’s soulmates, and that’s just a fact.”

“When two people really love each other, there’s not a damn thing wrong with it. No matter what some folks might think.” Bobby’s voice was quiet but firm. “You can’t help who you love.”

“No, you can’t.” John stared off into nothing, clearly caught in the memory of Mary that perpetually hung around him like fog.

“With your permission, John, I’d like to take your boys out for burgers. Spend a little time with them.”

John shook his head, rousing himself from his reverie. “Sure. But hey, while you’re here, could I pick your brain on something?” John opened a large vellum-bound book on the desk in the living room, and he and Bobby pointed out a series of symbols.
Dean leaned close to Sam, who was holding his knife, an expression of what could only be described as awe on his face.

“Awesome, huh.”

“Dean. This is… these are the nicest… Dean.” Sam couldn’t form coherent sentences.

“I know.”

Sam watched the men huddled around the table. “So, was Ronda Hurley really the most beautiful thing you’ve ever seen?” The corners of his eyes were tight, as was his mouth.

Dean leaned closer, whispered, “Don’t be jealous. I just said that for them. It’s you.”

Sam peered at Dean.

“The most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen? It’s you. When you’re with me.”

Sam surreptitiously squeezed Dean’s hand, looked at him and blinked slowly in that way he had of saying “I love you” without speaking.

Suddenly, he closed his eyes tight, exhaling through his teeth.

“You hurting, Sammy? Shit. Past time for your pain pill.” Dean got up and brought back a glass of water and Sam’s meds. He’d waited too long, and now Sam was in pain.

He couldn’t stand Sam in pain. He had to do something until the pain pill kicked in.

Sam swallowed his pill.

John glanced over, saw Sam wincing. “Sam? You ok?”

“Just took it, Dad. I’ll be ok in a few.”

John turned back to the conversation.

Dean stood behind Sam, leaning over him on the couch, his mouth brushing Sam’s ear. “Can’t wait to get you alone, Sammy.”

Sam gasped, and craned his neck to stare up at Dean.

“They can’t hear me. Only you can hear me.” Dean’s voice came soft and low in Sam’s ear. “Hold up your knife. Pretend I’m talking to you about it.”

Sam turned back around, and held the knife up.

“So yeah. When I get you alone? Gonna get your clothes off, get you in that big recliner, get on my knees…”

Sam shivered, and coughed to camouflage it.

“…gonna lick all the way up the inside of your leg, real slow…” Dean’s eyes remained fixed on the men at the table, watching alertly. “…all the way up, almost there, then back down. Start again on the other leg. Watch your cock just twitch.”

Sam shifted in his seat.
“Getting hard again, huh? Doesn’t take much, does it, Sammy? Just the thought of me, huh?”

Sam nodded.

“Love how you go crazy for me, baby boy. Better than anyone. You know that?” Dean leaned a little closer. “You’re better than anyone I’ve ever been with.”

Sam shot Dean a look that defied description.

“And I’m gonna make you go crazy. But you’ll have to stay quiet. Because there are people in the house. Don’t want them to hear us, do you?” Dean watched John, Bobby and Reggie, alert for any shift in their focus. “Don’t want them to hear you begging me to put your dick in my mouth. Hear those pretty little sounds you make when I do. Hear how you sound when I lick you open, get my tongue all up inside you…”

Sam squirmed. “Dean. I can’t…”

“No. You can’t. Can’t do anything but listen to what I’m gonna do to you.” Dean’s voice was warm, sweet tea on a freezing cold day. It was butter melting over pancakes fresh off the griddle. It was like how whiskey was supposed to taste but didn’t. “And Sammy… I’m gonna do so many things to you.”

Sam’s knuckles were white on the grip of the knife.

“Lick you open, nice and slow. Get my fingers up inside you. Fuck, love doing that to you. Fingers inside you, mouth on your cock, the way you go crazy for it. So hungry for it. Need to hear you say please, Dean. Fuck. Love it when you say that. Please. Asking for it so sweet. Hear how much you need me. How much you love it.”

Sam started to tremble.

“Can’t wait to get that cock in my mouth and make you feel good. I know you’re hurting. And I’m gonna make you feel so fucking good. I promise.” Dean bit his lip, working himself up to a heightened state just like he was doing to Sam. “Christ, Sam, ‘s all I want to do. Make you feel good. Make you come for me. Hold you. Do it all over again.”

“Dean…” Sam’s voice was soft, needy.

“Can’t wait ‘till you’re better, baby boy. Give you everything.”

Sam made a hoarse sound, and jumped to his feet, tugging the hem of his flannel down to hide the evidence of his physical reaction. “Hey, mind if we go eat now, and y’all can talk about that stuff after?”

“Absolutely. Pretty peckish myself.” Reggie stood up straight.

Dean stuffed his hands in his pockets. “Gotta take care of Sam. He’s really hungry.”

Sam looked over his shoulder at Dean. Only he could see Sam’s face, the soft, wet mouth and eyes wide with desire and love. “Yeah, better hurry up. I’m starving.”
The description of the knife is entirely based on this amazing piece I found while researching custom knives: http://www.jayfisher.com/Bulldog_Mookaite_Jasper.htm
Chapter Summary

Reggie takes Sam and Dean for burgers. He learns something unsettling. Sam does not have an easy time on his first public outing since he was kidnapped.

Dean stayed right alongside Sam, moving in unison, as they walked into Dickie’s Burger and BBQ. Reggie held the door for them.

Dickie’s was the kind of place where the burgers were smoked on a firepit, the silverware was stuck into a old, clean coffee can on the table covered with a vinyl tablecloth, and cold drinks were served in Mason jars.

“Whatever you want.” Reggie gestured to the menu on the paper placemats before each of them. “Except beer. Civilians wouldn’t understand.”

After a few minutes, their waitress, a thin young woman with dyed red hair, brought them three Mason jars filled with ice water. “You boys know what you’d like?”

Reggie said, “I’d like the rib combo and a Pabst.”

The waitress stared at Sam’s face, her eyes going wide. “And what would you like?”

Sam blinked, a bit confused by her expression. “Um, I’d like a turkey burger with Swiss, fries, and a strawberry shake.”

The waitress turned toward Dean.

“Smokehouse burger with bacon and cheddar, extra onions, hold the pickle, onion rings—“

The waitress cut in. “Bag or basket?”

“Basket. And a chocolate malt.”

“Got it.” Giving Sam another lingering look, the waitress walked toward the kitchen.

Sam rolled his eyes at Dean. “What, no onion shake?”

“Onions are awesome.” Dean chewed on an ice cube.

Sam’s mouth pursed. “Make your breath stink.”

Dean unconsciously ran his tongue over his teeth. “I do know how to use a toothbrush.”

The restaurant was warm, so within a few minutes, both Sam and Dean shed their flannel overshirts, Dean helping Sam slide his over his cast.

“Ouch.” Reggie glanced at the cast. “How’d they do that one?” His voice was casual, like it was no big deal.
Dean watched Sam’s face. Sam hadn’t told him exactly how his arm got broken.

“When they dragged me into the warehouse. I was pretending to be out of it. They went to tie me up, and I made a break for it.” Sam made a face. “Seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Reggie took a sip of water, letting Sam continue in his own time.

“The older guy got hold of a piece of pipe. Tried to hit me in the head. I blocked.”

Reggie whistled. “That’s gotta hurt.”

Under the table, Dean squeezed Sam’s thigh, his face going hard and closed off.

“Not as much as him working my ribs over with it after.”

Both Reggie and Dean winced.

“Any idea what they wanted? Why they took you?”

Dean froze.

Sam shrugged. “Wanted to hurt me. Hurt Dad. I guess he got too close to them, and they wanted to send a message.”

Dean relaxed slightly. But only slightly.

The memory must have triggered pain, remembered or current, in Sam’s arm, because he pulled his arm into his side, just as Reggie reached across to grab silverware out of the coffee can next to Sam. Right then, the waitress approached, carrying two plates on her left arm and the large platter of ribs in her right hand.

She gave Reggie an odd look. “Ok, the rib combo for you, the smokehouse burger and onion rings for you, and the turkey burger for you…” She put the plates down in front of each of them, staring at Sam’s arms. Every visible inch of skin not covered by the cast was covered in bruises.

Sam snatched his arms back and put them under the table.

“Um, I’ll be right back with your drinks.” She scurried away.

Reggie gave Sam a warm look. “Happens all the time. Gets kind of fun after a while, making up new stories to explain the marks.”

Sam gave a weak smile.

“Gotta drain the lizard. Be right back.” Reggie walked toward the restaurant, favoring his left leg slightly in a manner than indicated it was a longstanding limp, and not something temporary.

Sam and Dean tore into their food, eating like they were starved. Dean took a bite of his burger, and didn’t even bother repressing a groan.

Sam took equal pleasure in his turkey burger and fries, licking the salt off his fingertips.

A kid at the table across from Sam was staring at the bruising on his face, his black eye and still-swollen eyelid. “Hey. What’s wrong with your face?”

The boy’s mother gasped, and said, “Jimmy!” in a scolding tone.
Sam glared at him. “I asked a stranger too many rude questions.”

The boy’s mouth dropped open, and his mother pulled him close, shooting Sam a dirty look.

“Your kid started it, lady.” Dean bit into an onion ring. The woman put cash on the table and hustled little Jimmy out.

Sam put his flannel back on.

The waitress came back with the two shakes and Reggie’s beer. She looked around, not seeing him anywhere, and then bent down to speak to Sam. “Look, this is none of my business, I know, but… if your dad is hurting you, there’s people in town that can help, ‘cause you don’t have to put up with that, I mean, my daddy used to beat the living tar out of me, so I know, and you know… just uh, just nod or something, and I’ll get you somewhere safe…”

Sam was mortified.

Dean should have been annoyed. But he was surprisingly moved.

He laid his hand on her forearm. “Thank you. That’s very kind of you.”

She blinked, falling silent.

“But it’s nothing like that. He got jumped.”

She stammered, embarrassed. “Oh my goodness. I’m so sorry. I just… it looked like you were scared of your dad, and, oh my goodness, I wish I could just sink into the earth and disappear.”

Dean gave her his best smile. “It’s ok. You were just looking out for my little brother. That was real brave of you, to speak up like that. I mean, he could have been—it could have been the way you thought. And you were going to step in and help him. Thank you.”

It worked like a charm.

She calmed down, and beamed at Dean like she was just told that her life had meaning.

However, she still scooted away quickly when Reggie rejoined them.

Sam’s expression gave away that he was upset.

“What’d I miss?”

“Probably shouldn’t have tried leaving the house so soon.” Sam ate a French fry.

Dean explained what had happened. Reggie patted Sam’s hand. “Maybe we should have gotten our food to go. I’m sorry. I meant to do something nice for you. And get to talk to you a little.”

Sam assured him that it was fine. And it was. Having lunch with Reggie Beaumont. It was awesome.

Still, Sam’s mood had soured with the unwanted attention and fairly understandable assumptions. They ate quickly, Dean relieved at how many calories Sam was able to get into him, chewing without so much discomfort that he pushed the plate away after a few bites, like every meal so far.

“Jaw feeling better?”
Sam nodded, chewing his burger.

“Yeah, but not as much as my ribs. That was just so weird.”

Reggie glanced up, barbeque sauce staining his moustache. “What?”

“Day before yesterday, I could barely breathe. My ribs hurt so bad, and my lungs just felt… rotten. And the doctor came by at night with these antibiotics, and I took one and the next morning, I felt like 90% better.” Sam took a sip of shake, closing his eyes. “God that’s good. Anyway, so yeah. My lungs were better, and my ribs felt better, but everything else still hurt just as bad.”

Reggie wiped his moustache with a handful of paper napkin and took a deep swig of beer. “Now that is weird.”

A shiver went up Dean’s spine. It had been weird. They were right. And that dream…

“Dean? What’s up?”

“I had a dream that night.”

Sam took another deep drink of strawberry shake. “Yeah, said he dreamed of fire.”

Dean didn’t say anything. Sam focused in on his expression. “What.”

“Not just a fire. I dreamed of mom. The night…the night she burned.”

Reggie pushed his beer away. “Describe it?”

Dean rubbed his mouth. “It was vivid. Really vivid.” He closed his eyes for a moment. “I could hear it. Feel the heat on my face. Smell—“ He stopped. Wasn’t going to describe what he smelled. Suddenly, he felt sick to his stomach, and pushed the plate with his half-finished hamburger away from him.

“Were you little, in the dream, like you were when it happened? Or the age you are now?”

“Like I am now. Actually.”

“What did it smell like?”

Dean shook his head. “Like… burning flesh. And…” Dean thought about it. “Rotten eggs.”

Reggie sagged back in his chair.

“Was it just you in the dream, and your mom? Was there anyone else there?”

Dean closed his eyes again and tried to remember.

“Eyes. In the corner of the room.” Dean shivered. “Yellow eyes.”
Reggie takes the boys out for burgers. He learns something unsettling. Sam does not have an easy time on his first public outing since he was kidnapped. Dean confronts Bobby. John takes a small step toward trying to atone.

Reggie stared at Dean so intently, he felt like a bug on a pin. He went to signal the waitress for the check, and jerked his hand clumsily, knocking over the coffee can full of utensils.

Sam jumped like he’d been shot, recoiling against his seat so fast he would have tipped over backward if Dean wasn’t on him in a heartbeat, grabbing his flannel to hold him up.

“Sam?”

Sam’s face was white, his breathing ragged.

The corners of Reggie’s mouth went down, and he swore. “Get him out of here.” He tossed Dean the keys to his car. “Quick. I’ll be right there.”

Sam began curling in on himself, muttering something under his breath. Dean hustled Sam out the door, as Reggie went to pay the check.

Dean got Sam into the back seat of the Dodge Challenger, and slid in next to him. Sam was hyperventilating again, still chanting the unintelligible sounds.

“Shhh, Sammy. I’m here. It’s ok. You’re safe.”

Sam looked around the car, wild-eyed. “Uh-uh. Nope.” He shook his head, squeezing his eyes tight shut, rocking back and forth, and muttered the sounds again.

Dean pulled Sam into his arms. “You’re safe. I got you. No one’s gonna hurt you. I’m right here.” He stroked his hair. Gradually, Sam’s chant became understandable.

“…coming for me Dean’s coming for me Dean’s coming for me Dean’s coming for me…”

Dean leaned over Sam, shielding him with his body, arms wrapped around him, tears spilling down his face uncontrollably. “That’s right, Sammy. I came for you. Remember? I came for you. I took them all out. Killed every one of them. Remember? Sam. Sammy. I came for you.”

Dean looked around to see if Reggie had emerged from the restaurant, and seeing no one, he pressed his lips to Sam’s mouth. “Come on, baby boy. Remember. I came for you.”

Sam’s breath stuttered, caught its rhythm again. “Dean?”

“Right here, Sammy. Not going anywhere.”

Sam swiped his arm across his eyes. “You came for me.”

“Damn right.”
“Killed them.”

“You remember now?”

“Watched you. Kill them.”

Dean’s expression was a strange mix of controlled fury and desperate love. “I’ll kill anyone who hurts you, Sam.”

Sam leaned into Dean, burying his face in his chest, his breathing gradually slowing.

When he let his head fall back against Dean’s shoulder, exhausted, Reggie emerged from the shadowed side of the restaurant where he’d stopped in his tracks at the sight of Sam and Dean in the back of the car.

A gentle smile played over his lips, as he limped toward the car and got in.

Dean handed him his keys.

“He better?”

Dean nodded.

“That’s gonna happen for a while. PTSD. Sounds might set him off. Other things.”

“Did it happen to you?”

Reggie rubbed his moustache. “Oh yeah.”

“You seem ok now.”

Reggie started the car. “I had someone who helped me get through it.” He glanced at the two young men in the back seat of his car. “You just keep taking as good care of him as you’ve been doing. You’ll get him through this just fine.”

When they arrived at the house, Dean helped Sam upstairs and settled him in the recliner. “Be right back up. Five minutes.” He checked his watch, kissed Sam on the top of his head, and ran downstairs.

Reggie had filled John and Bobby in on Sam’s panic attack triggered by the loud noise.

“Well, Fourth of July’s gonna be a barrel of laughs.” Bobby’s smile was grim.

“He’s young. He can get past this.” Reggie accepted the shot of whiskey Bobby shoved into his hand. “What, you don’t believe in water?”

“I live on whiskey and my dry sense of humor.” Bobby poured a generous shot in a glass and handed that to Dean. “That’s for both of you.”

John grabbed Dean’s hand. “I’ll be right up.”

Dean headed toward the stairs. Reggie limped after him.

“Hold up, Dean.” He examined Dean’s face carefully. “I didn’t say anything to your dad about
your dream. And I’m not going to until I know more.”

Dean frowned. “It was just a dream.”

“Maybe. Maybe not.”

“What are you saying?”

“Intense dreams like what you described, dreams of death or chaos, with vivid sensory detail… sometimes that’s what happens around a supernatural presence.”

Dean’s blood went cold.

“Now, I don’t mean to scare you. But you need to know. I need you to keep an extra close eye on Sam. And you call me if you have another dream like that. You call me the second you wake up. Got it?” Reggie thrust a piece of paper with his phone number on it into Dean’s hand.

“Some weird stuff going on. I need to call in a few favors. Find out what I can.” Reggie picked up the knives from the table next to the couch where they’d left them, and handed them to Dean. “And keep these on you. All the time.”

Dean went upstairs and sat next to Sam on the loveseat recliner. They shared the glass of whiskey, Sam still shaking, until it was all gone.

A knock at the door.

“Come in.”

John entered. “Hey, Sam.”

Sam turned reddened eyes toward his father. “Hey, Dad.”

“Reggie tells me you people were staring at you because of the bruises.”

“Yeah. I look like an After School Special on child abuse.”

John knelt next to Sam. “I should have done this sooner. I don’t know why—anyway, I know a trick that’ll make the bruises go away a lot faster.”

Sam looked up at his father. Dean had to turn his head at the smile he gave John. “Yeah?”

“It’s kind of smelly, though. Think you can handle it?”

~

John insisted on doing everything himself. He spread a plastic tarp over the bed, and laid a faded brown comforter on top of that. Next, he appeared with a bucket full of a pungent smelling liquid, and a shopping bag full of all the washcloths and thick, clean rags that Bobby had in the house.

“What is that?” Dean wrinkled his nose.

“Vinegar.”

“Seriously?”

“It works.”
Dean clenched his teeth. “Fine.”

John had Sam strip to his boxers and lay down. One at a time, he soaked the clothes in vinegar and laid them over Sam, everywhere there was bruising. Which is to say, everywhere.

Dean stood in the corner, arms crossed, anger and jealousy crackling off him like sparklers.

John lay a soft, warm blanket over Sam. “Just need to do your face.” He soaked more rags, wrung them out and lay them carefully across Sam’s chin, cheeks, nose and forehead, making sure they were not so wet they would drip vinegar into his eyes.

“Now I’m craving salad.” Sam smiled up at his father.

“Hey, want me to read to you while you soak?”

“Yeah.”

“What do you want to hear?”

Sam was quiet for a moment. “You never did finish reading me The Wind in the Willows.”

John flinched. “I’ve been a pretty crappy father, haven’t I.”

Sam opened his mouth to protest. But John shushed him. “I know I have. And I’m sorry. I meant to do better. A lot better. But I’ll make it up to you.”

Sam was so enraptured by being the center of John’s world that he didn’t even notice when Dean slipped out of the room.

Reggie had left. Bobby was downstairs looking at drawings Reggie had given him of new symbols to add to his devil’s traps to punch up their protection. “Come here and look at this, Dean. It’s a Sumerian glyph that’s supposed to ward off even the highest-level demons.”

Dean slumped on the couch.

“Dean.” Dean wouldn’t look at Bobby. “You gotta let him try.”

Dean snorted. “Like a little old wives’ tale is gonna help Sam. Like it’d even be a start.”

“It’s a start for John. Something he can grab onto. Find his way in.”

Dean raised his head and looked Bobby in the eye.

“Bobby. How could you.”

Bobby jerked his head back like he’d been slapped.


Bobby didn’t shy away. “I did a lot that I’m not proud of.” He rubbed his beard. “A lot that was flat-out wrong. And I’m gonna have to find a way to live with that. But you gotta understand, Dean. We were close. Closing to finding the demon that killed your mother. And John… he just couldn’t take it easy. It was like…” Bobby rubbed the bridge of his nose. “…like this one thing
was between us and that demon. Finally having it in sight. And John just… he wouldn’t stop. And me… God help me, I didn’t stop him.” Bobby poured himself another shot of whiskey, and he’d clearly had a few already. “I helped him. Jesus, Dean, I helped him.”

Dean went to Bobby, stood behind him and put his arms around him. Bobby broke down in sobs, frantic, hopeless sobs that stripped him down to bare bones and howling regret.

“And to think they did to Sam what we… oh, Jesus, Dean… how am I gonna live with that?”


Bobby cried harder. “Don’t even deserve to keep drawing breath.”

“Bobby. Don’t you dare.” Dean knelt in front of him. “We need you. Me and Sam need you. You’re…” Dean glanced up towards the room he shared with Sam, to make sure John wasn’t standing at the top of the stairs listening, watching. “You’re like the dad we wished we had.”

Bobby’s chest heaved, like he’d driven out all the air in his lungs.

“We need you, Bobby.”

“I’ll do it. Take care of you two. Best I can. Make up for what I done.”

“Swear?”

Bobby wiped his nose on the sleeve of his shirt. “Swear.”

“You mean it?”

“Look me in the eyes. Tell me if I mean it.”

Dean looked Bobby in the eyes, and saw the soul-deep agony he felt for his part in what they had done, and what happened to Sam. Saw how deep the wound was.

“I forgive you.”

Bobby’s face lit up—then fell. “Don’t. Don’t you forgive me. I haven’t earned it yet.”

“You will.”

Dean poured himself a shot of whiskey and sat in front of the fire, and would not say any more.

Upstairs, John read out loud to Sam about how Mr. Toad stole the motorcar. Dean forced himself to stay where he was, to not make an excuse to go into the bedroom, to offer to take over or just sit on the edge of the bed.

He wanted nothing more than to do just that, or to smack the book from John’s hands and scream at him to get away from Sam, that reading a few pages wasn’t going to earn him a Father of the Year trophy. But he kept seeing the expression on Sam’s face as John tended to him, took care of him, sat next to him. And he knew that soon, very soon, Sam would be strong enough to hear the truth, and he’d never have that pure, innocent delight in John’s presence again.

And as he sat on the couch, his mind drifted to that question that kept gnawing at him.

How did Spivey know exactly what John and Bobby had done?
Chapter Summary

Sam has a terrible nightmare. John asks about the new lock on their bedroom door. Dean has to figure out a way of helping Sam start to navigate past his new terror of being in water.

John thumped down the stairs and came into the living room. Bobby was at his desk, four books open in front of him. Dean came back in from the kitchen, apple in hand.

“Sam’s asleep.” John settled down on the couch with a sigh.

Dean glanced at the closed door to what was now their bedroom at the top of the stairs.

“Probably best to let him rest, Dean.”

Dean considered the suggestion. And his demeanor made it very clear that to him, it was just a suggestion. Not an order.

“I’ll go up in a bit.”

Dean sat in the recliner.

“Hey, Dean, since when is there a lock on your door?”

Dean looked up at John quickly, then at Bobby. He hadn’t been sure who put that lock on the door. Or why.

“Since Sam…since it happened.” Bobby’s face was calm, the tone of his voice casual. “I figured he’d sleep better if he knew the door was locked.” He glanced at Dean, just for a second. “And besides. People need their privacy.”

Dean sucked in a quick breath.

“Ah, ok. I just don’t remember that door having a lock.” John slumped back on the couch, scratching his chin, and closed his eyes. “Nap sounds good right about now, actually.”

Dean watched Bobby, trying to read his face. After a minute, Bobby noticed Dean staring at him. He said nothing, but his lips moved, rising into a tiny smile.

Dean leaned back in the recliner, taking a few deep breaths. Probably meant nothing, he thought. Couldn’t possibly mean that—

The scream that punched through the closed bedroom door was chilling. Dean was on his feet, blood frozen solid in his veins, pelting up the stairs before John had even sat all the way up. The wordless cry quivered, thinned, dissolved into a terrifying silence, and then Sam’s voice screamed, fear-sharp and ragged, “Dean!”

Dean flung the bedroom door open. Sam was huddled in a tight ball in the far corner of the room,
shaking violently, screaming his brother’s name again and again, eyes cast upward, staring at nothing.

Dean fell to his knees and shielded Sam with his body, lacing his arms around him. “Sam. I’m here. I’m right here.”

Sam reeked of vinegar, his bare chest slippery with sweat. He buried his face in Dean’s chest, and made a low moan so soft and scared that it made Dean’s heart ache. He clutched at Dean like a drowning man at a life preserver. “Dean.”

“Right here, Sammy.” Dean pulled Sam to him even closer, and Sam broke into sobs. “I got you. You’re ok. You’re safe.”

John approached slowly, Bobby a few feet behind him. “Sam?”

Sam shuddered. “I’m ok. Just…”

“Bad dream?” Dean wiped tears from Sam’s cheek with the back of his hand.

Sam nodded furiously.

Dean’s mouth quivered. He pursed his lips, determined not to cry. Not in front of John and Bobby.

“Dude. You smell like pickles.”

Sam’s sob turned into a choked laugh. “No joke.” He looked up at Dean. “So do you.”

Dean looked down. Holding Sam, skin still damp from the vinegar soak, he’d gotten it all over himself.

Bobby put his hand on John’s shoulder. “Let’s let these two get cleaned up, and you and me, we’ll go make some grub.”

John stroked Sam’s hair. He had tears in his eyes. “Sam.”

“I’m alright, Dad.”

John closed his eyes for a moment, then patted Sam’s head. He gathered up the vinegar-soaked cloths, extra comforters and tarp, and carried them downstairs.

Bobby hung back.

“Dean.”

Two pairs of eyes looked up at him.

“Don’t let Sam fall asleep without you with him.” His smile was gentle. “He needs you. You just keep taking real good care of him. He’ll be fine. And Sam, take a damn shower.”

Bobby turned to go, but paused in the doorway, back to them, hand on the doorjamb, right below the deadbolt. He didn’t turn around. “You two… as long as you’re together, you’re gonna be ok.” And with that, he left, closing the door behind him.

Dean stared at the closed door. Thinking.

“Dean.”
Dean looked back at Sam. His wan face wore a guarded expression.

“I’m… I’m scared.”


“The shower.” Sam stared at the floor.

Dean closed his eyes. Water.

“Ok. I have an idea. You’re gonna be fine. Trust me?”

Sam’s hopeful expression said it all.

~

Dean gathered up clean clothes for both of them and they went into the upstairs bathroom together. Dean ran the shower until the temperature was perfect, then stripped.

“Come on. Let’s get those off you.” Dean pulled Sam’s sweatpants off, and slipped a shower protector over Sam’s cast. Sam’s face was grey, his mouth closed tightly, making those fast breaths through his nose that he did when he was on the edge of absolute panic.

Dean stepped close and pulled Sam into a hug. “Gonna keep you safe. Trust me. Ok?”

Sam nodded, looking suddenly so much younger.

Dean held onto Sam’s shoulder and led him into the shower. Sam breathed in the moist air and went rigid, refusing to go any further. Dean immediately wrapped himself around Sam. “You can breathe. Plenty of air. Right?”

Sam closed his eyes, panic building. “Dean.”

Dean kissed him. Sam’s eyes flashed open.

Dean held his hand out to Sam, asking, not forcing. Sam took his hand. Dean pulled gently, so gently. Asking. Not making Sam. Sam stood stock still, then closed his eyes and let Dean pull him all the way into the shower stall.

Dean maneuvered Sam into the stream of water, letting it pour down his shoulders and back, pressing his body against Sam.

Sam responded, hardening at the feel of Dean’s naked body. As Dean knew he would.

“Ever tell you how hot you look when you’re soaking wet?” Dean grinned at Sam.

Sam blinked rapidly, caught between abject, reflexive terror and arousal. Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s hair, pressing his cock, fully hard now, against Sam’s thigh. The water streamed through his hair. Sam’s mouth opened, responding to Dean’s touch.

“Gonna take you to that beach, Sammy. Like I promised. Remember?” It seemed like a million years ago when Dean had talked dirty to Sam, telling him how he wanted to get Sam on that beach, watch him drink a bottle of beer, slide his cock into Sam’s mouth…

“Yeah,” Sam managed to whisper.
Dean reached behind Sam for the bottle of shampoo, squirted some into his palm, and began working it into Sam’s hair. Sam moaned when Dean lightly scratched his scalp with the tips of his fingernails.

“I can just see you, coming out of the water, dripping wet. So fucking hot.” Dean shifted his hips so that his cock was rubbing up against Sam’s now. Sam hissed, rocking against Dean.

Dean kept working his fingers in Sam’s hair, tipping his head back slightly, baring Sam’s throat, kissing it. “Gonna lay you down on that beach towel, lick all the salt off you.” Sam groaned. “Fuck, Sam. I can just taste it.” Dean dragged his tongue over Sam’s neck. “Licking that salt water off you. Off every inch of you.”

Dean dropped his mouth down to Sam’s left nipple, took it into his mouth, and gently moved Sam’s head into the spray, bent back so that no water ran into Sam’s face. Sam trembled, panic flaring. Dean bit down gently. Sam gasped, arching into it, as Dean rinsed the shampoo from his hair, teeth and tongue playing over the hard nub.

When Sam’s hair was rinsed clean, Dean took the bar of soap from the soap dish and ran it over Sam’s chest, working up a rich lather. Sam reached for Dean, demanding a kiss. And Dean gave Sam what he wanted, opening his mouth to Sam. Chests slick with soap, they slid against each other, Sam moaning at the slick sensation.

Dean lathered up Sam’s stomach and arms, keeping Sam in the warm water, not caring that he was cold. He moved close again, kissed Sam harder, sliding against Sam’s slippery body. Then he moved back, spun Sam to face the shower, body pressed up against him.

Sam tensed again as the water vapor rose up around his face. But Dean was ready. He held him close, one hand lightly pressed to Sam’s chest, holding the soap. “’S ok. I got you. Just breathe in.”

Sam took a shuddering breath. “Dean—“

Dean wrapped his other hand around Sam’s cock, started working it nice and slow. “That feel good, baby boy?”

Sam made a low, happy sound.

“Fuck. Love doing this to you. Jacking you off.”

Sam’s hips pumped forward. “Yeah. There you go, sweetheart. Fuck my fist.”

Dean rubbed his soapy chest against Sam’s back, sliding it back and forth. Sam let his his head fall back against Dean’s shoulder, and did what Dean told him, fucking Dean’s fist, red-faced, mouth open.

“Christ. So fucking hot, Sammy.” Dean went to his knees, and soaped up Sam’s thighs, then ran a soap-slick hand between Sam’s legs.

“Fuck.” Sam put his right palm on the shower wall and leaned forward, water running over his back.

“Thought you’d like that.” Dean soaped Sammy up nice and good, fingers circling his rim, teasing it. “Get you nice and clean for me.” Dean let the shower water sluice over Sam, washing away all the lather.

Dean brushed his mouth over the soft curve of Sam’s ass. “You want me to?”
Sam shivered. “Yeah.”

Dean put his palms on either side of Sam’s ass and held him open, dragging his tongue up the center.

Sam moaned.

“Shhh, baby boy. Gotta keep quiet.”

Sam bit his lip, and spread his legs wider. Dean lapped at Sam’s hole, closing his eyes against the spattering water hitting him in the face. He licked and sucked, reveling in the feel of Sam under his tongue, opening to him, feeling Sam shake and squirm.

“You love this so much.”

Sam showed Dean, with little movements of his body and soft, needy sounds, how true that was.

When he couldn’t take it any longer, he stood up, reaching for the conditioner. He slicked up both their cocks, and then turned to face the side wall. “Come here.” Sam moved behind him, and Dean backed up so that Sam’s cock slipped between his thighs.

Sam swore as Dean clamped his legs together. “Feels good, huh?” Sam pressed his open mouth to Dean’s shoulder, nodding.

Dean guided Sam’s hand to his cock, stifling a cry as his fingers tightened around him. “Come on, Sammy.”

Sam pumped his hips, fucking Dean’s strong thighs, working his cock with right hand.

“You like that?”

“God, “Sam whispered. “God.”

“Can’t wait to get inside you, baby boy. But you know what? After that?” Dean’s voice dropped to a low purr. “Want to feel you inside me.”

Sam’s whole body shuddered, hips pushing against Dean frantically.

“You want that, baby boy? Wanna do that to me? Fuck me like that? Get inside me, make me come on your cock?”

“Dean. Fuck. Yeah.” Sam broke, coming hard, violent tremors running through him, biting down on Dean’s shoulder. And Dean gave Sam what he wanted, came so hard for his little brother, open mouth pressed to the white tile, spurting against it, squeezing his thighs to milk a tremendous aftershock out of Sam.

~

Sam sighed, softening, pulling away and turning Dean to face him.

They kissed, cooling water rinsing away any trace of what they had just done.

Dean turned the water off, and they stepped out onto the thick bath mat.

“So that was your plan? Take my mind off stuff by distracting me?”
Dean rubbed a towel over Sam’s hair. “Kinda. I figured we have to give you good associations with water.” Dean smiled, sweet and a little sleepy. “So I’m gonna shower with you. Every day. And make you come.”

Sam blinked. “That could work.”

Dean tousled his own hair quickly, and dried Sam off with another towel. “I’ll be damned.”

Sam frowned. “What?”

Dean traced his fingers over Sam’s chest. “That vinegar trick. It’s totally working.”
Dean realizes he’s made a terrible oversight, and takes steps to rectify his error immediately. A knock at the door changes everything.

Part of what Sam and Dean loved about staying at Bobby’s was that Bobby knew the value of a home-cooked meal. John kept them fed, technically. Take-out Chinese, microwave pizza, pasta in cans and boxes, and bagged salads as a concession to Sam, but the only thing John could actually cook was hamburgers.

Charred black, grey on the inside, tasting of salt and black pepper, hamburgers.

Bobby was no chef, but he could make simple food well.

While Sam and Dean were in the shower, he made up fried chicken, mashed potatoes and green beans.

When the boys came into the kitchen, hair still damp, Bobby was using tongs to flip chicken in two ancient cast-iron skillets an inch deep in bacon grease, and hollering at John, who was trying to help by doing the mashed potatoes. “Jesus, Mary and Joseph, are you TRYING to make glue? Just—just stop.” John let go of the spoon with which he’d made several vigorous passes through the mash.

Bobby grabbed the spoon. “Do not beat the damn thing. You do that, it gets gummy. Idjit.”

He took up the hand masher. “You mash them. That’s why it’s called mashed potatoes. See the linguistic fucking connection? Mash. Not beat ‘em with a goddamn spoon until the whole thing seizes up like an engine run dry of oil.” He shoved the masher deep into the pot of potatoes several times. “See? You add butter and milk and salt. And you mash it.” Bobby glanced at Sam and Dean. “It’s a wonder you boys made it to puberty.”

Sam and Dean could not hide the smiles on their faces. Their father made absolutely disgusting mashed potatoes.

John walked away from Bobby and his beloved potatoes, and examined Sam’s face and hands. “See? It’s working already.” Sam’s skin was much clearer, the bruising having faded remarkably.

Sam beamed. “Yeah?”

Dean clenched his jaw. The way Sam lit up when John paid attention to him made sense, given how many years they’d been at each other’s throats, but it still rankled.

John patted Sam’s cheek, his white teeth flashing as he smiled. “Yeah.”

Sam and Dean set the table, and John and Bobby brought the food out. Sam noticed a portion set aside on the stove. He raised an eyebrow. “That’s for the others.”

Sam paused. “The ones outside?”

“Why don’t they come eat with us?”

John and Bobby looked at each other. “Well,” John began. “They’re...guarding.”

“So, what, you bring them plates of food?”

“Um… yeah. Basically.” Bobby scratched his head.

“They should come eat inside like regular people.” Sam was firm. “If they have to guard us, they can guard us from in here.”

John and Bobby came to an agreement without saying a word. “Well, alright then,” Bobby said. Set the table for three more.”

John went out to get them, and Sam set three more places at the long dining room table.

The three hunters came in, clearly grateful for the warmth of Bobby’s house, with the central heat on and a roaring fire in the fireplace.

Bobby passed the giant bowl of mashed potatoes to his left, first scooping out a generous portion. The platter of fried chicken made the rounds, as did the buttered green beans.

Once everyone had full plates, Bobby spoke. “Before you heathens take a bite, I’m saying grace. After a fashion.” Bobby bowed his head, and a fluent stream of Japanese came out of his mouth.

Dean stared at him. “Bobby?”

“It means thank you for the damn food.” His eyes shone.

Everyone dug in. Dean took a bit of chicken thigh and groaned. “Bobby. I love you.”

Zack, the lanky hunter, chewed, swallowed and said in a drawl, “Is that paprika?”

“Too easy.”

Zack took another bite of chicken, juice running down his chin. “Wait...hang on...chipotle?”

“If I told you, I’d have to kill you.” Bobby couldn’t hide his pleased grin.

Bosie ate quietly, but when she looked at anything at all, she stared at Sam.

He caught her looking at him, and when he met her gaze, she looked away, embarrassed.

The third hunter ate his food at a lightening pace, refused seconds, and excused himself. “Gotta check the perimeter.”

John shook his head. “Big Lou. Takes things kinda seriously.”

Sam, not usually one for fried food, ate like a starving man. He cleared his first plate in minutes, and loaded it up again.

Under the table, Dean bumped his foot against Sam’s, smiled at him over a bite of mashed potatoes. “You’re in a good mood.”

Sam wiped his mouth. “Feeling a lot better.” His eyes met Dean’s. “Almost 100%.”
Dean swallowed, his eyes suddenly bright. “That’s great.”

The expression of relief on John’s face was almost heartbreaking—as was the fear underneath. Once Sam was mostly recovered, he would have no excuse to not tell him the truth.

Dean casually slipped his hand under the table. “Dad, pass the potatoes?” Everyone’s eyes automatically moved to John, and Dean took the opportunity to squeeze Sam’s thigh, and shoot Sam a private look.

~

Bosie and Zack cleared the plates and started in on the dishes. John and Bobby disappeared into Bobby’s den.

Dean tugged Sam into the hallway leading to Bobby’s library. “You really mostly better?” He toyed with the hem of Sam’s t-shirt.

Sam nodded, leaning closer towards Dean. “Yeah. My ribs don’t even hurt anymore. I’m sore, yeah, but it’s a lot better. My arm still hurts…” Sam looked at his cast.

“Oh, Sam.” Dean shook his head, his thrill at Sam being nearly ready disappearing in the face of the epic magnitude of his failure.

“What?”

“I’m so lame.”

“What?”

“I can’t believe I… Jesus. Come here.”

Dean pulled Sam into the living room, sat him down on the couch, ran into Bobby’s den and came back clutching a handful of pens.

“Oh no.”

Dean grinned. “Oh yes.”

Dean sat cross-legged on the couch, put Sam’s cast in his lap, and began to draw.

On the way outside, Bosie leaned over the couch, and thrust a paper bag at Sam. “Here.”

She walked outside with Big Lou, not looking back.

Sam opened the bag. It contained a giant bar of Hershey’s Chocolate with Almonds.

“You’re totally sharing that, right?” Dean kept drawing, eyes fixed on the cast.

“Maybe.” Sam peered up at Dean through his thick eyelashes.

“Dude. You’re SO sharing that.” Dean’s tongue darted out, swiped across his lower lip in that totally involuntary way that happened to drive Sam crazy.

“Yeah. I’m sharing.” Sam glanced at his cast. “Did you… is that a penis?”

“Come on, Sammy. I’m a guy. Guys draw penises on casts. That’s what we do.”
Dean concentrated hard, his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, drawing a shape in red pen.

“Devil’s trap? On my cast?”

“’S right. In case a tiny demon happens to crawl up your arm.”

Sam smiled. “Dean.”

Dean looked up.

Sam mouthed, “I love you.”

Dean rubbed his thumb over the back of Sam’s hand.

There was a loud knock at the door. Everyone in the house snapped to attention.

Bobby looked through the peephole, and relaxed visibly. He opened the door. “It’s alright. It’s just Reggie.”

When Bobby saw the expression on Reggie’s face, though, he tensed up again.

“Where’s John?” Reggie’s eyes were wild.

John emerged from the kitchen, drying his hands on a dish towel. “Hey, what’s—”

Reggie pushed his way into the house, grabbed John by the arm. “Come on. Both of you. Outside.”

Sam and Dean stared at each other. Sam started to shake.

“It’s alright, Sam.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s knee, and stared at the front door. “It’s gonna be fine.”

~

“You have to come with me. Right now.”

“Reg, it’s 10 at night. What the hell is so—”

“I found Spivey.”

Bobby and John looked at each other in confusion.

“Well, he ain’t exactly hard to find. We left the bodies in the warehouse. Made it look like a meth deal gone wrong.”

Reggie spat out his toothpick.

“I found him. Alive.”
Chapter Summary

Reggie reveals what he found in the abandoned warehouse, and John and Bobby prepare to deal with it. He also tells Sam and Dean a bit more about the knives and how special they are. Sam tells Dean something he's been waiting to hear.

John’s face drained of color. “Dean dropped him. That knife went right through his spine. And I finished him off.” He looked at Bobby. “You saw me kill him.”

Bobby blew out a breath and bent over, hands on his knees, like he was about to pass out.

John suddenly turned to Reggie. “Where is he? You didn’t bring him here, did you?”

Reggie frowned. “I wouldn’t bring that son-of-a-bitch within ten miles of Sam.” He jerked his head toward the east. “I’ve got him in lockdown. A couple of my friends are keeping a real close eye on him until we get there.”

“Is he talking?” Bobby straightened up.

Reggie reached into the pocket of his duster and pulled out a wooden cylinder. Unscrewing the top, he pulled out another toothpick and stuck it in his mouth. “If you can call it talking.”

~

The three men went inside. Sam and Dean were on the couch, Dean with his arm around Sam protectively.

“Got a sec, Dean?”

Dean’s face darkened. He patted Sam’s shoulder. “Be right back.”

They went into Bobby’s den. Bobby went to shut the door, but Dean put his arm out. “No. I need to see him.”

Reggie spoke. “I decided to do some digging around. See if I could help. I went back to that warehouse, and…” He blew out a breath. “I found Earle Spivey. He was alive. Curled up in the corner of the room babbling nonsense. And not a mark on him.”

Dean’s eyes went wide, then flickered to Sam. He was staring at the fire, clearly trying not to look in the room at them.

“How is that possible?”

“I found sulphur all over that place.”

Dean balled his hands into fists. “What the hell is going on?”

“I don’t know. But we’re going to find out.” Reggie looked up at John and Bobby. “I need to take them with me to where he’s being kept.” He put his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “We need you to
stay here with Sam. Keep him safe. Can you do that?”

Dean looked at Sam. His head was bowed, hair hanging in his face, strands painted gold and red from the firelight.

“Yeah. I can do that.”

Bobby spoke. “What do we tell him?”

Everyone looked to Dean.

“We tell him the truth.”

John frowned. “You really think he can handle it? Knowing Spivey is alive somehow?”

Dean felt the anger flare. He stepped into John’s space. “He’s not ready to know why all this happened, maybe. And that’s on both of you to tell him, not me.” Bobby nodded. “But this thing with Spivey? You told me. And I’m not gonna lie to Sam.”

“Sometimes lying is the best thing you can do for someone, Dean.” John’s voice was resonant, soothing. For the first time, Dean heard that voice he’d heard from his father’s mouth so many times, and recognized it for what it was. Manipulation.

Dean could play that game too. When he spoke, he deliberately modulated his voice to a deeper tone. Older. The voice of a commander. “I’m not lying to Sam.”

They all went into the living room.

Sam looked up at them, fear evident on his face. “It’s something real bad, huh.”

Dean closed his eyes for a moment. Then he sat down, took Sam’s hand, squeezed it hard. “Reggie went back to the warehouse, and he found Spivey still alive. Out of his mind. Sulphur all over.”

Sam’s fingers tensed convulsively, and he started to shake. “Uh-uh. Nope.”

John’s face contorted at the sight. “He’s all locked up. We’re not going to let him get anywhere near you, Sam. We’re headed there now. I’ll get to the bottom of this.”

Dean put his arm around Sam. “Hey. Sammy. Look at me.” He brushed the hair out of Sam’s face. Sam fought for composure, took a few deep breaths, and opened his eyes. “I’m not gonna let anything happen to you. I promise.”

Sam smiled faintly.

“Why aren’t you two wearing your knives?” Reggie’s voice was rough.

Dean blinked rapidly. “I… we.. um, we haven’t left the house, so—“

“You need to have them on you or within arm’s reach. All the time.”

Dean went upstairs to get them. When he came back down, John and Bobby had disappeared, packing up what they needed to take with them.

Dean flopped down next to Sam, who still looked scared and miserable. Reggie pulled up a chair and sat down in front of them.
“I was meaning to tell you about this before. The knives. You need to do a ritual. Bind them to you.”

Dean looked at Reggie in confusion.

Reggie smiled. “Dean, I don’t just make knives.”

Sam perked up at the prospect of learning a new ritual. “What’s the ritual?”

“That’s up to you two.”

Sam frowned.

“Some rituals, all the little steps are critical. Like the exorcism spell. If you get a word wrong, it don’t work.”

“Klaatu verata necktie.” Sam shot Dean a mischievous glance, pleased at the chance to use one of their in-jokes.

“That’s right. Just like in Army of Darkness.” Reggie repressed a smile, but his eyes gave away his amusement.

Dean’s mouth fell open.

“I do make the time to watch movies every now and again. Don’t look so shocked.” Reggie leaned forward. “Anyway, some rituals, what matters is how real they are to the people doing them. It’s got to be personal.”

He laid his hands on the knives in Dean’s lap. “These? They won’t be completely yours until you make them that way. The one thing that’s critical is each knife needs a bit of blood from both of you. But you need to make up the ritual yourself.” He looked at both of them in turn. “And it needs to draw up strong emotion. It needs to matter—a lot.”

Sam placed his hand in Dean’s. “We can do that.”

John came into the living room. “We’re all set. I gave Zack and the rest a heads up. They’re going to pull in closer to the house, keep a tight watch. They won’t come inside unless there’s trouble, or you call them. Ok?”

Sam stood, looking tense and nervous.

John pulled Sam into a huge, long hug. Sam seemed surprised, but John didn’t let go, and finally Sam relaxed into it, breathing out. John stroked Sam’s hair, and whispered something in Sam’s ear. Sam squeezed his father tighter. They stayed that way for a long moment.

When they broke apart, John’s eyes were wet. So were Sam’s. John placed the palm of his hand on Sam’s cheek, and just looked at his youngest son.

He stepped to Dean, gave him the manly hug with three staccato thumps across the upper back. “I’ll call you in the morning.”

Reggie hung back until the others were out of earshot. “Remember what I said. Don’t wait too long.”

“We won’t.” Sam stuck out his hand.
“Oh hell no.” Reggie ignored the invitation to shake hands and pulled Sam in for a bear hug. Then Dean. “Don’t you worry.” His grin was infectious. “I got this covered.”

The sound of car engines faded into silence. The fire in the fireplace had nearly gone out.

Dean came up behind Sam and put his arms around him. Sam breathed out.

“So, what did Dad say to you?”

Sam made a small laugh. “Said he loved me, and was proud I was his son.”

“Whoa.”

“Yeah. Better late than never, right?”

Dean held Sam close and nuzzled the back of Sam’s neck.

“So tired.” Sam closed his eyes and tipped his head, giving Dean better access to that exquisitely sensitive spot behind his left ear, shivering when Dean’s lips brushed it.

“Long day, huh?” It had been. For both of them. “Let’s go to bed.”

Dean made sure the fire screen was fully closed, and turned off the downstairs lights, then they trudged upstairs. They brushed their teeth together in front of the single sink, like they always did.

They put on their flannel pants and crawled into bed. Dean lay on his back and Sam curled up in his arms.

“Dean?” Sam’s voice was sleepy. “S’it ok if you just… like… hold me for a while?”

Dean kissed the top of Sam’s forehead. “I’ll hold you all night. Keep you safe.”

Sam made a soft sound of pleasure. “But tomorrow. If they aren’t back? I want you to.”

“Want me to what?” Dean traced little circles on Sam’s shoulder.

“You know.”

Dean forgot to breathe for a second.

“You’re sure?”

Sam tipped his head up, brushed his mouth over Dean’s. “Real sure.”

Dean murmured, “Well, ok.”

“You’re trembling.”

“Yeah.”

“Is that good?”

Dean laughed. “Yeah, Sammy. That’s real good. I just… I really want to. Been waiting… you don’t even know how long.”
Sam’s smile was pure joy. “Yeah?”
“You have no idea.”
Sam kept looking at Dean, a curious expression on his face.
“What?”
“Your eyes ‘r so pretty.”
“Did you take a pain pill, Sammy?”
Sam snorted. “No. I always think your eyes are pretty. Just…never told you. Thought you’d make fun of me.”
Dean put his hand on Sam’s cheek, held his face and kissed him slow and sweet. “You can tell me things like that whenever you want. I won’t make fun.”
“Mmm. Yay.”
As Sam drifted into sleep, fingers twitching on Dean’s chest like a dreaming cat, Dean closed his eyes and prayed, prayed like he’d never prayed for anything, that they wouldn’t come back tomorrow.
Really Frickin' Nigh

Chapter Summary

Sam has a nightmare. Dean makes it better. Sam wakes Dean up in the best of all possible ways. And John calls.

Chapter Notes

I was trying to write THE SCENE, but the story tells me what it needs as I write it. So here’s 1500 words, with two sex scenes, building up to Sweet Mystery of Life At Last I’ve Found You.

And I’m not going to torture you like I should with the next scene being what happened with Reggie, Bobby and John with Spivey. Narratively, that’s what I should do. But I won’t.

Dean awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of rain pattering on the roof, running down the window in thick rivulets. And to the sound of Sam whimpering in his sleep.

Dean pulled him in closer, throwing his pajama-covered leg over Sam’s calf. Sam was sweaty, radiating heat like a furnace, sleeping fitfully.

Then he started talking.

Sam had never talked in his sleep.

“Like hell.” Sam tensed, then faded back into slumber.

A few moments later, he began trembling violently. “Dead. I saw you. You died.”

Dean stroked his back. “No one’s here. Just you and me. It’s ok.”

Sam flinched. “Touch him… I’ll kill you.”

Dean shook Sam. This was not the kind of dream to let someone linger in.

Sam’s shaking increased. “No… NO. Get your …fuck…” and then Sam screamed, convulsing on the bed, screaming like someone was electrocuting him.

Dean rolled on top of Sam, holding his jerking body down with his weight so he didn’t throw himself off the bed. He didn’t force him or push him. He just whispered in his ear, soft and low. “Sammy. Hey Sam. Come on, sweetheart.” Sam stopped screaming, made a small surprised sound. “Yeah. There you go. Wake up. It’s ok.” Dean stroked Sam’s hair, so soft, so gentle.
“Dean?” Sam was soaked with sweat and breathing rapidly.

Dean rolled back onto his side, pulling Sam over to face him. “Right here.” His hand didn’t stop moving, gently stroking Sam’s side in long, steady strokes. Even though his own heart was racing, he didn’t let his fear response show.

“Oh god.”

“Must have been a bad one.”

Sam pushed the sweat-damp hair from his forehead. “Oh yeah.”

“Spivey?”

Sam nodded. “He was here. He was right at the foot of the bed. Said he was gonna…” Sam swallowed hard. “Said he was gonna take you with him this time. Hurt you.” Sam shuddered. “Send me tapes.”

“So not gonna happen.”

“Then that other guy. Did that thing with his hand like he was shocking me. And Spivey started dragging you away.”

“Sam. Nothing’s gonna happen to me.” Dean kissed Sam. “And nothing’s gonna happen to you.”

Slowly, Sam relaxed, sheltered by Dean’s arms, and fell asleep.

Dean stayed awake, watching over Sam in the darkness, listening to the sound of the rain.

~

Dean awoke to Sam’s mouth on his cock, warm and wet.

“Sam.”

“Mmmm.”

The surprise of it, the intensity of the pleasure that Sam would slip down between his legs as he slept and put his mouth on him, had Dean coming in seconds, fists clenched in the bedsheets.

Sam held Dean’s softening cock in his mouth, did not want to let it go. He nursed on it softly, making those soft little sounds of pleasure that crawled inside Dean’s chest and undid him.

He only let it slip out when Dean stroked his hair and said, “My turn.”

Soon it was Sam thrashing his head back and forth on the pillow, Dean’s mouth wrapped around his cock, doing that thing with the tip of his tongue in the slit like he was going to go in after all that come if Sam didn’t give it to him.

And Sam did.

They lay in each other’s arms, soft grey light spilling into the room. Dean started to fall back asleep.

Sam nudged him.
“Five more minutes.”

“Dean.” Sam’s voice came in a whisper. “Bacon.”

“And I’m up.” Dean opened his eyes.

They threw on t-shirts and warm flannel overshirts, and trainers, and went down to the kitchen.

There were still leftover biscuits in the refrigerator, and Sam fried up two packages of the thick-cut bacon Bobby got from a local hunter who also butchered his own meat (since knife skills were knife skills) and smoked his own hams and bacon.

Dean started a pot of strong coffee, and came up behind Sam at the stove.

“Careful.” Sam flipped a slice of bacon.

Dean wrapped his arms around Sam, pressing his crotch against Sam’s ass.

Sam held onto Dean’s arms and arched his back, moving against Dean.

“Can’t wait, baby boy.”

Sam breathed out hard through his nose. “Me neither.” They both glanced at the phone bank on the wall, where Bobby had receivers for all of his different phone lines for different purposes. The one that was for the actual Bobby Singer was a plain white wall-mounted phone.

They stuffed themselves with bacon, biscuits and coffee.

“I’m gonna grab a shower. Wanna come?”

Sam smiled. “I’m good.” He went to clear out the ash and build a new fire.

Dean nodded. “I’ll make it quick.”

He grabbed one of the kimonos Bobby kept around instead of proper bathrobes, and took a shower with water as hot as he could stand it. Toweling off, he tugged on a clean pair of underwear and the black kimono.

Walking downstairs, he saw Sam closing the front door. “Hey.” The worry in his voice was obvious.

“That was just Bosie. I gave her some bacon and stuff to take out to everyone.”

Dean looked at Sam levelly. “Bosie, huh.”

“What?”

“Nothing.” Dean smacked Sam’s arm and went to the CD player in the corner of the living room. He started flipping through Bobby’s collection. One CD made him snort.

Sam went into the kitchen to refill their coffee.

Dean slipped the CD into the machine and pressed play.

“Girl… you’ll be a woman soon…” filled the air, followed by the strumming of acoustic guitar.

Sam appeared in the doorway. “You didn’t. You did not just…”
Dean whirled the sleeves of his kimono, spinning to face Sam. He mouthed the words. “Don’t you know girl… you’ll be a woman soon. Please. Come take my hand.”

“Oh my god.”

Dean shimmied his shoulder, raising his eyebrow, turning in a half circle.

“You’re so dead.” Sam’s mouth was curled into a classic Sam bitchface, but his eyes were amused. Dean turned back around and pointed at Sam, with a smarmy smile on his face, and kept dancing.

Sam set down the mugs of coffee on a side table and lunged for Dean, sending him over the edge of the couch onto the cushions.

“Easy there, tiger.”

“Dead.”

Sam wrestled Dean onto his back and straddled him.

“I’m not a girl.” Sam ground his crotch hard against Dean. His flannel pajama pants did nothing to hide his arousal.

Dean stopped laughing and stared up at Sam. “Yeah you’re not.”

“If you want a girl, there’s one right outside. Bet she’d let you.”

“Shhh. Sammy. Don’t want a girl. Want you.”

Sam pulled Dean’s kimono open and ran his fingers over Dean’s bare chest.

“I’m not a girl. I’m not a kid either.” Sam rubbed his cock, already impressive in size, against Dean’s.

“No. You’re not.”

Sam lowered himself down, took Dean’s mouth in his. “Fuck. Dean.”

Dean shivered. Sam was being so assertive.

He loved it.

Sam shifted so his cock was rubbing against the front of Dean’s thigh, his own leg spreading Dean’s thighs open wide and slotting up against his cock.

“Yeah? Want to come like this, Sammy? Rub off on me?”

“Gonna.” Sam hung his broken arm off the side of the couch, shoved his right hand between Dean and the couch and cupped his ass, squeezing it hard, humping Dean’s bare thigh without a shred of shame. “And so are you.”

Dean gasped.

“Sure that’s what you want, Dean? My cock? Sure you don’t wish I was your little sister instead?”

Sam’s voice was rough with desire, but there was something underneath it. Something that wasn’t joking around.
Dean put his hands on Sam’s face, held him as he kissed him hard. “Sam. I love your cock. Love that you’re a guy.”

Sam’s expression softened.

Dean grabbed Sam’s ass with both hands, held on tight, rubbed up against Sam’s thigh, pressed Sam’s cock down on his thigh harder. “I love it. Love how it feels in my mouth. Love how you taste when you come.” His voice deepened with urgency. “I want you to fuck me too, Sam. Want to feel your cock in my ass.”

Sam groaned, hips pistoning.

“But I wanna fuck you first. Jesus, Sam… wanna fuck you so bad.”

Sam was reduced to moans and pleading sounds.

Dean pulled Sam’s pajamas down, his cock slapping heavy against Dean’s bare thigh, and pressed the tip of his index finger against Sam’s hole. “Gonna fuck you so good, baby boy.” And Sam sucked in a single breath and came, convulsing and crying out.

And Dean was right behind him, chanting Sam’s name, shaking apart beneath him.

They lay like that, catching their breath, the soundtrack still playing, a woman singing a blues song to a simple guitar accompaniment.

And that’s when the white phone rang.

Sam jumped to his feet. Dean pulled the kimono around him and walked quickly to the phone.

“Bobby Singer’s residence.”

After a second, he mouthed, “Dad” at Sam. He listened for a few minutes, nodding.

Sam paced.

Then he closed his eyes, relief flooding his face.

“Yeah. Ok. Sure. We’ll be fine. Take your time.”

He hung up the phone.

Sam stared. “Well?”

“Not coming home ‘till tomorrow morning.”

The smile that broke across Sam’s face was remarkable. Somehow it contained that purity and innocence that Sam always possessed, but with it was coupled a knowing, capable sensuality, a carnal abandon that stole Dean’s breath away and held it hostage. Sam’s mouth parted, his eyes widened, as though he was already feeling Dean enter him for the first time.

He stepped up to Dean, brushed his mouth across Dean’s lips. “Guess I better get ready.”

Dean pulled Sam close.

“You’re shaking again.”
“Sam.” Dean didn’t even try to explain. He didn’t have to.
It's Time Baby Boy

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean perform the personal ritual that binds their knives to them, and them to each other.

Chapter Notes


Also, please note, this art was NOT drawn for this story, but was done by request by Vongue for someone else. I asked if she would do a custom piece of art for this chapter, but she is far too busy and had to decline. She let me attach it here because I felt it was so close to what I wanted, and really shows the heart of this scene.

Here is a playlist for the music used in this scene and its followup, B Side. Play the first track in its own tab/window (rain sounds) and then listen to the songs in a new tab/window, so the music plays over the sound of the rain. UPDATED PLAYLIST AS OF 7/17/2016 as some of the tracks were removed from the first playlist.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lMnAnx9g_-I&list=PLVhBzY6vREmfrOuEoES-N3JYe0ZDMKAaw
Dean turned the object in his hands over and over. Then he set it on the bedside table. And picked it up again, compulsively flipping it again.

Sam appeared in the doorway, done with whatever he needed to do to get ready. He looked around the room, stunned.

On every available surface, shelf and nook was a lit candle. Dean had ransacked the house and found every candle Bobby had that wasn’t special purpose: white votives, ruby tapers melted down to mere nubs, candles in glass cylinders with Mexican saints depicted on the outside, oil candles, he’d taken them all.

The room was transformed, light dancing on the oak paneling, painting the wood with a burnished, caramel glow.

“Dean. You… wow.”

Dean stood by the bed, looking as nervous as a senior on prom night the moment he first sees his
date. “I’d have totally done the rose petal thing but, you know. Wrong time of year. And I couldn’t
exactly get to a flower store.” Dean was babbling, and he knew it, but he couldn’t stop.

Sam’s face lit up with surprise. “You’re nervous.”

Dean blushed.

“You’re actually nervous. You. Sam walked a few steps into the room.

“Oh, and what—you’re not?”

“A little.”

Dean breathed out, relieved it wasn’t just him.

Sam placed his hand on Dean’s. “What’s that?”

Dean let Sam take the object. “A mix tape? You made a mix tape?”

“Uh... yeah.”

“For... for this?” Sam waved his hand, indicating the room.

Dean swallowed. “For your first time.”

“When did you... I mean, you didn’t do it today.”

Dean rubbed his lips together. “Been working on it for a while.”

Sam spoke in a near whisper. “How long?”

“About a year.”

A half-second later, Dean had a baby moose all over him, all long arms and legs. Sam kissed him
hard, messy and eager.

“Guess you like it.”

Sam nuzzled his baby moose snout into Dean’s neck. “You’re a romantic.”

“Shut up.”

“I totally won’t tell.”

“Better not.” Dean made his bad-ass face, but secretly, he was giddy at Sam’s reaction.

“Let’s hear it then.” Sam nodded to the tape player.

~

Dean put the tape in the player, and paused. “Hope you don’t think it’s too cheesy.” He’d already
checked the volume to make sure it was just right, not too loud but audible over the sound of the
rain.

The sounds of an acoustic guitar came from the speakers.

It is the springtime of my loving, the second season I am to know
Sam just smiled, came to Dean, raised his arms around his neck and kissed him, mouth tasting of peppermint, lips so soft.

Dean had kissed Sam hundreds of times. But this felt like the first time. The first time he’d felt Sam yield to him, let his tongue inside his parted lips. The first time he heard Sam make that soft little sigh and press himself closer. The first time he wrapped his hand in Sam’s hair, the lush locks smooth in his fingers.

Dean’s hands shook.

Sam stepped back, leading Dean toward the bed. Dean allowed himself to be led.

Sam crawled up on the bed and settled on his back. He looked up at Dean, standing at the foot of the bed, and extended his hand. “Dean.”

Dean took Sam’s hand and came to him, laying next to him. He stroked Sam’s cheek. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but no words came.

No words at all.

Sam closed his eyes at the feel of Dean’s fingers on his face. When he opened them again, his pupils were huge and dark.

“Dean. Please.”

Fingers curled in Dean’s shirt, tugging. Dean pulled it off over his head, feeling the air on his naked skin, feeling Sam’s eyes on him, feeling so seen.

Feeling so loved.

Sam traced his fingertips over Dean’s bare skin. His hands were shaking too.

*But I know that I love you so*

Dean removed Sam’s shirt. Smiled at him gently, his hands on the waistband of Sam’s pajamas.

Sam raised his hips, let Dean pull the fabric down.

Dean looked at Sam, naked and stretched out. The candles poured honeyed light over his skin, playing across the sleek muscles.

Dean pressed his mouth to Sam’s bare stomach, murmured words Sam did not have to hear to understand.

*This is the wonder of devotion*

Lips parted, moist breath exhaled over Sam’s skin. “So soft,” Dean whispered. He kissed him softly, so softly, like dandelion puffs drifting in the breeze.

He moved lower, breathing out over Sam’s cock, already ready for Dean. Always ready for Dean.

Sam moaned as Dean stroked his cock with his fingers.

Dean pressed soft kisses down the length of his shaft, and moved lower.

Sam gasped, and parted his thighs.
The strains of bluesy electric guitar and a simple drum rhythm. A gentle, sensual keyboard line.

*Working seven to eleven every night*

Dean settled in between Sam’s legs, moved his tongue lower, swiping across his tight rim.

Sam trembled, opening to Dean.

His tongue, so clever and needy, twined over and around, lapped and stroked and teased out moan after moan.

*cause I love you, baby*

*How I love you, darling*

*How I love you, baby*

Sam arched his back, tossed his head, stretched his legs wide open, giving himself over to Dean completely.

Dean pulled back, panting, peeled off his pants and took up the bottle of lube he’d bought a long time ago, just for this very night.

At the sight of him coating his fingers, Sam gave a small sob.

Dean slid up next to Sam, kissed him slow and deep.

He dropped his hand between Sam’s legs, ran the tip of his index finger in a tight circle around Sam’s rim.

Sam clutched at Dean’s shoulders and arched down, taking his finger inside.

Dean moaned. Sam was already yielding, more open than he expected. He slipped a second finger in. And Sam took it beautifully, shaking with pleasure, lips pressed against Dean’s, drawing Dean’s tongue into his mouth.

Dean worked his fingers slowly, thumb pressed to his perineum. Sam sucked on Dean’s tongue like it was his cock, eliciting a gasp from Dean.

“Easy, Sam. Got all day.”

“Can’t wait anymore. Need you.” Sam moved his hand between his legs, took Dean’s hand, guided his two fingers out and pressed three fingers together, urging him. “Please.”

Dean bit Sam’s shoulder, overcome by the intensity of desire.

He pressed gently, and Sam opened to him, took all three fingers in a long, slow slide all the way to the base.

“Fuck. Sammy.” Dean kissed and bit at Sam’s throat. Sam writhed, rocking himself on Dean’s fingers, almost crying with need. He worked Sam open, but Sam hardly needed the preparation. His body just opened to Dean like it was born for this.


“Ok, Sammy.” Sam’s eyes flew open. His gaze locked onto Dean’s.
“It’s time, baby boy.”

~

The sound of the rain was heavier now, fat drops striking the roof harder. Dean straddled Sam, and reached over to the end table where the knives were laid out.

He pressed one into Sam’s hand, guided the tip to the spot at the base of this throat. His green eyes were dark. He wrapped his hand around Sam’s wrist, pressed gently, bared his throat to Sam.

Sam picked up the other knife, gave it to Dean, brought the tip to the same hollow at the base of his throat.

Neither of them moved for a moment, eyes locked onto each other, naked in the flickering candlelight, twin blades at each other’s throats. Then as one, they pressed sharp steel into vulnerable flesh and drew the knives downward.

A thin line of red welled up on their chests.

Without saying a word, without having planned a second of this in advance, both knew what to do next. They turned their blades flat, smoothed them over the trickle of blood on their own chests, mingling the other’s blood with their own.

Perhaps it was their imagination, but the blades seemed to drink in the blood. Perhaps it was a trick of the light that the gemstone handles gleamed, new darker ruby highlights within.

Sam set the knives on the table quickly, and Dean lowered himself to Sam, kissing him like it was the last chance he’d ever have. Their blood mingled, smearing over their bare chests.

The tape kept playing.

*If it keeps on raining levee's going to break*

*If it keeps on raining levee's going to break*

*When the levee breaks have no place to stay*

Dean moved between Sam’s legs, and cupped Sam’s face in his hand.

He slicked up his hand again and smoothed his fingers over his cock, achingly hard and eager.

He positioned himself between Sam’s legs again. They both were shaking so hard that Dean gave a little laugh.

Sam looked up at Dean, his face bright with so much love and desire that Dean couldn’t bear it, had to drop his head to Sam’s shoulder, tears falling hot on Sam’s skin.

“I love you so much.” Sam spread his thighs wider.

“I love you too.” Dean took a deep breath and pressed the head of his cock against Sam. The feel of it barely breaching the outer rim made him shudder.

He held himself there, letting Sam just feel it, relax into it.

Sam moaned. His rim fluttered, yielded, and pulled Dean inside.
Sam made a soft sound of awe, and stared up at Dean. The expression on his face was pure wonder, like a kid the first time he sees fireworks or tastes chocolate cake.

Dean pressed a little further and held himself there. He wasn’t pushing his way in. He waited until Sam’s body was ready, and invited him.

Sam’s breath was rapid, his face flushed. “Oh god. Oh god.” He pressed his hips up, taking Dean a little deeper.

“You ok? This ok?” Dean examined Sam’s face for signs of distress.

All he saw was pleasure so keen it looked like Sam was going to fall apart.

“Dean. Oh god. Dean.” Sam lifted his hips higher and the entire head of Dean’s cock penetrated him, past the second ring of muscle. Sam trembled, back arched, breath coming faster.

Dean bit his lip, trying desperately not to come.

“More. Please.”

Dean pulled his hips back, and moved forward, going deeper. Sam grabbed Dean’s ass, body sheened with sweat, spread his legs wider and pushed.

Dean slid all the way inside. All the way inside Sam. So tight and yet so yielding, surrounding him, so hot jesus like a furnace Sam always did run hot but Christ this was unreal…

Sam burst into tears.

“Am I hurting you?” Dean started to pull out, but Sam held on with a death grip.

“Perfect. It’s perfect.” Sam’s voice was choked with tears. He took Dean’s head in his hands and kissed him, sobbing into his mouth.

They stayed like that for a long moment, just letting themselves feel it, feel how they were joined.

Finally, Dean pulled out slightly and moved back in. Sam’s sobs were interrupted by a gasp of pleasure. He dropped his right hand to Dean’s back, letting his broken arm rest on the bed.

Dean did it again, moving out farther, sliding all the way back in.

Sam made a choked sound.

“Please. Oh god please.”

Dean wrapped his arms around Sam, holding him so tight, like he was trying to fuse them into one single being, and gave Sam what he wanted.

He moved inside him deep and slow, rocking into him, sucking the salt from Sam’s throat, kissing the tears of joy from his face, driving the most astonishing range of sounds out of Sam: sounds of pleasure so keen it was shocking, shivery moans that conveyed achingly sincere love, low bossy sounds demanding more, pure joy when he got it.

“Sammy. Not gonna last.”

Being inside Sam. Being inside Sam. His Sammy. Giving him everything, falling apart beneath him with the pleasure of it. It was too much.
Sam wrapped his arms around Dean, mouth open, cheeks bright red and took everything Dean gave him, wordlessly pleading for more. Their mingled blood smeared across their chests, both faces wet with tears, Dean pulled his hips back and drove into Sam hard, punching fierce cries out of him, twin cries echoed from his own throat.

“Sam Sam oh god Sammy…”

And the very second the pleasure shattered Dean, turning him into sparking nerve endings, sending every drop of fluid in his body out the end of his cock and deep inside Sam, that very second Sam lost it, cries cresting into a scream, spurting hot and wet all over Dean’s belly, muscles fluttering and clenching so tight that Dean’s orgasm amplified and flung itself off the cliff into holy shit what the fuck is this can people die from coming this hard fuck yeah they can oh my fucking GOD

And then words disappeared.

The very concept of spoken language vanished.

There was only Sam and Dean, not knowing where one ended and the other began, the tremors running through them rattling the bed so hard a wooden slat snapped in two, coming so hard, so pure, so inexpressibly beautifully that the angels themselves stared in wonder.

Only Sam and Dean and the sound of the rain, two souls willingly bound for eternity.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

John, Bobby and Reggie interrogate the somehow-still-living Earle Spivey.

Reggie’s car rolled up to the house at the end of the lane that stretched through an apple orchard. No other houses were within a mile. The windows were dark, covered with black fabric.

Reggie stood at the door and whistled a tune. Within seconds, the door clicked open. A massive bearded man stood in the doorway. “Hurry up.” He waved them inside across the thick line of salt.

Nearly every available surface of the interior was covered with warding sigils and devil’s traps.

“Name’s Vesi. Come on. He’s down here.” Vesi moved fast for a man of his size, guiding them down narrow hallways to a staircase leading to the basement.

John, Bobby and Reggie descended the stairs. In the center of the room was Earle Spivey, bound in iron shackles on all four limbs, chained to four heavy iron rings embedded in the concrete floor. Below him was painted an elaborate devil’s trap, with an extra circle of symbols on the outer rim.

A sallow-faced man with lank hair stood next to a 55-gallon drum of water holding a pump nozzle.

Bobby stared at him. “Don’t tell me that’s holy water.”

“That was Pritchard’s idea.” Reggie nodded at the man.

Pritchard just grinned, revealing two missing front teeth.

Spivey was seated on the floor, arms wrapped around his legs, rocking back and forth.

“You got some visitors.” Pritchard pulled the trigger and squirted Earle in the face with holy water. Earle sputtered.

John frowned.

“You were expecting him to sizzle?” Pritchard said. “He don’t. This stuff’s for the big bad you know what’s. If they come for him.” Pritchard spat on the floor. “That was just to wake his ass up.”

“Like sucking on a penny. Buried halfway up Satan’s ASS.” Spivey bellowed.

John and Bobby were startled.

“It’s only your dignity. Suck it.” Spivey muttered.

John stared at Reggie. “This…he’s…”
“Totally insane. As far as I can make out.”

Spivey pulled his socks off and began examining between his toes. “Pull the threads out. I can’t hear you. Mumbler. Dirty tick mumbler.”

He stared up at Reggie, eyes wild. “What you do when you think you’re alone? It’s unseemly.”

Bobby rubbed his beard. “Oh, this is gonna be six kinds of fun.”

Earle said in a sing-song, “They have wings, you know. Air squeakers. Flappy flappy flappy.”

Reggie walked closer to Spivey. “Earle. Look at me.”

Earle stared at the ceiling. “Knock at the door. Don’t pull me out. I was drowning so sparkly.”

“Earle!” Earle’s eyes snapped into focus at the sound of Reggie’s voice. “How is it you’re alive?”


John stood next to Reggie. “You were unmade. And then you were made again?” Earle’s eyes whipped to John’s. Something vaguely human crawled within his gaze.

“Made.”

“Who made you? Who did this to you?”

“A goat to go away.” Earle curled in on himself. “Nasty goat.”

John rolled his eyes. “He’s talking gibberish. We’re not going to get anything out of him.”

Bobby said, “I’m not so sure about that.” He looked at Vesi and Pritchard quizzically. “Does he… has he attacked you?”

“No. He has not shown any sign of aggression,” Vesi said.

Bobby stepped into the devil’s trap and sat down next to Earle. “I can’t believe I’m actually saying this, but…tell me about the goat.”

Earle’s face twisted. “Za. Za.” He shook his head frantically. “Crafty worm.” He stared around the room at everyone in turn, holding up his hands, wrists dangling limp from the fetters, hoisting his fettered ankles into the air, balanced on his thin buttocks. “Like this! And then… gah!” Earle flung his limbs in four directions. “Pieces.” He snapped his fingers. “Made.” Another snap. “Unmade.” His voice dropped into a murmur again. “Made. Unmade. Made. Unmade.”

“Bobby, you’re wasting your time. Goats? Worms?”

Bobby raised his hand to quiet John. “Hang on. “ He leaned closer to Earle. “And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats.”

Earle fell back in surprise.

“Earle. Listen to me. Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats.”

Earle sucked air through his teeth. “One lot for the Lord. The other lot for…” He began to tremble violently.
Bobby closed his eyes, rubbing his hand over his chin. “Oh god.”

“What is it?”

“It’s from the Bible. And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats. One lot for the Lord.” Bobby looked up at John. “The other lot for Azazel.”

Earle recoiled, stretching his chains as far as he could, scampering away from Bobby. “Za za!”

“What the hell is he saying?” John flung his hands out in frustration.

“Za-za-e’il.”

Earle slapped the floor with his bare feet. “Za!


“Who’s Azazel?” Vesi asked.

“Fallen angel.” Reggie said, spitting out his toothpick.

Bobby stared at Reggie in surprise.


“Azazel’s the head of the Grigori. Angels who were sent to watch over humans. But they became corrupted. Took human wives, had kids, got into pleasures of the flesh. God didn’t like it, and cast them out. They turned demon. And Azazel’s one of the nastiest.”

“Crafty worm,” Spivey muttered.

“Bobby.” John put his hand on Bobby’s shoulder, his face pale. “Spivey was hooked up with our demon. The one who… the one who murdered Mary. So… that demon… is this Azazel?”

Suddenly, a hand gripped John’s ankle, underneath his pants leg, gripping bare skin. It was Spivey, who had scuttled close. “Ahhhhhh….” Spivey’s eyes rolled back in his head. John tried to pull away, but Spivey’s slender fingers had a death grip on him. “Look up. Fire. Burns. She burns.” His eyes flashed open, a searing, evil intelligence lit in them. “I see you’ve met my Master.”

John wrenched his leg away, falling on his side.

Spivey hissed in a breath. “Winchester.” He shook his head as if trying to clear away cobwebs. He focused on John as if seeing him for the first time. “John. Winchester.” Spivey’s body curled, folded, until he was on his knees, arms outstretched, prostrate before him. “My Master let me live for one reason.” His words flowed, as if he had rehearsed them over and over. “To beg forgiveness from John Winchester.”
Spivey begs for forgiveness. More than one discovery is made.

NOTE: This chapter comes BEFORE the Thanksgiving chapter and its coda. When I have written in the gap, I will reorder the chapters so the numbers are correct.

All eyes were on the huddled figure on the floor, palms pressed to the floor in penitence. “Please forgive me.” Spivey writhed for a moment, as though struggling against his subjugation, and then mewled in pain and crawled closer to John.

John recoiled like a spider was about to crawl up his pants leg.

“Please forgive me for what I did to your son.” Spit flew from Spivey’s lips as he grudgingly pleaded with John. He contorted again, gasping, then spoke more earnestly, somehow with the capacity for coherent speech somewhat returned to him. “Please forgive me for hurting Sam Winchester. I did not have the right to harm him. Please forgive me for hurting Sam Winchester.”

“That demon brought you back to life so you could apologize?” Bobby shook his head in utter disbelief, and dragged himself to his feet, wincing at the pain in his joints.

“He punished me.” Spivey shuddered, then shot a glance at John, dark with rage. “You know nothing of pain. He… glides pain. Like air. He is—” Spivey fluttered his hands in the air. “Us, with knives in our hands? We’re children,” he spat. “He punished me. For my fault, for my fault, for my most grievous fault. My Master left me here. He said you’d come back.”

Spivey crept closer to John. “Please forgive me for hurting your son.” He tipped his head up, peering up at John, his face creased with desperation. “John Winchester, please forgive me. And please beg Sam Winchester to forgive me. Sam Winchester is special. He is not to be touched.”

Reggie’s head whipped around at that.

“You said she burns.” John seized Spivey’s hair and pulled his head back hard. “Why did you say she burns?” His eyes were wild.

“I saw it. When I touched you.” Spivey brushed his hand over John’s wrist, and his eyes rolled back. “Pretty, pretty girl. Lit up like a candle.” His eyes fluttered shut. “Take your brother outside as fast as you can. Don’t look back.”

John pulled away, wiping his wrist on his pants leg, a look of horror on his face.

“Jesus Christ.” Reggie took a few steps back.

Bobby’s voice was shaky. “That’s how he knew exactly what we did. He touched his son’s body. The demon blood. He saw it.”

“Please forgive me, John Winchester.” Spivey began rocking in place, repeating the phrase again and again. “Please forgive me, John Winchester, please forgive me, John Winchester...”
“What the hell are we going to do with him?” John rubbed his mouth.

“Well, for starters, you could tell him you forgive him,” Reggie suggested.

John stared at Reggie like he’d just suggested selling their souls for a case of beer.

“Just to shut the man up. Driving me crazy.” Reggie worried the toothpick in his mouth.

“Fine. Spivey, I forgive you, now shut the fuck up.”

Spivey’s mouth snapped shut.

“Now what?”

“Killed him once. That was a good idea at the time,” Bobby said.

Spivey moved lightning fast, grabbed hold of Bobby’s hand before anyone realized how close he was. His eyes fluttered, then flared open, staring at Bobby in disbelief. Then he let go of Bobby’s hand and started to laugh. The sound of it made the hairs on the back of their necks stand up. “Too good. That’s too good. Bad little boys. Naughty, naughty…naughty!”

Spivey fixed his gaze upon an uncomprehending John. His expression was malevolent, gleeful. “And Johnny boy doesn’t know.”

His mouth opened as if to say something else, then froze, held in a perfect oval, eyes wide with surprise.

Reggie’s knife flew through the air like a silvered diving bird, plunging into Spivey’s heart, the mother-of-pearl handle quivering as the blade hit home.

Earle Spivey gurgled, blood surging from his mouth, and his eyes dimmed as the life drained from him, this time for good.

“Thing like that is too dangerous to keep alive.” Reggie pulled his knife from Spivey’s heart and wiped it off on his shirt.

“He’s right.” Vesi knelt and pressed two thick fingers to Spivey’s neck, nodded to confirm he was dead. “You did the smart thing.”

John stared at Bobby. “What was he talking about? What don’t I know?”

Bobby shrugged. “John, there’s a bunch you don’t know about me, and I’m perfectly content to keep it that way. Man’s gotta have his secrets.”

John accepted the gentle deflection without realizing he’d been redirected to thinking the secret had to do with something in Bobby’s personal life.

But the soft smile Reggie gave Bobby when John’s back was turned showed that Reggie knew exactly what Bobby had done.

And Bobby knew that somehow, Reggie knew exactly who he was protecting and why. Just like he knew why Reggie had sent his best knife flying into Earle Spivey’s chest before he could utter one more word.
The body of Earle Spivey was still fettered and chained in the basement. All the hunters save Pritchard had gone upstairs to gather their thoughts.

It was late. Too late for anything other than a quick Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep (in hunter parlance, a shot of whiskey immediately before bed), and off to the rooms set up with decent beds with clean bedding.

Vesi’s place was a safe house for hunters where anyone could come and hole up for a while, lick their wounds and get some rest and basic but decent food. In the summer, Vesi barbequed nearly every day. When it got too cold, he made stew or chili. All he ever asked for in return was alcohol. “I do the food, you do the drinks,” he would say with a slap on the back.

It was too late for chili. And no one was hungry. Not after the strange scene in the basement, and the unsettling revelations. But there was whiskey. Whenever there were hunters, there was always a supply of Hunter’s Helper.

Pritchard came up from the basement. “Still dead.”

“Well, at least there’s that.” Bobby tossed back his shot of whiskey neat.

“I went ahead and left him chained up. I mean… just in case.” Pritchard accepted a shot of whiskey. “I salted him though.”

John pursed his lips. “Um…why?”

“Duh. Salt and burn.” Pritchard rolled his eyes as though John was an idiot.

“Right. But we’re not going to burn him tonight. What’s the salt going to do?”

“Season him up if something comes in the night for a snack.” Reggie tipped his shot glass side to side, watching the amber liquid slosh back and forth.

Pritchard’s brows furrowed as he thought. Hard.

“The point is it couldn’t hurt. So I salted him.” Pritchard sucked down his shot, smacked his lips and stuck his hand out. “Hit me again.”

Vesi obliged, then sat down across from Bobby and John. “Tomorrow, you come with me. My friend has a very good library. Many rare books on demon lore and the Grigori. He’s even got a Daemonolatreiae Libri Tres.”

Bobby perked up. “He’s got a Remy? I’ve been looking for that for years. You think he’d let me copy it? Rufus is gonna shit bricks when he finds out.”
“If anyone else asked, he would say no. But for you… I think yes.”

John stared into his empty shot glass.

“You ok?” Bobby asked.

John shook his head. He looked haggard, with dark circles under his eyes. “A lot on my mind.” He stood up wearily. “I need some sleep. We’ll talk about everything tomorrow.”

Pritchard said, “Good idea, pops. Night all.”

“Sure you don’t want to sprinkle a little rosemary on old Spivey first?” Reggie’s eyes gleamed with amusement.

If Reggie had been a hunter of less standing, Pritchard might have said something. Instead, he just made a show of laughing. “Good one, man. Rosemary.” And he disappeared around the corner.

Vesi roused himself and stood as well. “I’m going to bed too. You saw your rooms? Nice electric blankets. Brand new. You’ll be good and warm.”

Reggie glanced at Bobby. Bobby nodded his head almost imperceptibly.

“Thanks, Vesi. We’ll head up in a minute.” Reggie indicated toward the bottle. “I’ll restock you on Maker’s Mark tomorrow. Mind if we have another taste?”

Vesi thumped Reggie on the back. “You, my friend, may drink the whole bottle.”

With that, Vesi retired.

Reggie poured another shot for him and Bobby. They drank it. Quickly. Reggie filled the shot glasses again.

This time, they nursed them slowly. Neither saying a word. Just staring at the hypnotic dance of flames in the fireplace.

“How long have you known?” Reggie stared straight ahead.

Bobby closed his eyes. “Since before they knew themselves.”

Reggie looked at him. He said nothing. Just let the silence, comfortable and easy, linger until Bobby was ready to say more.

“They’ve always been… special. To each other. More than…” Bobby stumbled over the words.

“Just brothers.” Reggie added.

“Yeah. I mean, the way those boys love each other… it’s always been there.” Bobby raised his head and met Reggie’s gaze straight on. “It’s nothing dirty or wrong. Nothing wrong with what there is between them.”

Reggie just smiled at him, his eyes kind. Bobby dropped his head. “Purest love I’ve ever seen.”

“Same here.” Bobby looked up at Reggie quickly. Saw the truth of what he said on his face.

Bobby finished his shot. “I may regret this in the morning, but…” He extended his glass, and Reggie refilled it. “How did you figure it out… I mean, did you…”
“Didn’t take long. It kind of shines off ‘em, you know?”

Bobby nodded.

“But… I kinda saw ‘em kissing in the back seat of my car.” Reggie’s moustache twitched.

Bobby’s face darkened. “Damn it to hell. They gotta be more careful than that. Dangerous enough that they’re guys, around here…”

“But the other thing.”

Bobby dropped his face into his hands. “Damn hard to explain that one to folks who still don’t even understand people being gay.”

Reggie’s expression changed. “Lots of folks still don’t understand that.”

Bobby picked up the bottle of whiskey and filled Reggie’s empty shot glass. He drained it quickly before his trembling hand could spill any.

“I’m so sorry about what happened to Nathan.”

Reggie just stared into the fire.

“When I lost Karen… it nearly killed me. But losing Nathan? Like that? I don’t know how you kept going.”

Reggie closed his eyes, fingers tightening on the shot glass, and kept them closed. “All that time hunting together, we were watching each other’s backs for monsters. I forgot that some monsters are human.”

“Did the police ever catch those guys?”

“No.” Reggie’s voice was chalk-soft, steeped with a sadness so keen it brought tears to Bobby’s eyes.

Then Reggie tilted his head and looked at Bobby, his piercing blue eyes strikingly vivid in the firelight. “No, they didn’t. But I did.”

They looked at each other, hunter to hunter, Bobby’s face lit up with dark satisfaction and a depth of respect and understanding that out of every living person on Earth, only Bobby Singer could have felt in that moment. “Well, good for you.”

They sat in silence for a long while. Finally Reggie roused himself. “Sam and Dean don’t know. That you know.”

“Hell no.” Bobby shook his head. “Not really the kind of thing you can just talk about over breakfast.”

“They need to know someone’s on their side.”

Bobby bristled slightly. “Oh, they have no doubt about THAT.”

Reggie sat back. “Trust me. When you’re…different from other people, it’s real important to have people that are close to you that know. Know the thing that makes you different. And accept you anyway. Those two? They need that more than anyone. It’s going to be a hard life for them.”

Reggie sighed. “I could at least tell some people. But Sam and Dean…they can’t tell anyone. You
can’t even imagine the weight that kind of secret brings.”

Bobby thought about it, then sagged and nodded. “You’re right.”

Reggie’s voice was slightly slurred. “He can’t find out. You know that, right?”

“Who, John? What are you, crazy? Of course he can’t find out.” Bobby’s agitation spilled out in the way he rubbed his beard. “I can’t… good lord. He’d split the boys up. Make sure they never saw each other again.” Bobby whistled. “Man, don’t even make me think about it.”

“There’s something else we need to talk about. Something Spivey said. I know you caught it too.”

Bobby nodded. “Said Sam was special. Not to be touched.”

“What you don’t know? That night Sam went to bed all kinds of messed up and woke up somehow feeling mostly all better? Dean had a dream that night. Real vivid. About the night his mom burned. The fire. But he said he wasn’t a kid in the dream. He saw something in the corner with yellow eyes. And he smelled sulfur.”

Bobby sat bolt upright. “Demon tortures a man for torturing Sam. Lets him live just so he can apologize. He says Sam Winchester isn’t to be touched. And now you’re telling me that the night Sam turned the corner, Dean had a vision about a demon.”

“Yup.”

"Balls." Bobby blew out a breath and reached for the bottle of whiskey. “We got problems.”
B Side

Chapter Summary

Here is a YouTube playlist I put together for this scene and the previous one. Take the first video of the rain sounds and have it playing in its own window. Then play the other songs in a new window or tab, so the music plays over the sound of the rain.

For this chapter, the first song is #5 in the playlist.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lMnAnx9g_-I&list=PLVhBzY6vREmfrOuEoES-N3JYe0ZDMKAaw

Chapter Notes

Here is a playlist for the music used in this scene and the one that comes for the characters right before, It's Time Baby Boy. Play the first track in its own tab/window (rain sounds) and then listen to the songs in a new tab/window, so the music plays over the sound of the rain.

The first track in this chapter, other than the rain sounds meant to play over all of them, is #5

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lMnAnx9g_-I&list=PLVhBzY6vREmfrOuEoES-N3JYe0ZDMKAaw

Sam roused.

They’d fallen asleep in each other’s arms to the sound of the rain spattering against the window, the serpentine dance of a hundred candle flames bowing and rearing up, the scent of each other dissolving into the warm honeyed smell of beeswax and clean, wet earth.

Sam blinked, his broken arm aching underneath the weight of Dean. He murmured a wordless, gentle protest, and Dean stirred instantly. “Hurting you, Sammys?” Dean rolled off, keeping his hand pressed to Sam’s stomach, not willing to let go completely. Sam pulled his arm free and settled onto his back

A roll of thunder shook the air, trembling through their bones.

Dean brushed Sam’s hair away from his face. “Did I hurt you?” His eyes searched Sam’s face. He wasn’t asking about Sam’s arm.

Sam’s mouth parted in a smile. “No.”

“You sure?”

“Dean. It didn’t hurt.”
Dean toyed with Sam’s hair, looping a thick lock of it around his index finger. “Not at all?”

Sam’s smile deepened. “Nope. It just… it was…”

Dean waited, letting Sam think.

“It was right. Like…you just fit.” Sam’s voice was soft. “Inside me.”

Dean’s neck muscles worked as he swallowed. “Yeah?” His eyes, stolen jade gleaming in the candlelight, looked up into Sam’s.

Sam let the moment hang in the air.

“You want me to.”

Improbably, Dean’s face colored. “Duh. ‘Course I want you to. I said so, didn’t I?”

The rain intensified, streaming in rivulets down the window. Sam rubbed his thumb along Dean’s jaw.

“You want me to now.”

Dean shivered. “No. I mean, yeah, but… this was your first time. Want it to be special. To be about you.”

Sam’s face tensed. “It wouldn’t be your first time? You’ve… you’ve already done that?”

“Christ no.” Dean jerked his head. “No.” He blew out a nervous breath. “Saving myself for you, Sammy.”

Dean flashed his trademark cocky grin, but Sam put his fingers over his mouth. “No. Don’t you do that. Not now.”

“What?”

“Do that thing. Where you lay on the charm. You do it when you get nervous.”

Dean blinked, stunned that Sam had seen through that.

“Don’t be nervous. It’s just me.”

Dean laughed. Nervously. “In case you hadn’t noticed, you’re packing some serious heat there, Sam.”

Sam sat up, lowering Dean onto his back. “I won’t hurt you.”

Dean just looked up at Sam, a myriad of emotions flickering across his face.

“It won’t hurt. I’ll go slow.” Sam leaned over and brushed his mouth against Dean’s. “I want to. I really want to.” Sam’s voice softened, became hesitant. “If you want me to.”

Dean trembled. “You have no idea.”

Sam’s face broke into a smile of relief. “That tape got a side B?”
Sam pressed eject and flipped the tape.

A simple acoustic guitar.

*Childhood living*

*Is easy to do*

*The things that you wanted*

*I bought them for you*

Sam lowered himself over Dean, took Dean’s mouth in his.

*You know I can’t let you slide through my hands*

*Wild horses, couldn't drag me away*

*Wild wild horses couldn't drag me away*

Dean gasped at the feel of Sam’s hands roaming over his body, pressing with a new kind of urgency, Sam’s tongue, warm and insistent, slipping between his teeth, urging him wordlessly to open to him, let him in.

*No sweeping exits or off stage lines*

*Could make me feel bitter or treat you unkind*

Sam’s hand, stroking his flank, sliding between his legs.

*Wild horses, couldn't drag me away*

Sam’s fingers, slick and shaking, circling.

Dean’s thighs parting. Letting him in.

*Wild horses, couldn't drag me away*

*Wild wild horses we'll ride them someday*


Silence. Only the sound of the rain as Sam’s finger enters Dean. So gentle. So careful.

Piano. Rolling drums. A rolling piano trill, dropping into an instantly recognizable rising and falling melody.

*Only love can make it rain*

*The way the beach is kissed by the sea*

*Only love can make it rain*

*Like the sweat of lovers*

*Laying in the fields*
“Jesus. Did you know it was going to be raining when we…”

“Guess I got lucky.”

Sam’s lips, warm and strong, against the cut on his chest, licking the blood off.

Sam letting his index finger slide out, pressing the tips of two fingers against Dean’s entrance.

“No.”

A soft, shocked exhale punched out of Sam. He pulled his fingers away like they had burned Dean. Dean stroked Sam’s arm. “Shh. Not ‘no’ like that. I want you. Now.”

Sam protested. “Dean… I need to get you ready.”

“Trust me. I’m ready. Just… just go slow.”

Sam shook his head, not willing to do anything to risk hurting his Dean.

“Sammy.” Dean pulled Sam to him. “C’mon.” His eyes fluttered to Sam’s chest, then back up to meet his gaze. “Please.” The stark vulnerability, the naked trust, was almost more than Sam could bear.

“Ok.” Sam swallowed. “Ok. But you tell me if it hurts. You tell me.”

“Promise.”

Sam slicked his cock and coated his index and middle fingers until they were dripping, then slid them inside. “Want you,” Dean hissed.

“Knew you’d be bossy about it.” Sam’s mouth twitched.

A simple guitar melody. Jim Morrison’s voice, smooth and sultry

_I love you_

_Better than the rest_

_I love you_

_Better than the rest_

Sam, stubborn, worked his two fingers in, crooked them, pressing into that spot. Dean’s eyes flashed open wider.

“You like it when I use my fingers.” Sam’s voice took on a hint of Dean’s whiskey and cigarette rasp, that smoke-scarred rumble that sent Sam’s nerves singing. It worked on Dean too. He pursed his lips, frustrated that Sam wasn’t just giving him what he wanted, but rocked down on Sam’s fingers. “Don’t you? Just… just let me make sure you’re ready.”

Dean growled.

“Just let me.”

Dean tried. He really did. But after another couple of minutes, writhing on Sam’s fingers, he broke. “Sammy. You’re killing me.” He closed his eyes, pressed his face into Sam’s chest. “I need you.
Please.”

And not even stubborn Sam Winchester could resist that plea.

Sam laid his hands on Dean’s thighs and slowly moved them apart, slotting himself between them. He shifted his hips, bringing the head of his cock to Dean’s entrance.

Dean exhaled audibly.


Sam shook violently. Dean rubbed his hands on Sam’s shoulders. “You ok, Sammi?”

“God. Oh god. Dean.”

Sam looked down at Dean, his face… his face. No words.

Dean spread his legs wider, slid his hands down Sam’s back until they came to rest at the base of his spine. He whispered, “More.”

A warm bass line.

*Nights in white satin, never reaching the end*

*Beauty I'd always missed with these eyes before.*

Sam moaning as Dean’s head fell back, baring his throat to him.

*Cause I love you*

*Yes I love you*

*Oh I how I love you*

Dean urging him forward. Sam biting his lower lip until he tasted blood, feeling Dean start to open to him.

Dean kissed Sam, tongue swiping across his lower lip, groaning when he caught the taste of blood.

“Come on Sammi just…”

Sam always pulled his band-aids off slowly.

Dean always ripped his off in one fast motion.

He wrapped his arms around Sam’s back and bucked his hips up hard, driving Sam’s cock past the inner ring of muscle, the head all the way inside him.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck…” Sam gasped.

Dean’s breath caught in his throat. His eyes went wide.

“Dean, are you—“

Dean’s eyelids fluttered. He exhaled a long, shuddering breath, and gripped Sam tight, not letting him pull away. Held him like that, panting short and sharp, breathing gradually easing, relaxing
into the feel of having Sam inside him. “Sammy,” he breathed. His head fell back. “God. Sam.”

“Jesus. You ok?”

By way of answer, Dean pressed his hands to Sam’s face and kissed him, spread his legs even wider.

Sam began to move inside Dean, slow and gentle. At the first feel of Sam pulling back and moving deeper inside him, Dean began to tremble all over. “Jesus.”

Sam kissed Dean’s neck, licking the sweat from the hollow at the base of his throat, moving a little deeper now, groaning helplessly at the feeling of Dean opening to him. Taking him.

“Sammy. More.” Dean’s hands clutched at Sam’s shoulders.

Sam slid himself almost all the way out, the head of his cock stretching Dean’s inner muscle, and slowly, so slowly, pushed back in.

Dean shook and groaned underneath him, skin slick with sweat, making the sweetest little cries Sam had ever heard.

Sam did it again.

And again.

Dean thrashed his head, grabbed Sam’s ass with both hands, pushed and writhed and demanded more.

Sam rocked into him slowly, fighting not to come.

Dean’s hands roamed up and down Sam’s body, plucking at him helplessly. “Harder. Please. Sammy. I need it. Please.”

Sam examined Dean’s face.

He meant it.

And Sam always gave Dean what he needed.

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean good and tight, and fucked him the way he needed it, pulling back and driving in hard.

And Dean just lost it, writhing on Sam’s cock, arching his back, spreading his legs wide, taking Sam as deep as Sam wanted to go, his hard cock flushed deep red, jerking with the force of Sam’s thrusts, rubbing against Sam’s tight belly. And instead of the flood of gorgeous dirty talk that Sam expected, Dean just made sounds. Whimpers, sweet needy moans, aching with need, gasps of surprise at the impossible force of the pleasure Sam was giving him.

Sam fucked his Dean deep and hard, and Dean bounced and groaned and writhed beneath him.

“Christ, Dean, you’re gonna… gonna make me…”

Dean bit his lip and wrapped his legs around Sam’s lower back and stared up into Sam’s face like all he wanted for Christmas was to have Sam come inside him. And that was it, that was all Sam could stand, that tight heat clenching against him, and he gripped Dean’s arms hard and pumped into him once, twice, and he was coming, Christ, coming inside Dean, his come spurting inside
Dean, his fist wrapping around Dean’s cock… and Dean gave a strangled groan and spasmed, cries punched out of him like the pleasure was unbearable, like it was shivering him into pieces, spilling hot and wet all over Sam’s fingers, shooting gleaming white strings all over his belly and chest.

Sam shifted, and Dean trembled with an intense aftershock, sending another trickle of come onto his stomach.

So intense was Sam’s orgasm that his limbs went weak, and he trembled with the effort of holding his weight off Dean. Dean let them roll onto their sides, murmuring with displeasure when Sam’s cock slipped out of him.

Dean couldn’t speak. All he could do was stroke Sam’s face, eyes wide and helpless like someone had stolen his voice right when he had so much he desperately wanted to say.

“Me too, Dean.”

Dean pulled Sam to him, kissed him like he was burning a wordless promise into Sam’s very flesh.

Eventually Sam regained the use of his limbs, and Dean regained the power of speech. Sam pulled the comforter and flannel sheets back and nestled Dean inside. Then he rose and began putting out the candles.

“Mmm. Like the candles.” Dean murmured a sleepy protest.

“We’re about to pass out. I don’t want to burn the house down.”

Sam left one big candle burning on the table next to his side of the bed, went down the hall to the bathroom, and came back with a warm, wet washcloth. He gave it to Dean, who cleaned himself up, and pulled Sam into bed, settling the warm bedding around him.

“Was… was I…”

Dean snuggled into Sam’s chest. “You were awesome. And I’m fine.” Dean breathed in, exhaled. “It was perfect.”

Sam’s eyes lit up.”Yeah?”

“Even better than I’d imagined.”

Sam made a soft, happy sound.

“What?”

“You imagined it. Us. Like that.”

“Oh yeah, baby boy.” Dean’s cocky grin was back, but this time, it was just the thing.

“So… that’s not gonna be like a one-time thing then. Letting me…”

“Letting you fuck me in the ass?”

Sam shivered. The way Dean talked? Like catnip.

“Oh no. That’s really not gonna be a one-time thing.”

Sam went to blow out the last candle.
Dean stopped him. "Want you to see my face when I say this."

Sam blinked.

"I love you." Dean’s eyes were damp. "I don’t say that like I should. Not like that. But… I do."

Sam breathed it in, the love in Dean’s eyes, the declaration of love from Dean’s lips, the immensity of what had happened between them in the past few hours.

"I love you too."

Dean watched Sam’s face in the gentle glow of the lone candle, saw the light of Sam’s love for him blazing there. "I'll never give you up, Sammy. Not in this world. Not in any other."

Sam’s mouth quivered. "Me neither."

And when Sam blew out the candle, neither of them noticed the flash of light that ran down the twin blades of their knives, so close together on the end table they were touching.
Salt and Burn Club

Chapter Summary

This chapter takes place back in Vesi’s house, the night after John, Bobby and Reggie confronted the resurrected Spivey. This happens while Sam and Dean are doing the binding ritual with the knives, and being with each other in the most intimate of ways, back at Bobby’s house.

It was the morning after the strange and disturbing confrontation with Spivey that ended with Reggie's knife in his chest.

The men sat around the table eating toast and drinking coffee, while Vesi fried up ham and eggs. It was important to eat before they did the salt-and-burn of Spivey, because he was newly dead, not just desiccated bones, and the smell was going to be bad.

John looked haggard, with deep black circles under his eyes.

They ate in silence, shoveling the food into their mouths. Then they went to take care of Spivey.

Vesi had dug a deep pit, and he and Pritchard easily carried Spivey’s body out and settled him inside. John strewed more salt over the body, and doused him with lighter fluid. He flicked his Zippo and was about to toss it in the pit when Reggie grabbed his hand. “Waste of a perfectly good Zippo.” He held up a small, dry branch, and lit it off the Zippo, and tossed it in.

Spivey erupted in a rustling ball of flame.

They stood watch as Spivey burned, gouts of pungent smoke rising from the pit.

Bobby sniffed. “Not so bad when they’re fresh.”

“True.” Reggie’s moustache twitched.

“When they’ve decomposed some… that’s pretty rank. Like burning rotten oysters and vomit.”

“This really ain’t bad. Smells kind of like… what… burnt pork roast?”” Bobby glanced at Pritchard, whose face was turning pale.

“Sweeter, though.” Reggie added.

“Like when the spit broke and my pineapple pig fell into the fire,” Vesi added.

Pritchard made a quiet “urp.”

John repressed a smile. “To be honest? It smells like steak. Like a really good grilled t-bone.”

Pritchard broke with a miserable groan, bending over and heaving up the contents of his breakfast into the dirt between his feet.

The other men roared with laughter. Bobby clapped him on the back. “Welcome to the Salt and Burn Club, Pritch.”
After Spivey had burned himself out, Vesi left him to cool before sprinkling the remains with limestone and burying them.

They went inside.

“Never too early.” Vesi cracked open a fresh bottle of whiskey and brought out four shot glasses. “I’ll drive us to Joseph’s house.” He poured a shot for the other men, and got himself another cup of coffee.

John tossed back the shot, drawing his lips back over his teeth in a snarl at the burn, and then went to use the phone. “Gotta call the boys.”

John quickly made sure that Sam and Dean were ok, and that nothing suspicious had happened during the night. “We’ve got a source here that looks promising, so we’re going to stay one more day, and head home tomorrow.”

When he got off the phone, Bobby motioned to him to join him and Reggie in the living room.

“There’s something you need to know.” Bobby poured John another shot.

Reggie told John about Dean’s dream the night the doctor said Sam was developing pneumonia. He told him about how Dean said he smelled sulphur, how he saw yellow eyes in the corner of the room, how he was 20 in the dream, not a four-year-old boy like the night Mary died. He reminded him how Sam was remarkably so much better the next morning.

John sat motionless for a long time. Then he sighed, blowing out a huge breath that seemed to be holding his spine straight, and slumped over, head in his hands.

He finally spoke. “The demon. He was there that night. In your house. With us.”

Bobby’s mouth tightened. “Maybe.”

“How could it have gotten in? Your place is better warded than any place on earth.”

“I don’t know.”

John couldn’t quite bring himself to say it. “And you think it… it had something to do with Sam getting better.”

Reggie spoke. “Yes. I do.”

John stared, horrified. “A demon. The demon that killed my wife. That demon… healed my son?”

“You heard what Spivey said. ‘Sam Winchester is special. He is not to be touched.’”

“You can’t trust a word that man says.” John turned his head away stubbornly.

“Spivey was dead. This demon brought him back to life. Just to punish him for what he did to Sam. Christ, John, it made Spivey apologize to you for hurting Sam.”

“That’s what he wants us to believe,” John practically hissed. “Demons lie. They twist things and manipulate people. You can’t trust anything they want you to believe. And you damn well can’t trust Earle Spivey.”
“You’re right. Can’t trust a demon. Or a human that’s sold his soul to one. But there’s something to it. And you know that.”

John looked like a man pushed to the very brink of what he could stand. “Bobby…what the hell is going on?”

~

They piled into Vesi’s van and went to Joseph’s house, a renovated cabin on the outskirts of town.

Joseph was a slender man in his late thirties, with a pronounced nose and naturally red, thick hair that fell to his shoulders. He was dressed in tailored slacks, a subtle vintage paisley shirt buttoned to the neck, and wore a large silver ankh with a black stone in the join of the loop and crosspiece.

He had already pulled several ornate books from his massive library which took up the bulk of the ground floor, complete with climate and humidity controls, and set them out on the reading table in the center of the room.

He opened one of them, a beautiful vellum-bound volume with gilt edges, and drew John’s attention to a page. “Azazel’s not just any demon. He’s a ruling demon.”

“Bobby said he was one of the Grigori?”

“Yes. They were supposed to keep watch on humankind, but they became corrupted by pleasures of the flesh. Some say it was because they were lonely, so far from Heaven. They married human women, had children.”

“Children?” Vesi looked surprised.

“Oh yes. God gave them the ability to breed with humans. And it was that sin that made them Outcast. Which raises the question, why did God condemn them for doing something that he specifically gave them the ability to do?”

Joseph flipped open another book, a massive tome with raised bands on the spine and marbled boards. He began to read. “So here’s what I found after you called, Bobby.” He trailed his finger along the text until he found the passage he wanted. “I’ll translate. And paraphrase. The children of the Grigori started running rampant, acting like they were better than humans, taking everything they owned, eating them like lambs, and God sent Metatron and one of the seraphim to ask the Grigori to do what was just, and leave humans alone. The Grigori refused by turning their argument against them. So God sent Metatron and Raphael to ask them to do what was intelligent and reasonable. Again, the Grigori turned that argument against them. So God sent Metatron and Gabriel, who asked them to show mercy to humanity and send their children somewhere else. And again, they refused.”

Joseph took a drink of water and turned the page.

“The fourth time, Metatron came with the seraph Uriel. Uriel told them, you’ve met the angels of justice, reason and mercy, and you said no to their requests. So God will be just, reasonable and merciful to his children, humanity, and will slaughter yours. They will henceforth be called the Nephilim, and will be hunted.

“Know that you have spoken with the Angel of Justice, Thought, and Mercy. Now you speak to the Angel of Death.” Bobby spoke as if in a trance, dragging the memory up from some wrinkled recess of his brain.
Joseph’s eyes snapped to Bobby’s face, a look of surprise on his face. “Yes. Exactly.” He looked back down at the book. “And God sent the great flood to rid the earth of the Nephilim. As in the great Biblical flood.”

John looked shaken. “Noah’s Ark.”

Joseph nodded. He jumped to his feet and began pulling down other books, until he had a large heap on the table. “We may be able to find out more about Azazel in some of these books.” He pulled up enough chairs for everyone. “Get comfortable. This may take a while.”

John and Vesi took the books in English. Bobby looked at the ones in Japanese and Aramaic. Joseph, of course, took the ones in Sumerian and Enochian.

Joseph eyed the baby-faced Pritchard carefully, and rose, selecting a newer volume from a shelf and sliding it across the table to him. Pritchard stared up at him, eyes going huge. “Really?” He looked at the other, older men, and waved the book in the air. It was a bound volume of the Bible Comic Books. “Are you all just gonna bust my balls? Forever?”

Reggie chewed his toothpick. “Probably.”

Joseph took pity and gave Pritchard the Book of Enoch. “Knock yourself out.”

The men spent hours poring over the old books, taking breaks occasionally to get a drink of water or snack from the kitchen, washing and drying their hands thoroughly before Joseph would let them near the books again.

Pritchard was the first to get a hit. “I got something. Azazel is the angel that taught men how to make weapons.”

Reggie looked up quickly at that.

“Says he also taught women how to make cosmetics,” Pritchard continued.

“Seriously?” John stared across the table at him.

Pritchard grinned, and read out loud. “And Azazel taught men to make swords, and knives, and shields, and breastplates, and made known to them the metals of the earth and the art of working them, and bracelets, and ornaments, and the use of antimony, and the beautifying of the eyelids, and all kinds of costly stones, and all colouring tinctures.’ They were secrets from Heaven. And Azazel passed them on to humans.”

Late morning passed into late afternoon.

Bobby found a mention of Azazel in a Sumerian text so old, the pages had to be handled with exquisite care so as not to make them crumble and crack. “This says that Azazel has the ability to enter the human mind and conjure up images.”

John found one brief mention. “Azazel is known for creating acts of chaos and mischief, purely because he enjoys it.” He sighed. “Great.”

Late afternoon turned to evening.

Vesi found an account of a visitation by Azazel, in which he showed no reaction to holy water and
was able to cross salt lines and “that the symbols of warding were powerless to stop him from gaining entrance.”

“Crap.” Bobby’s face fell.

Reggie turned up the most disturbing bit of lore. “As an angelic being, Azazel had the power to resurrect the dead, and heal the injured. These abilities did not disappear when he was cast out and became demonic. And Azazel is particularly known for his ability to create and manipulate fire.”

They decided to head back to Vesi’s house and figure out what to do next based on what they had learned, while Joseph continued his research on Azazel.

Bobby spoke to Joseph quietly, with restrained urgency. Joseph listened intently, and laughed. He went to a special cabinet, unlocked it, and removed the *Daemonolatreiae Libri Tres*.

Bobby stroked the cover like it was a newborn baby.

Bobby whispered in Joseph’s ear. Joseph laughed in earnest this time, and took the camera Bobby pulled from his pocket. Bobby held the book up next to his face and grinned as Joseph took a picture.

Bobby slid the camera back into his pocket. “Rufus is gonna shit bricks.”

They let Bobby have some time alone with the book, and went to the kitchen for some tea. No one spoke. They just drank their tea in silence and stared into space, lost in thought. When they came back into Joseph’s library, Bobby was furiously scribbling in his notebook.

Joseph said, “You should come back, spend a few days with it. And…you may copy it.”

Bobby wiped his eyes and tried to look gruff and stoic.

The men packed up their notes and thanked their host. On the way out, Joseph stopped Vesi in the hallway. “I don’t think I’m going to find that much more in books.” He spoke softly so the others couldn’t hear. “If you want to find out more, you’re going to need…other sources, I’m afraid.”

Vesi closed his eyes. “I was afraid of that.”

~

Back at Vesi’s house, John stepped into the office to call the boys.

“Hey, Dean.” John kept his voice light. “How’s it going?”

“Oh, you know. Pretty quiet. We’re just hanging out.”

“How is Sam doing?”

“Good. He’s good. He’s really a lot better.”

John’s eyelids fluttered shut. “Glad to hear it.”

“When are you coming back?”

“Tomorrow morning. We should be there by mid-afternoon.”

“Dad. Spivey…”
“He’s dead, Dean. Really dead.”

Dean said nothing for a long moment. “You’re sure.”

“I burned him myself. Nothing but ash and bones now.”

“Good.” Dean’s voice was soft with relief.

“I’ll fill you both in on everything when we get back.”

“Ok.”

“Oh, and Dean?” John tried to keep his tone conversational. “Everything been ok there? Nothing… unusual?”

“Dad. What’s going on?” Dean missed nothing. His voice was suddenly tight with concern.

“Just tell me.”

“Nope. Nothing unusual. At all. Why?”

“No weird dreams?”

“Reggie told you?”

“Yes. We… Dean. That may not have been just a dream.”

Silence on the other end of the line.

“I’ll tell you everything tomorrow. Just… Dean, just watch out for Sam.”

“I always do. Dad, what aren’t you—“

“There’s too much to get into now. Just keep an extra close eye on your brother. Stay in the house. We’ll be back tomorrow.”

As he was about to hang up the phone, Reggie was at John’s side, motioning that he wanted to talk to Dean. John passed the phone over. “Hitting the head before we take off,” he said.

“Hey, it’s Reggie. Did you…” Reggie cleared his throat. “Did you do that thing I asked you?”

“The ritual with the knives? Yeah. We did.”

Reggie blew out a breath of relief. “Good. Now I need you two to do something else for me. Keep them on you at all times. You got me? At all times. Either on you or under your pillow. If you’re in the shower, make sure they’re within arm’s reach. Promise me.”

“I promise. What’s going on? Should I be scared?”

Reggie paused, thinking. “No.”

Dean’s exhale of relief was audible through the phone.

“No. Just keep Sam as close to you as you can, and keep those knives on you.”

Back in Bobby’s house, Sam came up behind Dean and wrapped his arms around him, nuzzling Dean’s neck. “What did Dad say?”
Dean spun and pulled Sam to him, holding him tight, hand pressed to Sam’s head.

“Dean. You’re shaking.”

Dean just held him tighter, staring over Sam’s shoulder, looking around the room frantically. Sam’s fingers clutched at Dean convulsively. “What… Dean. You’re scaring me.”

Dean took a deep breath and willed himself to calm down. But he wouldn’t let go of Sam.

“We’re good. You’re safe, Sammy.” Dean held Sam close. “I’m here. You’re safe.”
Dean has to keep Sam safe and close. Bosie and Sam get a little closer than Dean likes. He reminds Sam that he belongs to Dean.

Merry Christmas! This is the first of three new chapters I wrote just to post on Christmas Day, as a thank you to you guys. I wrote up to the Thanksgiving and Aftermath chapters, and beyond. So I deleted those chapters I had written out of order, and put them in here. This Christmas update is 10,600 words, of which about 9,000 words are new and the other are the Thanksgiving-related material.

Sam had never seen Dean like this. Holding Sam as tight as he could, muscles taut. Dean was terrified.

“Hey. What’s going on? What did Dad say?” Sam tried to keep his voice calm, to try to bring Dean down a notch.

“Said we had to be careful. He said…” Dean thought. He didn’t want to say too much before everyone got back. He didn’t want to lie to Sam either. “He said the demon might try to come here.”

Sam stiffened in his grasp. “Why?”

“I don’t know.”

Sam pulled away and scrutinized Dean’s face.

“Sam, I seriously don’t know.” Dean took Sam’s hand and pulled him upstairs to their room. He took the knives up from the bedside table, turning them in his hands, and handed Sam’s to him. “Put it on. Reggie says we have to have these on us at all times or within arm’s reach. At all times. No exceptions.”

Sam slipped the sheathed knife onto his belt. Dean did the same.

Sam sat on the bed, looking scared and miserable. “Dean.” He said his brother’s name like the feel of the word in his mouth was a comfort. “Why is this happening?”

“We’ll figure it out. I promise.” Dean sat on the bed, back to the wall, and pulled Sam against him between his knees, wrapping both arms around Sam’s chest. Sam stared at the doodles on his cast. Finally, his hand moved to the knife and he pulled it out of its sheath. He held it in his hand, turning the blade, watching the light move along the symbols etched into it.
Dean held Sam. Keeping him close. Keeping him safe.

~

Ultimately the demands of a teenage boy’s stomach won out over fear, at least temporarily. “I’m hungry.”

Dean rubbed Sam’s arms. “Ok. Let’s make some sandwiches.”

They went into the kitchen and Dean pulled out everything in the refrigerator that might be good in a sandwich: heaps of sliced turkey and ham, cooked bacon, cheese, pickles, onions, and so on.

Sam stared at it all. It was enough to feed a small army. “I want the other hunters in here with us.” The tone of his voice made it clear it wasn’t a question.

Dean knew this would force them to put on the “just brothers” act. And he knew how much Sam loved being able to just be with Dean without having to be hypervigilant about looking at Dean the wrong way, standing a little too close, doing something to give their secret away. Sam wanting to give up their private time like this meant that he was absolutely terrified. “Sure.” Dean nodded. “Safer that way.”

“You wanna get started on sandwiches for all of us? I’ll go get them.”

Dean shook his head. “I’m not letting you out of my sight for a second, Sammy. We go together.” The tone of his voice made it clear this was not a suggestion. He wasn’t going to let Sam out of his sight under any circumstances.

That alone frightened Sam more than almost anything that had happened so far.

~

Sam and Dean went to the RVs, and explained to Zack, Bosie and Big Lou what little they knew about John and Reggie’s warnings about the demon. Their faces showed the same series of expressions that Dean’s had: shock, confusion, fear and resolve.

“We’d feel better if we knew you were in the house with us. Until they get back.”

“I’d feel a lot better too.” Zack smoothed back his long red hair into a ponytail.

They gathered their weapons and went back to the house with the boys. Inside, Sam and Dean laid out an assembly line to churn out enough sandwiches for everyone.

Bosie slipped in on Sam’s right. “I want to help.”

“Sure.” Sam pushed the packages of sliced meat and cheeses down the counter, and busied himself slicing red onion into nearly transparent rounds and pickles into thin slices.

Dean’s mouth tightened.

One thing common to nearly all hunters is few of them had strong food aversions, or if they did, they kept their mouths shut. You were lucky to get food at all, lucky to have survived another hunt, and any food was good food. So none of the people in the kitchen piped up with a request for some sandwiches without onion, or hold the mayo, or no pickles on mine. So the sandwich assembly line was simple. Dean slathered bread with mustard and mayonnaise, Sam laid down lettuce, onion, tomato and pickle, and Bosie put on the meat and cheese.
Bosie leaned across Sam to get to a package of salami he had neglected to slide her way, pressing her body against Sam’s side. Sam glanced down at her with a little smile.

The muscles in Dean’s jaw popped as he clenched his teeth. He knew they had to act like two normal brothers who were not in love with each other. And Bosie was a good cover. He knew Sam had to play along just a little, because it would have seemed weird and possibly suspect if he showed no interest in such a pretty girl. But it still stung.

Soon there was a stack of sandwiches on a giant platter. Bosie rummaged in the cupboards until she found a jar of powdered instant tea, and whipped up a pitcher with ice.

Dean was so not surprised when Bosie took the seat to Sam’s right. Dean settled into the chair across from them.

Bosie took a sip of tea. “I’m glad you had us come in.”

_I just bet you are_, Dean thought.

“Were you guys cold out there?”

“Not inside the RV. We’ve got propane space heaters. Pretty cozy, actually, when you’re inside.” Zack did not mention, of course, that they were mostly sitting outside keeping an eye out.

“It’s actually really nice inside ours,” Bosie chimed in. “I’ve got my own room, kinda. It’s the space above the cab. I can show you later.”

Dean’s fingers tightened on his sandwich.

“Maybe.” Sam looked across the table at Dean.

Dean kept his face placid. “Yeah, Sammy. Maybe she has some etchings to show you.”

Big Lou snorted, mouth full of sandwich. Bosie looked confused. “I don’t draw. But I do have this amazing ancient set of runes. Carved into bone.”

Sam’s face lit up. “Really? Anglo-Saxon?”

Bosie grinned. “Elder Futhark.”

Sam dropped his sandwich onto his plate. “No freakin’ way! How did you get them?”

Dean forced two sandwiches into his mouth, bite by bite, tasting none of it, while Sam and Bosie geeked out on runes, Tolkien and the I Ching.

The only thing keeping him in check was seeing how Sam’s face was no longer creased with fear and worry.

~

After lunch, Zack insisted that Bosie do her homework. He homeschooled her, because they weren’t able to stay in one place long enough. She stammered and protested, but he stood firm.

Bosie sat at the living room working on calculus. Zack and Big Lou were at the kitchen table, cleared of lunch, packing salt rounds. Sam and Dean were on the couch.

Dean threw his arm over the edge of the couch behind Sam. “Keep your geek ass right here, Sam.
You’re not fucking helping her with her homework.”

Sam squirmed on the couch like an eager puppy.

“I know. It’s calculus. Your favorite.” Dean leaned in, bringing his mouth closer to Sam’s ear. “But I’m tired of seeing her hanging all over you, Sam. You’re mine.” His voice was quiet but firm. “Got it? Mine.”

Sam closed his eyes, letting Dean’s voice sink into him. “Yeah.”

Dean glanced at Bosie, struggling with a problem. “Poor kid. Already falling in love with you. At least she has good taste.”

Sam smiled at that.

“I wonder what she’d think if she knew how much you love how I make you come, Sammy.”

Sam choked, masking it with a cough.

“Are you ok?” Bosie looked up at Sam with concern.

“Yeah. Fine. Just… coming down with something, maybe.”

Dean kept his body position casual. “Yeah. Coming down with a case of Christ I need your cock in my mouth right now.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered shut, and his mouth parted involuntarily.

“Bet you’d like that right now, wouldn’t you, baby boy. Getting on your knees right here, unzipping my jeans, taking my cock out. Sliding the head over your lips. Feel how hard you get me.” Dean let his voice drop a little lower. “And you do. You get me so fucking hard. Just thinking about you. Sucking me off.”

Sam shifted in place, legs parting.

“God, I want to do that to you right now. Feed you my cock. You’re such a good little cocksucker, Sammy. Fucking gifted. And you love it, don’t you.”

Bosie kept working on her homework. Zack and Big Lou kept packing salt rounds. And Sam bit his lip and struggled to maintain composure with his dick straining against his jeans, unable to touch Dean.

“Yeah.” Sam’s voice was so soft only Dean could hear him.

Dean smirked, looking over at Bosie. He let his fingers stroke Sam’s neck. Sam jumped and stared at Dean in horror.

“Too much, baby boy? Can’t keep it together if I actually touch you?”

Sam’s breath, coming faster, answered that question for him.

“Ok. I’ll just talk then.”

Sam dropped his head against the couch with a groan.

And Dean did. He talked to Sammy, quiet and low, and all kinds of sweet/filthy. “Christ, wanna
feel your mouth on me, suck me so good, just wrap my hands in your hair and pull your mouth onto my dick… right here, right now. Moaning ‘cause I taste so good, don’t I, sweetheart. Make you put on a real good show for her. Let her know exactly who you belong to. What you need.”

Sam dug his fingers into his thighs.

“Yeah, ‘cause she doesn’t have what you need, does she, Sammy.” Dean chuckled, low and wicked. “And even if she did, it wouldn’t be what you want, would it.”

Sam glanced at Dean, those spots of color in his cheeks bright red. He shook his head no.

“That’s right. You aren’t a cockslut. Just a slut for MY cock. Isn’t that right.”

Sam made a soft little sound, just for Dean.

“Bet you’d love a taste. Right now.” Dean dared to lean in closer, so close to touching Sam that he could feel Sam’s body heat radiating off him. “Bet you’d almost do it too, if I told you to. You want it that bad.”

Sam whipped his head around to stare at Dean, his eyes wide with a wordless plea. Pleading for him not to, or pleading for him to just fucking do it, neither of them was actually sure.

Dean clapped Sam on the shoulders hard. “Gotta drain the lizard,” he said in a loud, cheerful voice.

Bosie wrinkled her face. “Ew.”

Dean looked back over his shoulder at her. “Oops. Forgot there was a lady present. Um, I’m going to use the little general’s room.”

Sam pulled a pillow into his lap to hide his straining erection from Bosie.

Dean went around the corner toward the downstairs bathroom—and then stepped back into the hallway so that only Sam could see him.

He unzipped his jeans and pulled his cock out.

Sam’s jaw dropped open.

Dean stroked the underside of his shaft with the pads of his fingers, in that way that made him crazy.

Sam turned on the couch so his back was partially turned to Bosie, so she could not see his face, stunned and helpless and so fucking turned on he couldn’t hide it a second longer.

Dean bit his lip, staring at Sam, eyelashes fluttering closed for a second with the keenness of the pleasure of it, then opening wide, his green eyes gone dark emerald. He fisted his cock while Sammy stared, unable to do anything but watch.

Dean dug his fingers into the pillow on his lap, staring at Dean leaning against the wall, gorgeous, thick cock in his hand, working himself harder now, mouth open, tongue darting out to lick across his lips. Dean mouthed, “Sammy...” and threw his head back, eyes clenching shut as he came, came hard all over his fingers.

Sam sat bolt upright. “Oh god.”

“What?” Bosie looked up. Dean was out of her range of vision, but Sam still flinched.
Sam thought fast. “Uh, spider.”

Bosie shot Sam a disappointed look. “Really?”

Sam played it out. “It crawled OVER me. So you know.”

Dean tucked himself back in quickly and zipped up. He walked back into the living room. “What, is my baby brother scared of spiders? Figures.” His eyes shone at Sam warmly.

He came around and stood in front of Sam, his back to Bosie. “Big bad hunter, scared of a daddy longlegs?” His voice was light, teasing and playful.

Dean held up his right hand, fingers gleaming with come.

Sam’s breath stopped, eyes darting over Dean’s shoulder to Bosie, just three feet away, nose back in her book.

Dean brought his wet fingers to Sam’s mouth.

Sam shuddered and sucked on Dean’s fingers, licking the come off them.

“Good boy,” Dean whispered.

Sam lapped at Dean’s hand, and when he’d gotten it all, he let his head fall back on the couch with a groan.

“You really don’t sound good, Sam.” Bosie started to get up, but Sam waved her back down.

“Yeah, I’m feeling really…”

“What you need, Sam, is bed. And plenty of it.” Dean’s mouth twitched.

Sam nodded. “You’re right.”

Dean called out to the men in the kitchen. “Hey guys, we’re going to be in our room for a while. Help yourself to whatever you need.”

Big Lou waved at Dean with two fingers. “Gotcha.”

Bosie brushed her hair over her ear. “I could, like, bring you some tea later.”

Dean shut that down immediately. “That’s nice of you, but I think we should just let Sam stay in bed for a good long time. I think that’s what he needs most right now.”

Sam’s face, bright with color, really did look feverish. “Dean’s right. Thanks, though.”

Bosie looked disappointed, but nodded her acquiescence. “Hope you feel better soon.”

“Oh, I’m sure I’ll feel a lot better as soon as I lay down.” Sam did a beautiful deadpan expression, looking ever so sincere. It took a huge force of will for Dean to repress a burst of laughter.

They barely got into their bedroom before Sam was all over Dean. “Easy there, tiger,” Dean whispered. “Gotta lock the door.”

Dean snicked the deadbolt shut, and when he turned around, Sam had already stripped off his shirt and was kicking his shoes off.
Dean stared in admiration at his Sammy as he set the knife on the bed and pulled his jeans off.

“You liked that, huh?”

Sam took Dean’s hand, brought it to his cock. It was so painfully engorged, Dean groaned in sympathy. “Poor baby boy.”

Sam seized Dean’s mouth in his, licked into his mouth, moaning. Dean stroked Sam’s cock slowly with his right hand, running his left down Sam’s back and onto the soft skin of his ass. Sam pushed his hips forward into Dean’s fist, then backward against Dean’s hand on his ass, making Dean’s fingers slip between the cleft, rocked forward again and back.

“Love you like this, Sammy. When you need me this bad.”

“Always. Always need you this bad, Dean.” Sam wrapped his arms around Dean’s neck, and fucked into Dean’s fist shamelessly, arching his back as he pushed into Dean’s hand, fingers circling Sam’s rim.

Dean stopped what he was doing, earning a reproachful look from Sam, and quickly grabbed up the little bottle of lube he’d stashed in the bedside table’s drawer. He poured a liberal amount into his left hand, flipped the bottle closed and tossing it on the floor, then smeared lube on the fingers of his right. “Come here, baby boy.”

Sam stood in front of him like he was before, and gasped when Dean slid his fist down his cock and slipped the fingers of the other hand down the crack of his ass.

“You need this so fucking bad.”

Sam moaned, nodding his assent.

“Need it from ME.”


“Made me crazy, seeing you flirt with her like that.” Dean slid his fingers up and down Sam’s cock, so slowly, moving down lower and holding Sam’s balls, heavy and warm, in his hand.

He tugged gently. Sam pressed his mouth against Dean’s shoulder and gasped, open-mouthed.

“You’re mine. You understand?”

“Yours. Only you.” Sam pumped his hips, frantic for more sensation, but Dean held him, gave him only what he wanted to give him.

Dean circled the tips of two fingers along Sam’s tight little rim, pressing gently but not enough to penetrate.

Sam gave a soft cry.

“You gonna be able to keep quiet, sweetheart? Or am I going to have to gag you?”

Sam shivered.”I’ll be quiet,” he whispered.

Dean made tiny circles with his wet fingertips, fisted Sam’s cock slowly.

“Jesus, Dean… please.” Sam tried to fuck himself faster on Dean’s fingers, but Dean wouldn’t let
“This is what you get, Sammy. This is what happens when you flirt with someone right in front of my fucking nose.” Dean pressed his two fingers a little harder. Sam just opened to him, his body unable to hide how desperately it wanted Dean. “You tortured me all afternoon and I couldn’t do a damn thing about it. So I’m gonna torture you all night.” Dean chuckled. “And you aren’t going to be able to do a damn thing about it. Just take it.”

Sam moaned, helpless and sweet.

“Well, get on the bed.”

Sam obeyed.

Dean pulled a chair up to the foot of the bed and tossed the little bottle of lube to Sam. “Now show me how bad you want it.” He sat back in the chair, fully clothed, his gaze devouring the sight of Sam completely naked and hard for him.

Sam stared at Dean, his shyness warring with his exhibitionistic streak.

“Come on, baby boy. Show me.”

Sam blushed so hard his entire face went red. But he drizzled his fingers with lube and spread his legs for Dean.

“Wider.”

Sam stretched his thighs open wider.

“Put your hand on your cock.”

Sam did what Dean told him, eyes fluttering closed.

“Uh-uh. Eyes open. Look at me.”

Sam swallowed, and obeyed.

“Keep going.”

Sam stroked his cock.

“Nice.” Dean swallowed. “That’s real nice, Sammy.”

Sam moved his hand down lower, tugged on his balls, biting his lip to hold back a moan. Emboldened by what he saw on Dean’s face, he brought his left hand up, ran the fingers over the head of his cock as he massaged his balls and perineum with his right.

“Jesus fucking Christ…” Dean moaned.

Sam started working his cock with his right hand, pinching his nipples with the other. “Is this good?” His voice was soft, unsure.

“Yeah. That’s real good. So fucking good.”

Sam switched to his left hand, pulled his right thigh back, stroking the underside of his leg, making these soft little moans that drove Dean crazy.
“Feels good, Sammy?”

“Mmmm…” Sam let his right hand wander lower, petting his hole.

“I like that. Keep doing that.”

Sam stroked and petted himself, stretching his legs even wider open.

Dean could not repress a groan, and palmed his hardening cock.

Sam licked his lower lip, brought both legs back, presenting his tight pink rim for Dean’s viewing pleasure, and stroked it with the fingers of both hands.

“Please… can I?”

Dean closed his eyes. “Gonna be the death of me.” He opened them again.”Can you what? Tell me what you want.”

Sam’s legs were splayed wide open, knees pulled back, entirely open to Dean’s view, but he still blushed harder at having to say the words. “Can I put my fingers inside?”

“Fuck. Yes. Do it.”

Sam breached himself with two fingers, just to the first knuckle.

Dean sucked in a deep, shuddering breath.

“Good boy.” He gripped the arms of the chair. “Now… deeper.”

Sam pushed his fingers in deeper. “God. Oh god. Dean.”

“That feel good?”

“Yeah,” Sam breathed.

“Come on, baby boy. Fuck yourself.”

Sam worked his fingers all the way inside his ass, and fucked them in and out. He started fisting his cock with his other hand.


Sam dropped his left hand to the bed with a whimper.

“Come on. Fuck yourself on your fingers. Harder. Show me.”

Sam stabbed his fingers inside of himself, spreading his ass wide open with his left hand, showing himself to Dean.

Dean let Sam writhe on his fingers for a good long time.

“You want my cock inside you?”

Sam shuddered. “Jesus Dean please, please, I want you so bad…”

“You sure? Sure I’m what you want? ‘Cause I can go get her. If you’d rather.” Dean’s eyes glinted, and Sam suddenly remembered that jealousy was called the green-eyed monster.

With that, Dean was on his feet, stripping his clothes off as he came to Sam, flinging his shirt to the floor, kicking off shoes and jeans, barely retaining the presence of mind to put his knife on the end table before falling on Sam like a starving man.

“Say it.” Dean licked and bit at Sam’s neck.

“Oh god.”

“Say it, Sammy, or I won’t do it.”

“Fuck me.”

Dean suckled on Sam’s ear, making him arch his back and gasp. “Fuck you…where?”

Sam buried his face in Dean’s shoulder. He whispered, “Fuck my ass.”

Dean bit down on Sam’s earlobe. “Uh-uh. Look at me. Look at me and tell me what you need.”

Sam swallowed, chest heaving once, twice, then tipped his head up, and looked Dean in the eyes. “Please. Fuck my ass.”

Dean shuddered and took Sam’s mouth in his, kissing him hard, nipping and sucking at his lower lip. “Good boy. So good for me.” He lowered himself between Sam, lined himself up at Sam’s entrance, and pushed gently.

Sam pushed up, opening to Dean, stretching wide open around his cock, taking him inside in a smooth, steady motion.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sam…” Dean’s voice was wrecked. He buried himself to the hilt, grabbed onto Sam’s sweat-slick shoulders, and tried desperately not to come on the first stroke.

Sam writhed, gripping Dean’s back, and begged, the words loosed from his mouth in a steady stream. “Please, oh god, please, fuck me, Dean, fuck me, need you so bad, come on, please, I need you, need to come for you, please let me come for you…”

Dean had planned to fuck Sam slow and deep for a long, long time before he let him come, planned to make him sweat and sob and beg so pretty for a long, long time before he wrapped his fingers around his cock and told him to come for him. He had planned so much.

But plans often go awry. And no man could resist Sammy’s breathless, desperate pleas, so hot and tight around him.

Dean pulled back and fucked into Sam hard, making Sam jolt beneath him with each thrust. “Ok, Sammy, come for me, come on my cock…”

Sam’s mouth opened, and Dean knew it, could see it all over Sam’s face that this orgasm was going to be a fucking earthquake, knew that Sam was not going to be able to hold back a scream.

Quickly, Dean sealed his mouth over Sam’s and swallowed the cries forced out of Sam as he wrapped his legs around Dean, hands scrabbling down his sweat-slick back, and broke apart beneath him, crying out over and over as the pleasure crested, kicked higher and then higher again, until Sam was actually screaming into Dean’s mouth.
And that, that moment, with his brother, the love of his life, his Sammy screaming out his pleasure into Dean’s open mouth, set off Dean’s orgasm, blasting through him like water punching through a crack in a dam, sweeping away everything in its path: the lingering anger at what John and Bobby had done that led to Sam being hurt, the terror that a yellow-eyed demon had actually been in the room with them that night, the same yellow-eyed demon that had pinned their mother to the ceiling and burned her up, the trivial but stinging pain of watching Sam having to play normal and flirt with Bosie, all swept away.

Just Sam.

Only Sam.

~

They fell asleep, locked in each other’s arms.

Dean did not dream. This time, it was Sam.

Sam awoke, gasping for breath, his knife clenched in his hand so hard his knuckles were white.

“Sammy?”

Dean went from dead sleep to wide awake in a second, reaching for his own knife with one hand, and Sam with the other.

Dean looked around the room, but saw nothing.

Sam struggled to breathe, to calm himself.

“Was something here?”

Sam shook his head no. He could not speak.

“Nightmare?”

Sam nodded furiously.

“Tell me.” Dean’s expression was serious.

Sam panted, holding up one hand in a gesture that meant, “Hang on.” He struggled for breath, panic building.

Dean lay back, pulled Sam against him, letting his ribcage open completely. He put the palm of his right hand flat against Sam’s solar plexus. “Plenty of air, Sammy. It’s ok.”

Sam drew a deep breath, and shuddered like it hurt.

“It’s ok.” Dean stroked Sam’s chest with his fingertips. “Breathe with me.” Dean breathed in, his chest rising beneath Sam’s back. Sam inhaled along with Dean.

“Now out.” Sam’s breath punched out of him fast, and he was gasping again.

“Breathe with me. Come on.”

Dean tried again. He drew a slow, deep breath. This time, Sam followed his pace better, letting his chest expand in tandem with Dean’s, exhaling more slowly.
It took 21 breaths before Sam was breathing calmly and deeply, right along with Dean on the inhale and exhale.

“Thank you.”

“I’d say any time but that scared the shit out of me, Sam.”

“I’m sorry.” Sam sat up.

“What did you dream?”

Sam shook his head. “It was… I was back in the warehouse. They were holding my head in the bucket.” He closed his eyes. “Dean. It was like… I was drowning. I mean, not just that my head was in the water and I couldn’t breathe. I was dying.”

Dean’s mouth twitched and his hands formed into fists.

“Spivey pulled me out, and waited until I’d almost caught my breath, and he did it again. And again. And the last time? When he pulled me out?”

Sam’s face was pale.

“It wasn’t Spivey any more. It was Dad.”
In the morning, as they packed up to return to Bobby’s house it didn’t take long for the argument to start.

“You have to tell them.” Bobby’s face was turning red.

“In case you two had forgotten, they’re MY sons and I don’t have to tell them a damn thing.” John stuffed a flannel shirt into his duffel. “And you weren’t listening. I didn’t say I wasn’t going to tell them. I said I want to wait until after Thanksgiving.”

“You don’t think Sam needs to know right freakin’ now that there may be a demon on his ass?”

John spun around to face Bobby. “I’d rather go to my grave without Sam EVER knowing that.”

John rubbed his jaw. “I mean, what’s he going to do? What do you do with that?”

Bobby glared at him.

“Anyway, it’s only going to scare the hell out of him. And it doesn’t do any good. Until we know more, get some... some kind of handle on this. What it wants. What we can do to stop it.” John turned his back. “Until then, we just tell them part of the truth, let them have a nice Thanksgiving, for once. Christ, just for once, Bobby.” John shouldered his duffel. “You know how rough those boys have had it over the holidays.” His eyes were bloodshot, pleading with Bobby for understanding.

Bobby dropped his gaze to the floor, and exhaled. “Ok.”

“Reggie?”

Reggie, who had wisely stayed out of the entire exchange, nodded. “I’ll back you. But what are we going to tell them when we get back?”

John thought for a moment. “We tell them as much of the truth as it’s safe to. Tell them Spivey was alive. That the demon resurrected him. That... that it was to mess with me. That it knows I’m after it for what it did to Mary, and it wanted to send a message. To back off.”

Bobby and Reggie pondered this. It was plausible enough—enough for a few days, at least.

The drive back was quiet. Nobody much wanted to speak.

At the sound of the car pulling up to the house, Sam and Dean appeared on the front porch.

John greeted them with long hugs. “You boys good?”

“Yessir.” Sam beamed up at John, still reveling in the relative newness of John’s approval and love focused on him, instead of their fractious relationship before this whole thing began.
It twisted inside Dean’s gut. Knowing that soon Sam would have to learn the painful truth, and that he might never look at John with that kind of love again.

His eyes met his father’s. A wealth of things unspoken passed between them.

“Let’s go in. It’s freezing out here.” John thumped Sam on the back, and they all went inside.

Bobby whipped up some Singer Specials, and passed them out to everyone in the living room.

John explained the story as they had agreed upon. Sam started shaking visibly when John talked about Spivey, breathed an audible sigh of relief when he got to the part where Reggie put a knife in him and how they salted and burned him, and went pale to learn that it appeared the demon had apparently resurrected him, tortured him, and left him for John to find as a message to back off because he’d gotten too close.

John promised that he was going to lay low, and let Joseph and Vesi dig deeper, now that they knew what they were up against. In the meantime, Sam and Dean and John and everyone should be safe.

John was a master spinner of tales. He was so persuasive he could have sold crack to a nun and made her believe she was doing God’s work.

Dean watched Reggie’s face as John talked. Reggie could not meet Dean’s gaze.

Dean swore under his breath.

Bobby said, “We found out more about him. This demon. His name is Azazel.” Bobby told them what they had learned during their research at Joseph’s.

This time, it was Dean who went pale. “Dad. That’s… that thing is pretty far up the food chain.”

Everybody fell silent. It was not good to have drawn the attention of such a powerful being.

“I know, son. But we’re gonna be ok.”

“How can you be sure?”

John’s smile was warm, blinding, his confidence infectious. “Because we’re Winchesters.” He leaned forward and put his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “That thing wants me to back off? I’m backing off. I’m not going to risk you two in some… some obsessive need for vengeance.” John turned to Sam. “I took you boys for granted before. I always assumed you’d be there. You’d be ok. But I learned my lesson. I won’t do anything to put you at risk. So I’m going to let this go for now. That thing is too powerful, and until we know a hell of a lot more, going after it is a suicide mission.”

Sam was entirely convinced.

Dean didn’t let his doubts show.

John went to take a shower, and Bobby headed into his office to call Rufus and gloat.

Dean put his hand on Reggie’s shoulder, holding him back. “Anything I should know?”

Reggie’s smile was reassuring. “Nope.”

Still, something pulled at Dean. Something not quite right. But he let it go. It was nearly
Thanksgiving, and for the first time in a long time, they were going to have the whole deal, in a real house, with Dad there, and sober, and other people. And an actual turkey that was not from Kentucky Fried Chicken.

And Dean was tired of the strife and drama and angst and pain. He had his Sammy back. He was with Sam in every sense of the word, finally. Sam had forgiven him for the harsh things he’d said before Sam was taken. Sam and John were finally getting along, not at each other’s throats. Even if it was based on a lie, Dean was tired.

He’d take it. Just for a little while. Sam deserved to have a nice Thanksgiving, safe and warm and surrounded by family, such as it was. And he figured, maybe so did he.

~

“Keep your hands off the pie, Dean. We haven’t even had dinner yet.”

Dean eyed the apple-pecan pie cooling on the countertop.

“You baked that?”

“Yeah. I baked that. But that one’s for everyone. So hands off.”

“It just looks so freakin’ good.”

Sam looked at the crowd of hunters assembled in the living room with John and Bobby, all caught up in a board game, of all things, and took Dean’s hand. “Come on,” he whispered, tugging Dean upstairs to their room and locking the deadbolt behind them.

There, on the table next to Dean’s side of the bed, was a small, individually sized apple pie. On the bed itself were two large folded towels.

Sam bit his lip, hazel eyes locked on Dean’s green ones. “I was saving this for after. Think we have time right now?”

Dean groaned, staring at the apple pie. The towels. At Sam.

“I thought you could, you know… eat it off me.” Sam stuck two fingers into the pie, coating them with sweet cinnamon-scented syrup, and brought them to Dean’s mouth. Dean licked and sucked them without an ounce of shame, not caring how debauched he looked. Actually, he did care. And loved it. Loved seeing how Sam’s eyes darkened, how his breath sped up, how his hand trembled.

“Sam. Marry me.”

“Yes.”

Dean had been joking. He thought.

Sam was joking too. He thought.

A second later, they realized neither one had been joking at all.

“I know we can’t do it legal, Sam, but…”

“We can do a ritual.”

Dean pulled Sam to him, claiming his mouth, smearing pie filling all over Sam’s lips, kissing him
hard, sweet and messy. Sam melted into him, kissing him for a long, long time.

Sam pulled away, just a bit. “Two things. First, I want a ring and a date.”

Dean smiled. “Ok. What else?”

Sam pressed up against Dean. “Probably should wait until I’m 18, huh.”

Dean smiled, unbuckling Sam’s belt and tugging his jeans off. “If I have to.” He reached down, pulled Sam’s cock out. “Eat it off you, you said?”

Sam shivered. “Yeah. That was the plan.”

Dean scooped up a handful of warm apple pie and smeared it over Sam’s cock. “I like your plan.” He sank to his knees and took Sammy into his mouth, sucking the spiced, syrupy juices off him. He gripped Sam’s hips hard, moaning at the combination of his favorite thing to eat, and his favorite thing to have in his mouth.

Dean went absolutely crazy, licking the pie off Sam, sucking and hollowing out his cheeks, moaning like it was the best thing he’d ever tasted, and it was. It honestly was. Apple pie and Sam, mingling on his tongue. He lifted little pieces of apple and crust off with his tongue, chewed and swallowed them with little sounds so wanton they literally made Sam’s knees shake, jacking himself off as he sucked Sam off.

It wasn’t long before Sam was clutching Dean’s head, spilling warm and salty into his mouth. The taste of it mingling with the sticky-sweet apple pie, made Dean swear, suck the head of Sam’s cock hard, trying to pull as much come out of him as he possibly good. “Holy hell, Sam.” He braced his forehead against Sam’s stomach, shuddering as he came. “Holy hell.”

~

The kitchen was a hive of activity. Bobby checked the temperature of the 28 lb turkey, stuffed with his grandfather’s secret stuffing recipe, swathed with butter-soaked cheesecloth. Bosie pinched the ends off a giant pile of green beans. John poured a generous dose of Barbados rum into the huge crockpot filled with simmering apple cider with orange slices and cinnamon sticks.

Reggie stood over the biggest cast iron pan Sam and Dean had ever seen, whisking the browned mixture of flour and butter, adding turkey juices Bobby had poured into a fat separator an hour before.

Sam and Dean exchanged private glances over the large heap of potatoes on the kitchen table, peeling the leathery skins off in long strips. Under the table, Dean bumped Sam’s knee with his leg.

Sam stared at the pile of potatoes, but his smile, achingly sweet, was all for Dean.

~

Two hours later, the potatoes, mashed not beaten (“Keep your damn mitts off it, John. Too important to screw up.”) by Bobby were placed on the long dining room table, along with a dizzying array of side dishes brought by the motley crew of hunters that had made the pilgrimage to Bobby’s house, in honor of the boys. Jeweled cranberry sauce, orange-and-pink fresh cranberry relish ground with whole oranges and walnuts, a heavily spiced chutney of some sort, maple syrup yams dusted with cayenne (“That’s my own personal recipe,” Reggie had said with a wink.), stuffed sweet potatoes with pecans and bacon, creamed pearl onions, marinated cucumber salad,
roasted Brussels sprouts with bacon, thick Southern-style biscuits, Bobby’s secret-recipe stuffing, corn pudding, a seemingly endless spread.

Bobby’s turkey was set before him at one end of the table, and a massive glazed ham on the other end in front of John. The table bristled with bottles of various liquids: red wine, white wine, champagne, non-alcoholic cider, cranberry juice, and mugs of spiked apple cider. A fire blazed in the fireplace, and ruby tapers in candlesticks were placed along the cranberry-colored runner down the middle of the table.

John stood. “Thank you all for being here. I’m more grateful than I can say. It’s not often that me and my boys get to have this kind of thing. And I know it’s the same for all of you.” He looked around the table at the assortment of people, people who had sacrificed so much to keep the world safer, given up having families of their own, normal lives, all to be hunters.

“So today means a lot. And it means a lot more, what with what my family has been through over the last month.” John looked at Sam and Dean. “I’m thankful for all of you and the help you gave us. But most of all, I’m thankful for my two sons.”

All eyes turned to them.

“I did the best I could to raise them without their mother. And I know—“John’s voice cracked. “I know I messed it up. Let Mary and you boys down. But you turned out so well anyway. Probably because you had each other. And Dean… you really… I can’t even thank you enough. For how you took care of Sammy. Better care than I did.”

Dean swallowed hard, trying to retain some semblance of composure.

“I always knew they were exceptional boys, but they proved themselves to be exceptional men, and fine hunters.” John’s face shone with pride and love. “I love you both, and I’m so proud to call you my sons.”

Sam and Dean both wiped their hands across their eyes.

Dean cleared his throat. “We love you too, Dad.” He went on. “Um, I want to say thanks to all of you. For what you did for Sam.” Under the table, he put his hand on Sam’s knee. “Sam’s…” Dean bit his lip, looking at Sam. “He’s the best brother anyone could ever hope to have. And I’m damn lucky he’s mine.”

Sam beamed, squeezing Dean’s hand under the table. The specific phrasing Dean had used was not lost on Sam.

And Sam was not the only one at the table that caught that.

Quickly, unnoticed by everyone else present, Bobby and Reggie exchanged a glance.

Sam spoke next. “I don’t even know how to begin to thank all of you. You’ve done so much.” He looked at every one in turn. “I can’t ever pay you back. But I’ll try.” He took a moment. “First off, I’m thankful I’m still here.”

No one said anything, but nodded.

“And I’m thankful I met Reggie. Who’s awesome.” Reggie grinned, chewing on his toothpick.

“And Bobby. And Dad.” Sam searched for words. “I love you guys.”
Sam turned his eyes to Dean. He didn’t even have to say anything. But he did. “And Dean. All my life, I wanted to be as good as him. At something.” An expression of pain flickered across Dean’s face. “I’m serious. You’re so good at everything. Shooting, fighting, running, hunting, driving, everything. And you were just the coolest thing ever.”

A ripple of laughter issued from the people at the table.

“I just tried to live up to him. And I know you guys were all, wow, what you did when they took you was amazing. But I…” Sam’s voice thickened, and he paused to let the emotion subside. “That wasn’t really me. That was Dean. All I did was try to do what I thought Dean would do in that situation. Live up to his example.”

Dean tried to remain cool, but he couldn’t prevent the tear from rolling down his face.

“People can make you better or worse. And Dean makes me better. He’s the best brother ever.” Sam’s eyes were wet. “And I’m glad he’s mine.”

Bobby raised his glass again. “We’re glad you boys have each other.”

Reggie raised his glass as well. “You two make a hell of a pair.”

John raised his glass. “To Sam and Dean.”

Everyone at the table raised a glass or mug. “To Sam and Dean.”

Sam and Dean turned red under the weight of the attention, but sat up straight and let it wash over them. Under the table, Dean twined his fingers in Sam’s.

Bobby stood. “Sam. We’d like you to carve the turkey.”

Sam was stunned. Carving the turkey was what the man of the house did.

John nodded, his face lit up with pride. “Go ahead, son. You’re a man now.”

Sam stood, cheeks stained pink, and moved to the head of the table. He took the carving fork and knife Bobby handed him. He stood there for a moment, all eyes on him. Then deftly, as though he had practiced this a hundred times, he sliced off the leg and wing, flipped them onto the empty platter, and began carving perfect, even strips of white meat.

“Damn, son. I should have had you do this all along.” Bobby shook his head.

Dean watched Sam elegantly carve the turkey, slicing medallions of dark meat off the thigh, separating the drumsticks, all techniques absorbed simply by watching others do it over the years. Because Sam was just that smart.

He watched Sam, the memory of their secret kisses earlier still tingling on his lips, the scent of Sam all over him. Sam at the head of the table, bathed in love and praise.

His Sammy.

Dean closed his eyes, folded his hands under the table, and from his lips issued a prayer of thanks.

~

The food was demolished, pies inhaled, and everyone retired to their RVs, bedrooms, spare rooms and couches.
Sam snicked the deadbolt shut and crawled onto the bed next to Dean.

Dean lay on his back, already wearing his baggiest flannel pajamas. He rested both hands on his engorged stomach.

“Gonna die,”

Sam pulled up the hem of his long flannel pajama top and ran his hand over Dean’s tummy, stuffed full to bursting. “So adorable.”

“Cut it out, Sammy.” Dean didn’t try to swat Sam’s hand away.

Sam rubbed Dean’s swollen abdomen gently. “Someday you’ll be old like Bobby with a belly just like this.”

“And you’ll leave me for an underwear model. I know.”

Sam stared at Dean in feigned shock. “I would never!” His voice dropped into a whisper. “Never.” He kissed Dean’s stomach. “I like your belly.”

“Really?” Dean pushed up on his elbows to stare at Sam.

“Yeah. It’s cute. Feels good.” Sam kissed it again. “And it means…”

“What?”

“Means you got enough to eat.” Sam rested his cheek lightly against Dean’s belly, remembering all the times Dean gave him the lion’s share of what little food was in the house.

Dean remembered it too.

“I’ll love you when you’re old and fat.”

Dean met Sam’s gaze, something vulnerable and unsure in his eyes.

“Promise?”

Sam pressed his mouth to Dean’s belly once more. “Promise.”
Dean didn’t trust his father. Didn’t trust that they were safe. That Sam was safe. Way too much was lingering in the air unsaid in that house. He didn’t trust it. So true to his word, Dean didn’t let Sam out of his sight. He even trailed him to the bathroom, much to Sam’s loud protests.

“No way in hell.”

Dean stood in the doorway, arms crossed, a look of dogged stubbornness on his face. “I’m not getting off on this. But I’m not leaving you anywhere alone.”

Sam stared at Dean in growing disbelief. “You’re really… you’re gonna just…”

Dean exhaled. “Fine. I’ll turn my back.”

Sam stood over the toilet bowl.

The room was silent.

The room continued to be silent.

“Dude are you gonna—“

“I can’t do it with you—“

They spoke at the same time.

‘Seriously. I can’t pee with you like, right there.”

“Sam.”

“I literally can’t do it.”

Dean shook his head. “Not going anywhere.”

Sam suddenly looked up at Dean, eyes wide with horror. “You’re not going to stand there when I have to…”

Silence.

“No. Just… fucking no, Dean, ok? If some demon comes and snatches me from the bathroom, then that’s just my time to die and that’s it.”

Dean turned, protesting, as Sam shoved him out into the hallway and shut the door.

“I’m locking it.”
“Hell you are.”

“Dean!”

Bobby stuck his head around the corner. “What the hell are you boys on about?”

Sam’s voice reverberated against the tile walls of the bathroom. “Dean wants to watch me pee!”

Bobby’s face showed a startling series of emotions. Then he backed away. “There are some things I just don’t need to know.”

Dean sputtered, red-faced. “Bobby! I wasn’t… it’s not… I was just… Reggie said not to let him out of my sight!”

Inside the bathroom came the sound of Sam peeing…and chuckling.

~

The jovial post-Thanksgiving mood didn’t last long. Something was in the air. Something unspoken. Bobby and Reggie were constantly exchanging looks with each other. John acted unnaturally cheerful but didn’t actually talk much, and avoided the two men as much as possible. He spent a lot of time with Sam, just the two of them, going over lore, walking around Bobby’s compound, playing chess. Sam unfurled under the warmth of his father’s attention, face lit up like it was Christmas Day every time John sat down next to Sam on the couch and said, “Up for a game?” or ran Latin with him in a rapid-fire call and response.

The warmer things got with John and Sam, the colder things became with John and Bobby.

It took two weeks for it to finally come to a head.

Everyone ate breakfast on their own, as they had been for about a week. Sam made cheesy eggs and Dean made bacon.

Sam and Dean ate slowly, Dean snatching bacon from Sam’s plate as Sam ate while engrossed in a book, Sam smacking his hand when he noticed. Afterward, they went out to the garage because Dean really wanted to show Sam how to take a carburetor apart and put it back together. But even with the space heater, it was too cold, so they came back inside within a few minutes and settled down on the huge couch in front of the fire. They slumped down so they couldn’t be seen, Sam leaning on Dean in a way that to someone who wasn’t looking hard would appear simply as two brothers who were very close.

The grownups were in Bobby’s office with the door closed.

Soon the sound of raised voices became audible.

Sam and Dean listened. It was hard to make out at first, other than the occasional goddamn or son-of-a-bitch.

Then the voices got louder.

“Damn it, John, every day you don’t tell them, you’re putting them at risk. You have to tell them.”

“Actually, I don’t. I can protect them.”

“From a demon on Sam’s ass? How in the nine levels of hell are you going to do that?”
“And how exactly is telling them going to help in any appreciable fucking way, Bobby? How will knowing make Sam any safer? It won’t. And I’m sick of talking about it. I changed my mind. I told you that. The answer is no.”

The door to Bobby’s office flew open, and John stalked out into the hallway, his face that precise shade of violent red that made Sam and Dean flinch in fear. Fear born of longstanding experience. Bobby was close on John’s heels, Reggie trailing behind. “You don’t have the right to hold that information back from him. You have to—“

John turned on his heels and shoved his finger in Bobby’s face.

“Don’t you tell me what to do with my boys.”

“All the time I spent raising them while you were just…gone… they’re as much MY boys now as they are yours.” Bobby’s face was equally red, the veins in his neck pulsing visibly.

Reggie slipped into the narrow space between them.”Cool your jets.” His voice was measured and calm. “John. We talked about this. Talked it all out. Right?”

John just stared at Reggie, jaw working but no words coming out.

“Remember what they did. In that warehouse. What kind of men they are.” John’s gaze broke, unable to meet Reggie’s eyes. “Are you telling me you don’t think they can handle finding out?”

“Or maybe you’ve just gotten used to lying because it’s easier.”

Sam and Dean raised their heads over the back of the couch, shocked to hear Bobby speak to their dad with such vehemence.

“You’re one to talk, Robert. You seem perfectly goddamn happy to keep your mouth shut about the other thing. What, are you scared you’re going to lose your make-believe-son? Scared Sammy’s not going to love you anymore when he finds out what you did?”

“What we did. You and me both. And when Sam finds out me and his daddy are responsible for what happened to him? Find out what we did? You…” Bobby wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “You actually think he’s only going to hate me?”

“Dad?” Sam’s voice made the air shiver.

All three men whipped their heads around to look at Sam and Dean sitting in the living room staring back at them with questioning, wary looks on their faces.

“Oh my god.” All the color drained from John’s face.

Bobby gave a bitter laugh. “Jig’s up now.”

Dean put his arm around Sam protectively, and pulled him closer.

~

Nobody spoke. Dean closed his eyes, fighting back the sick feeling in his stomach.

“Dad.”

Suddenly tears were streaming down John’s face. He came to Sam on the couch, dropped to his
knees in front of him, and pulled Sam into a massive bear hug. He just held Sam, stroking his hair, for what felt like forever. “Sam. I love you. So much. More than I—” His voice cracked. “Forgive me.”

“Dad. You’re really scaring me.” Sam tried to laugh, but the stricken face of Bobby and the deep sorrow etched into Reggie’s features terrified him.

“Tell him. He has a right to know.” Bobby sat down in the chair nearest the fire.

Reggie went for the whiskey. He handed the first tumbler to Sam.

Sam couldn’t speak, only stared up at Reggie. “Drink it, son.” Sam did so, wincing at the burn. Reggie put his hand on Sam’s shoulder, squeezed it, and then retreated to stand next to Bobby.

John stood up, shaky on his feet, and crossed to the fireplace, bracing himself on the mantelpiece. “You remember that demon sympathizer me and Bobby captured and interrogated?”

Sam shook his head, his mouth in a tight line. He remembered. Remembered the squirming in his stomach when John said Those things aren’t human. There’s no Geneva Convention for them.

“It turns out that was Spivey’s son.”

The shaking in Sam’s body started out small. Just the merest tremble that only Dean could feel. He gripped Sam tighter.

“Spivey found his…” John turned his head away, unable to continue.

“Found his body.” Bobby’s voice was all grit and sadness.

Sam breathed in sharply.

“He had some kind of psychic ability. From the demon blood. When he touched him, he was able to… to see things. See what happened to him. See who had done it.”

John turned to face Sam. “He wanted revenge against me. For what I did to his boy. So he came after mine.”

Sam closed his eyes, and grabbed onto Dean’s knee, trying to pull warmth and comfort from the feel of him. The tremors running through his body grew worse. Remembering the torture at Spivey’s hands. Remembering the dream he’d had the night before about Spivey turning into John.

When Sam spoke, his voice was soft. “Please, mister, don’t hurt me anymore.”

John and Bobby flinched like Sam had thrown scalding water in their faces.

“That’s what he said. Didn’t he? The boy. When you tortured him for information. ‘Please, mister, don’t hurt me anymore.’”

John’s mouth was frozen open.

Suddenly Sam was on his feet. Dean rose too, prepared to hold him back from lunging at John, to catch him if he crumbled, ready for anything.

Sam just stood, hands clenched at his sides, shaking. “I remember. It was weird. Spivey told me to say that. He grabbed me by the throat and told me to say that back to him, while he was torturing me.”
Sam’s huge eyes seemed bottomless, a terrible realization building. “He knew. Didn’t he. He saw it when he touched his kid? In some kind of vision.” Sam closed his eyes, swaying on his feet. Dean put his hand on Sam’s shoulder to steady him. “He was recreating what he saw. Doing to me what...”

John moved toward Sam. “Son, you have to understand—“

Sam’s eyes flicked open, and the expression in them stopped John dead in his tracks. “Doing to me every thing you did to his son.”

John closed his eyes and bowed his head.

Sam’s focus switched to Bobby, who withered under his gaze. “Didn’t he.”

Bobby couldn’t speak.

Sam looked back at his father. “Didn’t he.”

John screwed up his courage and raised his eyes to meet his youngest son’s. “Yes.”

~

Sam stared at John, the man who had rocked him in his arms and sung him Doors songs off-key, who ruffled his hair and smelled like Old Spice and taught him how to shoot and who was his dad… and who had taken a young man (NOT a person, Dean. Ain’t you been listening? A demon sympathizer) and beaten him until his ribs cracked and pulled out his fingernails and shocked him with a cattle prod and half-drowned him over and over… every bit of pain and fear he felt inflicted upon Sam, every scream of agony and silent prayer for release felt by Sam.

Sam shook his head, hair spilling into his eyes, and backed away from his father.

John reached out to him. “Sam. Please. We thought he was one of them. Not human anymore.”

That caught Sam’s attention.

“You thought.”

John winced.

“Might as well tell him all of it. In for a penny, in for a pound.” Bobby pushed his baseball cap back on his head.

Sam turned his eyes, shining with tears, to Bobby. “Go on.”

“After… when he was alive again, Spivey said…” Bobby’s voice was choked. “He said his boy never drank the demon blood.”

Sam closed his eyes.

Dean moved close, the sheath of his knife bumping into Sam’s, body pressed up tight behind him, and wrapped his arms around Sam’s chest, holding him together. Sam grabbed onto Dean’s arms.

“It’s ok, Sam. I got you.”

Sam started shaking, violent tremors that wracked his body like a series of seizures. He made a terrible, low moan, the sound of a mortally wounded animal.
Dean held him tight. Sam clung to him, would have collapsed to the floor were it not for the strength of Dean’s arms around him. Dean repeated, “I got you.”

Sam raised his head, hair tumbling in his eyes, and stared at his father with hate. “That makes you a murderer.”

John grabbed hold of Sam’s shoulders. “Son. Please. You have to let me—“

Sam recoiled, shoving John back hard. “Don’t fucking touch me.” John nearly fell, but Reggie was up in a heartbeat, catching him before he hit the ground.

Sam’s head snapped to the side, targeting Bobby in his sights, fury moving into the chilling calm Sam exhibited under extreme pressure. “And you. Jesus, Bobby…you?”

Tears ran down Bobby’s face. “You’re breaking my heart.”

Sam’s mouth twisted. “Seems fair.” Sam blinked, thinking, then pulled out of Dean’s grasp so he could look at him. “You aren’t surprised.”

Dean had been expecting this, kept the flare of fear in his gut hidden. Knew this revelation could easily drive Sam away from him.

He met Sam’s gaze. “I knew.”

Sam blinked twice, not expecting Dean to be so direct. “How long?”

“Since the day they took you. Spivey said on the tape he was gonna do you like they did his kid.”

“And you didn’t tell me.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Dad had to tell you.” Sam understood without Dean having to explain that it wasn’t about Dean keeping secrets. It was that the burden was on John to confess his sins, and if Dean had told Sam, that would have let John off the hook.

Sam nodded. “Ok.” He squeezed Dean’s hand.

Dean stared at him like he’d been in front of a firing squad and received a last-second reprieve.

“You were right not to.” Sam shot John a dark look.

“There’s something else you need to know, Sam,” Reggie said.

“I can’t. I just… I can’t. Not right now.” Sam pleaded at Reggie with his eyes. I’ll break. Please. I’ll just break.

“Tomorrow then.”

Sam nodded. He refused to look at John or Bobby.

“Dean. Get me out of here.”

Dean went to bring Sam upstairs, but Sam resisted.

“Out of this house.”

~
Dean walked with Sam outside, half supporting him. “Freezing out here. Where do you want to go?”

Sam doubled over and threw up.

“Fuck.” Dean glanced around the salvage yard. The garage. He still had the key.

He dragged Sam into the garage, flipped on the light, locked the door from the inside and fired up the space heater, pulling it close to the ratty grey sofa Bobby often passed out on after one too many PBRs.

“C’mere.” He pulled the bottle of whiskey Bobby kept stashed next to his air compressor, and gave it to Sam. "Rinse."

Sam rinsed his mouth out with the alcohol twice.

Dean settled Sam down on the couch, and pulled a stained comforter over him. Sam sobbed in his arms, great wrenching sobs, crying so hard he pulled the muscles in his neck, so hard he doubled over clutching his aching stomach muscles and cried harder from the physical pain, crying himself to exhaustion and then crying still more. “Dean. Make it stop,” he begged.

Dean made it stop the only way he knew how. He kissed the tears from Sam’s lips, slipped his hands under Sam’s sweatshirt, brushing his fingertips against Sam’s bare skin.

Sam gentled under his touch, gasping in relief as the sharp agony he was feeling began slipping into the background. “Please.” Sam pressed against Dean like his life depended on it.

Dean stroked Sam’s flesh, lips warm on his neck, slipping his fingers inside Sam’s jeans, only taking a moment to coax Sam to full hardness. “Lay back.” Dean lowered Sam onto the couch, undid his jeans and pulled himself out, and settled over Sam. He nipped and sucked on Sam’s lips, teased them with the tip of his tongue, kissed him slow and sweet and thoroughly, taking his time, rubbing his cock against Sam’s all the while. “Love you, baby boy. Love you so much.” He traced his fingertips over Sam’s face, whispered words of love and praise, brought Sam to the edge, trembling and open-mouthed, and then plunged over the edge with him, chanting his name.

They lay together on the couch for a long time, until finally Sam stirred, and stared at an object on the workbench. “Help me get this cast off?”

“Absolutely.” Dean took the handheld rotary tool and stuffed a shop towel down inside Sam’s cast, and with the precision of a surgeon, scored the cast with the cutting wheel. He finished the job with a pair of scissors, and the cast came off neatly.

Sam scratched at the pale skin of his arm underneath, sighing with the pleasure of it. “God that feels good.”

Dean sniffled. It was bitterly cold, and they were no longer right in front of the space heater.

Sam softened when he saw the redness on Dean’s cheeks. “Let’s go in.”

Sam led Dean into the hallway. Bobby, John and Reggie were still in the living room. John’s eyes were bloodshot, and not from drink. His face creased with a hopeful smile at the sight of Sam.

Sam led Dean through the living room without a word, without so much as looking at anyone, and up the stairs toward their room.
The sound of their door shutting reverberated through the house.

John dropped his head into his hands.

“He’s gonna need time.” Reggie put his hand on John’s back. “A lot of time. But he’ll come around.”

~

Sam was often so cuddly in bed that Dean nicknamed him Barnacle. But he had never been this clingy. And Dean had never minded less.

They fell asleep almost instantly twined around each other like ivy, breathing as one.

Dean awoke at the crack of dawn to find Sam moving through the room, shoving objects into a large Army surplus duffel bag. He rubbed his eyes. “Sam?”

Sam stopped what he was doing. “You in or out?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, Dean answered, “In.”

Sam kicked an empty duffel toward Dean, a smile breaking over his face.

They bundled up with their warmest flannels, multiple layers and insulated jackets. They snuck out quietly, unnoticed by anyone, walking right past Reggie asleep on the couch. None of the hunters noticed them leave.

“Where’re we headed, Sammy?”

Sam looked over his shoulder at the house. “Away.”
Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean have snuck out and are now on the run. Their absence is discovered.

Dean raised an eyebrow at Sam as they neared the Impala. Sam shook his head no. “We can’t.” He whispered. “They’ll hear.”

Dean pursed his lips, nose wrinkling. Sam was right. Any car crunching down the gravel would rouse the hunters still keeping watch on Bobby’s house just in case. Bobby and John had told them they didn’t need to stick around anymore, but they refused to leave just yet.

No, the only way they had been able to get out of the house undetected is no one expected to keep guard against Sam and Dean sneaking out, on foot, in the bitter cold.

So Dean regretfully let Sam lead him past the Impala, looking back over his shoulder to take in one last lingering glance.

They walked quietly onto the road that passed in front of the salvage yard.

Dean sniffed, cheeks flushed pink in the freezing cold. “What’s the plan, Sam?”

Sam laughed, a bitter, humorless sound. “The plan? The plan is running away from home.”

“You don’t take a shower without a plan.”

Sam stopped dead. “I just… I don’t have a plan, ok? I-“ Sam blew out a breath, white mist pouring from his mouth. “I had to get out. I just need to be away from him. From them. Just for a little. So I can think.”

Sam was getting more agitated. Dean threw his arm around Sam, pulling him into motion again, to keep the blood moving. “S’ok. We’ll come up with something.”

Overhead, a large black bird perched on the telephone wires squawked and rose into the air, beating its massive black wings.

“I thought we’d hitch a ride outta here. Anywhere. If we don’t have any idea where we’re going, they can try to figure out where we’ve gone, and they’ll never get it right.”

Dean nodded. For a total lack of a plan, that wasn’t a half-bad plan.

“We can get to a truck stop, get someone’s wallet. Find a car. And then… just drive somewhere. Find a motel. Hole up for a couple of weeks.”

Dean wiped the back of his sleeve across his nose. “Sounds good.”

Sam wrapped the scarf around his neck tighter. “Cars come along here all the time.”

No cars were anywhere in sight, in either direction.
They walked further, faster. Eventually, they came upon an abandoned car on the side of the road, a newer model four-door. Dean’s face lit up. He poked around under the hood until he discovered something that stole all the hope from his expression and he shut the hood again with a loud sound. “Well, that’s not going anywhere.”

They started walking again.

“This was a really bad idea, huh.” Sam stole a glance at Dean, bravely trying to mask his discomfort in the cold.

“S’alright. Someone’s bound to drive by any minute now.”

Sam shook his head, the sight of Dean so cold blasting through his own desperate need to get far away from his father and Bobby. “I’m sorry. This was stupid. Let’s just go back. They won’t have even noticed we’re gone. It’s freezing. And there’s no one out. We’re never going to find a ride—“

They didn’t hear the white sedan until it was nearly upon them, slowing and pulling onto the side of the road. An old lady that looked like one of those rosy-cheeked apple dolls rolled down her window and poked her head out. “What the heckfire are you two boys doing out in the weather like this? Get in!”

Dean guided Sam to take the passenger seat, and he got in the back with the duffels.

The woman turned the heat up higher. “Can you feel that in the back?”

Dean nodded, grateful for the warmth. Sam held his hands in front of the vent.

“I’m Laura.” The woman smiled broadly.

Sam stuck out his hand. “I’m Scott, and this is Wyatt.” Sam could feel Dean’s eyes boring into the back of his skull.

“Nice to meet you. So, like I said, what the heck were you two doing out in the cold?”

Dean spoke up from the back. “We, uh, had some trouble with the guy who was giving us a ride.” Dean played it up beautifully, stammering like he was deeply uncomfortable, but making eye contact with the woman like being truthful was just the most natural and moral thing in the world for him. “It was better to get out and walk and hope someone else came along than… well, ma’am. I’d rather not say.”

Laura’s pink mouth formed into a tight moue of disapproval. “It’s a dangerous thing, hitchhiking. There are some bad people out there. You two were sure lucky I came along.”

Sam nodded.

Laura pulled back out on the road. “So, I’m driving out to Wall. Where are you boys headed?”

Dean’s face lit up. Wall, South Dakota was right on the edge of the Badlands. It was also the home of the famous and massive Wall Drug roadside attraction, with its fiberglass jackalope, the giant green dinosaur with eyes that lit up, a rock shop, everything a little boy could dream of. And it was huge, with tens of thousands of people visiting it every day. It would be easy to swipe someone’s wallet, and maybe even to snag a car.

“Wall would be perfect.”
It was about 300 miles to Wall. The boys settled in, letting the warmth from the car heater seep into their bones. The old woman was a retired math teacher, she said, going to visit her brother who was on his deathbed. She’d driven all night.

The boys let the soft sound of her voice lull them just a bit, but neither of them slept. Dean reached his right hand between the seat and the side of the car and held onto Sam’s arm. Eventually the woman stopped talking and fell into an easy silence.

~

Reggie woke with a start.

Nothing in particular had woken him. No sound, no motion. Just…something was wrong.

The fire had gone out, and it was cold in the living room, but that wasn’t it.

He put his hand on his knife reflexively. The house was quiet, with morning light spilling in through the windows.

He looked around the room, unable to place his growing sense of unease.

Then he noticed something. After the boys came back in without a word the night before and locked themselves in their bedroom, a grim-faced Bobby had helped a distraught and stumbling John to his room. Before Reggie passed out on the couch, there had been a nearly full bottle of top-shelf bourbon on the side table.

It wasn’t there now.

The feeling of something being wrong was getting stronger.

Reggie stood up, and went upstairs. Bobby was snoring like a brigadier general. John’s door was ajar, and he was asleep, face down, still fully dressed.

Reggie tapped lightly on Sam and Dean’s door. “Hey y’all.”

No response.

He tried the door, expecting the knob to turn but the door to remain closed, with the deadbolt engaged from the other side.

The door swung open.

John was startled into panicked wakefulness by Reggie’s shout and fell out of bed.

Bobby came stomping down the hallway wearing an honest-to-god red flannel union suit, shotgun in his hands. “What is it? What is it?” He bellowed.

They found Reggie sitting on the empty bed, Sam’s note clutched in his hand.

John took it from him and read it. His fingers opened and the paper fell out. Bobby caught it before it hit the ground and read it.
Dad,

I had to go away for a little while. I need to figure some things out and I just can’t be around you or Bobby right now. When you’re done being mad, I think you’ll understand why. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be ok. Dean’s with me.

We’ll call you in a couple of days.

PS Tell Reggie we took our knives with us.

John ran down the stairs and outside, with Bobby and Reggie not far behind. Bosie came out from the motor home and laughed audibly at the sight of Bobby in his red flannel onesie, but the laughter soon faded as she saw the expressions on their faces.

“Did you see them?” Bosie was baffled. Zach came out and stood next to her. Big Lou heard the commotion and came out as well.

“See who?” Zach asked.

“The boys. They’re gone.”

Bosie turned pale.

“It was quiet. I didn’t see anything. You’re sure they’re gone? We’d have heard a car start up.” Zach looked horrified.

Bobby scanned the salvage yard. His face fell. “That’s because they didn’t take any of the vehicles.”

Reggie sucked air in through his teeth. “They just walked out? It was zero degrees last night.”

John shook his head in an unceasing motion. “All my fault. This is all my fault.”

“Come on, let’s get inside.”

John wouldn’t stop shaking his head.

“John. Inside. Coffee. Then we saddle up and go look for them.” Bobby

Big Lou had already sprung into motion, getting ready for the hunt.

Reggie closed his eyes. “We never had a chance to tell them what Spivey said.” Sam Winchester is not to be touched.

~

A bit after 11 am, Dean sat upright and tapped Sam’s shoulder. “Look!” It was the giant dinosaur on the side of the freeway. Not long after, Laura’s white sedan pulled into the Wall Drug parking lot.

“Here you go. You boys stay safe.” They piled out of the car and slung their duffels over their shoulder.

Dean grabbed Sam by the hand and pulled him forward. “Ok, first, breakfast. Then the T Rex. And then the Rock Shop?”
Sam couldn’t help but smile at Dean’s enthusiasm. On every road trip, every hunt, Dean practically begged to stop at the roadside attractions. He loved the Rock Shops with their glinting chunks of fool’s gold, the drive-through trees, the mystery spots and fiberglass dinosaurs. And John never let them. “Next time, son.” And there never was a next time.

So Sam was going to make sure Dean got all his roadside attraction hunger taken care of. He deserved it.

They ran for the Wall Drug Café, grinning like all the horrible events of the past month had never happened.

Nobody noticed the old woman with the face like an apple doll watching them run, eyes gone solid black, or see her slump over, a thick stream of black smoke pouring out of her mouth.
Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean are on the lam, and explore the wonders of the Wall Drug Store. This chapter includes jackalopes, bacon, a T. Rex, and something unexpected.

John stuffed warm clothes into his military surplus duffel. Bobby was on the phone. “John’s boys took off last night.” Reggie sat slumped at the kitchen table, working on his third cup of coffee. He was already packed.

“Nothing like that. They… well, Sam just got a little stir-crazy and ran away from home. Looks like Dean just went along with it.” Bobby re-adjusted his frayed ball cap. “Yeah. So we’d appreciate it if you’d get the word out, help us look for them.”

Bosie sat alone in the living room, staring out the window at the cold landscape. Her eyes were red and swollen.

Bobby hung up the phone and dialed another number. “Hey, Aloysius. It’s Bobby. Sam and Dean are missing.”

John walked fast through the hallway into Bobby’s office, boots thumping on the hardwood floor. He came into the kitchen holding his pistol case, and poured himself a large mug of black coffee.

“We’ll find them.”

John whipped his head around and fixed Reggie with a hard stare. “Damn straight.”

“Those two can take care of themselves. You know that.”

John’s expression softened just a touch. “I know.” He slumped against the counter. “But they’re out there, all by themselves, because of me.”

Reggie took a swallow of coffee. “Bobby was in on it too.”

John shook his head. “It was me. He just did what I told him. I love Bobby, but you know as well as I do he’s no leader.”

“I don’t dispute that. But a man is responsible for the things he does. He had a choice.”

John’s laugh was bitter. “Did he? I’m hard to say no to.”

Reggie blew out a breath. “Look. No one’s saying you don’t have a lot to atone for. ‘Cause you sure as hell do. What you did was flat-out wrong. There’s a thin line sometimes between hunter and monster, and you crossed it.”

John blinked in surprise at Reggie’s words.

“You know I speak my mind. But blaming yourself isn’t going to help your boys. All you can do is find them and make it right.”
John ran his hand through his hair, thick strands shot through with grey, and nodded wearily.

“I will. I’ll make it right.”

~

Sam forked another triangle of pancakes into his mouth. Dean flagged down the waitress. “Ma’am? Could I get a side of bacon?” The woman, in her mid-forties with dyed red hair, raised an eyebrow. “To go with your bacon?” Dean had already inhaled the four strips of bacon that came with his scrambled eggs and homemade doughnuts. Dean just grinned, and the waitress scribbled on her pad and walked to the kitchen.

“Ok, so, after this, we have to go see the giant jackalope, and hear the T Rex roar, and promise me we’ll check out the rock shop.” Dean’s eyes were bright, almost feverish.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Sam poured more strawberry syrup over his pancakes. The sight of Dean grinning like a fool, lit up like a little boy, made him blink rapidly like he had something in his eye.

~

40 miles away, a coil of black smoke worked its way inside a massive house the size of a small mansion, serpentined up the marble staircase, into an ornate master bedroom and hovered over the bed. A grey-haired, stocky white man in embroidered silk pajamas stared up at it, eyes torn away from the television. The smoke plunged down and forced its way into his mouth. The man writhed and struggled, and then went still. When his eyes flashed open again, they gleamed jet black.

He rose, lifted an original Matisse from the wall, and opened the safe behind him. He pulled out a thick stack of cash and several credit cards. Some of the cash, he stuffed into a snakeskin wallet, and the rest he put into a small leather bag with the credit cards. He reached into the safe again, pulled out a large plastic bag filled with cocaine and set that on top of the cash. Then he dressed quickly in an expensive shirt and slacks, threw the leather bag on the passenger seat of his Mercedes, and drove onto the highway, past a sign with a painting of a buffalo on it, saying “25 Minutes—Wall Drug.”

~

After eight slices of bacon, three scrambled eggs, a mound of hash browns and two chocolate doughnuts, Dean finally declared himself full. Sam paid the bill in cash, as John had trained them to always keep fifty dollars in cash on hand in their duffel bags. Dean practically ran for the front door. “Come on, dude. Jackalope!”

Dean insisted they stop first and buy a disposable camera, then clambered up into the fiberglass jackalope’s saddle and waved his arm in the air like he was on a rodeo bull. Sam took a picture. Then Dean made Sam climb up and snapped a photo of him. “Awesome. Come on. The T Rex is gonna roar in six minutes!”

They had just enough time to make it to the hallway with the dinosaur head in it. The lights began to flicker and the animatronic T Rex began to snarl and roar, its massive head turning, jaws opening to fully expose its long white teeth. Sam felt a laugh erupt from him, genuine and unexpected. Dean put his arm around his shoulders and Sam jumped. “Scared of a big plastic dinosaur, Sam?”

“It’s not that.” Sam glanced around the room.
Dean leaned closer and whispered, “No one knows we’re brothers, Sammy. It’s ok.”

Sam stared at Dean like he’d said the most unexpected thing. And then he swallowed hard and pressed his mouth to Dean’s in a quick but obvious kiss.

Dean blinked in surprise, and then smiled so wide it made his previous grins seem reserved.

“You two are cute together.” A well-dressed man with grey hair leaned against the wall. “Hey, want me to take your picture in front of the T. Rex?” He nodded at the camera in Sam’s hand.

“Sure.” Sam and Dean moved closer to the dinosaur and dropping their duffels at their feet, they posed for the camera.

The man snapped a photo and handed the camera back to Sam. He smiled. His teeth were perfect, white and even. “Real cute together.” He moved close enough that they could smell his cologne. “I could take more pictures of you two. I live near here. And you two…” He glanced at their duffel bags, their worn jeans and scuffed boots. “Well, you look like you could use a little money.”

Dean stepped in front of Sam, put his hand on the man’s chest and shoved him back. “Fuck off. Before I hurt you.” Dean’s expression made it clear he meant business and could deliver on his threat.

The man backed up, holding his hands out. “I wasn’t going to touch. I just like to watch.”

“If you don’t back off, you can watch yourself bleed all over your shoes.” Sam stepped out from behind Dean, hands clenched into fists. “It’s not him you need to be afraid of. It’s me.”

Dean turned to stare at Sam. Sam’s cheeks were red, hands clenched, an expression of pure rage on his face.

The man backed off a few more steps. “Ok. Forget I said anything.” He walked down the hallway.

“I don’t like that guy.” Dean stared at the man as he walked, noticing the nice leather bag over his arm and the fat wallet in his back pocket.

Sam saw it too. “Me neither. He’s a bad man.”

Dean smirked.

They followed him to the Rockhound shop. Dean tracked him carefully. So carefully, Sam had a few moments where Dean wasn’t watching him.

He grabbed up a trilobite fossil, a geode and a beautiful piece of fool’s gold, and slid cash across the counter to the woman. She bagged the items quickly and handed Sam his change. He was able to get the bag into his duffel and walk away from the counter without Dean noticing.

He came up behind Dean. “Hey. I noticed along the side of the parking lot, there are some cars we could get to without being spotted.”

“Nice. Now we just need to take care of this douchebag.”

The man was mesmerized by a display of stunning mined gemstones behind a locked case. He dropped his leather bag to the floor.

Dean raised his eyebrows. “Well, ok then.” He whispered to Sam. “Go when you’re ready.”
Sam moved up the aisle to the display of mounted jackalopes on the wall, and then stumbled, knocking one off the wall to the ground. The grey-haired man was startled by the commotion. Dean slipped up behind him seamlessly, lifting the wallet from his back pocket without him feeling a thing, picked up the leather bag, tucked it under his jacket and walked out the door.

Sam brushed off the mounted jackalope and handed it to the concerned saleswoman. “Sorry, ma’am.” He gave her his sweetest smile. It worked.

Sam left the rock shop and joined Dean around the corner, standing next to a grey Mazda sedan. He blocked Dean from view as he pulled the slim jim out of his bag and opened the door. He unlocked the passenger side door for Sam and bent over, fussing under the steering wheel. By the time he’d put the duffels in the back seat and settled into the passenger seat with the leather bag, Dean had hot-wired the car.

“If you ever go dark side, Dean, you’d make an awesome criminal.” Sam gave Dean a look of pride. Dean grinned, and drove around the building toward the highway.

The grey-haired man stood outside the Rockhound shop and watched them pull out onto the road. He smiled, white teeth bright in the sunlight.

They didn’t relax until they’d made it 20 miles down the road. Dean pulled into a grocery store parking lot at the back, grabbed a screwdriver from his duffel and quickly swapped plates with another car. Then back out onto the road.

Dean tossed Sam the wallet. “Let’s see how we did.”

Sam whistled appreciatively, pulling out a thick sheaf of fifties and twenties. “Nice.” He counted it quickly. “Real nice.”

“How much?”

“Two grand.”

Dean did a double-take. “Seriously?”

“Yeah.” Sam started to laugh.

“Check out the bag.”

Sam fished the leather bag from the back seat and unzipped it.

“Pull over.”

“What.”

“There. That rest stop up ahead. Pull over.” Sam zipped the bag closed.

Dean pulled into the empty rest stop. Sam tossed him the bag, and he unzipped it. “Fuck me.” He pulled out the plastic bag of cocaine. “Holy shit.” He pulled out the credit cards. Then one banded stack of twenty dollar bills. Then another. And another. “Sam. There’s ten grand in here.”

Sam chewed his lip. “Dude. That can keep us going for a real long time. Even without the credit cards.”

Dean shot Sam a worried look. “But… we won’t be gone a real long time, right? You said you just needed a little time to get your head straight.”
Sam stared out the window. “Yeah. Just a little. But… Dean. Now we can stay gone longer. A lot longer. If we want to.”

Dean frowned. “What about school?”

Sam threw his head back and laughed. “I’m already ahead a grade. Even with all the moving around we do. I can test out of high school if I have to. I was thinking about doing it anyway.”

Dean shook his head. “Sam.”

Sam put his hand on Dean’s thigh. “Dean, I’m not going to throw away my future. So hold onto the lecture.” His expression changed. “Besides, I’m not really thinking about school right now. There’s kind of a lot of other stuff going on. In case you forgot.”

Dean coughed, and nodded. “You’re right.” He coughed. “So, what do you want to do with that?”

Sam stared at the cocaine. “Get rid of it.”

Dean cocked his head. “You’re not curious?”

Sam snorted. “Fuck no, dude.”

Dean beamed with pride. “That’s my boy.” He patted Sam’s head. “Just say no.”

They transferred the cash and credit cards to their bags, and carrying their duffels on their shoulders so as not to let them out of their sight, they went into the rest stop bathroom. Sam slit the bag open with his knife, dumped the contents into the toilet, and flushed.

Dean brought them around to the back of the rest stop and put the plastic bag, wallet and leather bag on the dirt. Sam rummaged in his pack, pulled out the bottle of lighter fluid, and lighting a twig with his Zippo first, set fire to the small heap. They stood watch as the leather burned up, taking all traces of their fingerprints with it.

“What?”

“Yeah.”

Dean was suddenly on Sam, kissing him hard.

“What’s that for?” Sam’s cheeks were pink.


The smile that broke across Sam’s face was many things, but sweet was not one of them.
Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean find a motel.

“Where do you want to go, Sammy?”
Sam thought about that for less than two seconds. “South.”

“What’s south of here?”

“Someplace warmer.”

So Dean pulled out onto the highway and drove until he saw a sign that said something about Mount Rushmore/Crazy Horse that way, and took that exit, and when the sun began to set, they crossed into Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Dean pulled in at the Wyoming Motel, parking the stolen car in a secluded spot in the back of the parking lot, and got them a room. They brought in their gear. Sam locked the door, secured the secondary lock, and put down a salt line across the threshold of the door and windows.

Dean set the duffels on the bed-for-gear. “There’s a diner up the street. You hungry?”

Sam looked exhausted. “Later.” He turned the wall heater up as high as it would go.

Dean didn’t seem to mind. He too was exhausted, and stumbled to the bed, falling onto it face first. “Long day,” he mumbled into the comforter.

Sam climbed onto the bed and snuggled right up against him, tucking his long body against Dean. Dean sniffled, rolled onto his side and pulled Sam’s left arm, pale from the cast, against his chest. “Nap. Napping is good.”

“You ok?”

“Just tired.” Dean wriggled to slot against Sam even more closely, making a quiet happy sound as Sam’s body heat warmed him. Sam pulled the far side of the comforter over them, and they lay curled up together, breathing in perfect unison. Dean relaxed at the feel of Sam’s warm breath on the back of his neck, smiling at the little murmurs Sam always made right before falling asleep.

Sam woke up with a start and sat bolt upright.

Dean was immediately awake, eyes scanning the room. “What is it?”

Sam shook his head. “Bad dream.”

Dean rubbed his nose. “C’mere.” He put his hand on Sam’s arm. The muscles were rock-hard with tension. “Hey. Sammy.”

And suddenly Sam was on top of him, hands all over him, kissing him hard and messy and desperate. He shoved Dean’s shirt up, got his hands underneath, moaning at the feel of Dean’s soft
skin. He straddled Dean, tugging his flannel off, peeling his t-shirt off over his head, and tugged at Dean’s clothing.

Dean stripped off his shirts as fast as he could, spurred on by the urgency bleeding off Sam.

“Off.” Sam undid Dean’s belt, had his jeans open like he was being timed for a test, yanked them off Dean but got tangled in the boots Dean still had on. “Fuck it.” He pushed Dean’s thighs apart anyway, his feet bound together by the jeans and sank his mouth done on Dean’s cock.

Dean fell back with a strangled cry. Sam sucked Dean’s cock like he was starving for it, making the most delicious moans, gripping Dean’s hips hard. Dean stroked Sam’s long hair, pushing it out of his eyes so Dean could see his face, see those lips sealed around his cock, those eyes gone chestnut brown in the dim light of early evening gazing up at him.

Sam managed to kick off his own boots and peel his jeans off without taking Dean out of his mouth. He straddled him, panting, and took Dean’s mouth in his again, plunging his tongue into Dean’s mouth, giving him no other choice but to let Sam in, let Sam suck on his tongue, moan into his mouth as he rubbed his cock against Dean’s.

When Sam wrapped his huge hand around the both of them and jacked both their cocks at the same time, Dean cried out. Sam swallowed the cry, licked another out of his mouth, working them both hard. Dean threw his head back, letting Sammy do what he wanted, take what he needed.

Sam licked and bit at Dean’s throat. “Jesus fuck, Sammy.” Dean grabbed onto Sam’s bare ass, rocking him, grinding on him. “You’re gonna make me come.”

And Sam growled, actually growled, teeth nipping at Dean’s flesh.

Dean arched up into Sam, baring his throat for Sam, crying out as Sam’s strong hand drew his orgasm out of him, insisted on it, demanded without words that Dean lose it for him, come hard and long and gasping for breath.

And Dean obeyed the silent command like a good soldier.

Sam was right behind him, spurred on by the helpless sounds he made, by the sight of Dean’s come spattering on his chest and belly, hot and wet. “Ah, ah, fuck, Dean…” And Sam was shuddering, coming hard for Dean, biting his lip and throwing his head back, then collapsing and kissing him again. He kissed his jaw, his throat, moved down, lapped up the beads of come on his chest. When he moved lower and started licking up the pool of come on Dean’s stomach, they both moaned.

“I love you so much.” Sam rested his cheek on Dean’s stomach. “So much.”

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “Me too.” Dean’s stomach growled.

Sam laughed.

“Can’t help it. I’m starving,” Dean protested.

“Diner up the street, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s go.”
They walked down the street to the little diner, built out of an old railroad boxcar. “Lemme guess…bacon cheeseburger?” Sam scuffed his boot against Dean’s under the table of the booth.

“Green chili.”

Sam raised an eyebrow.

“Thought I’d change things up.”

Sam perused the menu.

“What about you… salad with chicken breast?”

Sam rolled his eyes.

The waitress arrived to take their order. “I’d like the green chili—”

“Cup or bowl?”

“Bowl. And a side of biscuits. And a Pepsi.”

“And for you?”

Sam put down the menu. “Chicken fried steak and chocolate milk.”

Dean dropped his menu and stared at Sam.

“I can change it up too.”

Dean smiled affectionately at his brother. “Good for you. Keep ’em guessing.”

Sam stared out the window, seemingly at nothing.

Dean wiped his sleeve across his face. “You ok?”

Sam’s gaze snapped back to Dean. “Yeah. Yeah, I’m fine.” His smile was a little too perfect.

The waitress came back with their beverages. Sam unsheathed the straw and stuck it inside the tall glass. He took little sips, enjoying it but making it last. Dean, on the other hand, had finished most of his Pepsi before his meal arrived.

The waitress set a giant steaming bowl of green chili in front of Dean and a side plate stacked with two fat biscuits. “Refill?”

“Yes ma’am.”

She slid a huge oval plate in front of Sam, covered with a massive slab of breaded steak, a generous mound of mashed potatoes, and an unreasonably large quantity of gravy.

“Don’t hurt yourself, Sammy.”

“No joke.” Sam eyed Dean’s food. “That’s not what I thought it would be.”

“What?”

“Thought it would be regular chili, but…green.” What was in the bowl were chunks of pork braised with Hatch green chiles.
Dean took a bite. “Mmphy mmph, mph!”

“In English?”

Dean chewed and swallowed. “I said, holy shit, Sam. This is awesome. You have to try this.” Dean held out a spoonful, offering it to Sam like he was feeding a baby.

Sam let him. His eyes went wide.

“Awesome, right?”

Sam nodded.

Sam then took a bite of his chicken fried steak, sopping it in the black pepper gravy. He curled his arm protectively around his plate.

“Really?”

“Oh my god.”

“Can’t be better than mine.”

Sam cut a piece, speared it on his fork, swirled it the lake of gravy and held it out to Dean.

Dean ate it. The sound he made sounded positively pornographic.

Sam watched the pleasure play across Dean’s face. “Ok, we split them both.”

Sam moved from his seat across from Dean and slid into the booth seat next to Dean, dragging his plate over in front of them both. They ate off each other’s plates and their own, leaning against each other, dipping chunks of biscuit into Sam’s pepper gravy and forkfuls of chicken-fried steak into Dean’s green chili. But it was the combination of green chili on mashed potatoes that made them both groan.

“Can you make this? You’re smart. You know how to cook. Can you learn how to make this?”

Dean licked green chili drippings from his thumb.

“What, am I your wife?”

“Only if you marry me.”

Sam’s face colored. “Already said I would.” He took a sip of chocolate milk. “But that doesn’t mean I’ll be your wife.”

Dean put his hand on Sam’s thigh under the table. “Oh, come on, Sammy. You’d make such a pretty wife.”

Sam gave Dean the bitch face. “Shut up.”

Dean leaned closer. “You’d love it. Wearing a pretty little dress for me.”

“Stop it.” Sam glared, but he shifted in his seat, spreading his thighs apart, and a shiver ran through Dean as he realized Sam was making room for his hardening cock.

Dean brought his mouth to Sam’s ear, and whispered, “I’d come home from work, hike up your skirt, pull your pretty pink panties to the side, get my tongue right up inside your hole, lick you
open nice and slow—“

“How’s everything tasting?” The waitress stood before them.

Sam’s face was bright red. Dean swiped his tongue over his lips. “Tastes great.”

“Dessert?”

In unison, they both said, “Peanut butter pie.”

Sam laughed. “Saw that on the menu and knew there was no way we were getting out of here without you trying that.”

Somehow, despite being stuffed to the gills, they had enough room in their stomachs to split a wedge of peanut butter pie.

“Ok, you learn how to make that, and I’ll be the wife.” Dean groaned, rubbing his distended belly.

“Does that mean you’ll wear pretty pink panties for me?”

Dean didn’t flinch. “Actually, yeah.”

Sam coughed and turned bright red, but not from embarrassment.

They walked slowly back to the motel room, as though afraid moving too fast would send everything they’d eaten right back up again.

“I am so full.” Dean staggered inside.

“Me too.”

Dean rummaged in the bottom of his duffel bag. “But not too full for a little of this.” He pulled out the nice bottle of Bourbon he’d snagged from Bobby’s on their way out.

“You took that?”

Dean nodded.

Sam took a breath. “Ok, but we’re buying him a new bottle when…”

“When we go back?”

Sam remained silent.

“Paid for out of our stolen money?”

Sam sat down on the bed heavily. “It’s so easy, isn’t it. To cross that line. Is that what happened with Dad?”

Dean unwrapped the plastic tumblers on the table and poured two inches of bourbon into each one. “Totally different. Dad tortured someone for information and killed him when he couldn’t get it. We robbed a pedophile drug dealer that wanted to take pictures of us fucking each other. And who knows what else.”

Sam looked up at Dean as he handed him the whiskey. “It’s not that different. Dad thought the ends justified the means. So did we.”
Dean sat down next to Sam. “I know. Slippery slope. Bad guys always justify what they do. But we’re not bad guys, Sam. We’re never going to be. Taking that guy’s wallet? I’m sorry, but I just don’t see it as being so terrible. Ripping off someone like that is a lot better than running credit card fraud or all the other stuff Dad has us do to get by. And that bag? Christ. All that stuff in there and he just drops it on the ground and turns his back? It’s almost as though he wanted us to take it.”

Sam exhaled, and took a drink.

“I know it bothers you. You’re, like, the best person I know.” Sam looked up at him in surprise. “Seriously. There’s something about you that’s just…” Dean thought carefully. “That’s pure. And that’s why I made sure I was the one that did it. Stole his stuff. Hotwired the car.” He put his hand on Sam’s knee. “If there is such a thing as a moral stain, it’s on me, not you.”

Sam dropped his head onto Dean’s shoulder. Dean held him and took a swig of whiskey.

Sam nestled closer. “Know what I want right now?”

“What?”

“I want to take a shower. With you. So I don’t freak out. Then I want to put on my sweats and crawl into bed and…”

Dean stroked Sam’s arm reassuringly. “Anything you want.” Sam stared at the floor. “You can tell me. Anything at all.”

Sam took another swallow of his drink. “I want to go to bed and snuggle with you.” He flinched like he expected Dean to pull away or laugh or make fun of him. Instead, Dean tipped Sam’s face up and kissed him, soft and slow. “I’d love that.”

They brushed their teeth first. Their knives, they set on top of the counter in the bathroom. Always within reach. Then Dean brought Sam into the shower and stood behind him, arms wrapped around him, under the spray. He soaped Sam up, washed him from head to toe, fingers stroking him not sexually, but soothingly, reassuring him with every touch that Sam was safe, that Dean was keeping him safe. He was careful to keep Sam’s face out of the spray of water. “See, Sammy, plenty of air. You’re breathing just fine. Right?” Sam kept his eyes clenched tight when Dean rinsed his hair clean, but he did much better than all the times they’d showered together since the kidnapping. Dean kept his left hand on Sam as he soaped himself up. Sam helped. He washed and rinsed his hair quickly and got them out of the shower.

Sam breathed an obvious sigh of relief, and reached for a towel to dry himself.

“Let me.”

Sam frowned. “I’m better now. I can dry myself.”

Dean was silent for a moment. Then he spoke. “I liked it.”

Sam handed the towel to Dean, a sweet smile on his lips. “Me too.”

He let Dean dry him off everywhere, laughing when Dean put the towel over his head and tousled
his hair dry. He insisted on drying Dean off himself. They walked naked into the main room, their sweats, favorite well-worn t-shirts and warm socks already laid out on the bed.

Dean stepped between Sam and the bed. “Just tonight. Just one more time.”

“Ok.” Sam’s voice was a mere breath.

Dean pushed Sam gently down so he was sitting on the edge of the bed. Kneeling, he undid a pair of socks and slipped one onto Sam’s right foot, pulling it slowly up his calf until it was extended to its full length, smoothing his hands back down, running along his calf, the top of his foot and down to the tips of his toes. Then he did the same with the other sock, eyes locked on Sam’s.

He slipped Sam’s feet through the leg holes in his sweats, one at a time, drawing the sweats up to his knees, guiding him to his feet and slowly pulling the sweats up to Sam’s waist, stroking his flanks when they were on all the way. His green eyes remained fixed on Sam’s nearly the entire time.

Finally, he sat Sam back down and gestured for Sam to hold his arms up over his head. He slipped his hands through the arm holes of the t-shirt and pulled it down, stroking Sam’s chest and back, settling the material into place. Eyes never leaving Sam’s.

Without ceremony, he quickly pulled on his own sweats and t-shirt, yanking the socks over his feet. He set his knife on his end table, Sam’s on his, and then drew back the bedclothes.

Sam crawled in and Dean nestled in next to him, pulling the blankets over them both. He turned off the lamp, and the room went dark.

Sam curled up against Dean, throwing his leg over him, snaking one hand under Dean’s t-shirt so he could rest his palm on the warmth of Dean’s belly.

Dean chuckled. “Easy. I’m full of pie.”

Sam rubbed Dean’s distended belly gently. “I like it.”

That brought another chuckle out of Dean. “Good. Because when I’m old, I’m probably gonna have a big old gut.”

“’N I’ll still love you.” Sam’s voice was sleepy.

“I must have done something good in a past life.”

“Mm?” Sam snuggled closer.

Dean let his fingers play over Sam’s upper back in that way that made Sam sigh and squirm happily. “Because someone gave me you.”

They stayed awake as long as they could, reveling in the warmth and closeness of each other. But eventually they drifted into a peaceful sleep.

Dean awoke to howls.

He was on his feet, knife in hand, without remembering standing up or grabbing it. He turned the light on and looked around the room for the demon or monster or tortured soul making those terrible sounds.

The howls were anguished, the quintessential sound of abject suffering.
They were coming from Sam.

He was hunched in the corner of the room, pure pain spilling out of his mouth. He took a breath, and Dean gasped with relief at the sudden absence of that horrific sound.

Sam’s mouth worked, no sound coming out.

Dean ran to him, fell to his knees. “Sammy! Wake up.”

Sam’s mouth formed words. Whispered them into the dark. “Dad. Please. No more.” Dean’s body went cold. “Dad. Please don’t hurt me anymore.” Suddenly Sam threw his head back, cords of his neck standing out, and that howl was ripped from him again, like his skin was being flayed from his body.

Dean pulled Sam into his arms. “Wake up, come on, Sammy. Wake up for me.” He stroked Sam’s face, impossibly gently, refusing to shake him or touch him or even yell at him. Only gentleness. Only love. “I’m gonna take care of you, baby boy.” His voice was choked. “Not gonna let anyone hurt you.” Sam shuddered, head thrashing. Dean held him, hands moving deft and gentle, his voice warm and comforting. “Wake up, Sammy. You’re right here with me. I’ve got you.” Sam gasped and his eyes flashed open. “I’ve got you. You’re ok.”

Sam gripped Dean’s arms, wrapped around him, like a life preserver thrown to a drowning man.

Dean rocked Sam, soothing him.

Sam choked out the word, “Nightmare.”

Dean wiped the tears from Sam’s face. “I figured.”

“Dad. Torturing me.”

Dean kept rocking Sam. “He’d never hurt you, Sammy.” Sam shook and clung to Dean. “Remember how he used to wrap you in a blanket when you were sick and hold you in his lap until you fell asleep?”

Sam sniffled and nodded.

Dean thought. “And he’d make you mashed potatoes when your throat was sore because you said anything else hurt to eat?”

Sam was still trembling. “Yeah.”

“And he’d bring you warm milk with vanilla and read to you.”

Sam looked up. “Dean. That was you.”

Dean pushed Sam’s damp hair away from his forehead. “He did it first. You don’t remember?”

Sam shook his head no.

“You remember that birthday where he made you a cake out of Hostess cupcakes he stuck together and iced over with Cool Whip?”

Sam sniffed again, but this time with a laugh. “Yeah. My 7-Eleven birthday.”

“Dude. You got that 12-pack of Pringles. I was so jealous.”
“I gave you half of them.”

“That’s because you love me.”

Sam let his head fall against Dean’s chest. “Dean. It was so real. It was like… like it was really happening.”

Dean pulled Sam to his feet. “Sounded like it.”

Sam wiped his face. “I’m sorry. Must have scared the shit out of you.”

Dean brought Sam back to bed and brought him a glass of cold water.

They sat on the edge of the bed in silence for a moment. “I know he wouldn’t ever hurt me.” Sam took another sip. “But I know what he’s capable of.” He shot a look at Dean. “You think you know. But you don’t.” A tremor ran through Sam. “You really don’t.”

“Shh…” Dean made room for Sam to get back in bed with him. “We can talk about it tomorrow. Get some rest. We both really need it.” Dean gave Sam a kiss clumsy with sleepiness.

Sam scrutinized Dean’s face. He had dark circles under his eyes, and his face was flushed. “You’re exhausted.”

Dean simply nodded.

Sam turned off the light and drew Dean into his arms. Dean went easily, not insisting that Sam be the little spoon. Within a minute, he was asleep.

Sam held Dean as close as he possibly could and stared, wide awake, into the dark.
Blow the Man Down

Chapter Summary

Lots of porn. And Sam finally calls Bobby, and talks to John. One or both of the boys may cry in this chapter. Or in any chapter. I write them crying a lot. It works for me and feels absolutely appropriate to their ages and everything they’re going through. I advise that you come to accept that this is the way I do it.

Dean awoke to light spilling in through the heavy white curtains. Sam sat at the little table, reading. Dean stretched. “What time is it?”

Sam put the book down. “11:10.”

“You let me sleep in.”

“We don’t have to be anywhere or do anything. So yeah.”

Dean sat up and took a better look at Sam. His face was drawn, with dark circles under his eyes.

“Sammy?” Without deliberate intention, Dean was on his feet and at Sam’s side. “You ok?” He tipped Sam’s face up, examining it for signs of pain or sickness.

Sam’s smile was weary, but full of affection. “I’m fine. I just… I didn’t sleep well.”

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “You sure? Can I get you anything?”

Sam turned in his chair and pulled the blackout curtains shut. Then he leaned back in his chair, hand on Dean’s flank, and gave him an appraising look all the way down his naked body and back up. The way the corners of his mouth curled up, the swipe of his tongue over his lower lip, was Dean’s answer.

Dean was already erect, simply from just having woken up, but the way Sam looked at him made him spring completely to attention. Sam bent forward and took Dean into his mouth, looking up at him with those hazel eyes, blinking slowly at the taste of him, uttering a soft, satisfied moan.

“Christ. You really like that, huh.”

Sam sucked on the head of Dean’s cock lazily, and pulled his mouth off. “I could do this all day.”

Dean groaned as Sam took him into his mouth again. “Hey Sam.”

Sam looked up.

Dean’s expression was full of mischief. “You could do that all day.”

Sam grinned, and licked a long stripe along the underside of Dean’s cock. “Ok.”

Sam worked his mouth and tongue on Dean until his legs were shaking so hard Sam took pity and had him sit on the edge of the bed. Kneeling in front of him, Sam worshipped Dean’s cock, stroking it with his fingertips, nursing on the head, moaning as though it felt every bit as good in
his mouth as his mouth felt on Dean’s cock.

He sealed his mouth around Dean and sucked as he lowered it, slowly, god, so slowly, as far down as he could take it, held him there, and then slowly pulled back, keeping his mouth nice and wet, keeping the suction tight. When he drew nearly all the way, he swirled his tongue around the head again and again, scraping the flat of it along the underside each time. Dean gasped and fell back onto the bed. “Christ. Sammy.”

Sam did it again. And again. And again. He tried out different ways of using his mouth and tongue, watching Dean’s face, seeing what made Dean swear and shiver, learning what kinds of sounds Dean made when Sam turned his head sideways and slid his mouth and tongue up and down the underside of Dean’s cock, when he sucked both testicles into his mouth and tongued them, fingertips stroking the hard length. When he moved his mouth lower and wiped his tongue over Dean’s hole, Dean almost lost it right there.

Sam pushed Dean’s thighs back, opening him up, and attacked Dean like a starving man. He moaned as much as Dean did, lapping at him, stretching him open wider with his thumbs, probing his tongue inside Dean, trying to jam as much of it inside him as physically possible until Dean was crying out with each thrust of his tongue like Sam was actually fucking him.

He reached for his cock, but Sam swatted his hand away. Dean’s eyes went wide.

“Don’t want you to come yet.”

Dean’s head fell back with a groan, and he let his thighs fall open, let Sam do what he wanted to him.

Sam worked Dean over like a pro, tongue-fucking him feverishly, then lapping at his hole slowly, lovingly, lavishing him with attention, then moving up again, taking one ball into his mouth, nursing on it, then the other, then licking Dean’s cock like a lollipop slowly, then engulfing him with his mouth, taking him all the way down, Dean shuddering and tearing at the sheets and chanting, “Sam. Sammy. Sam.” And when he was about to come, Sam would just stop. Stroke his stomach and thighs until Dean stopped swearing and settled down. And then he would start it all over again.

The third time Sam pulled his mouth off before Dean came, Dean uttered an honest-to-god whimper.

Sam chuckled, licking at the sensitive skin of Dean’s inner thigh. “Hey. You said. I could do this all day.”

“I meant you could blow me over and over all day. You know. With me actually coming each time.”

Sam’s eyes darkened. “That what you want?”

Dean sat up. “Yeah. That’s what I fucking want. I want to come in your mouth, Sammy. Over and over. Want you to come in mine.” Dean’s voice was roughened by his desperate need to come. “I want us to fuck each other’s mouths all day and all night until our jaws hurt.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered shut, glorying in the sound of Dean talking dirty to him. He sealed his mouth around Dean’s cock and worked it with a vengeance.

“Yeah. There we go. That’s my good baby boy.” Sam moaned. “Can’t get enough, can you? Love your big brother’s dick in your mouth, don’t you?” Sam nodded yes, careful not to scrape his teeth
on Dean’s sensitive flesh. “I wanna see how much of my come you can swallow today. That’s what I fucking want, Sammy.” Dean’s eyes were a deep emerald green, locked onto Sam’s hazel ones. “Gonna give me what I want?”

Sam held Dean’s gaze, pulled off just long enough to gasp, “Always.”

“So good for me. Christ. Such a good little cocksucker.” Sam’s whole body shuddered at Dean’s words of praise. “Never get tired of hearing me talk, do you?”

“Never,” Sam whispered.

“Come on, Sammy, swallow that cock. Show me how much you love it. Make me come for you.”

And that set Sam off more than anything else he’d said. He looked up at Dean, eyes huge, and sucked Dean’s cock in a wordless plea, begging with his eyes and his warm wet mouth for Dean to come, please, come in my mouth, Dean, let me taste you, please, come for me. Come for me. Come for me.

And Dean always gave Sam what he wanted.

Dean came hard, spurting into Sam’s open, willing mouth, stomach contracting with the force of it, entire body jolting like electricity was shooting through him, chanting Sam’s name, eyes squeezed tight in the jesus christ I’m going to fucking die part of the orgasm, eyes open and gazing at Sam with pure adoration as Sam milked every last drop of come out of him and licked it up, Dean shaking with each aftershock.

Sam climbed up alongside Dean as he lay back on the bed, and Dean pulled him down into a kiss, licking the taste of himself out of Sam’s mouth. Sam groaned.

Dean looked up at him. “Your turn.”

Dean gave every bit as good as he got, stripping Sam bare, lapping at Sam’s cock like he had all the time in the world. Payback for the slow sweet torture Sam had just put him through. And Sam fucking loved it. He did everything Dean told him. Held his legs apart so Dean had easy access. Spread his ass open with his hands so Dean could lick him open with slow, wet swipes of his tongue. Begged nice and pretty for Dean to put his fingers inside him while he sucked his cock. So pretty that Dean made a mental note to tease Sam like this, until he was pliant and giddy and shameless, on practically a daily basis if he could. Sam held absolutely nothing back, not bound by shyness or shame or fear. He gave it all to Dean.

Dean worked two fingers in and out of Sam’s ass, milking that special spot, only giving Sam little kitten licks along his cock, or blowing moist warm breath, making Sam squirm and beg and plead for more. “How long can you stand it, Sammy?”

“I can’t. Dean. Come on. I can’t take anymore. Please.”

Dean’s grin was practically evil. “Not done playing with you yet, Sammy.”

Sam’s head fell back.

Dean tortured Sam with pleasure for a long, long time. He was exquisitely good at it. He brought Sam to the brink of tears, pleading to be allowed to come, and held him, kissing him softly, praising him, telling him how much he loved him, until Sam settled down… and then he asked Sam to take a little more for him.
And Sam did.

Dean did it all over again, lapping at Sam’s cock, sucking on it so slowly, enough to make it feel so good Sam shuddered but not enough to let him come, pulling off just in time, squeezing the base of Sam’s cock, his fingers in Sam’s ass the entire time because Sam loved that so much.

“Gonna do this all day, baby boy. Don’t worry. I’ll let you come.” Dean looked up at Sam mischievously. “Eventually. But I’m gonna fuck you all day. All night. Until you pass out.”

Sam’s smile in response was blinding. And there was something surprising in his expression. A flash of gratitude and relief.

Dean brought Sam to the edge over and over until the only two words Sam could remember were “Dean” and “please.” And then he took pity. “You did so good, Sammy. So good. Gonna reward you now.” Sam practically sobbed. Dean stabbed his fingers inside Sam, fucking him nice and hard, and swallowed Sam to the base, rising all the way back up and working the head of his cock.

Sam thrust his hips into the air, legs around Dean’s waist, his weight on his upper back, and fucked himself down on Dean’s fingers, crying out, thrashing on the bed, sounds ripped out of the depths of him as Dean finally let him come.

Dean swallowed every bit of it, loving the taste of Sam, his come somehow sweet and clean, with a distinct but pleasant mineral tang. “Love how you taste, Sammy,” he murmured, working his tongue into Sam’s slit to tease out the last droplets, as Sammy writhed and cried out beneath him.

He brought Sam a glass of water, helped him sit up and drink. Dean coughed, and finished the rest of the glass. When Sam had regained his motor functions, he ran his hand up Dean’s thigh. “Looks like your turn again.”

Sam took Dean, gorgeously erect again, into his mouth and worshipped his cock until he got hard again too. Then he shifted position so his hips were near Dean’s shoulders. Dean got the hint. He pulled Sam up and over, straddling his face, and pulled him down into a sixty-nine.

Sam went crazy, gripping Dean’s thighs hard, sucking his cock feverishly, bucking his hips and fucking Dean’s mouth, making the most delicious sounds Dean had ever heard Sam make. Dean hollowed his cheeks and sucked, letting his tongue go soft and flat, taking Sam deep, deeper than before, until Sam was fucking his throat.

Sam cried out even louder, mouth still sealed on Dean’s cock, over and over. Dean moved his hand up, slipped a finger into Sam’s ass, and that was it. Sam was done for. He shuddered, his cry amping up into a scream, mouth still locked on Dean. The feel of Sam screaming with pleasure on his cock as he flooded Dean’s mouth a second time sent Dean off, and they came nearly simultaneously, Dean just a few seconds behind.

They curled up in each other’s arms, Dean stroking Sam’s back. “I’ll never get tired of this. Of you.” Sam’s grin was blissful…and weary. “Yeah?”

“Damn straight.” Dean pulled Sam close. Sam’s eyes fluttered closed with exhaustion, but he forced them open again. “Get some sleep. I got you.” Sam’s expression flashed into something that disappeared so quickly Dean didn’t have a chance to name it. “Sam. I’m right here. I got you. We can go get something to eat after, but try to get a little sleep, ok?” Sam closed his eyes and nestled close to Dean. “Mmm.”

“I got you. You’re safe.” Dean wrapped himself around Sam. Sam fought it for a few moments, but
he couldn’t hold sleep off for long. Soon, he was out.

Dean stayed awake as long as he could. Which wasn’t very long, as spent as he was. He closed his eyes and drifted into sleep.

Once again, he awoke to howls.

Sam had recoiled to the head of the bed, palms out as if trying to ward something off. His mouth worked, lips forming words without sound. He sucked in a huge breath, like gathering fuel for the firestorm of the next scream to surge out of his mouth.

Dean put his hands on Sam’s face and kissed him.

Sam’s mouth quivered, and his eyes flashed open.

Dean kept kissing him, so soft, so gentle. He stroked Sam’s face tenderly. Every motion slow, soothing, aching with love for Sam.

Sam pulled away, eyes searching Dean’s face, the room, confused and scared.

“You’re right here with me, Sammy. It’s ok.”

“Dean?” Sam blinked a few times, and blew out a huge, shuddering breath.

“I’m right here.” Dean rubbed his thumb over Sam’s jaw.

The force of Sam thudding into Dean’s chest, wrapping his arms around him tight and desperate, nearly knocked Dean onto his back.

“’S’alright, Sammy. You’re with me. No one’s gonna hurt you. I promise.”

Sam shook in his arms. “Keep talking.”

Sam was so receptive to Dean’s voice, in so many ways. And Dean had always been able to talk Sam down from a nightmare.

“You’re ok. I’m right here with you. And nothing bad ever happens when you’re with me, right?” Sam sniffed and nodded. “Ok then. So you’re good. Just a bad dream. And you don’t have to think about that stuff ever again, Sammy. I’m not going to let anything hurt you. Ok?” Sam nodded again, gentling under Dean’s words and touch. Dean held him, stroking him soothingly, murmuring reassuring words until Sam stopped shaking and sniffing. “I don’t know about you, but I’m starving.”

Sam looked up at Dean. He looked so weary it broke Dean’s heart.

Dean petted Sam’s cheek. “You hungry?”

“Yeah.”

Dean tipped Sam’s face up and kissed him like it was the first time. The last time. The only time. The way he kissed Sam made time snap to a dead stop. All there was, all there had ever been or would ever be, was Sam and Dean.

After a moment impossible to measure, time got a foothold again and started moving. Dean sniffled, and reached for his underwear. “Come on. Let’s get something to eat.”
They dressed quickly, hooked their knives to their belts, making sure they were hidden underneath their long flannel shirts and jackets, and stumbled back to the railroad car diner. They both ordered breakfast burritos and coffee. Sam slammed the contents of his cup before the waitress had finished filling Dean’s cup. She filled it again, eyes wide. She took their ticket back to the kitchen, and came back with a plastic insulated carafe of coffee and set it before Sam.

“Thank you.” Sam was surprised at the unexpected gesture. “That was real thoughtful of you.”

The waitress, a pretty blonde in her early twenties, beamed. “Look like you could use it.”

Sam drank most of the coffee himself. Dean didn’t notice at first, so intent on devouring his breakfast burrito, eyes closed in food bliss. “Everything is better as a burrito. Like, they should make burger burritos. Onion ring burritos.” Dean opened his eyes wide, like he just had an epiphany. “Dude. Pie burritos.”

“If we ever get a place with a kitchen, I’ll figure out how to make you pie burritos.” Sam’s face lit up with fondness.

Sam drank cup after cup of coffee. Dean cocked an eyebrow at him but said nothing. When their plates were clean and the carafe was empty, Dean handed the waitress the bill with cash. “No change, sweetheart.”

Sam gave Dean a look.

The waitress walked away, and Dean bumped his boot against Sam’s. “Don’t like me calling anyone else that?”

Sam’s lips pursed slightly, and he gave a slight shake no.

Dean laughed.

“What?”

“Fucking adorable.”

Sam’s expression was a cacophonous mixture of annoyance and pleasure.

Dean leaned over the table. “Come on, sweetheart.”

Sam looked down, but his cheeks flushed pink.

Dean coughed, and took a big drink of water.

“You ok?” Sam stood up, putting on his warm jacket.

“I’m fine. Just a little tickle in my throat.” Suddenly, that wicked grin was back. “Hey… you got anything that could help me out with that?” Dean chewed on his lower lip unconsciously.

Sam blushed. “Again?”

Dean practically pulled Sam out the door. Once they were outside, out of earshot of anyone, he leaned into Sam. “Finally get you alone. All to myself. Just us, in a room? We can do whatever we want?” Dean put his arm around Sam’s waist. “Right now, what I want is your cock in my mouth.”

A car approached from the opposite direction, and slowed as it approached them. “Fucking faggots.” The guy behind the wheel, a pale redhead with splotchy freckles, glared at them.
Sam and Dean flipped their jackets open and gripped the handles of their knives in a simultaneous motion that looked practiced.

The driver recoiled, sped up and drove away.

Sam’s breath, white vapor in the cold air, plumed out as he stalked toward the motel room. “Shit like that pisses me off.”

Dean made an effort to keep up. “Me too.” But Sam was clearly furious. Dean remembered what he’d been told. Part of PTSD was being quick to anger. So he let Sam walk off the moment, and by the time they got back to the motel room, he was visibly calmer.

Once inside with the door shut, Sam moosecharged him. “You want something, Dean?” Sam pressed his hardening cock against Dean’s thigh. Dean murmured, “Yeah,” nuzzling Sam’s neck.

“Say it.” Sam rocked against Dean, tipping his head to the side to let Dean have full access to his neck.

Dean groaned. “Gonna be the death of me, Sammy.”

“Say it,” Sam insisted. “I like it. When you talk.”

“Like my dirty mouth, huh?”

Sam shivered. “Love your dirty mouth.”

Dean drew his lips lightly over the soft skin at the front of Sam’s throat. “What I want, sweetheart, is to suck your cock.” Little kisses, the tip of his tongue darting out. “For the third time today.” Warm breath on Sam’s skin. “Want to taste you. Want to make you come for me. Come in my mouth.” Sam was already shivering. “And you know what I want to do then, baby boy?” Dean drew his hand up the inside of Sam’s thigh and across the front, palming his cock. Sam bit his lip with a groan. “I want to kiss you. Feed all that come back to you. Make you lick my dirty mouth nice and clean.”

“Jesus, Dean.” A shiver ran through Sam.

“Christ, I love you. Love how you get off on this. On the things I want to do to you. With you.”

“Do it.”

Dean sank to his knees, pushed Sam up against the door, and pulled his jeans open. Sam hadn’t bothered to put his underwear on, and the sight of Sam going commando made Dean swear.

He pulled his cock out and nuzzled his cheek against it.

“Dean.”

Dean looked up.

“After… after you…”

“Make you come in my mouth and feed it to you?”

Sam’s head smacked against the door. “Guh.”

“After that?”
Sam’s expression, avid, almost feral, made him look much older than he was. “I want you to fuck me.”

Dean dug his teeth into his lower lip. “Done.”

Dean didn’t tease Sam this time. He just lapped and sucked and pulled Sam’s orgasm out of him as fast as he could, moaning at the taste of Sam spilling into his mouth. He held it all, not swallowing, and brought him to the bed. Then he laid his baby brother out, brought his mouth down, opened it, letting Sam’s come spill into his mouth. And Sam fucking lost it, licking the taste of himself out of Dean’s mouth, moaning and lapping at the roof of Dean’s mouth, the sides of his cheeks, his teeth, licking it all up.

And with their mouths locked, the salty tang of Sam on their lips, Dean slicked himself up and took Sam, fucked him good and proper, rocking into him nice and slow until Sam got hard for him again, then fucking him hard and rough the way Sam demanded, hands pushing on his ass, words of desire, of command, spilling from his mouth. He fucked him like he owned him. Sam purred and writhed and urged him on, fist working his own cock, stripping it, murmuring encouragement into Dean’s mouth like Sam had never dared to do before, like all of Dean’s dirty talk had seeped inside Sam, taken root and grown into something deliciously wanton, sweet/filthy, all the better for Sam’s innocence. *Fuck me, yeah, come on, fuck your baby brother, love how you fuck me, I know you love it, love being inside me, making me yours, all yours, fucking me so good, making me lose it for you, come on, Dean, I’m not gonna fucking break, I can take it, Dean, fuck me HARD, I need it, harder, fucking DO it…*

Dean fucked Sam harder, driving inside him fierce and rough. But it wasn’t enough. Suddenly, Dean was on his back and Sam was riding him, rising and falling on his cock, fucking himself rougher than Dean would have ever dared, impaling himself on Dean hard and fast, so hard it had to have hurt, HAD to have hurt, but Sam was writhing and groaning like he was finally getting exactly what he wanted, what he needed desperately, and when he came, spilling all over Dean’s stomach and chest, his cry sounded very much like the sound he made in his nightmare.

Dean couldn’t stop the orgasm Sam drove out of him, came nice and hard the way Sam wanted him to. Couldn’t help it, seeing his Sammy so aggressive, so demanding. They collapsed on their sides, panting, flesh cooling. But as soon as they’d recovered their breath, Dean turned Sam’s face towards his.

“Sammy.”

Sam blinked, almost like he was coming back to himself.

“You know I’ll do anything you want, right?”

Sam nodded.

“Whatever kink gets you going, I’ll do it. No judgment. You know that. But… Sam. What’s going on?”

Sam tilted his head like a confused dog.

“You… it’s like… like you wanted me to hurt you.”

Sam closed his eyes, unable to meet Dean’s gaze.

“Talk to me.”
Sam fell over onto his back, his hand on Dean’s chest, never losing contact with him.

“I…” Sam took a deep breath, blew it out through his nose. “I’m… kind of fucked up right now.”

Dean turned onto his side, facing Sam.

“Kind of a lot.”

“It’s ok.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s flank, let it rest there, solid and reassuring.

“I can’t stop remembering.” Sam looked at Dean, hazel eyes so haunted. So hurt. “I get flashes. All day. For no reason. Just… like I was right back there. But this time…”

“It’s Dad.” Dean filled in the silence.

“Yeah.”

Dean closed his eyes, trying to shut down the flood of emotions.

“I don’t want to. But I can’t stop it. And when I sleep…” Sam’s voice was thin, scraped across jagged rocks until barely any of it was left. “It’s worse.”

Sam started to curl in on himself. Dean pulled him close. “I don’t know what to do.” His chest heaved. “Don’t know how to make it stop. But when I’m with you. When we’re…” He sucked in a breath. “It goes away. For a while. And the… the rougher it is, the more my brain shuts down.” Sam started to shake. “I’m sorry. I know… you don’t want to hurt me. I just… Dean. I don’t know what to do.”

Dean just held him, stroked his hair. “It’s ok. Sam. It’s fine. If that’s what you need, it’s ok. Whatever you need.” Dean put his fingers on Sam’s chin and tipped his head up, made him look Dean in the eye. “Dude. If it helps you for me to fuck you hard, I’m all over that.”

Sam laughed. Laughed for the first time in a while. The relief that coursed through Dean was dizzying.

“We’ll figure something out. And in the meantime… I’ll do whatever you need. Fuck you into the mattress. Cuddle you all night. Read you bedtime stories. Whatever.”

Sam stared at Dean like he was something unexpected. “Really?”

Dean shook his head. “Don’t you get it?”

Sam blinked at him, confused.

“I love you, you big jerk. I’ll do anything for you.”

Sam buried his face in Dean’s chest. “It’s… it’s ok?”

“Yeah it’s ok.” Dean held Sam close.

They lay together, breathing in unison.

Sam finally stirred. “I haven’t forgotten.”

Dean brushed his lips over Sam’s hair. “What?”
“We need to call Bobby. Tell him what’s up.”

It wasn’t lost on Dean that Sam said Bobby, not Dad.

“Yeah we do.”

Sam was silent for a long moment. “In the morning. Right before we head out.”

“However you want to play it.”

Sam thought about it. “Yeah. In the morning.”

“Where do you want to go tomorrow?”

Sam sat up and ran his fingers through his hair, smoothing it back. “I’ve been thinking about that.”

“Yeah?” Dean lay on his side, gazing up at his little brother. All the bruises were almost entirely gone now. The skin on Sam’s broken arm was paler than the rest but looked normal. To look at him, you would never know the physical abuse he had taken. But the other scars…they hadn’t faded so easily.

“I want to go to Texas.”

Dean grinned. “Alright.” Dean had always wanted to go to Texas. Sam too. Now, on the run from their family and their pockets full of cash, they finally had the chance.

Dean fell into an easy, relaxed sleep, snoring softly. Sam held him, watching him sleep. Then he sat up, picked up his book from the nightstand, and started to read.

He read all night. Dean slept, unaware.

~

Dean awoke with a yawn, and a series of coughs.

“You don’t sound so good.”

Dean rubbed his eyes. “I’m fine, Sammy.” He blinked at his little brother.”’You get some sleep?”

Sam stretched. “Yeah.”

Dean nodded.

Both of them knew Sam was lying.

“Shower?”

Sam perked up. “Yeah.”

Dean let Sam pee in privacy, and then Sam let Dean do the same. It was one thing to live in each other’s pockets, but some boundaries had to be maintained, and things like that were one of them.

Then Dean ran the shower and called Sam in. As had become their routine, Dean went in first, held his hand out to Sam, and gently invited, but did not force, him in. Once under the spray, Dean held Sam, talked to him soft and sweet, reassured him that he could breathe just fine. He soaped Sam up, as much a seduction as it was a cleansing, distracting him from the blind panic of being in water
through his clever fingers and tongue, until Sam was achingly hard, rutting against Dean’s leg, thinking only of the love and pleasure of being with Dean.

Dean didn’t let Sam come until he had shampooed and rinsed his hair, and let Sam do the same for him. Then he slicked up his cock with conditioner, and his right hand, and slid between Sam’s thighs from behind, working himself to climax while jacking Sam off until he came all over the white tiles of the shower wall.

He insisted on toweling Sam off. He’d come to love doing that for Sam, even though he was now perfectly capable of doing it himself.

Sam insisted on dressing himself now, however.

Dean eyed Sam as he dressed, reading the tension in the curve of his shoulders.”You want to get breakfast first? Coffee?”

Sam dropped his head. “No. I can’t eat right now.” Dean knew. Sam’s stomach was in knots. “After. I’ll call… and then we can drive for a while, and stop somewhere.”

“Do you want me to do it?”

Sam’s head snapped up. He looked at Dean like he’d just offered him a lifeline. Then his shoulders sagged. “No. I have to. We’re here because of me.”

“Not because of you. Because of—“

“We left because I made us leave.”

Dean couldn’t dispute that.

“So I’ll call.”

Sam sat up straight, picked up the phone, and placed the call. He patted the side of the bed, indicating Dean should sit next to him, and held the receiver away from his ear slightly so Dean could hear.

“Eldrich and Jones Funeral Home.”

“Bobby. It’s me.”

Silence.

“Sam?”

“Yeah.”

“Christ on a stick. Boy, are you ok?”

Sam ran his fingers through his hair. “I’m fine. We’re fine.”

“Where are you?”

“You know I’m not going to tell you that.”

Another moment of silence.
“You’re not?”

“No.”

“Guess that means you aren’t coming home anytime soon.”

Dean looked at Sam.

“No. We’re not.”

A heavy sigh. “Your dad is worried sick.”

“He’ll get over it.” Sam tensed up. Dean put his arm over Sam’s shoulders.

“Sam—”

“I didn’t call to talk about John’s feelings.”

Dean blinked. That was the first time Sam had ever referred to Dad as John.

“I… I have a lot to figure out. Ok? And I can’t be around him right now. Not until I get clear on a lot of stuff. But I wanted you to know we’re ok. We’re fine. And—”

Suddenly, a different voice was coming through the receiver. “Son?”

“John?” Sam’s voice was hard.

The sound John made was soft, almost imperceptible. But the pain was unmistakable.

“Are you safe?”

“Of course I’m safe. I’m with Dean.”

Dean couldn’t help but beam with pride and love.

“Before… look, we have a lot to talk about, but I have to tell you something. Warn you.”

Sam sat up. “Hiding something else from me? Why am I not surprised?”

John sighed. “That’s fair. I earned that. But… Sam. I need you to listen. That demon? He… he has something planned for you. Specifically you.”

Dean suddenly went cold all over.

“The reason Azazel brought Spivey back? It was to apologize to me. For hurting you. And to…”

John’s voice cracked. “To apologize to you for hurting you.”

“What? Dad… what the hell are you talking about?”

“Spivey begged for my forgiveness, and yours. He said Azazel told him you were special. Not to be touched.”

Sam dropped the phone.

Dean picked it up. “…you hear me, Sam? The demon knows who you are. Knew already. I don’t know what his plan is. I don’t even know if Spivey was telling the truth. But… but I think he was. So do Reggie and Bobby. So you need to be careful. And you need to come home. So we can
“I’m not telling you where we are. And we aren’t coming back. Not for a while, at least. Maybe not for a long time.”

John was silent.

“We’re ok. I can keep him safe. You know I can.”

“Dean. Sam will be safer with more of us there to protect him.”

“What, like you did before? You’re the one that got him into this mess.”

“That’s not fair.”

“No, actually, that’s perfectly fair. Now, if you want to make it up to Sam, you and everyone there figure out what the hell is going on. Let me worry about keeping Sam safe. I’ll damn well do a better job at it than you ever did.” Dean’s anger was palpable. He kept his hand on Sam’s back, who was bent over, breathing rapidly.

“Dean, I’m still your father, and Sam is still a minor, and you’ll damn well listen to me when I tell you to get your asses back home—”

“No.”

“What?” John blustered.

“I told you before. Sam is mine now. I’m taking care of him. He’s my responsibility, not yours.”

“Legally—“

Dean laughed. “Since when have you ever cared about what was legal? When you were dragging us from school to school, forging student records? Committing credit card fraud? Petty theft? Or when you were torturing and killing that kid?”

Silence on the other end of the line. Not even breathing.

“I always took care of Sam because you couldn’t. Or wouldn’t. You had better things to do. And yeah, for a long time, I bought into that. Thought you had good reasons. But no matter which way you cut it, when it came to how you were with Sam, you failed.”

The noise John made sounded like a muffled sob.

“I raised him. I loved him. I took care of him. Sam is mine. Period. End of discussion.” Sam raised his head and stared at Dean, the love and admiration and disbelief radiating off him like heat lines off asphalt in summer.

“So if you want to help Sam, please. By all means. Help Sam. But you don’t get to order him around anymore, or me. And where you are isn’t home.”

Sam’s jaw dropped open.
“So. Do you actually want to help Sam?”

“Of course I do. I—“

“Then get with your freaky book dude, and all your connections, and you find out what the hell this demon thing wants with Sam, and how we can get it off Sam’s back.”

“Dean—“

“Is Reggie there?”

“No. No, he’s out hunting for you to bring you back.”

Dean laughed. “Of course he is. Well, you can call and tell him we’re not coming back.”

“How are you going to get by? You need food and shelter and—“

“We’re covered. I took care of it.”

“How the hell—“

“I told you. I can take care of Sam.”

John’s voice was low, pleading. “Son. I’m scared. I’m scared for you both.”

That pulled Dean up short. He held the phone receiver hard enough to drive all the blood from his knuckles.

“I love you. I love both of you. So much. And I’m sorry. Christ, Dean, I’m so sorry…”

Dean’s jaw clenched.

“You have to let me help. Please don’t… don’t shut me out. Let me make amends.”

“You want to make amends? Find out what that demon wants with Sam, and how we can stop him. Do that… and… and we’ll see.”

“I will. Dean. I promise.”

“We’ll call again in a few days.”

“Please. Dean. Don’t—“

“Goodbye, Dad.”

Dean hung up the phone.

Sam gripped his knees, trying to hold it together. He stared up at him, fear in his eyes. “Dean?”

“It’s ok, Sammy. Nothing’s gonna hurt you, or take you away from me.” Dean held Sam tight, so tight it hurt, but Sam didn’t feel a single twinge of pain. He just held onto Dean like the only thing that mattered. And Dean shielded Sam with his arms, and his love, and his dogged, stubborn determination that he was going to get Sam through this safely and out the other side. Somehow.
You Can Sleep While I Drive

Chapter Summary

John and Bobby try to find answers. Reggie tries to find the boys. Sam and Dean continue their road trip, while Dean tries to hide that he's sick.

Bobby’s house was a hive of activity. Hunters coming and going, offering their services, delivering rare tomes that mentioned Azazel, relating information gathered from various supernatural creatures captured and pressed for information, the phones ringing with tips from people in the network who thought they might have seen the boys.

Bobby pored over the books with several hunters. John stood over a large map unfolded over the kitchen table, with markings of where people had searched, the radius of how far the boys could have gotten so far, likely places they might have gone. His ear was bright red from having a phone pressed to it for so long. Half-full coffee cups were everywhere. No one touched the whiskey before it got dark.

They all worked doggedly, frenetically, to learn what Azazel could possibly want with Sam, and how to stop him.

Meanwhile, Reggie was hunting the boys.

The first thing he did when they learned the boys had run away from home was ask to be left alone in the boys’ room. He examined every page of the notebook of Sam’s drawings, which weren’t half bad. He went through the belongings they had left behind—books, summer clothes, action figures, Dean’s cowboy boots on the floor of the closet. He sat on the bed and just looked around for a very long time, taking in everything. The football on the dresser. Action figures on the desk. Then he lay back and rested his head on the pillow, thinking.

He rolled onto his side, absently stroking his moustache, and his eyes fell to the Dallas Cowboys comforter. He sat up quickly.

Downstairs, he gathered his things. “I’m heading out. I’ll check in with you as often as I can.” He patted John on the shoulder.

John looked old, exhausted, sick with worry. He looked at Reggie with grief that was almost unbearable. Reggie knew that look well.

“Reg. You find my boys.”

Reggie pulled out a toothpick from the box in his pocket. “Don’t worry. I reckon I will.”

Sam and Dean barely slept that night, the words of their father about Sam and the demon echoing in their minds. They simply wrapped themselves around each other beneath the blankets, as tight as they could.

Dean wouldn’t let himself sleep, and when he did fall into a light slumber, he awoke with a start,
heart pounding, skin damp from panic sweat.

Sam just wouldn’t sleep.

In the morning, Sam looked awful, with huge bags under his eyes, but he was oddly cheerful.

Dean gave him a quizzical look.

“Hey. If Azazel says I’m not to be touched, I guess we might as well relax for a little while. Right? I mean, I’m not in immediate danger.”

Dean wanted to protest, but Sam had a point. They didn’t know why the demon had such an interest in Sam, but at least for now, they probably had a pass from whatever demons were around.

It wasn’t much. But Dean would take it, hang onto it like a life preserver.

Dean exerted superhuman effort to stifle his need to cough. But the flushing of his cheeks was not something even he could control through sheer force of will.

Sam came up to Dean, eyes dark with worry. “You sick?”

Dean waved him off. “I’m fine.”

Before Dean could stop him, Sam pressed his lips to Dean’s forehead. The way Mary used to, to check if the boys had a fever. The way Dean had always checked if Sam had one.

“You’re sick.” Sam’s brow furrowed.

“You. It’s just a cold. We’ll stop for cold medicine.”

Sam blinked at Dean, perplexed.

“You still want to go to Texas?”

“But. I… Dean. The demon. Me. I…”

“Nothing we can do about that here, right?”

Sam’s mouth opened, but nothing came out. Sam couldn’t fault Dean’s logic. They weren’t about to go back, go back home, or to the place that served some of that idealized location’s functions. There was nothing keeping them there, and both of them knew Reggie was on their trail. So they might as well press on.

“So let’s keep going. Make it a real road trip. Stop wherever we want, do whatever we want…”

“Eat whatever we want…” Sam continued, a smile breaking over his face. Road trips with John were always on his timetable, his agenda.

Sam loaded their bags into the car, and Dean drove them to a gas station to fill up and pick up some cold medicine and tons of road food: beef jerky, chips, root beer, tuna sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, Rolos, Hostess fruit pies, and Hawaiian Punch for Sam.

They took turns driving. Dean found a classic rock station, and they enjoyed that for a while.

They didn’t talk about it.
They both knew that as mad as they were at John, he was one of the finest hunters on the planet. Bobby and his contacts could find out anything about anything. If anyone on Earth could figure out what was going on, it was those two men. And until they found out something, there was really nothing to talk about.

So they drove and shared their road snacks, and stared at each other more than the road, and held each other’s hand. Sam popped Rolos one at a time into Dean’s mouth as he drove. When it was Sam’s turn, Dean peeled hard-boiled eggs for him, sprinkling salt from the little paper packets all over the top, spilling onto his jeans, and holding them up for Sam to take bites.

At rest stops, they kissed, but were too exhausted and overwhelmed for anything more.

When Sam needed to use the facilities in private, Dean waited outside—and as soon as Sam was inside, he doubled over, coughing hard, wheezing in breaths that were meant to be deep, but triggered another coughing fit. He had barely recovered, wiping his watering eyes and chugging more cold medicine, when Sam came around the corner. He quickly composed himself, and Sam didn’t notice.

They ate lunch at a place near Denver that was built to look like Bent’s Old Fort, made out of adobe, with waiters carrying period rifles and powder horns. As soon as they cracked the menu, Dean ordered them a whiskey with real gunpowder. Then he declared Sam had to order “Sam’s Buffalo Boudie,” which was an authentic type of sausage. Sam agreed, and dared Dean to order Rocky Mountain Oysters. Dean took the dare—and then as soon as the waiter put the plate of fried testicles in front of him, insisted Sam split it with him, and that Sam had to share his sausage.

They each took a Rocky Mountain Oyster and ate it at the same time.

“Wow.”

“Yeah.”

“This is good.”

Sam laughed. “Who knew?”

They ate slowly, enjoying the meal and their surroundings. Sam drank three cups of coffee, but despite it, he started nodding off.

“Come on. Let’s get out of here. You can sleep in the car.”

Sam shook his head stubbornly, hair flying in his eyes. “My turn to drive.”

Dean brought his leg forward and pressed it against Sam’s under the table. “You’re too tired. Not safe.”

Sam took another bite of the buffalo sausage and slid the plate over to Dean. “Dean. You’re sick. I’ll drive.”

Dean took the last bite of sausage. “’M fine, Sam.”

He insisted on driving. Sam eventually drifted into a fitful sleep.

A few miles past the Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site, the heater stopped working.

“Shit.”
Sam woke with a start, fear bright in his eyes.

“It’s ok. But the heat just crapped out.” Dean pulled over and poked around futilely at wires, but the heater would not respond. So he made Sam put on his warm coat and scarf, and Sam bundled Dean up like a little kid in a snowstorm, and Dean kept driving, gritting his teeth and shaking his head from time to time like a dog with water in its ears.

When they saw the Welcome to Texas sign, they grinned at each other like little kids.

By the time they neared Amarillo, Dean was noticeably shivering.

Sam was not, although he was quite cold. “Pull over.”

“Sam, I’m fine.”

“Pull the damn car over.” The command tone of Sam’s voice made it clear he wasn’t taking no for an answer. Dean pulled onto the shoulder. Sam put his hand on Dean’s forehead. “Fuck.”

Dean just blinked, unable to generate yet another protest when the truth was so clear.

“You’re burning up.”

“Freezing.”

Sam swore again. “Come on. I’m driving.” He made Dean switch places with him, looked over the map, and nodded. “Looks like there are some motels not too far. We’ll rest.”

Sam passed the first motel they saw from the highway.

Dean just looked at Sam, eyes bloodshot.

“It didn’t feel right.”

Dean tilted his head questioningly.

“I don’t know. I just… got a feeling.”

Sam drove a little farther, and then without warning, he took an exit.

Dean opened his mouth to speak, and erupted in a coughing fit. When he recovered, he said, “Where are you taking us?”

Sam pointed to a nondescript motel up ahead, with a faded sign that read Jaeger Motel.

“How did you see that from the road?”

Sam pursed his lips, then finally spoke. “I didn’t. I just…”

“Got a feeling?”

Sam gave Dean a look.

“I trust you, Sammy.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s leg.

“Ok.”

Behind them, a pair of headlights followed them off the highway onto the road leading to the
motel.

Sam drove over a long, unbroken white shape like a speed bump that snaked in front of the entrance to the parking lot, and around the entire edge of the motel. He pulled the car up to the main office. “Wait here. I’ll check us in.”

Sam went inside.

The car, a dark sedan, drove into the parking lot—and stopped suddenly, with the front wheels over the white bump. Abruptly, the car went into reverse, and slowly drove away.

Sam rang the bell on the counter. Within a few moments, a dark-haired woman in her mid-twenties came to the counter. “Hello.” Her voice was warm and resonant.

“I’d like a room, please.”

The woman looked at Sam with a curious kind of intensity. “Sure. Do you prefer ground floor or second floor?”

“Second floor.” John always had them stay on the second floor because he said they were less prone to break-ins.

She nodded like Sam just said something smart. “Just you?”

“No, it’s me and my…” Sam almost said brother, but hesitated. “My boyfriend.”

The woman’s face softened into a smile. “It’s ok. You’re among friends here.”

Sam exhaled, unaware he’d been holding his breath.

“I’m Juliane.” She extended her hand.

Sam thought fast. He couldn’t give her their real names. “I’m Paul. And my boyfriend’s name is Gene.”

“He’s waiting in the car?”

“He’s not feeling well.”

“Ah.” Juliane took a key down from the wall behind her. “The rooms are $40 a night.”

Sam reached into his pocket. “Is cash ok?”

Again, that rapid blink, like she was taking a photo. “That’s fine.” He put some bills down. “Two nights. To start.”

Juliane slid the key across the counter toward him. He reached for it, and his fingers accidentally brushed hers. She jerked her hand back as though she’d received a shock of static electricity. “Room 204.” She looked outside at the car. “Would you like any help bringing up your bags?”

“No thanks. We can handle it.”

Sam pulled the car into a parking space and tugged Dean out of the passenger seat. He swayed on his feet. “Dean?”

Dean shook his head. “M fine, Sammy.” Sam slung Dean’s duffel over his shoulder, the one with
all the money in it, and supported Dean with his other arm. Dean leaned on him heavily, stumbling up the stairs, and practically staggered into the room.

“Lay down. I gotta get my bag. Be right back.” At the threshold, Sam paused, then opened Dean’s duffel and pulled out the salt. “Just to be safe.” He quickly laid down a thick salt line along the door and windows. “Ok. Be right back.”

Sam ran downstairs and got the rest of the stuff out of the car. As he headed back towards the stairs, Juliane came out of the office and walked toward him. “Wait! You gave me too much money—“

Above them, Dean opened the door to their room. “Gotta watch out for you…” He swayed on his feet, and then collapsed.

Sam raced up the stairs two at a time, and flung the bags onto the floor, dropping to his knees. “Dean?”

Dean was barely conscious, face pale, and sweating profusely.

Behind him, Juliane’s voice. “Is he alright? How can I help?”

Sam looked up at her, eyes bright with panic. She glanced down at the line of salt over the threshold. Sam’s mouth fell open, brain whirling, trying to spin an explanation.

“Oh, don’t be silly. I knew what you were the second I saw you.”

Sam turned pale, his hand involuntarily going to his knife.

“You’re a hunter. Both of you.”

Sam’s mouth fell open a little wider.

She stepped across the salt line and entered the room. “This whole place is warded. And the perimeter is protected.” Sam blinked in confusion. “The white bump you drove over? Pure salt.”

“You…”

“This place is a motel, but it’s also a safe haven for hunters. I’ll explain everything later.” She knelt alongside Dean. “What’s wrong with him?”

Sam stroked Dean’s forehead. “He’s just sick. I mean—it’s nothing supernatural. He just got the flu or something.”

Juliane shook her hair back over her shoulders. “He should be on the bed, yes?”

Sam picked up Dean and carried him to the bed, where he took off his heavy jacket and sweatshirt and laid him down. He tossed his head in protest, moaning. Juliane got a washcloth from the bathroom, soaked it in cool water and gave it to Sam. “Here. Cool his head down. I’ll be right back.”

Sam sat next to Dean on the bed placed the cool wet cloth on his forehead. He gasped like it burned, and then made a soft sound of pleasure.

“Does that feel good?”

Dean’s eyes opened. “Sammy?”
“I told her my name was Paul.” Sam smiled. “And you’re Gene. Cover names.”

“What, you didn’t want to be Ace?” Dean managed to make a small smile.

“Shhh… you just rest. Let me take care of you.”

Dean struggled, trying to sit up. “No way.”

“You’re really fucking sick. I’m all better now. And you’re gonna let me take care of you.”

“My job. Take care of you.” Dean muttered, falling back, as weak as a kitten.

“It’s my turn now.” Sam stroked Dean’s arm.

Dean hissed. “Skin hurts.”

“Sorry. I’ll be careful.” Sam placed his hand on Dean’s chest and just let it rest there. Whenever Dean got really sick, which had only happened a few times in Sam’s memory, his skin got so sensitive the slightest touch was painful.

Juliane returned with a bucket of ice, and a paper bag, from which she pulled a thermometer, a large bottle of yellow Gatorade, a bottle of Nyquil, and a bottle of Tylenol. “They’re all sealed. You can check them.”

Sam did.

Sam slipped the thermometer under Dean’s tongue. “103.2,” he read.

“Not good.”

Sam shook his head no, face creased with concern.

Juliane poured a glass of Gatorade and gave it to Sam, along with the Tylenol. Sam blinked at her gratefully. “Thank you.”

Dean struggled to sit up, sweating profusely, swallowed the pills Sam gave him and fell back against the pillow.

“I’ll leave you to it. Call me if you need anything tonight, ok?”

Sam held Dean’s hand, and nodded.

“Tomorrow, I’ll bring him some soup, and we can talk.”

Sam stood up. “Thank you. So much. I don’t even know what I would have done.”

Juliane smiled. “Good thing you found me.”

Sam blew out a breath through his nose. “No kidding.” He moved forward to hug her.

She sidestepped him deftly. “He needs you. We’ll talk tomorrow.”

She glanced at Dean. His eyes were open, vividly green, watching her intently.

“I’m sure you’ll feel better soon.”

When she had left, and Sam had locked the door and set the wedge into place on the bottom edge,
Dean murmured, “You check her?”

Sam wrapped some ice in the wet cloth and smoothed it over Dean’s forehead. “She’s one of the good guys, Dean. Plus, she crossed the salt line no problem.”

Dean frowned, then lay back and let Sam give him another drink of Gatorade, followed by a cupful of Nyquil, and then fell into a fever-fueled stupor.

Sam undressed him and put him into his sweats and softest t-shirt, and got him into bed. He sponged Dean’s face and chest with the ice-filled cloth, gently wiping away the drips of water with a dry cloth, until the ice bucket was nearly empty, and Dean was asleep.

Sam gently towed off the drips of water that had run into Dean's hair and down his neck, and kissed his forehead. Dean made a soft, happy sound. Sam’s shoulders slumped as the relief washed over him.

Then Sam changed into his sweats, pulled out his book, and climbed into bed next to Dean.

Dean stirred. "Sammy?"

"Yeah?"

Dean turned on his side and reached for Sam. "Love you."

"I love you back."

Dean fell asleep with his hand on Sam's stomach. He read quietly and watched over Dean all night long.
Reggie tracks the boys as only he can.

The miles whipped past, the Dodge Challenger eating up the road, reliable and steady. Just like its driver. Reggie gnawed on yet another toothpick, mind working furiously.

The thing that made Reggie such an effective hunter was not his dogged determination, or his intelligence. It was his empathy. He had an uncanny knack for putting himself into the mind of his prey. Working out what they wanted, and how they were most likely to try to get it. And this skill did not end with monsters.

Reggie put himself deep inside the mind of Sam. Because he knew in this running away from home business, Sam was the instigator. Sam needed to escape his father and Bobby. Dean had his back, but Sam’s hurt and confusion was driving this.

Reggie drove and tried to put Sam on. Tried to crawl inside that teenage boy, wear his pain and his need, his sweetness, his bravery. Not merely to think like him. To feel like him. Figure out where Sam would go to lick his wounds. If Sam stared at a map, where would he want to go?

But it wasn’t just Sam. Dean was along for the ride too. A foolish man would fail to factor that into their flight path.

Reggie settled into his seat and imagined it. Unable to sleep. Up in the middle of the night, fleeing into that bitter cold. That kind of decision was prompted not by careful reflection, but by sharp emotional need. The desperate need to get away, fast. And they didn’t take a car from Bobby’s lot. Too loud. So they must have hitched a ride. And the closest major highway was 90 that ran east to west.

There were hunters fanning out in all directions, doing systematic sweeps. He had the freedom to go where his instinct told him. And his instinct flashed on two young men in the freezing cold, trying to catch the quickest ride to anywhere. And from anywhere, they could formulate a plan.

So he picked the closest highway. And as to the direction? What prompted his choice was fairly ridiculous. As he idled the car, looking to the east then the west, a phrase bubbled up in his memory. “Go west, young man.” So he headed west.

Far greater decisions with more profound ramifications had been decided in such a fashion.

Reggie sucked the hot-sweet cinnamon from the toothpick in his mouth, and turned on the radio. Cassette tape in Sam and Dean’s desk drawer. Disraeli Gears by Cream. He turned the dial until he heard the familiar strains of Pink Floyd’s Money. He drove down the highway, listening to classic rock, immersed in the feel of a teenage boy running away from home, running away from the overwhelming weight of what he’d been through, the unbearable truth he’d learned about his father.

The years fell away from Reggie. The grey hair. The wrinkles etched into the corners of his eyes
and his mouth. The skin that was no longer taut. The music sank into him and resurrected the chestnut-haired, lean young man he’d been. On a road trip. Free for the first time in his life.

He threw his head back and laughed, caught off guard by the exhilaration of it.

Out of the corner of his eye, a road sign whipped past. He only caught the word Drug.

Not long after, he saw another, and read the entire thing. *Free Coffee and Donut for Veterans. Wall Drug.* He nibbled the end of the toothpick with his front teeth, shredding the end to a feathery mass. It was about time for a pit stop. And he’d served in Vietnam, so free coffee and a donut sounded pretty damn good.

~

Reggie finished the last of the coffee and wiped a few stray donut crumbs from his shirt. Wall Drug seemed like the sort of place Sam and Dean would have stopped, if they’d come in this direction. So he poked around, eyeing the jackalope in the front, the signs about the animatronic Tyrannosaurus. He went inside the Rock Shop and perused the display cases.

On the wall were a few resin jackalope heads, mounted on display plaques. One bore a sticker reading “50% off. As Is.” A chunk of one of its antlers was broken off.

“Good deal on that one,” the saleswoman said cheerfully, coming around from behind the counter.

“Guess it lost that fight,” Reggie said, moustache twitching.

“Some kid knocked it off the wall. Tall as a moose, and just as clumsy.”

Reggie snapped to attention. “Tall boy? Long brown hair?”

The woman blinked rapidly with surprise. “Actually, yes.” Reggie fished in his wallet and pulled out a photo, the only photo of Sam and Dean Bobby had. It was of them several years earlier.

“Look like this kid but older?” Reggie held out the photo to her.

She tapped her candy-pink fake fingernail on Sam’s face. “It might have been this one.” She peered into Reggie’s face questioningly.

Reggie laid on the drawl. “That’s my boy. My boys,” he corrected himself. “They took off a couple of days ago. I’m trying to find them. You’re sure that’s him?”

She studied the photo again. “Yes. That’s him. I remember the dimples.” She glanced up at him.

“So… he’s your son? Does that mean you’re going to pay for the damage?” She gestured at the broken jackalope.

Reggie blew out a breath, and pulled out some bills.

She charged him the full price.

~

Reggie tossed the jackalope into the passenger seat, and settled in behind the wheel. They had come this direction. He’d guessed right. He sighed, rubbing his mouth. *Damn lucky,* he thought.

He looked at the map, trying to figure out where to go next. Where would they go? It was impossible, really. John’s idea of the shotgun approach was probably the most sensible. A wide
spray of buckshot covering a large area, and you might hit something.

But that’s what the other hunters were doing. He could run with his instincts, and maybe he’d keep getting lucky.

He trailed his fingertip along the map, tracing different routes. North. East. South. West. Here and there. He closed his eyes, remembered laying on Sam and Dean’s bed, immersed in the feel and sight and scent of their room, the objects they’d left behind. I’m Sam. Just me and Dean. We can go anywhere. Where do we go?

He let his sense memory erupt with details. Sam’s sketch book. The action figures. The football. The blue and white of the Dallas Cowboys bedding.

His eyes flashed open.

His fingertip traced a squiggle on the map, moved south. To Texas.

~

He made good time on the road south, driving faster than he should have, but lost time stopping at every gas station, motel or roadside attraction on the way where Sam and Dean might have stopped. He showed the photo to everyone. Have you seen these boys? My sons. Ran away from home. The elation he felt earlier faded with each no.

Crazy. This was crazy. But he kept trying.

At 2 am, exhaustion got the better of him; he stopped at a Motel 6, rousing a bleary-eyed clerk from his cot in the back. He slept in, got a hearty breakfast as was his habit on hunts, and got behind the wheel once more. He pulled the photo of Sam and Dean from his wallet and stuck it behind the clip on the sun visor. He closed his eyes.

“I don’t pray often. Y’all know that by now.” His voice resonated through the car. “I prefer to help myself. But I could use some help here, if anyone’s listening. If you care to get involved.” He touched the photo, eyes still closed. “I need to find these boys. And they won’t mind being found, so long as it’s me. I promise.” He opened his eyes, and stared at the smiling faces of Sam and Dean. “See, these two are important. And I need to get to ‘em fast before… well, you probably know. There are some evil sons-a-bitches with plans for Sam. Now, I’ve never met any of you good guys in person, but I’ve sent plenty of demons back to hell. And I know about the balance. So if there’s demons around, y’all are too. So… if you could give a guy a hand here, I’d be in your debt.”

Reggie didn’t really expect a sign from God or the voice of angels giving him a street address. He just breathed out a heavy sigh, letting his request echo in the air, and started the car. “Sure hope one of you heard me.”

~

Reggie continued his search, stopping everywhere, showing the photo of the boys to every gas station attendant and motel clerk on the way. No one recognized them. But the photo was several years old, and both Sam and Dean had matured a lot since it had been taken. In the picture, they looked like kids, two brothers, Dean’s arm slung over Sam’s shoulders, taller than him for probably the last time.

After showing the photo to what felt like the thousandth person, Reggie tucked the photo back in his wallet. “Any recommendations for a can’t miss place to eat around here?”
The gas station attendant, a muscular young man in oil-stained coveralls, looked Reggie up and down. “You look like kind of a history buff.”

Reggie smiled. “You could say that, I suppose.”

“Then you should check out The Fort.” The guy scribbled an address on a piece of note paper. “Your kinda place.”

Reggie drove to the address, and a huge smile creased his face when he pulled into the driveway and saw the replica adobe fort. The place smelled great too. But before eating, he had to take care of business.

He showed the photo to the hostess, the bartender and a few servers, all of whom didn’t recognize the boys. Resigned, he allowed himself to be seated. The disappointment was bitter. This really seemed like the kind of place they might have stopped. Just for the gunpowder whiskey.

A different waiter approached to bring him a menu. He was older than the other servers, in his mid-fifties, with black hair graying at the temples and a neatly trimmed goatee.

“Good afternoon. I’m Marcus, and I’ll be taking care of you today.” Marcus’s eyes were green.

Reggie found himself surprised that he noticed that.

“There’s special is the elk chops with wild Montana huckleberries. Can I bring you something to drink?”

Marcus’s eyes dropped to Reggie’s hands holding the closed menu, and back up to meet Reggie’s gaze.

A warmth suffused Reggie’s body. A warmth he hadn’t felt in a while.

He smiled, and Marcus’s answering smile made that warmth flare hotter.

“Yeah. Um. I have to try that gunpowder whiskey.”

“Not surprised.” Marcus had a beautiful smile. “I’ll be right back with that.”

Reggie left the unopened menu on the table, watching Marcus getting his drink from the bartender, noticing the solid lines of muscle beneath his long-sleeved white dress shirt and black slacks.

It had been a while, indeed.

Marcus returned and handed him his drink. His fingers brushed Reggie’s. An idea popped into Reggie’s mind.

“Hey, can I ask you a question?”

Marcus smiled again, a bit shyly. “Sure.”

“I’m looking for some friends of mine who might have passed this way. Did you happen to serve two young guys over the past day or so?” Reggie did not pull the photo of the two young brothers from his wallet. Instead, he went with the instinct that rose within him, strong and insistent. “A couple. One’s real tall.”

Marcus looked surprised. “That’s so weird.”
Reggie sat up ramrod straight, and cocked his head questioningly.

“I did. Real good looking boys. They were really into each other. I was a little worried for them, actually. I mean, around here…”

Reggie’s expression hardened. “We have to be careful.”

Marcus nodded. “PDAs can get you in a lot of trouble. You know.”

Reggie blinked back the memory of Nathan, bloodied and beaten. “I know.”

“So, why are you looking for them?”

Reggie thought fast. “The tall one’s my nephew. The other one’s his boyfriend. He just came out, and his dad kicked him out.”

Marcus’s face darkened.

“He took off with his boyfriend. I’m just trying to find them, help him out, so he doesn’t have to go through what I did.”

Marcus nodded, understanding what Reggie didn’t have to put into words. “That’s nice of you.”

“So, what can you remember about them? Did they seem ok?”

Marcus set his pad on the table. “They looked exhausted. But really into each other. Crazy in love. Sweet, really.” Marcus thought. “The older one ordered gunpowder whiskey. Like you. And Rocky Mountain Oysters. They were cracking up over that. Daring each other to go first. But they ended up liking them. Oh, and they made a point of ordering Sam’s Buffalo Sausages. Thought that was funny, too.”

Reggie closed his eyes, relief washing over him. They were here. He was sure of it.

“Thank you. You have no idea…”

Marcus grinned. “Crazy. I mean, the odds… Someone must be watching over you.”

~

Reggie ordered the Rocky Mountain Oysters and Sam’s Buffalo Boudie, and thoroughly enjoyed both. Marcus was very attentive—and Reggie found himself thoroughly enjoying that too.

He paid the bill, including a generous tip. “Thanks for your help.” He stood, placing his napkin on the table. Marcus picked up the ticket and cash. “I’d ask what you were doing tonight, but I get the feeling you’re not sticking around town that long.”

Reggie just stood still, feeling the pull of attraction that murmured *stay you know you want to stay*, and briefly entertained the fantasy.

Briefly.

Marcus felt the moment shift without Reggie having to say anything. “I thought so.” He tried to conceal his disappointment with a smile. He stuck a scrap of paper into Reggie’s hand. “Hey, if you come through here again sometime, we could maybe have dinner. I make really good lasagna.”
Reggie’s fingers closed gently over Marcus’s hand, concealed from unfriendly eyes by the back of the booth. “When I find the boys and make sure they’re safe, I’ll come back and take you up on that.” His fingers, warm and smooth on Marcus’s wrist, felt Marcus’s pulse leap.

“Really?” Marcus’s face lit up.

Reggie tucked the piece of paper into his pocket and strode toward the exit, running his fingers through his long grey hair, looking back over his shoulder with a grin that reached all the way to his striking blue eyes. “Oh, that’s a promise.”
Morning light glowed in a thin line where the blackout curtains didn’t quite meet. Sam pushed the hair back off his forehead and stroked Dean’s shoulder, gently urging him onto his back. “Dean?”

“M fine,” Dean muttered in a raspy voice, and winced. Sam helped him sit up, propping his own pillow behind his shoulders, and brought the thermometer to Dean’s lips.

Dean turned his head. “Thirsty.”

“After I take your temperature.” Dean opened his mouth and let Sam slip the thermometer beneath his tongue.

When it beeped, Sam checked it. He couldn’t hide the microexpression of concern.

“I’m dying?” Dean’s eyes were bloodshot, but he tried to smile.

“You’re not dying.” Sam kissed Dean on the forehead. “I just hoped the fever would be lower.”

Dean pulled Sam’s wrist toward him, peering at the thermometer. It read 101. Dean beamed like he’d gotten an A on a test. "It’s better."

Sam smiled. "Yes. It is."

Dean reached for the water glass. Sam helped him drink. Then he filled the coffee maker with water and rummaged through the small selection of tea bags. “Black or chamomile?”

Dean fixed Sam with a baleful look.

Sam grinned. “What… no chamomile?”

“Smells like cat piss,” Dean grumbled.

Sam tore open the black tea’s paper envelope. Dean swung his legs out of bed and stood up…then swayed and sat back down heavily. Sam was at his side in a flash.

“Dean.”

“It’s ok. Just stood up too fast.” He lay down on his back, face pale. “Dizzy.”

Sam’s mouth tightened. When Dean had recovered, Sam helped him up and half-carried him into the bathroom. Dean shooed him out, one hand braced on the sink. “I got this.”

Sam let him have his privacy. When the water was hot, he filled the mug. The toilet flushed, and Dean was standing in the doorway, leaning heavily against the door jamb.

Sam guided him back to bed, gave him another dose of cold and flu medicine, and brought him his tea. Dean sipped it gratefully.

Sam sat on the bed next to Dean, turned on the TV and flipped through the channels. “What do you want? Cartoons? This Old House?”

“Soft-core,” Dean croaked.
But when Sam landed on a re-run of the Munsters, Dean tapped his leg.

They watched TV for a while, Dean sipping his tea, glancing at Sam over the rim of his mug.

“Sam. You sleep?”

Sam shook his hair back, taking a deep breath. “Yeah. I slept.”

Dean put his hand on Sam’s cheek and turned his face toward him. Sam’s eyes were almost as bloodshot as Dean’s, the dark circles beneath stark and damning evidence to the contrary.

Dean stroked his thumb over Sam’s jaw. “Liar.”

“I’ll sleep when I’m dead.”

Dean’s face changed.

“Kidding! I’m kidding.”

“Not funny.”

Sam leaned forward and butted his head gently against Dean’s, nuzzling him like a puppy. “Sorry.”

Dean allowed himself to be mollified. They watched the old show for a while. Dean finished his tea and slumped against the pillows, eyes closing again.

Sam let the television play, but no longer watched the screen. Instead, he looked around the room, swayed slightly, eyes closing in a moment of microsleep, then opened again, giving no indication he was aware he’d been asleep. This happened again. And again.

A gentle knock at the door. “Paul?”

Sam’s eyes flew open. He looked around the room, confused. Who was Paul? Then he remembered the cover names they’d given to Juliane.

He opened the door. Juliane stood there with a large open-topped cardboard box in her hands. Her breath was visible in the cold air.

“Come in.”

She entered quickly and set the box down on the table. “How is he doing?”

Sam’s eyes moved to Dean, fast asleep on the bed. “His temperature dropped. A little.”

Juliane peered at Sam. “You don’t look much better than he does.”

Sam turned on his “Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain” smile. “Oh, I’m good. Just not sleeping a lot.”

“You’re worried about him.”

Sam ran his fingers through his hair. “Yeah. I was… I mean, what if he’s got…” He was having trouble finding the words. “What if it’s some kind of demon fever?”

Juliane’s mouth twitched, and she repressed a smile. She pulled her hair back and secured it with a hair band from the pocket of her jacket. “A demon fever?”
Sam tilted his head with a look that was surprisingly canine.

“It’s not a demon fever.” Juliane walked to the bed and looked down at Dean.

“How do you know?”

She smiled at Sam. “Because there’s no such thing.”

Dean stirred, peering up at her.

“Good morning, Gene.”

Dean licked his lips, blinking blearily. “At the wrong party, little lady.”

“Gene.” Sam’s voice was loud. “Remember?” He pointed at Juliane. “The woman who runs this place.”

Dean’s expression was pure “What the hell is going on?” Then his brain moved through the sluggishness of being sick. “Mmm. Right.”

“I brought you some oatmeal. With maple syrup and butter.” Dean’s expression was suspicious but softened at the mention of maple syrup. “And some soup for later.”

Sam looked in the box. Inside were two ceramic bowls of oatmeal, covered in foil and still hot, and several cans of soup: chicken noodle, vegetable beef and tomato.

Sam shook his head in disbelief. “That’s so nice of you.”

Juliane looked embarrassed, and pulled her jacket around her. “It’s just canned.”

Sam helped Dean sit up, and brought him his bowl of oatmeal. Dean’s expression was worried, but the first bite elicited a yummy sound, which he promptly looked embarrassed to have made.

Sam tried his. “Mmm.”

Juliane looked pleased. “It’s good?”

They both nodded in unison.

Juliane looked at the floor, then back at the boys. “You have questions about this place. And me.”

Dean’s face turned serious, even as he shoveled in great spoonfuls of oatmeal.

Juliane leaned against the dresser. “I’m not a hunter. But my husband was. He died. And I…” she hesitated. “I needed something to do. So I bought this place and made some improvements.”

“By yourself?”

“Oh no. Some local hunters helped me. Friends. They’ve moved on. All but one. He stopped hunting, and helps me run the place.”

Sam said. “Ok, but seriously, this oatmeal.” He took another bite.

Juliane looked at the carpet, color rising in her cheeks. “You’re very sweet.”

“Anyway, sorry. You were saying?”
Juliane rubbed the back of her neck. “I wanted to make a safe place for hunters who were hurt or
tired or in danger. Where they would be protected from…everything. Supernatural creatures,
humans, whatever they needed protection from.” She gestured at the room. “These rooms have
basic wards. But the real shelter is behind this building.” She met Sam’s gaze. “If a hunter finds us,
and asks for shelter, they are invited to stay there, as long as they need to. No questions asked. I
don’t get involved. I just offer what I offer. Monsters can’t get in. And if anyone human comes
along asking questions, I tell them nothing. It’s a sanctuary in the full sense of the word.”

Dean sneezed, sucked in a deep breath, and then erupted in a full sneezing fit. Sam brought him
more tissue from the bathroom, picked up the collection of used tissues on the end table, and
dropped them in the waste basket.

“How do hunters find you?” Sam sat back down on the bed.

“Some hear about this place through word of mouth. Others follow the beacon.”

“The what?”

Juliane took a deep breath. “A spell that draws hunters in need of shelter. Think of it like a signal
fire. Only the ones with psychic abilities can sense it, though.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other.

“Many hunters have a little touch of it,” Juliane continued. “Maybe that’s part of what draws them
to the life.”

“Why do you... do all this?” Dean’s voice was hoarse.

Juliane looked startled. “What?”

“What’s in it for you?”

Juliane’s expression immediately became unreadable. “I don’t ask personal questions of people
who stay here. Gene.” She emphasized the last word.

Sam and Dean registered what that meant at the same time.

“And I don’t answer them. You’re welcome to move to the sanctuary if you have need of it. If you
don’t, feel free to stay here until you’re feeling better.”

“Hey.” Sam stood. “He didn’t mean anything. We’re grateful for your help.”

Juliane’s demeanor softened slightly, but she remained guarded. “Maybe you should get some rest,
and think about it.”

“Yeah. We’ll do that.” Sam stuck out his hand. “Thank you for the oatmeal and soup and
everything.”

Juliane stared at his hand. “I… please don’t take this as being rude, but I don’t want to get sick, and
you just, with the tissue …”

Sam pulled his hand back, embarrassed. “You’re right. Of course.”

“Come find me later, if you want. If I’m not in the office, Danny will find me for you.” She
paused. “For what it’s worth, I hope you’ll decide to stay.”
Sam opened the door for her, letting in a sharp blast of cold, and she hurried down the stairs.

Sam washed his hands in the sink, and brought Dean a fresh glass of water.

“Hey. How’re you feeling?”

Dean sniffed. “Bit better.”

Sam sat on the edge of the bed with a sigh, relief plain on his face. “Good.” He was quiet for a moment, and just held Dean’s hand. His eyelids fluttered, his eyes flickering from side to side, then opened normally again. “What do you think?”

Dean chewed his lower lip, watching Sam closely. Then he answered. “Nice. But…something about her is off.”

Sam sighed. “Yeah?”

“She’s hiding something. And… she doesn’t let you touch her.”

“Dude. I just dumped your snot rags and didn’t wash my hands.”

“Not just then. I noticed it a couple times.” Dean coughed. “Need to do the tests on her, man.”

“Yeah. Ok.” Sam’s eyes fluttered again, his gaze losing focus.

“Sam. Get your ass down here. You’re falling asleep sitting up.”

Sam stared at Dean. “No I’m not.”

“You so are.”

“I didn’t even close my eyes.”

Dean didn’t say anything, just pulled Sam’s pillow from behind him, put it back and tugged Sam down. “Don’t make me Nyquil you. Down.” Sam let Dean have his way, and settled down behind Dean, arm around him. Within seconds, he was asleep. When Dean heard the unmistakable change in Sam’s breathing, he made a soft, satisfied grunt, and drifted off to sleep as well.

A few minutes passed. Sam’s body jerked. His hand tightened into a fist, then he went rigid. His eyes flashed open. Carefully, he pulled away from Dean, rummaged in his duffel, pulled out a packet of Vivarin and swallowed two tablets dry. Then he crawled next to Dean again and held him, staring at the blank white wall.

After a few moments, his eyes focused on the corner of the room. He laughed. “How’d you get in here?”

Dean stirred, murmuring, “What?”

Sam kissed the back of his neck. “There’s a cat in here.”

Dean opened his eyes. “No cat.”

Sam protested. “It’s right there—“ He shook his head. “Weird.”

Dean dragged Sam down and pulled his arm around him. “Come here, baby boy. Get some sleep.”
Sam held Dean, and nuzzled the back of his neck with his mouth. “Hope you feel better soon.” He snuggled closer, hips pressing against Dean.

“Mmmm.” Dean held Sam’s hand. “Soon.”

~

Dean slept for almost three hours. Sam drifted in and out of microsleep without realizing it. Sam microwaved Dean some chicken soup. Dean drank more cold medicine, and demanded Sam let him take a shower. Afterward, he began putting on his street clothes. “We can’t stay here any longer until we check her out.”

Sam looked at Dean like he was confused, trying to decide, and then breathed out. “Yeah. Ok.”

“I don’t get the feeling she’s going to volunteer for it, Sammy.”

“Ok.”

“You hold her still. I’ll do the tests. Ok?”

Sam nodded. “Sure.”

Dean pulled himself upright and gathered the flask of holy water and the silver knife. They both strapped on their special knives, as had become habit.

“You feel up to this?”

Dean smirked. “Can’t keep me down long. Let’s go.”

They put on their warm jackets and walked downstairs to the front office. A guy with dirty blond hair in his late thirties came out when Sam rang the bell.

“Hey. Are you Danny?”

Danny extended his hand. “That would be me.”

Sam shook his hand. “We wanted to talk to Juliane.”

Danny nodded. “I’ll bring you back.” He led them behind the counter and into the back office. There, he brought them to the far end of the room, unlocked a door that led into a long hallway, closing and locking it behind them. The hallway was lined with sigils and symbols painted on the floor, walls and ceiling. Halfway through the hallway was what looked like a bead curtain that ran from floor to ceiling. As they got closer, the beads revealed themselves to be small iron spheres. Danny parted the curtain with his hands and passed through, followed by Sam and Dean. At the end of the hallway was a heavy wooden door, ornately carved with runes. Danny opened the door into a large apartment, with kitchen, living room and a bedroom in the far corner, and another large wooden door on the far wall.

The floor of the room was a pink, marbled material. “Himalayan salt slabs,” Danny explained.

Juliane was at a large old-fashioned roll-top desk. Her jacket lay draped over the couch, and she wore what looked like a Fair Isle sweater, with rows of runes and sigils instead of snowflakes and geometric shapes. She stood and smiled at Danny. “Thank you.” He hesitated, watching her face carefully. “It’s ok.” He nodded, and went back to the office.
“You’re looking better.” She turned her attention to Dean.

“That oatmeal. What can I say?” Dean gave her his best smile.

Sam moved along the wall, taking in the books of lore, curious and symbols. “Wow.”

Dean spoke quickly. “So… slabs of salt for the floor? That’s kind of brilliant. You thought of that?” Sam walked a little further, past her line of vision. She turned away from him to Dean. “Yes, I came up with that myself—"

Sam moved behind her with incredible speed, and had his arms around her before she even saw him coming. She screamed and twisted in his grasp, kicking and flailing like a feral cat.

“Come on! Hold her still.”

“She’s fucking strong,” Sam muttered.

“Let me go, just, please let me go…”

Sam only gripped her tighter.

“Hold still. We have to do this.” Dean opened the flask of holy water and splashed it in Juliane’s face.

Nothing happened. No smoke, no sizzling flesh. She didn’t even seem to register it, so desperate was she to get free from Sam’s grasp. She fought so violently, she managed to tear one arm free. Dean seized her wrist, the cuff of the sweater sliding up, making direct contact with her skin. Her head snapped around and she howled.

Dean pulled the silver knife out of his jacket pocket. When she saw it, she froze and started shaking. “No. No no no…” She looked up at Sam in supplication. “Please..”

Sam winced. “We have to. I’m sorry.”

She erupted in a frenzy of resistance, pulling down and back, then trying to leap into the air, anything to get free. Dean lost his grip on her wrist, but Sam managed to squeeze her in a bear hug from behind, locking her arms to her body. Dean brought the knife up. Tears streamed down her face, and she gasped, shuddering. Dean took her wrist again. “Hold on tight.” He looked at Sam, then drew the knife along the palm of her hand.

She bled. Like a human. No other reaction to the silver.

“Son of a bitch.” Dean looked stunned.

From behind her, Sam’s voice issued. “Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus, omnis satanica potestas, omnis incursio infernalis adversarii…” No black smoke poured out of her mouth. The words had no effect. She simply shook.

Sam finished the anti-possession spell. He and Dean looked at each other. Then he let her go.

She sank to her knees, scrambled sideways away from them until she hit the wall. She pressed up against it, dark hair spilling over her face, almost like she was trying to drive herself through it.

Dean walked to her slowly, palms out, and got down on one knee. “I’m sorry.” He reached for her hand.
She yanked her hand away. “Don’t touch me,” she whispered, curling in on herself even tighter. Folding into a fetal position, she rocked back and forth.

Dean stared at Sam. “What did we do?”

Sam pulled a throw from the couch and came forward. He got on his knees, and held it out to her. “Hey. Here.” She didn’t look at him. “I’m not going to touch you. Promise.”

She tilted her head sideways and peered at him through strands of hair.

“I’m gonna put this over you. Is that ok?”

She blinked a few times, then nodded.

He draped the throw over her shoulders, taking exquisite care not to touch her. She pulled the ends around her, and lay down on her side.

Sam stood and pulled Dean away. “She’s human.”

Dean rubbed his jaw. “Unless she’s something we don’t know how to test for.”

Sam shook his head. “That covers everything. Salt, iron, holy water, silver, exorcism. Anything supernatural that anyone has ever heard of would react to one of those. And I doubt she’s some sort of new creature.”

Dean made a face. “So…she’s human.”

“She’s human.”

“So what the hell is wrong with her?”

Suddenly, Juliane was on her feet. “You want to know what’s wrong with me?” Her face was contorted with pain and anger. “You really have to know?” The throw fell to the floor in a soft heap. “Alright.” She crossed her hands, grabbed the hem of the sweater and pulled it over her head. She extended her arms out, palms forward.

Sam and Dean gasped.

Underneath the sweater, she wore only a sports bra. Nearly every inch of skin was covered with thick scars, long ribbons laid down with deliberate intent, and deep dimples that could have only been caused by stab wounds.

She turned in place in a macabre parody of a runway model displaying all the features of a couture gown. Her back also bore the marks of a knife wielded with cruel precision.

Dean closed his eyes.

She turned to face them. “Is that enough? You want to see them all?” She put her hands on the zipper of her jeans. “I’ve got some really memorable ones….”

She stopped when she saw the tears spilling down Sam’s face. He walked to her, bent and retrieved the throw, and extended it to her. His hand shook visibly.

She took it and wrapped it around herself, then walked to the couch and sank down.

No one said anything for a long time.
“You could have just asked, you know.”

Dean’s face crumbled under the weight of shame and sorrow.

Juliane asked, simply, “Why?”

Sam blew out a heavy sigh. “You went out of your way so I wouldn’t touch you. And… it was weird, and we could tell you were hiding something…”

Juliane met Sam’s gaze. “I don’t like to be touched.”

Dean rubbed his mouth. Juliane fixed Dean with a hard stare. “You’re not going to trust me until you know everything.”

Dean couldn’t meet her gaze.

“But it’s because you love him.”

He looked up in surprise.

“You protect him. You’d do anything to keep him safe. And you don’t trust me because you knew something was wrong with me that I was keeping a secret.”

Dean extended his hands in an apologetic gesture. “There’s nothing—“

“Yes there is.” She pulled the throw tighter around her. “There’s a lot wrong with me.” She fell silent. “I don’t think I like you.” Dean’s eyes went wide. “But I admire that you’ll do whatever it takes to protect him. So I’ll tell you. But hand me my sweater first.”

Sam retrieved her sweater, and they turned their backs so she could put it back on. Sam and Dean sat on the small couch perpendicular to the one she was on.

She pulled the throw back up to her chin, curling her feet underneath her.

“Donovan—my husband— was a really good hunter. He killed a lot of bad things. Just over two years ago, he took out a nest of vampires. But two of them weren’t there… and they didn’t take the news well. So they tracked him down.”

She closed her eyes. “I was with him. They…” She shook her head. “They held me down and made him watch…” She took a deep breath. “I can’t. They… did things. And they had a thing for knives.” She opened her eyes. “They did bad things and then they killed Donovan. I guess they thought they’d killed me too. Or they didn’t care if I was alive or dead.”

Sam got up from his couch and knelt in front of Juliane. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“What we just did to you. That must have triggered…” He touched the edge of the throw, stroked it like it was part of her skin that he could safely touch.

She watched his face intently. “Something happened to you too.”

He looked up, surprised.

She smiled wryly. “I know the look.”
He took a deep breath and nodded.

“Bad?”

Sam didn’t even hesitate. Not after what they’d put her through for the truth. “My father tortured and killed a kid that he thought was a demon sympathizer. For information. And his dad kidnapped me and tortured me for revenge.” Sam looked over his shoulder at Dean, face lit with reverence. “He came for me. Got me out. Killed every one of them.”

Juliane examined Dean with new respect. “Maybe I do like you after all.”

She looked back down at Sam. “How long?”

“Three days.”

She winced. “Whoa.” Then she reached out her hand and placed on Sam’s shoulder.

He raised his hand, slowly, wordlessly asking permission. She nodded. He placed his hand over hers.

The touch of his hand brought fresh tears to her eyes.

“When did this happen?”

Sam calculated the number of days and told her.

“You aren’t sleeping, are you.”

Sam dropped his head.

“I knew it,” Dean muttered.

“I can’t. Every time I fall asleep…”

“Flashbacks.”

He squeezed her hand.

“That happened to me too.” She smiled. “I can make them stop. If you want me to help you.”

Sam’s mouth fell open. “You can?”

“I can.”

“You would? I mean… after…”

“That’s the whole point of all this.” She made a circle with her hand. “Help people like I was helped. Keep them safe like…” She fell silent.

“Like no one was able to keep you safe.” Dean completed the sentence.

She nodded, brushing the hair out of her eyes. “So… do you want sanctuary?”

“Yes.” Sam and Dean spoke in unison.

“Ok. But you two owe me for today’s little stunt.”
Dean stood. “I’ll make it up to you. That’s a promise.”

Juliane tilted her head with a little laugh. “I believe you.” She glanced back at Sam. “Your boyfriend is kinda cute, huh.”

Sam rose to his feet and took hold of Dean’s hand. “He’s the most beautiful thing in the world.”

Sam never knew that Dean could blush that particular shade of red.
Lullaby

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean move into the sanctuary, and Juliane works with Sam so that he can sleep without being tormented by flashback nightmares.

Danny helped Sam and Dean move their belongings into their new lodgings within the sanctuary. Dean, despite his bravado, was still weak and pale. He carried the bag containing their cash, and nothing else, and just that left him sweating and shaking. Sam and Danny carried the rest into their new space.

The sanctuary was built off the entry hallway Sam and Dean had gone through to enter the room Juliane was in. That room was a common room for everyone, with Juliane having a private bedroom. The large wooden door on the far wall led to another hallway, with doors on each side like an apartment building. Which it sort of was, as Danny explained it. “...used to work construction, so it wasn’t that hard for us to build this.” Apparently Danny and the other hunters ran a construction company as their day jobs, often doing custom work for savvy hunters. They had built in all kinds of protection and wards, only half of which Sam and Dean caught. Iron mesh attached to the studs, sheetrock coated with chunks of pure salt adhered to it with industrial glue, devils traps etched into the ceiling, a giant water tank filled with holy water attached to a sprinkler system that ran in each room of each apartment… it went on and on.

The gist of it was this: Nothing evil was getting in unless it cracked the earth underneath their feet.

Danny showed them around. “The TV’s pretty new. We have cable, and we have kind of a huge library of videos. They’re in the common room. And you got a small kitchen here. The stove works, but it takes a while to heat up. There are basic dishes and glasses and stuff to cook with. If you can cook. Microwave if you can’t. I just plugged in the fridge for you. There’s a grocery store up the road. I do a run every afternoon for people who can’t go out—or don’t want to.” He turned and opened a door. “You have your own bathroom. It ain’t much, and the tub’s not huge, but the shower’s got great water pressure and we have all the hot water you could ever need, so don’t worry about taking a Navy shower.”

Dean’s face lit up. Dean loved a nice long hot shower. John usually had them stay in places with hardly any hot water, so they often had to take a Navy shower, turning the water off after they got wet, shivering as they soaped up their hair and body, only turning the water back on to rinse. And all too often, that water was cold from start to finish when Dad hadn’t paid the bill, or when they were squatting in an abandoned house.

Danny continued. “We have a laundry room at the far end of the hall. It’s not coin-op, and we supply Tide and dryer sheets.” Danny opened another door. “Here’s the bedroom. Linens are fresh. We turn them once a week, whether or not someone’s staying.” Danny patted the king-sized bed. “We figured you two wanted a single bed. Right?”

Sam nodded, a grin spreading across his exhausted face. “Right.” He loved not having to hide their relationship, although the strain of keeping up with their fake names was wearing on him in his weakened, sleep-deprived state.
Dean collapsed face first on the bed. “Mprhud,” he muttered.

“Tired,” Sam translated.

“You two get settled. Juliane’ll be by in a bit to work with you, Paul.”

Sam blinked, momentarily confused.

“So you can sleep?”

“Oh. Right. Ok.”

Danny headed toward their door. “Oh, I forgot. You’ve got neighbors in three of the apartments in here. We let people introduce themselves, or not. Depending on their mood. And health.” Sam and Dean nodded, understanding. “If you want to go on lockdown, we’ll escort you to the common room if you need to go out, and make sure everyone else stays put until you’re through.”

Sam shook his head in disbelief. “You go all out.”

“Folks come here for all kinds of reasons. When we say we protect you and your privacy, that’s absolute. Juliane insists on that. And whatever you tell her stays with her. She doesn’t even tell me.” Danny ran his hand through his hair. The gesture struck Sam as slightly rueful.

“I’ll leave you to it. Juliane will call you in a little bit, when she’s ready to come over.” Danny gestured to the phone on the side table next to the simple but comfortable looking couch in the living room.

Sam shook Danny’s hand. “Thanks, man. We really appreciate it.”

Danny smiled, and left.

Dean rolled onto his back, stretching out, then pulled Sam down onto the bed. “Down.”

“Not a dog, Dean.” Sam ruffled Dean’s short hair playfully.

“Mmm. No. Puppydog.” Dean blinked blearily.

“You need some more cold stuff, huh.”

Dean smacked his lips.

“That’s a yes.” Sam fished out the bottle of red liquid and went to pour Dean a shot in the plastic dispenser cup. Dean cocked his head, fixing Sam with a glance that clearly meant, “Really?”, took the bottle and swigged from it.

“Classy.”

Dean burped. “You know it.”

Sam ran the tap in the kitchen and got Dean a glass of cool water. Dean accepted it gratefully, and fell back on the bed.

“You rest. I’ll put our stuff away, ok?”

Dean plucked at Sam’s shirtsleeve. “Stay.”
“Again. Not a dog.”

“Bitch.” Dean’s grin was infectious.

“Jerk.” Sam stroked Dean’s chest.

Sam stayed by Dean’s side until he fell into a fitful sleep, then quietly moved around the room putting their clothes into the dresser.

Dean awoke to the sound of the phone ringing. Sam started, having drifted into yet another microsleep standing up. It was Juliane, saying she could come work with Sam if it was a good time.

Sam opened the door. “Come in.” Juliane held a large fabric bag in her hands, which she set down on the kitchen counter. The first thing she did was fill the tea kettle with water and set it to boil. She removed a lump of herbs, a tape player and a large set of headphones from the bag.

“Sit.”

Sam sat at the round table in the kitchen. Dean emerged, rubbing his eyes and padding barefoot across the carpet. “Is it ok if I sit in on this?”

Juliane smiled. “I was expecting you would.” Dean took a seat.

“What I’m going to teach you to do is how to control your dreams. Tomorrow, I’m going to show Gene how to work with you on stopping the daytime flashbacks, but tonight, we’re going to get you some sleep.”

Sam closed his eyes for a moment, the brief flare of hope too much to bear.

“The technique is called lucid dreaming. It means being completely aware that you are dreaming, but staying in the dream and controlling it. The first thing you have to do is practice making reality checks. Things that tell you when you’re awake or dreaming. Look at the pages of a book or a newspaper, look away and then look back to see if the words have changed. Look at your hands. In your dreams, your hands often look strange, or don’t have the right number of fingers. Ask yourself ‘Am I dreaming?’”

Sam nodded. The teakettle whistled, and Juliane took down a teapot and three mugs. She put the herbs into the teapot and poured hot water over the top. “This will help you get to sleep. It’s good for anxiety too. I drink it every night.”

She sat at the table while the tea steeped. “After you drink your tea and you’re ready to go to bed, practice a few reality checks, then tell yourself, “I am going to lucid dream tonight. Say this over and over in your mind. You say that when you fall asleep, you relive…what happened to you?”

The haunted look in Sam’s eyes was answer enough.

“Oh, so you’re going to tell yourself that when you fall asleep and start to dream you’re back in that place, with the people who hurt you, you’re going to take control.” She rose and poured the tea, strongly scented but not unpleasant, into the three mugs. “If you were totally awake and all powerful, what would you do in that situation?”

Sam thought of various scenarios—burning them, hacking their heads off—but the face of his
father, standing in for Spivey, was too much. “I’d make them dissolve into nothing and drift away like smoke.”

Dean’s eyebrows went up.

“Good. That’s very good.” Juliane slid a mug of steaming tea in front of Sam. “Picture that in your mind clearly, as vivid as you can. Tell yourself if that dream happens, you’re going to tell them ‘You have no power over me’ and wave your hand, and make them dissolve into smoke and drift away.” She set down a mug in front of Dean. “And you. No whining. Drink the damn tea. You can have your manly black coffee and burned bacon tomorrow.”

Dean stared at Sam and mouthed silently, “How does she know?”

Juliane slid the tape recorder to the center of the table. “When you’re ready to go to sleep, put on the headphones and press play.” She pressed the button. An odd buzzing sound played with a rhythmic pulse running through it. “Theta binaural beats. Your brain wave frequency moves towards the Theta. That puts you into a state receptive to lucid dreaming, and helps prevent anxiety. Both of which, you need.”

She sipped her tea. “Drink. Both of you.”

Sam and Dean took a tentative swallow. Dean pursed his lips. “Not bad. For herbal tea.”

Juliane and Sam looked at each other, exchanging an amused glance.

Dean wasn’t sure he liked that.

Juliane pressed Stop, and rewound to the beginning. “There’s sixty minutes on that side. That should be enough to get you dreaming lucidly. Most people take a few weeks to learn how to lucid dream, but with your psychic ability, I think you’ll pick it up really quickly.”

Sam sat up. “You said that before. My…psychic ability?”

Juliane looked surprised. “Yes. How you found me. It was clear you didn’t come here deliberately, so you didn’t hear about us from someone else. That means you sensed the beacon.”

Sam took a giant swallow of tea. “I’m not psychic.”

Juliane laid her fingers over Sam’s hand. “Oh yes, you are.” Sam’s eyes went wide. Dean’s eyes went wider. “It’s new. Just starting to develop. But I can feel it.”

“Psychic?” Dean repeated.

“Don’t be so disbelieving. With everything that’s out there that you’ve seen, you don’t believe in psychic abilities?”

“Quacks and spoon benders.” Dean’s skepticism was palpable.

“People pretending to be vampires and werewolves and even demons. The fakers don’t make the real ones any less real, do they, Gene?”

Dean looked down, conceding the point.

“It’s called hiding in plain sight. If everybody knew psychic powers were real, the world would fall apart, just like it would if they knew the creatures you hunt were real. That demons were real. Humans as a collective are panicked, frantic things. That’s why they can’t know. They aren’t
“ready.”

She turned her attention to Sam. “It’s nothing to be afraid of. You will probably just sense things. The right way to go. Where something is hidden. The truth behind the lie. Maybe there will be more, but you won’t know until it…well, ripens.”

Sam sat back in his chair.

“Don’t worry. You’re a good person. That just spills out of you. It’s going to be fine.”

They finished their tea, and Juliane stood to leave. “Gene, I recommend you get a nap in. I need you to watch over him while he does this. It’s possible that the memory of his trauma is still too fresh, and he won’t be able to successfully take control of his dream the first time. I want you to be there for him. Wake him up if he is in distress.”

“That’s what I’ve been doing.”

The way Juliane looked at Dean combined a sort of surprised affection and acute sorrow. “Lucky Paul.” She looked around the room. “One more thing. You should find some kind of object you can hold in your hand that makes you feel safe.”

Sam glanced at the amulet around Dean’s neck.

“Keep it in your hand as you fall asleep. If things go south, grip it tight. It will help. Trust me.”

Juliane poured Sam a second mug of tea. “Drink it all if you can. And repeat back to me the steps.” Sam recited them back perfectly. She exhaled with relief. “Good. You’ll be fine.”

She rose to leave, and turned toward Dean. “You stay awake for him, ok? He needs to know you’re awake and watching over him.”

“Been watching over him…” Dean almost said ‘his whole life’ and stopped himself. “…the whole time we’ve been together.”

“I believe you. But tonight, it’s important.”

She took her bag and walked to the door. “Good luck. Come find me tomorrow morning.”

Sam took her hand. She let him.

“Thank you. I mean, for trying. I don’t know…”

“You’ll do it perfectly.” She gave his hand a little squeeze, and left.

~

Sam finished his tea. Dean had already napped, so he was ready. Sam practiced making sure what was real by staring at his hands, leaning against walls, and pinching his arm. Then they brushed their teeth, bumping against each other playfully, and climbed into bed. Sam sat cross-legged, mentally repeating what Juliane had told him.

“Hey. This is gonna work. You’re gonna sleep like a baby.”

Sam turned to look at Dean. His face looked worse than when he’d first been brought home, skin shiny-thin and ashen, huge circles under his eyes. His fatigue made him look ill. “I hope so.”
“Want me to sing you a lullaby?” Dean smoothed Sam’s hair back.

“You would. Wouldn’t you.”

“Done it before.”

Sam stared at Dean in disbelief, which slowly faded to recognition. “Beth.”

Dean looked down as if embarrassed, eyelashes dark and heavy against his skin, then back up at Sam.

“You used to sing me ‘Beth’.”

“You loved that song.”

“I remember now. You sang it to me when Dad was gone and I couldn’t sleep.”

“But never the last verse. That shit’s depressing.”

Sam looked up at Dean like he was desperately searching for the words to express everything welling up inside him, and failing. “I… Dean.” He paused. “I want your mark on me.”

Dean’s mouth fell open.

“Forever mark. You said you would. Did you mean it?”

Dean gave Sam the kind of smile that tried to camouflage the intensity of the emotion slamming through him through his special brand of Dean Winchester charm. “Did you? You want to…”


“But first…you gotta get some sleep. You can do that for me?”

Sam put his hand on Dean’s cheek, rubbed his thumb along his jaw in that way that made Dean get all emotional and teary. “Anything. For you.” And then Sam’s mouth was on Dean’s, gentle and warm and everything Dean had ever wanted. For him.

Dean got Sam nestled in bed with the headphones on, pressed play and adjusted the volume, and turned out the lights.

He settled in next to Sam under the blankets.

Sam pulled the headphones off with a sharp motion. “Dean.”

Dean stroked Sam’s stomach like he did when Sam was little and had a tummy ache, small circular movements directly on his skin, under his t-shirt. “S’ok.”

“I’m scared.”

“S’ok,” Dean repeated. “You’re going to control your dream. And if anything is in it you don’t like, what are you going to do?”

Sam took a deep breath and let it out. “Make it dissolve and drift away like smoke.”

“Yeah.” Dean snugged the headphones back over Sam’s ears, and kissed him, soft and sweet. He
lay down and rubbed Sam’s stomach again. Sam turned on his side and gripped the amulet in his right hand. The sound pulsed in his ears, buzzing, pulling at his head in a not-unpleasant way…and before he knew it, Sam had drifted off to sleep.

Sure enough, as soon as his consciousness left this world, it flung him instantly back into that place. The warehouse. The restraints biting into his bleeding wrists. The man walking toward him, hate in his eyes, cattle prod in his hand. Wearing his father’s face. Speaking with his father’s voice.

Sam panicked, thrashed in the restraints, head arched up. His hands twisted in the fetters, fingers contorted.

Sam counted four fingers on his right hand. “I’m dreaming,” he whispered. He looked his tormentor straight in the eyes. “I’m dreaming. And I’m in control.”

John’s face shivered and ran like butter melting off a stack of pancakes. Spivey’s face emerged from beneath.

Sam tightened his fingers, hard, harder, feeling the sharp bite of the horns of Dean’s amulet digging into the palm of his hand. “I control my dreams. You can’t hurt me anymore. You can’t have me anymore. I got out. Dean got me out. It’s over. You’re nothing. Just…smoke.”

Spivey’s mouth opened in disbelief, and it too melted away. His entire body dissolved. The walls shimmered like asphalt in summer, and dissolved into smoke.

Sam stood in the center of an open field, sunlight streaming over him, thick green grass soft and springy beneath his feet. A cool breeze washed over him, rustling through his hair. He fell to his knees, laughing with the joy of his triumph. He dug his fingers into the grass. The herbal scent of the blades beneath his hands was sharp, so real he could feel the odor physically tickle his nostrils like when the high school field was mowed. He tumbled over onto his back in the soft, yielding mat of grass, feeling the warmth of the sun pouring down over him, love and safety and peace seeping into his body, loosening the fear that had kept him prisoner, dissolving the darkness inside him into black smoke that rose into the air in a serpentine coil, and vanished in the warmth and the light.

Dean watched Sammy’s face, fear welling up as Sam’s brow furrowed, panic clearly painted on his features, twitching like a dog in a dream… then subsiding as Sam clenched the amulet, still around Dean’s neck, and then his face softened, a smile spreading over his face. His nostrils flared like he smelled something good, and then Sam’s hand relaxed. Sam’s entire body relaxed so completely that Dean realized how tense he’d actually been this whole time. Sam relaxed like he was safe, and loved, and that he knew it down to his bones.

Dean pulled off the headphones, steadied Sam in his arms, watching the soft expression of his face in utter wonder, listening to his steady, peaceful breathing.

Dean held Sam close, and Sam slept.
Sam slept. And sleeps. And sleeps some more. When he wakes up, he and Dean have a meaningful moment together.

Sam slept.

He slept all night. When morning came, Sam kept sleeping. Dean awoke, neck stiff from being in the same position all night, holding Sam in his arms. Sam remained peacefully asleep. Dean stayed in bed as long as he could stand the ever-increasing pressure in his bladder until the discomfort edged over into actual pain. “Sorry, Sammy,” he whispered, kissing his forehead softly. “You keep sleeping.” He rose to use the bathroom, and Sam turned onto his stomach, burrying his face into Dean’s pillow, murmuring a soft, happy sound.

Sam slept through the rich odor of coffee being brewed (Juliane had thoughtfully stocked the kitchen with everything required to make coffee, as well as a few types of cereal and milk). Dean fixed himself a bowl of cereal and a mug of strong coffee, and let Sam sleep.

Dean checked on Sam after breakfast. Still deep in sleep. Dean brushed Sam’s hair off his forehead. “I’ll be in the other room.” Dean ate a second bowl of cereal on the couch in front of the TV, turned down low so as not to wake Sam.

Sam slept until mid-afternoon. He came stumbling out of the bedroom, rubbing his eyes just like a little boy. “Dean?”

Dean turned off the TV. “Hey, Sleeping Beauty.”

Sam yawned. “How long was I out?”

Dean checked his watch, which read 1:54 pm. “Almost 15 hours.” He went to Sam, peered at his face, put his hand on his shoulder. “How are you feeling?”

“Groggy. But…I never slept that good. Ever.”

Dean blew out a sign of relief. “Awesome.” He walked into the kitchen and put the glass carafe of coffee into the microwave to warm it up. “Go brush your teeth. I’ll make you breakfast.”

Sam used the bathroom while Dean busied himself making Sam coffee with lots of milk and sugar, and a bowl of cereal.

Sam sat at the table, and breathed in the scent of the hot coffee. “You. Are the best.”

“I know.” Dean smirked. Sam drank most of the cup in one go, and Dean made him a second cup.

“So. What was it like?”

“The lucid dreaming thing?”
Dean nodded.

Sam told him about how it started off just like every other time he’d fallen asleep since he learned what John had done, and how his hands looked different, and that’s how he knew he was dreaming. He told him about taking control, making everything dissolve into smoke, how he was then standing in a grassy field in the sunlight. “It felt… just. So good. So powerful. You have to try it.”

After Sam finished his cereal, Dean shot him a look. “Wanna get cleaned up? We can grab a shower.” Sam blinked gratefully.

In the bathroom, Dean stripped off his clothes and started the shower, holding his arm in the spray until he got the temperature just right. Sam shed his clothes too, staring at Dean the whole time, unable to take his eyes off him.

Dean smiled, a bit shyly but basking in the attention.

“You’re… just. I could just look at you.”

Dean stepped into the shower and held his hand out for Sam. Sam stretched out his arm, twined his fingers in Dean’s, eyes on Dean the whole time.

“Come on. Warmer in here.” Dean tugged oh-so-gently.

Sam stepped into the shower.

Dean blushed. “Sam. You keep staring at me.”

“Because you’re beautiful.”

Dean rolled his eyes. “You’re biased.”

Sam didn’t step any closer, just looked at Dean. “Yeah. But you’re still beautiful.”

Dean tried to deflect again, the wealth of Sam’s attention making him squirm. “Guys aren’t beautiful. They’re handsome or hot or good looking.”

Sam’s gaze traveled down Dean’s body slowly, watching the way the water poured over his skin, all the way down to his toes, and back up, finally meeting Dean’s gaze. “I said you’re beautiful.” His voice was soft, a near whisper. “You calling me a liar?”

Dean blushed harder. “So… you looking to see where you want to mark me?”

Sam bit his lip, and stepped closer. “Maybe.” He raised his hand and let his fingers brush against the skin over Dean’s heart.

Dean shivered. “There?”

Sam lightly touched the patch of flesh just below Dean’s right hipbone. “Or here. No one would see it unless you were naked. Or maybe…” Lifting his hand, Sam placed his fingertips on Dean’s forehead.

Dean snorted. “You wish.”

“I do.” Sam leaned closer, flinching as the water spattered his face, but pushing through it to bring his mouth to Dean’s neck. “Right where everyone could see it.” He kissed the sensitive spot right
below Dean’s ear. “I hate having to hide.”

Dean gave him a look full of love and regret. “Me too.” He inhaled sharply. “Someday… Sam. Someday, we’ll get married and we’ll move someplace where no one knows us. And then we’ll have the same last name because we’re together. Not because…” He left the rest unspoken.

Sam’s face lit up. “Really?” The water on his cheeks wasn’t just spray from the shower. “We… we could have that?” Sam trembled with the enormity of what Dean was offering. Not just being together, not just being secretly “married.” But of having a real life together.

“Yeah. But Sam… it may take a while. For the last part. I mean, Dad and Bobby. As long as they’re alive, we can’t…”

Sam swallowed. The last thing in the world either of them wanted was for their dad or Bobby to know the truth about them. “I know. I know that. But… end game?”

Dean took Sam’s hand and kissed it. It felt like a sacred promise. “End game.”

Sam eyed Dean again, with greater intensity. “Are you feeling better? I mean, enough to… can I?”

Dean turned Sam, pushed him gently up against the tile wall of the shower. “Thought you’d never ask.” He pushed his hips forward, rubbing his fully erect cock against Sam’s. “Need you, baby boy.” He brought his lips to Sam’s neck. “Need you so bad.”

Sam moaned, tipping his head back away from the spray, giving Dean access. Dean licked and nipped at Sam’s skin, hands caressing Sam’s flanks. Then he took the bottle of conditioner and squirted some into his hand. He blocked the shower with his body so it wouldn’t run down Sam’s stomach and wash the slippery substance away, and stroked it over Sam’s cock slowly.

Sam’s mouth fell open with a groan. He reached for Dean’s cock, but Dean stopped him with a shake of his head. “Uh-uh, sweetheart. You like looking at me, right? Well, I want to look at you.” Sam gasped. “So beautiful when you come for me. You gonna come for me?” Dean stroked Sam’s cock with both hands now, working one hand over the head in circles, the fingers of the other fluttering on the underside of the shaft, caressing him softly.

Sam nodded, pink cheeks flushing a deeper color. “If you do, I’ll let you do it to me. Make me come while you watch.” Sam shuddered at that, pressed his hands flat against the tile, jutting his hips forward, face totally open, letting Dean watch him, watch the pleasure build, watching his expressions change.

“You’re right, Sammy. You’re totally fucking right. Men can be beautiful.” Dean didn’t work Sam’s cock hard or rough. He caressed him, lavished attention on him, tugged Sam’s balls gently and rolled them between his fingers, watching the pleasure of it spread over Sam’s face. “You’re beautiful. Your face. Your body. And your cock. Christ, Sammy. So fucking beautiful.” The expression on Dean’s face made Sam shiver. “Perfect. You’re perfect, Sammy. I can’t believe you’re mine.” Sam moaned and writhed, the pleasure about to crest. Dean watched him, biting his lip to resist rubbing against Sam’s wet thigh. He promised Sam he’d let him do the same thing to him, and Dean Winchester kept his promises. He pumped his fist up and down the middle third of Sam’s cock, index finger stroking the spot where the shaft met the head on every upstroke. “Gonna mark you, baby boy.”

Sam cried out, loud and sharp, come spattering against Dean’s belly, and again, even louder, as the peak of his orgasm seized him. Dean worked all the come out of Sam’s cock, squeezing it out of him. “Mine. Mine.”
After his shudders and little sounds stopped, Dean wouldn’t let Sam return the favor yet. He soaped him up and washed him from head to toe, and Sam gave himself over to Dean and let him. He quickly soaped up, allowing Sam to help, but when he reached for Dean’s cock, Dean kissed him and said, “Got a better idea. Let’s get you out of this water first.” Even with the attention Dean paid to Sam in the running water, he could see Sam fighting to beat back the panic and anxiety. Making Sam come in the shower distracted him, gave him good associations with water, but Dean was exquisitely sensitive to Sam’s emotional state.

He rinsed quickly and turned off the shower. They toweled each other dry clumsily but thoroughly.

“What’s your idea?”

Dean’s grin somehow melded wickedness and pure trust. “You like to look at me?”

Sam nodded, wet hair flying in his eyes. He pushed it back.

“Come on. I’ll give you something to look at.”

Dean paddled naked down the hallway and rummaged in his now-empty duffel. “Where’s the lube?”

Sam pointed. “End table drawer.” Sam had put it away in the place it belonged. Dean took the lube, grabbed Sam by the hand and let him to the living room. He handed Sam the lube and sat back on the couch, spreading his thighs wide open. He ran his hand down his chest. “All yours, Sammy.”

Sam’s eyes widened. Then he knelt in front of Dean and drizzled lube on his hands. He slicked up Dean’s cock. Dean groaned, parting his legs wider, letting Sam see everything. “Sam… you, uh, you like this?”

Sam heard the insecurity in Dean’s voice, and kissed the inside of his thigh. “You have no idea.” He worked his hand on Dean’s cock, eyes moving over Dean’s body, up to his face, back down, drinking it all in. Dean leaned back and fucked up into Sam’s fist.

“Dean. You like this?”

Dean chewed on his lower lip, and brought his right foot up onto the couch, opening himself wider to Sam’s gaze. “Yeah. A lot.”

Sam poured more lube on his fingers, and wrapped his right hand around Dean’s cock again… and circled the index finger of his left hand on Dean’s hole.

Dean moaned.

Sam slipped the tip of his finger inside, still stroking Dean, watching him. Dean arched his back and drove himself down on Sam’s finger.

“You like that too?” Sam whispered. Making sure.

Dean’s face softened. “Sam. I love it.” He brought his other foot up onto the couch, scooted forward, spreading himself wide open for Sam, hiding nothing.

Sam worked his whole finger inside Dean, then a second. Dean made little cries like they were being punched out of him, guttural cries of intense pleasure. “Oh god. Like that. Yeah.”

Sam looked up at Dean, face flushed with love and desire. “Are you going to come for me, Dean?”
“Yeah. Oh fuck. Sammy. Sam. Sam.” As Dean gasped and bucked and fucked himself on Sam’s fist and fingers, Sam kissed Dean’s inner thigh, worked his fingers inside Dean a little faster, squeezed his cock a little tighter and uttered, “Mine.”

The pleasure cresting in Dean doubled. He rode out his orgasm on Sam’s strong hands, shaking, chanting Sam’s name, great jets of come spattering his belly, chest and the underside of his chin.

He was still shivering with aftershocks when Sam released him and drew his tongue over a thick white line of come on Dean’s stomach. He closed his eyes and moaned.

“Fuck. Sammy.” Sam looked up at Dean, hazel eyes fever-bright, and licked Dean clean.

He licked and sucked along Dean’s jaw, and Dean turned his head and claimed Sam’s mouth in a kiss. After a long moment, Sam pulled away. “That was…so good.”

Dean laughed. “Yeah it was.”

“But there’s one problem.” Dean’s brow furrowed with concern. Sam sat up, took Dean’s hand and brought it between his legs, placing it on Sam’s raging erection. “If we go one at a time, we’re gonna end up doing this all day.”

Dean made a low, hungry sound and grinned, white teeth gleaming. “So what’s the problem?”
Bobby rubbed his eyes and hung up the phone. Another notebook filled with leads on Azazel and possible reasons he’d taken a chillingly personal interest in Sam Winchester. Nothing concrete or actionable.

He hadn’t seen John in hours, since he’d pushed him bodily out of the library and commanded him to get some sleep. “You’re no good to anyone half-dead from not taking care of yourself. Get some shut-eye. I’ll wake you if I hear anything.”

“Or if Sam calls.” John’s eyes were bloodshot.

“Or if Sam calls.” Bobby let his voice drop into the calm and soothing tone he used for abused strays and snot-nosed children.

Bobby poured two fingers of Gentleman Jack into a tumbler and walked slowly up the stairs favoring his right knee. He cracked John’s door open. He wasn’t inside.

Bobby dropped his head forward, closing his eyes, then turned and walked to the boys’ room

John sat on the bed leaning against the wall, a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a wooden plaque in the other. Dean’s football lay next to his hip.

“That doesn’t exactly look like sleeping to me,” Bobby muttered.

John closed his eyes for a moment and took another deep pull on the whiskey bottle. He breathed out, long and slow. “I was looking for photos of them. You know… just. I wanted to see them. But there aren’t any. A few of when they were little. I guess I never took pictures of them.”

Bobby adjusted his baseball cap. “I’ve got some in the den. I’ll get ‘em for you.”

John looked around the room at the possessions Sam and Dean had left behind. “Mary was always the one who took the photos. I guess I never… picked that up from her.”

“I took plenty when you’d drop ‘em off with me.”

John winced. He looked down at the plaque in his hand. “Sam used to do these… acting competitions.”

Bobby sighed and finished the whiskey in his glass in one gulp. “If you’re telling stories, I’m sitting down.” He pulled a chair up next to the bed, and extended his tumbler. John filled it halfway, hand moving clumsily, spilling some on the comforter.

“The kids would do scenes from plays and monologues. It was a big deal. You know?” John looked at Bobby. “All the high schools in the region competed. They’d drive there from all over. Stay overnight. The whole nine yards.” John traced the lettering on the front of the plaque. “Sam’s
drama teacher invited him to go. He said he was going to do a monologue from Taps.”

“That one about the military boarding school?”

“George C. Scott. Yeah.”

“I love that movie.”

John took another drink. “He memorized the one where Tim Hutton is talking to his friend after the little boy got shot. Used to hear him practicing it when he thought we couldn’t hear him.” *Sam in the garage, saying his lines: Were they just words? Honor, duty, country? I loved that man. Being in his presence made me feel privileged. But there had to be something missing in all that he taught us, or this wouldn’t have happened.*

Bobby just sipped the whiskey and let John talk.

“I gave him shit for it. ‘You don’t have time for that crap, Sam. You need to practice field stripping your weapon. Need to spar with your brother. Need to get your run in.’ I told him he couldn’t spare the time for something frivolous like that.” He shook his head. “I was always so hard on him.”

“Yeah. You were.” Bobby’s voice wasn’t barbed with blame, intended to wound, but he didn’t lie to John. And that was the thing John valued most about Bobby. That and his dogged loyalty.

“He kept practicing, though.” John gave a little laugh. “So much like me. Stubborn to a fault.”

*Sam in the folding camping chair, sorrow etched on his face, sorrow that should have been far outside his comprehension at that young age, as he practiced the monologue: When I knelt next to Charlie, I tried to find some justification. But honor doesn’t count for shit when you’re looking at a dead little boy.*

“He snuck out, went to the competition anyway. I freaked out. Gave Dean holy hell for letting him go.” John’s face crumpled. “I was going to drive down there and drag his ass home, but Dean…” John rubbed his mouth. “Dean begged me. To let Sam have this one thing.” *Dad, he’s really good at acting. I mean, really good. And it means so much, please, Dad, let him do this.*

Bobby had to turn his face away.

“And when Sam came home, he was so proud. ‘Dad. I won!’ He had this plaque.” John traced the words on the front. “Outstanding Achievement in Acting—Monologue: Sam Winchester.” John’s voice cracked. “And I… he showed it to me, and I said, ‘While you were off play-acting, I cleared out a vamp’s nest. Saved a woman and her daughter. And I didn’t need an award for doing it.”

*Sam’s face, so proud and happy, crumbling under the weight of the shame and disappointment and bitter anger. Dean’s face falling, the adoration of his father the hunter visibly eroded by his cruelty to his Sammy. Sam pelting up the stairs, Dean following behind slowly.*

John took another deep pull at the bottle, and squeezed his eyes tightly shut, rocking in place.

“Bobby. I’ve lost my boys.”

Bobby shook his head. “You haven’t lost them.”

John’s eyes flew open. His expression was anguished. “They hate me. I saw that in Sam’s face. He couldn’t stand to even look at me. And Dean too. He tried to hide it. But he hates me too. And… they’re right to.”
“John—“

“No. It’s the truth.” John looked down at the football. “Even before the… before. I was a terrible father. I just thought… there was so much more important work to do. I had to find the thing that killed my Mary. Had to kill the monsters. I’d go to their football games and plays and all that later. It just seemed so unimportant compared to the job. What we do. Who we are.” He traced the tips of his fingers over the seam of the football. “But none of that matters without my boys.” And suddenly John crumpled, as though whatever was holding him together was slashed away. Bobby managed to grab the whiskey bottle before it spilled all over the bed, and set it on the end table. John curled up on his side, clutching the football and the plaque, and simply broke down.

Bobby sat next to him, and put his hand awkwardly on John’s head. “There, there.” John gasped and sobbed in a full-on whiskey-fueled crying jag. Bobby stroked John’s hair. “Get it out. There you go.”

John cried like a man who had lost everything he ever loved. When he had cried himself dry, Bobby went to the bathroom and came back with a glass of water, a wet washcloth and a wad of toilet paper. “Blow your nose.” He shoved the paper at John. John obeyed. “Wipe your face.” John took the wet washcloth and wiped his eyes and face with it. Bobby gave him the glass of water and he drank it down. “Thank you,” he whispered. He looked at Bobby like he was his last hope. “I have to get them back. How can I get them back?”

Bobby saw the earnestness in John’s face, the resolve, the agony of his love for his sons whose love for him he’d so badly damaged. “The first thing you have to do is climb out of that whiskey bottle.”

John’s eyes went wide.

“You want to be a better father? A better man? Prove to them you deserve another chance? Quit drinking.” Bobby leaned forward. “It’s been a hell of a long time since Sam and Dean saw you sober on a regular basis.”

John let his head drop forward, the truth of it, the shame of it too great to bear. “You’re right.” He pulled himself up to a seated position. *Sam, not knowing that John was watching him from the partly open door with tears in his eyes, delivering his monologue to the empty air: You don’t think of the Book of Remembrance or bugles or flags or gun salutes. All you think about…is what a neat little kid he was…and how you’re gonna miss him.*

“I’ll do it. For them.” *For Sam.*

Bobby’s face creased into a giant smile—then the smile faltered.

“What? You…you don’t think I can?” John looked stricken.

“No, that ain’t it. I just realized that means I gotta quit drinking too.” Bobby looked at the bottle of whiskey mournfully. “Balls.”
Silent Night

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean leave the sanctuary, and are followed. They realize what the date is. Sam does something special for Dean.

Dean lay on his side, nose smashed into his pillow. Sam was curled up around him, top leg thrown over him like the bossy puppy of the litter that always has to be on the top of the pile. Their breathing, peaceful and slow, was perfectly synchronized.

Suddenly Dean made a loud snore.

“What?” Sam roused, blinking blearily.

Dean rolled onto his back as Sam sat up. When he saw Sam, he grinned.

“Nice sex hair.”

“Shut up.” Sam ran his fingers through his hair, smoothing it back. “S your fault, anyway.”

Dean’s grin widened. “I could mess it up some more.”

Sam slapped Dean’s hand lightly as it wormed its way under the sheets. “Dean. There’s no fluid left in my body.”

Dean crossed his arms behind his head with an eminently satisfied smirk and lay back, smacking his lips.

“Besides, I’m hungry. Aren’t you hungry?”

Dean blinked, as if surprised to have realized something obvious. “Yeah. Starving.”

They put clean clothes on, Dean hastily tugging on his jeans and t-shirt. Dean stepped close to Sam as he dressed, playfully unbuttoning his jeans after Sam fastened them, tugging at Sam’s shirt after he pulled it over his head and trying to take it off again.

“Come on,” Sam asked with a laugh. “After we get some food in us. You can keep me naked and at your mercy all night.”

Dean’s eyes darkened. “Promise?”

“Don’t you get tired?” Sam shook his head in amused disbelief.

“Of you? Never.”

Sam blushed, and Dean went in for a sneak attack on the sensitive patch of skin behind Sam’s ear. Sam pushed Dean back, but kept his fingers wrapped in Dean’s shirt. “Food. In the stomach. Now.”

“Ok, fine.” Dean reluctantly let Sam dress and keep his clothes on.
Sam put his hand on Dean’s forehead. “How are you feeling?”

Dean said, “Nothing a shot of cold stuff won’t fix.” He took the bottle from the bedside table and swigged a generous dose.

Sam called Juliane. “Hey, um, it’s Paul. We’d like to grab something to eat. Where’s good around here?” He listened. “Sure. You said if we wanted, we could be on lockdown? Yeah. I think we’d like that.” He listened some more. “Ok. Thanks.”

He hung up the phone. “Danny’s going to make sure the hall’s clear, and bring us up.”

Dean looked confused.

“Maybe one of the other hunters knows us. We don’t know who’s staying here.”

Dean nodded, comprehension dawning. “Right. I forgot.”

Sam burst out laughing.

“What?”

“I fucked you stupid.”

“Did not.” Dean’s face pinked up.

“I always knew that was possible. But I never thought I’d see it.”

Dean pushed his lower lip out slightly in the little pout he’d done ever since he was a little boy. “Don’t call me stupid.”

Sam moved in close and put his arm around Dean’s waist like he was going to slow dance. “You’re smart. Real smart.” His lips were warm against Dean’s neck. “Smarter than me. Did you know that?”

Dean snorted. “Ha ha. Dude. You’re the smart one. I’m the most bad ass.”

“I’m serious.” Sam put two fingers under Dean’s chin and tipped his face up to meet his gaze. “Dad always says ‘Sam’s the smart one, you’re the tough one,’ but that’s because… I don’t even know why. He has to keep us in these little boxes. But I know how smart you are.”

Dean didn’t sniffle. He didn’t blink. But a single tear welled up in his eye and trickled down his cheek. Sam raised his hand and brushed the tear away with his thumb.

Dean traced his fingertips along Sam’s left arm, still paler than the other one from being encased in the cast. “And I know how tough you are.”

Sam’s smile was that of a little boy staring up at the night sky in wonder, the blues and reds and greens of Fourth of July fireworks bursting in flashes across his face.

The moment was broken by a knock at the door. It was Danny, come to escort them to the common room.

~

The sound of a whistling teakettle greeted them as Juliane opened the door. Juliane took the kettle off the stove, and gestured toward the table, where she’d spread out take-out menus. “These are the
places that are open tonight. But, you know, you could eat with us if you wanted to.”

Sam and Dean looked up.

“Anyone in the sanctuary who wants to can eat dinner with us here. I’m not a great cook, but I can crack open a box or a jar with the best of them.” Juliane poured hot water into a hammered silver teapot.

Danny flopped down on the couch and picked up his book. “She’s being hard on herself again. She’s a good cook.”

Juliane rolled her eyes. “Anyway, I’m making spaghetti. You’re welcome to stay.”

Sam and Dean exchanged wary glances. Sam reached for Dean’s hand under the table.

Juliane pretended not to have seen it. “Sounds like you want to keep to yourselves.”

“Yeah, for now. But thank you for the offer.” Sam’s eyes were huge and earnest.

“But…I hope you’ll join us tomorrow. I’m making something special. Roast beef and gravy and all the usual stuff.”

Sam and Dean had identical quizzical expressions on their faces.

Juliana checked the contents of the teapot. “You know. For Christmas Day.”

Sam and Dean stared at each other in shock, understanding dawning. “Tomorrow’s Christmas,” Dean said in a near-whisper.

“And tonight… it’s…”

“Christmas Eve? It’s Christmas Eve.”

“Haven’t you guys looked at a newspaper recently?” Danny peeked over at them over his book.

Dean’s tone was brusque but not unfriendly. “We’ve been busy.”

Sam’s face changed, his expression showing something dark and haunted. “Yeah.”

Juliane gracefully changed the subject. “Most of those places do take out or sit-down, whatever you prefer.” The menus were typical fare, pizza and Chinese and American diner food. Sam and Dean looked through them.

“I’m so hungry I don’t even care where—” Sam stopped. Beneath his fingers was a menu for Marie Callendar’s. “Done.” He held up the menu in front of Dean.

Dean’s eyes went wide. “Is that the…” Dean’s tongue swiped over his lower lip. “…the pie place?”

Sam’s response was a peal of laughter. Then his face changed, a flash of something Dean couldn’t read animating his features. “Hang on.”

Sam pelted down the hallway hoping no one would open their door and see him, and went back into the bedroom. He opened the bag of cash, stopped for a second to make a rapid mental calculation, and pulled out some bills.
Within three minutes, he was back in the common room, and took Dean’s hand. “Come on, baby. I’m taking you out to dinner.” Dean looked pleased and embarrassed that Sam used that term of endearment.

Juliane gave them a concerned look. “Remember. It’s safe in here. No guarantees once you go outside.”

Dean unconsciously put his hand on the hilt of the knife Reggie gave him. “We’ll be alright.”

Danny told them how to get to the restaurant, which was a fairly involved set of directions. “But I’ll draw you a map.”

“That’s ok. We got it.” Sam buttoned up his heavy coat in preparation for the blast of cold once they hit the outside air.

“Seriously, it’ll just take a second.”

Dean shot Sam an amused look. “You want to? Or should I?”

Sam gave Dean a nod. “Go ahead.” Sam watched with a proud expression on his face as Dean recited back the convoluted directions, word for word.

Danny shrugged. “You know, I’m man enough to admit when I’m impressed.” He settled back down on the couch. “And I’m impressed.”

Juliane buttoned up the top button of Sam’s coat. “You two be safe.”

~

Dean rolled carefully over the salt speed bump and pulled out onto the road. “What else do they have?”

Sam read to him from the menu he’d brought with him at Dean’s insistence. “Chicken pot pie.”

“Oh god.”


Dean’s fingers tightened on the steering wheel. “It’s like porn.”

Sam ran his hand up Dean’s thigh. “I haven’t even started reading off the pie menu yet.”

The car wavered slightly as Sam began reciting in a slightly husky voice, “Lemon meringue… pecan…chocolate satin…banana cream…”

“Keep going, Sammy.”

“Coconut cream…blueberry…German chocolate…French apple…”

Behind them, car headlights flicked on as a dark sedan pulled out onto the road and followed them at a discreet distance.

~

The hostess, a tiny thing with dyed red hair, greeted them. “Two?” Sam gave her his best smile. “Yes, but could we have a really large table?” He stepped closer. “My legs are too long for the
little tables and booths and stuff.” She looked all the way up at him, tall and lean and lovely, and
blushed, flustered under the heat of Sam Winchester’s attention. “Of course. Absolutely. This
way.”

She brought them to a large round table with eight chairs around it. “Is this good?”

Sam sat down and stretched his legs out. “This is perfect. Thank you.”

Dean sat down next to Sam, grabbed his menu and began poring over it. “I can’t even choose. How
can a man be expected to choose?”

Sam’s mouth twitched slightly.

The hostess escorted a dark-haired man in a grey suit to a two-top across from them.

After a few minutes, the waitress came to their table. She looked a little confused, looking at all the
empty seats and just the two of them. “Are you waiting for anyone else?”

“Nope.” Sam’s eyes glinted mischievously.

“Ok, are you ready to order or do you need some more time?”

Dean ran his finger down the menu. “I’d like the chicken pot pie, and a Coke, and---“

Sam interrupted Dean. “And a slice of every type of pie you have.”

Both Dean and the waitress stared at Sam in shock.

Sam pulled the wad of bills out of his wallet, and handed the waitress two hundreds. “It’s not a
prank. I’ll pay up front.”

The waitress set her pad down and wiped her hands down the front of her apron. “But… we have
over thirty types of pie.”

Sam grinned. “Well, we’re not planning to finish all of them. But my boyfriend loves pie. It’s
Christmas Eve. One of each, please.”

The waitress shrugged. “Hope neither of you is diabetic.” She scrawled PIE-ONE SLICE EACH-
EVERY KIND on the bottom of the ticket and walked back to the kitchen.

Dean couldn’t stop staring at Sam.

“Dean. You ok?”

He just stared.

“Use your words.” Sam’s smile was irrepresible.

“You love me.” Dean’s voice was hushed.

“Duh.”

“No. You really love me.”

“You’re just getting this now.”

Dean shook his head in awe. “You really love me,” he repeated.
The waitress cruised back by with Dean’s coke and two glasses of water. “You want the chicken pot pie first?”

“Oh yeah.” Dean looked like he’d start eating the waitress if she didn’t bring him some kind of pie immediately.

“And can I get a glass of milk?” Sam asked.

“Ooh.” Dean looked up.

“Two? Two glasses of milk?” Sam amended his request.

“Sure thing.”

The waitress returned with two tall glasses of milk, and a massive dish filled with crusty, bubbling chicken pot pie.

“Help me with this?” Dean shoved the dish toward Sam.

“Ok.”

Dean punctured the top crust with his fork, steam escaping. “That smells so good.”

They dug in, eating gingerly at first, careful not to burn their mouths. Sam blew on a huge spoonful to cool it off.

“Mmph,” Dean said.

“Mmm hmm,” Sam agreed.

“You mind?” Dean gestured toward the pie.

Sam laughed. “Go for it.” Dean took the back of his spoon and smashed the crust down into the rich gravy, letting it soak it up.

Within minutes, the chicken pot pie had vanished and Dean’s Coke was just a thin layer of brown liquid at the bottom of a glass of ice.


“You two get started. I’ll be back with the rest.”

Sam peered at Dean. “Dean. You crying?”

“Damn straight.” Dean shook his head in disbelief. “This is beautiful.” He gazed at Sam, wet eyes gone dark hunter-green. “Anything you want, Sammy. For, like, ever. Or at least a week.”

Sam raised an eyebrow. “Anything?”

Dean dug his fork into the pumpkin pie and took a bite. His moan was positively sexual. “Yeah. Anything.”

Sam leaned in and whispered something to Dean.
Dean froze, fork still in his mouth. He blinked once, slowly. “Hell yeah.” He lowered the fork to
the table. “Hell yeah.”

Sam’s cheeks went red, not in a flush of embarrassment, but in another physical reaction altogether.
He slid the cherry cheesecake to the side of the table with a quiet smile, then stabbed his fork into
the slice of strawberry pie and brought it to Dean’s mouth.

Dean opened his mouth and let Sam feed him. A bit of whipped cream lodged on Dean’s upper lip
and before he could lick it off, Sam’s mouth was on him, his tongue lifting the dollop of cream off
and pushing it into Dean’s mouth.

Across from them, the man in the grey suit sat up straight.

Sam licked the taste of strawberry and cream from Dean’s mouth, then pulled back reluctantly.
Dean made a faint whimper of protest.

“Hey, I don’t want to get us kicked out. There’s like 30 more types of pie to try.”

The waitress returned with the large tray laden with more types of pie. “OK, this is the regular
apple, this is the French apple, this is the Sour Cream apple…” And she had to return a third time
for the last ten types of pie. Soon the huge table was jam-packed with wedges of pie. People seated
around them stared in disbelief at the two young men having a Christmas Eve pie feast. The kids
elbowed each other, a new dream born within them, to pester their parents relentlessly about until
they cracked, and took the children back to Marie Callender’s for a One Each pie extravaganza.

Dean sampled a single forkful of each type of pie before he went back for a second taste. “Gotta
give each one an equal chance,” he said. The regular apple and the banana cream were his
favorites. Sam had one bite of each, and as delicious as they were, he let Dean finish those all by
himself. Sam liked the lemon meringue best, which Dean also declared “friggin’ awesome,” but he
let Sam eat most of that. Neither of them cared much for the blueberry pie, oddly enough. The
cream cheese pies and cheesecakes were so rich that they could only eat little slivers of each one.

As the fat and sugar high swept over them, they became more animated, laughing and feeding each
other off their forks, wiping smears of sticky syrupy peach juice from the corner of the other’s
mouth and sucking it off their fingers, sneaking a quick kiss when they thought no one was
looking.

Finally they sat back with a groan, and dropped their forks to the table with a ringing sound.

“You boys done?” The waitress stood before them.

Dean’s mouth curled into a smile. “Darlin’, we’re just getting warmed up.”

Sam leaned forward. “Could we get two cups of coffee please?”

The waitress unsuccessfully tried to fight back a grin. “You two are nuts.”

The coffee seemed to have melted the pie already eaten into a more compact form, creating more
room in their stomachs, because after half a cup, they dove back into the pies with a vengeance.
Dean ate half the slice of pecan pie in three bites because “this tastes fucking incredible with the
coffee.” At Dean’s urging, Sam devoured the other half. And agreed with him.

The rhubarb pie went largely untouched, but the custard pie also tasted better with the coffee than
it did alone, so most of that slice went into the Winchesters as well. The German chocolate pie
played beautifully against the black unsweetened coffee, and managed a respectable half-eaten
status.

The waitress refilled their coffee cups. Finally, their pace began to slow. The key lime pie was nibbled at. Fingers were poked into the New York cheesecake and the vanilla-scented custard sucked from their fingertips. Their own, not each other’s—not all the eyes on them were friendly.

“My stomach’s going to burst.” Dean looked over at Sam, eyes wide with worry. “Can stomachs actually burst?”

“Yes.”

Dean stared at Sam with horror.

“But it’s really rare. You usually just puke it up.”

Dean made a sour face. “Gah. 30 kinds of pie puke.”

“Gross.” Sam rubbed his stomach.

The waitress brought the bill to them, with Sam’s change, as he’d already paid for the meal. “You boys want the rest of these to go?” Sam and Dean surveyed the carnage.

“How about you bring us a box big enough for a whole pie? And…” Sam handed her a twenty. “We’d like a whole pecan pie too, please.”

“Sure thing.” She turned on her heel and walked away.

Sam toyed with the hem of Dean’s shirt. “For Juliane and Danny and the others. For tomorrow. Even if we don’t go.”

The waitress returned quickly with an empty pie box, and a boxed pecan pie. Dean put in the cherry cheesecake slice, completely untouched, first. Then he added all the partially eaten apple pie slices. Sam filled the rest of the box with fruit pie leftovers, and after a moment’s thought and a glance at Dean, he filled the last space with the half-consumed slice of pumpkin.

Dean put his hand on Sam’s wrist. “That was your favorite.”

Sam looked down at the table.

“Cold pumpkin pie, the day after Christmas. And apple cider.”

Sam took a deep breath.

Dean nudged Sam with his shoulder. “Hey. You’ll get to have it. Right?”

Sam took a swallow of lukewarm coffee. “Yeah.”

Dean nudged Sam a little harder. “Hey. Look at me.”

Sam looked up. Sure enough, his eyes were gleaming with tears.

“Sam. Christmas always was just you and me. Right? Dad was gone half the time. Or drunk if he was there. And… he always gave the lamest presents. Toys that were for kids three years younger than us. Generic Twinkies. Or… remember the year he gave us ammo?”

Sam snorted.
“For me? Christmas… it was always about you, Sammy. You and me.”

Sam wiped his cheek. “Me too. But that’s not it. This year…” He hesitated. “After what happened… Dad was nice to me.” He looked at Dean directly. The sadness in his gaze hit Dean like a punch to the solar plexus. “He spent time with me. He said he was proud of me. He never… well, you remember.” Dean nodded glumly. “And at Thanksgiving? How he was? I just… I was thinking this year, we’ll finally get to have a real Christmas like other kids get. In a house, with Dad and Uncle Bobby and a bunch of people we don’t know that well and they’d make a lot of noise and eat a lot, and have their kids with them like Bosie, and they’d give each other presents too…and we’d sneak out back when it got too much and we’d freeze our asses off, but then we’d go back in, and it would be loud and crazy and…”

“Like a big family.”

Sam wiped his face again with the back of his hand. “Yeah.”

“Is it ok, Sam? That it’ll be just me?” Dean put on his trying to be stoic face. But Sam saw beneath it.

Looking around to make sure no one was staring at them, he brushed his mouth against Dean’s, tongue daring to tease along the inner seam of his lips. He tasted of coffee, cream and pie crust. “It’ll be perfect. Our first Christmas, just us. Together.”

Sam and Dean stood up, stretching. Sam pocketed the change, leaving a generous tip. Dean took the pie box and they went to the car, walking so close together they were nearly touching. They got in. Dean put the pie box in the back seat, then pulled Sam to him for a long kiss, surprising in its slow sensuality.

“Happy Christmas Eve, Dean,” Sam breathed.

“Happy Christmas Eve, Sam.”

~

The man in the grey suit watched them from outside the front door of the restaurant. When they pulled away and drove out of the parking lot, he got into the back seat of his sedan and lay down flat. A black gout of smoke spurted from his face and eyes and rose into the air. It twined and coiled and flew many miles, finally descending to earth at a small farmhouse. On the porch was the figure of a white-haired man slumped over in a chair, a length of rope tied around his chest to hold him in it.

The smoke drove down and entered the man’s mouth.

He opened his eyes. He reached for the rope and untied it. Then he stood, went to the door, and rang the doorbell.

The man who opened the door had close-cropped hair, and yellow eyes. “You have news of Sam Winchester?”

The white-haired man with jet-black eyes began to laugh. “Oh, you won’t believe the news I’ve got for you.”
Azazel learns some very interesting news about Sam. And he shares his newest toy with the messenger that brought the news to him. Ok, I’m warning you. This chapter is full of ick. Warnings for all sorts of things that may upset people. I can’t list some because they will be spoilers, but if you have any issues with disturbing sexual behavior including hatefucking, consider yourself forewarned. The ick is meant to show a contrast between Sam and Dean’s loving but uninhibited sex, and, well, what you might expect from a high-level demon. Demons aren’t nice. They are evil. And they act like it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Come on in. Sit a spell.” Azazel opened the front door wider and motioned to the white-haired man to come in. A fire blazed in the large brick fireplace in the living room. No electric lights were on anywhere in the house. Other than the fireplace, all the light came from candles and oil lamps.

“Nice.” The white-haired man nodded in appreciation of the flickering flames

“Reminds ya of home a little. Doesn’t it?” Azazel grinned.

“Actually, it does,” the other demon said affably.

“Drink?”

“Please.”

Azazel poured a generous amount of Scotch into a tumbler and handed it to him. Azazel filled his pint glass nearly to the brim. He drank half of it in one long swallow. “I love alcohol. Makes the meat suit all tingly.” He walked deeper into the living room and sat down on the couch. “Hey, you don’t mind if I…” He gestured toward the naked blonde girl, barely 18 years old, kneeling in a submissive posture on the carpet. Her skin was marked with fingertip-shaped bruises on her hips, thin red welts on her ass and thighs, and a pair of nipple clamps bit into her flesh cruelly.

“Make yourself at home,” the other demon said.

Azazel unzipped himself and pulled his cock out. “Come on. Show my friend what a good little cock slut you are. Choke on it.”

The blonde crawled forward, hair swaying in her face.

“New whore?” The demon sipped his Scotch.

Azazel hissed with pleasure as she closed her mouth over him and sank down. “I found her at a Catholic school.” He stroked her hair in a parody of fondness. “She’s a preacher’s daughter. VERY
devout.” He gripped her hair hard suddenly, forcing her head down all the way. “What part of ‘choke on it’ don’t you understand?” She brought her hands behind her back and held them there, submitting to him, gagging and choking on his cock, eyes tearing up. “That’s a good little whore. Just…like…that.” He held her down until she was spasming despite herself, desperate for air, and then pulled her up so she could suck in a shuddering breath.

He turned his attention back to the demon. “I’ve been training her up. Real nice. She started off a pretty pink virgin, on her knees for the Holy Father. And now she spreads her sticky little cunt for anyone I tell her to service.” The blonde moaned, and started sucking on his cock again.

“Hmm.” The demon looked impressed. “Looks like she likes it.”

Azazel grinned, his teeth a faint yellow in the flicker of the flames. “Loves it. Gang bangs in the adult theatre are her personal favorite.” His voice dropped to a low purr. “All those strangers. Using her. Again. And again. Just a filthy little fuckhole, drip drip dripping with come.” The girl moaned louder, looking up at Azazel, fingers moving between her legs. “Oh yes. She loves it. She comes screaming.” He leaned over toward the demon, as if to impart secret wisdom. “See, any low-rent demon can make the monkeys do every filthy fucking thing there is. But the real triumph? Making them love doing every filthy fucking thing there is, despite themselves.” He stroked the girl’s hair. “And the more innocent they are, the more delicious their degradation.”

He held up one finger. “Excuse me for just a moment.” He wrapped one hand in her hair, fucking her head down on his cock hard and deep, and pulled on the chain connecting her nipple clamps with the other hand. “Here you go, you little come slut. Swallow every fucking drop or I’ll make you take both fists.” She cried out in pain, and the vibration on his cock sent him over the edge, spurting into her mouth.

She swallowed and swallowed again. He let go of the chain and tipped her face up, turning it from side to side. “You swallowed it all.” His mouth curled up. “What a shame.” He removed the nipple clamps one at a time, and she cried out as each one was released and the blood flowed back. He slapped her face lightly. “Go upstairs. Get out the new toy. The big one. Work the whole thing in your ass. When it’s all up inside, come back downstairs and show me.” He glanced at the demon. “You want to stick around? I’d love to put my whore through her paces for you.”

The demon finished his drink. “I was going to grab a pizza, but you know… this is better.”

The girl pressed her cheek to the back of Azazel’s hand gratefully. “Good girl. Now go do as I say.” She rose to her feet and padded upstairs.

Azazel tucked himself back into his pants. “I cannot WAIT for Christmas morning,” he chortled. “I have the best Christmas present in store for her.”

The other demon raised his eyebrows curiously.

“I’ve got dear old Daddy all tied up in the basement.” Azazel grinned. “Just wait until he sees what I’ve made out of his precious baby girl.” He took another swig of Scotch. “I was going to wear him and rape her while she screamed inside his own meat suit, but she went full whore for me so damn fast, I had a better idea. Now she’ll fuck whoever—and whatever—I tell her to, because I revealed to her what she really is. A filthy little cockslut that needs to be fucked rough and dirty in order to come. Oh yeah…she’ll climb right up on Daddy’s lap for me. Daddy is going to watch his whore child squirm on his dick, begging for permission to come on the cock that made her. And he’s going to come harder than he has in his entire sad, meaningless existence.”

The demon shook his head in awe. “I have to salute you. That’s fucking twisted.”
Azazel preened under the praise. “Oh, it gets better. I’ve got cameras all set up down there. I’m going to send copies to everyone in his church. I figure he’ll eat a bullet before New Year’s Day. Maybe her too.”

“Two more damned souls for the cause?”

“Every little bit helps.”

The other demon paused. “You said…whatever?”

Azazel leaned back on the couch. “Pretty little preacher’s daughter just looooves doggies.”

The demon laughed. “I’d tip my hat to you, if I was wearing a hat.”

Azazel nodded. “Anywhoo. Enough social pleasantries. You have news of Sam Winchester?”

The demon set down his glass. “Yes. He and his brother left the protected place. I followed them to a restaurant.”

“Did Sam look well?” Azazel’s voice was pleasant.

“Yes sir. He seems to have healed up nicely.”

“Good appetite?”

“Yes. The Winchesters ate rather a lot of pie.” The demon described the large table full of every type of pie they made.

“Nice. A little gluttony. Very good. We have to encourage Sam to sate all of his appetites.”

“Speaking of…” The demon told Azazel about Sam kissing Dean in the restaurant, about how Dean kissed him long and slow in the car.

Azazel’s jaw fell open. Then the corners of his mouth curled up. Then he began to laugh. The laugh turned into a roaring fit of hilarity that lasted several minutes and left him curled on his side on the couch, tears oozing from his eyes. “Oh… that’s the best. The fucking all-time BEST.” He wheezed, helpless with laughter. “Papa Winchester’s boys. Choking each other’s chickens.” He giggled, doubling over clutching his stomach. “Oh, it hurts. Christ on a stick, it hurts so good…” He finally recovered, wiping his streaming eyes. “Incest is just my favorite.” He picked up the bottle of Scotch and refilled the demon’s glass, and poured the remainder into his own. “This is just going to make my plan go sooooo much easier. So…a toast.”

They clinked glasses and drank.

“Sir? If it’s not presumptuous to ask…what’s so special about Sam Winchester?”

Azazel cocked his head to the side.

“I mean, you have so many other candidates. And a monkey is a monkey is a monkey. So why is this monkey your favorite?”

Azazel snorted. “See, this is why I make the big bucks and you fetch my lattes. One monkey is not the same as another. The Plan is a thing of fucking beauty. The stench of it is going to reach all the way to wherever God has gone into hiding, and he’ll be powerless to ignore it. Or stop it. But he’ll have to see it. He’ll have to suffer. Whoever of the Special Children wins won’t just be the leader of the demon army. He has an extraordinarily special purpose to fulfill. For Lucifer himself. And
Sam Winchester isn’t just any monkey. Sam Winchester has the purest heart of any human I have ever found. And if I can corrupt the purest heart and turn him to serve Lucifer’s will…” Azazel took another swallow of Scotch and held up his glass. “Now THAT is victory.”

The demon dropped his head. “I see. My most sincere apologies. I didn’t understand.”

“Well, now you do. So, here’s what I want.” Azazel couldn’t repress a chortle. “Fucking incest. I can’t believe little Sammy is going to do half the work for me. Ok, we need to encourage our Samuel to be with Dean as often as possible. I want him on his knees corrupting his pure little heart for me, one delicious slurp of brother-come after another.”

Azazel stood and paced in front of the fire. “Tell the team to do whatever they can to encourage them to be with each other. We want them to really enjoy being runaways. Keep them from going back with Papa, or that in-bred redneck they call an uncle. We want Sam to indulge in all his dark urges. Brother fucking. Eating whatever he wants. Drinking. Letting his rage grow. Get him started with the old ultra-violence. So… whenever they need a break from being balls deep in each other and come out of their little safe haven, think up some good ways to let Sam stretch his legs. Set him up to get angry, and give him the warm body to take it out on.” Azazel leaned against the mantle, eyes flashing yellow. “It’s time my boy started learning how good it feels to cause pain.”

Both heads turned at the sound of bare feet slapping delicately on the hardwood floor, as the blonde made her way awkwardly down the hallway to the living room.

“There’s my girl,” Azazel called out cheerily. “Come here and show us what a good little whore is alll about.” The girl entered and knelt in the middle of the room. Azazel circled around her and kicked her knees farther apart. “Wider.” She stretched her legs as far apart as she could. “Show us.” She bent forward, putting her shoulder on the carpet, and pulled her ass cheeks apart. Her sphincter was stretched around a massive pink dildo as thick as her arm.

“Ooh. That’s nice.” The demon tilted his head to get a better view. “I’m actually impressed she could get that entire thing up there.”

Azazel circled around again and stood in front of her. “Now, where are your manners?”

She blinked her bright blue eyes at him, confused.

“Have you forgotten how you greet all your new friends?”

She dropped to her knees and crawled to the white-haired man, moving behind him, keeping the giant dildo inside her. She sat up and unbuckled his pants, then tugged them and his underwear down to his ankles. Putting both hands on his buttocks, she spread them apart, revealing his pink hole, and licked it with a broad, flat stroke of her tongue. She moaned.

“Yeah. That tastes good. Doesn’t it?” Azazel’s smile was dark.

She licked his asshole again, swirling her tongue in a circle, probing deeper.

Azazel threw his arm casually around the white-haired demon, facing away from him, and looked down at the girl. “That’s it. Get your tongue in there nice and deep. Say hello like a good little fucktoy.”

The next several hours passed in a fire-licked frenzy of debauchery. The girl was passed back and forth like a pink, squealing piece of meat, a willing participant in indulging her most base desires and sating their depravity. Azazel held her up, bouncing her on his cock, while the other demon worked the massive toy in her ass at a punishing pace. “What’s my name?” he purred. “Sir.” “And
what’s your name?” He licked the salt off her neck. “Whore,” she groaned.

They threw her to the carpet and double penetrated her, fucking her roughly, the thin membrane of flesh between their cocks stretched even thinner, a demon mouth at each ear muttering a stream of filth, all degrading language and cruel promises of further indignities. Impaled and helpless, wracked with equal parts pleasure and pain, she came screaming and sobbing, over and over.

They used every orifice to satisfy their lust. Their erections never flagged no matter how many times they came, gasping and shaking. Azazel even made a point of jamming his cock up the other demon’s ass without warning, coming violently at his screech of pain, and making her suck out every drop of his come, laughing as she did so.

Finally, Azazel peeled himself off her, having come inside her abused throat for the third time, and pulled the other demon off her. “Enough. Have to leave a little left for tomorrow.” He pushed the sweat-soaked hair out of her face. “Tomorrow’s Christmas Day. Right, little one? And I’ve got such a special present for you.”

Chapter End Notes

Post-chapter author's note: Some of the content of this chapter was meant to illustrate the disturbing, unhealthy portrayal of incest many people have, as a way of contrasting it with the loving, consensual, healthy relationship between the Winchester brothers. The other sexual material was intended to show Azazel corrupting innocence to the most extreme end he can, to illustrate what he (non-sexually) has planned for Sam. Things set in motion in this chapter will become critically important for how the rest of the story plays out. I promise you, it's not gratuitous. I will not be writing any further portrayals of this type or tone, in this or any fanfic.
Feel Like Making Love

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean have a Christmas Eve unlike any they’ve ever known.

Dean pulled the car around the side of the motel, where the license plate wouldn’t be easily visible. Sam took the pie boxes from the back seat. Dean came around to his side of the car and put his arm through Sam’s. They walked slowly, arm in arm, despite the cold night air, bodies pressed up against each other.

Inside the motel’s front office, they rang the buzzer at the front, in the pattern Danny had told them. Within a few minutes, he emerged. “Hallway’s clear. Come on through.” The passed through the hall, through the iron bead curtain, and into the common area.

Sam set the boxes down on a table by the door. Juliane approached and stuck a steaming mug into each of their hands. Dean blew on his, and took a sip gingerly. “Cider!” His eyes were huge over the lip of the mug. “With a cinnamon stick!”

“Come on, sit by the fire.” Juliane brought them to the couch by the crackling fire. “Cold out there.”

On the mantle hung a row of red stockings with white fake fur cuffs. “I put them up on Christmas Eve,” Juliana said. “Everyone gets one.”

Dean ducked his head, and Sam looked uncomfortable. “We didn’t… I mean, we kind of forgot it was Christmas…”

Juliane rolled her eyes. “You don’t put stuff in the stockings. You get stuff in the stockings.”

Dean snorted. “Jolly fat man in a red suit? He’d have to be a supernatural creature to hit up everyone in one night, and he’d never get through the wards.”

Juliane looked at Sam like she understood what he had to put up with. Dean wrapped his lips around the cinnamon stick and sucked cider through it with a wet raspy sound.

“Did you have a nice dinner?” Juliana took a seat in a padded recliner across from them.

Sam sat up straight. “Oh, I forgot.” He crossed to the table by the door and came back with the top box. “It’s a pie. For tomorrow.”

Danny emerged from the kitchen and took the box from Sam, peeking inside. “Pecan? That’s great. Thanks.”

“So, are you two going to join us?”

Dean opened his mouth to say no, but stopped when he saw the expression on Sam’s face. Remembering what Sam had said, about the Christmas he’d hoped they would have gotten to have
this year. With a bunch of people eating too much and making too much noise. He composed his thoughts quickly. “We’d like to.” Sam’s face lit up, followed immediately by a frown of concern. Dean continued. “But we don’t know who else is here, and…”

“You don’t want to be recognized.”

Dean didn’t say anything.

“You’re on the run from your dad.” Dean froze, but then realized she was looking at Sam, not both of them.

“Remember my promise. I tell nothing. No matter who’s asking. Your secrets are just that—yours.”

Sam took a deep breath and blew it out. “I took off, yeah. Just for a while. Until I get my head together. And he wasn’t too happy about that… And he’s a hunter. Maybe someone staying here knows him. Knows to be looking for me.”

“He doesn’t know where you are?”

“No. And we want to keep it that way. He’s…” Dean paused to choose his next words carefully.

“A son-of-a-bitch.” Sam stared at the fire.

Juliane said, “Other than you, there are five hunters in the sanctuary. Four of them are German and they just got to the US. The fifth chose full privacy, like you, and won’t be joining us. Chances are, no one who’ll be here tomorrow will know you. But I’ll leave it up to you.”

Sam looked at Dean. “We’ll think about it.”

“If you don’t come for Christmas dinner, come by Christmas morning, just the two of you? For your stockings.”

“You really don’t have to—“

“ This makes me happy. Don’t you want me to be happy?” Juliana’s eyes were lively with amusement.

“She’s stubborn. You two better say yes.” Danny came with a pot of warm cider and refilled everyone’s mugs.

“Thank you, Danny.” Juliane gave him a grateful look. Danny smiled at her, and when she looked back toward Sam and Dean, his expression changed. It was an expression Dean knew all too well. Looking at something you desperately want, but knowing you’ll never rate high enough to get it. It’s how he used to look at Sam when no one was watching.

Juliane got up. “I’ve got to start the green bean casserole for tomorrow.” Dean closed his eyes, and Sam poked him lightly in the ribs. “What?”

“That’s about the only vegetable he’ll eat.”

“That’s not true and you know it.” Dean put on his mildly offended look. “I eat zucchini.”

“Deep-fried.”

“Spinach.”
“Creamed.”

“Dude. I eat… I eat broccoli!”

“In beer cheese soup.”

“Does the beer and the cheese make it somehow not broccoli?”

“No, but it kind of negates the purpose of eating it in the first place.” Sam took another drink of cider. “And before you say it, potatoes count as starches, not vegetables. And ketchup isn’t a vegetable either.”

Dean opened his mouth but nothing came out. Sam cackled, having won the exchange.

“You two are all kinds of cute together.” Juliane walked to the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, “Hang out as long as you want. Christmas Eve by the fire. It’s kinda romantic.”

Sam snuggled closer to Dean on the couch. “Check us out. Christmas Eve, and we’re being romantic.”

They sat in front of the fire, cold driven from their bones by its warmth, sipping cinnamon-scented cider, arms around each other. Sam leaned in and kissed Dean’s neck, nuzzling it with his soft lips.

“This is what it felt like.”

Sam tipped his head to the side in that way that said, “What?” without words.

“When I knew for sure. That you, you know. Felt that way about me too.” Dean looked down into the contents of his mug, then looked up at Sam, his eyes gleaming like jade in the firelight.

Sam remembered Dean talking about this. All the way back, what felt like a hundred years ago. When he’d just been rescued, and was in the room in the clinic, and Dean stayed with him. When he still didn’t know why he’d been taken. Or John’s part in it. When Dean put his hand on Sam’s chest so gently, touching the only place on his body that wasn’t broken or bruised. It’s always been you, Sam. I can’t even remember when I knew. You know, that we were more than. When I found out it was the same for you…

“It was like how Christmas was supposed to feel.”

Dean’s lips parted, and his eyes widened. “Yeah.”

Sam brushed his fingers through Dean’s short hair, trailed his fingertips down the back of his neck. “What are you going to do now that you have me and Christmas feels the way it’s supposed to?” His smile was pure love, accented with just a hint of mischief.

Dean set his mug down, and raised his hand to Sam’s face, rubbing his thumb along his jaw line in that way that never failed to make Sam melt. “I’m going to take you to our bedroom and make love to you,” he whispered.

Sam’s mouth moved but only air came out. He swallowed hard.

“Is that what you want, Sammy?” Thumb moving slowly, back and forth.

Sam blinked rapidly, trying to find his words. “Dean,” he said in a voice so low only one person in the room could hear him. “Please.”
Dean bit his lip. "Let's get out of here."

Sam rose, squeezed Dean's hand, and went into the kitchen. Dean took the opportunity to go to where Danny was reading the paper. "Hey, if you're done with the comics, mind if I take it?"

Danny fished it out of the pile. "Go for it." Dean quickly folded it up and tucked it inside his coat pocket. He glanced over at Sam, whose back was to them, saying goodnight to Juliane. Danny followed his glance, and his gaze caught on Juliane, hand at the nape of her neck tightening the clip that held her hair back.

"Does she know?" Dean's expression was soft, understanding.

Danny froze, then closed his eyes for a moment. "That obvious?"

"I'm pretty tuned in to things like that."

Danny rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "She has no idea."

Dean frowned. "Why don't you tell her? It's obvious she likes you."

Danny put his newspaper down. "There's a big difference between like and... well, besides, I'm too old for her. And she's not ready for anything like that. After what she's been through."

Dean nodded. "Doesn't like to be touched." They both glanced over, and at that exact moment, Sam had his hand on her arm, giving her a gentle squeeze.

Danny flinched. "I guess that depends on who's touching her."

"Hey, man." Dean sat down at the table, to put himself on equal footing. "Don't even go there. They've both been through something similar. And pretty fucking horrific. It's natural they'd... trust each other. And—" Dean very nearly said Sam, but caught himself at the last minute. "Paul just has this way of putting people at ease. He's like a big goofy therapy dog." The beginnings of a smile on Danny's lips was a good sign. Dean leaned in. "And don't even worry. He's mine. And I'm his."

The way Sam beamed at Dean, making a gesture of his head toward the door, illustrated that point perfectly.

Danny's shoulders relaxed. He made sure the hallway was clear and gestured it was safe to pass. "You guys have a nice night."

Sam picked up the box of leftover slices of pie, and took Dean's hand. "You too."

And Sam led Dean back to their sanctuary within the sanctuary. Dean found a few dusty votive candles in a kitchen drawer, and set them alight on the end table next to the bed. He set a glass of cold water on the table, and a clean hand towel. Then he undressed Sam with incredible slowness, his fingertips grazing Sam's skin as each article of clothing was slipped off. Eventually, Sam was naked, the lines of his body highlighted by the warm golden light of the candles.

"Lay down."

Sam obeyed, moving back on the bed, shoulders on the pillow, head craned so he could watch Dean.

Dean stood at the foot of the bed and just as slowly as he had done for Sam, he removed his
clothing. It wasn’t a tawdry strip tease. It was a revealing, an act of aching trust and love, peeling off the layers and baring himself to Sam. By the time the last article of clothing hit the floor, Sam was trembling.

“Come here.” He extended his arms to Dean. Dean crawled onto the bed, slowly, with a powerful grace. He moved over Sam, brought his mouth to Sam’s. The warmth of his body flowed over Sam’s skin, almost but not quite touching him. Only their lips touched.

They kissed like that for a long time, until Sam arched his back, lifted his hands and ran them along the sides of Dean’s ribcage and down his flanks. Dean shivered, and lowered himself. The feel of Dean’s skin, so soft, impossibly soft for such a strong man, lifted a moan from Sam’s lips. “Dean. I need you.”

“Yeah?” Dean ghosted his lips along Sam’s neck, mouth parted, the very tip of his tongue extended, touching Sam’s skin so softly. “What do you need?” His words weren’t desperate, mechanical porn dialogue meant to inject kink to camouflage the lack of actual intimacy. It was wanting to hear Sam’s desire for him given voice, said out loud, not kept in secret and shadow.

Now it was Sam’s turn to shiver. “I want you to make love to me.”

This was the first time either of them had used that phrase. That phrase that would have made them giggle six months ago. Suddenly it had weight and promise and truth.

Dean slicked himself up slowly, eyes locked on Sam’s. Sam closed his eyes then opened them again, like a cat blinking its message, “I trust you enough to close my eyes in your presence.” Dean brought his fingers between Sam’s legs, getting him wet enough to take him.

“Just… just you,” Sam breathed. “I’m ready.”

“You sure, Sammy?” Dean looked down at Sam, spread out beneath him.

“I want you inside me.”

Dean groaned, dropped his head, pressing his forehead to Sam’s. He moved his hips, just a little. Sam gasped.

“You ok?”

Sam smiled up at Dean. “You feel good.” He spread his legs a little wider. Dean pressed against Sam’s entrance a little harder. Sam’s body yielded to Dean like he was born to take him inside, like Dean was the other half of Sam’s body and it recognized him.

The head of Dean’s cock slipped inside. He paused, gasping at how hot Sam was (he always ran warm on the outside but inside mother of all that’s holy), how his flesh stretched to accommodate him, a silky strength that surrounded him, pulled him in deeper. “Oh god. Sammy…”

Sam arched his back, pushing down on Dean, taking him in deeper. “Dean.”

Dean curled his back and drove himself inside Sam, so slowly that Sam was shuddering by the time Dean entered him completely.

He just stayed there, for a long time, holding most of his weight off Sam, looking into his eyes. Then he brought one hand to Sam’s face and stroked it. “So beautiful.”

Sam made a sound much like a sob.
“So beautiful,” Dean repeated. He rocked himself inside Sam, sweet and slow, making sure Sam felt every inch of him, stroking his hair, kissing his neck, whispering praise and devotion. Sam didn’t even know what to do with himself, so keen was the pleasure sparking off every nerve, the love pulsing through him in time with his heartbeat. He just shivered and made soft sounds that made Dean bite his lip, trying to hold out, to prolong this as long as he could, just to keep hearing Sam make those sounds.

Sam’s sounds gradually built from breathy moans to louder cries, as the pleasure built, amping up inside him. Sam’s skin gleamed, sweat-salty, his body opening to Dean in every possible way. He took hold of Dean’s back, ran his nails lightly down the twin cords of muscle on either side of his spine. “Dean.” His voice was more urgent.

“Sam. Sammy…” Dean moved quicker now, hands on the back of Sam’s head, his chest and belly pressed tight against Sam’s, moving in deep circles, every motion stroking his stomach against Sam’s cock.

Sam cried out. He reached for the bottle, slicked his hand up, and brought it to his cock. He spread his thighs wide, giving Dean access to go deeper, faster, stroking himself, watching Dean watching him. “Dean. Oh god. Dean.” Sam’s cheeks were flushed red, hair gone wild and disheveled, muscles of his thighs taut, stomach fluttering, stroking himself faster now.

When the first wave of the orgasm hit, it came from somewhere deep inside Dean. So deep he didn’t register it was happening until it had lifted him up, the sharp glorious center of it sparkling and firing and as good as it had ever been with Sam… and it just kept going. Sam cried out again, louder, pure white droplets soaring out of him in a great arc, pattering on his chest and stomach. And Dean’s orgasm just kept going. Sam came hard, writhing and making the most incredible sounds. And Dean’s orgasm just kept going. It was almost frightening. But he was with Sam. So it was ok. He just surrendered to it, let it have him as long as it was going to. And after the last drop of fluid pulsed out of Sam, Dean’s orgasm still kept going.

“Jesus Christ,” Sam whispered, holding Dean as he shook and cried out again and again. Finally, mercifully, it peaked and ebbed. Sam held Dean as the aftershocks rattled his body. Sam shifted beneath him and Dean erupted in another fit of shivers. “Oh god. Oh god.” Sam remained perfectly still and held Dean close.

At last, Dean was able to move without triggering new spasms of pleasure bordering on pain. He pulled free of Sam, and collapsed on his side. Sam fumbled for the towel, and cleaned Dean off first before taking care of himself. He brought the glass of water to Dean’s lips, helped him drink, before taking a sip himself. He tucked Dean in beneath the sheets, blew out the candles, and curled up with him. “I love you. So much.”

Dean murmured, “I love you back.” He nestled closer. “Always have.”

And as Sam drifted off to sleep, the scent of extinguished candle wick in the air, it felt for all the world like something dark inside him loosened and lifted, burned up by the light warming him from within, became black smoke that rose into the air and vanished.
Christmastime Is Here

Chapter Summary

Dean calls home again. Sam and Dean have their first Christmas morning alone.

Dean waited until he was sure Sam was completely, utterly and peacefully asleep before he stirred. Sam hadn’t even needed to use the headphones and the cassette tape with the Thetan binaural beats. He just wrapped his hand around Dean’s amulet, murmured a contented sound against Dean’s chest, and fell asleep.

Dean extricated himself carefully, wincing as he tugged the amulet from Sam’s fingers. But Sam remained asleep.

Dean pulled a small folded paper bag from an interior pocket of his duffel bag, grabbed his sweats and t-shirt from the floor, shut the bedroom door behind him quietly, and padded naked into the living room. He pulled on his clothes quickly, and removed the comics section from his coat pocket. Sitting at the small table, he opened the bag and let the object inside roll out into his hand. He looked at it for a moment, then gave it a quick squeeze and put it back in the paper bag. He folded the top of the bag down several times, then wrapped it up in the comics page, centering it on the image of a giant goofy dog with his tongue hanging out. His fingers moving deftly, he creased and folded the paper intricately, tucking the end flaps into little pockets he’d created, sealing the package tight without a scrap of tape or ribbon.

He set it down on the table, and rubbed his hand over his jaw, trying not to look at the phone. After a long moment, he blew out a long breath. Rising slowly to his feet, he opened the cupboard and took down the bottle of top-shelf bourbon he’d grabbed when they ran away from Bobby’s house in the middle of the night. He poured two fingers into a coffee cup and swallowed a third of it in one long sip. Then he picked up the phone and dialed.

“I was going to say Eldrich and Jones Funeral Home., but there are only two people that’d call this number at this time of night.”

“Hey Bobby.”

“Tell me you’re at the bus station and need me to pick you boys up.”

Dean’s exhalation, sad and weary, was Bobby’s answer.

“I was sure hoping you two would be home for Christmas.” Bobby’s voice was sleep-rough, and every bit as sad and weary as Dean’s sigh. “Your dad was too.”

“I know.” Dean stared at the far wall.

“Where are you?”

“Bobby. I can’t tell you that and you know it.”

“Ok. Where…crap. What kind of…damn it, Dean, you gotta tell me something.”
“We’re safe. I swear. Couldn’t be any safer. And we’re… Bobby, we’re ok.”

“Sam?”

“He’s asleep.” Dean kept his voice low, so Sam wouldn’t wake up. “Which is awesome. He…” Being a voice on the phone, not in Bobby’s presence, made it easier to say things he would have held back in person. “He wasn’t sleeping. Like, at all. He kept having nightmares about the torture, but it was Dad doing it to him.”

On the other end of the line, Bobby sucked in a breath through his teeth.

“It’s been awful. Him knowing what Dad did. I don’t think he slept more than five minutes total in the first three days after we left. But he’s better now. A whole lot better. It’s good for him to be away. Just him and me.”

Bobby coughed. “I’m genuinely glad for that. So, uh, how are you two fixed for expenses?”

“I got it covered.”

“What did you—“

Dean cut Bobby off. “Nothing Dad hasn’t done a hundred times to keep us in Kool-Aid and hot dogs.” He couldn’t blunt the sharp edge of his anger.

“Listen. I’m not excusing the man when it comes to how he raised you boys. You know better than anyone how much I’ve got to say on that particular fucking subject.”

Dean laughed, a bitter, hollow sound, and swallowed the rest of the bourbon in one gulp. He’d heard an earful from Bobby on multiple occasions on what a bad job John was doing with him and Sam.

“But…” Bobby paused as if choosing his words carefully. “Imagine what it must have been like for him.”

Bobby, I don’t—“

It was Bobby’s turn to cut him off. “No. Listen.” His voice was urgent. “Just try to imagine what it was like for him, to see the love of his life. Murdered in front of him. By something …unnatural. How would you feel in his place?”

Dean suddenly pictured Sam, pinned to the ceiling, a ghastly blood-bloom unfurling on his stomach, a corona of fire roiling behind him, his face contorted in a scream for help, help that Dean, reaching up despite the searing heat, was powerless to give. He gripped the coffee cup hard and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to blot out the image.

“Imagine what that would do to a man. And then she was gone, and there he was, all alone, with a four-year old son and a baby boy. She was gone. Something like that… Dean, it’s hard to just keep on breathing after that. Let alone raise two little boys right.” Bobby took a deep breath. “I’m not saying his reason was enough. But…can you feel how something like that might break a man?”


He sucked in a shuddering breath, raised his hand, turning it, checking for cuts. He was lucky.

“Yeah. I get it.”
“He’s done a lot of wrong to you boys, but he loves you. And he’s trying.”

“Really.” Dean’s voice was flat.

“Gonna have to take my word on that, Dean, until you come home and see for yourself.”

“Well, don’t leave the light on.”

Dean could almost hear Bobby biting back a sharp retort. “I’m sorry. I didn’t… I didn’t call to be an asshole. I just wanted to say that we’re ok. We’re really ok. We’re in a good place, and it’s safe, and we’re just gonna lick our wounds for a while, alright? And...uh, we miss you.” It was complicated, sure, but it was true.

“I miss the hell out of you.” Bobby’s voice was choked. “And… you know how sorry I am. Dean. Don’t you? And Sam?” His voice cracked, and he coughed to hide it.

Dean stacked the shards of the coffee cup into a pile. “It’s killing you, Bobby. I can hear it.”

Bobby made a sound that could in no way be camouflaged as anything other than a sob.

“I can’t promise you Sam’s ever gonna forgive you or Dad. Hell, I can’t promise that I will. But… I want to. And I know he does too.”

“I can live with that.” Bobby sniffed. “I’ll take that.”

“So, any news on the whole, you know, demon thing?”

Bobby related what little they’d dug up so far, and ran down all the efforts they were making to learn more. Dean nodded, not sure if he was disappointed they hadn’t learned anything concrete yet, or relieved the demon’s purposes were still a blissful mystery.

“Now, I’m not gonna push you to tell me where you are or get you to come home, ‘cause I want you to keep calling me, ok?”

“Ok.” Dean couldn’t repress a smile.

“That’s my deal with you. But. You gotta remember, Reggie’s out there looking for you, and he will find you sooner or later. And I’d bank on sooner.”

Dean knew. But he also knew that they’d found a place where even Reggie couldn’t get to them if they didn’t want to be gotten to.

“I’m sorry everything went down like this, Bobby. Sam was…” Dean’s voice got choked up. “He was really looking forward to Christmas at your place this year. With everyone.”

“You’re killing me here, kid.”

“Sorry. I… look. I gotta go. Just…don’t worry about us ok?”

“Try telling the desert to not be bone-dry.”

“Don’t worry about us too much, then. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

“Well, when you two do come home, I’ve got a real special present for you. Been working on it for a few months now. So…don’t stay gone too long, ok?”
Dean dropped his head. “We’ll try.”

“You call me now. And…Merry Christmas, Dean.”

Dean glanced around the apartment, plain and spartan, devoid of any of the trappings of the holiday. When his eyes fell on the package he’d wrapped up for Sam, his mouth softened into a smile. “Merry Christmas, Bobby.”

Dean threw the broken coffee mug in the trash, and made his way down the narrow hallway to the bedroom. He opened the door slowly, tucked the wrapped present back into his duffel bag and sat down.

Sam stirred, rising into wakefulness. “Dean?”

“I’m right here, Sammy.”

“Where’d you go?” Sam reached for him, hands already gone damp with panic sweat.

“Shhh. I’m right here.”

Sam grabbed him like he’d been missing for hours. “Where’d you go.” His hands clutched Dean’s clothing. “You’re all dressed. Dean?”

Dean reached for Sam just as fiercely. Sam. Burning on the ceiling. “Sammy.” He brought his mouth down onto Sam’s.

“What were you doing?”

Sam’s hands in his hair. His teeth nipping his skin. Dean shivered.

“Bobby. I was calling Bobby,” he gasped.

“In the middle of the night? Why?” Sam pulled Dean’s shirt up and over his head.

“Christmas. Sam. I… I couldn’t let them just sit there, waiting for us.”

Sam pressed his forehead against Dean’s. “You’re so much better than me.”

“So not true.”

“Yeah it is.” Sam’s hands were at Dean’s waistband. “Off. Get them off.”

Dean peeled his sweats off. Sam straddled him, grinding against him, no shyness in him, just primal need.

“Jesus, baby boy. Missed me that much?”

Sam reached between them, took hold of both their cocks in his large hand, stroking them simultaneously. “Yeah.”

Dean arched his back, rutting against Sam. “So fucking needy. Want me so bad, don’t you.”

Sam groaned. “Always.”

“How fast can you come for me, baby boy?”

The answer, as it turned out, was pretty fucking fast.
Sleep came again, easily, to both of them. When they awoke, it was morning.

Christmas morning.

Sam kissed Dean on the nose, then pulled on his boxers and jeans and ran into the kitchen. He pulled the box of pie leftovers out of the refrigerator and set it on the counter, then made a pot of strong coffee. He turned the TV on and tuned it to the channel with the flickering fire and the classic Christmas carols, Nat King Cole and Rosemary Clooney and all the rest. Once the coffee was almost completely brewed, filling the apartment with the rich scent, he went back in the bedroom and kissed Dean awake.

“Wha… ungh. Sam.”

“It’s Christmas.”

“It’s fucking early. What are you, six?” Dean fake-glared at Sam blearily.

“Christmas, Dean.” He brought his lips close to Dean’s ear. “There’s pie.”

Dean sat up. Sam practically dressed Dean and shoved him into the bathroom. “Brush your teeth.” While Dean scoured his teeth and gargled with Listerine, Sam pulled out three small packages, already wrapped in shiny pages from a car magazine, done while Dean slept, that second night in Cheyenne. He placed them on the little kitchen table, arranging them so there was equal space between them. He poured Dean’s coffee, and doctored up his own.

Dean came into the kitchen as Sam was opening the box and setting the pie leftovers onto the counter. He pulled Sam close and kissed him.

“Ugh. You taste of Listerine.”

“Better than morning breath.”

Sam made a face like he wasn’t sure about the accuracy of that statement.

“Coffee. And pie. And you. And coffee. And pie.”

“S that your To Do list?”

Dean’s mouth twitched in that little smirk reserved for when he saw Dad’s Impala waxed and gleaming like sin on wheels, and when he saw his sweet baby brother spread out naked for him. Sam blinked rapidly, biting his lip.

“Did you just…you did.”

“What?”

“Bat your eyelashes at me.”

“Shut up.” Sam blushed.

“And now you’re blushing.”

“Cut it out.”

“Samantha.”
“You’re such a dick.”

“You love my dick.”

Sam shoved a mug into Dean’s hand. “Coffee. Drink. Now.”

Dean sat down and took a huge swallow of coffee, grinning. Sam joined him, and put all the partially-eaten slices of pie onto a plate.

They drank coffee and ate pie, Sam’s sock-covered foot rubbing against Dean’s shin gently. Dean let Sam have all of what remained of the pumpkin pie, but Sam insisted on feeding him a bite, and then kissing him right after. “Mmmm.”

“We’re going back there tomorrow and getting a whole damn pumpkin pie.” Dean made a mental note, because he really wasn’t joking. Sammy loved pumpkin pie, and he was going to make damn sure Sam had plenty of it.

They savored the banana cream and lemon meringue. The berry pie slices were inhaled. “You know, pie for breakfast is actually healthy.”

Sam sat back and tilted his head in a way that said, “Do tell.”

“If it’s fruit pie. This right here? Blackberry and what, blueberry?” Sam nodded. “Those are like, superberries. Full of antioxidants and shit. And fiber.”

Sam pursed his lips, unable to dispute that.

Dean continued. “It’s not too sweet. No more sugar than when we have oatmeal or cold cereal. Way less sugar than pancakes or muffins. Especially if you get a no-sugar-added pie.”

Sam raised his eyebrows. “That’s true.”

“OK, the crust. White flour and fat. Now, if you do a single-crust pie, that’s not that much crust per slice. And it has grains in it, which IS part of a balanced breakfast. You can’t go all protein. You told me that. You need some grains.”

“Go on.”

“So, sure, it’s simple carbs, but the fiber from the berries or apples balances that out. ‘Cause it all mixes up in the stomach, right?”

“Right.” Sam’s expression was deeply amused.

“Ok, so. Fat. You need fat. If you had a low-fat crust, you couldn’t absorb all the fat-soluble vitamins in the fruit. Berries have… wait… I got this… Vitamin E and K. Right?”

“You really were listening when I was doing my nutrition homework. Literally.” Sam shook his head in awe.

“And the fat slows how fast you absorb the white flour in the pie crust, so it doesn’t make your blood sugar spike and crash. Right?”

“You’re totally right.”

“And fat helps with… sa… sa-tie… how the hell do you say that again?”
“Satiety.” Sam’s mouth curled up in a grin of pure pride.

“Right. Makes you feel full, so you don’t crave more food. Like, exactly what Chinese food doesn’t do.”

San bowed his head, and broke into a slow clap. “You’re right.”

“I am?” Dean beamed, a little surprised.

“You actually are. Throw a few walnuts in, and fruit pie would actually be a pretty healthy breakfast. A hell of a lot better than pancakes and syrup with bacon.” Sam smiled at Dean. “See. I told how smart you were.”

Dean blushed furiously, but looked pleased as hell.

Sam kept looking at the little packages on the table. Dean glanced down, as if embarrassed.

“Hey, it’s ok. It… there’s been a lot going on. Christmas kinda snuck up on us. I don’t care that you didn’t get me anything. I mean, I got the best present of all. I got you.” Sam smiled, and Dean felt the warmth of it on his skin. Sam meant it.

“And it’s not much anyway. So… yeah. You wanna open them?”

Dean took Sam’s hand. “Yeah. On the couch.”

They sat on the couch with their coffee. Sam felt the packages, identifying which one was which, and handed Dean the first one. On the TV, the fire log flickered, and Bing Crosby crooned The Little Drummer Boy.

Dean eyed the photo of the Dodge Charger on the paper wrapping, and then tore into the package.

“Awesome!” Dean held a beautiful specimen of fool’s gold in the palm of his hand. He turned it this way and that, admiring the bright, gleaming striations. “Thanks, Sam!”

Sam smiled even wider, dimples deepening, and drank in the delight on Dean's face unmasked by the facade of coolness he usually wore. Dad almost always drove past the roadside attractions that Dean clamored for just a few minutes to visit, and when he did stop, he never bought souvenirs.

Dean held it for a moment longer, as if he was loathe to put it down.

“Here.” Sam handed him the second package, wrapped in a photo of a burgundy Plymouth Barracuda.

“Sweet.” Dean opened that package more carefully, not wanting to rip that picture. He saw what was inside. “Dude. No way.”

Sam grinned. “You like it?”

Dean held the trilobite fossil in both hands, his face lit up. “Trilobite!”

“You always wanted one.”

“I always wanted one,” Dean echoed. “And you… you got one for me.”

Sam pushed the third one toward Dean. It was larger, the size of two fists. “I hope you like this one. I wasn’t sure.”
Dean peeled away the paper, featuring a Pontiac Firebird Trans Am. He fell silent at what he saw. The geode was a double: two perfectly equal shapes joined as one, side by side, each one ringed with green the color of Dean’s eyes, with a center ring the same shade of blue Sam’s eyes turned in the sunlight.

“It’s a malachite/azurite double geode.”

“Sammy.”

“Do…do you like it?”

Dean’s eyes welled up. “God, Sammy. It’s… it’s perfect.” He tore his eyes away to meet Sam’s gaze. “It’s us.”

Sam closed his eyes. Dean understood.

Dean’s mouth brushed across his, soft and somehow the exact, precise temperature and texture that felt perfect to Sam. Just right.

“Look at me.”

Sam opened his eyes. Dean pulled a small package from his jeans pocket and held it out to Sam.

“But…”

“I’ve had this for a long time. Been waiting to give it to you.”

Sam laughed when he saw the cartoon dog on the center of the package. He turned it over, and his eyes widened to see that it was simply wrapped by folding, not tape or string. He opened it with exquisite care, taking as much pleasure in the adept way Dean had manipulated the paper as in the fact that Dean had a Christmas present for him after all. Dean basked in the warmth that flooded him to see Sam noticing what he had done, appreciating every single crease and fold.

Finally, Sam smoothed out the comics into a flat, uncut sheet, and picked up the small plain paper bag inside. He looked at Dean.

“Go on.”

Sam unfolded the bag, and upended it over his outstretched palm.

A silver ring fell out.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was just a whisper.

A silver ring exactly like the one Dean wore on the ring finger of his right hand.

“How did you…”

Dean looked up at Sam through his thick eyelashes, green eyes soft and hopeful. “I had it made for you.”

Sam’s hand shook. Dean closed both his hands over Sam’s, folding his fingers over the ring. “I thought… you could wear it on your right hand, like me, for now. No one would know. What it really means. And then…when we…” Dean was fumbling for words, which was entirely unlike him. “When we get married.”
Sam’s lips parted, and he made the softest little gasp Dean had ever heard.

Dean pressed on. “When we get married, we can wear them on our left hands.”

Sam lifted his hand free, uncurled his fingers, held his hand open. Dean picked up the ring. Sam turned his hand over and gave it to Dean. With trembling fingers, Dean slid the ring onto the fourth finger of Sam’s right hand.

Sam slipped his hand into Dean’s right hand, gently pulling him forward into a kiss. The rings met with a satisfying click. They both smiled, lips still joined, then Dean leaned forward and deepened the kiss, twining the fingers of his other hand into Sam’s hair.

Finally, they broke the kiss. “You like it?”

Sam stared in awe at the ring on his finger, the exact twin of Dean’s ring, then up at Dean. “It’s… I can’t even…”

Dean’s smile was radiant. “You like it.”

“Best Christmas ever.”

“There’s something else.”

Sam’s eyes went wide.

“I want to put my mark on you.”

Sam’s breath stopped.

“I thought… a tattoo or something… but then I thought of something we could do ourselves.”

“What?”

“Our initials. But maybe that’s stupid—“

Sam shushed Dean with his mouth on his. “Our initials. Like in the Impala.”

S.W.

D.W.

“Dean. That’s perfect.”

“Yeah?” Dean’s face lit up.

“Right now?”

“If… if that’s…”

“Yes.”

Dean took Sam’s hand and led him to the bedroom. “Where do you think?”

Sam lay back, pulled up his t-shirt and pulled the waistband of his sweatpants down. He trailed his finger along the diagonal line of muscle running downward from his hipbone. “Here.” He touched a spot inside that groove, just above his pubic bone. “No one would see it here unless I was naked.”
Dean blew out a shaky breath. “That’s perfect.”

Sam lay flat on the bed, gazing up at Dean. “Do it.”

Dean dug out his Zippo, brought the sharp edge of the blade through the flame to sterilize it. “You ready?”

“Yes.”

Dean wrapped his fingers around the hilt of the ornate knife.

“Don’t just scratch me. I want it to last forever, Dean.”

Dean bit his lip and brought the sharp tip of the blade down. It cut into Sam’s skin like butter, so sharp that Sam didn’t even feel it. He formed the D with four quick cuts, blood welling up immediately, and made a small cut, twisting the blade, for the period. He glanced at Sam, checking to see if it was ok. Sam’s face was flushed, his pupils blown.

“Keep going.”

Dean made four more cuts, forming the W, and carefully dug in and rotated the knife to make the second period. There was more blood than he had expected, little rivulets dripping down Sam’s skin. He hadn’t expected that, hadn’t set out a towel. Without thinking, he leaned over and brought his mouth to the wound.

Sam gasped. Dean looked up, fearful that he’d crossed a line, pink mouth smeared with Sam’s blood. Sam’s hands, gentle on the back of his head, urging his mouth back down, reassured him.

Dean traced the lines his knife had cut into Sam’s skin with his tongue. Four lines for D. Twirling his tongue as punctuation. Four lines for W. Another slow twirl of the tongue to put a point on it. “Mine. You’re mine, Sammy.”

Sam shuddered. “Always been yours.”

“Always gonna be.” Dean’s voice was rough, demanding. “And I’m yours too.” He leaned over Sam, red mouth curled into a smile. “Gonna mark me too, baby boy?”

Sam pulled Dean to him, kissing him fiercely, licking the taste of his blood from Dean’s mouth. “Yeah.”

Dean fell over onto his back, and undid his jeans. Sam shoved his shirt out of the way, picked up his knife, and straddling Dean’s legs, he brought his knife down. Dean’s flesh yielded to Sam’s blade, parting where Sam wanted it parted. Four cuts for S. Four cuts for W.

Dean’s breath came fast and harsh, and when Sam lowered his mouth, his tongue laving his skin, licking up the drops of blood, Dean grabbed Sam’s hair. “God, Sammy…” Sam brought his mouth down, sealed his lips around the S, and sucked.

And Dean came. Just from that. Just from Sam’s warm, wet mouth sealed over the mark he’d made on his skin, claiming Dean as his own, the mark that would forever be there, Sam’s initials cut into his flesh, visible to anyone to whom Dean might find himself in front of naked. A mark making it clear that Dean already belonged to someone. To Sam.

Dean came sharp and fast and hot, surprised cries driven out of him. And when Sam, equally surprised, shifted his mouth over to swallow it down, the sight of Sam’s blood-smeared mouth on
his cock made him buck and groan, his orgasm kicking up three notches. He’d barely finished
twitching before he pulled Sam up to straddle his face, pulled his sweats down, brought Sam’s
leaking cock to his lips and sucked a shuddering, wall-pounding orgasm out of him.

Sam collapsed at Dean’s side, gasping for breath.

“You alright?” Dean peered at Sam.

“Hell yes.” Sam blinked rapidly, like he was stunned. “Hell yes.” He looked at Dean’s wound.
“You? Did I go too deep?”

Dean sat up and looked at the cuts. Deep enough to scar nicely, but not enough to cause structural
damage. “I’m good.” Dean started to laugh. “I’m real good.” He wiped his mouth, smearing blood
on the back of his hands. “I love you more than life itself, Sammy, but you gotta admit…we’re a
little weird.”

Sam dissolved into laughter. When they’d finally settled down, Sam picked up his knife. “Better
clean these.” He paused, staring at the blade, Dean’s blood along the edge. His eyebrows furrowed.
Suddenly, he took Dean’s hand, brought it to his stomach, catching a few droplets of his blood on
Dean’s thumb. He brought it to his blade, and gently smeared it along the surface. The knife blade
grew warm, and to the surprise of both of them, the blood was absorbed into the surface, leaving it
as clean as it was when it was pulled from its sheath.

Dean stared at the knife. “Sam. Is that…”

“Nothing to be afraid of.” Sam’s face showed surprise, but not fear.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. I am. I don’t know how, but I am.”

Dean picked up his knife, Sam’s blood clinging to the sharp edge. He did what Sam had done,
bringing Sam’s hand to his stomach, bloodying his fingertips, and smearing it along the side of his
knife blade. Sam gasped as the knife warmed beneath his fingers, and drank in their combined
blood, leaving the blade clean.

“What made you think to do that?”

“I don’t know. It just… seemed like that’s what the knife wanted.”

To anyone else, that would have triggered alarm bells. But Dean Winchester was not anyone else.
Holding the knife in his hand, the twin of the one Sam held, crafted by perhaps the finest knife-
maker the world had yet seen, Dean searched his instincts and knew, just as Sam knew, that this
was nothing to be afraid of.
Dean brought Sam into the bathroom to clean up. Despite all the times he’d eased Sam’s panic in the shower since they’d rescued him from Earle Spivey, Sam’s fear in the water was still sharp. And this time, with both of them just having come, Dean couldn’t rely on sexual contact to distract Sam. Sam hissed as the water hit him, partly due to the sting of it on Dean’s initials cut into his skin, and partly due to a surge of panic.

“Hey. Hey, Sammy. You’re good. I got you.” Dean blocked Sam from most of the shower spray, and rubbed his back.

Sam’s eyes were wild, pupils wide. “Gotta be quick. I can’t…”

Dean nodded. “Get your hair wet.” He spun Sam and backed him into the spray. Sam’s breath hitched. Dean reached over and turned the shower off. “It’s ok. No water. You can breathe. Right? Take a deep breath. In through your nose, out through your mouth.” Sam did, shuddering, one arm braced on the white tile. Dean quickly soaped up Sam’s hair, lathered his hand with bar soap and washed Sam down with efficiency, as Sam squeezed his eyes shut, breathing in through his nose and out through his mouth.

“Ok. Just gotta rinse you off.” Dean turned on the water again, quickly rinsing the shampoo from Sam’s hair. Sam trembled, shaking his head. “Dean, I—”

The shower water spilled over Sam’s head. Over his face, into his open mouth. Sam pushed past Dean and out of the shower, standing in the middle of the bathroom with his head bowed, water dripping off him onto the floor.

Dean killed the water and stepped out. “Sam?”

Sam didn’t move, eyes focused blankly on the far wall, taking deep breaths through his mouth and blowing the air out in sharp exhalations. Dean pulled a towel off the rack and wrapped it around Sam’s shoulders. Sam flinched.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t you dare apologize, Sammy. Not for this. Not for… don’t you dare.”

Sam wouldn’t meet Dean’s eyes. “It’s just a damn shower. I know. I’m just…too fucking weak to handle it.”

Dean gripped the front of the towel, pulling Sam toward him. Sam tensed, expecting a big, forceful speech.

“Shhh.” He kissed Sam’s nose. “That’s where you’re wrong.” He toweled Sam’s skin gently. So gently. “You’re the strongest person I’ve ever met, Sammy.” He brought the towel up to Sam’s
dripping hair, dried it off. He grabbed another towel, and smoothed it over Sam’s back, around his sides, down his thighs, kneeling in the huge puddle of water to dry Sam’s legs. He looked up at Sam. “What you endured. And you never begged.”

Sam’s face flushed, seeing the pride spill over Dean’s face. The love in his eyes.

“After what you went through? This is normal. Even for someone extraordinary like you.” Dean stood up and brought the towel to Sam’s face, wiping away the moisture there.

Sam looked him in the eyes, breathing starting to normalize. “Extraordinary?”

Dean’s face creased into a huge smile. “Duh. You don’t know that? How don’t you know that?” Dean brushed his mouth against Sam’s. “Guess I’ll have to keep telling you.”

Sam carefully dried the cuts on his abdomen and put antibiotic ointment on, and taped a gauze square over it, snuggling it down on all four sides. Dean hopped back in the shower and quickly cleaned up. Sam, out of fair play or simple playfulness, insisted on Dean standing still while Sam toweled him off, rubbing him vigorously until his skin was pink and Dean was laughing.

He also insisted on dressing Dean’s cuts. And then he insisted on Christmas cartoons.

They put on their most comfortable t-shirts, donned their sweatpants and wore their softest, thickest socks. Dean turned the heat up. Sam flipped through the channels until he landed on the Grinch Who Stole Christmas.

“Awesome.” Dean settled down on the couch, moving a little gingerly. Sam leaned back and put his arm around Dean. They watched the whole thing. “When we get a dog, I wanna name him Max.” Sam said.

“Alright.” Dean wiggled so he slotted in next to Sam even closer.

When that ended, the channel began playing Miracle on 34th Street.

“Hell no,” they both said in unison.

Dean chuckled and grabbed the remote. “My pick.” Sam sat back, pursing his lips into that funny shape that pretended to be a bitch face but was really thinly veiled amusement. Dean cycled through the channels until the screen showed a barefoot Bruce Willis scrunching his toes on the carpet. “Son of a bitch.” McClane gave a little laugh. “Fists with your toes.”

Dean fell back against the couch and tossed the remote over his shoulder.

Sam snorted.

“What? It’s a Christmas movie. It’s an awesome Christmas movie.”

And Sam had to agree, it was. He even dissolved into giggles at the bloody t-shirt reading, “Ho ho ho. Now I have a machine gun.”

The movie came to its bloody and gloriously violent conclusion, ending with McClane in the back of the limo, kissing his wife as Nakatomi Plaza burns.

Dean leaned in and kissed Sam. He picked up Sam’s right hand and squeezed it, running his thumb over the silver ring on his finger. “Gonna make you my wife, Sammy.”
Sam cocked his head. “Wife?”

Dean’s expression clearly registered a baffled “Of course.”

Sam shook his head. “Dean. Neither of us has to be ‘the wife.’ We’re just… us. Together. I mean, it’s not like I’m always gonna be the one who gets…” Sam blushed.

“That is just about the most fucking adorable thing I’ve ever seen.” Dean smoothed Sam’s hair out of his face. "I love it when you're shy."

“I’m not, right? Always going to… I mean… when I… you liked it, right?”

Dean’s face turned from loving amusement to something sharper, more heated. “When you fucked me?”

Sam swallowed.

“Yeah.” Dean licked his lower lip, eyes locked onto Sam’s. “I liked it.”

“So… I can…”

“Hell yeah. But I ought to make you have to say it before you get to do it.” Dean dug his teeth into his lip at the expression on Sam’s face. “I like it when you talk dirty.”

Sam’s face turned even more bright red. “Dean.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Say it, baby boy. Tell me what you want.”

Sam ducked his head, then lifted it again. “I want… to be inside you.”

“There. Was that so hard?” Dean threw a leg over, straddling Sam. “Ah. Yeah. It is.” He ground against Sam, already erect. “You get so hard for me, baby boy. So fast.” Dean’s voice was lower, rougher. “Yeah. You can do that. Tonight.”

Sam shivered, hands gripping Dean’s back.

“But you’ll have to say it. And not like that.” Dean brought his lips to Sam’s neck, breathed out, traced the tip of his tongue behind Sam’s ear, teasing that spot that made him shiver and arch his back. “Gonna have to tell me how bad you want to fuck me, sweetheart.” Sam gasped. “Tell me how much you want to put your cock in my ass.”

Sam slid his hands up underneath Dean’s t-shirt, lightly scraping his nails along the thick cords of muscle.

Dean slipped off Sam’s lap and slide onto the carpet between Sam’s legs. “Christ, Sam, I just want us to fuck all day, every day. See how many times I could get you to come for me.” He pulled Sam’s sweats down, exposing Sam’s hard, curving cock. He gripped Sam’s hands in his, squeezing tightly, the hard silver ring on Sam’s right hand pressing almost painfully against the side of his finger. He brought that hand to his mouth, kissed Sam’s ring. Sam mirrored him, pulling Dean’s right hand to his mouth and kissing it. Then Dean dropped his mouth lower, took Sam into his mouth.

He took his sweet time, lavishing Sam with attention, lapping slowly along the shaft gazing into Sam’s eyes the way Sam loved, his pupils dilated so wide he looked high. Dean ran his tongue around the head of Sam’s cock, moaning at the drop of precum he coaxed out. “You taste so good,
Sammy.” Dean nursed on the end to draw more out, making Sam shiver like electricity was coursing through him. He kept his eyes on Sam’s, knowing full well the effect of the sight of Dean Winchester on his knees sucking cock. And he played it, lowering his thick eyelashes with a groan, opening them again slowly, rubbing the head of Sam’s cock all over his pretty pink lips, sucking as he lowered his mouth all the way down, swallowing Sam to the base, sucking as he drew his mouth back up, jacking his cock as he dropped his mouth down, lapping at Sam’s balls, drawing them into his mouth and sucking on them gently, tugging until Sam made the pretty little moans and cries Dean needed like he needed air. “Gonna come in my mouth, baby boy? Gonna come for me?”

Sam nodded, unable to form words, and Dean sank his mouth back down, working the base with his hand, rising and falling in tandem with his mouth, keeping it nice and wet, working the top half with his lips sealed tight, tongue stroking the underside, using suction but not too much, the way he’d deciphered Sam loved best. Sam loved Dean’s velvet mouth, not the kind of blow job that could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. So Dean caressed and stroked Sam’s cock with his mouth, moaning at how good he felt in Dean’s mouth, the pure sensuousness of what he was doing making his own cock pulse with pleasure, heavy and thick between his legs.

“Dean… oh god. Dean.” His voice was soft, achingly genuine. “You’re gonna make me come.”

Dean pulled his mouth off just long enough to say, “Yeah. Wanna taste you.” He went back to doing exactly what he was doing before, mouth rising and falling, slick and soft, hand working the base, cradling Sam’s balls in the other hand. Sam cried out, and again, louder, hands scrabbling to grip Dean’s shoulders, and then the flood spilling over his tongue, the first pulse warm and sharp and salty and somehow still sweet, the second pulse of that briny mineral tang that tasted better than it had any right to. Dean swallowed, and Sam cried out louder, called Dean’s name, and pulsed into Dean’s mouth again and again.

Dean swallowed every bit of it, Sam’s cock twitching in his mouth, softly drew his lips together and coaxed out a few more drops, and then held him inside his mouth gently, knowing any movement would overstimulate him and feel like pain. After a moment, Sam went to pull out, and Dean shook his head no. He held him in his mouth until his cock had softened completely, loathe to let go.

Sam slid off the couch, on his knees in front of Dean, and kissed him, moaning at the taste of himself in Dean’s mouth. Dean gasped at how hungrily Sam licked into his mouth, hips bucking against Sam’s thigh. “My turn,” Sam breathed into Dean’s mouth.

He pushed Dean down onto his back, pulled his sweats down, and sucked Dean into his mouth like a man on a mission. Dean liked it harder than Sam, with more suction, and Sam gave him exactly what he needed. Within a minute, Dean was spasming, warm shivery tingles everywhere, up his spine, down his chest, along his jaw, rippling down his arms and legs, and the pleasure so sharp it felt almost impossible to bear rising from the center of him. “Fuck, Sam, oh god, oh god, Sammy, Sam…” Sam wrapped his hands behind Dean’s lower back and sucked hard, hair flaring out as he tossed his head, mouth locked on Dean’s cock, demanding his orgasm.

Dean came for his Sammy, came in his mouth, just like Sam wanted him to. And Sam drank him in, swallowed him like a sacrament.
Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean decide to go to the common room for Christmas dinner. It becomes clear that Sam really isn't all better yet.

Chapter Notes

Please note: It is not really an old German tradition to have a pickle on the Christmas tree. A glass ornament manufacturer popularized this practice, which is mostly an American thing. I am German, and we never had a pickle on our tree. But a friend who is German always had a pickle on their tree. Some do, some don't, and I chose to put this into the chapter here because it's funny.

The sanctuary was sealed against any form of supernatural creature, but the rooms were not airtight. The scent of roasting meat and browned onions wafted down the hallway, crept under the front door and serpentined alluringly in front of the two young men curled up together on the carpeted floor, catching their breath.

Dean’s eyes flashed open, and he sniffed the air like a dog. Sam propped himself up on one elbow and laughed.

“What?”

“You look like you’re about to rise up in the air and float to the food.”

Sam studied Dean’s face. Dean pushed himself to a sitting position and got to his feet. “Hey, let’s see if there’s any food in here, huh?” He went into the kitchen and started opening cabinets, in which there were a few basic canned goods Juliane had been kind enough to stock. “Spaghetti-Os. You used to love those. Cold from the can, right, Sammy?”

Sam came up behind Dean and folded his arms around him, the silver ring on his finger gleaming. “We can go.” His mouth was soft on the back of Dean’s neck.

Dean spun in his arms. “You’re sure?”

Sam shrugged. “Fresh off the plane from Germany, right? You ever hear Dad talk about knowing any hunters from Europe?”

Dean shook his head. “No. He almost made it seem like this whole hunting thing was just an American thing.”

Sam tilted his head. “Yeah. That’s kind of weird, actually.” He brushed the hair out of his eyes, drawing Dean’s attention to his silver ring yet again.

Dean took his hand, rubbed his thumb over the ring. “So… you want to go?”
Sam leaned forward, pressing his forehead against Dean’s. “Yeah.”

They rummaged through their clothing and pulled out the nicest stuff they had. Dean put on a thick hunter-green flannel that made his eyes stand out even more than they already did. Sam chose his blue-and-grey plaid flannel. They brushed their teeth together, standing over the single sink, taking turns spitting the foamy toothpaste into the basin and rinsing their mouths. Dean ran a wide-tooth comb through his hair. Sam padded into the bedroom and grabbed his brush, ran it fast and careless through his hair.

Dean followed. “Hey. You’ll give yourself split ends like that. Sit.”

Sam perched on the edge of the bed. Dean climbed up behind him, settled down on his knees, and took the brush from Sam’s hand. He held a section in his hand and brushed the bottom section, clearing the tangles before moving up towards the scalp. He worked his way around Sam’s head, stroking the brush through his thick brown hair, the tips of the bristles lightly scratching Sam’s scalp.

Sam made a soft sound of pleasure and let his head fall back. The corner of Dean’s mouth went up. He kept brushing Sam’s hair, lifting it up from underneath, smoothing it down flat with his other hand. The bristles skimmed the sensitive patch behind Sam’s ear, eliciting a shiver.

Dean set the brush on the bed and shifted position so he sat on the bed behind Sam, his legs on either side. He ran his fingers through Sam’s hair, scratching his scalp with his fingernails. Sam shivered once more as Dean ran his fingers through his hair starting from the nape of his neck, pushing the locks forward, the hard edges of his nails stimulating the thousands of nerve endings in his scalp.

“That feel good, Sammy?”

Sammy answered with a moan.

Dean scratched and scraped delicately for a while longer, then smoothed his hair back into place, drawing the brush through it once more until it was gleaming and smooth.

Sam turned to Dean. His pupils were huge, like a powerful drug were coursing through his veins. “Now you.”

He brought Dean around, wordlessly directed him to kneel on the floor between his legs, facing away. He scraped his fingernails lightly over Dean’s scalp.

It was Dean’s turn to shiver. He tipped his head forward, letting Sam have access to the sensitive nape of his neck. Sam drew his nails along the skin, shifting upward into his scalp, tickling and scratching.

“Mmm.” Dean curled his hands around Sam’s ankles.

Sam brought his right hand to the crown of Dean’s head, fingertips joined, and slowly opened them, spreading out, trailing his fingernails over the sensitive skin. Dean’s fingers tightened on Sam’s ankles.

“Nice?”

“Yeah.”

Sam stroked and petted, scratched and tickled, until Dean was practically purring. He dug his nails
in a little deeper, Dean pushing back into it like a cat. “Shit.”

Dean opened his eyes, and craned to look at Sam. “What?”

Sam had turned his folded hand over, examining his fingernails. “Better take care of this now.” He kissed the top of Dean’s head, hand dropping to Dean’s shoulder, squeezing it. Then he scooted backward, rolling off the bed and heading to the bathroom. The crisp snick of the fingernail clippers could be heard all the way in the bedroom.

Dean’s head jerked up as he put two and two together. Sam was trimming his fingernails so that he wouldn’t hurt him later that night when he worked his fingers inside Dean, opening him up. Getting him ready to take him.

He followed Sam into the bathroom, came up behind him, bumping his hips against him. Sam smiled at him in the mirror. Dean took Sam’s right hand and ran the pad of thumb over the top of his index finger, feeling how short Sam had trimmed the nail, how smooth it was.

Sam’s smile mixed shyness with a blast of pure sexual heat. He moved Dean’s thumb over the top of his middle finger…and then his ring finger too.

Dean bit his lip.

Three fingers. Sam had trimmed the nails short on three fingers.

Sam scrutinized Dean’s face in the mirror and raised an eyebrow in a wordless question.

Dean kissed the back of Sam’s neck. “Use your words, Sam. You know I like that.”

Sam lifted his head up, a flare of something in his eyes that said he was up to the challenge. “Can you take three?”

A faint blush tinged Dean’s cheeks, surprising both of them. “For you I can.”

~

They sat on the bed and tugged on their boots, exchanging glances heavy with promise and sexual tension. Tidy and presentable, Sam rang Juliane to say they were coming. They gave it a few minutes to make sure the lone hunter still keeping to himself got the message to keep the hallway clear, and then they headed over.

Juliane opened the door, and a whuff of warm air issued from the apartment, heavy with the bracing scent of peppery cloves, yeasty aromas of baking bread, and the low bass note of caramelized meat juices. “Come in.”

In the corner of the room was a real Christmas tree, decorated with big teardrop-shaped bulbs in red, green, blue and yellow, with silvery tinsel and ornaments. Sam shot Juliane a look of surprise. “That wasn’t there last night.”

“In my family, my mom and dad did the tree up on Christmas Eve, when all the kids went to bed. So the first time we saw it was Christmas morning.” She smiled a bit sadly. “So that’s what I do.”

Seated on the couches in front of the fire were four blond men, comically large, the hard contours of their muscles evident even beneath their Christmas sweaters. The oldest, hair shot through with grey, had his left arm in a sling. The man next to him, in a blue and white Fair Isle sweater, had extensive bruising on his face. Across from them sat a heavyset man in a bright red sweater nearly
the same color as his ruddy face, with a splint on two fingers of his right hand. Next to him was a
lanky fellow with a broken nose and great dark circles under his eyes. He rose to his feet at the
sight of Sam and Dean. “Fröhliche Weihnachten!” He extended his hand.

Sam shook it. “Merry Christmas to you too.”

Dean raised an eyebrow at Sam, and shook the man’s hand. “Hey. I’m, uh, Gene, and this is Paul.”

“Very pleased to meet you. I’m Oskar.” The lanky fellow nodded at the heavyset man in red. “This
is Georg.” Hands were shaken again. The man in the Fair Isle sweater rose. “My name is Volker.”
His grip was extremely strong.

The oldest man raised his right hand slowly in greeting. “Please forgive me if I don’t get up. I am
Otto.”

Sam and Dean shook his hand, carefully. He seemed the worst for wear of all of them.

Danny approached carrying two mugs. “Here you go.” Dean sniffed the contents appreciatively.
“Hot apple cider.”

Oskar clapped his hand on Sam’s shoulder. “But you cannot drink it without a bit of schnapps.” He
picked up a bottle emblazoned with a gold double-headed eagle on a black background and poured
a generous glug into each of their mugs.

Sam took a sip, and his eyes widened.

“Good, ja?” Oskar thumped Sam’s back. “Make you grow up big and strong.”

Sam and Dean sat in two comfortably stuffed chairs next to each other. Dean drank a mouthful of
spiked cider, and blinked rapidly. Juliane, wearing a red and green sweater with a line of prancing
reindeer on the front, walked between them all to the mantle and took down the two stockings still
hanging over the fire.

Sam and Dean set their cider down on the coffee table, and took the stockings she handed them.
“It’s not much, but.. you know.” Oskar and Georg pushed over and made room for her to sit.
Danny busied himself in the kitchen.

The first thing they each pulled out, hooked over the top of the stocking, was an M&M candy cane
filled with red and green M&Ms. “Awesome,” Dean proclaimed.

Sam reached in and pulled out a plastic squirt gun, a package of Goldfish crackers, a small summer
sausage, packages of gum, smoked almonds, several candy canes, a Rubik’s Cube, and finally, a
large orange fished out of the toe of the stocking.

Dean’s stocking also held a squirt gun, candy canes, gum, and an orange, along with beef jerky,
honey roasted peanuts, two packets of hot apple cider mix, a deck of playing cards and a keychain
flashlight.

“Thank you.” Dean’s eyes were wide at the unexpected bounty. “Yes, thanks. This was so nice of
you,” Sam added.

Juliane just beamed, arms wrapped around herself. Sam toyed with the squirt gun. “Dude. Holy
water!” Dean grinned. “You read my mind.” The Germans seemed amused at the idea.

Sam sat with the contents of his stocking spread out on the coffee table before him, a silly grin on
his face, looking at them, then the roaring fire, then the Christmas tree. “The tree…it’s so great.”

Georg leaned forward with a bit of effort. “Das hier ist sehr schön.”

Everyone fell silent, looking at the Christmas tree, delicate silvery threads of tinsel glinting in the firelight, ornaments sparkling, the bronze star on the highest bough. Sam and Dean drank their apple cider, the warmth of the liquid and the heat of the alcohol tingling in their veins.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a male voice, resonant and full, filling the room. “O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blätter.” It came from Otto. He sat up straight, left arm tucked close in the sling, mouth open, the glorious sound issuing from his throat. “Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerzeit, nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum, wie treu sind deine Blätter.”

The other men joined in, voices nowhere near as rich or as well trained, forming a ragtag chorus. Otto’s voice soared above them all, as they sang all three verses, faces animated by the flickering firelight, the air perfumed with the scent of pine needles and wood smoke.

The song came to an end. Everyone not of German ancestry applauded. Everyone of German ancestry looked pleased and a little embarrassed.

Oskar sprang to his feet and approached the Christmas tree, scrutinizing it carefully. “But…but…” he sputtered, “where is your pickle?”

After everyone not of German ancestry stopped roaring with laughing, Dean wiping tears from his eyes, Oskar explained it was a tradition that the Christmas tree had to have a pickle ornament, to assure good fortune for the following year. Upon learning that there was no pickle on the tree, Oskar asked if they had any actual pickles. As it turned out, Danny did have a jar of pickles in the cupboard, and within moments, Oskar had jerry-rigged a pickle ornament with a towel-dried actual pickle and a section of coat hanger.

“Can we give you a hand in the kitchen?” Sam asked Juliane.

She furrowed her brow. “That depends. Can you mash potatoes?”

Sam and Dean exchanged a glance. “Yeah. My uncle made sure I knew how to not screw that one up.” Sam’s mouth tightened, as though he were determined not to be sad.

Sam and Dean mashed the potatoes and stirred them with warm milk and butter, just the way Bobby insisted. (“You mash them. Not beat ‘em with a goddamn spoon until the whole thing seizes up like an engine run dry of oil.”) Dean stood closer to Sam than was strictly necessary. None of the Germans seemed to mind.

The Germans set the table, and everyone helped bring the food to the table: glistening roast beef, a giant tureen of mushroom gravy speckled with black pepper, mashed potatoes that Dean had personally ensured were drowning in butter, a dish of buttered corn kernels, fat dinner rolls, candied yams with a blistered crust of marshmallows, and to Sam’s delight, roasted Brussels sprouts. To drink, there was cola, a nice Napa Cabernet Sauvignon, and beer.

“To our hosts. Prost!” Oskar raised his glass of lager. “Prost!” echoed the others.

Sam raised their glasses to Juliane and Danny.

Juliane’s face was pink. “No, really, thank you. If it weren’t for you…” Her eyes met Danny’s for a moment, then she lowered her gaze, and glanced back at everyone. “All of you… I’d be sitting
here all by myself eating a whole bowl of macaroni and cheese. So I’m the one who’s grateful.” She raised her glass of red wine. “To you.”

The Americans made a point of clinking every single glass against every other single glass, even to the point of Danny getting up from his chair so he could clink glasses with Juliane, seated across from him on the far end of the long table. This amused the German hunters to no end. “We just raise our glasses,” Oskar said with a grin.

Then everyone heaped their plates to the brim, and ate like there was no tomorrow. Oskar and Georg regaled them with a tale of how they ferreted out a nest of ghouls, only to be nearly taken out by a lone vampire that had taken up residence near them out of a kind of fondness for them as pets. Sam and Dean mostly listened, aware they could not spill most of their stories without risking someone eventually figuring out who those two boys were. They weren’t so much worried about being yanked out of there by John, but by people figuring out that they were brothers.

They tried to keep their little glances and touches to a minimum, but they weren’t fooling anyone. During dinner, when Sam wiped a stray drip of gravy from the corner of Dean’s mouth for the third time, eyes practically luminescent with adoration, Volker (the quietest of the hunters) smiled at them unexpectedly, baring a mouthful of perfect white teeth, and said, “You two are a very handsome couple.”

Sam and Dean stared at him, mouths seized up on the food they had been chewing. They looked around the table. Everyone was smiling at them. Not a single look of judgment. Their relief was evident on their faces.

“You expected us to be, perhaps, disapproving?” Volker motioned at them in a jokingly dismissive wave, grinning even wider. “Please. We are from Berlin.”

As dinner progressed and the alcohol flowed freely, the German hunters became louder and more animated. Sam had stuck to soda mostly, as had Dean, so as to be in good form later. Dean forked up another mouthful of roast beef drenched in gravy, watching Sam.

Sam was on his second plate, but had slowed down significantly. He dragged a caramelized Brussels sprout through the gravy, brow furrowed.

The hunters had slipped into speaking mostly German. The laughter rang against the walls, and their voices seemed harsh. Angry.

The main meal came to an end. Dinner plates were cleared, food swept from the table, and Danny brought out the pecan pie Sam and Dean had brought from Marie Callendar’s. Soon everyone had a slice before them. Dean dug in, eating a third of his slice in the first bite.

Sam ate a small morsel of pie. Oskar thumped the table with both hands, roaring with laughter at something Otto had said. Sam flinched violently, almost knocking over his glass. Dean put his hand on Sam’s shoulder, wordlessly checking in with him. Sam took a deep breath and nodded at Dean to say he was fine, and ate another forkful of pie.

Oskar, Volker and Georg were oblivious to Sam’s reaction, and began thumping on the table in unison, all staring at Otto. Banging their fists. Over. And over. The sound of flesh meeting a hard, unyielding object. Over and over.

Sam flinched again, blowing a puff of air out through his nostrils.

The pounding only increased in volume. Utensils rattled against the ceramic plates. Juliane started
to rise from her seat.

But it was too late. Sam pushed away from the table. His face was contorted, sweating profusely. Dean leaned close, whispered in his ear, “Sam?”

Sam’s hands trembled. “I can’t… I can’t…” He stood up, backed away from the table, turned away and sank down into a crouch, shaking violently.

The table fell quiet. Dean sank to the ground with him. “I got you. I’m here.” Sam curled in on himself harder, silent sobs racking his body, starting to hyperventilate. His right hand clutched his chest.

Juliane shoved her chair back and went to the kitchen, grabbing a small bottle from a cabinet and a pen from the counter.

Sam started gasping for breath. Dean leaned over him, taking both his hands in his. Juliane fell to her knees next to him. “Here.” She cracked open the bottle. The label read Peppermint Extract. “Breathe in. Paul! Breathe in.” She held the small bottle under his nose. Without doing it consciously, he took a breath. His eyes flashed open.

“There you go.” She smiled at him. “Paul. Are you having a flashback, or just a panic attack?”

Sam shuddered, squeezing his eyes shut again. She brought the vial to his nose, and made him breathe in. He shook his head, the strong scent distracting him. “Flashback or panic attack?”

He gripped Dean’s hands hard. “Flashback.”

“Visual?”

“What?” Sam was having trouble concentrating.

“Are you seeing it happen? Or are you feeling it, or hearing it?”

“Feeling… feeling it. Hearing it.” Dean’s face darkened. Sam fought for control. “I see…this. You.”

“Ok. Good. Now look at me.” She turned his head to face her. “Let the flashback happen. But look at me.” She brought the pen up in front of his face. “Watch the pen. Just watch it. Feel what you’re feeling. But watch this pen.”

She waved the pen in front of his face in a specific pattern, flicking it from side to side. Sam’s eyes followed the bilateral movement.

Remarkably, astonishingly, after about 30 seconds, Sam’s breathing changed from ragged gasps to a smoother, steadier rhythm. After several minutes, he was noticeably calmer. Finally, he blinked, and focused on Juliane.

She pushed her hair out of her face. “Better?”

Sam nodded, then laughed, terror shifting to the euphoria of relief.

Dean practically carried Sam to the couch, paying attention to nothing else but him. He settled him down and sat next to him, pulling him into Dean’s arms.

Sam just went with it, lax and boneless, face sheened with sweat, curling up on the couch and burying his face in Dean’s chest, breathing in tandem with him.
Otto moved slowly to the couch opposite Sam, and sat down with a groan of pain. He watched Sam for a long time, silent and still. Then he spoke. “It happens to me too.”

Sam opened his eyes, gazing at the old man with bloodshot blue eyes, broken arm in the sling, ruddiness from drink in his cheeks.

“It happens to all of us. Who hunt these things. Who are hurt by them.” He smiled at Sam, a sad, knowing smile. “For us, this is normal.”

Dean held Sam in front of the dwindling fire until he stopped shaking. Danny brought Sam a double shot of brandy. Sam swallowed it neat, with a stiff wrist, in a practiced motion that made Dean smile with barely concealed pride.

Finally, Sam sat up and pushed his hair off his forehead.

“You back with us?” Dean almost said Sammy, but caught himself just in time.

“Yeah.” Sam licked his dry lips.

Juliane brought Sam a mug of herbal tea. “It tastes like cat butt. Drink it anyway.”

Sam took a sip and wrinkled his nose.

“I warned you.” She winked at Sam.

Sam drank his tea dutifully, but quickly. The other three German hunters helped Danny wrap up leftovers, quiet and respectful of Sam, and helped him wash the dishes. Dean refused to let go of Sam.

“Maybe you two want to go back to your place? Get some privacy?”

Sam blew out a long breath, almost shuddering with relief.

“I thought so.” Juliane placed her hand on top of Sam’s. Her eyes went to the new ring on Sam’s hand, and over to Dean’s, where he wore the matching ring. She said nothing, but her eyes twinkled.

Dean helped Sam stand. Not that Sam was still too weak to take his feet without help. But because Dean needed to.

“What I did there? We can do that on purpose. Trigger your memories, and break the associations.” She fixed her attention on Dean, thrusting the bottle of peppermint extract into his hands. “If he has waking flashbacks or panic attacks, distract him. Like with this. With unusual sounds or scents or flavors. Whatever. Something unexpected. It makes the brain jump the track.”

Dean nodded, understanding flooding his mind.

“When you’re up to it, come see me. And we’ll do this again.” Sam looked stricken. “Look. You’re going to have the panic attacks anyway. This way, you can get free of them. Fast.”

Danny nodded. “She’s right. It works.”

Dean cocked his head. “It does?”

“Sure did for me.”
Sam stood and without warning, pulled Juliane into a bear hug. Danny’s face froze, unable to hide the jealousy on his face.

And Sam saw it.

He pulled away, glancing at Dean, and then back at Juliane. Her face lit up with a huge grin. “You… you hug real nice.”

Sam stepped back. “Yeah? You should keep practicing that. Like… start hugging people.” His eyes flickered to Danny. He dropped his eyes and turned away.

Juliane raised her eyebrows. “Maybe I will.”

Sam and Dean said goodbye, thanking Danny for all he’d done. Sam put his hand on his shoulder, not saying anything with words, but in the way he looked at Danny, and at Juliane, Danny took his meaning. “It’s fine. I… it’s fine.”

Sam leaned in and whispered something in his ear. Then he took Dean’s hand and led him towards the door. They said farewell to the German hunters, took their stockings filled with loot, and returned to their apartment.

Inside, Dean asked, “What did you say to him?”

Sam said, “I told him, ‘She’s like a shelter animal. She wants human contact. But she’s scared. Start small.’”

Dean shook his head. “You’re just… awesome.”

Sam stepped closer. “Did you mean it? What you said?”

A hint of color painted Dean’s cheekbones.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

“You’re sure you’re up for it?”

Sam ran his hands down Dean’s back, lingering lightly on the gentle curve of his ass. “I… I need it.” He bit his lower lip. “Need you.”

Dean kissed Sam, just a brush of his mouth. “I need to get ready. Don’t fall asleep, ok?” His tone was gentle, teasing.

“Not a chance in hell.”

Sam sat on the couch, toying with his water pistol, while Dean disappeared into the bathroom to prepare himself for Sam.
Sam held the green plastic water pistol in his hands while Dean got himself ready in the privacy of the bathroom. *Gonna have to tell me how bad you want to fuck me, sweetheart. Tell me how much you want to put your cock in my ass.* His palms, damp from anticipation, stuck to the hard plastic grip.

Finally, Dean emerged, wearing nothing at all. He stood in the hallway, naked, letting Sam look at him, his cheeks lit with a faint blush of pink. “Hey. You coming?” He nodded toward the bedroom. Sam set the water pistol down and came to him.

When he walked into the bedroom, Dean was bent over, setting two hand towels and a glass of water on Sam’s bedside table, the cords of muscle on his back standing out. Sam made a small noise deep in his throat.

Dean turned his head, and the pink tinge on his cheeks deepened. Sam’s eyes drank in the sight of Dean from behind, moving up his hard calves, strong thighs, his tight, muscular ass.

Dean smiled at the avid expression on Sam’s face. Before he knew it, Sam’s hands were on him, turning him, pushing his back down gently so Dean was bent over, palms flat on the bed, Sam kneeling behind him. And then Sam’s mouth was on him, moving softly over the curve of his ass, nibbling and licking. Dean gasped.

Sam trailed the tip of his tongue and his open mouth all over, drifting down the back of Dean’s thighs, over the curve of his ass again, ghosting over the crack of his ass, breathing out warm air, making Dean shiver. But not quite making contact. “Ah. Come on, Sammy. Do it.”

Sam’s mouth, pressed lightly to Dean’s skin, curled in a grin.

“Fuck. Sam. Please.”

And Sam breathed out again, extended his tongue, and licked a slow stripe up the center of Dean’s perfect ass.

Dean groaned, spreading his legs wider, giving Sam access.

Sam brought his hands up to cradle his ass, and spread it wider. The pink on Dean’s face deepened, as Sam just looked at him, all the lights still on. “Sammy?”

“Shhh.” Sam kept looking. “Jesus, Dean. You’re fucking beautiful everywhere.”

Dean blushed beet red.
Sam swiped his tongue again, curling in a slow sweet circle around Dean’s hole. “Just… pink and tight and perfect.” The shiver that ran through Dean did not start where Sam had his tongue, or in his cock. It issued from somewhere deep inside him, flooded through him, as Sam opened him up under the unforgiving electric light, looked at the most intimate part of his body, and declared it beautiful.

What Sam did next can only be described as worship. His hands stroked the twin globes of Dean’s ass like it was a priceless work of art. His tongue and lips prayed to Dean, whispered words of devotion and deathless love, licking what some call the most base part of the human body and trembling with the pleasure of it, licking inside him with soft moans that shivered through Dean from the inside. He made Dean dance on the tip of his tongue, hips undulating, muscles squeezing and releasing, sweat sheening his skin.

At long last, he withdrew his mouth, and suddenly there was the snick of the cap being opened, a faint splorched of lube squeezed out, and the cold, slick feeling of Sam’s finger pressed against Dean’s center.

Dean, soft and licked open, took Sam’s first finger effortlessly. He dropped his head to the mattress. “Sam.”

Sam licked the back of Dean’s thigh. “So… you like it when I talk dirty? Like you?”

“Yes,” Dean gasped. “You gonna?”

“I want to do things you like. So yeah.” Sam’s teeth closed over his flesh gently, fucking Dean with his finger slowly. “And you like this.” In and out, slowly. “You always liked this.”

Dean inhaled sharply with surprise.

“I saw you.”

Dean looked over his shoulder in shock. A second finger joined the first, pressed against his entrance, insistent. Dean groaned again, bit his lip and let Sam in.

“I was little. You told me to take a nap, and you went downstairs.” Sam’s fingers, probing. “I was thirsty, and came out for a glass of water. I saw you.” Slick fingers, working inside Dean’s tightness. “On your knees. Bent over the recliner. Pants around your ankles. Your fingers in your ass.”

Dean gasped, staring at Sam. The expression on Sam’s face was hungry.

“It looked like it felt so good.” Sam’s fingers worked in him a little faster. “Did it, Dean?”

“Sammy…” Dean gasped.

“Did it feel good, Dean? Fingering your own ass? Just like I’m doing right now?”

“Jesus, Sammy.” Dean pushed back against Sam’s fingers. “Yeah.”

“I thought so. Because I saw you another time too. That place in Tucson? With the courtyard and the sliding glass doors?”

Dean closed his eyes, knowing exactly what Sam meant.

“You didn’t hear me come in the main door. You were on the floor of the living room in front of
the TV. On your back, holding your legs back against your chest, shorts pulled back just far enough to get your hand up there. Fingering yourself nice and slow.” Two fingers, working Dean, slippery and strong. “Just like this.”

Dean arched his back, little sounds coming out of his throat.

“I stood there in the courtyard and I watched you. God, you took your time. And when you finally grabbed your dick…

“Sammy…”

“I did too.”

“Oh god,” Dean groaned.

“I watched you. Did what you did. Jacked my cock just like you were doing.”

“Sammy… did you… did you come?”

“Right when you did. Came all over myself.”

Dean cried out, writhed on Sam’s fingers, cunning and strong, working deep inside him.

“Do I do it good, Dean? Like you like it?”

“Yeah. So good.”

Sam stood, fingers still inside Dean, leaned over and whispered in his ear, “Were you thinking about me, Dean?”

Dean blew a sharp breath out of his nose.

Sam’s mouth, warm against the sensitive skin at the back of his ear. “Tell me.”

“Yes.” Dean practically sobbed. “Yes.”

Sam crawled onto the bed, still fully dressed except for his bare feet, urging Dean up onto the bed next to him on his back, and pulled his legs apart wide. He plunged his fingers back inside Dean.

“Yeah? Imagined…what? It was my fingers inside you?” Dean blinked rapidly. “My cock?”

“Both.”

Sam’s smile was more wicked and worldly than Dean would have thought possible. “My fingers AND my cock? Bad boy.”

Dean undulated in a full-body shiver. “I meant… both, like…”

Sam laughed softly. “I know what you meant.” He brought the third finger up, pressed it against Dean’s entrance. “But I bet you’d like that. Huh.” He pressed into Dean. The tight outer ring resisted, then yielded, letting the tips of all three fingers slip inside him. “Me stretching you out like that.” Dean gripped the base of his cock and squeezed hard, staving off the orgasm that threatened to roar through him from what Sam was saying.

Sam licked the salt from Dean’s neck. “God, Dean. I want to fuck you. So bad. You have no idea how much.” Sam moved his fingers in and out, delicately, letting Dean adjust, open to him.
Dean shifted, grinding against Sam’s cock, huge and hard, against his hip. “I can guess,” he gasped.

The tip of Sam’s tongue traced little circles behind Dean’s ear. “’S this what you wanted? Me talking dirty like you do to me? Make me go fucking crazy like you do? Telling you how bad I wanted to fuck you?” A little deeper, past the inner ring. The feeling, the sight of Sam, completely dressed, pressed up against Dean, completely naked, Sam’s fingers filling him, was almost too pleasurable to bear.

Dean bit his lip. “Yeah.”

Sam fucked his fingers into Dean a little deeper, a little harder. Dean opened to him like he’d been aching for this for weeks. And he had.

“You want to hear how bad I want to put my cock in your ass?”

“Yes. Christ. Yes.”

Suddenly Sam’s mouth was on Dean’s, hard and demanding, tongue plunging past his lips, claiming Dean. Suddenly, his fingers were slamming into Dean, driving a cry of pleasure from Dean’s lips, drinking it down like water. And again. And again. Dean raised his hips, fucked himself down on Sam, fucking back as hard as Sam shoved his fingers into him. When he felt the hard curve of the silver ring at the base of Sam’s third finger pressed tight against his entrance, he cried out sharply.

“Gonna come from this, Dean? From your baby brother’s fingers in your ass?” Sam’s voice was low, sibilant. “Just like you used to dream about?”

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sammy, please…” Dean writhed and spread his thighs as wide as he could, impaled on Sam’s fingers, not caring how shameless and needy he looked, how the desperate quaver in his voice gave his neediness away.

Sam’s fingers slowed. Stopped. “Not yet. I want you to come on my cock.”

Dean fought to catch his breath. “Then fuck me.”

Sam stripped off his clothes, and lay back on the bed. He slicked up his cock nice and wet, and tugged Dean over. “Want you to ride my cock.”

Dean’s nostrils flared. “I’m gonna die. You’re gonna fucking kill me.”

“Come on. Do it.”

Dean threw his leg over Sam and straddled him. Sam held his cock steady, and Dean positioned himself so that the head was right at his entrance. He sank down, and his head fell forward. “Oh god.”

Sam’s expression switched in a microsecond from pleasure-soft to worry. “Am I hurting you? Dean —“

“No.” Dean smiled. “Not that kind of ‘oh god.’” He swiped his tongue over his lower lip.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” Sam’s expression remained worried.

Dean leaned forward and smoothed Sam’s hair back. “Shh.. it’s ok. I’m ok.”

Sam’s breathing sped up. “Don’t want to hurt you.” His voice was thin, small. Scared.
“Hey. Hey. It’s ok.” Dean shifted so that Sam was no longer poised to enter him. “Shh, baby boy. You’re not hurting me. Ok?” He stroked Sam’s face. “Look at me.” Sam obeyed, and the fear in his eyes lanced through Dean. “I want this. Ok?” His voice dropped to a whisper. “I need you. Like this.”

Sam’s expression softened, but Dean could still see the flicker of panic behind his eyes. And then Dean remembered, back what felt like a thousand years ago, when he lay with Sam and asked him, wordlessly, where the man with the dark powers to cause pain had made Sam feel the sensation of electroshock torture. Remembered how Sam had indicated yes when he touched his inner thighs. His cock.

The memory called up a powerful urge to protect Sam, to throw his body in front of anything that might come to hurt him. Right alongside this need to protect his Sam was the knowledge that Sam remembered this pain, and was now shaking with fear that he might be causing Dean pain in an intimate part of his body.

Dean kissed Sam like it was the last act as he lay dying. He drove every shred of love he felt for him into that kiss.

And Sam gasped, softened, stilled, feeling it flow through him.

“There you go, sweetheart.” Dean stroked Sam’s face. “Nobody’s gonna get hurt. Ok? You’re not gonna hurt me. And nothing’s gonna hurt you. Not while I’m around.” He kissed Sam again, fueled by a new kind of hunger. He pressed himself down so his chest and belly was tight against Sam’s, forearms braced against Sam’s sides, hands gripping his shoulders, as though he was shielding him. “Let me. Ok?” He moved so that Sam was against pressed against his entrance. “Sammy. I need this. Need you inside me. Come on, baby. Let me.”

And Sam could refuse Dean nothing. Certainly not something Dean asked for like that.

Dean took Sam’s mouth in his, brought his tongue between Sam’s lips, and slowly thrust it inside, just as he took Sam’s cock inside him and slowly sank down on it. Dean took Sam in, his silken heat stretching around him, surrounding him. When he felt the bandage covering his initials brush the skin of his inner thigh, taking Sam to the base, his skin erupted with a sheen of sweat, and he shook. “S’ok, Sam. Doesn’t hurt. It feels good.”

Sam examined his face for any signs of discomfort, and relaxed to see not so much as a flicker of pain. The fluttering panic was almost gone, but Dean could still sense its movement.

“I got you.” Dean held still, calves sealed to the outer edge of Sam’s legs, muscular thighs stretched wide over him, strong back shielding Sam, powerful arms holding him, his body enveloping Sam’s cock, holding it snug and safe inside his flesh. Protecting him. “I got you.”

His hands drifted, touching down lightly, so gently. He brought his face lower, right over Sam’s cheek, almost touching, and blinked. Sam gasped at the feel of Dean’s long eyelashes brushing against his skin. Dean drew his lashes over Sam’s skin, blinking slowly, ghosting them over his cheek, his jaw, his forehead, and finally, his mouth, each brush of the lashes impossibly soft like the slow flutter of butterfly wings.

“Dean.” Sam’s face was lit up, words aching to be said but the language to convey them lost. All that remained was the first word he ever uttered. The last word he would ever breathe. “Dean.”

Dean began to move, circling his hips, rotating on Sam’s cock, unwilling to let an inch of his skin lose contact with Sam’s. “You feel so good, Sammy.” He kissed Sam again, teasing the seam of his
lips with his tongue. “So good inside me like this.” Sam ran his hand up Dean’s flanks, gripped his hips. Dean finally lifted up, raising his hips, gripping Sam’s cock so tight his inner flesh pulled against Sam’s cock, driving a surprised gasp out of him. He sank back down, sheathing Sam inside his body, then rose back up again, his tightness tugging at Sam.

Sam gasped, and arched his back.

“You like that, baby boy?” Dean licked the sweat from Sam’s chest. “Tell me.” His voice softened. “I need to hear it, Sammy.”

Sam heard it, the shimmer of insecurity in Dean’s voice. He cradled Dean’s head in his huge hands. “I love it.”

Dean brought his mouth down, and then they spoke to each other only in sound and flesh, the scent of each other filling their senses. Sam finally pushed Dean back so he was sitting upright, and wrapped both hands, still slick with lube, around Dean’s cock, holding his fingers in a tight ring, and pumped them up and down, never letting the head of Dean’s cock emerge from the top end, surrounding him completely just like Dean’s body surrounded Sam’scock.

Dean threw his head back with a cry. “Fuck. Sammy. That feels just like I’m…Jesus.”

Sam was inside Dean, and the way Sam gripped Dean felt like Dean was also inside Sam, at the same time.

“Dean. Oh god. Dean.” Sam bucked his hips upward in the way Dean had learned meant he was on the verge.

“Come on, Sammy. Come inside me.”

Sam thrashed and cried out and then stilled, the world narrowing (expanding?) to only Dean, only his flesh inside Dean’s flesh, to the keen pleasure shivering his whole body to pieces, melting him into liquid, and injecting him inside the body of the man he loved.

Dean felt Sam come, felt each pulse of fluid throbbing across the tight ring of muscle, felt each wet spurt inside him, his rise and fall slicker now. He thrust into Sam’s clenched fists, the pleasure about to crest over him so intense he laughed, and then cried out, silver fireworks bursting behind his eyes, his whole body jolting and shuddering with each electric flash. Sam nearly screamed as Dean’s muscles clenched on him, sucking an aftershock out of him shorter and sharper than the initial orgasm, spilling another loose, lazy spurt of come deep inside Dean.

Dean collapsed forward, all he could do to hold his weight off Sam. They shivered and gasped for breath.

Dean refused to move until Sam softened and slipped out of him on its own. Then he toppled onto his back with a sigh. Sam picked up the towel, paused for a moment, then rose and went into the bathroom. He returned and handed the towel to Dean, now warm and damp. Dean blinked at the unexpected gesture, and cleaned himself up. Sam did the same with the second towel.

Sam handed Dean the glass of water. He drank gratefully.

“You, uh, you ok?”

Dean laughed softly. “If I’m walking funny tomorrow, I won’t mind. I promise.”

Sam swallowed some water, pulled the blankets down, and settled in beneath them next to Dean.
They lay in silence for a long time, just listening to each other breathe.

“Hey, Sammy?” Dean nuzzled Sam’s neck. “Anything you ever want to try. I’m down. No limits. I mean it.” He trailed his fingers over Sam’s chest. “I mean… I was your first. And I can’t stand the thought of you being with someone else.”

Sam’s eyes widened in horror. “I don’t want to.”

Dean exhaled a deep sigh of relief. “So if I’m the only person you’re ever going to be with, I don’t want you to miss out… or regret just being with me.”

“I would never—“Sam began.

“You know what I mean.” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “I want to give you everything. So just know that. Ok? Whatever comes into your head that floats your boat, we can do it.”

“Anything?” Sam whispered.

“Anything. You can wear a dress. I’ll wear a dress. Wig. Makeup. Toys. Role playing—any kind. I mean… ANY kind.” Sam’s face lit up with a surprised curiosity at that. “Spanking. Hell, I’ll suck on your damn toes if that gets you off, Sammy.” Dean tipped Sam’s face up and make sure he was looking Dean in the eyes. “If I’m your one and only, I gotta be everything all in one for you.”

Sam ran his hand down Dean’s back. “All I need is this. Just you.”

“Sam. We’re in it for life. Right?”

Sam laughed, eyes lighting up. “Yeah.”

“I’m gonna make sure we live a long, long time. So, we’re talkin’ more fifty years together. At least. I’m gonna make sure you’re damn happy with me. So if you want me to sprinkle you with soy sauce and hang you over a hibachi, I promise you I won’t bat an eye. Ok?”

Sam sucked in a breath through his nose. “Ok.” His shoulders shook, as he tried to repress his laughter. “… hibachi?”

Dean shrugged. “Something I read about once. Japanese guy had a fetish for being treated like teriyaki chicken.” Sam’s jaw hung open. “For real. So just know that when I say anything, I mean it. Don’t ever be afraid to ask for something. No matter how weird you think I’ll think it is.”

Sam murmured a sleepy assent, and curled up behind Dean, his right hand sealed over his amulet. Dean nestled into Sam’s arms and fell asleep holding Sam’s hand, their twin rings touching.

Chapter End Notes
Listen to Neil Patrick Harris sing the song this chapter was named after, Nothing's Gonna Harm You, from Sweeney Todd, right here: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NzjXhJadBKY

And see how perfect the lyrics are for Dean and Sam in this story:

Nothing’s gonna harm you, not while I’m around.
Nothing’s gonna harm you, no sir, not while I’m around.

Demons are prowling everywhere, nowadays,
I’ll send ‘em howling,
I don’t care, I got ways.

No one’s gonna hurt you,
No one’s gonna dare,
Others can desert you,
Not to worry. Whistle, I’ll be there.

Demons’ll charm you with a smile, for a while,
But in time…
Nothing can harm you
Not while I’m around
The common room was silent. Danny wiped down the kitchen countertop with a dish cloth. Juliane was asleep, stretched out on the couch by the fire, reduced to embers pulsing orange and deep red, crackling as they cooled. Danny watched her slow and steady breathing, rubbing the cloth in the same circle over and over. Finally, he walked quietly into the living room, tugged the chenille throw off the back of the padded armchair and draped it over her. She did not stir. Her breathing remained even. He reached down and nestled a stray lock of her hair back behind her ear, knuckles lightly grazing the skin over her high cheekbone. “Merry Christmas.” His voice was as soft as his touch. He left quietly, heading to his own apartment down the hall, glancing over his shoulder one more time at her, then drew the door shut behind him with a faint click.

Juliane opened her eyes, and brought her hand to her cheek, staring wide-eyed at the closed door.

~

Bobby hunched over his desk, books and papers strewn in an untidy heap in front of him, taking notes on a legal pad. Propped up against the green-glass banker’s lamp was a framed photo of a younger Sam and Dean in front of a school baseball field, grass stains on their uniforms, Bobby’s arms around their shoulders.

Upstairs, John tossed and turned, blankets kicked down to his ankles, the air ripe with the sour, sickly-sweet tang of alcohol sweating out of his system.

~

Azazel leaned back in his recliner with his feet up in front of the fire, a Café Diablo in his hands, and an eminently self-satisfied smile on his face. The soles of his shoes were stained with blood.

~

Reggie lay fully dressed on top of the motel room bed, a glass of whiskey in one hand, a scrap of paper in the other. He took another drink and exhaled heavily, eyeing the phone warily. Then he picked up the receiver and called the number written on the paper. He spoke softly, a note of apology in his voice, his wrinkles made more pronounced by the nervousness tightening his face. The man on the other end of the line spoke, and Reggie’s face softened, lines fading away, a surprisingly shy smile baring his strong white teeth.

~

Sam and Dean lay naked under the blankets, enveloped in peaceful sleep, Sam’s topmost arm and leg thrown over Dean like an affectionate Labrador. Dean nestled against Sam as close as possible to soak up the heat Sam gave off like a radiator.

~
Outside the Jaeger motel, a few hundred feet away from the sleeping pair, the dark-haired man in a grey suit sat in a silver sedan, engine idling, heat pushed to the maximum. A pretty blonde teenager sat in the passenger seat. Both of them patiently watched the motel entrance. Staring with hell-black eyes.

Waiting.

~

Dean awoke to Sam’s mouth on his neck and his cock, erect and eager, pressing against his hip. He stirred, groaning, and Sam’s hand moved to his own cock, already hard and ready for him. Dean reached for the lube and squeezed. A few drops were all that remained. He smeared it onto the underside of his cock and turned so they were facing each other on their sides. Their cocks touched, and they both groaned. Not caring about morning breath, Dean pulled Sam in for a slow, sweet kiss. Bodies pressed together, they ground against each other, taking their time. Dean turned them so he was on top, rubbing against Sam slow and sensual, brushing his hair out of his face and kissing him. Sam moaned into his mouth, crying out at the feel of Dean pressing against him everywhere, sliding against him, his balls, huge and heavy, against his own. Sam rocked his hips up, holding their cocks together in his hands so they slotted against each other perfectly. Despite Sam’s wordless urging with hands and sounds, Dean kept it slow, rubbing against Sam like he could keep at it all day.

Sam flipped Dean onto his back, grinding against him faster.

“Love it when you take charge, Sammy.” Dean gripped Sam’s ass.

Sam’s mouth twitched. “Ok.” He sat up, straddling Dean, rutting against him, right hand gripping their cocks. Dean bit his lip, trying not to come first, but when Sam slid his other hand up his own chest and pinched his nipple, eyes fluttering shut, he couldn’t hold back. He jerked beneath Sam, guttural cries punched out of him with each spasm, spilling out warm and slick onto his belly and all over Sam’s cock.

“Fuck.” Sam smeared Dean’s come over their shafts, sliding over him more easily, hard and slippery. Wrapping both hands around their cocks once again, Sam’s hips pumped forward faster. “Dean. Oh god, Dean.” Dean groaned. The only thing better than the sound of his name in Sam’s mouth was the way he said it when he came.

Came for him.

Without conscious volition, Dean found himself stroking Sam’s flanks and murmuring, “Good boy.” And Sam gasped, threw his head back, stretching his thighs wide apart, gripping their cocks tight, and came hard, cheeks flushed crimson, pink mouth agape.

Dean lay back and witnessed the force of nature that was Sam in the throes of an orgasm, the way his chest flushed as red as his cheeks, the thick white come spurting from his cock, porn-star perfect, how the muscles of his thighs and stomach flexed and fluttered. And the sounds. Oh god, the sounds.

“Beautiful,” Dean whispered.

Sam’s eyes flashed open in surprise and joy and even a little pride. He stroked his hand down his chest to his stomach, watching Dean watch him, drinking in the appreciation in Dean’s eyes.
“Beautiful,” Dean said again, unashamed, and drew Sam down into a kiss.

Soon, the demands of full bladders and empty stomachs drove them from the warmth of their bed. Dean cleaned them off in the bathroom with a warm, soapy washcloth. Sam blinked like a sleepy cat as Dean took care of him. “If you try to put my clothes on me again, I’m gonna dress you right back.”

Dean’s mouth twitched in a repressed smile. “Ok.”

They dressed each other, smiles melting into laughter sliding into play wrestling ending with them on the bedroom floor, disheveled and pink-faced.

“Coffee.” Dean straightened his t-shirt.

“Right. Coffee.”

Sam started a pot of coffee, and surveyed the meager contents of the cupboards and refrigerator. “We need to go shopping.”

They drank their coffee quickly, and Dean grabbed a stack of cash from the bag. Sam called ahead to Juliane to let them know they were coming through, and when the hall was clear, they came down into the common room.

“Hey, we’re gonna head out to the grocery store. You want to come with?” Sam asked Juliane. Her gaze dropped, just for a second. “No, thanks. I’ll stay here.” Danny popped up from under the sink, where he was doing something to the pipes.

“Come on. It’ll be fun. We’ll buy you stuff.” Sam was in a playful mood.

“I, uh. I don’t go out.”

Sam and Dean looked at her, confused. Danny said nothing, leaving it up to Juliane.

Juliane pulled her hair back. “I don’t leave the compound.” She glanced at Danny. “He takes care of getting whatever we need from outside.” She gave him an apologetic smile.

“You don’t go out…ever?” Sam raised his eyebrows.

She shrugged. “I go outside. In the parking lot. But not outside the salt line.”

Sam reached his hand out, touched the back of her hand with his fingertips. Soft. Unthreatening. “How long?”

She closed her eyes. “I know. It’s crazy.”

“How long?” Sam repeated gently.

“Since I got out of the hospital. I…it just doesn’t go well when I try.”

Sam nodded. “I get it.”

Her shoulders dropped as she blew out the tense breath she didn’t know she was holding. “I know you do.”

Sam kept the mood light. “Ok, so what can we get you at the store?”
Juliane tried to protest, but Sam insisted. She made a small list for him.

They drove to an Albertson’s Dean had spotted on the way to Marie Callendar’s. Sam stared out the window, lost in thought.

“Sam?”

Sam blew out a breath. “She’s helping me. Maybe I can help her.”

Dean ruffled Sam’s hair.

Sam ducked his head, but the grin in his face said he didn’t really mind that much. “What was that for?”

“You’re kinda awesome.”

“You’re kinda hot.” Sam gave him a look. One of those looks.

“Really? We just…already?”

“Yeah.” Sam looked out the window, and then glanced back at Dean. “I could do that with you all day.”

Dean pursed his lips, nodding slowly. “Noted.” After a beat, he said, “We could just pull over. Behind that building. Probably no one would see us.”

Sam blushed. “Dean. I meant…not in the car.”

Dean grinned.

“What?”

“You’re blushing.”

“I am not.” Sam flipped the visor down and examined his face in the mirror. “Crap.”

As they bantered and flirted, the silver sedan followed at a discreet distance. Dean pulled into a parking spot, and the sedan parked a few spaces away.

Inside the grocery store, Dean let Sam push the cart. They headed down the cereal aisle first. Out of habit, Sam reached for the cheaper, store-brand cereal. Dean put his hand on Sam’s shoulder. “Put that back.” Sam glanced at him in surprise. “Get the good kind. The kind you like.” Sam’s brow furrowed. “Sam. We can buy whatever we want.” Dean touched his jeans pocket, where the thick wad of money bulged.

Sam stared at Dean like it was Christmas Day all over again. “We can?”

“We can.”

Sam threw his head back and laughed, throwing his hands up in the air in the quirky way he’d done since he was a little kid. Then he grabbed the most expensive box of cereal, with oats and almond clusters and blueberries, and a fancy bag of granola, the kind with a foil label and a ribbon on top. Dean picked out a box of Captain Crunch, and French Toast Crunch. Sam put his foot on the bottom of the cart and pushed off, propelling himself down the aisle, heading toward the dairy aisle. Dean grabbed the largest brick of Tillamook Cheddar cheese they had.
“Remember that government cheese we used to get in Wisconsin? That stuff was really good.” Sam nodded, both of them remembering all the government cheese that wasn’t: rubbery-textured loafs that tasted different from one brick to another because it was processed from leftover bits of other cheese, only tolerable in a grilled cheese sandwich.

Dean remembered it all. The trips to the store where he had to keep a running tally in his head, including the tax, so they weren’t embarrassed by coming up short at the checkout counter. Buying generic fruit punch powder. Generic corned beef. Generic macaroni and cheese that tasted like sweet, chalky orange glop because they couldn’t afford the luxury of real Kraft in the blue box. Mealy apples from discount stores, canned ravioli with gristly, chewy “beef,” chili thinned with water to make it stretch. Going hungry so Sam got enough to eat.

Dean remembered all too well.

Sam put two dozen eggs into the cart, reached for a package of bacon, and hesitated. Dean reached over Sam, picked up two packages of bacon and tossed them in the cart. “Sammy. It’s ok.”

Sam stared at Dean, memories of discount orange drink and bologna sandwiches on stale white bread welling up within his mind. Dean took his hand. “Come on.” He flashed Sam his best, brightest Dean Winchester smile.

He dragged Sam to the meat section. He perused the selection, and finally found what he was looking for. He picked up two packages of filet mignon steaks and put them in the cart.

Sam’s eyes were huge. He shook his head, like he was still having trouble believing it. Then he leaned over and selected two packages of double-cut bone-in rib-eyes.

“That’s my boy,” Dean said.

Sam ran—he actually ran—toward the fish section, and came back with two lobster tails.

Dean frowned. Sam’s face fell. “No, it’s fine. I just…I don’t know how to cook that stuff, Sammy.”

“We’ll figure it out.” Sam’s face lit up again.

They went up and down the aisles, getting everything they ever stared at with longing and wished they could buy: smoked oysters, olives, peppered salami, pastrami, smokehouse almonds, chocolate marshmallow Pinwheel cookies, Goldfish crackers, chocolate pudding cups… Sam put in gourmet mustard, fancy Asian sauces, things he didn’t even know what they were but was curious to find out. And fresh food, because they’d lived their whole life on food that was canned, boxed or takeout, except for when they went to stay with Bobby. They filled their cart with the best, freshest fruits and vegetables, and had to get a second one. Dean pushed it down the beverage aisle, stocking it with name-brand sodas, not generic ones, and ginger ale because that was Sam’s favorite. They turned the corner and found themselves in the wine, beer and spirits aisle.

They stared at each other, identical smiles spreading across their faces. Dean had a flawless fake ID declaring him to be 22. Dean surveyed the long aisle bristling with bottles. “Oh yeah.”

As Dean picked out the nicest bottle of Bourbon they had, the dark-haired man in the grey suit came into the aisle pushing a cart. He glanced at the boys and the contents of their carts. “Having a party?”

They turned in unison. “How’d you guess?” Dean flashed his best smile, guaranteed to charm, and defuse suspicion.
The man smiled affably. “Know what the secret is to a great party? Adios Motherfuckers.”

Dean snorted. “Ok. You have my attention.”

“Best drink on the planet. Loosens everybody right up. No worries, no hang-ups. Just fun in a glass. It gets the ladies all giggly. Wild, you know?” The man glanced at Sam. “Boys too, if that’s your thing.” Sam straightened up, muscles tensing, his expression wary. Dean immediately stepped in closer. Protectively.

The man took a step back, laughing a bit too loud. “Sorry. I just…you two looked like you were together. I didn’t mean to… um, I’m sorry if I…” He backpedaled so fast and earnestly, Dean took pity on him. “So how do you make an Adios Motherfucker?”

The man told them how to make it: four types of hard alcohol, one type of liqueur, sweet and sour, and Sprite. Dean cocked his head to the side appraisingly, knowing how much Sam loved candy drinks. Giggly. And wild, you know? “What the hell.”

The man grinned wide, his perfect white teeth standing out in the fluorescent light. “That is exactly what I always say. What the hell.”

The man continued down the aisle and before he disappeared around the corner, he called over his shoulder, “Have fun, you two!”

Dean found space in the cart for all the bottles of hard alcohol, flavorings and mixers the specialty drink called for. Sam picked out some expensive bottles of Cabernet. “For the steak.” Suddenly Sam stopped in his tracks. “Oh. Almost forgot.”

He ran down to the health care aisle and came back with tubes of KY, a bottle of massage oil, Alka-Seltzer, and Pepto-Bismol.

“Now it’s a party.” Dean glanced to either side to see if anyone was watching them. He didn’t spot anyone. “I fucking love you.” He stole a kiss. Sam’s eyes flashed wide open in surprise.

“What else do we need? Maybe…candy?” Dean watched Sam’s expression, waiting for it. Sam lit up like he’d said they were going to Disneyland, and Dean’s smile in response was dizzying. They pushed their carts down the aisle.

The teenage girl was picking out tortilla chips from the end cap, and smiled at Dean as he rounded the corner first—and her smile widened as she got her first glimpse of Sam.

And Sam was startled to see her, curvy but fit, dark blonde hair, and green eyes almost exactly the same shade as Dean’s. Her eyes widened as she took in the contents of their carts. Sam blinked rapidly at the sight of her, looking from Dean to her and back again, stunned by the resemblance.

“Frat party?”

Sam replied before Dean could get a word in. “Actually, we’re picking up stuff for the firehouse.”

Her eyes got even wider, her gloss-covered mouth parting, revealing a glimpse of white teeth and a bubblegum-pink tongue. “You’re…firemen?” Her gaze moved quickly up and down, taking in their musculature evident even beneath their winter clothing, but most of her attention was locked on Sam.

Dean brought his hand down on Sam’s shoulder in a manly smack. “Damn straight. This here’s the probie.” Sam’s height always made him appear several years older than he was, and his quick-
witted cover story was quite plausible for their physical condition and way of moving.

The blonde tossed her hair back over her shoulder. “That’s so cool! My uncle’s a firefighter in Provo.” She stepped closer to Sam, so close he could smell her strawberry lip gloss.

“She really?” Dean’s smile seemed perfectly friendly, but the gravely rumble implied she was treading on dangerous ground. “That’s so interesting. Hey, we gotta finish up here and get back to the house. The probie’s got dinner to make.” Dean pulled Sam tight against him.

Sam gave Dean a look, but Dean just grinned. “Take care now, honey.” He steered Sam away from the girl, toward the candy aisle.

After a beat, the dark-haired man appeared behind her. “He didn’t bite?”

“Shockingly, no. Those two are fucking joined at the hip. You can’t even see daylight between them. The girlsuit’s no good here.”

“I told you to dress more whorish.” The man gave her attire, body-skimming but not slutty, a contemptuous look.

“And I told you that was the wrong play for this one. If girl’s not his thing, slutty girl’s definitely not his thing. He’s still too…pure.”

The man laughed. “That won’t last long. Not once his blood activates.”

The blonde bit her lip, watching Sam walk away. “I really hope he wins.”

The man shot her a sidelong glance. “You can’t wait to service him, can you?”

She sighed. “I want to scream for my King.” The smile that snaked across her face was far older and infinitely more corrupt than the body that wore it. “I want him to fucking tear me apart.”

~

To get to the candy section, they had to pass through the cookie section, where Dean did a tremendous amount of damage to his future cardiovascular health. Sam went equally nuts in the candy section, grabbing bags of Gummi bears, chocolate bars by the handful, Jaw Breakers, Bottle Caps, and one of each of whatever looked interesting that he’d never tried before. He put so much candy in the cart that Dean could not hold back a small frown.

“I’m not going to eat it all at once, Dean.”

Dean gave Sam a stern look. “You are not going to get the diabetes. Not on my watch.”

“You can work it off me.” Sam shifted his weight from one leg to another, emphasizing the tight musculature of his ass without him being consciously aware he was doing it.

“Deal.” Dean tore his eyes away from Sam’s nether region and caught sight of the AstroPops in the cart. His eyes flashed up to Sam’s mouth. “Hmm. Yeah. That’ll work.”

Sam saw what he was looking at, and his mouth fell open, which didn’t help things any. And then Dean noticed the Pop Rocks, and raised his eyebrow. Sam gave him a quizzical look.

Dean smirked. “You don’t know?”

“What?”
“Oh, this is gonna be good.”

“Dean. Tell me.”

“Uh-uh, baby boy.” Sam bit his lip, blowing out his breath through his nose. Dean leaned close and whispered, “Gonna show you.”

Their carts were so heavy they had to put real effort into pushing them toward the checkout line. Thankfully there weren’t a huge number of shoppers, because it took twenty minutes just to ring up all their items. Sam’s jaw dropped at the total that appeared on the register, but Dean counted out the cash without hesitation, face alight with what Sam realized was pride. At being able to do this for Sam. At not being broke.

They loaded up the car with all the bags. When Sam went to return the carts to the corral, the blonde girl was walking past on her way out, holding a plastic bag with her purchases. She paused, eyeing Sam. From the car, Dean’s eyes shot daggers at her. She smiled, a little sadly. “So…he’s your boyfriend?”

Sam nodded, glancing over his shoulder at Dean.

“You guys ever go to Sassy’s?”

“What’s that?”

She rolled her eyes. “Like, the gay club in town? It’s so cool. You can dance, or not dance, or whatever. Nobody cares. You can just be yourself.”

Sam looked over at Dean, suddenly imagining it vividly: Dean pressing him up against the wall, kissing him in public, just two boys in a roomful of people who didn’t care that they were kissing each other. Suddenly he wanted to go so bad it was a physical ache in his chest.

The girl read the expression on Sam’s face, and her mouth twitched with satisfaction. “Sixth and Harrison. Oh, and it’s 18 and up, so you’re totally good.”

He turned his attention back to her. She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and looked up at him. “Um, so… this is totally blunt, but…you’re sure you’re just into guys?”

Sam laughed, and looked at her with a hint of pity in his eyes. “I’m just into him.” He jerked his head towards Dean, tapping his fingernails on the car roof impatiently.

She shrugged, mouth forming into a little pout of disappointment. “That’s too bad.” She dropped her eyes and looked up at him again through her thick eyelashes, a sudden surge of desire changing her features, transforming innocence to something wild and hungry, and a bit frightening.

Suddenly Sam winced, raising his hand to his head, as the vision unfolded within his brain. A circular room lit with torches, marked with symbols, lined with men and women with hell-black eyes. A woman stepped forward and prostrated herself before him, uttering two words.

“Regem puerum,” Sam whispered, eyes squeezed tightly shut.

The girl recoiled in shock, her eyes flashing black for a split-second. Sam did not see it, and her face was blocked by Sam’s body, so Dean did not see it either. Eyes normal again, she looked over Sam’s shoulder to Dean, waving to him. Dean came over in a half-run. Sam swayed on his feet, and
Dean held him up. “You ok?”

“Head hurts,” Sam choked out.

From his car parked further down the row, the dark-haired waved at the blonde girl. “Shoot. That’s my Dad. I gotta go.”

Dean gripped Sam tighter. “I got him.”

She seemed at a loss for words. “Um… feel better?” Sam waved, not looking at her, and she spun on her heels and bounced off towards their car.

“Come on. Let’s get back. Get some food into you.” He steered Sam to the car and settled him in the front seat.

Sam sucked in a deep, shuddering breath, rubbing his temples, the pain subsiding. After a few moments, he opened his eyes. “I’m good.”

“It’s gone?”

“Yeah.” Sam seemed as surprised as Dean.

Dean shook his head, blowing out a breath of relief. “That was weird.”

“Dean. It wasn’t just a headache. I… I saw something.”

Dean tapped his fingers on the steering wheel like he did when he got anxious.

“I…don’t know. She asked if you were my boyfriend, and I said yes.” Dean smiled. “And she asked if we ever went to this gay club in town, and if I was really just into guys.” Dean blinked slowly, chewing on his lower lip, biting back hard on the flare of jealousy. But Sam noticed.

“What’d you say?” Dean tried to act casual, but the jittery energy sparking off him was palpable.

Sam took Dean’s hand. “I said I was just into you.”

Dean scrutinized Sam’s face intently. “Really?”

“I told you. I’m not into girls like that. And I don’t think of other guys like that. Just you.”

Dean dropped his head, blowing out a heavy breath. Then he looked up at Sam, a glint in his eye. “So. You’re definitely not straight, but you’re not gay either. You’re…Deansexual.”

Sam burst out laughing, and shoved his hair out of his eyes. “Yeah. I’m Deansexual.”

Dean grinned like he’d just proved the Riemann hypothesis.

“Anyway. So. She looked really disappointed—”

“My heart bleeds,” Dean said dryly.

“—and then this headache happened, like a spike in my eye going into my brain, and I…I saw…”

Dean just held Sam’s hand, letting the silence stretch out, waiting for Sam to be ready to explain what he saw.

“Demons. A room full of demons. Surrounding me.”
Dean sucked in a sharp breath.

Sam gripped Dean’s fingers hard. “But they weren’t attacking me, or holding me prisoner or anything. They were…it’s like they were worshipping me.”

Dean’s head jerked up in surprise.

“And then one of them said something. Regem puerum.”

Dean frowned, thinking. “…Boy King?”

Sam gave a little laugh, pretending like he wasn’t scared. “See, I told you you were smart.”

The flash of pride and surprise (the surprise breaking Sam’s heart like it always did when he saw how Dean had believed the bad things people had said to him) on his face was followed by a micro-expression of concern which he quickly camouflaged. But Sam noticed.

Dean folded Sam into his arms, holding him as tight as he could without hurting him. “I got you, Sammy.” The phrase soothed Sam as it always did when Dean spoke those words to him, trusting them utterly. “I don’t know what that was all about, but we’ll figure it out. Bobby’ll know something. Or he’ll find out. Ok?” Sam nodded, muscles tense. Dean shoved the tingle of fear down deep (something about Boy King scared the hell out of him), and kissed Sam on the forehead. “Hey. The ice cream’s melting.” That brought a smile to Sam’s face. “Let’s go back and get all this shit stowed, and get some breakfast in you.” Dean rummaged through some bags until he found the package of string cheese, and they each ate three of them on the way back to the motel to take the edge off their hunger.

Back at the hotel, they enlisted Danny’s help to bring all the supplies in. He brought out a huge flat wagon cart with raised sides, and it still took two trips to bring everything inside. They handed off the things Juliane had put on her list, and a few extra things Sam had put in the cart to surprise her. Then they made their excuses and disappeared into their apartment.

Dean shut the door behind them. Once the lock snicked shut, Dean backed Sam up against the door, pushing his hips against him hard, gripping Sam’s hair and claiming his mouth with a deep kiss. Sam made a small sound of surprise, and moved against him, cock filling with blood, twitching against Dean’s thigh.

“ Didn’t like how she looked at you, Sammy.” Sam made a soft little sound of pleasure. “You’re mine.” Dean tipped Sam’s head to the side, exposing his neck. “Fucking mine.” He sucked on Sam’s skin hard, demanding, bringing blood surging to the surface. Sam moaned and arched his back, tipped his head back more, baring his neck to Dean. Dean purred his approval. He moved back just a bit, so his body was just an inch away from Sam, hands on Sam’s shoulders pressing him against the wooden door, just looking at him, green eyes gone dark with desire. Being looked at like that made Sam shiver. He canted his hips forward, trying to make contact again.

Dean chuckled, a soft, sensual sound rich with promise, biting his lower lip at the sight of Sam, cheeks already gone pink, hazel eyes wide, wanting him so badly. “Go get yourself ready.” He brought his hands down Sam’s sides and cupped his ass, thrusting his cock right up against Sam’s. “I want to fuck you.” He stared at Sam’s parted mouth, swiping his tongue over his lower lip, and then met his gaze again. “You want me to fuck you, baby boy?”

Sam’s cock jerked, straining against his jeans, twitching against Dean’s cock. Dean laughed again. “That’s a yes?”
“Yes. **Fuck** yes.”

The hunger on Dean’s face made him look feral, dangerous. Sam loved it.

“Yes what?” Dean retracted his hips again, holding himself back so Sam could feel the heat from his body but not feel him. “What’s the magic word?”

“Whatever you want it to be.” Sam closed his eyes for a moment. *Hey, Sammy? Anything you ever want to try. I’m down. No limits. I mean it.* He opened his eyes, met Dean’s gaze, dared to keep going. “Please. Sir. Master.” *Trust me.* “Daddy.”

Dean’s palms slammed against the door hard on either side of Sam’s head as he lunged at Sam, pinning him against the door, devouring his mouth, shaking as he ground his cock against Sam’s, pumping his hips uncontrollably, wrapping his fingers in Sam’s hair. Shaking.

Coming.

Dean losing it like that so fast, so completely made Sam fly apart too, coming in his pants, crying out into Dean’s mouth as Dean’s come soaked through the front of his jeans, smacking his head as he involuntarily threw it back as the orgasm peaked, thrashing in Dean’s grasp. Dean gripped his ass and held him tight against him, still twitching and jerking and coming himself.

Finally, their shuddering stilled. Dean pushed Sam’s hair out of his face and pressed his forehead against Sam’s. “Jesus fucking Christ, Sammy,” he whispered. “Fucking hell.”

Dean could feel the question forming in Sam’s mind before it even made it into words. “Yeah, that was ok. That was totally ok.” He rubbed his thumb over Sam’s jaw. “Anything you and I do together is **good.** You know why?”

Sam waited for the answer.

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Because we love each other so fucking much it makes it ok. No matter how out there or kinky it is.” He kissed Sam, slow and sweet and so thoroughly Sam felt dizzy. Finally, he pulled back and nuzzled Sam’s neck. His voice was a whisper. “Besides, I know you never called him Daddy in your life.”

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean and squeezed hard, relief washing over him in a flood. Dean got it. He understood.

“Not a damn thing wrong with you, Sammy.” Dean hugged Sam just as hard. “Don’t you think that for a second.” Dean swiped his thumb over Sam’s cheek, wiping away the tear trailing down his face. “Besides, just wait ‘till I tell you about some of the stuff I want to do with you. All kinds of things.”

Sam stared at Dean, rapt. “Like what?”

Dean closed his eyes. Even knowing what he’d said to Sam, what they had between them, it was still hard. But Sam had just trusted him, made himself so vulnerable. He had to step up. “Ok. Here’s one. I want to suck you off while people watch.” He kept his eyes closed. “I just…I want people to see. Us. Together. To not have to hide.” He dared to open his eyes.

Sam was smiling, eyes wet. “Yes. We can…we can do that.”

Dean swiped the back of his hand across his eyes. “Damn, I cry a lot.”
“I won’t tell.”

“Sammy.” The vulnerability bled into his voice, soft, almost a whisper. “I need to be inside you. Can—"

Sam pressed his lips to Dean’s, soft and warm, lips parted, the tip of his tongue ghosting into Dean’s mouth gently. “Just give me a minute.” He squeezed Dean’s hand, then got the special bag from the bedroom, went into the bathroom, hung the device from the shower head and turned the water on. The water flowed safely into the red funnel and into the hose, no water near him except the water vapor in the air, so it did not trigger his panic response.

Dean stashed the frozen items and the vodka in the empty freezer, nearly filling it, and put the perishable food in the refrigerator. They’d bought so much, he was barely able to fit it all in, and had to leave the eggs and most of the fruit on the counter. Once the food was safely put away, Dean stripped his clothes off in the kitchen and wiped himself off with a damp wad of paper towels, then walked naked into the bedroom, bringing the lube and massage oil with him.

Sam came in, mist-damp hair clinging to his face, crawled up onto the bed next to Dean. “How do you want me?”

Dean shook his head. “You’re gonna be the death of me, I swear to god.” He pulled Sam down, rolled on top of him. “I want you every way. All of them.”

Sam looked up into those green eyes. “Do it. Anything.” His words sent a shiver through Dean. “I mean it. Anything. Just like you said.”

Dean sat back, unsnapped the cap on the KY and slicked up his cock. Sam spread his thighs wide, letting Dean see everything.

“You get yourself ready for me, baby boy?”

Sam’s breath hitched. “Yeah.”

Dean shoved Sam’s thighs apart wider, pushing his hips back, and sealed his mouth over Sam’s hole. Sam moaned as Dean lapped at him, lifted his hips up so his back was perpendicular to the bed, ass high in the air, cock pointed down. Dean swore at the sight, smacked his palms down on Sam’s ass, and rimmed him like it was the best thing he’d ever done with his tongue. He licked Sam open, coaxing his tight pink rim to soften and open to him, making greedy little sounds that made Sam’s toes curl.

“Only you,” Sam gasped. “No one’s ever going to do that to me but you.”

Dean moaned, his mouth sealed over Sam, eyes the color of the sea during a storm. He raised his head. “Damn straight. You’re mine.” He stretched Sam open with his thumbs on either side, and plunged his tongue inside him as deep as he could get it.

“Yours,” Sam whispered, shaking, shivering, dancing on Dean’s tongue.

Dean slid his hand, still slick with lube, over Sam’s cock, thumb moving over the sensitive spot at the base of the head. Sam cried out, and then again, louder, as Dean took hold of his cock in earnest, stroking it, tugging at Sam’s balls, squeezing the shaft from the base to the head, milking him. “Dean. You’re gonna make me come.”

Dean squeezed the base of Sam’s cock with a soft chuckle. “Not yet, sweetheart.” He lowered Sam’s hips, hooked his arms under Sam’s knees, pressing them back, and brought himself to Sam’s
entrance. “And not like that. You’re gonna come on my cock.” He pressed against Sam, barely
breaching him. “Just my cock. Can you do that for me?”

Sam wriggled, trying to take Dean deeper inside me. “Yeah.”

Dean watched Sam’s face intently, and said, “That’s my good boy.”

Sam reacted immediately, making a primal, guttural sound and arching his back, desperate for
Dean to enter him. “Come on. Please…”

Dean rubbed the pad of his thumb over Sam’s lower lip. “Please…what?”

The electricity in the air was almost palpable. Sam bit his lip, hesitant, not sure he was ready to go
over that cliff.

“It’s ok, Sammy. Just you and me. It’s safe. We’re just playing. Doesn’t mean anything more than
that. Anything we want to do, or say, or wear, or pretend, it’s all good.” Dean kissed the hollow of
Sam’s throat. “I love you. Get it? You’re perfect and pure and mine, and I want to make you feel
good.” Another lingering kiss, his tongue probing, insisting Sam let him in. “Besides… it’s not just
you. I want to.” Dean’s breathing was ragged. “You fucking made me come just by saying it.”
Dean’s pupils were blown wide, cock so hard and engorged it was dark red. “Sammy. Say it.”

Sam swallowed hard, and putting his trust in Dean, surrendered to it. “Please, daddy.”

Dean shuddered. With a groan, he pushed into Sam in one long thrust, burying himself inside him
to the hilt. “Wanted to go slow. Stay inside you for hours. But there’s no way. You’re just…fuck.”

Sam’s body stretched to accommodate Dean’s cock like he was born to do it, like he was made just
for Dean. Dean licked into Sam’s mouth with a moan, driving into Sam deep and hard, hips rising
and falling. Sam stretched his arms over his head, sucked on Dean’s tongue, surrendering to Dean
completely, a feeling of elation filling him as he realized that saying it didn’t make him feel
dirtybadwrong. It made him feel lighter. Clean. More pure. Because he confessed something scary
to Dean, and Dean accepted it, loved him even more for it, gave him what he needed. He took what
Sam thought was his dirty little secret and brought it out into the light, revealed it to be nothing
dangerous, just a little spice to change the flavor of what they had together.

Sam laughed with the joy of it. The freedom. The knowledge that he could ask Dean to try
anything now. Anything at all. “Your cock feels so good, daddy.”

Dean laughed too. “Yeah, baby boy? You like it?” Dean’s smile was blinding. He fucked into Sam
like he’d never done before, twisting and driving in, back muscles standing out thick and strong.
“You like it when daddy fucks you?”

“Yes,” Sam hissed, shuddering to hear Dean say it for the first time, taking hold of Dean’s face
with both hands, making him look him in the eyes. “Say it again.”

Dean’s mouth fell open at the look on Sam’s face, infinite love and keen need, and so much trust it
nearly undid him. “Come on. Show daddy how much you love it.” He sat on his heels and pulled
Sam forward, still impaled on him, lifting his hips up, angling him so his shoulders and feet were
pressed flat on the mattress.

Sam arched up, weight on his shoulders and heels, waggling his hips up and down, riding Dean’s
cock fast and hard as Dean held steady, letting Sam fuck himself on Dean’s cock. “You’re taking it
so good for me. Such a good boy.”
“Fuck, daddy, feels so good…” Sam worked himself hard and fast, panting and writhing, but after a few moments, he whimpered because the angle wasn’t right to go as hard as he wanted. “More. Please. Harder, daddy.”

“You want it harder?” Sam nodded furiously. “Show me.” Dean lifted Sam up into his lap, knees on the mattress, and put his arms around Dean’s neck. “Ride my cock, sweetheart. Show me how hard you like it.”

Sam rose and fell on Dean’s cock, fucking himself hard, sweet little sounds of satisfaction issuing from his throat.

“Ah, that’s my boy,” Dean purred.

Sam moaned at the praise, brought Dean’s index and middle fingers into his mouth, and sucked on them, sliding his mouth back and forth on them in perfect sync with the rise and fall on Dean’s cock.

“Jesus. Sam.” Dean leaned back on his free hand, watching Sam, unfettered and uninhibited, giving himself over to Dean, so alive with the pleasure of it.

“Gonna make me come, daddy.”

Dean’s mouth fell open, unable to even formulate words now. He just nodded, sliding his hands up Sam’s back, pulling him down harder, rotating his hips in circles as Sam slid up and down on his cock.

“Jesus. Daddy. Dean. Oh god. Dean.” The last word came out as a sob.

“Sam. Come for me.” Dean pushed every ounce of command voice he had into those three words. And Sam obeyed instantly, crying out, spilling over Dean’s belly, coming untouched on Dean’s cock. He twitched and writhed like a wild thing, like the pleasure was screaming through his whole body, controlling every part of it, demanding outlet not just through the fluid spurting from him or the cries that thickened into a scream but through movement of his whole body, a whirlwind of kinetic energy.

In the midst of the storm that was Sam coming apart for Dean, Sam milked Dean’s orgasm out of him. Dean’s back curled, every muscle in his body contracting, fueling his release, shooting deep inside Sam, dissolving into him, guttural cries punched out of him. He could feel Sam pulling it out of him, drinking it up inside him, kicking his own orgasm to a higher plane, one where sound and motion no longer were relevant. Sam stilled, threw his head back, mouth open, the cords of his neck standing out.

For a split second, Dean thought he saw light shoot out of Sam, explode outward from his forehead and throat, spike from the top of his head and the base of his tailbone; he even thought he actually felt physical heat shooting through his body from light pouring from Sam’s chest, belly button and cock. But then his vision whitened out completely. The only thing that existed was Sam, and him.

~

When Dean came to, he was still inside Sam, still on his knees, slumped forward against Sam, Sam leaning against him limp and boneless, balancing each other out so they did not collapse.

He lifted Sam up, laid him back on the bed, slipping out of him in the process. Sam stirred with a sound of complaint. “Shhh… I’m right here.” He grabbed one of the towels on the bedside table to clean Sam up so there wouldn’t be much of a wet spot. Oddly, all there was to clean up was a bit of
lube, despite Dean having spilled what felt like all the fluid in his body into Sam.

He did collapse then, at Sam’s side. He put his head on Sam’s chest, listening to Sam’s even breathing, the strong pulses of his heartbeat, and before he knew it, he was as fast asleep as Sam.

Sam dreamed he was naked inside a car wash with no roof. Dean was there, fully clothed. He put a hand on the small of Sam’s back. “It’s ok, Sammy.” Dean gently urged Sam to walk forward. He moved slowly, like a car on tracks being pulled through the structure. Pipes in the walls sprayed soapy water on him, great flapping things pelted him softly like being licked by a wiggle of puppies. From above, a sudden burst of rain, gleaming droplets illuminated by the bright sun overhead, burst from cloudless skies and poured over him, through him, tickling as it rained inside his body. He felt something inside him, something sticky and not right, dissolve and melt away. The rain ceased and warm puffs of air blew over him, water droplets on his skin flying off, his wet hair lifted, caressed by the air currents, and dried. At the far end of the structure, Dean stood waiting for him, hand extended to him, sunlight bringing out the gold in his hair and the emerald of his eyes. Sam looked down at his bare feet. Serpentine coils of a black substance slid down the drain, washed away by the clear water.

He raised his head, walked outside into the sun and slipped his hand into Dean’s.

~

They slept until the rumbling of their empty stomachs prodded them awake. “Starving,” Dean murmured. “Food.”

“We have food,” Sam said sleepily.

“We have food,” Dean echoed in a groggy voice. “Dude.” He sat upright, eyes huge. “We have food.”

They threw on comfortable sweats and sweatshirts (Sam muttering about how it was about time they did some laundry), and Dean insisted on making what he called Huge Food. He manned the bacon skillet, cooking up an entire package. Sam put together a fat omelet with spinach and cheddar, standing next to Dean at the range, bumping hips with him playfully. Dean liked spinach, the way Sam did it: cooked just enough to wilt but not turn slimy and grey. And with cheese. They ate the entire omelet and half of the bacon.

Then Dean brought down the cereal. “Stage two.”

Sam groaned, but accepted a bowl of Captain Crunch. Dean turned on the TV and tossed the remote to Sam. “Whatever you want.”

Sam blinked in surprise. It wasn’t like Dean to cede control of the remote. “So, I guess you liked that?”

Dean took Sam’s cereal bowl from his hands and set it on the coffee table. Suddenly serious, he placed his palms on Sam’s face and drew him in for a kiss, all coffee and bacon and sweetness. “That was awesome. You. Are awesome. Like...literally.” The reverence on Dean’s face made it clear he actually knew the true meaning of his favorite word, and was not using it lightly. Sam blinked, basking in the praise but embarrassed by it.

Sam flipped through the channels and settled on a documentary about the Zulus. Dean didn’t even roll his eyes, just sat next to Sam eating his Captain Crunch, one handful at a time sprinkled into the bowl of milk, so it stayed as crisp as possible.
The narrator spoke:…”The Zulus have long suffered from a condition called kwashiorkor. This Ghanaian word literally means ‘older brother’ and this disease of malnutrition is caused by a previously nourished child no longer receiving adequate sustenance once a new baby arrives. Living in poverty, the mother does not have sufficient food to nurse two children, and the older child is weaned abruptly. Without other food to eat, the older sibling slowly starves. This differentiates kwashiorkor from marasmus, in which the child experiences starvation from birth…”

Dean was startled by the clatter of Sam dropping his spoon into the bowl and setting it down on the coffee table.

Sam stared at Dean, a horrified realization dawning on him.

“Sam?”

“You.” Sam’s mouth worked, as though reluctant to actually form the words. “You gave it all to me. Didn’t you?”

Dean frowned. “What are you talking about?”

Sam leaned forward. “All those times. You gave me all the food we had. You said you weren’t hungry.” You go ahead, Sam. I don’t feel like eating. “You said you already ate.” I ate mine on the way, Sammy. This one’s for you. Sam’s eyes filled with tears. “It wasn’t true. If there wasn’t enough for both of us to eat, you didn’t tell me…you just gave it all to me.”

Dean tried to play it off. “Sam, it wasn’t like that.”

“Yes. It was. And…” Sam wiped his face on his sleeve. “And that’s why I’m already as tall as you.”

“You’re not as tall as me—“

“Yes I am.” And Sam was. Dean just hadn’t been ready to admit that quite yet.

“People are always saying it’s weird that I’m so tall already, and I’m gonna be so much taller than you. And that’s why… because…” Sam’s voice was choked. “Because you didn’t get enough to eat when we were kids because you gave it to me.”

Dean had nothing. Because there was nothing to say. Because Sam was right.

Sam saw the truth of it in Dean’s eyes. His face twisted, and he crumpled into Dean’s arms. Sam sobbed like he was being torn apart, like his heart was bursting in his chest.

Dean struggled to hold him, a wet, convulsing mass of limbs and floppy hair. “Sammy. It’s ok. I’m fine. Look at me. I’m plenty tall. I’m big and strong. I’m fine.”

“You were actually malnourished, Dean! That’s not fine. You went hungry. All the time. Because of me.”

“Damn straight,” Dean said with pride, the admission finally driven out of him. “Damn straight I did. And I’d do it all over again. Sam. Don’t you get it? You come first.” Dean swallowed hard, trying not to cry himself. “You always came first.”

This just made Sam cry harder, contorting in Dean’s lap. He sobbed for a long time, unable to form words. Finally, he started to calm enough to speak again. “And I was… god, Dean, I was such a little brat. Always bugging you for more. ‘I want more cereal.’ ‘How come we don’t have
“hamburgers like everyone else?” ‘Dean, I want more.’ ” He started to sob again, fists tangled in Dean’s sweatshirt. “I was such—‘he hiccupped ‘—a little shit.’ His sobs amped up, incoherent, so broken, so anguished that Dean’s tears flowed finally in sympathetic, involuntary response.

“Sammy…please don’t cry. It kills me when you cry.”

Sam took a deep breath, trying to force the sobs into submission. For Dean. “You starved. So I wasn’t hungry.” He raised his hand to Dean’s cheek, wiping his tears away with his thumb clumsily, tugging at the skin. “Because you…”

“Because I love you.” Dean smiled at Sam, a fresh tear spilling from his eyes.

Sam knew Dean loved him. Dean always took care of him. Stood up to Dad for Sam. He had even killed for Sam. Dean loved him with his hands and mouth and his whole body. Sam thought he knew exactly how much Dean loved him. But now as he looked at Dean, his heart broke as he understood fully for the first time all that those three words really meant.
Chapter Summary

Reggie puts together the pieces of the puzzle. John decides on his next move, and Bobby lays it on the line. Sam tries to be less of a burden on Dean, but Dean's having none of it.

From Denver, Reggie went on instinct and headed east to Dodge City, the famous frontier town of cowboy legend. The boys loved cowboys, so he thought maybe they’d seen that name on the map and gone there. He was bitterly disappointed, though, finding no indication they’d ever been there. He backtracked to Pueblo, cursing his mistake and the precious days it had cost him, and headed back up north checking out the part of the road he’d skipped due to his detour.

Christmas Day found him in a seedy little motel in Raton, feeling lost and discouraged, where he called Marcus just to hear a friendly voice.

Reggie lay on the bed after the call was over, playing back parts of the conversation in his head.

“You find those boys you were looking for?”

“Not yet.”

“You hurry up and do that, now. Then you come see me. Get that lasagna dinner I promised.”

When he’d wrung all the pleasure out of this promise he could for the time being, he called Bobby to touch base. Bobby was relieved to hear the boys had been spotted a few days ago, and told Reggie that Dean had called him the night before, on Christmas Eve. “I couldn’t exactly make him tell me where they were, you understand. Gotta keep him wanting to call me. Trusting me. As much as he does now, at least.” Bobby’s voice got more gravelly. “Anyway, he said they were holed up licking their wounds. Said they were in a good place, somewhere safe.”

“Yeah?”

“He said they couldn’t be any safer.”

The hair on the back of Reggie’s neck went up. “Did he now.”

He promised to keep Bobby informed of anything he found out, and hung up the phone. Couldn’t be any safer. This phrase dug its teeth in, tugged at him.

He busied himself packing up his few belongings, singing a Stones cover song that was suddenly stuck in his head. “…plan to motor west…” He folded his pajamas neatly and put them in the bottom of the bag. The song stuck with him as he brushed his teeth and rinsed his mouth, spitting mouthwash into the sink. “..go through St. Louie down to Missouri, Oklahoma City looks oh so purty…you’ll see … Amarillo…and Gallup, New Mexico…”

He checked out of the motel, threw his bag in the car, and got in the driver’s seat. He closed his eyes and let his head fall back on the head rest, grey hair spilling over his shoulders.
Something was right there beneath the surface. A clue. An answer, perhaps. He just sat there, allowing that something the time and quiet it needed to emerge.

*Couldn’t be any safer.*

He tapped his fingers on his knee, the song still needling at him.

His eyelids snapped open, piercing blue eyes bright with realization. Sitting bolt upright, he grabbed the map, traced his finger down the squiggly line from Raton into Texas.

To Amarillo.

“Christ on a crutch,” he murmured. Reggie had heard tell of a hunter’s Sanctuary somewhere in Amarillo. But the information was hard to come by, kept as sort of a secret of the hunter elite, so that pantywaist hunters scared of their own shadow didn’t camp out there and ruin it for everyone. It wasn’t fair, perhaps, but there was not enough shelter of this kind to go around, and a place like the Sanctuary was rare; special. Practically sacred. He was sure that Sam and Dean hadn’t been told about it. John certainly didn’t know about it. Not even Bobby knew about it, or he’d have put the clues together himself.

“Smart, *smart* boys.” He tapped the map with the tip of his finger. “But how in the hell did you find it?”

Reggie pulled a toothpick from the container in his jacket pocket and nestled it between his teeth. Then he put the car into gear and peeled out onto the road, a clear destination finally in mind.

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Bobby made up the basic staple breakfast: strong black coffee, bacon and scrambled eggs. Out of habit, he made enough for four, realizing as he stared at the stack of bacon and steaming eggs that it was far too much food for just him and John, all that were in the house now. He heard sounds from upstairs as John took a shower and then thumped around his bedroom. Finally, John emerged, fully dressed. His boots thumped as he strode into the kitchen to get some coffee.

“Well, ain’t you all dolled up.” Bobby eyed John warily.

John put four slices of bacon onto a plate and sat down with his coffee. “Yeah. I’m heading out.”

“Planning on saying where?”

“Lawrence.”

Bobby cocked his head. “What…Missouri?”

John nodded, mouth full of bacon.

“Thought she told you everything she knew already. Demon was trying to get to Sam, Mary protected him, demon took her out.”

“Been thinking about that.” John swallowed a gulp of coffee. “Been thinking a *lot* about that.” John practically inhaled another piece of bacon, as though he were ravenous. “At the time… I wasn’t in my right mind. But even then, I wondered if she was holding something back. And now…”

Another gulp of coffee. “Bobby? Now I’m sure of it.” John waved his hand in the air. “With all that crap out of my system, now I can think straight. For the first time since…”
“Since Mary died.” Bobby’s face was serious.

“You sure don’t mince words.”

“It’s the truth. And you know it. You were halfway inside that bottle before you even lost Mary. And when she was gone, you crawled in and stayed there.”

John’s eyes squinted, anger glimmering within them. “I became a damn good hunter, is what I did. The booze didn’t hold me back a bit from that.”

“But it sure helped make you a piss-poor father.”

John shoved his chair away from the table, and stood up. “Robert.” His voice made it clear Bobby was on dangerous ground.

“You’re not my dad. Don’t call me Robert to put the fear of god into me.” Bobby stood up too, putting them on an equal level. “And if you claim you want to get your head clear now, don’t try and hide from some of the shit that makes you uncomfortable to face up to.”

John breathed fast and hard, hands clenched, biting back on his words.

“You said you didn’t want to lose your boys. Did you mean it?”

John struggled to even out his breath.

“Did you mean it?”

John bowed his head. “Yeah. I meant it.”

“Then you have to face up to everything. It’s not just what you—“Bobby fumbled with the words. “—what we did to that boy. I got my own atoning to do for that. But your part of that…that’s not the only part you have to make up for. Not by a long shot. And if you’re gonna do this, you gotta own all of it.” Bobby walked around the table and put his hand on John’s shoulder. “I love you like you were my own brother. You know that. But if you want to have a chance in hell at fixing this, man up, sit down and listen.”

John eyed Bobby for a long moment, weighing everything. Then he sat down, palms flat on the table.

Bobby sat opposite him. He was silent, choosing his words carefully. Then he spoke. “Sam and Dean are scared to death of you.”

John’s mouth flew open, words of protest about to spill out, but Bobby held up his hand.

“I said listen.”

John bit his lip and listened.

“They’re scared of you. Have been since Mary was killed and you changed. You stopped being their father and became…a drill sergeant.”

“How do you—“ John couldn’t bite back the words.

“How do I know? Because they told me!” Bobby yelled. He wiped his hand across his mouth, and sat still until he regained his composure. “Dean was all of seven years old the first time he said something about it. Sat right here with me drinking his chocolate milk. Saying how you yelled at
them all the time. He said you acted like a prison guard.” Bobby leaned forward, looking John straight in the face. “Said you scared the hell out of him.” Bobby closed his eyes at the memory of Dean, such a little boy with such an old look on his face. “Then he said, ‘I miss my dad. But we don’t have a dad anymore.’”

A tear welled up in John’s eye and trickled down his face.

“And Sam. The sweetest little boy on the face of the earth, always looking to you for approval. For love. And all he got was ‘Don’t disappoint me, Sam. Why can’t you do it like your big brother? Why can’t you be more like Dean?’” The echo of John’s voice resonated in Bobby’s, so many times had he said those exact words. “And when you’d drill Dean on lore or Latin, and he’d mess up? What did you say to him? ‘Damn it, boy. That was a stupid mistake. Why can’t you be smarter like your brother?’”

The wrinkles on Bobby’s face stood out, the anger of the memories tightening the muscles of his face. “Sam used to crawl into my lap and ask me what he’d done to make you not love him.”

“Oh god,” John whispered.

“You never noticed them flinch every time you walked into the room?”

John looked stricken. “Bobby, I—“

“I know. I get it. You’re a good man, but you’re broken. And you did the best you knew how. You had to get them ready for what’s out there, both of them. And you were great at that. They’re damn fine hunters. That’s something you can be proud of.”

John looked up in surprise, eyes wet with tears, at the kindness he had not expected to hear from Bobby.

“But that doesn’t let you off the hook. You were hard and angry and barely there. You didn’t even keep them properly fed half the time. You raised two fine soldiers. But you forgot they were also your little boys. They needed love from you. Not just discipline.”

John listened to the truth, mouth quivering. Finally, he spoke, not able to look Bobby in the eye. “All this time…this is what you thought of me. Saw in me. Why didn’t you say something?”

“Because if I had, you would have socked me in the jaw and cut me out of your life, and those boys needed me. So I kept my mouth shut and took care of them as best I could, every way I could. I tried to fill in the gaps.” Bobby barked out a harsh laugh. “And the sad thing? Even with everything you did, everything you didn’t do, they loved you so much. So goddamn much.”

John made a wounded sound and buried his head in his arms, shoulders shaking. Bobby came back around the table, knelt at John’s side and slung his arm around him. “And they still do.” He rubbed his shoulders. “They still do. So you still have a shot. Just…stay sober. Get a hold of your temper. Be real sweet to them. Tell them you love them. And show them. Tell them how proud you are of them. And tell them why. And when they’re mad at you and scream at you—and they’re going to, and they’ll be within their rights to do it—you just take it. You let them. You tell them they’re right, and you’re sorry.”

John cried it out, and Bobby kneeled at the side of his old friend and helped him do it. When John had cried himself dry, Bobby poured out his cold coffee and brought him a fresh, hot cup. “Before any of that, though, you gotta find some way to help Sam.”

John took the coffee gratefully. “I will.”
“So, you’re gonna go make Missouri tell you what she held back all this time?”

John smiled the smile of a hunter not to be trifled with, his bloodshot eyes crinkling at the corners. “That’s right.”

“Good.” Bobby poured himself more coffee as well, scooped out a plateful of warm scrambled eggs and set it in front of John. “Eat hearty then. She’s a stubborn old hen.”

John shoveled eggs into his mouth, while Bobby drank his coffee. “How are you going to get her to cough it up now?”

John let out a deep breath. “She wants something I have.”

Bobby eyed him sidelong.

John burst out laughing, a welcome sound with the heaviness of the atmosphere in the room. “Oh god. Not that.”

“No?”

John shook his head.

“You’re sure? Because she was one feisty lady, if memory serves.”

John shook his head no, vigorously.

Bobby grinned. His smile was genuine and warm. Suddenly, fresh tears appeared in John’s eyes.

“I used to say thanks, when I’d come pick them up. But I never really thanked you. If it weren’t for you…” John fell silent.

“It was my pleasure.”

“It’s not easy for me to say this—“

“Hush. You don’t have to say a damn thing.”

John shook his head. “Actually, I do. Isn’t that on a list somewhere? Make a list of the things you fucked up, tell everyone you hurt exactly how you fucked up, say you’re sorry, and make it right?”

Bobby laughed. “John Winchester’s Four-Step Program.” John looked confused and a bit stricken, and Bobby waved him on. “You were saying?”

“So yes, I need to say this.” John swallowed hard. “I resented it. I resented you.”

Bobby blew out a breath and rubbed his palms on his jeans.

“How good you were with them. How easy and happy they were with you. I was jealous.” John’s eyes fluttered shut. “So jealous. But the fact is….” John physically squirmed with the discomfort of it, but he forced himself to sit up, look Bobby in the eye, and speak the truth. “The fact is you were as much their dad as I was.” He winced, raised a finger, and corrected himself. “More. You were a better father to them than I was.”

Bobby’s mouth worked, but no sound coming out. Finally, he managed to croak out four words. “Thank you for that.”
“And the next time I talk to our boys, I’m going to tell them the same thing.”

Bobby’s mouth dropped open.

“I have a whole lot to make up for.” John’s voice was rough. “I don’t even know if I can. But I’m going to try.” John clenched his coffee cup tight, apprehension tightening his chest, as he prepared to embark upon the hardest thing he’d ever attempted to do in his entire life.

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Sam finally pulled away from Dean, eyes bloodshot from crying. He sniffed. “I need to blow my nose.” He excused himself and went to the bathroom, where he blew his nose and splashed cold water on his face. Drying his face on a bath towel, he stared at his reflection in the mirror, at his reddened nose and eyes. “Snot-nosed pain-in-the ass,” he said softly. “Always a problem.” He didn’t even whose remembered words he was parroting, John, rendered harsh by the alcohol, Dean, driven to exasperation by his little brother’s whining, or Sam’s own inner monologue. He wiped his face off again, and went back to the living room.

Dean smiled at Sam, hoping to lighten his mood. “Hey, wanna spar? If you’re up to it. It’s been a while.” It had been quite some time before the boys had sparred, or had done any sort of physical activity, actually. Granted, they were having enough sex for a Nevada cathouse, but as athletic as it was, it wasn’t the same thing as running five miles, doing calisthenics, or practice-fighting. “Don’t want to lose our edge.”

Sam’s smile was sad. “Maybe tomorrow. I’m… not feeling up to it right now.”

Dean pulled Sam back down on the couch and wrapped his arms around him, part comforting, part playful. “It’s ok, Sam. I like taking care of you.”

Sam bit back the words. You’ve sure had enough practice doing it.

“And it’s all good now, right? So much food here, I’m gonna get fat.”

That brought a smile to Sam’s face. “I’d like to see that.”

Dean looked shocked.

Sam looked away, then back at Dean. “I’d know for sure you got enough to eat.”

Dean closed his eyes, feeling keenly now how much this new knowledge was digging at Sam, hurting him. Knowing that Sam was only partially present in the room with him, the rest of him flung backward in time, revisiting countless memories from their childhood, feeling sting after sting as he relived those moments, filling in the blanks.

At least some of them. Sam could never know what Dean had been forced to resort to sometimes to keep food in their mouths and their rooms paid for.

“Ok.”

Sam’s head snapped back in surprise. “What?”

“If it would make you feel better to fatten me up a little, ok.” Dean stretched, and settled his palm on his stomach. “Just a little. Just for a little while. And no making fun of me.”

The grin on Sam’s face, a dizzy sort of glee mixed with love bordering on worship, made
everything worth it. Just like it always did.

“Speaking of food…I’m thinking surf and turf for dinner. Sound good?”

Sam shook the hair out of his eyes, clearing his mind. Dean could practically see him slip back into the here and now. “Yeah. Sure.”

“Awesome. Ok. I’m gonna go ask Danny if he knows how to cook lobster tail. When I get back, shower. And then we kick back with a movie, maybe work up an appetite?”

Sam nodded his acquiescence. Dean grinned like a little kid to see Sam normal again, tears all gone away. He kissed him. “Love you. Be right back.” He called Danny to make sure the hallway was clear, and then went to the common room to learn how to cook expensive shellfish.

As soon as the door was shut, Sam went into the bathroom and stared at the shower, like a pit full of vipers that he had to get through. He closed his eyes, thinking of all the times Dean had done for him. Taken care of him. All his life. Carried him, protected him, done for him. And how little Sam had ever done for Dean in return. And after Sam grew up, there was the kidnapping and torture, and Dean was stuck with a helpless little baby again. He’d literally carried him, dressed him, fed him. Bathed him. Because Sam couldn’t even wash himself without Dean helping him.

“Time to man up.” Sam swallowed hard, pushing the welling panic down, stripped off his clothes and turned the shower on. He peeled off the bandage covering the mark Dean had cut into his skin, tracing the D.W. with his fingertip, clenched his teeth and stepped into the spray.

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Danny was waiting for him in the common room. “What can I do you for?”

“Lobster.”

“Don’t have any.”

Dean rolled his eyes. “I do. That’s the problem. Paul picked it out and I don’t know what to do with it.”

“Gonna make a nice romantic dinner for your boyfriend, huh?”

Dean flopped onto the couch with a sigh. “Yeah. Because I’m that guy.”

“Yeah.” Danny fixed Dean with a look that said I see through the stereotypical man bullshit. “You are.”

Dean looked down quickly, then back up at Danny, his cheeks slightly pink. Danny guffawed. “Ok, what do you have, the whole thing or just the tail?”

“Two tails.”

Danny went to the huge library of books and perused it, clicking his tongue against his teeth, scanning through tomes on Creole river demons, Haitian loas, and spectral apparitions in the Paris Catacombs. “Here we go. Found the bible.” He pulled out a book with a white dust jacket and a bright red and blue name. “Joy of Cooking.” Looking through the index, his finger tapped on an entry. “Lobster, tail, grilled.”

He motioned for Dean to join him at the wide kitchen counter, and spread the book open for him.
They studied the sketch on how to cut open the soft under-cover of the lobster tails, and how to slightly crack the hard upper shell so the tails would lie flat. “You can skip the marinating it in lemon juice and oil, though. Just salt it and brush it with melted butter, and put a wedge of lemon on the side. Four inches under the broiler, five minutes a side.”

Juliane drifted through the room, nose in a book. “Are you boys up to purposes?”

“Gene’s making a big old romantic dinner for his fella.”

“I can in fact kill a man with my bare hands,” Dean reminded Danny.

“So can I,” Danny smirked.

Dean kept it to himself that he actually had. Because maybe Danny had too.

Juliane perked up at the mention of romantic dinner. “What are you going to make?”

Dean explained his plan of surf and turf: broiled lobster tails and filet mignon. “Steak, I can do. It’s just…” Dean waved his hands helplessly over the book. “Things with shells and claws and… antennae.” Juliane listened to Dean and Danny talk about what side dishes to make, if Dean should use garlic or not.

“No garlic. I was always taught no garlic on dates,” Dean protested. Danny countered with “Garlic on a date is ok if both of you are eating it, but if it’s just one of you, forget it.”

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Sam stood under the spray, head bowed, water running through his hair and dripping off his chin. *Hand on the back of his skull, plunging his head into the bright orange bucket, sounds of their laughter muffled, a strange tang in the water from whatever had been stored in it before it had been repurposed as a torture device.* He shuddered, throwing his head back, pressing his back flat against the tile at the end of the shower. “Standing in a shower. Tons of air. Look at all this air,” Sam told himself, hands clenched tightly. “Just a damn shower.” He remembered Dean’s idea of the military shower, and turned the water off. He pressed his cheek to the tile and gasped for air. His fingers scrabbled for the shampoo. He lathered his hair quickly, and rather than waste precious seconds grabbing for the soap, simply used the shampoo to wash his body too, running his hands over his skin hastily. He began to shake uncontrollably. “Almost there,” he muttered, turning the water back on. The spray hit his chest, and he shuddered. *Chest about to burst, lungs needing to expel the air in them, trying to hold onto it because it was the only air they had. Opening his mouth to scream as the panic flooded him, water pouring into his mouth.* Thinking of Dean. Seeing Dean’s face, the brilliant green of his eyes, the curve of his mouth. Heart somehow calming, knowing—not fearing, but knowing—he was going to die. Going to leave Dean behind. Then, his head pulled out of the water, allowed to violently expel the oxygen-depleted air in his lungs, to suck in one huge, desperate breath, before being plunged back into the water. He turned his back to the shower spray, arching neck, canting his head back to rinse his hair without the water touching his face. “Dean went hungry for you. You can damn well do this,” he told himself, shaking his fingers through his hair frantically to get all the suds out. But the air was thick with moisture. With water. In his nose. In his mouth.

In his lungs.

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Dean wrote out a few things on a piece of paper so he wouldn’t forget, and then headed back to the
apartment. Inside, he heard the sound of the shower running. He immediately tensed, on full alert. “Sam?” He ran lightly, efficiently, toward the bathroom, and opened the door. “Sam!”

Sam was naked, hunched over the sink, hands braced on the edge, hyperventilating. He looked up at Dean, eyes wide and panicked, his face contorting in what Dean took a second to identify as shame.

“Come here, baby.” Dean quickly turned the shower off and pulled Sam, shivering and gasping, into his arms. “Come here. I got you.” He flicked a towel down off the rack, and rubbed it softly over Sam’s hair, his face, his chest, drying him off as best as he could while holding him up, speaking to him softly, calming him. Sam swayed, dizzy now. Dean cursed, and picked up Sam in his arms like he weighed nothing. He carried him across the hall to the bedroom, and lowered him gently to the bed on his side. He lay behind Sam and reached over him, pulling the comforter over his naked body to warm him up. “Feel my chest. Sam. Feel how I’m breathing.” He spread the fingers of one hand wide on Sam’s chest, pressing him against Dean. Sam kept hyperventilating, shaking, so panicked he couldn’t concentrate to follow Dean’s breathing pattern. Dean cursed again.

“OK, Sam, you trust me?” Sam nodded frantically. Dean reached up and pressed his finger to one nostril, sealing it closed. Sam struggled. “Sammy. You gotta trust me. Let me.” His voice was soothing, warm. “You’re getting too much air. Just breathe like this.” Sam sucked air in through his one open nostril, exhaled, inhaled quickly again. “Slow down, baby boy.” Dean nestled behind Sam more closely, pressing his body against him all the way, keeping his right nostril sealed shut. “There you go. Nice and slow.” Sam slowly calmed down, breathing slowing enough that Dean put his hand back on Sam’s chest. “Breathe with me. Yeah. Just like that. In and out, nice and slow.” Sam’s breathing finally matched up with Dean’s perfectly, and they lay there for a long time, breathing in sync, until Sam was calm and still.

“Why’d you jump the gun like that, Sammy?” Dean kept his voice low, soft. Reassuring. “You know how much I love taking a shower with you.”

Sam just sniffled and snuggled against Dean, staring at the far wall.

“Is this because of… the food thing?”

Sam nodded. Dean propped himself up on his elbow and looked down at Sam. Even only able to see his profile, he could read the misery on Sam’s face. “I didn’t mind,” he whispered.

“That’s not what… Dean. You always have to take care of me. You always have. And no one ever takes care of you.” The anguish in Sam’s voice was palpable. “And now… I can’t even take a goddamn shower without you. It’s… pathetic.”

Dean laughed, a soft, chuffing sound. “Wanna know a secret?”

Sam craned to look back at Dean.

“Promise not to tell anyone?”

Sam turned in Dean’s arms to look at him.

“I like taking care of you.”

Sam rolled his eyes, formulating words of protest. Dean laid his finger on Sam’s lips, ever so gently. “I honest to god like it. I don’t do it because it’s my job, Sammys. I do it because I want to take care of you.” Dean brushed his lips over Sam’s mouth. “When you let me do things for you…
it, uh, makes me happy.”

Sam frowned, not sure if he should even try to believe Dean.

“And someone does take care of me, Sammy. You do.”

“No, I don’t—" Sam began.

“You do. The way you look at me. Like I’m… like I’m the best thing you ever saw in your life. Sam. I need that.” Dean exhaled. “You have no idea how bad I need that. I don’t need you to wash my clothes or buy me a car or whatever you got in your head that you think you should be doing for me.” Dean’s voice was hoarse. “I need you to keep looking at me like that.”

Sam watched Dean’s face carefully. He meant it.

“That’s how you take care of me, Sammy. You…love me. Like no one else ever has. No one. I need that. And you take care of me every single day. You always have.” Dean brushed the hair back from Sam’s forehead. “Of course…it’s gotten a little more fun recently.”

Sam laughed, and then choked. He coughed until his lungs were clear. “Just a little?”

“Little like the Titanic.” Dean looked down at Sam like his chest was going to burst from how much love was welling up inside him. “Like the Grand Canyon. Like…whatever the biggest thing on the planet is.”

“Fresh Kills landfill.”

Dean stared at Sam in a mixture of admiration and horror. “Seriously?”

“It’s the biggest thing on the planet. Biggest man-made thing, anyway.”

“You so would know that.”

“The largest natural feature is the Great Barrier Reef.” Sam looked perfectly serious, like he wasn’t teasing Dean at all.

“Well, ok. Being with you is fun the size of the Great Barrier Reef.”

“Yeah?” When Sam smiled with all his heart, like he did in that moment, it melted jagged little things inside Dean that had been lodged there, hard and brittle, for years.

“Promise me you won’t try that again?”

“What…try not to be a burden on you? No. I won’t promise you that.”

Dean shook his head. “Promise you won’t rob me of the fucking delight it is to take a shower with you and get you all naked and wet.”

Sam shivered, but not from anxiety or fear. “You like me all naked and wet?”

“More than just about anything.”

Sam threw back the comforter, exposing his naked body to Dean’s gaze, and brushed his hand through his wet hair. “Prove it.”

And Dean did. He proved it thoroughly, and well.
Chapter Summary

Reggie finally closes in. Bobby learns something that frightens him. Sam and Dean have a relaxing afternoon.

Dean left Sam sleeping, tucked underneath the blankets, and busied himself in the kitchen. He put together a basic salad, because Sam loved salad, and set the jar of bacon bits on the table so he could douse his salad with them. Sam hated jarred bacon bits, and he knew from past experience if he put them in the big bowl of salad, Sam would grimace and painstakingly pick off every single brown chunk.

He opened a nice bottle of Cabernet, and when it was just about time to sear the filet mignons and broil the lobster tail, he woke up Sam. Sam stretched, smacking his mouth in that way he did when he was sleepy, and got dressed again, just in his sweats, t-shirt and flannel, and warm socks. He sat at the table and sipped his wine, half-asleep, sex-sated and stunned, watching Dean move with grace and efficiency around the kitchen.

Dean dressed the salad, heaped it into two big bowls, and set them on the table. He shook bacon bits over his. Sam wrinkled his nose. Then Dean plated the lobster and steak, arranging the wedges of lemon on the plate and sprinkling the filet with the special smoked sea salt Sam had picked out.

Dean set Sam’s plate in front of him. Sam grabbed his hand. He didn’t say anything, just looked up at Dean, an expression of amazement on his face, and squeezed his fingers gently. Dean nearly blushed.

Sam took a bite of steak. “Oh my god,” he said with his mouth full. Dean sat down opposite him, and forked up a bite of steak. He nodded his head in appreciation of his own skill.

Sam squeezed lemon over the lobster tail and took a bite of that. He said nothing, just chewed.

“Well?” Dean asked with a barely perceptible hint of nervousness in his voice.

“You do everything well.” Sam’s mouth glistened with butter. “Like, it’s not even fair. You just… you said you didn’t know how to cook lobster. We’ve never even HAD lobster before. Or filet mignon. And then here you go.”

“I did it right?”

“I think so. What do you think?”

Dean took a bite. His eyelids fluttered and he made a happy sound. “Lobster? Is awesome.”

They took their time, eating slowly, savoring every bite. Sam urged Dean to take a bite of filet mignon and then a sip of wine right after because it made the steak taste better, and the steak made the wine taste better. Dean agreed that it did.

Plates scraped clean, wine bottle empty, Dean leaned back and rubbed his distended belly. “I could get used to this.”
Sam glanced down quickly.

“What?”

“I’d like that. You being used to this. Fancy food like this.” His smile was a little sad. They both knew they wouldn’t be able to keep each other in lobster and filet mignon forever.

Sam insisted on bringing Dean a bowl of ice cream, even though he protested he was too full. But he ate the whole thing anyway, Sam beaming at him practically the whole time.

Sam did the dishes, not letting Dean help because he’d done all the cooking. Then, sated in every way possible, they crawled into bed and twined themselves around each other. Sam fell asleep almost immediately.

When Dean was certain Sam was asleep, he extricated himself and went into the living room to call Bobby.

“Hey, kiddo. You two ok?”

Dean exhaled, rubbing his jaw. “Can’t talk much. I don’t want to wake Sam. But this afternoon, Sam had some sort of… I don’t even know. His head starting hurting real bad and he said he saw…” Dean swallowed hard. “A room full of demons. But they weren’t trying to hurt him. They were, kind of, worshipping him.”

“Charming,” Bobby said dryly.

“And they were chanting at him. Regem puerum.”

“Ah.” Bobby’s voice was steady and even. “Did they.”

“Well, I have to say, that is a little weird.”

Dean laughed nervously.

“But weird’s kind of what we do. On the scale of happy as a clam to freaking the fuck out, that’s nothing. Ok? Sam’s been through a whole lot. I’m sure he’s scared to death, even though I’d bet you a hundred bucks he’s pretending like he’s not even thinking about this whole Azazel thing.”

Dean closed his eyes. It was true. Sam didn’t talk about the whole Sam Winchester is not to be touched thing, or what it might mean.

“Sounds to me like he had a stress migraine, with a little hallucination in there just for fun. So don’t freak out. Just keep him well fed and rested. But I’ll look into it for you.”

“Ok.” Dean exhaled hard, relief flooding him. “Thanks, Bobby.”

“So…you’re sure that’s what they were saying? Regem puerum?” Bobby sounded perfectly calm.

“Yeah. That’s what Sam said. Boy King in Latin.”

“Alright. Just want to make sure I got that right when I research it.” Bobby’s tone of voice was light, inconsequential. “OK, it’s late. You get some sleep. Oh, you should know. Your dad’s gone to track down a solid lead on this whole thing with Sam.”
“Yeah? That’s great news, Bobby.”

“Yep. Ok. Call me in a day or two, wouldja?”

“You got it.”

Dean went back to bed feeling like a heavy weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

~

Bobby hung up the phone. His face was ashen. He went to a drawer and pulled out a heavy leather-bound book. He flipped through it until he reached the page he’d been searching for. It showed an ancient woodcut of a human boy, an army of demons bowing before him, a demon placing a crown upon his head. The caption was Coronatio Regis Puerum, or Coronation of the Boy King.

“No,” Bobby whispered. “It can’t be.”

~

Reggie took a drink of coffee, hot and black, white lines of the highway passing by his window in a hypnotic rhythm. The closer to Amarillo he got, the more adrenaline flooded his system. The thrill of the hunt, no matter what he was hunting, was addictive. When he passed the highway marker for Amarillo, he smacked the steering wheel with a whoop. Elation filled him, sharpened his senses. He felt a sharp pang of hunger, and realized he hadn’t eaten enough that morning, choking down a dry minimart Danish, so eager had he been to find the boys.

His plan was to systematically try every motel in Amarillo within a mile of the freeway, then expand the radius until he found the one that contained the secret sanctuary. He saw the sign indicating Gas Food Lodging Next Exit, and moved into the far right lane to be ready to exit. Suddenly, he smelled the distinctive scent of freshly baked bread. He sniffed the air, looking around him. There was nothing, nothing that could possibly have generated that smell. The scent didn’t even seem to be entering through his nostrils. But it was there, and seemed to be getting stronger.

He passed the exit and kept driving. The scent grew stronger, warmer, tugging at him, evoking strong emotions within him. It was the scent of home, of love. Of welcome.

Reggie followed the tugging at his chest, the imagined scent, and took the next exit. When he saw the faded sign that read Jaeger Motel, he laughed out loud. “Jaeger. That’s cute.” He was no language buff, but he knew enough German to recognize the word for hunter.

He pulled over the thick white speed bump, glancing down at it curiously. He parked and walked back, bending down and scraping a thin layer off the hard surface with his knife. He wet the tip of his finger, pressed it to the clean surface he’d revealed, and brought it to his mouth. At the sharp, salty taste, he grinned. “Gotcha.”

Reggie approached the motel office. He rang the bell, and a man with dirty blond hair emerged from the office behind the counter. He smiled at the sight of Reggie.

“I’d like a room, please. Second floor, if you’ve got it.” Reggie knew the actual sanctuary couldn’t be the rooms for travelers and truckers needing an actual bed and a hot shower, but he wanted to scope out the situation first. He’d heard that at the Sanctuary, privacy was sacrosanct, so he didn’t even bother asking the man in front of him if he’d seen two young men matching Sam and Dean’s description, or asking him to deliver a message that someone was here to see them. So his plan was to watch the parking lot and catch Sam and Dean heading out of the motel.
Danny quickly looked Reggie up and down. He had the look of a hunter. “Just a regular room then?”

Reggie played dumb. “Unless you got one with a Jacuzzi.”

Danny got Reggie set up with a room and handed him the key. “How long do you plan to be staying?”

“I’m gonna play that by ear.” Reggie put a fresh toothpick between his teeth, and with a wink to Danny, walked out to find his room. Inside, he put his bag on the floor and sat down on the bed with a deep sigh.

They were here. He knew it. He could feel it. They were here.

He just needed to catch them at the right time.

He took a quick shower to wash the road grime from him, then put on his cleanest clothes, pulled up a chair next to the window, and watched the parking lot with the infinite patience of a true hunter.

~

Sam and Dean spent the day like two boys on Christmas vacation, when the weather was too bad to play outside. They ate cereal and watched TV. They drank hot chocolate. Sam brought them snacks, made them lunch, fed Dean candy. And they watched more TV. They napped on the carpeted floor, kissed each other lazily when they awoke, Dean flipping around to face away from Sam. They tugged each other’s sweats down and engaged in a blissful, drawn-out sixty-nine, laying on their sides, nursing on each other’s cocks as though suckling gently and licking and looking at each other’s cocks, memorizing every vein, was the purpose of it, not chasing an orgasm. Without either of them saying a word, they established that this was not about coming. It was about giving each other deep, sustained pleasure. Whenever one of them got close to orgasm, thigh muscles twitching, breath coming faster, the other would pull his mouth off, lay featherlight kisses on his brother’s belly, and wait for the urge to subside. Then he would take his brother’s cock into his mouth again, lick it slowly, draw his lips across it, give tiny little kitten licks on the head, and suckle it. Drawing it out as long as they possibly could.

After an hour, they began taking it up a notch, deliberately trying to get the other to break first and beg to be allowed to come. It went back and forth, Sam sucking soft and deep on Dean’s cock, just the way Dean liked, bringing him to the edge and backing off, over and over, waiting for Dean to crack. Instead, Dean worked his mouth on Sam’s cock, taking him hard and fast, moaning, the vibrations adding to the sensation, just the way Sam liked, bringing Sam right to the edge then clamping down with his hand on the base of Sam’s cock, pulling off with a laugh, green eyes fixed on Sam, waiting for him to break.

Neither one did.

Finally Dean came up with a solution. “Fuck. Sammy. I’ll let you come if you let me come.”

Sam groaned. “Deal.”

They went at each other feverishly with mouths, tongues and hands, Sam kicking off first, flooding Dean’s mouth, coming so much Dean had trouble swallowing it all. Sam moaned out his orgasm on Dean’s cock, working it with his hands when he had to pull his mouth off so he could gasp and cry out. Dean was just a few moments behind. He came on Sam’s face, spurting wet and messy all
over Sam’s lips, cheeks and neck, groans softening to whimpers.

In carnal matters, Dean was a gentleman. He repositioned himself to lie face to face with Sam, and kissed and licked his Sammy clean. Sammy was also a perfect gentleman, and willingly (eagerly) licked the taste of himself out of Dean’s mouth.

After the post-coital haze had lifted, Sammy stirred. “I want to go to that place tonight.”

“Mmm?” Dean murmured. “Which place?”

“That club.”

“What was it…Moosie’s?”

“Sassy’s.” Sam traced little patterns on Dean’s chest.

“Sure. We can do that.”

“Maybe it’ll have a dark corner or something.” Sam continued tracing little patterns with his fingertip.

Dean peered at Sam’s face.

“What you said. About what you wanted to do with me.” Another little circle. “Suck me off while people watched. Or was me sucking you off?” Sam glanced up at Dean as though he was asking the time, not asking about fulfilling only the hottest fantasy Dean Winchester had ever entertained.

“Uh. Either. Either is good.”

“Ok.”

“Sam. You really… you’re gonna let me…”

Sam smiled. “Dean. You still don’t get it?” Dean stared, waiting for Sam to explain it. “I’ll do anything you want.”

Dean pulled Sam closer, a shiver running through his body. “I don’t deserve you,” he whispered.

“Like hell you don’t.” Sam poked his finger into Dean’s chest. “So shut up and just…be happy. Wouldja?”

Dean couldn’t help but laugh. “Whatever you say, Sammy.”
Love to Love You Baby

Chapter Summary

Sam has some Adios Motherfuckers. Sam and Dean go to the club. Reggie finds the boys, just in the nick of time. Something happens that reveals more about the power of Sam and Dean’s special knives. Someone gets hurt. And Sam and Dean receive shocking news.

Chapter Notes

Author’s note: Before you read this, I need you all to be real clear on this: It will be ok.

The dark-haired man, this time in a charcoal suit, sat in the car, keeping an eye on the motel exit. His cell phone rang. “You should have been done two hours ago.”

The teenage girl with blonde hair who had been with him in the grocery store spoke. “I’ve been shopping all day.” Her voice was petulant.

“Just pick something.”

“I can’t just pick something. It’s got to be perfect. Something that will catch his eye.”

“I don’t know why you’re so fixated on him. He hasn’t even won yet.”

She twirled a lock of hair in her fingers. “He will.”

“It hasn’t even started yet.”

“I’m patient.”

“Just… pick one out, would you? And hurry up. It’ll be dark soon.”

The girl ended the call. “Unbelievable. Can’t find anything decent to wear in this town.” Suddenly her head snapped around, staring at a tall, strapping young man, 20 years old just like Dean, with haunting green eyes and dark hair, walking out of a café and heading off alone down the street. “Hello, gorgeous,” she purred. “You’ll fit just right.”

She followed him, keeping her distance until he walked past a wide alley that dead-ended at a warehouse, with several parked cars in a row. She quickly caught up to him and put her hand on his arm. “Please, can you help me? My car won’t start.” She batted her baby blue eyes at him, and predictably, he softened. “Where are you parked?” She took his arm and led him down the alley towards the cars. “It’s right here,” she gestured toward one of them. When they were safely out of sight from people on the main street, she gripped his shoulders and turned him toward her. Her head lolled backward, black smoke pouring out of her mouth and eyes, and forced its way into his mouth. The blonde girl’s body collapsed to the ground. He struggled—briefly—then calmed.
He stroked his gloved hands over his chest, down his hips, and one hand cupped his genitals. He chuckled. “Very nice.” He glanced down at the body on the ground, unmoving but still breathing. “Not that anyone would believe you, but…just in case.” He knelt down and snapped her neck. Reaching into her pocket, he removed a set of car keys and a cell phone, then he picked her body up and dropped it in a Dumpster, dropping the lid quietly. Then he strolled back down the sidewalk, pulling out a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of the jacket he was now wearing and lighting one.

He hit redial on the cell phone.

“Yes?”

“It’s Rosier.”

“Ahh. Man voice. Suits you better. Did you find something nice?”

“Oh, I found a pretty pretty boy. Sam’s gonna love him.”

“Good luck getting between the two of them.”

“Ok, so, monogamy and boy king with his own demon army don’t go together so much. Right? When he’s…ripe, I’ll be there for him.”

“Just… could you get back here? And bring coffee. And donuts. My meatsuit’s getting weak.”

“You never listen to me. What did I tell you?”

“Always bring snacks to a stakeout.”

“I’ll be there in a few. Try not to die from starvation.”

Rosier put his cell phone in his jacket pocket. He pulled a driver’s license from the wallet in his back pocket and studied the photo. “Alex Haynes. Who’s a pretty boy? You are.”

~

At Sam’s urging, Dean mixed up a small batch of Adios Motherfuckers, mostly for Sam’s benefit since Dean would be driving. Sure enough, it went straight to Sam’s head and made him loose and giggly. Dean poured the remainder of the potent liquid into a flask and tucked into his coat pocket.

“Can we go? I want to go. Come on. Time to go.” Sam plucked at Dean’s shirt.

“I guess that means you’re ready.”

Sam laughed, wiggling his hips a little on the couch in eagerness. “Oh, I’m ready. Are you ready?”

They called ahead and came through the hallway to the common room.

Juliane was on the couch, reading. Danny sat at a small table, studying a chess board, a book of chess strategy in his hand.

“Awww man… you play chess?” Sam beamed. “I play chess! We should totally play chess.”

“But not now.” Dean put his arm around Sam.

“No. Not now. We’re going out.” Sam snuggled into Dean. Liquor made Sam even more tactile
than normal.  

Juliane fixed Sam with a serious expression. “You two be really careful out there.”

“We will. We won’t be out late.”

Sam stifled a giggle. Dean walked Sam out the other door, arm in arm. “Back soon,” he called behind him.

Juliane put her book down. “Those two. They’re so…”

“Cute together?” Danny looked up.

“Yes. They just… they’re not afraid to hug and touch and be affectionate.”

Danny swallowed, and turned his attention back to the chess board.

Juliane got up, heading toward the kitchen, then stopped partway there. She stood in place, facing Danny, fidgeting. Danny cocked his head.

“Um. I was wondering if… do you think you could…”

“Whatever you need. You know that.”

“Paul told me I should practice, um… practice hugging people. And I thought… if you didn’t mind…”

Danny shut his book with a snap, and sat motionless for a moment, then he rose to his feet slowly. “I could do that. If you’re sure.”

Juliane shifted her weight from one foot to the other, making her look curiously young. “I think so. I mean, I should. I mean… yes. I’m sure.” She raised her hands awkwardly and then dropped them again.

Danny walked to her, slowly, carefully, like he was approaching a wild horse and didn’t want to spook it. “Here. Why don’t you just…” He paused. “You lead. You need to lead.”

Juliane nodded. She dropped her gaze and moved closer. He raised his arms so she could slip hers underneath. She leaned forward at the waist, and put her arms around him in an awkward A-shaped hug.

He held her so gently, barely touching her. “Good. That’s real good. That’s great for a first—“

She moved closer, straightening up, into a proper hug, her chest and stomach lightly pressed against his.

“—time.” Danny kept his voice steady, keeping the squeak out of it with great effort.

“Hmmm,” Juliane murmured.

“You ok? Is this ok?”

She breathed out. “Nice.”

Danny stared at the far wall, trying not to breathe in the scent of her shampoo, trying not to breathe in the faint scent of her, a clean scent of soap and some kind of girly lotion. Trying not to breathe at
all, or the moment would shatter, revealing itself to be not real.

Juliane nestled closer. “You’re shaking.”

“Really? Weird.” Danny laughed nervously. “So, how does it feel? I mean, are you… is it…”

“I feel safe.”

Danny closed his eyes to keep in the flare of emotion that threatened to drop him to his knees.

“I mean, I know I’m not.”

A spike of sadness mixed with a stinging lash of shame shot through him.

“No one is ever safe.” Her voice was soft, the side of her face pressed into his chest. “I learned that… when it happened. Everyone has this fantasy that they’re safe, and they just aren’t. That’s what it took from me. That illusion of being safe.” She pressed her palms against his back. “But right now? I feel safe.”

Danny’s arms tightened around her, trying not to squeeze her too much. “You are safe.” He dropped his head, daring to let himself press his cheek against her hair.

She did not pull away.

He nuzzled against her, the tiniest of movements. She made the softest of sounds.

“I promise. No one on Earth is safer than you are right now.” He held her. Just held her. Glorifying in the unexpected gift of being allowed to simply hold her.

~

Reggie sat bolt upright in his chair. Two familiar figures emerged from the main office door and walked slowly toward the back of the parking lot.

Sam and Dean.

Reggie dropped his head in his hands and exhaled, releasing a breath he felt like he’d been holding since they first discovered Sam and Dean had run away from home. He ran his fingers through his long grey hair and jumped to his feet, grabbing his car keys. He ran down the stairs gracefully, and slid behind the wheel of his car without being spotted. They pulled out, and Reggie pulled out behind them. So intent was he on following the boys without being made that he did not notice the car pull out behind him from the side of the road.

He followed their car to the south side of town, where they parked and walked, arm in arm, down the sidewalk. Reggie parked his car further down the street, and walked rapidly after them, not wanting to call out to them for fear of spooking them, hoping to catch up to them before they made it to wherever they were going. He was too late. They approached a club—a gay club, based on the posters on the front door—and flashed their IDs at a bouncer who waved them inside without looking. Reggie stopped in his tracks. The bouncer gave him an appraising, appreciative look.

“Don’t be shy. Plenty of boys in there looking for a hot daddy to play with.”

Reggie’s brow furrowed, and he took a step toward the bouncer. “I don’t play with boys.” His voice was a low rumble, gravelled and rough and full of dark promise. The bouncer took a step back, palms up. Reggie pondered his options. Follow them into a gay club where they had clearly gone as a couple, and have an impossibly awkward scene, or wait for them to come out. He swore
under his breath and stalked away. He stopped at a liquor store and got a microwave burrito, more coffee, some snacks, and a bottle of the best whiskey they had, to bring back to the motel. Then he got back into his car and settled in to wait for the boys to emerge.

He saw, but not did particularly register, a tall, dark-haired young man get out of a car and walk into the club behind them. He could not see the dark-haired man’s eyes flash black, or the bouncer’s eyes flash black in response.

~

Inside, the club was bustling. Dean slipped the flask out of his pocket and took a swig, then offered it to Sam. Sam took a deep drink of the sweet cocktail. “Yummy.”

“You really do like your candy.” Dean couldn’t hold back the grin.

Sam pursed his lips, canting his hips to the side in a surprisingly sassy move. “Yes I do.” He stuck his tongue between his teeth. “Speaking of which…” He reached into his pocket and pulled out an AstroPop. Peeling the plastic off, he stuck the end into his mouth.

Dean stared at him. “You didn’t.”

“Oh yes I did.” Sam sucked on the AstroPop, Dean’s eyes weren’t the only ones suddenly on Sam, watching his lips slide down the cone-shaped candy. Everyone within viewing range was staring. Sam dragged Dean further inside the club, stopping partway to spin around and crush his mouth up against Dean’s. Dean groaned at the taste of cherry, licking at Sam’s sugared lips. Sam pulled away with a smirk, and stuck the candy back in his mouth, sealing his lips around it and pulling it out slowly.

“Jesus, Sammy…” Dean shifted his weight, making more room in his jeans for his growing erection.

Sam leaned close so Dean could hear every word, breathing in the scent of cherry. “I want to put this right next to your cock and suck on both of them at the same time.”

Dean gripped Sam with both hands and pulled him into a fierce kiss. Then he pulled back, breathed into Sam’s ear, “What are you trying to do, Sammy? Kill me?”

“Wanna give you what you want.” Sam sucked on the candy again. “Wanna give you everything.”

The DJ spoke over the song he was playing. “Welcome, girls and boys, to Sassy’s. This is our place, where we can be free to love who we love and dance like no one cares what you look like.” The crowd roared at that. “We’re gonna kick off Old School 70s night with our theme song. So grab your partner and get on the floor because Marvin’s in the house… The familiar guitar lick spilled out of the speakers, and Marvin Gaye’s voice followed. I’ve been really trying, baby… The dance floor suddenly turned into prom night, with couples swaying back and forth with their arms around each other, many of the regulars singing along.

Sam dropped the candy to the floor and tugged on Dean’s hand. “Come on. Dance with me.”

“Sam. I don’t dance.”

“Yeah you do.” Sam remembered Dean practicing for his prom, asking Sam to pretend to be a girl so he could rehearse some dance moves and not look like an idiot.

Dean let Sam lead him onto the dance floor, and held Sam as they did the slow dance sway and
shuffle. They moved in sync immediately, moving in perfect rhythm to the music. Two boys next to them sang along, making dramatic gestures as they danced. “We’re all sensitive people…with so much to give…”

Dean held Sam close, stunned at how surprisingly intimate it was, just dancing with Sam. Dancing. With Sam. Letting his mouth move against Sam’s neck. In public. No one particularly watching. No one particularly caring.

It was glorious.

Marvin sang, I love you. Dean tipped Sam’s face up and looked him in the eyes, letting the song speak for him, feeling Sam pressed up against him.

The crowd sang along loudly on the next part. There…is nothing wrong…with me loving you… Sam’s mouth fell open. Dean forgot to breathe. Giving yourself to me…can never be wrong…if the love is true… Dean smiled at his Sammy, eyes blurring with tears. Sam stilled and offered up his mouth to Dean. Everyone around them moved and rocked and swayed to the music, with Sam and Dean, lost in their kiss, still and calm in the center like the eye of a storm.

The DJ melded the end of the song with another song, and Sam tugged Dean off the dance floor to a relatively secluded corner of the club. Sam bumped up against Dean, hard and eager, limbs a bit loose from the alcohol. He kissed Dean again, more insistent. Wanting.

Dean was torn between wanting to take Sam up on his offer, and a low rumble of warning deep in his gut. “We gotta be careful, Sammy.”

Sam’s face fell, like Dean had offered him the keys to a sports car and then snatched them back again.

Dean sighed. “I want to. I really want to. But…maybe it’s not such a good idea. Drawing attention to ourselves. We’re supposed to be in hiding, remember?”

Sam looked like he was going to cry.

A dark-haired guy bumped into them hard, knocking Dean back away from Sam, ending up face to face with Sam, both his hands pressed against Sam’s chest. “Sorry! Crowded in here tonight.” He was taller than Dean, and wore black jeans and a sleeveless white a-shirt, revealing tanned, well-defined arms and an impressive shoulder-to-waist ratio. Sam couldn’t help but stare. Even Dean had to stare, despite the anger that flared through him. He radiated charisma, or pheromones, or something altogether intoxicating. He was beautiful. Beautiful and somehow wrong.

He smiled at Sam, showing white teeth that looked natural, not purchased. He dropped his hands in slow motion, dragging them down Sam’s chest lightly.

Dean growled low in his throat.

Sam’s head whipped around to stare at Dean. So did the dark-haired young man.

“You could hear that, huh.” Dean rubbed the back of his head.

“Yeah. Outside voice.” The stranger smiled at Dean and offered his hand. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to make a move on your guy.” Something in his eyes made Dean think, That’s a lie. He’s lying.

Dean shook his hand reluctantly, a chill in his gaze. “Well, he’s taken.”
The man turned back to Sam. Suddenly Dean felt like he had ceased to exist to him, even though his hand was still being shaken. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to be a dick.” He released Dean’s hand and extended his hand toward Sam. “Alex.”

Sam shook his hand. “Sam.” Dean stared at Sam in disbelief. Sam looked at Dean with an expression that clearly said, “What?”

Alex tilted his head like a thought had just occurred to him. “Hey, you two ever do a three-way?”

For now, the demon thought. “But you can’t blame me.” He looked at Sam again, desire rolling off him in waves. “He’s beautiful.”

Dean cocked his head to the side, preparing to make a move, and Alex stepped back with a laugh and walked away.

Dean blew out a breath through his nose.

The demon wearing the Alex suit walked to the bar, leaned on the counter and watched it unfold, the jealousy he had sparked in Dean bursting through him, making him forget his earlier caution, driving him to pull Sam to the far wall of the club.

Dean grabbed Sam, kissed him deep and hard, hands roaming all over his body. Sam gasped into Dean’s mouth, grinding against him.

“I didn’t like him putting his hands on you.” Dean ran his hands down Sam’s chest as if trying to wipe the memory of the other man’s touch from his skin. “Didn’t like it at all.”

Sam responded beautifully, arching up into Dean’s touch.

“You’re mine, Sammy.” Dean put his hands on both sides of Sam’s face. “And I don’t share.”

Sam swallowed hard. Dean kissed him, fierce and deep, claiming him. He moved his hand down between Sam’s legs and cupped him. Sam squirmed, moaning into Dean’s mouth.

The demon chuckled. He got up and moved through the room, fingertips brushing against this one’s arm, that one’s neck, whispering things people couldn’t exactly hear but responded to nonetheless. The energy shifted. Some people frowned, feeling suddenly ill at ease, and left the club. Those who stayed became more handsy, surreptitious caresses becoming more overt. The demon sidled up behind the DJ and whispered in his ear. The DJ nodded like someone just said something very wise to him, and changed the song, pulling a Donna Summer 12” single out of his stack of vinyl.

Ahhhh, love to love you baby… Ahhhh, love to love you baby…

Dean snickered, but Sam’s mouth on his shushed him. His hands slipped inside Dean’s shirt, palms hot against his skin, rocking his hips forward and back, rubbing his cock against Dean’s hand.
“Don’t be jealous. I’m just for you.” Sam’s mouth, warm on Dean’s neck. “Yours.” His tongue, tickling his skin. “No one else’s.”

Sam turned around, backed up against Dean, raised his hands over his head and behind Dean’s neck in a position of surrender. He moved his hips in time to the slow rhythm of the song, grinding against Dean’s cock, watching people watching them. The freedom of it was dizzying. Sam laughed with the joy of it. Dean slipped his hands under Sam’s shirt, caressed Sam’s flat belly. Sam closed his eyes and threw his head back with a throaty sound of pleasure that Dean felt reverberate against his chest more than he heard it. Then he opened his eyes again, felt the wealth of attention on them, shivered as people witnessed him and Dean, watched them with approval and appreciation and something akin to awe.

Around them, other hands roamed, other mouths explored each other. The air was thick, heady with something that loosened inhibitions.

**Ahhhh, love to love you baby**

Sam undulated against Dean, pulling his shirt up and stroking his stomach as Dean’s hands rose to his chest. When Dean’s fingers closed on Sam’s hard little nipples, pinching lightly, Sam cried out, arching his back into it. Dean’s lips found the sensitive spot behind Sam’s left ear and teased it, increasing the pinch of his fingertips until Sam was panting and making sounds so loud Dean could hear them over the music.

Sam spun around to face Dean. He brushed his fingers over Dean’s mouth, his gorgeous pink lips, parted and yielding. “You’re so beautiful,” he breathed. Dean swiped his tongue over his lower lip and drank in Sam’s adoration.

Donna Summer moaned, repeated her mantra. **Ahhhh, love to love you baby**… her moans turning to cries of ecstasy. Shy young men found themselves shamelessly rubbing against their partner’s strong thighs, mouths open with pleasure. A girl with short hair straddled the thigh of a long-haired girl sitting on a bench seat, arms wrapped around each other, grinding against each other. A couple of not-shy young men found themselves bent over a table, pants tugged down, fingers being worked inside them.

The bouncer shut the front door and locked it. He stood in front of it with his beefy arms crossed, eyes gone black, a smile stretching his face.

The demon wearing the flesh of Alex Haynes stood in the center of the dance floor, spinning slowly with arms outstretched, then stretched his hands to the ceiling, one at a time, hips swaying, back curving side to side, dancing all by himself, reveling in what was happening.

**Ahhhh, love to love you baby**

Sam’s hands worked at Dean’s zipper. “You can do anything you want with me.” He pulled the zipper down slowly. “To me.” A shiver rattled through Dean.

The guys closest to them stared rapt as Sam drew Dean’s cock out, stroked it gently. “I’m yours,” Sam whispered. “I’ll show you. I’ll show everyone.”

Sam sank to his knees.

Dean gasped.

Sam looked up at him through his brown hair, ran his hands up Dean’s thighs. “Anything.” He took Dean’s cock in one hand, and licked a stripe up the underside, eyes fixed on Dean’s.
Dean’s head fell back, smacking into the wall. Sam swallowed his cock to the root, moaning at the feel of it in his mouth.

The demon Rosier, wearing his new Alex suit, spun around and strutted slowly in time to the music toward the far wall, an expectant grin on his face. At the sight of Sam on his knees for Dean, the grin evaporated, replaced by a look of fury. Just then, the bouncer laid his hand on his shoulder.

“Rosier. Easy.”

“He should not be on his knees,” Rosier hissed. “The other one should be on his knees for him. Worshiping him.”

“This is what He wants. Isn’t it? For him to indulge all his base urges?” The bouncer laughed. “He doesn’t care who’s on his knees.”

“It’s unseemly,” Rosier spat.

Suddenly, his head whipped to the side, nostrils flaring like he smelled something delicious. A cluster of straight kids, girls who had dragged their boyfriends to the gay club, stood with mouths agape, watching the debauchery unfolding. The girls giggled. The two young men watched with stony faces.

“Perfect,” Rosier murmured. “Fucking ideal. Just what the doctor ordered.” He circled them, came up behind them, laid his hands lightly on their shoulders, whispered in their ears. “Look at him. Look at the pervert. What he’s making that innocent boy do to him.” Fingers caressing the back of their necks. Their eyes glazing over. Hands clenching into fists. “It’s disgusting.”

Sam lavished Dean with attention, worshiping him with his mouth and tongue, with his whole soul. Dean stroked Sam’s hair, shivering at what Sam was doing to him. He was aware that people close to him were watching, watching Sam suck him down, watching Sam on his knees for Dean, showing everyone how much he wanted Dean, how much he loved him.

It was right and wrong and so intense he couldn’t stand it. He clutched Sam’s head and came in his mouth, gasping as Sam swallowed it all down, hand between his legs stripping his cock furiously until he came too, spattering the floor, even hitting the wall.

Sam panted, forehead pressed against Dean’s thigh, then stood, quickly tucking himself back in his jeans. Dean did the same. “Jesus, Sammy. I can’t believe you did that.”

Sam looked at Dean, concern bright in his eyes. “It was ok, though, right?” Dean could see it, the veil of oh god I went too far didn’t I dropping over Sam’s eyes, the flood of shame about to rise up in him, a flutter of panic.

“It was incredible. Sam. You were incredible.” He smoothed Sam’s hair back, kissed him soft and sweet. “So good for me, Sammy.” The phrase soothed Sam immediately. “I love you. So much.” Sam nestled into his arms, practically purring with satisfaction and relief that he hadn’t done something bad.

Dean looked around. People seemed confused, looking around the room like something unfathomable had just happened. A few boys were crying. As soon as Sam came, the demon lost interest in sustaining the energy that had loosened everyone’s inhibitions. Everyone was back in full possession of their faculties—and some people didn’t like what had just transpired.

“Let’s get out of here.” Dean didn’t understand what was going on—they had been so wrapped up in each other hadn’t even noticed the debauchery taking place elsewhere—but he felt a strong
desire to leave. He took Sam’s hand and led him to the door. It was unlocked and wide open, as though it had always been that way. The bouncer nodded at them as they left. “Have a nice night.”

Rosier walked to the place where they had been and crouched down. He dragged two fingers through the ejaculate Sam had spilled on the floor, and stuck them into his mouth. His eyes fluttered shut, sucking the taste off his fingers with a moan.

Then he came up behind the two young men to whom he’d been whispering. “Something should be done, don’t you think? He needs to pay.” They nodded in unison. Rosier leaned in closer and whispered, “Fuck up that pretty face of his. Go.”

He turned to the girls, flashing a dazzling smile, fixing them with all the force of his attention. “Your friends have to step out for a little bit. But that’s ok. Right?”

“Right.” The girls blinked rapidly, vacuous smiles on their faces.

He brought them to the bar and ordered them two Long Island Iced Teas. The bartender mixed them up without carding them.

“Now you just sit here quietly like good little girls and enjoy your drinks.” Rosier gestured to the bouncer to come with him, and followed the two young men out of the club, and down the street after Sam and Dean. “You make sure they don’t hurt Sam,” he said to the bouncer.

“What are you going to do?”

“Hide in the shadows and watch him learn how good it feels to take his vengeance.” Witness the boy taking another step towards becoming the King he was destined to be, he thought.

Sam and Dean walked slowly towards where they had parked the car.

The bouncer led them down a parallel street, the four of them running to get ahead of the boys. They cut through an alley connecting the two streets. Rosier took up a position in an unlit doorway to a shuttered business, nearly undetectable in the shadows. The bouncer watched from the corner. “Here they come.”

Sam and Dean walked a little further. Sam stared at a car across the street. “Dean,” Sam whispered. “Is that… oh god. Dean. I think that’s Reggie.” Sam’s face drained of color. He walked a few steps past the alley, peering at the white-haired man getting out of the parked car. The shock of recognition was so extreme, as was the fear that shot through him, that he didn’t register that Dean was no longer standing next to him.

~

The bouncer’s hand closed over Dean’s mouth as he yanked Dean off his feet and pulled him backward into the dark alley. Dean struggled, writhing in his grasp, kicking, trying to cry out for Sam, to bite the bouncer’s hand. But immediately, two more were on top of him. A fist connected with his jaw hard, sending dazzling lights exploding behind his eyes, making him dizzy.

“Fucking faggot,” the light-haired one said. Dean kicked out hard. Another fist, this time on his mouth, splitting his lip open. “Sam,” he croaked, weakly, as the blows fell hard and merciless.

“Goddamn homo,” the other one said. “You queers make me sick.” A hand reaching for the leather cord around Dean’s neck, fingers closing over the amulet. “What is this, a homo necklace? Your faggot boyfriend give this to you?” A sharp yank, and the cord broke. Dean reached out for the amulet. The young man stood up, and brought his boot forward sharply, connecting with Dean’s
chin, opening a nasty cut, rendering Dean barely conscious.

Sam stared at Reggie, face frozen in shock. Reggie shouted at him, pointed behind him, raced toward him, running flat out. Sam looked around, confused, and realized Dean was gone, and behind him, sounds of a scuffle in the alley. “Dean!” Sam turned and ran into the alley, Reggie right on his heels.

“All faggots should fucking die.” The light-haired one smashed his fist into Dean’s face again. Reggie froze, something in his eyes changing, a terrible memory called to mind.

The two guys assaulting Dean barely had time to register the presence of new players on the field when Sam was on them like a snarling, feral animal. The light-haired one raised his fist, saw it was Sam, and froze. Sam sent him flying through the air and crashing into the brick wall hard. Reggie grabbed him by the front of his shirt and laid him out cold with a single blow.

Sam fell on the second man like a thing possessed, lifting him up in the air and slamming him down on the ground, kicking him in the ribs and stomach, then straddling him and pummeling him again and again, face contorted with rage. A faint click as a tooth skittered across the concrete. Then another. The man’s hands remained at his sides the whole time Sam was hitting him. And Sam continued to hit him.

Reggie’s mouth twitched. He made no move to stop Sam.

In the shadows, Rosier clapped his hands together in silent glee. “Beautiful,” he whispered. “So beautiful.”

“And you can kill someone by breaking their nose? You just break his nose and then shove the bone up into his brain. Just hit it with the palm of your hand like this…lights out forever.

“Sam.” Sam’s focus snapped to Reggie. The hard line of his mouth showed that he knew perfectly well what Sam was on the verge of doing. He shook his head no. Sam drew his fist back, and punched him one more time, across his temple, knocking him out completely.

A large shape moved past them, as the bouncer went to flee down the street. He stopped dead. Reggie blocked his way, silver hair backlit by the street light behind him, blade drawn.

The bouncer saw the markings on the blade, and his eyes flashed black.

“Sam?” Reggie called out in a steady voice. “Demon.”

Sam’s hand went to his knife.

So did Dean’s, sitting up on his elbow.

The bouncer feinted toward Reggie then raced the other way, leaping over Dean’s outstretched legs.

Dean’s knife caught him on the thigh, slicing a gash into the meat, yellowy fat bulging out. The bouncer yelped, clutching his leg, and fell. His eyes, glittering black, opened even wider. “What
the hell?” Sweat erupted on his brow. “Oh… oh, that’s horrible.” He gripped his leg, rocking back and forth, moaning. “What is that?” He fell back, writhing in agony, heels thumping against the concrete… and then black smoke poured out of his mouth and nose, rose into the air and fled into the night sky. The bouncer blinked his eyes in confusion, coming back to himself…then lay his head down and passed out.

Sam slid over to Dean, held him in his arms. “Dean!” His hand shook as he stroked Dean’s hair, looked down at his swollen, bleeding face. Tears streaked Sam’s face. “Oh god. Dean.”

Reggie bent over the light-haired young man, smacked his cheek until his eyes fluttered open, and held the blade of his knife in front of his face. His eyes did not change. He quickly did the same to the other one. No change there either.

“Come on, son. We gotta get out of here.” Reggie knelt at Sam’s side and put his hand on his arm. His eyes were wet with tears. “Get Dean back to the Sanctuary.”

Sam and Dean stared at Reggie in shock.

Reggie smiled grimly. “Told you I was good.”

Reggie wiped Dean’s knife off on a handkerchief he pulled from his pocket and slid the knife back in its sheath, a curious smile on his face. Then he bent down, picked up Dean like he weighed nothing, and carried him out of the alley.

Behind him, Rosier emerged from the shadows. He toed the bouncer with his boot. He groaned and opened his eyes. “What happened?”

The bouncer looked around him, confused. “I was… god, I was working, and then…this thing crawled inside me and…” He stared at Rosier, memory returning. “It was evil. It made me do things. And…you.”

Rosier shook his head, and broke the bouncer’s neck neatly and efficiently. He stood up and wiped his hands on his pants. “Well, that little trick was unexpected, boys. Bet you didn’t pick that knife up at Walmart.” He chewed on a hangnail, walking back to where the man in the charcoal suit was waiting for him. “What to do, what to do.”

~

Reggie carried him quickly to his car and laid Dean, groggy but conscious, on the wide back seat. “Sam, you get your car. We’ll drive back together.”

Sam’s mouth hardened. “I’m not leaving him.”

Reggie surveyed Sam’s stubborn expression, and nodded. “Of course not.” He tossed Sam his keys. “You drive. I’ll take yours.” Sam fished the car keys out of Dean’s pocket and gave them to Reggie. Reggie got into Sam and Dean’s stolen car and followed Sam back to the motel. He breathed a sigh of relief when they passed over the salt bump. Reggie carried Dean in his arms, his blood staining the front of his shirt, and Sam led him into the inner sanctum.

Danny and Juliane jumped to their feet as Sam ran into the common room, followed by someone they did not know carrying a half-conscious, bleeding Dean.

Sam blurted out, “It’s ok. He’s with us.”

Danny shot Reggie a look as if to say, “I knew you were a hunter.” Reggie didn’t even notice.
Juliane shoved books off the long dining table. “Put him down here.”

Dean moaned as Reggie laid him down on the table. “Sam?”

Danny and Juliane both blinked in surprise at the name.

“Dean. I’m right here.” Sam touched Dean’s chest gently. Dean smiled up at Sam, blood staining his teeth. Sam pulled the amulet out of his pocket, slipped the cord around Dean’s neck carefully, and tied it together again securely. “It’s ok. I got it back.”

Dean closed his hand over the amulet like it had pained him every second it wasn’t there. “Thank you,” he whispered. Sam’s face contorted, trying hard to not burst into sobs right there in front of Reggie and everyone.

“What happened?” Danny asked, running warm water into a bucket.

“These guys. Pulled Dean into an alley. Called him… they called him…” Sam stammered, unable to continue, fresh tears spilling down his face.

“Things that ignorant fucktards call gay people.” Reggie’s face was grim. “But it wasn’t just a hate crime. Two of them were human. One of them was a demon.”

Juliane and Danny looked stunned. “What… how did you…” They spoke simultaneously.

“I’ll explain everything. As best I can. Later. We need to see to him first.” Reggie gestured toward Dean.

Juliane went to a large armoire containing a wide range of medical supplies, grabbed a few items, and returned to the table. “I need to look him over… Sam.”

Sam flinched, realizing they’d used their real names.

“It’s ok. We’ll still keep all your secrets.” Her voice was soothing. “Do I have your permission to examine him?”

“Yes. Of course.”

“Dean.” Dean blinked at the sound of his real name on her lips. “I need to check out your injuries. May I touch you?”

Dean nodded.

“I’ll do my best not to hurt you.” Juliane dipped a clean cloth in the warm water Danny brought her, and lightly swabbed Dean’s face, cleaning the blood away. Dean winced, but did not make any other sound. Delicately, slowly, she cleaned Dean’s face, revealing the injuries beneath. “Tell me if anything I touch causes a sharp pain.” She gently pressed her fingers against the bones of his face. Nothing caused Dean to speak up.

“Did they hurt you anywhere else?”

“No. Just my face.”

“Good. Ok, nothing seems to be broken. Not even that perfect nose of yours.” She smiled. Dean smiled back, and winced at the pain in his mouth. “You’re going to have a nice shiner on that right eye. You have a split lip, but that will heal without stitches.” Her expression changed as she dabbed at the blood welling on the jagged cut on the right side of his chin. “This, though.”
“What?”

“This isn’t going to heal well without stitches. And even then, you’re going to have a scar.”


“Funny.” She patted his hand. “Now, I’ve got everything we need here to stitch you up, but I’m no doctor. I can keep you from getting infected, but I can’t guarantee I’ll keep you as handsome as you were. If you want, we can take you to a hospital for a plastic surgeon.”

“No hospitals.” Three voices spoke in unison. Dean, Sam and Reggie glanced at each other.

“I can do it.” Sam’s voice was steady, assured.

Everyone stared at Sam.

“I can do it.” Sam repeated, squeezing Dean’s hand. “You taught me how. Remember?”

Dean closed his eyes, emotion rising within him at the memory. It felt like another lifetime, but it was just a few months before when he had taught Sam how to do running subcutaneous sutures on an orange peel. If you do it right, you can’t even see the seam. So like when you get your face sliced open during a hunt for being a dumbass, I can keep you looking pretty.

“Let Sam do it.” Dean looked up at Sam, his battered face soft and trusting.

Sam scrubbed his hands with antiseptic, wincing at the sting on the scrapes on his knuckles. He selected the curved needle he needed and the other tools. Juliane gave Dean a local anesthetic. The shot was clearly extremely painful for him, but he didn’t make a sound.

Reggie witnessed this with pride.

“Ok. Here we go.”

Dean touched Sam on the arm. “Keep me pretty, Sammy.”

Sam opened his mouth to say something, then snapped it shut, glancing at Reggie. “Of course.”

Then with exquisite care, Sam stitched up Dean’s laceration. Juliane leaned over, rapt, watching the technique. Sam’s hands moved with the skill of a surgeon, the grace of an artist. “Amazing,” Juliane breathed. Sam smiled shyly, but kept his focus on Dean. He moved slowly, placing each stitch underneath the surface of the skin, just the way Dean had taught him, drawing the cut closed perfectly, with the utmost care. With reverence.

Reggie watched Sam work, his face grey. “You look like you could use a drink.” Danny moved next to Reggie.

“I surely could.”

“What do you drink?”

“Whiskey. Bourbon if you have it.”

“Maker’s Mark?”

“Nice.”
Danny poured a generous shot of bourbon into a highball glass. “Ice?”

“Two.”

He added two cubes of ice and handed it to Reggie. He took his neat.

Reggie watched Sam stitch up Dean’s battered face, and drank his whiskey. His hand shook so much the ice rattled in the glass.

“You ok? Did you get hurt?”

Reggie shook his head. “Didn’t lay a hand on me.”

Danny scrutinized Reggie’s face, and read his body language.

“You’ve seen this before.”

Reggie turned his focus to Danny, piercing blue eyes challenging him to ask the question on his lips.

“I know the look.” Danny took a drink.

Reggie’s eyes softened.

“Yeah. I’ve seen this before.” Reggie took another deep drink of bourbon, trying to keep his hand steady, trying to stave off the memories of cradling Nathan, bloodied and battered, in his arms. 

*Goddamn faggots.*

Finally, Sam tied off the last of the sutures. Juliane looked upon his work with awe. “That’s just astonishing.” She shook her head in disbelief. “You could be a surgeon.”

Dean spoke up. “He could be anything.” He tried to smile without pulling the cut in his lip apart. “He’s just that good.” Sam gave a shy, pleased smile at Dean’s praise.

Juliane dressed the wound with an antibiotic ointment and covered it with a bandage. “You two look like you need some rest.” Juliane pressed a plastic bottle into Sam’s hand. “Painkillers. He’ll need them.”

“I’m moving you down here to the Sanctuary,” Danny said to Reggie. “It’s safer.”

“I’d be obliged,” Reggie said.

“It’s just us now, by the way.” Danny looked at Sam and Dean. “Everyone else has moved on.”

This thought was curiously reassuring to both of them.

Juliane chimed in. “We’ll talk in the morning.”

Danny went to set one of the apartments up for Reggie. Reggie accompanied Sam and Dean back to their apartment, Dean leaning on Sam for support.

Inside, Sam lowered Dean carefully to the couch. Dean winced. Sam brought him a glass of water and gave him a pain pill. He went to hold Dean’s hand, and pulled his hand back, wiping it on his jeans, trying not to look at Reggie. He looked miserable.

“We’re not going back, you know. So don’t think you can drag us back.”
Dean stared at Sam. They hadn’t talked about this.

“Dean. I’m not going back. Ever. I can’t, I just can’t go back to things the way they were before…” Sam struggled, wanting to say things he just couldn’t say in front of Reggie.”

Reggie sat down on a chair across from the couch. He wiped his hand across his mouth. “Before I say what I’m about to say, I need both of you to be real clear on this first. It’s ok.” He fixed Sam with a serious gaze. “You got that? It’s ok.”

Sam looked worried. “I got it.”

“And you. You got it?” Reggie turned his attention to Dean.

“It’s ok. Whatever it is.”

Reggie blew out a breath. “I know.”

Sam’s head jerked back slightly, in confusion. “You know what?”

“I know about the two of you.”

Dean shook his head no, realization dawning. Sam still could not fathom what Reggie was saying.

“You…what?”

“That you’re…together.”

Sam looked stricken.

“And it’s ok.”

Sam started to shake, panic flooding him. “Dean?”

“Son, what did I just tell you?” Reggie cocked his head.

“You said it was ok.” Sam stared at Reggie in utter disbelief. “You know? And it’s ok?”

“Yup.”

Sam and Dean stared at Reggie, trying to take in the enormity of what he was saying.

Reggie knelt in front of them, put Sam’s hand inside Dean’s, and closed both his hands over them.

“You’re in love. And you’re with each other. And you need to know it’s ok.”

Tears welled up in Dean’s eyes, and streamed openly down Sam’s face. Their hands trembled.

Reggie squeezed their hands again, gently. “And another thing you need to know right now is that I’m not here to take you back. John didn’t send me. I sent me.” He released their hands and sat back down. “I came to help you. That’s all.”

Sam let go of Dean’s hand and nearly knocked Reggie backward in his chair with the force of his hug.

“Strong fucker, isn’t he?” Reggie looked over Sam’s shoulder at Dean.

“Sam. Don’t break him.”
Sam eased up. “How did you know?” he said softly.

“It’s clear as day, if you know how to look.” Reggie patted Sam’s back. “Now you two have had a hell of a day, and I’m beat to hell myself. I could use another drink and a good eight hours of shuteye.” Sam went to Dean and sat back down next to him. He held Dean’s hand, eyes flickering to Reggie as though he was still afraid he would stand up, point his finger at them and scream, “Freaks!”

Reggie did no such thing. He simply smiled.

Then he spoke. “Now I’m not here to lay down the law, but I do need to remind you of common sense. Do not set foot outside this place again. Y’all are protected in here, and it damn well isn’t safe out there. Now I ain’t mad that you did, and what happened tonight isn’t your fault, but I’m guessing this is the first time anything bad’s happened when you left the Sanctuary, right?”

They nodded.

“I don’t believe what happened to Dean tonight was an accident.” Sam dropped his head, hit by this statement a lot harder than Reggie had any idea. “There’s demons out there, using humans for god knows what purposes, and until we figure out what the hell is going on, you two need to stay put. You need anything from the outside world, we’ll bring it to you. But you stay here. Got it?”

They nodded again.

“Reggie? What happened? With the knife?” Dean asked.

“That’s a longer story than any of us got energy for tonight. Can it wait until tomorrow?”

Dean nodded. “You’re right. Tomorrow. Better.” His voice was already a little slurred.

“Sam, you get him to bed, and get some sleep.”

Dean rose to his feet with a grimace, and extended his arms. Reggie grinned, and gave him a long, gentle hug.

“I’m glad you found us, man.”

“Me too.”

“Wish it had been a couple of minutes earlier, though.”

Reggie gave a little laugh, but Sam saw his face darken, guilt staining his features. “Me too, son. Me too.”

He left them and went to settle in to his new accommodations. “Gonna have to skip my teeth brushing tonight, Sammy,” Dean tried to joke, touching his swollen mouth gingerly.

Sam said nothing, just looked at Dean, eyes wide.

Dean got it.

“Hey. Hey. It’s not your fault.”

Sam still said nothing, but his breath came a little faster.

“Not your fault, Sammy.” Dean reached for Sam, pulled him close.
“Ok.”

“Don’t you dare blame yourself.”

“I won’t.”

“Promise.”

“I won’t.”

Sam brought Dean to bed and settled him beneath the blankets like he was the most precious thing in the world. “Guess it’s your turn to take care of me for a while, huh, Sammy…” Dean murmured sleepily.

Sam bit his lip, and stroked Dean’s chest. “Yeah. My turn now.”

The drug flooding his system, Dean was soon feeling no pain and fell into a deep sleep.

Sam stared at the ceiling, unable to sleep, thinking about how nobody had raised a hand against him, a single phrase repeating in his head.

_Sam Winchester is not to be touched._
Safe House

Chapter Summary

Sam takes care of a bruised and battered Dean. Reggie reaches out to Bobby.

Sam didn’t remember falling asleep, but he must have, because he awoke to the sound of Dean moaning in pain. The clock on the end table read 9:02 am.

“Dean?” Sam pushed himself up on his arm and stroked Dean’s hair, longer now. It had been weeks since he had a haircut.

Dean blinked blearily. “Morning, sunshine,” he mumbled, and winced.

“How much?”

Dean frowned and shook his head. He touched his jaw lightly. “I’ll be ok.” The skin around his eyes tightened. Sam knew the signs of Dean masking his pain.

“You don’t have to pretend it doesn’t hurt, Dean. I’m not Dad.” Sam dropped his hand to Dean’s chest, cradled the amulet in his fingers in a reflexive movement.

“S not it.”

Just talking was clearly painful for Dean, and Sam knew the pain meds had completely worn off during the night. He examined Dean’s face. Thinking. “Alright. Don’t pretend it doesn’t hurt because I got beat up worse.”

Dean blinked in surprise, and sighed at how quickly Sam had figured him out. “This is nothing, Sammy.” His words were slurred, face swollen, a line of dried blood on his cracked lip. “You—“

“That was different.”

Dean dragged himself to a sitting position, trying hard to keep his face from reflecting discomfort. “Not gonna whine. You set the bar high, Sammy.” Dean tried to smile, and hissed in pain as the split in his lip cracked open again.

Sam sat up all the way, dabbing at Dean’s bleeding lip gently with a tissue from the box on the bedside table. “I need to know. What hurts and how much. So I can take care of you right.” His voice softened. “And I don’t want you keeping that stuff from me anyway. That’s a bad habit to get into. Us keeping things from each other. I know what a badass you are. And I know how much pain you can take without even flinching.” He wadded up the blood-tinged tissue and tossed it neatly into the wastebasket without hitting the rim. “You’re the toughest guy I ever met. So let’s make a deal, alright? We man up and play through the pain when other people are looking. But when it’s just you and me? We don’t pretend. We say how much it really hurts. No hiding how bad it is.”

Dean frowned. “That goes for you too, right?”

Sam tilted his head to the side slightly. “Huh?”
“The other day. Shower.”

Sam closed his eyes, remembering how he’d tried to take a shower all by himself so he wouldn’t be so much of a burden on Dean anymore. Eyes still closed, he shook his head yes. “That’s fair. Ok.” He opened his eyes again. “So. How bad is it?”

Dean swallowed, wincing. “Hurts to talk.”

“Where?”

Dean touched the hinges of his jaw with both hands. He opened his mouth just a little, and indicated along the inside of his lips, where the delicate skin was abraded from being smashed against his teeth, and drew a line vertically, tracing the line of his split lip.

“Where else?”

Dean made a circle with his finger in front of his entire face, and then put his hand on the back of his neck.

“Neck hurts too?”

Dean nodded, barely moving his head.

“Headache?”

Dean whispered, “Yeah. Bad one.”

“OK. We need to get more pain meds into you. But here’s the part you’re not gonna like.”

Dean frowned.

“I need you to eat something first.”

Dean’s eyes went wide. He gestured with his hand over his battered mouth, staring at Sam as if to say, “Are you kidding?”

Sam winced, knowing how badly it was going to hurt to even take a sip of water. “If you take these pain pills on an empty stomach, you will throw up. And that would be…” Sam fell silent.

Dean knew Sam was right. He knew how horrible that would be, the spasms of throwing up wrenching his sore neck, making the headache flare into agony, the vomit forcing open his bruised jaw, the caustic stomach acid burning his lacerated lips. All with the pain pill, useless and mocking, floating in the toilet. Just the thought made Dean shudder. “Ok.”

Sam helped Dean up. They were both still in their sweats and t-shirts. Sam got Dean some fresh socks and pulled them on, stroking his calves and ankles like it felt good to do it, Dean sitting still and letting him.

“You have nice feet.”

Dean’s mouth twitched, trying not to smile. “S that a thing for you, Sammy?”

Sam blushed and stood up quickly. “No! It’s… not a thing. You just… most people don’t have nice feet. They have weird toes and stuff. You have nice feet. That’s all.”

“If it was a thing, it would be fine. Said so.”
Sam frowned. “It’s not a thing. Except that…like…every part of you is perfect and I like looking at you. That’s my thing.”

“I like your thing,” Dean whispered, all the talking starting to cause him enough pain that sweat burst out in little beads on his forehead.

Sam settled Dean on the couch, and went into the kitchen. He started a pot of strong coffee, and stood quietly for a moment, thinking. He pulled out the carton of vanilla ice cream. Heaping several scoops into a pint glass, he slid the pot free before the coffee was finished brewing, the machine pausing automatically, and poured some hot coffee over the scoops of ice cream. The coffee melted most of the ice cream, and Sam swirled a spoon through it, mixing it up into a cool, easily drinkable concoction.

He brought it to Dean, spoon in hand. “Try it.” He poured a spoonful into Dean’s mouth with exquisite care, bypassing the cuts on his lips, pouring it right onto his tongue. Dean stared at Sam in surprise. “Mmm.”

“Is that a good sound or a bad sound?” Sam looked concerned.

Dean gestured to him to try it. Sam took a sip. “Whoa. That’s really good.”

Dean nodded his head with a tiny smile in a way that clearly said, “I know, right?” He took the glass from Sam. He winced as it touched his lower lip, but he was able to drink it without too much discomfort. In fact, after a few sips, the cool liquid felt good in his mouth. He drank it all down.

“More?”

Dean raised his hand in a gesture that meant, “No, I’m good.” Sam brought him a pain pill, and Dean swallowed it, wincing in discomfort. Sam blew out a heavy breath of relief once the tablet disappeared down his throat. “You’ll be feeling ok soon. I swear.” He handed Dean the remote. “I’m going to make some cheesy eggs. Put on something you like. We’ll hang out until the meds kick in, and then we can talk to Reggie. Sound good?”

Dean gave Sam a thumbs up.

Sam poured a cup of coffee for Dean, diluting it with a generous splash of milk. Dean raised an eyebrow when Sam brought it to him, since usually took his coffee black. “I put in milk to cool it down.” Sam gestured to Dean’s mouth. Dean ran his hand across Sam’s waist and pressed it against his lower back, thanking him for his thoughtfulness without making a sound. Then he took a sip.

Sam watched him like a hawk. “Ok?” Dean blinked yes, nodding his head slightly. Sam gave another heavy sigh of relief again, and went into the kitchen, where he busied himself doctoring his own coffee with lots of milk and chocolate powder, then made a massive skillet of cheesy eggs, finely grating a huge heap of cheddar into a large bowl of beaten eggs. He tipped the bowl into the butter-slicked skillet, and stirred and stirred the eggs with a whisk, with more time and care than Dean had ever seen him take with scrambled eggs before.

He came to the couch with a heaping plate and two spoons. “I made too much. If you want some…” He settled the plate on his lap, one spoon handle pointing toward Dean, casually. If Dean felt like it.

Dean watched Sam raise a mound of steaming orange-hued scrambled eggs to his mouth, intently staring at the cartoons Dean had found, pretending that he hadn’t made the huge portion on
purpose, and that he wasn’t fighting the urge to spoon-feed Dean.

Dean laughed softly, and tried a bite, opening his mouth just a tiny bit and taking a small morsel of eggs. Sam pretended he wasn’t watching out of the corner of his eye. The eggs were perfect; all that constant stirring had created delicate, soft curds, still moist but not slimy, not so hot they stung his mouth, not so cold they were unpleasant to eat. They slid down his throat easily with just a subtle roll of his tongue, the melted cheddar mixed into the eggs completely, with no long stringy strands requiring chewing that would send pain shooting through his jaw. The flavor was rich and satisfying, yet simple and soothing, the cheese adding saltiness without gritty granules of salt sprinkled on top that would sting the cuts on his lips. And Sam hadn’t even tried to feed Dean like a baby, knowing he, with his stoicism and pride, would find that unbearable.

He’d brought him his own spoon.

Dean blinked the tears back before they made their presence known to Sam.

They ate in comfortable silence, Sam watching the cartoons, Dean’s eyes pointed in that direction but his thoughts elsewhere, taking tiny bites that did not hurt his jaw.

“Sammy?”

Sam looked at Dean, the skin above and below his right eye painted purple and dark grey, the promised hell of a shiner having materialized just as Juliane predicted, his perfect pink lips now swollen, red and cracked, his skin mottled with bruises blooming under the skin. Despite this, the look of absolute love that softened Dean’s mouth and lit up his eyes made his battered face beautiful.

“You’re right. We can’t go back.” Dean didn’t say If you don’t want to go back, then we don’t go. That would put the whole burden of the decision onto Sam, and that weight was too heavy. Besides, it was true. After what he now knew John was capable of, after he had seen that side of him reflected through the broken body of Sam, who had received a perfect replica of the brutality John (with Bobby’s assistance) had visited upon the Spivey boy, after hearing Sam’s terrified nightmare-fed screams and pleas for his dad to not hurt him…after all of that, Dean could not sleep easy under the same roof as John, let him issue commands, steer their lives where he saw fit. Not anymore.

“We just can’t. Not after what happened.” He squeezed Sam’s left hand gently. “Not after we’ve had…this.” One thing Dean knew was that he absolutely could not go back to sitting on the couch several feet away from Sam, unable to touch him because John or Bobby were in the room; go back to lying with him in their shared bed in the single motel room, unable to touch him, coax out all the sounds of pleasure Sam was capable of making for Dean because John was in the other bed a few feet away.

He could not give up having Sam all to himself. Not for anything.

The warmth of his fingers and the look in his eyes were enough for Sam to intuit what he meant, what he wouldn’t part with. He blew out a shaky breath, blinking back tears of such sharp relief that Dean realized Sam had been strung tight about this since the night before, when he declared to Reggie that he wasn’t ever going back.

No. Longer than that.

“I’ll figure something out, Sammy.” For all John’s agonized regret over what he had done and where it had led, Dean knew John would not simply or easily allow his boys to run away for good.
But he’d find a way.

Sam squeezed Dean’s knee. “We’ll figure something out.” He leaned forward to kiss Dean—and pulled back. “Your mouth…” he whispered. Dean’s mouth was a mess. He couldn’t kiss him.

Dean froze, realizing that until his mouth healed, he wasn’t going to be able to kiss Sam. The pain that shot through him at the realization felt physical.

Sam whimpered softly, not even realizing he’d done it. He put his hand on the back of Dean’s head gently, like he was going to kiss him, but instead, he brought his lips to Dean’s throat. Sliding his mouth to the side, he nuzzled Dean’s neck, soft mouth parting, exhaling warm breath that tickled Dean’s skin. Dean arched back, baring his neck to Sam. Sam brought his other hand up to cradle his head, holding all the weight of it, protecting his wrenched muscles.

Always protecting Dean.

Dean let his head relax into Sam’s strong hands and made a soft sound of pleasure as Sam nuzzled his neck, kissing him the only way he could.

~

Reggie had opted to wait until the morning to call Bobby. But before he did, he asked Danny for a tour of the Sanctuary. Danny was pleased to show off all the features, explaining how he and his friends had planned and built the elaborate structure, and all the creative safeguards they had devised. Thoroughly impressed and even more comforted than he had been initially, he excused himself and went to fill Bobby in.

“Ratkins Construction.”


Bobby’s sigh seemed to stretch out forever. “Thank god. ‘Cause I think we got real trouble.”

“Yeah we do.”

“What? Wait… ok. First. Where are you?”

Reggie poked through the cupboards of the apartment’s kitchen, and pulled out a bag of ground coffee. “Amarillo. I’m inside the Sanctuary.”

“You are not.”

“I most certainly am.”

“Damn. THE Sanctuary? Is it really—wait. Later. The boys are there?”

“You are not.”

“Yup.”

“What kind of trouble are you talking about?”

Reggie filled the coffee maker’s reservoir with tap water. “What kinda trouble are you talking about?”

“Dean said Sam had…well, it sounded like a vision.”

Reggie frowned.
“Not a dream. Middle of the day thing. Just out of the blue. Head pain and bam! Demons all around him chanting Regem Puerum. That means—“

“I do know Latin. What do you take me for, a blunt little tool?” Reggie’s voice was soft, making it clear he was just ribbing Bobby. “Actually, I don’t know Latin that well. I got the first word. King.”

“Second word is boy. Boy king. As in, the prophecy of the Boy King. Human boy handpicked by evil to serve Lucifer and lead the demon hordes. Enslave mankind. Hell on Earth. That Boy King.”

Bobby flipped through the pages in front of him. “As far as I can tell, it’s some sort of competition. A few are chosen. Not sure how or why. But the strongest of them becomes this Regem Puerum. And all hell breaks loose—literally.”

“That’s not good.” Reggie put his hand on the kitchen counter and slumped over.

“That’s really not good. So…what’s your bad news?”

Reggie filled Bobby in on the events of the evening, how Dean was yanked into the alley almost right in front of him and been attacked by two human men controlled, or at least egged on, by someone possessed by a demon.

“What the…? Is Dean ok? Is Sam ok?”

“Dean got a real nasty cut on his face. Sam sewed him up real nice, though. He may not even scar. And Sam didn’t have a scratch on him.”

Neither of them said it out loud, the phrase that echoed in their heads.

Neither of them had to.

“Sam beat the hell out of the guys attacking Dean. Nearly killed one of them. He…I think he was going to beat him to death.”

“You’re not gonna hear tears of sorrow from me on that one.”

“Bobby…I think… that’s what the demon wanted.”

Bobby was stunned into silence.

“It’s just a feeling I got. But it was a strong one. They singled out Dean, but didn’t hurt him too bad, or kill him. Just enough to put Sam into a rage. Make him lose control. And when Sam laid into them, they didn’t lift a finger to protect themselves.”

“Reggie, what the hell is going on?”

“That, I do not know.”

“I’m sure glad you found them. When are you all coming home?”

“Yeah. About that.” Reggie ran his fingers through his hair.

“You are bringing them home, right?”

“They don’t wanna go.” Reggie poured a cup of steaming coffee and took a sip. “And I don’t think they should.”
“Dammit it, Reggie, the safest place for them is—“

“Right here.”

“What?”

“This place. It’s a fortress. I’ve never seen the like. They got protections here I’ve never even heard of. I’m telling you, there’s no better safe house for them than right here. But even if it wasn’t the safest place, Sam doesn’t want to come back. He told me so. And I respect that.”

“He’s just a boy, he—“

“He’s not a boy. Not an ordinary boy. You know that. You knew that before any of this ever happened.”

Bobby’s silence admitted the truth.

“He’s already more of a man than I was at twice his age. Smarter. Braver. More…”

“Good.”

Reggie laughed softly. It’s not a term Sam would appreciate being applied to him, but it was accurate. “Yep. Good. So if Sam’s decided he doesn’t want to come back, I’m not going to try to make him. Not while he’s got this resource at hand.”

“Is it…he won’t come back because of me and John? What we did?”

Reggie took another swig of coffee. “Yes. And the other thing. I think they really like being able to, um, be themselves, and not have to hide. I think it’s important they have that right now, with what’s going on. Maybe more important than anyone knows, he thought.

“They’re running around that place acting like a couple?” Bobby sounded shocked.

“I do believe they were, yes.”

“They don’t know… they don’t know, do they?”

“Folks that run this place? No. They think they’re a nice young couple. The boys gave ‘em fake names, but they let their real ones slip last night. Dean was all kinds of messed up, and called him Sam. Just the first names though.”

“They might figure out the rest. Some hunters have heard of Sam and Dean Winchester now.” Bobby frowned.

“I’ll take care of that. Not to worry.” Reggie would think of something. “Something else you need to know. Dean stabbed one of them, the demon, with one of the knives I made. Just caught him in the leg. But it drove the demon clean out.”

“It exorcised it?” Bobby whispered.

“Yep.”

“Was that… did you… make it that way on purpose?”

Reggie laughed. “No. Well, not exactly. Those knives are special. I don’t even know all of what they might do. But they have a lot of potential in the right hands.”
“Looks like they’re in the right hands.”

Reggie nodded. “Oh yes.”

“I better call John and let him know you’re with the boys.”

“Don’t tell him where we are.”

Bobby was silent, thinking.

“He’d come here. And he can’t come here. They need to be with each other right now. Without having to hide.”

“But you’re there.”

“I told them I knew. Told ‘em it was ok.”

Bobby whistled, a sound of disbelief. “How’d that go over?”

“Never saw two people needing to hear something so bad in my life.”

“They…they don’t know I know?” Bobby’s voice cracked.

“Oh no. No. It’s not my place to tell them that.”

“Thank god.”

“Hey, Bobby, there’s something we need from you. Bad. Those anti-possession talismans you showed me? I think they could really use them. Me too, for that matter. Can you send ‘em to us?”

“Sure,” Bobby said. Bobby scribbled down the address. “Tell them I love them both, wouldja? And keep an eye on Sam. If he has any more visions. But don’t say anything about the whole Boy King deal. I need to find out more first. Joseph has some manuscripts from the Achaemenid Empire that he thinks can help us. He’s going over them now. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

“Alright.”

Bobby hung up the phone. “Call you from the front lobby, is what I’m gonna do.” He hauled himself onto his feet and thumped up the stairs to his bedroom. He pressed what looked like an ink stain on his desk, and a small piece of wood lifted free. He removed a carved box from inside the hidden compartment, and worked the puzzle lock to open it. Nestled inside were four talismans carved with a stylized pentagram inside a circle edged with sun flares. He closed the box again and set it on the bed, and pulled open his closet, flinging clothes into a military duffel bag.

He stopped in his tracks, as though he’d just remembered something critically important. He raised one arm slowly and sniffed his armpit. His eyes squinched shut. “Shower first.” He walked toward the bathroom. “With bleach.”
Blood Sugar Baby

Chapter Summary

Sam takes care of Dean some more. Reggie pops in for a chat, which takes a few enlightening terms. John pays a trip to an old friend.

Sam didn’t ask Dean if he wanted tea. He just got up from the couch, hand brushing across Dean’s shoulder as he rose, and put the kettle on. Dean leaned back on the couch, putting his feet up on the coffee table, and lightly touched the bandage on his chin.

“Don’t mess up my stitches.” Sam pulled a box of Lipton tea bags out of the cupboard and a jar of unpasteurized honey he’d picked out at the grocery store.

“Wanna see.”

“Can you wait until I get fresh bandages from Juliane at least?”

Dean nodded and slumped back on the couch, watching the History Channel, or as he liked to call it, the War Channel.

Sam brought over a tray with two mugs of tea, a spoon and the jar of honey. He stirred a rounded spoonful of honey into Dean's mug. “I know you don’t like too much honey but it’s really good for you.”

Dean took it gratefully and held the mug in both hands, enjoying the warmth of it on his fingers, but he didn’t drink it right away.

“Go ahead. I put in a couple of ice cubes so it’s not so hot.”

Dean made a sort of wobble with his head, effectively communicating he was impressed with Sam’s thoughtfulness without saying it in words. He brought the mug to his mouth, wincing as the warm ceramic touched his mouth. Sam sprang to his feet. “Shit. I’m sorry.” He bounded into the kitchen and came back with a straw.

Dean stuck it into his tea and took a sip. “Mmmm.” The warm liquid was soothing on the scrapes inside his mouth and on his tongue from where he bit it while being hit. It was immensely soothing to his throat, easing the scratchiness and dryness from breathing through his mouth all night due to his nose being swollen.

“Better?” Sam stared at him hopefully.

“Yeah.”

Sam smiled, relief easing the tension on his face a little, but not eliminating it entirely.

It still hurt to talk, despite the pain medicine now active in his bloodstream. So he used his eyes to ask the question on his mind. Sammy? What’s wrong?

They knew how to read each other’s faces so perfectly, they could have entire conversations
without speaking a single word.

“Nothing.”

Dean frowned slightly.

Sam sighed. “You’re right. I just finished saying no secrets. It’s just…I hate seeing you hurt. Especially when…I mean…” Sam pushed his hair out of his eyes. “Dean, why didn’t they do anything to me?”

A shrug. I don’t know, Sammy. Does it matter?

“I think…I think that’s important, Dean.”

Dean gave a tilt of his head. You remember what the demon said?

“I know, I know, Sam Winchester is not to be touched.” Sam’s cheeks grew more pale. He didn’t like remembering that, let alone saying it. Because of the fear of not knowing why one of the most powerful demons in existence had issued a protective order on his behalf. “But the demon…it let them hurt you.” He didn’t dare speak the thought that followed. Maybe even wanted them to hurt you. “Why would it do that?”

Dean took Sam’s hand. “Evil.” This, he said out loud.

Sam dropped his head. He couldn’t put into words what had been roiling in his head since it happened. While it happened. The strong sense that it had been entirely, brutally deliberate. The sensation that someone—something—nearby but unseen was delighted to see it happen. Someone watching. Gloating. Someone who thought the sight of a bloodied Dean on his back, of Sam beating a man’s face to a slick, broken mass of flesh, was…(beautiful) somehow according to plan.

Dean tugged on Sam’s hand, prodding him to look up at him. “Evil,” he said again, and shrugged. Evil doesn’t need a reason.

Sam swallowed and nodded. “You’re right. I’ll stop trying to psychoanalyze demonic motivations.”

Dean smiled—and winced as the movement pulled at his split lip. Sam shook his head, clearing his mind of the troublesome thoughts, and scooped up a bit of honey onto his fingertip. “Hold still.” He dabbed the honey along the cut on Dean’s lip, touching him so lightly that he didn’t feel a twinge of pain. Again, Dean felt a surge of gratitude and amazement at how tender Sam was with him.

Sam smeared the rest of it over Dean’s mouth. “Don’t lick it off, ok?”

Dean gave him a look. This is me you’re talking about.

“I know. You can’t keep from licking your lips anyway.” It drove Sam mad. Had for years. The way Dean’s tongue just swiped across his lower lip a hundred times a day. Not fast and nervous, but sensual, and sometimes so slow Sam swore it had been deliberate, the way Dean looked at him, at his mouth, his hands, his bare stomach, and dragged his tongue oh-so slowly across his lip. Sam had wanted to kiss and lick and nip the teasing expression right off his face.

And Sam was right. Sometimes it was deliberate. But sometimes it was just Dean’s unconscious habit.

“I know you can’t hold out for long. But try, ok? At least don’t lick the cut.”
Dean nodded. *I’ll try, Sammy. For you.*

Sam looked at Dean’s mouth, glistening with honey.

Sam loved honey.

He exhaled, a little snort of breath. Dean ghosted his fingertips over Sam’s lips. *I know, sweetheart. I want to kiss you too.*

Sam blinked rapidly. He had such a thing for Dean’s mouth. And they both knew it. And now it was off-limits, swollen, cut and abraded.

Dean whispered, “Soon.” Sam looked at the floor, nodding quickly, trying not to let his *selfish* disappointment at not being able to kiss Dean show on his face. Dean took Sam’s hand and pulled him to his feet, brought him to the wall and pushed him gently against it. “Shhh…” Dean whispered. He leaned close, eyes taking in every flicker of emotion on Sam’s face. Again, he brushed his fingertips over Sam’s lips. He moved in, like he was going to kiss Sam, his mouth so close to Sam’s they could each feel the warmth of the other’s parted lips. But he did not close the distance. Instead, he stroked his fingers across Sam’s cheek.

He pulled back, watching Sam’s face. Then he did it again, moving his mouth so close it almost touched Sam’s, and ghosted his fingers across Sam’s face.

Sam got it. His eyes went wide.

Dean did it once more, bringing his mouth as close as he could get without making contact that would cause pain, transmitting the soft fluttery sensation of his lips touching Sam’s with the soft stroke of his fingertips.

Sam gasped, tipped his head back against the wall, let Dean kiss him and kiss him and kiss him again, the only way he was able.

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The phone rang. It was Reggie, calling from his apartment. “You boys ready to talk?”

“Yeah. Come on over.” Sam hung up the phone. “Reggie.” Dean nodded, and settled back down carefully on the couch. He shrugged his shoulders and rolled his head in circles. Sam took note. Almost immediately, there was a knock on the door.

Sam let Reggie in. Without asking, he gave Sam a hug. A long one. Sam was startled, but relaxed into it, hugging him back hard. Reggie pulled back and thumped Sam’s shoulder, looking over at Dean. “How’s your guy?”

Sam and Dean’s eyes went wide. Reggie hadn’t said Dean, or your brother.

Reggie rolled his eyes. “I told you it was ok.” He walked over to Dean and sat down. “Funny thing how the second day of an ass-whupping hurts a hell of a lot more than the first.”

Dean laughed, nodding.

“He takin’ good care of you?”

Dean’s eyes softened. “The best,” he said softly.

Reggie turned his attention to Sam. “And you. How are you?” His eyes searched Sam’s face for
signs of emotional trauma. Clearly he saw or sensed something, because he looked at Dean.

“He’s better.”

“I’m a lot better now,” Sam said in a cheerful tone of voice, clearly not wanting to talk about his own issues at the moment. “You want some coffee or tea or something? There’s some leftover scrambled eggs too.”

“Coffee and eggs sounds great.” Reggie shot Dean a look. Dean mouthed the word “Later.”

Sam heated up a cup of black coffee, still fresh but cold now and reheated the eggs that remained in the pan. Reggie checked Dean over. “What’s that on your mouth?” Dean pointed toward the honey with a glance at Sam as if to say Sam made me do it. Reggie’s thick eyebrows went up. “Real smart, Sam.” He leaned in toward Dean and rumbled, “Those cuts are gonna heal up a lot faster.”

Sam pursed his lips and looked at Dean. Dean was not the only one who could say things without words, and Sam’s expression clearly said I told you so.

Sam brought Reggie his plate of eggs and coffee. Reggie inhaled the eggs in a few quick bites, and nodded appreciatively at the strong coffee. “Guess you boys went food shopping.”

Sam stared at the floor like Reggie had just smacked his nose with a rolled-up newspaper.

“I’m not giving you grief. But I’ll take care of the grocery shopping from here on out. Ok?”

They both nodded.

“How are you fixed for money?”

Sam and Dean looked at each other. Sam’s brows furrowed almost imperceptibly. Dean took a deep breath and blew it out. He looked at Reggie, then closed his eyes and nodded.

Sam spoke. “There was this creep who tried to pick us both up…” Sam laid out the whole story. Reggie scowled as Sam described how the old man propositioned them to come back to his house and make a porno, but the scowl disappeared at the tale of how Dean stole his leather satchel. His eyes widened as Sam described the huge bag filled with cocaine they found inside, and the stacks of money. He nodded his approval when Sam said they’d flushed the coke down the toilet and burned up the empty baggie, wallet and leather satchel to leave no evidence behind.

Reggie pulled out a toothpick and chewed on it. “He sounds like he wasn’t exactly a fine upstanding citizen.” He fixed them both with a stern look. “I’m not saying it’s ok to steal from people. Because it’s not.” He gnawed on the toothpick. “But that one…sounds like it ain’t so bad.” He cocked his head at Dean. “So…how much you get?”

Dean gave a small smile, careful not to pull his split lip open again, and held up both hands.

“Ten…ten grand?”

Dean nodded, eyebrows raised. Reggie looked to Sam for corroboration. “Close to 11, actually.”

Reggie shook his head. “Hell. Wish I’d rolled that fucker myself.” He winked at Sam. “I’ll teach you two how to cheat at poker if you keep me fed.”

“Deal,” Dean said. Words without consonants that required him to purse his lips together were easier to say without pain.
Reggie sat back in his chair. “Now. Can I see your knives?”

Sam pulled his knife out from the sheath on his hip, as did Dean. Reggie laid them on the table, Sam’s on the right, Dean’s on the left.

He examined them carefully.

“That binding ritual? What exactly did you do?”

Sam stared at Dean, eyes wide.

Reggie read the look that passed between them.

“Ah.” He cleared his throat. “I’m sorry to have to ask about your personal business. But it’s important. So… sex magic?”

Dean frowned at the word magic.

Reggie grinned. “Son, the things you’ve seen and heard of, and you don’t believe in magic?”

Dean went to chew on his lower lip and stopped himself.

Sam spoke up. “It’s not that. We know about that stuff. Well, we know OF it. But…”

“It’s the word. Magic. Makes you think of people in robes leaping around a bonfire calling the quarters.”

Dean nodded.

“I can see that. But magic… That force, that type of energy, whatever it is, it exists. No matter what you want to call it. And I agree, there should be a better word. One that’s not so damn Dungeons and Dragons. But it’s what makes talismans and wards and all kinds of things work.”

“Like the knives?”

“I was coming to that.” Reggie picked up Sam’s knife, turned it in front of him, thumb running along the edge. “Someone very skilled taught me how to make knives that were more than just blades. It’s hit or miss, you know.” He glanced at Dean. “Sometimes I just make a real pretty blade. I try real hard to… pour more into it. But it doesn’t always work. Hell, it usually doesn’t work, if I’m being honest.”

He set Sam’s knife down to the left of Dean’s knife.

“These knives were special. Made for two specific people, as a matched pair.” Reggie looked past Dean, at the blank white wall behind him. “Just like they were. A matched pair. Soulmates.”

“You said. You said they were killed before you could give it to them.” Sam’s voice was soft.

“That was only half true.” Reggie turned his piercing blue eyes toward Sam. “One of them died. My partner. Nathan.”

“Your partner,” Dean said. He looked at Sam, then back up at Reggie. “Wait. Your partner? You’re…”

“Son,” Reggie drawled, “once you get over the age of 30, referring to someone as your boyfriend gets a little weird.”
Dean stared at Sam, then at Reggie again.

“What’re you looking so surprised about? You really didn’t know? All this time, I figured you had me pegged for a man’s man.” Reggie gave Dean an amused look.

Sam cocked his head. “I knew that, actually. But I don’t know how. No one told us.” Sam and Dean fell silent, thinking hard. Bobby and John had never said a word about it. Out of all the stories they’d ever heard about the legendary Reggie Beaumont, none had ever included a single detail about his romantic inclinations. The most legendary living hunter in America. A lethal shot with an eagle eye, skilled knife-maker, dogged and determined, smart as hell, possessed of uncommon bravery. Had a partner he hunted with until he got killed. But not a word about his sexual orientation being other than the standard heterosexual.

Dean stared at Reggie with even more admiration than he’d ever shown before.

“Anyway. I made these knives for me and Nathan.” Reggie paused, struggling to maintain composure. “After he was killed, I put these knives away. I couldn’t get rid of them, and couldn’t just pass them on to anyone.” His eyes met Sam’s. “But then I heard about John Winchester’s sons. His youngest, beat to hell and tied up, tapping out a signal in Morse code so’s his family could find him. Who stood up to days of torture without once begging for mercy.”

Sam looked embarrassed but proud. Dean looked at Sam with that mix of genuine awe and love so sharp it brought tears to his eyes.

“And his badass big brother, who killed all but one of those that took him, single-handedly, and rescued him.” Reggie’s blue eyes were now fixed on Dean, spearing him like they were looking into his soul. “When I heard that, I knew who these knives belonged to.” He stroked the blade of Dean’s knife. “I didn’t know ‘till I met you in person how right I was.” He took the toothpick out of his mouth. “I saw that you were soulmates the second I saw you together. Just like how I knew Nathan was mine the first time I saw him.”

He sat back again. “Go on. Take ‘em.” He indicated toward the knives. Sam reached for the knife on the left and Dean for the one on the right, and they put them back in their sheathes. Reggie’s mouth twitched. “I switched them. How’d you know which one was yours?”

Sam started to speak. “Easy. You can just tell which one is…” He fell silent.

“They’re identical. So how’d you know?”

“I just did.”

Reggie nodded. “That binding ritual. It was a good one. Each knife is bonded to one of you, not just to each other and you two as a pair. But…” He paused. “I’m sorry to ask. But was there something special about that ritual, with the two of you? Something more than what you usually…”

Dean blushed. He blushed as red as Sammy, whose cheeks also flared crimson. “Our first time. Um…”

Sam took a deep breath, as if to steel himself, looked at Reggie to reassure himself it was ok, and then the words poured out of him, as if the freedom to talk about this sort of thing with a respected authority figure, knowing there was no risk of judgment, was intoxicating. “We’d done other stuff, but we’d never gone all the way. I mean, Dean had, you know, with girls…” The subtle layer of hiss on the word girls was not missed by Dean or Reggie. “But I’d never done anything, at all, with
guys or girls, and he’d never been… you know… never had a guy, um, you know, and he’d never done that to a guy—“ Suddenly Sam froze. His eyes searched Dean’s face. “Right?” His voice was soft, questioning.

Dean reached out for Sam’s hand. “Never.”

Sam swallowed hard, afraid to ask.

“Any of it. Just you.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered shut, trying to hold in the relief that washed through him. Dean pulled him down on the couch next to him. “Only ever been you, Sammy,” he forced out through his stiff jaw. He put his arm around Sam. Sam relaxed immediately, like he did whenever he was in physical contact with Dean.

Reggie coughed. “So you were both virgins.”

Dean frowned at Reggie, his pride rebelling at that word being applied to him.

“With men,” Reggie clarified. “In that particular way.”

Dean nodded, appreciating that Reggie was decorous enough to not name that way out loud and make Dean blush even harder.

“And the ritual you came up with?”

“We cut each other.” Sam drew an imaginary line down his chest with his fingers. “So it bled. And we wiped the blood off each other with our knives. So the blood mixed, like you said.”


“What?” Dean asked.

“When I made these knives, I wasn’t even sure what I was doing, other than making us a matched set with wards against evil, and symbols that could trigger demons into exposing what they were. But while I made them, I couldn’t stop thinking of Nathan. I just had that feeling in my chest, you know. That bright feeling when you love someone so much, it feels like it’s lighting you up from inside?” He looked at Sam and Dean. “I know you know that feeling.”

Sam smiled, shy but proud, and squeezed Dean’s hand.

“While I was making them, I just had that…that light in me, the whole time. Every step of the process.” Reggie rubbed his mouth. “I tried to put all of that love into the knives. I don’t even know why. It just felt like…what the knives wanted.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other, both thinking of when they’d carved their initials into each other’s flesh, and Sam had smeared his own blood over Dean’s blood on his blade, and Dean had done the same, following his lead.

“What made you think to do that?”

“I don’t know. It just... seemed like that’s what the knife wanted.”

Sam told Reggie about it, the second time they had done a blood ritual with the knives. And how the blood had warmed beneath their fingers, the mingled blood absorbing into the blades. Like that’s what the knives wanted.
Reggie ran his hands through his hair. “Whoa. You two…that’s a powerful connection you have. Maybe…”

“What?” Dean asked.

Reggie shook his head. “Tell us.” Dean insisted.

“Maybe it’s because you’re brothers as well as lovers. Maybe that’s the key. That kind of pure love, that bond…it’s as close to being one flesh, one heart as humanly possible.”

Sam and Dean sat with that for a moment, blown away by the implications of what Reggie had said. That their being brothers was not something wrong and disgusting, but made their love somehow more pure, more profound.

Finally, Dean spoke. “My knife. It did something to the demon.” They all remembered. The demon writhing in agony from a relatively harmless slash on his thigh. That’s horrible. What is that? Then the demon itself rising into the air, leaving its stolen vessel.

“Demons don’t understand love. They hate it. It reminds them of the human they used to be, before they were twisted and turned. They can’t bear the sight of love.” Reggie took a deep breath. “Those knives were built with a real special love, all the way through them, part of their actual structure. And you two, your shared blood, the living essence of the love you have for each other…the knives absorbed it. I think when you cut that demon, that blood got inside it. And it couldn’t stand it. It was like poison.”

Sam took his knife out of the sheath and stared at it. “So…you’re saying we have knives that can poison demons? Exorcise them?”

Reggie nodded his head, a smile spreading across his face. “Son, I believe you do.”

They sat in silence for a long time, taking this in.

Dean broke the silence. “Awesome.”

~

Reggie filled them about how glad Bobby was that Reggie had finally found them, how he had explained he was not going to bring Sam and Dean back, and how, after balking initially, Bobby had backed down when Reggie had stood up for them. Sam looked relieved. Dean looked at Reggie like he was the second coming.

Reggie then told them how John had taken off on a solid lead that promised to help them figure out what Azazel’s interest in Sam was, and how to stop him. Sam and Dean looked like a weight the size of the Empire State had been lifted off their shoulders. Dean couldn’t keep his hand off the handle of his knife, and his green eyes were bright with hope, the first hope he’d felt in ages. Bobby not insisting on dragging them out of there, John off finding some solid answers, both of these things were a huge relief. But the biggest relief of all was what Reggie had said about their knives. Knowing they had such powerful weapons at hand, weapons that could keep Sam safe from demons…no painkiller was as powerful as that knowledge.

“Hey, do you think these knives would work against Azazel?” Sam’s cheeks were flushed pink like he’d been drinking, but it was just elation that colored his face.
Reggie’s brow furrowed. “That I can’t say for sure. The really high-level demons, things like holy water and salt don’t work on them.”

The worry crept back onto their faces. Reggie held his hands up, palms out. “Hey. You’re damn well safe here. I got the nickel tour. They got things built into this place that Lucifer himself couldn’t get past.” He took the last sip of his coffee, long gone cold but still good. “I don’t know if your knives would exorcise him. But I’d bet good money he wouldn’t like it one bit. And if it had that effect on one demon, they should work on any lesser demons that you should find yourself up against.” He glanced at Dean. “Probably a good idea to try and recharge them, I guess.”

Dean tried to keep his expression impassive, and not let the little smile that wanted to curl up at the corners of his mouth come out. He wasn’t one for crazy things like blood kink, but marking Sam like that, a call and response where the call was sharp steel and the response was sung in blood, was surprisingly intoxicating.

“Reggie…um, can I ask… how did Nathan die?”

Reggie was quiet. “Yes. You can ask.” He remained silent for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

“Was it on a hunt?” Dean asked, not feeling much pain at all, high from the pills and the sheer joy that maybe that gleam he saw was the light at the end of the tunnel.

“No. It wasn’t anything supernatural that killed him.” Reggie took a breath. “If I’m gonna tell this story, I need liquor. And lots of it.”

Sam went to the kitchen and opened the cabinet they’d designated the liquor cabinet. “Take your pick.” Reggie chose the top-shelf bourbon. Sam handed him a tumbler. “Get two more,” Reggie rumbled. “You might need a shot.” Sam filled a bowl with ice cubes.

They sat back down, Sam and Dean on the couch and Reggie in the chair opposite. Reggie dropped a cube of ice in his glass and poured bourbon over it until it nearly filled the glass.

Dean glanced at the level in his glass but said nothing.

Reggie took a long sip. “Nice.” His voice was a low purr. “I knew I liked you two for a reason. Damn fine taste in whiskey.”

“We got that from Bobby.”

“Good man.” Reggie took another deep breath, and then a deep drink of whiskey, downing half the contents. He glanced at Dean. “I don’t talk about this. Ever. It’s not…easy for me.”

Sam leaned forward, brushing his hair back with both hands. “Hey, you don’t have to. I shouldn’t have asked.”

Reggie held up his hand. “It’s alright. You two really should know.” He sat up straight. “We met on a hunt. Wendigo. Nasty fucker. We teamed up to take it out. I knew some people he’d worked with. Vouched for him. Turns out he was a damn fine hunter. Fearless. Better shot than me. Patient as all get out. And calm. Didn’t get worked up. By the time we tracked it down and burned the beast, we were… I knew the moment I saw him. Took him a little longer to warm up to my ugly mug.”

Dean and Sam exchanged a disbelieving glance. Reggie was ruggedly handsome by anyone’s estimation.
“He said it took him five minutes to realize I was it for him.” Reggie smiled. “Anyway, that was that. We were together, from that moment on. For the next ten years.” Reggie finished the whiskey in his glass and refilled it halfway. He put a splash in Dean’s glass. “You’re on pain pills, so you only get a taste.” He gave Sam a generous shot and pushed the glasses towards them.

Reggie stared at his glass, watching tiny bubbles released from being trapped in the melting ice falling into line around the rim of the largest ice cube. “We hunted together. We lived together. Nobody asked any questions. Not in the hunter community. Cheaper to share one motel room. Right? Sure, we got some looks from some motel clerks, but not often. We were both…you know… dudes.”

Sam and Dean laughed. Sam said, “Yeah, you’re kind of the Marlboro Man with a salt gun.”

“Anyway, we didn’t usually have to worry about that sort of thing. We just kept each other safe from the ghoulies and ghosties. But we forgot the first rule.” Reggie swirled his glass, causing the ice cubes to clink against the sides of the tumbler. “Some monsters are human.”

He took another drink, lips curling back at the burn of the whiskey in his mouth. “It was summer. We took a few days off to see a rodeo, hear some live music at the county fair. It was a warm night, we had some beers in us, we were feeling pretty happy. So we got a little affectionate. In public.”

Sam picked up his glass, sensing where this was going, and took a drink.

“Nothing much. Just slow danced together a little. And I kissed him.” Reggie closed his eyes against the memory. “Some good ol’ boys saw us. And they didn’t like it one bit.” Reggie looked up at the ceiling, blinking rapidly. “They followed us to the parking lot and jumped us. We fought like hell, and got in some good licks, but there was five of them. Five pissed-off rednecks with sticks and pipes.”

“Jesus,” Dean whispered. Sam was absolutely pale, trembling.

“They called us faggots and queers, and beat the shit out of us. ‘Cause we were dancing and I kissed him.”

Dean took Sam’s hand. It was shaking.

“Someone finally saw, and people came running. I, uh, crawled to Nathan. At least I got to hold him when he…” Reggie took another drink.

“When…he died?” Sam’s voice was hushed, horrified.

“In my arms.” Looking up at him, blood streaming from a wound on his head, somehow smiling at him, whispering love you baby…Reggie squeezed his eyes shut, but the traitorous tears snuck out underneath and escaped down his cheeks in parallel trails.

Suddenly Sam was on his knees at Reggie’s side, burrowing into his arms like an insistent puppy. Reggie’s eyes flew open. Dean sat on the couch, a gleaming trail of spilled tears on his face as well. Sam just nuzzled his head into Reggie’s chest and held on tight. Reggie put his arms around Sam, powerless against Sam Winchester’s intent to hug him. He bowed his head, and let himself cry, for the first time since he’d cried himself dry and vowed to never let himself feel anything that intense again.

~

John Winchester pulled the car into the driveway, got out, and stretched, canting his hips forward
to ease the stiffness in his lower back from driving nonstop from Sioux Falls. He approached the
door and went to knock, when the door opened.

Missouri Mosely stood before him, sixteen years older and more than a few pounds heavier than
the last time he’d seen her, but still recognizable. She stared at John in surprise.

“What, you didn’t expect to see me again?” John shifted from one foot to the other, rubbing his
hand unconsciously over his beard.

“Oh, honey, I knew you’d be coming, digging around for more answers. It’s just you’re…oh, six
years earlier than I expected.”
Revelation

Chapter Summary

Sam learns something altogether unexpected.

Reggie wiped his cheeks with both hands, clearing away all evidence of tears. Sam finally released his hold on Reggie, scooting back on the carpet to nestle between Dean’s thighs, still seated on the couch. Dean rested his hands on Sam’s shoulders.

“They got arrested, right? They’re doing time?” Dean’s expression was tense.

“Nope.”

Dean’s mouth turned down at the corner and he swore. Sam blinked back fresh tears.

“Sheriff said he wasn’t gonna bust his ass looking for a few of their own who put a hurt on a couple of out-of-town queers.”

“So they just got away with it?” Sam’s face was ashen.

Reggie’s smile was dark vengeance and vigilante justice, ragged screams of wrongdoers and bloody work in the dark. “No.” Unconsciously, his hand went to the knife at his hip, fingers closing over the handle.

“You…”

“Hunted them.”

Sam and Dean waited silently for Reggie to answer the question that didn’t need to be uttered to be asked.

“They’re doing their time.” Reggie rumbled. “In Hell.”

“Good.” Dean’s voice was all grit and gravel. Sam’s mouth was a hard line, barely comforted by this revelation.

“I’m gonna… um, I gotta go take care of a few things. You boys rest up.” Reggie patted Sam on the shoulder. Dean stood, and enveloped Reggie in a hug—not the traditional manly hug with a pseudo-violent thump across the upper back. A real hug, pulling him close, his body offering strength without rigidity, the warmth of human touch without fear of it being interpreted as soft or weak.

“Come back for dinner? We got all kinds of stuff we can make.” Sam’s eyes were red from crying, but he had regained his composure.

“I’ll bring my cards. Teach you Seven Card Stud.” Reggie eyed them both. “Don’t you go nowhere.”

“Promise.”
Reggie left, and Sam shut and locked the door. He turned to fling himself at Dean, wrap him in his arms as tight as he could, but Dean was already on him, pulling him close, stroking his hair.

Sam hugged Dean back, his face contorting with the keenness of the anguish and love that stabbed through him, hugging Dean like he wanted to fuse with him, become one flesh that no one could separate into two.

“I can’t—” Sam hiccupped “—lose you. Dean. I can’t.”

“You won’t.”

Sam held Dean tighter, enough to hurt, but Dean didn’t pull away. “They could have killed you.”

“Can’t kill me, Sammy. I’d just come right back.”

“That’s not funny.” Sam hiccupped again.

“Nothing can keep me from you, Sammy.”

Sam shivered like he did when his emotions were ricocheting through him and he fought hard to keep them under control.

“I can’t let you get hurt because of me.”

“That’s not what happened.”

“They saw us. In the club. And that was because of me, because—“

“Hey, hey, Sammy, that was my kink, remember? You just wanted to do something I wanted—“

“No, you said no, you said it wasn’t a good idea, you knew, but I—“

“Don’t you blame yourself for this.”

“I pushed for it, and they saw us, and…” Sam’s face went pale as the realization struck home. “You really could have died. Because of me. Because you love me. Not some stupid girl.” Again, the hiss underlying that word, girl. “You love me.”

“Sam.”

“You know it happens. It happens every day. All over the world. People like us get killed for it. And they didn’t even know…” that we’re brothers. Sam didn’t finish the sentence.

He didn’t need to.

Dean held Sam’s shoulders. He looked at Sam with so much love, so calmly, that it gentled Sam like a spooked horse being soothed by the soft whistles and clicks of a sensitive trainer.

“I’d rather have one day with you, Sam. One day. Than a lifetime with some chick. Got it?”

Sam opened his mouth but Dean cut him off. “You think I’m exaggerating to make a point.” Speaking was clearly painful for Dean, but just as clear was the fact that he didn’t give a shit. “I’m not. I mean it. One day with you would be better. It would be worth it. Because…Sam…” Dean’s words failed. He placed his hands on both sides of Sam’s face. “I’d die for you in a second.” He brought his cracked and battered mouth to Sam’s.
His split lip cracked open again, but Dean didn’t feel any pain. He kissed Sam. He just kissed him, the salt from Sam’s tears on his tongue, the coppery tang from Dean’s blood on Sam’s.

Dean pressed his forehead against Sam’s and closed his eyes. “There’s something you should know. Something I should have told you sooner.”

Sam’s eyes flashed open, fear-bright. Dean continued hastily. “All those girls. I let everyone think I was, um.” Suddenly, Dean, the master of talking dirty, was having trouble saying the basic act to which he was referring. “But I wasn’t.”

Sam frowned, cocking his head to the side.

Dean rubbed the back of his neck. “I had to. Had to act like some…fucking stud, you know?” His eyes met Sam’s. “So no one would suspect I…” He looked down at the floor like he was embarrassed.

“Dean?”

“I messed around with ‘em, you know? Did stuff. But, um…” He blew out a deep breath. “Sammy, you don’t really have to be jealous of any of them. Because I didn’t go past third base, I didn’t…”

“Sleep with them?”

Dean looked at Sam, and shook his head no.

“Never?” Sam’s voice cracked.

“No.”

Sam’s mouth moved, but no sound came out.

Dean pressed on. “I… was going to, I planned on it, but I just…I couldn’t.”

“Wait. Hold up…I was your first?”

Dean nodded. He expected Sam to stare at him in shock, or not believe him, or even maybe cry because the news made him so happy. He didn’t expect what Sam did next.

Sam’s face lit up, joy and relief and all sorts of good things—and then it slowly collapsed, happiness bleeding away as something anguished surged up in its place. He shook his head and backed away from Dean. “I need a minute. I just—“

“Sam?”

“It’s ok. Just…I need a minute.” Sam went down the hallway into the bedroom, and closed the door. Softly. Not slamming it. Just…retreating. Dean followed him, but didn’t try to stop him. “I need a minute” was their safety phrase, for when living in each other’s pockets got a little much. Respecting that was key to avoiding slammed doors, huge fights and angry proclamations of “fuck off.” Dean walked up to the door quietly and sat down, leaning against the wall. Sam sat down hard with his back against the door, then Dean barely made out the sound of Sam crying. The sound hit him like hot oil splashed on exposed skin.

“Sammy?”

“Dean. I mean it. Give me a minute.”
“Sam, I—“

“Go away.” Sam banged his hand on the door in a muffled thump.

Dean put his palm flat against the door. “Talk to me, Sammy.”

No response other than the sound, a sound that Dean knew all too well, of Sam trying to hide that he was crying.

“Look, I’m not going anywhere. I’m gonna sit right here and keep bugging you.”

A rustle, and then the door swung open. Sam moved away from him and sat on the edge of the bed, turned away from Dean, slumped over, muscles of his back and shoulders hard and tense.

Dean entered the room and lowered himself to the bed next to him. “What’d I do?”

Sam gave a half-sob, half-laugh.

“I don’t understand. Sam, I thought…”

“That I’d be happy? That you lied about that?”

“I didn’t lie to you Sammy. I never lied to anyone. I just let people assume.”

Sam stared at Dean like he was lying to his face yet again, and then thought back. Dean had talked about how it felt to finger a girl, how they tasted, how they begged him to fuck them, what a blow job felt like…but he was right, he’d never once talked about being inside a girl, how it felt to fuck them.

“I just let everyone believe it. Jesus, they couldn’t know. They’d know something was up… see the way I looked at you, see how I lit up when you were around, and without all the girls and my reputation and swaggering through the door in front of Dad with the scent of girl on me, he’d see, he’d see me falling in love with you, he’d figure it out. ‘You’ couldn’t know how I felt about you. Not back then.” Dean shook his head. Not yet, the voice inside said. Not it’s wrong or you’re sick but simply not yet. He’s not ready yet. It’s not time yet.

“You should have said. I didn’t know that it was your first time too…when we went all the way…” Sam stopped talking, and breathed in erratically. Trying to take deep, regular breaths to steady himself. “You only get to do that once, Dean, you only get to lose your virginity once, and it’s special.”

“You knew it was my first time with a guy. And it was our first time.” Dean’s fingers skimmed along Sam’s leg. Sam flinched a little. But he didn’t pull away. “And you did take my virginity, Sam. I damn well didn’t let any chick put anything inside me. It was special, Sam, you know it was.”

“I know.” Sam shook his head, aching, trying to find words to express the sense of loss that stabbed at him. “But… Dean. You know what I mean. You’re so…” The words swirled in Sam’s head, mocking him, refusing to string themselves together in a way that made sense even to him. “Everyone thought you were fucking all those girls. Every town we were in. All those girls.” And Sam, trembling with the rattling force of his jealousy, every time Dean came home reeking of sex. Reeking of girl. “But all this time, you were waiting for me? You saved yourself for me. And that’s… I can’t even tell you how amazing and… Dean, you saved yourself. For me.” Sam’s eyes flooded with tears, tears of disbelief and pure joy and such love it nearly undid Dean. But right behind it was that anguish. That grief. “But I didn’t know. You gave me something I never, not in a
“You should have told me,” Sam whispered, like he barely had the energy to force that much air past his vocal cords.

“You’re right.” Dean threaded his fingers through Sam’s. “I’m sorry.”

Sam didn’t talk. Didn’t fight. Didn’t pull away. Didn’t sink into Dean’s arms. He just sat there, tears dripping off his chin like he didn’t even know they were there.

“Sammy.” Seeing Sammy cry was agonizing for Dean. But knowing he was the source was so much worse.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because… shit, because you looked up to me, alright? Making all those girls lose their minds. I had to know how to do everything first, right? So I could show you the ropes? If you didn’t think I knew what I was doing…”

Sam blew out a breath, watching the fire of Dean’s insecurity flickering in his eyes, that fire that was never fully extinguished.

“You’re an idiot sometimes.”

Dean looked at Sam in surprise.

“That Dean? Casanova in blue jeans? I like that guy. He’s funny. But that’s not what I look up to.”

Dean mouth dropped open at the thought that Sam thought his persona was funny.

“When you don’t get something right the first time but you don’t give keep trying until you do? When you’re not afraid to be goofy or act stupid or tell me you love me even though you’re the biggest badass on the planet? That’s what I look up to.”

Sam, looking at him, telling him it was his vulnerability that made his strong. That his weakness was his strength. It was almost too much.

“I’ll make it up to you. I swear. Let me make it up to you.”

Sam’s head tilted up. The sadness in his gaze stopped the breath in Dean’s chest. “It’s ok.”

“Sam.”

“It happened. It’s done. In the past.”

“Please.”

Dean rarely said please, outside of fun and games when it was just him and Sam.

Sam gave him his full attention.

“Don’t be mad at me.”

“I’m not mad.”
Dean didn’t say anything. He waited.

“You never having been with anyone, really? Just me? I can’t. Dean. I can’t even wrap my head around that yet. I’m just sad, ok? If I’d known… it was your first time too…” Sam closed his eyes. He couldn’t make Dean understand that he felt robbed, robbed of knowing the breath catching in Dean’s throat when he entered Sam was not just because it was his first time with Sam, but because it was his first time, period. Like something beautiful and precious had been stolen from Sam. And that this moment was lost, gone forever. “Look, I get it. I do.” He shoved his hand through his hair. “I just need to feel sad for a little bit. Can you just let me be sad?”

Dean bowed his head, then nodded. Sam lay back on the bed and beckoned to Dean to lie down too. He nestled into Dean’s arms, resting his cheek on Dean’s chest. “When I’m done feeling sad, I’ll be able to feel the other stuff. The happy stuff.”

Dean held Sam in his arms, jaw and mouth and chin on fire from all the talking and movement, but if Sam had let him, he would have kissed Sam and put his mouth on him and done anything Sam wanted, just to make him not be sad anymore.

“Sam?”

“What?”

“I love you more than pie.”

Sam snorted, and the snort spilled over into laughter. “You sure about that?”

“Damn straight.”

“More than like one type of pie, or all pie?”

“I love you more than all the pie.”

Sam snuggled closer to Dean and laughed again. The sound was like balm on an open wound.

“Don’t be sad too long, ok?”

Sam kissed Dean’s neck. “Half hour?”

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “Too long.”

“Ten minutes?”

“Too damn long.”

“Just shut up and hold me, alright?”

“Ok.”

They lay there for a long time, Sam’s breathing slowing and falling into the same rhythm as Dean’s, until they both fell asleep.
Missouri stepped aside and let John enter her house. Once inside, she peered at him. “Looks like someone hasn’t had a good night’s sleep in a while.” She patted him on the hand, and closed her other hand over his forearm. Her eyes went wide. “Oh honey,” she said softly. “Oh no.” Her eyes filled with tears. “Your poor boy.”

John blinked, tried to pull his hand back, but she gripped his wrist tight. Her expression shifted from sorrow to something harder and more angry. “How could you have done that? How could you? Mary would be so ashamed of you.”

John flinched, rocking back on his heels. He dropped his head. “I know.”

“Sit down. We have a lot to talk about.”

John sat down on her couch, holding himself off the multicolored afghan draped over the back. “I’d offer you a drink, but you wouldn’t take it, now, would you.” Missouri watched John’s face intently.

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “I’d take water or tea.”

Her stern expression softened. “Good for you. That’s a good start to getting your boys back.”

John shook his head. He was well aware of her abilities, but they still startled him. Missouri filled a stainless steel tea kettle with tap water and set it to boil, and brought him a glass of water.

He took a sip.

“John, you put that glass on my coffee table without a coaster, I’m going to smack you on the head.”

John reached for a coaster and put the water glass down on it.

“Alright now. I’m not going to lay into you for what you did, because you’re beating yourself up enough already. But I have to say this once. Shame on you, John Winchester.”

John bowed his head like he did when his mother used to chastise him for being bad.

“But you’re not here about that. You came for answers.”

“Answers you wouldn’t tell me before.” His voice thrummed with accusation.

“Answers you weren’t ready for before,” Missouri countered.

John tipped his head, conceding the point. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of
white fabric folded over itself and tied with ribbon. “I brought it.”

Missouri cocked an eyebrow. “You’re sure you’re ready to give that up.”

John nodded.

“Good.” She extended her hand, palm up. John held the object in his hands, and finally gave it to her. She unwrapped it. Nestled into the fabric was a fire-charred gold necklace, contours of the figure on the chain softened from extreme heat, but still recognizable as an angel.

John winced at the sight. Missouri folded it back up and tucked it into a carved wooden box on the side table, dropping it in quickly like it was unpleasant to touch it. “It was unhealthy of you to keep this as a memento.” She gave John a stern look.

“I know.”

“I told you. It was poison. Trapping the pain and anguish of her death. Keeping that was going to affect your mind. Didn’t I tell you that?”

“You did.” John rubbed his hand over his beard.

“And see where it led.” She shook her head at him. “So driven to get your revenge that you neglected your children.” John’s shoulders jerked. “And you almost lost your humanity.”

“You’re right,” John whispered. He was silent for a moment. “You know what I need to know.”

“Yes, John. I do.”

“What does Azazel want with my son?”

The tea kettle wheezed, whistled, and screeched. Missouri pushed herself to her feet and poured hot water over two mugs, dropping a tea bag into each one.

She brought them back and set them on coasters on the coffee table. “You better brace yourself. You’re not gonna like what I have to say.”

Dean stirred with a groan. Sam sat up. “I’m on it.” He got to his feet and went into the kitchen. He softened some vanilla ice cream in the microwave and spooned it into a tall glass, stirring it until it reached the consistency of a milkshake that had been sitting on a diner counter for a little while. Dean had stumbled out of the bedroom by then, stopped off in the bathroom, and emerged into the living room.

Sam stuck a bendy straw in the glass and handed him his shake. When Dean had drunk half of it, wincing at the pain in his mouth, Sam brought him a glass of room temperature water and a pain pill. Dean almost choked trying to get it down, causing Sam a moment of consternation, but he managed to swallow it.

“Finish it.” Sam pushed the milkshake back into Dean’s hands and stood over him until he drank the entire thing. Then he disappeared into the bedroom and came back with the pillows and the topmost blanket from the bed. He positioned the pillows on the end of the couch, and propped Dean up on them. He tossed Dean the remote, who caught it with one hand. Dean found an old Clint Eastwood Western and lay back with a groan.
Sam went into the kitchen and came back with the honey jar, and two bags of frozen peas wrapped in thin dish clothes. Dean allowed him to dab honey on his lip. Sam handed him the bags of peas. “I should have thought of this sooner.”

“It’s ok, Sammy.” Dean placed the frozen peas on his face, one on each side. When the cold penetrated the fabric and reached his abused flesh, he groaned.

Sam reached down and ran his fingers through Dean’s hair, scratching his scalp lightly. Dean sighed, closing his eyes. Sam chuckled, and slowly worked his fingernails over Dean’s head. He did this for a long time. Finally, Dean gave a deeper sigh, settling into the couch.

“Pain meds kicking in?”

“Yes, sir. Yes, they are.”

“Good.” Sam stroked Dean’s hair back the way he liked it. “I’m going to get some fresh bandages. Ok?”

“Ok.” Dean swiped his tongue over his honey-coated lips.

“Don’t lick.”

“Sweet.”

“Fine.” Sam smeared another layer of honey over Dean’s mouth and sucked the excess off his finger. Dean’s eyes went soft and smoldering. Sam blushed. Dean raised his eyebrows, and glanced at the honey jar.

“Yeah.” Sam’s voice was soft. “But later, ok? You need to heal up.”

Dean murmured, “‘K.” Sam pulled the blanket over Dean and called Juliane to let him know he was coming over.

Juliane greeted him. “Hey, uh, Sam.”

Sam nodded, an embarrassed expression on his face. “Yeah. It’s Sam.”

“You look like a Sam.”

Sam shrugged, not knowing how to respond to that.

Juliane walked up to him and pulled him in for a hug. “I’m so sorry. How is he?”

Sam looked down at her. “You’ve been practicing your hugs.”

Juliane tugged her sweater down to cover her wrists. Her cheeks turned a little pinker. Sam looked across the room at Danny, nose-deep in a book. “Not so bad?”

She gave Sam a wry look. “Not terrible, no.”

Danny was conspicuously trying not to listen.

“Anyway, hey, I need some fresh bandages for Dean.”
She perked up. “Let me come back with you and take a look.” She quickly gathered some supplies for Sam, and followed him down the hall to the apartment. Inside, the TV was on but Dean was out, bags of peas on his face, one arm hanging off the couch.

“Dean. Wake up.” Sam turned off the TV.

“Pudding,” Dean murmured.

Sam laughed, then his eyebrows went up. “Good idea.” He crouched down next to Dean and took his free hand. “Hey.”

Dean’s eyes flashed open. He was wide awake in an instant, wary and totally alert.

“Got someone pretty here to change your bandage.”

Juliane rolled her eyes at Sam, and went to the kitchen to wash her hands. Dean sat up, shoving the blanket down onto his lap. Juliane sat next to him. She carefully peeled the surgical tape away and removed his bandage.

Dean watched her face carefully.

She grinned. “It looks good.” She looked up at Sam. “It looks really good.”

“Yeah?” Sam and Dean said in unison.

“Absolutely.” She tipped Dean’s chin up to get a better look. “You really did an incredible job on these stitches.”

Sam glanced at the floor, suddenly shy. Juliane noticed his discomfort at the praise, as did Dean. “He’s not used to being told he did a good job.” Sam’s eyes met Dean’s, memories of John lighting up in their minds, and not pleasant ones.

Juliane reached for the antibiotic ointment. “Well, you sure did a good job with this.” She smeared a light coating over the sutures. “You don’t need a bandage anymore. Just keep it covered with this, and don’t let it dry out. The cut will heal faster if you don’t let it scab up. You might want to bandage it at night, if you sleep on your side. But use this as often as you can. 10-20 times a day.” She recapped the tube and handed it to Dean. “Clean hands.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Dean gave a little smile, but not too wide.

She put her fingers on the hinge of his jaw. “Can you open your mouth? Real slow. As far as you can comfortably.” Dean did as he was asked, signs of pain clear but he managed to open his jaw nearly all the way. “Good. No clicking, and your jaw tracks like it’s supposed to.” Dean beamed like she’d just given him an A on his final.

She lightly brushed her fingers over the bruising on his face. “It’s a good thing you’re a good-looking guy under all this,” she teased. She tilted her head to look up at Sam. “Have you ever tried the vinegar trick?”

Sam’s eyes darkened, both of them remembering John draping vinegar-soaked rags over Sam’s bruised skin. Dean spoke up. “Yeah. We have.” He looked at Sam, wordlessly asking if it was ok, if it wouldn’t be too distressing for him to have a reminder of John tending to his injuries.

“I should have thought of that sooner too.” Sam shook his head. “Like the pudding.”
“Pudding? That sounds awesome.” Dean sat up.

Juliane left the bag of supplies on the coffee table. “There’s vinegar in the cabinet under the sink, and it’s ok if you use the washcloths in the linen closet.” She tugged on her ponytail, securing the band higher up. “And come borrow some movies if you want.”

“Ok.” Sam hugged her, careful not to squeeze too hard or lock her in his arms. Dean stood up and looked at her questioningly, clearly wanting to give her a hug too.

Sam released her. She surveyed Dean. “Practice, right?” She glanced at Sam. “Alright.” Dean held his arms out and she slowly moved in. His arms settled around her and she tensed, but then relaxed. “Huh.” She let Dean hug her for a moment, then pulled away.

“Not too bad?” Dean asked.

“You smell good.”

Dean turned to Sam, his face lifting and rearranging himself in the way he did when he was pleased with himself.

Juliane rubbed the back of her neck. “If you want to talk about what all happened out there… I’m not prying. Your business is your own. But—” She shook her head. “I don’t usually do this. And by usually, I mean ever. But if we can help.” She met Sam’s gaze. “We’re willing to do that.”

Sam’s surprise registered in his body, in the way his weight rocked back on his heels, and the low exhalation of breath over his teeth. “Thank you. That’s… thank you.”

“Just let me know.” Juliane pulled her sweater close around her and left them to their privacy.

Dean laid back on the couch. “She’s really nice,” he murmured.

Sam nodded. He busied himself in the kitchen, pulling out a wide glass bowl and a large box from the cupboard. When he pulled the milk from the refrigerator, Dean’s face lit up. “Is that what I think it is?”

Sam gave him an indulgent look. “Yep.” He tore open the package of instant chocolate pudding, upending it over the bowl, and whisked the milk into it. He set the bowl in the refrigerator. “Alright, let’s get you all stinky.” He pulled the jug of vinegar out from under the sink.

“Sammy loves me,” Dean murmured, settling back on the couch, loopy from the pain meds.

More than you even know, Sam thought, as he retrieved a stack of washcloths from the hallway closet.

John fell back on the couch. “She…what?”

“She made a deal with Azazel. To bring you back.”

John couldn’t even formulate the question.

“He did it on the condition that she let him into your home later, let him have a moment alone with your son Sam.” John’s face twisted, barely able to take in what Missouri was saying. “She was supposed to stay out. But she couldn’t, John. She couldn’t let that demon do what he was going to
do to your boy. And he killed her for it.”

John buried his face in his hands.

“There’s more.” He stared at her in horror. “This demon. He has a plan, see? For some very special children. Like Sam.”

John shook his head, like he couldn’t take hearing another word.

“You asked for answers. You want them or not?”

“Jesus,” John breathed.

“Jesus isn’t part of this narrative,” Missouri said. “Now do you want to hear the rest?”

“Yes. Christ—I mean, yes.”

“He put his blood in your boy.”

John went pale.

“That’s what it does, this demon. It makes the little ones swallow some of its blood. So it can develop the abilities they already have, as they grow up.”

“Why?”

She shook her head sorrowfully. “So it can use them.”

John held his hands out, palms facing her. “No. No. Not Sam.”

“John.”

“There’s not demon blood in my son.”

“I’m afraid there is.”

“That makes him—”

Missouri leaned forward. “That makes him Sam.” She stabbed her finger at him. “Your boy is human. He’s your son. And he’s got free will. Don’t you forget that.”

John looked around frantically. “I’m going to throw up. I think I’m going to throw up.”

“You’d best get yourself to the bathroom then. I don’t want you throwing up on my rug.”

John took a drink of water, trying to settle his stomach, but to no avail. He gagged, and staggered into the bathroom. He made sounds of being sick, then ran the tap to rinse his mouth.

When he came back into the living room, he looked like he’d aged ten years.

“Sit down.” Missouri made him drink his tea. “Now, all these special children, something might happen to them. Or not. That’s why he made so many.”

“So many,” John repeated dully.

“I saw what you did to that boy. And you justified it by thinking he wasn’t human because he drank demon blood. And because you needed to avenge the death of your wife. Now, the fact that
he hadn’t drunk demon blood isn’t relevant to what we’re talking about here. But if he had, that
would have been the difference.” Missouri’s eyes softened. “Sam was a little bitty baby. He didn’t
choose it. He couldn’t stop it. It was done to him.”

John blinked, as though Missouri had thrown him a lifeline.

“Sam has a choice. You remember that. You hold onto that. And Sam has had someone very
special with him his whole life. Keeping him safe. Keeping him…pure.” John nodded, knowing the
name she would say before she uttered it. “Dean.” She took a sip of tea. “If it weren’t for that boy,
I’d have told you the whole sad story all those years ago, even if it drove you crazy like I saw it
would. Because Sam would have needed a whole lot of help. But he had Dean.” A sly grin curled
the corners of her mouth. “Everyone underestimated that child except Sam. Even you. And
certainly that damn demon.” She leaned back in her chair. “And that mistake is gonna come back
to bite him in the ass.”
The demon Rosier tries to get himself out of trouble. Sam is still sad about what Dean kept from him, but Dean finds a way to make it up to him.

Rosier approached the car in which he had left the man in the charcoal suit. It was empty. Then came the faint scuff of dress shoes on concrete behind him.

“I saw what you did. I saw everything.” He glared at Rosier. “Get in the damn car.” They both got in. “You really fucked that up. Why didn’t you just handle it yourself instead of leaving it to humans?” He sneered at Rosier. “Didn’t want to get your pretty little suit all bruised?”

Rosier shot him a dark look.

“Ah. Close but not quite? You don’t want the prodigy to hate you for hurting his precious Dean? That’s why you got those two mouth-breathers to do it for you?”

Rosier blinked.

“That’s it. You want to keep yourself out of it so he’ll pick you to be his Right Hand? Keep hold of that good-looking boy you’re riding because you think your Boy King wanna-be wants to fuck it? You’re pathetic.” He glared at Rosier. “The boss is gonna be furious.”

Rosier flipped open the passenger side mirror and preened, fingers tracing the bone structure of his face. “I’m not worried.” The only warning he gave was a twitch of his mouth. His hand rose, holding a bone-handled blade etched with peculiar markings. But the man in the suit had already flung its head back, smoke pouring from its mouth. When the blade struck home in the man’s chest, the demon possessing him was gone, twisting through the air on its way to Azazel’s temporary headquarters.

“Ah well.” Rosier pulled the blade from the chest of the dying man. Idly, he trailed his fingertip along the blade and sucked the blood off. “Now I’m in for it.”

The coiled black shape descended into the sentinel meat suit stationed outside the front door of the farm house. The white-haired man rose, shook himself off, eyes gone black, and knocked on the door.

Azazel opened it.

“You really need to warm this thing up. It’s not working right.” The demon worked the stiff fingers of the white-haired empty vessel he rode, its original master permanently locked out of the controls but still alive and screaming inside his own head. “I think it’s starting to freeze.”

Azazel ushered him in and brought him in front of the fire. “What’s the news?”

The demon filled Azazel in. He grinned, thumping the arm of the chair, to hear of Sam and Dean
having sex in the club, and laughed with delight at the description of the damage done to Dean in the alley afterward. The delight faded as the demon told him the rest of it: how Rosier had disobeyed Azazel’s orders and corralled two humans to hurt Dean, leaving the lesser demon riding the bouncer to stand guard, keeping himself concealed in the shadows. The smile reappeared as he listened to how Sam erupted in a rage and nearly beat one of the two humans to death, but disappeared again at the surprise arrival of the other hunter, how Rosier remained hidden in the shadows, doing nothing, and scowled at the description of how Dean had managed to stab the bouncer, and how the knife had exorcised him in full view of all of them.

“Really?” Azazel rubbed his mouth. “That’s unexpected.”

The demon continued spilling his guts, about how Rosier had become attached to Sam, believed he would prevail and become the Boy King, and how he was convinced Sam would choose him to be his Right Hand. He expressed his suspicion that Rosier had also become dangerously attached to his meat suit, believing Sam felt a strong attraction to him in it, and that’s why he didn’t hurt Dean himself like Azazel had instructed, so that Sam would not despise him for it.

“That one’s getting too big for his britches.” Azazel rose to his feet, and braced himself against the mantle, staring into the soothing flicker of the flames. “Sounds like he needs a good talking to.” He looked over his shoulder at the demon. “Perhaps…a bit more.”

“Shall I take care of it, sir? I’d be happy to. I’ll need a new suit, though. He killed my old one.”

Azazel’s yellow eyes gleamed. “No. I’ll handle it myself.” He waved at the demon. “You can keep that one until you can find something fresher. It’s time for a road trip anyway.” He wrinkled his nose. “The basement’s starting to stink.”

~

Sam collected the vinegar-soaked cloths and put them in the sink. Dean stretched, and walked up behind Sam, putting his arms around him. “Shower. Coming?”

Sam put his arms over Dean’s, squeezing gently. “I’m good.”

Dean stepped back, pivoting Sam in his arms, and scanned his face. Sam could almost hear him.

You ok?

“I’m fine. I just… I’m not up to trying not to freak out because of… stupid… water.” Sam gesticulated to illustrate the feeling of helplessness at his new phobia.

Dean cocked his head to the side.

Is that all?

“Dean. We’re fine.” Sam ran his hand through Dean’s hair, grown longer now in the time since he’d last had a haircut, sitting in Bobby’s kitchen while John did his patented pseudo-military clipper job on him.

Dean rolled his eyes. I know. I totally need a haircut.

“I like it.” Sam slipped his hand around the back, finally able to tighten his fingers in Dean’s hair and get a good grip.

Dean’s eyes widened and he exhaled audibly, arching his neck back into the grip Sam had on him.

You may have a point.

Sam looked at his battered mouth and released his hold reluctantly.
“Soon,” Dean whispered.

“I know.”

“Sam.” Dean had to say it, despite the pain of speaking. “We good?”

“Yeah. We’re great.”

Despite the reassurance in Sam’s voice, Dean was not entirely convinced.

“Go clean up.” Sam pushed Dean gently toward the bathroom.

Dean padded to the bathroom and stripped off his clothes, leaving them on the floor. He peeled off the bandage covering Sam’s initials and threw it in the wastebasket. The letters were red but were healing up clean. He stepped into the shower, turning his face away from the spray, deflecting it with his hand so that the water ran in rivulets over his face instead. He hissed at the sting of it, but let it flow over his skin until all the vinegar was rinsed away. He lathered up his body, water streaming over his chest, flowing over his shoulders and down his back. He was not used to the feeling of being in the shower without Sam. He had the spray all to himself, but he would have gladly stood half-out of it, the exposed half getting cold, just to have Sam pressed up against him.

In the kitchen, Sam washed the cloths out with dish soap and wrung them out, draping them over the dish drainer. With Dean not there watching him, he didn’t have to carefully keep the sadness from his face. He wasn’t even sure why Dean’s news had hit him so hard. He should be glad. He was glad. But that sense of loss, of a moment forever taken from both of them, gnawed at him. He pulled down a box of Lipton’s Chicken Noodle soup, the kind with the tiny noodles, and made a pot of it for Dean, turning the heat off when it was done.

He turned to go to the bedroom and get Dean the cleanest clothes he had, mentally reminding himself they had to do laundry that day.

Dean stood in the hallway watching Sam, rubbing his hair with a towel. He was naked. The bruising on his face was already better. The rest of his body was completely unmarked, except for Sam’s initials cut into his lower abdomen.

He smoothed his hair back and dropped the towel to the floor. Sam stared. He couldn’t help himself. Because Dean Winchester clothed was beautiful, but Dean naked was sublime.

Dean walked slowly toward Sam, and brought his hand to Sam’s face. Sam closed his eyes, unable to hide the sadness in any other way.

“Sam. Look at me.”

Sam did. Dean’s eyes were so green. So very green.

“I saved myself for you.”

Sam shivered.

Dean looked down, the intimacy of it almost too much to bear, and raised his eyes to look at Sam again.

So green.

“I want my first time to be with you.” His voice was gentle. “Only with you.”
Sam knew what Dean was doing. Part of him wanted to be angry. You can’t have a do over. You can’t. It’s done, and you can’t go back now and fix it. But the look in Dean’s eyes, the love so clear in his face, the trust in his voice, as Dean laid himself bare to Sam in all ways, made his anger dissolve, taking with it the ache of sadness.

“Sammy.” Dean took Sam’s hand. “I, um.” Dean swallowed. “I need you.” His voice cracked. “For a minute there, I thought they were gonna…”

Kill me. They both thought the words.

Sam tugged Dean into his arms and held him tight. “Dean.” His voice was choked.

“Need you, Sammy.”

“You got me.”

Dean moved against Sam. “I need you.”

Sam got his meaning. He ran his hands down Dean’s back, over the curve of his ass. “Anything you want.”

Dean pulled back so he could look at Sam, and ran his thumb over his jaw line. “I want my first time to be with you,” he said again.

“Ok.” Sam whispered. “Ok.”

Sam disappeared into the bathroom for a few minutes to get ready. Dean was waiting for him in the bedroom, under the blankets because it was a bit chilly. When Sam entered, he pulled down the blankets.

“So beautiful.” Sam hadn’t realized he’d said it out loud until he saw Dean give a slight smile.

Dean ran his hand down his chest, smoothed it over his stomach, and brought his hand down to settle on his cock.

“Guh,” Sam said.

Dean watched Sam, rapt at the expression of surprise and awe on Sam’s face as he watched Dean. He moved his hand up and down, tentatively.

“Guh,” Sam said.

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Sam fell back against the wall with a thump.

Dean spread his legs wider, showing that he trusted Sam enough for such an intimate act. He saw the pleasure on Sam’s face when he touched himself so Sam could see. So he gave Sam more.

After a minute, Sam couldn’t hold still anymore. He pulled his shirt over his head with one hand and dropped it to the floor. He took off his pants more slowly, teasing Dean just a little. Dean beckoned Sam to him with his fingers.

“Hurts to talk still, huh?”

Dean nodded.

“That’ll be new.” Sam crawled up the bed until he was over Dean, holding his weight off him on his knees and elbows. “Every time we’ve done it, you talked.” Sam kissed Dean’s neck. “A lot.” He brushed his mouth over Dean’s throat. “What are you gonna do with yourself if you have to
keep your mouth shut?” Sam gave a little laugh.

Dean growled and pulled Sam down flush against him, tipping his pelvis so his cock rubbed against Sam’s. His arm instinctively went around Sam’s neck, bringing his mouth closer, but Sam resisted. “Dean, you can’t. Not yet.”

Dean let his hand fall against the bed hard, a wordless sound of frustration issuing from his mouth.

“Just lay back. Let me do everything.”

Dean had little choice.

Sam ghosted his mouth over Dean’s neck again, mouth parted, the tip of his tongue extended slightly, barely touching Dean’s skin. Dean shivered. Sam moved down to Dean’s throat. “I wanted to do this for so long,” he murmured. “I can’t remember when I didn’t feel this way about you. The first time I ever had…that kind of thoughts. They were about you.”

Dean’s breath caught in his throat. Sam, emboldened by Dean not being able to talk freely without discomfort, kept going. “We went swimming that day in the motel pool with the kids two doors down. Came back and Dad wasn’t back yet and we fell asleep in our bathing suits. And I dreamed about you. When I woke up…” Sam’s mouth slid down to Dean’s chest. “My shorts were all sticky. I thought I’d peed myself. I was so embarrassed.”

Dean’s eyes went wide.

“You remember?”

Dean nodded, surprise evident on his face.

“You told me what a wet dream was. Said it was ok. Teased me about having a crush on that girl. But I dreamed about you.”

Dean motioned with his head.

Sam understood. What did you dream?

“We were on the bed and you were naked, and I was on top of you, and you pulled my underwear down so I was touching you…” Sam brushed his mouth over Dean’s right nipple.

“Show me,” Dean whispered.

Sam swallowed hard, then moved up so he was straddling Dean’s pelvis. He moved his hips forward, grazing Dean’s cock with his. “Like this.”

Dean closed his eyes, groaning, and opened them again.

“It was so vivid. You were naked, and all brown from the sun, and god, your skin, and when I felt you…like that… I just came all over you, and I was embarrassed but you kissed me and told me I was perfect, that it meant being with you just felt so good I couldn’t help it, and that was better than if I lasted a long time.”

Dean silently cursed the men that had done such a number on his mouth. He hadn’t realized how important it was until he couldn’t pull Sam into his arms and kiss him until he was shock-shivery and breathless, tell him at length how perfect he was, always had been perfect, how Dean had been in love with him for so long, just fucking in love with him, always more than brothers, so much
more; how in Oklahoma, Dean had used a stick to write in a freshly poured sidewalk, “I am going to marry Sammy when we’re grown ups” and told no one, not even Sam; how it had always been Sam, long before it made any kind of logical sense to have those feelings for anyone, let alone his brother.

He couldn’t say all that in words, not without causing himself serious pain. But he could damn well say it with every part of him that still worked properly.

He brought his hands up, trailing his fingertips along Sam’s arms, lightly, just like Sam had been doing with his mouth. He brought one hand to Sam’s mouth, stroking it like he was giving him a kiss.

Sam’s mouth parted.

Dean slipped the tip of his finger inside Sam’s mouth, tracing the inner seam of his lower lip like he loved to do with his tongue. Sam made a little sound, then drew Dean’s finger in deeper, sucking on it.

Dean groaned.

Sam’s eyes lit up. He lapped at Dean’s finger, drawing his teeth along it gently, then sucked on it, moving his mouth up and down.

Dean’s cock pulsed, blurring out precome. It was Sam’s turn to groan, rubbing his cock against the warm slickness. He brought his fingers down, getting them wet, and brought them to his mouth. He moaned at the taste. “Sweet.” He did it again, getting all of it he could on his fingers and sucking the taste off. “How come you taste so sweet?”

Dean smiled, and winced at the pull on his split lip.

Sam slid down between Dean’s legs, and licked the head of his cock like a lollipop. “More,” he whispered.

Dean’s head fell back against the pillow, cock jerking again, giving Sam what he wanted. Another clear bead of precome appeared in the slit of his cock. Sam lapped at it like it was nectar. “Do it again.” Sam licked along the shaft of Dean’s cock, stroked it gently, intent on coaxing out as much of the clear fluid as he could, sucking at the head every time a droplet emerged. Dean made an astonishing range of sounds: breathy gasps, back arching as Sam sealed his lips over the head of his cock and twisted the tip of his tongue in the slit; low moans as Sam sucked on his balls, taking one into his mouth and then the other; chanting “ah, ah, ah” as Sam took his cock in his mouth in earnest, sliding up and down, keeping his mouth soft and wet.

Sam pulled his mouth off, silently. “I want you to come in my mouth.” Dean shuddered to hear his Sammy say that. “But I want you to come inside me more.”

Dean shook his head. Gonna kill me, Sammy.

Sam leaned across Dean and picked up the bottle of lube. He snicked it open and poured some onto Dean’s index and middle fingers. Then, to Dean’s astonishment, Sam turned himself around so he was straddling Dean facing the other way, the sleek muscles of his back standing out, the gentle curve of his ass on display for Dean.

“Get me ready for you.” Sam looked over his shoulder at Dean. At the first feel of Dean’s finger, warm and slick, Sam bit his lower lip. He pushed back, taking Dean’s index finger all the way inside him. “More.”
Dean brought his second finger to Sam’s entrance and worked it just inside the second ring. Sam groaned, running his hands along his chest. “Yeah.” He gyrated his hips, fucking himself on Dean’s fingers, taking both of them all the way.

The sound Dean made was animalistic, raw.

“You feel so good. Christ. So good with your fingers in me.” Sam leaned forward, palms on the bed on either side of Dean’s legs, spreading his thighs open wider. Dean had a perfect view of Sam splayed wide open for him, of his fingers sliding in and out of Sam’s hole, balls swaying as he rocked back and forth, cock bobbing with each movement. Sam groaned and gasped and whimpered, rubbing his cock against Dean’s, rotating his hips in circles as he rocked back and forth. Dean turned his hand, angling it just right, and crooked his fingers so the pads of his fingertips stroked Sam’s sweet spot. Sam cried out.

Dean cursed the men again. So many delicious things he wanted to say to Sammy, and was denied. Sam fucked himself on Dean’s fingers, ass rising and falling, muscles of his thighs bunching and flexing. Dean pressed and stroked and massaged Sam’s prostate, making Sam cry out again and again, gasping, almost sobbing with it. Dean worked in a third finger, stretching Sam out, not because he needed it to be able to take Dean’s cock but because Dean’s fingers made Sam lose his fucking mind with pleasure.

Sam looked back over his shoulder, cheeks stained crimson, a pink flush down his neck and upper chest. “Dean. Oh god, Dean.”

Dean worked Sam with his fingers, the sounds of pleasure he was driving out of him shooting through him like a drug. He knew he could make Sammy come just like this. But he wanted more. Needed more. Needed Sam to come while Dean was inside him.

Reluctantly, he pulled his fingers out. Sam turned himself around again, and peppered Dean’s neck and throat with kisses, so careful not to touch his chin or get near his mouth, or the bruises on his face.

“When you’re better, Dean, know what I want?”

Dean thought he had a pretty good idea. *Wanna fuck your mouth, want you to suck me, Dean, want your mouth on my cock…*

“I want to just make out with you. For hours.”

Just when Dean thought he couldn’t love Sam any more, he went and said that.

“Yeah,” he whispered.

“You’ll let me?”

By way of response, Dean wrapped the fingers of his right hand in Sam’s hair and pulled his head down, mouth millimeters from his own, and growled.

Sam’s smile was bone-deep love and shivery need, and something a little wild and wicked. “And after that, I want you to suck my cock.”

Dean thought if he loved Sam any more, his heart would literally burst in his chest.

“Sam.” His hands roamed up and down Sam’s back, fluttering, pressing, cajoling.
“You want me?”

Dean swallowed hard, emotion suddenly rising in him.

“You want me to be your first?”

Dean nodded and closed his eyes, overwhelmed with relief that Sam was really giving Dean a do-over.

“OK. But we’re doing it all the way.” Sam got up and retrieved the knives from the end table. He unsheathed Dean’s knife and handed it to him, and took his own, clenching his fingers around the handle like it felt good to hold it again.

Sam straddled Dean once more. He traced the sharp tip of the blade along Dean’s throat, not drawing blood yet, just leaving a faint scratch. He trailed the tip of the knife along Dean’s chest, smiling as Dean gasped, careful to hold still, but trembling at the sensation. Dean bared his throat to Sam, green eyes gone emerald. Sam brought his blade back up, and placed it at the hollow of Dean’s throat, and guided Dean’s blade to the hollow of own. Without a signal, without needing one, they both drew the knife edge downward at the same time, just as they had done the first time, and turning their blades flat, stroked the knives across the shallow cut on their chests, combining the blood.

They watched the mingled blood sink into the blades, leaving the surface perfectly clean. The air felt sharper, like after a rainstorm.

Dean took the knives from Sam and set them on the end table. “Sammy.”

Sam brought his finger to his lips. “Don’t want you to hurt.”

Dean groaned, lifting his hips up and rubbing his cock along the cleft of Sam’s ass. “Never done this with anyone but you, Sam.” He didn’t care if he tore his mouth to shreds. Some things had to be said.

Sam knew they were roleplaying. He knew that. They’d already had their first time, and it was exquisite. But somehow, this felt real.

“Sammy. Be my first.” He stroked his thumb over his initials permanently etched into Sam’s skin.

Sam began to tremble. It felt utterly, perfectly real.

He slicked up Dean’s cock and positioned himself so Dean was poised right at his entrance. He looked down at Dean’s face, little shivers racing through his body.

His eyes were so green.

Slowly, he lowered himself, his body opening to Dean effortlessly, allowing Dean’s cock to breach him.

Dean shuddered, gasping, tears spilling from his eyes. “Sammy. Oh god. Sam.”

Sam took Dean inside him, sinking down, enveloping him all the way to the base.

Dean’s face.

His face.
So beautiful.

Sam dared to stroke Dean’s left cheek, so softly, so as not to hurt him. Dean put his hand over Sam’s and pressed it to his cheek harder. Sam’s fingers were wet with tears.

Sam rose up, held himself so that Dean was on the verge of slipping out, and sank back down again.

Dean shuddered, wrapped his arms around Sam’s back and pulled him down, so their chests were touching, Sam’s cheek pressed against Dean’s shoulder. Sam rocked himself up and down, sliding along Dean’s cock, thick and hard inside him.

“Only you, Sam. Only you.”

Sam’s tears came. Knowing Dean had never, ever been inside anyone else. Just him. He’d waited. Somehow, impossibly, Dean Winchester had waited, so he could be with Sam.

“Only you,” Dean chanted.

The knowledge of it burst into flame inside Sam. Dean was his. His alone.

Sam pushed himself up, drew his finger down the line of blood on his chest, and smeared it down the cut on Dean’s chest. “I mark you with blood.” His voice had a rough timber to it, a ritualistic tone that made Dean shiver. “Mark you as mine.”

“Yours.”

“Only me.”

Dean met Sam’s gaze. Saw the meaning in them. “Only you. Forever.”

Sam began to move again, grinding his hips in circles that caressed and massaged Dean’s cock, buried deep inside Sam. Dean groaned, the pleasure of it, the joy of being inside Sam almost too much to bear.


Dean clumsily squirted lube on his hand and brought it to Sam’s cock, stroking it as Sam rode him. So lost were they in each other that they did not notice the knives gleaming bright, as they looked into each other’s eyes, joined as no two humans had ever been joined before, gleaming brighter as they brought each other ever-building pleasure; and when Sam stilled, cords of his neck standing out as he threw his head back, come flaring out in a pearl-white arc, exactly at the same time as Dean’s body bowed, hips coming entirely off the bed, only his shoulders and heels pressed into the mattress, they absolutely did not see the blades erupt with a flash of silvery light.
Chapter Summary

Sam learns a bit more about why Azazel's taken such an interest in him. Danny confesses something to Juliane. Sam and Dean do laundry.

Bobby rattled down the freeway in his '71 Chevelle. It wasn’t much to look at, but it ran perfectly. It damn well should, since he worked on it himself. He set the radio to a country station and tapped on the steering wheel as he drove, singing along in a surprisingly resonant baritone.

Bobby wasn’t a regular viewer of cop procedurals, so he did not check his six, and did not notice that he was being followed.

He stopped at a gas station, topped off, parked alongside the mini mart and went inside to buy a fistful of Slim Jims, a soda, and some peanut butter crackers. When he came out, he turned the ignition, but the car wouldn’t start. “Balls.” He heaved himself out of the driver’s seat and lifted the hood.

The distributor cap was gone.

Bobby swore. A lot. Then he called Big Lou. He hadn’t gotten far, so it wasn’t long before Big Lou showed up with a replacement part from the salvage yard, and Bobby was up and running again.

He went 220 miles before he had to get gas again. He locked his door this time, and ran in to use the men’s room. When he came back out, all four of his tires were slashed.

Bobby slumped against the side of the car, took his baseball cap off and rubbed the top of his head. He looked around. A woman with a child asleep in the back seat pumped gas into her Suburban. A purple PT Cruiser pulled out onto the highway. The minimart attendant rubbed his nose. No one stood out as immediately suspicious.

“Someone doesn’t want me going anywhere, huh?” He firmly tugged his cap back down on his head, eyes gone grey and resolute. “Good luck with that.”

Reggie dealt with the memory of Nathan’s death the way he usually did—with whiskey and a long hot shower. When he’d cleared his head enough to function, he stepped out of the shower, scattering water all over the bathroom floor. (“You’re like a water buffalo, Reg. Can’t you at least shake off before you get out? You’re getting the bath mat all wet.” “Ain’t that what a bath mat is for?”)

He dressed and went to the common room. “Hey. Mind if I come in?”

Juliane waved him in. Danny came out of the kitchen and shook Reggie’s hand.
Reggie turned to Juliane. “We didn’t get a chance to properly introduce ourselves yesterday. I’m Reggie Beaumont.”


Reggie’s smile curled his mustache. “Yes, ma’am.”

“It’s an honor to meet you.” Juliane flipped her hair back over her shoulder, and extended her hand. “Juliane Moss.”


Juliane’s jaw twitched. “My husband.”

“I knew him.” Reggie ran his hand through his hair, smoothing it back. “We worked together in Plano.”

“He told me.”

“Hell of a hunter. And he drank me under the table, too. That doesn’t happen often.”

Juliane’s smile was genuine, but her eyes glistened.

Reggie’s gaze dropped to Juliane’s hands. The tail end of a scar peeked out on her wrist. She quickly tugged her sweater down to cover it.

“I heard. About the attack.” Reggie looked at her with something that bordered on reverence. “I’m real sorry.” He paused, choosing his words. “Way I heard it, no one could have survived what they done, but you did.”

“I was the one that found her.” Danny spoke up, mouth tightening at the memory, eyes softening as he looked at Juliane. “You heard right.”

Reggie shook her hand again. “Well, it’s an honor to meet you.”

“Come in. Can I get you some coffee or tea?”

“Coffee would hit the spot.” Reggie caught sight of the wall lined with books, and his eyes lit up. “Hey, mind if I…” He gestured toward the library.

“Please. That’s what they’re there for.” She smiled with pleasure, and went into the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee. She reached for the glass carafe, stuck it under the tap, and tugged her sleeve back down over her wrist.

Danny saw her do it. He walked up next to her, putting his hand on her wrist in a reassuring gesture. “’Scuse me.” He leaned in and set his empty coffee cup in the sink. His fingers brushed over her wrist as he stepped back, gently stroking the tail end of the scar.

Her head jerked, mouth falling open, and she watched him walk back to Reggie.

~

Like most males, Sam and Dean Winchester fell asleep after sex almost immediately. Sam woke fairly soon after, though. He lay next to Dean, head resting on his chest, for a long time, listening to the slow, steady rhythm of his heartbeat. The sound was infinitely reassuring to Sam. As long as
it keeps beating, it’s ok. Dean’s here. It’s ok. Finally he stirred, the demands of his bladder louder than the demands of his heart.

Dean stirred when Sam sat up. “Stay in bed. I’m going to get us some movies.” Dean made a small grunt, squeezing Sam’s hand, and fell back asleep before Sam had pulled his clothes back on. Sam quietly pulled some cash out of the bag stashed under the bed. He watched Dean sleep for a moment, a soft smile on his face, then went into the bathroom.

Sam urinated into the toilet bowl and sighed with pleasure, that most basic of pleasures that comes from emptying a full bladder, then washed his hands and splashed cold water on his face. In the kitchen, he grabbed a large bag of gummi bears and called ahead to Juliane that he was coming down.

“Sure. Come in anytime. No need to let me know first. It’s just us now. Oh, and your friend is here checking out the books.”

“Great.”

The first thing Sam did is pull Danny to the side. “Hey, can you go into town and get some things for us?”

“Sure. What do you need?” His eyes widened as Sam told him in detail what he wanted, his face breaking into a huge grin by the end. Sam pressed cash into his hand, and Danny slipped it into his pocket.

Sam offered everyone some gummi bears. Juliane and Danny politely declined, but Reggie took a handful. Sam sat down at the table across from him.

“How’s Dean doing?”

“Sleeping.”

Reggie nodded knowingly. “And how are you?”

Sam chewed on a clear gummi bear. “I’m fine.”

All Reggie had to do was give Sam a look. Sam blew out a breath, and buried his face in his hands for a moment. Then he sat up, brushing his hair out of his face. “It was my fault.”

Reggie’s face changed, as though beneath the mask he wore all the time of a capable, rugged hunter was his true face, the face of a man who had carried the heavy weight of loss and guilt with him for years.

Sam continued. “At the club. I, uh, talked Dean into…I mean, we’ve never been able to…We don’t…”

“You aren’t affectionate in public.”

Sam looked up, grateful for Reggie saving him.

“Yeah. But it was that kind of club, and…”

“I understand.”

“And those guys. They were there.”
“Sam. What happened to Dean wasn’t because you let yourself have some public displays of affection.” Reggie put his hand over Sam’s. “You want to blame yourself for it, but it’s not your fault. Trust me on this. I know.” The older man looked into the face of the younger man, twin currents of guilt and pain moving between them.

Sam broke the connection by looking up at the ceiling, blinking fast so the tears didn’t start. “It’s not just that. When it happened, I got this sense, like it was deliberate.”

Reggie took a deep drink of coffee. “Now that’s a whole other thing.” He set the mug down. “Like I said yesterday, I don’t think what happened to Dean was an accident.” He fixed Sam with a serious look. “In fact, I’m sure of it.”

Sam slumped, relief that he wasn’t alone in his suspicions tempered by the surge of fear that rose in him at Reggie’s words.

“Tell me what you felt.”

Sam filled Reggie in on the feeling he’d had. That someone was watching, delighting in what Sam was doing to the man for hurting Dean.

Reggie wiped his hand over his mouth. “I felt that too.”

Juliane set a cup of coffee in front of Sam. “Of course he does. He’s psychic, just like you are.”

Sam turned his gaze to her, his expression of surprise intensifying.

“He’s not as strong as you are. And you’re just getting started.” She motioned to the table. “Can I sit?”

Sam nodded. “Yeah.”

“Danny too?”

“Of course.”

She gestured to Danny, and he joined them at the table.

“Do you remember the first time? You sensed something other people couldn’t?”

Sam watched the steam rising from his coffee cup, and thought. He thought for a long time. They all gave him as much time as he needed.

He’d always been able to do things. When he played backgammon or dice, he would imagine the roll he needed, visualize the dice spilling out of the cup and landing in the combination he wanted, and it was astonishing how often it actually played out like that. He had always known when Dad was about to pull up. Dean chalked it up to Sam having dog hearing, but Sam, he now understood, had always known it was something more. And his dreams. Hyper-vivid. And sometimes the things he dreamed came true.

He thought carefully, moving back in time. He had so many memories to choose from, because Sam remembered everything in his life with uncommon detail and retention. Past the memories of him as a young boy, looking up at Dean calmly, saying “Dad broke his finger,” like he was asking him to pass the milk, and then two hours later, John coming home with his ring finger in a field
splint; past memories of him as a very little boy, dreaming that John returned from Texas with two string puppets, a mariachi player in a sombrero for Dean and a wooden duck with fluffy yellow balls on its head, tail and feet for Sam, and John showing up the next morning with exactly that. Further back. Simpler flashes. Knowing that Dean was going to drop a jar on the floor accidentally and spatter sticky strawberry jam all over the kitchen, before he actually did it. And further back, before he could walk or talk. Waking from a dream of a wriggly black puppy, and then later that afternoon, being licked in his stroller by a fat little black puppy on a leash.

Back further.

“Fire.”

All eyes were on Sam.

“I used to have nightmares of fire. When I was just a little baby. Those are the first dreams I remember having.” Warm and safe in his crib, then too warm. Hot. Opening his eyes and seeing a sea of fire, crawling and seething. “I’d wake up and my mom would be holding me.” The scent of her, like flowers and cookies, her long blonde hair spilling into Sam’s face, the feeling of absolute love and safety. These were the only things he remembered of his mother.

“And then…” Sam glanced at Juliane and Danny. He had to be careful not to give too much away. “Then the house burned down.”

“How old were you when that happened?” Juliane asked.

“Six months.”

“Prescient dreams before you were six months old?” Juliane gave Danny a knowing look. “Powerful stuff. That happens, but it’s not common. And demons are drawn to humans with these abilities. That might be a factor in whatever’s going on with you.” She looked at Reggie questioningly. “Don’t you think?”

Reggie gave it a moment of consideration and nodded. “Could well be.” He said nothing about boy kings or Azazel to Juliane. He’d promised Bobby to keep a tight lid on that information until they’d learned more, and he wasn’t sure he was ready to bring these two new people that far into family business.

Reggie and Sam exchanged a look. Juliane registered it. “Hey, could you give me a hand with something in my room?” She looked at Danny.

He understood immediately. “Of course.” He stood and followed her into her private room, shutting the door behind them.

“So, is that why Azazel is doing all this?” Sam looked pale. “That’s why he said I was special? Not to be touched?”

Reggie chewed his lip, weighing his words. “I think so.”

“Why? What does he want?” Sam’s veneer of calm cracked. “And why would demons want to make me get angry and hurt people?”

Reggie shook his head. “I don’t know. But we’ll find out. Ok, Sam? Trust us. You’ve got the best hunters and the best supernatural scholars in the country working on this for you. And you’re in the safest place on Earth. So nothing’s going to happen to you. Alright? Just relax.”
Sam shook. “You try having a major demon taking a personal interest in you and see if you can
calm down.”

Reggie got up and walked around the table. He bend down, silver hair spilling into Sam’s face, and
put his arms around him. Sam held on, tremors wracking his body. “I know.” Reggie let his voice
sink into his lowest register, soothing him. “I know. But you’re safe now.” He stroked Sam’s hair.
“Dean’s safe.”

Sam’s tremors intensified. “My fault.” His voice was muffled.

“Not your fault.”

“They hurt Dean because of me.”

“Yes. They did.”

Sam gasped, and stared up at Reggie in shock.

“But that’s not your fault, Sam.” Reggie pulled over a chair and sat down next to Sam, holding
both his hands. “It didn’t happen because of a mistake you made, or some flaw in you.” Sam
swallowed, his brain immediately engaged by the linguistic form of Reggie’s argument,
understanding he was signaling Sam to the actual meaning of the word fault. “There’s no mistake
that you’re responsible for. It’s not your fault.”

Sam sat with that, letting it sink in. Finally, he sighed, most of the guilt bleeding away. “Ok.” He
shook his head. “But they still did it because of me.

“If you’re given a really nice car and someone steals it, did you cause that person to become a
thief?”

Sam sighed. “No.”

“If you’re really attractive and someone tries to rape you, are you responsible for that?”

“Hell no.”

“So if there’s something about you that you can’t do anything about, and someone else does
something bad because they want it, you are not responsible for their actions. Are you.”

“No sir.”

“Just protect Dean now, now that you know, and it’ll be fine.”

“Ok.” Sam’s hand dropped unconsciously to the handle of his knife.

Reggie smiled. “Now pick out some nice movies and get back to him.” Reggie could almost see
the cord between Sam and Dean stretched out from their temporary physical separation, and the
pull it had on Sam. Sam took a drink of his coffee, now gone cold, and began picking out movies.

~

Juliane fidgeted, staring at the closed bedroom door. Danny shifted his weight from one foot to the
other, focusing on the stash of books on her night stand. Neither of them looked at the bed.

“Just a couple of minutes.” She fiddled with her sleeve.
“Ok.”

“Sometimes people just need to talk in private.”

“I know.”

Juliane put on a bright smile. “So, about that idea you had for a salt fragmentation mine? I was thinking if we put—“

“You don’t have to hide them.”

She stopped, confused.

“Your scars. They aren’t ugly.”

Her expression immediately turned wary. She shook her head. “No. Don’t even.” Tears welled in her eyes, and she wiped the back of her hand over her eyes, hard and angry.

“Just—listen.” Danny rubbed the palms of his hands on his jeans. “Do you know what I see, when I see your scars?”

She crossed her arms over her chest.

“Strength.”

She blinked in surprise.

“When I found you, lying on the floor, just… all blood, all over, I thought you were dead. You had to be dead. But you heard me, and you opened your eyes and you looked right at me. And you didn’t say help me, or please. Do you know what you said?”

She shook her head no.

“You said, ‘Fuckers didn’t kill me.’”

She laughed. “Really? I said that?”

He nodded, admiration clear and bright on his face. “They should have killed you. But you survived. Everything they did to you. You survived.” He took a few steps closer to her, took her hand. So gently. So carefully. Allowing her the option to pull her hand away.

She did not.

He looked her in the eye and put the other hand on the sleeve of her sweater. Waiting.

She blinked once, slowly.

He pushed the sleeve up her arm.

“These scars. Every one of them is beautiful. I wish I could make you see.”

She swallowed hard.

He traced his finger along the scar whose tail end peeked out from the bottom of her sleeve all the time. “They show how strong you are. You endured… the strongest men I know couldn’t have endured what you did. And you lived.” He blinked rapidly, not daring to look her in the eye.
“Somehow, you lived.” He stroked the scar, his strong fingers so gentle. “And every scar says, ‘I went through something unimaginable, and this is the mark of my strength.’” He soothed his fingers along the curve of another scar, tracing it. “You shouldn’t hide them. You should show them. Be proud of them. So much strength.” Fingers, barely grazing the surface of her skin, gently tracing the lines of the silvery cords. “You aren’t your scars. I--- I’m not saying that. You’re so much more than what happened to you. But the scars don’t make you less beautiful.” He dared to look up and meet her gaze. “They make you more beautiful.”

His fingers brushed her wrist. Her pulse, strong and fast, leaped beneath his fingertips. He let go of her hand and stepped back. “I know, I’ve always known, I wasn’t trying to, I mean, I never fooled myself. I know I could never——” He gestured to himself. “—I mean, I get it.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but he raised his hand. “It’s ok. You don’t have to say anything. Ever. I wasn’t trying to—it’s just I thought you needed to know. At least when it’s just us. You don’t have to hide them.” He took another few steps backward. “Ok, I need to go run an errand. Shouldn’t be more than a couple of hours. You want Mexican tonight? I’ll pick up some Mexican. We should invite everyone. Since it’s New Year’s Eve and all. I completely forgot until Sam reminded me. Unless—is Mexican weird for New Year’s Eve?” He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, aware he was babbling. “I’ll figure something out. Ok. Back in a bit.” He retreated to the door, and fled.

Juliane stared at her arm, bare to the elbow. Her eyes followed Danny as he walked hastily through the common room on his way out to his car, movements stiff and tense, then ghosted her fingertips over the scars on her forearm, tracing the path his fingers had made.

~

Sam returned to their apartment with an armful of movies and an empty bag of gummi bears. Dean awoke at the sound of the door opening and stumbled out, rubbing his eyes, his hair sticking up. “Missed you.”

Sam smoothed his hair back into place. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Dean frowned. “And I’m hungry.”

Sam re-heated the chicken soup and Dean washed his hands and smoothed ointment over his sutures gingerly. Sam brought Dean a pain pill, but Dean didn’t take it. “Maybe just some Advil?”

Sam brightened up. “Feeling better?”

“Yeah.” He opened his jaw, and didn’t wince much. He rolled his head in a semi-circle and made a face.

“Neck still stiff?”

Dean nodded.

“Eat your soup and I’ll rub your neck after.”

Dean ate his soup, and took four Advil, and Sam ate four string cheeses and half a bag of Goldfish crackers. Dean eyed the Goldfish sadly.

“Someday soon, you’ll be able to chew again.”

Dean gave Sam a look full of hunger, but not for food.
“Deviant.” Sam grinned.

“Perv.”

“You love it.”

“I do.”

Sam took the empty soup bowl to the kitchen. “Ok, we have got to do some laundry. It’s like an emergency.”

They gathered up all their clothes into one of the military duffels, and stripped the bed of the sheets and pillowcases. Sam grabbed a deck of playing cards, as was their habit on laundry day, and they made their way down to the laundry room at the end of the hall. They filled both washing machines nearly to the top. Dean stripped off his t-shirt and threw it into the machine.

Sam looked at him. He tugged off his own shirt and put it in.

Dean smirked. He peeled off his sweats, and tossed them in, standing in just his boxers and green-striped tube socks.

Sam’s tongue swiped across his lower lip. He patted his pockets, pulling out a tube of lip balm, a small bag of sour snakes, and the travel-sized lube he always had on him. Dean grinned.

Sam put his jeans in the machine. He too was just wearing boxers and tube socks, his with red stripes.

Dean added soap to both machines and started them. He eyed Sam up and down, appraisingly. “So…wanna play cards?”

Sam took one of the chairs pushed up against the long table and shoved it against the door, the back of the chair wedged under the door knob. He ran his hand down his chest, watching Dean watch him.

Dean gulped.

Sam’s smile was positively wicked. He leaned against one of the washing machines, directly across from Dean, and slid his hand slowly underneath the waistband of his boxers. “Sit down.”

Dean obeyed.

Sam closed his eyes for a moment, fingers tightening over his cock, hand moving underneath the fabric. Dean spread his legs wider, leaning back in the plastic chair, watching Sam.

Sam felt Dean’s gaze on him like warm rain. He brought his other hand up and pinched his right nipple.

Dean exhaled audibly.

Sam tugged down his boxers, snugging the waistband underneath his balls. He was completely erect by now. “You like watching me, Dean?”

Dean nodded, eyes locked on Sam.

Sam stroked himself, paying the most attention to the top third of his cock, bringing his other hand down to tug on his balls. He let go and braced his palms on the washing machine, thrusting his hips
forward, showing himself to Dean.

Dean started to stand up, but Sam shook his head no. “Stay there,” he whispered. “Just…look.” He turned around and bent over the washing machine, pulling his boxers down to right below his ass, keeping them there, the fabric framing the tight curve of his ass.

Dean groaned.

Sam looked back over his shoulder, giving Dean a look full of promise. “Bet you wish you were taking pictures, huh.”

Dean’s eyes went dark. “Would you let me?”

Sam breathed, “Yes.”

Dean mouthed, “Fuck.”

“Dean.”

Dean stared.

“There’s some photos left on that disposable camera.”

Dean was on his feet, hand tangled in Sam’s hair, pulling his head back, mouth so close to Sam’s he could feel the heat.

“Go get it,” Sam whispered.

Dean snuck back down the hallway quickly, and came back with the camera. He shoved the chair under the door knob again.

“How many are left?”

Dean checked the top of the camera. They’d only used three at Wall Drugstore. “24.”

Sam grinned. “Ok, but don’t get my face.” Dean nodded. There were several good reasons to avoid that, not the least of which was that while Sam’s body looked more mature than his biological age, due to his muscular conditioning, height, and massive cock, his face did look rather young, and a full head-to-toe photo could get Dean arrested.

Sam peeled off his boxers, tossing them into the machine, sloshing around on the wash cycle. He turned to face Dean. “Ready.”

Dean nodded.

Sam leaned back, jutting his hips forward, holding his cock in his hand.

Dean snapped a picture.

Sam turned around and bent forward, belly flat on the top of the washing machine lid, bare ass exposed.

Dean snapped a picture.

Sam spread his thighs wider apart, placed his hands on his ass cheeks, and opened himself, his pink hole revealed.
“Jesus Christ.”

Sam peeked over his shoulder. “Is that good?”

Dean nodded furiously, his erect cock tenting his boxers.

“Then do it.”

Dean came closer, kneeling down, and took a photo of his sweet Sammy, opening himself to him with no shame.

Sam stood up, and walked to the long table where people were meant to fold their laundry. He picked up the tube of lubricant.

“Guh,” Dean murmured.

Sam lay on his back on the table and slicked up the fingers of his right hand. He pulled his legs back, thighs touching, and stroked his hole, slipping a finger inside.

Dean snapped a picture.

Sam moaned, legs falling open, and pulled his right leg back alongside his chest, stroking the underside with his right hand and massaging his cock with the other.

Snap.

He brought his hand down and inserted his finger again, working it inside himself, then a second one.

Snap.

Sam watched Dean watch him, seeing the pleasure Dean was getting from watching him, that pleasure fueling him, making him bolder, less inhibited.

Sam pulled his legs back, thighs spread apart, and again, gripped his ass cheeks and pulled himself open. Dean swore, and pressed his hand against his cock like he was trying not to come. Then he took the picture.

“You do it.” Sam reached for Dean’s left hand, slicked his fingers up, and brought them to his wet little hole.

Dean fucked Sam on his fingers, and Sam threw his head back, both hands on his cock.

Snap.

Sam writhed and gasped, trying to stay quiet. Then he stood and turned around, put his right knee on the table, and bent forward, stretching himself open, the muscles of his thighs standing out strong.

“Sammy…so beautiful….”

Snap.

Sam dropped to his knees, pulling Dean’s boxers down, and took him into his mouth. He let his hair tumble into his face, obscuring it.
Snap.

He stood, rubbing his cock against the hard curve of Dean’s.

Snap.

He bent over the washing machine again. “Dean,” he breathed. “Fuck me.”

Dean got his cock nice and wet, and poised it at Sam’s entrance.

“Take a picture. I wanna see. Wanna see it.” Sam was shivering, not from the cold, but from the pleasure.

Dean obliged. He took a series of shots of his cock breaching Sam’s pink little hole, making it open right up for him. Sam looked over his shoulder, watching Dean’s face, red with pleasure, as he snapped shot after shot.

“You like it?”

“Sam. Fuck. I love it.” Dean fucked into Sam slowly, pulling out, taking another photo.


Dean had to put the camera down and pull out, gripping the base of his cock hard.

Sam turned around and nipped and sucked at Dean’s neck. “You like that? You want to tape us having sex? Play it back while you fuck me again?”

“Fucking hell, Sammy,” Dean growled. He picked Sam up and set him down on the washing machine, maneuvering him into the perfect position, and sliding inside him in one slow, smooth stroke.

Sam moaned and gently dug his teeth into Dean’s chest. Dean rocked into him.

The machine kicked into spin cycle.

Sam and Dean gasped at the same time.

The vibrations raced through Sam’s body, tingling and buzzing around Dean’s cock, under his fingertips, everywhere his body touched Sam. The vibrations rose through Dean’s thighs, pressed against the front of the machine, shook and shivered in his belly, pressing against Sam’s cock, rattled through his cock, buried deep inside Sam.

Sam cried out, loud enough for people to hear, but both of them were past caring. They just held onto each other for dear life, Dean grabbing hold of Sam’s hair and tugging, fucking Sam rough and slick, ramming himself home, Sam moaning, “Dean, Jesus, Dean, oh god, Dean” and Dean chanting, “Sammy, Sam, Sammy,” both of them losing it, shuddering and vibrating and coming, coming hard and wet and messy, falling apart for each other.
Sam slid off the washing machine and buried his face in Dean’s neck. Dean could feel it, fluttering underneath Sam’s skin, pulling his slack, sex-sated muscles tighter. It was the shyness sneaking back in, as Sam let go of that primal self that was so gloriously uninhibited with Dean, but never perverse even when he said deliciously dirty things and gave himself to Dean without holding back anything.

“Dean?” Sam began.

“It’s ok, Sam. I loved it. I mean, I really loved it.”

Sam took a shaky breath. Dean tipped his face up so that he had to look at Dean. “Hey. Anything we do together is good.”

Sam wasn’t ready to meet Dean’s gaze yet, and he buried his face in Dean’s neck again. “I can’t believe I did that. So…slutty.”

“No.” Dean’s voice was firm. “Don’t.” Dean stroked his thumb along Sam’s jaw. “Even like that, what we just did, how you were for me…you’re so…” Dean struggled to find the right word. “Pure.”

Sam raised his head and looked at Dean.

“I love how you are with me. Like you love me so much, want it from me so much, that you just…you’ll do anything. But just with me. And it’s good.” Dean smoothed Sam’s hair. “Sam. You’re not slutty or dirty. You’re good.”

Sam swallowed, letting Dean’s words sink in. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Sam blew out a breath, letting the shame dissipate.

“I’ll crack this open right now. If you want me to.” Dean picked up the disposable camera.

Sam shook his head. He had a sly glint in his eye. “I, uh, I want to see them.”

Dean set the camera down. “I love you so much it hurts.”

The mention of pain put Sam on alert. “How’s your face?”

Dean raised his eyebrows. “Better, actually.”

Sam’s smile was incandescent.

“Paper towel?” Dean gave a slight nod towards Sam’s abdomen, streaked with his come.
Sam laughed. “Yeah.”

Dean took a wad of paper towels off the roll set over the sink, wet them and handed them to Sam, wetting another towel and cleaning himself. Sam wiped down his stomach, and then hesitated. “Turn around.”

Dean rolled his eyes. “Sam, I’ve seen everything—“

“Turn around,” Sam insisted. Dean did as Sam wanted. Sam wiped between his legs, cleaning up Dean’s come that had leaked out of his ass and trickled down his thighs, and thoroughly wiped his bottom clean. “Ok.”

He took the wet paper towel from Dean, adding it to the wad in his hand, wrapped them tightly with clean dry ones, and dropped the bundle into the waste basket. He opened the washing machines and they loaded their wet clothes into the dryers. Dean picked up his boxers from the floor, now lightly dusted with lint, and held them up with two fingers.

They stood in the middle of the laundry room, wearing nothing but tube socks.

Dean pressed his finger against the top of the bridge of his nose. Sam ran his fingers through his hair, pushing it out of his face.

Dean held his finger up, then dropped it.

Sam shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

“Didn’t really think this one all the way through, did we.”

“No.”

“We washed everything?”

“Yes.”

They were so used to living in motels and the Impala that it was longstanding habit to wash every single thing they had when they had access to a washing machine. Playing cards in their boxers in a laundromat was such a classic scene in the lives of Sam and Dean Winchester, it could have been a painting by Edward Hopper. Here in the sanctuary, no one was going to steal their clothes. They had plenty of time. They could have done one load at a time, and waited for it to finish, fully dressed in the comfort of their apartment. It hadn’t even occurred to either of them.

Dean eyed his linty boxers with an expression of distaste.

“Dean?” Sam looked at Dean with the eyes of a puppy caught in a rainstorm. “I’m cold.”

Dean blew out a long breath. “Never say I don’t do anything for you.” He unhooked the chair from under the door, opened it with a creak, and ran down the hallway, past the doors of the other apartments. All empty.

All save one.

At the sound of the creaky laundry door opening, Reggie came to his front door and opened it, intending to ask the boys about dinner plans. He was greeted by the sight of Dean Winchester, completely naked except for a pair of green-striped tube socks, jogging down the hallway towards him.
At the sight of Reggie, standing slack-jawed in the doorway, Dean sucked in a breath, then put on a blinding smile, raised his hand and waved. “Laundry day!” He bounced past Reggie, and into their apartment. He shut the door behind him and fell back against it, face bright red. “Fuck.”

Reggie stared at the closed door, and dropped his face into the palm of his hand.

~

Dean pulled two blankets off the bed, wrapping one around him, and shuffled down the hall. He handed the second blanket to Sam.

He accepted it gratefully. “Anyone see you?”

Dean closed his eyes, shaking his head. “Oh yeah.”

“Seriously?”

“Yep.”

“Who?”

“Oh, just Reggie.”

“No.” Sam sat up.

“Yes. Bare-ass naked, running down the hall. My junk flapping in the breeze.”

Sam tried not to laugh.

He really did.

He failed miserably.

~

Sam put a fresh layer of lip balm on Dean’s split lip, making sure to keep it moist, then sat Dean down on the floor in front of him and rubbed his neck and shoulders, pressing on the tight spots and easing them, Dean groaning and breathing deeply, relaxing under Sam’s strong hands. Then they played cards. The clothes finally dried, they dressed and returned to their apartment. There was a note on the door from Danny addressed to Sam that read, “Got it all.” Dean raised an eyebrow, but Sam said nothing, just loped down the hall to the common room and came back with a rolled-up grocery bag and a large grey shopping bag. He hid the shopping bag in the bedroom, forbidding Dean to look at it yet, and put the items from the grocery bag into the refrigerator with a similar admonishment. “You’ll find out later.”

“When?”

“After we take a shower.”

They made the bed and folded their clothes, and then Dean stripped off both their clothes and pulled Sam into the bathroom.

Sam, tense as he always was now in water, nevertheless laughed as the spray hit him, watching how quickly Dean got hard.

“It’s not nice to laugh at a man’s dick, Sam.”
Sam looked stricken. “You know it’s huge, right?”

It was Dean’s turn to laugh.

“I was laughing because we just had sex, and you’re ready again. Just like that.”

“Just like that.” Dean moved closer, looking Sam up and down, rubbing the bar of soap over Sam’s chest, backing him up against the shower tile.

Sam made an effort to maintain his composure and pretend like the water didn’t bother him, but it took less effort than it used to. “You’re talking better.”

“Oh yeah.” Dean was even able to smile a little bit.

“That’s great.”

“Can’t wait until I can take your dick in my mouth, huh? You need it that bad?”

Sam flinched, a sharp flash of hurt on his face. His mouth shifted into a pout, unconsciously. “I meant that I wanted to kiss you. Actually.”

“You can kiss me.”

Sam eyed Dean’s mouth, still swollen, the split in his lip healed up some but still fragile. “I can wait.” Something wounded in his voice. “I’m not desperate for it.”

The words sparked a memory. A terrible memory. All the way back when all this began, when he and Sam fought over waiting until Sam was older, and he’d said that awful thing.

*Jesus, Sammy. Are you that fucking desperate for it?*

All this time, even with everything that had happened between them, Dean’s accusation still lingered inside Sam, eating away at him like acid. Dean’s heart sank.

“That’s it. Isn’t it.” Dean’s voice was tender. “Why you got insecure after the whole camera thing.”

The muscles in Sam’s jaw twitched, but he said nothing.

“When I said that. I made you feel ashamed. Of the way you get when you’re with me. How much you like it.” Dean stroked Sam’s shoulder.

Sam closed his eyes and turned his face away, water streaming down his chest.

“Sam. I’m sorry.”

Being with Sam had changed Dean in so many ways. Before this thing between them had unfolded, before they became each other’s in all ways, Dean was the master of never saying sorry. He’d cock his head or purse his lips or wave his hands in a way that was meant to convey the general principle, but he rarely said the words. Now, he did not hesitate. Sam had changed him.

“Nothing to be sorry for. It’s fine. Really.” Sam grabbed the shampoo and began washing his hair, fast and careless. 30 seconds later, he was already rinsing, barely waiting until the suds were washed away, and he almost fell in his haste to get out of the shower, driven by his water phobia and his discomfort at the topic of discussion.

Dean followed suit, and got out before Sam had finished toweling himself off. He put his hand on
Sam’s shoulder. “Hey.”

“Dean, really, I’m fine.”

“You’re doing it again.” Dean cocked his head. “What you said we shouldn’t do.”

“I’m not trying to hide anything from you. I’m—“

“Trying to trick yourself into believing it doesn’t bother you.”

Sam stared, dumbfounded.

“Am I right?”

Sam shook his head. “You’re right.”

“Don’t look so surprised, Sammy.”

“I’m not. It’s just. Wow. That was really smart.”

“So spill.”

Sam sighed, and thought for a moment. “Is there something wrong with me?”

Dean’s eyebrows went up. “Whoa. No. No! What made you—“

“I’m serious. Is…am I normal?”

“Sam. What are you afraid of?”

Sam was silent.

“That you’re dirty and bad and wrong?”

Sam looked down, like Dean just hit the bulls-eye. Dean wrapped a towel around Sam’s shoulders and pulled him closer. “You’re not a slut. You’re not dirty. There’s nothing wrong with you. I’m sorry I said that other thing. I didn’t mean it. Honest to god, I really didn’t.”

Sam put his head on Dean’s chest.

“If you want to just keep things basic and regular, Sam, I’m totally down with that. We don’t need to do the kinky stuff. Just being with you is amazing.”

Sam laughed softly. “I don’t want to not do the kinky stuff. I like it. That’s what worries me.” He squeezed Dean tighter. “I just…sometimes I feel like there’s something wrong with me, Dean.” He nuzzled Dean’s chest, for his own comfort as much as a gesture of affection for Dean. “I always have.”

“You trust me, Sam?”

Sam looked up, eyes wide. “Totally.”

“Then trust me on this. Listen. Really listen. There is nothing wrong with you.”

Sam listened.

“I think it’s awesome that you want to do kinky stuff with me. That you come up with things on
your own. I mean, if it was just me bringing it up, I’d feel weird.”

Sam let that sink in.

“I love that you aren’t afraid to let yourself go wild with me, Sam. I love that about you. Not just the stuff you want to do, but that you can just let go and…” primal, gorgeous, fucking hot as hell, his Sammy in the throes of giving himself over to Dean, Jesus fucking Christ what a thing of beauty and his joy forever if he had any say in the matter… “I can’t even explain. That it comes out of you when we’re together. That you feel that way about me. Just… don’t feel bad about it. And I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, I made you feel bad about that even for a second. Just pretend I never said it. ’Cause I wish to hell I hadn’t. Can you do that for me, Sam?”

Sam nodded.

“Seriously. Close your eyes. Do it.”

Sam closed his eyes.

“We’re back there in Bobby’s place, we’re sparring, and we get into that fight, and I’m freaking out because I want to fuck you so bad it hurts, it’s actually physically hurting me, and I’m trying to get you to lay off about not waiting because I’m about to lose control and fuck you right there in the living room, and you’re making this fucking perfect argument about how you’re not too young for all the other stuff we’re doing and my rule is stupid, which it is, I know it is, but I can’t let go of the idea that it’s just the right thing to do, to wait…”

Sam’s eyes flashed open, watching Dean’s face, his own expression softening as he listened to Dean explain himself. Dean didn’t notice because his were squeezed shut.

“And I just reach for something that will hurt just enough to make you shut up, because I got nothing, nothing else at all, and because when I get mad and cornered like that I turn into a dick, just like Dad, you know, just whipping the worst comment at you like a punch to the gut, and you’re so mad at me for being a fucking cock tease, and I’m just desperate to get you to stop talking, and I say, I say, Jesus Sammy. Can’t you just shut the fuck up?”

The words rang out, harsh but curiously comforting.

Dean opened his eyes. “That’s what I said. Ok?”

Sam’s smile reached all the way to his eyes. “Yeah. That’s what you said.”

Dean blinked, like he couldn’t quite believe Sam let him do that. Then he pulled Sam to him. “And don’t you ever, ever feel ashamed of how you are when we’re together.”

“Oh.” Sam’s voice was muffled by Dean’s shoulder.

“Promise me, Sam.” Dean laid his hand on the front of Sam’s chest, where he still bore the thin trace of the knife’s blade.

Sam put his hand on Dean’s chest, over the same thin red line scratched into his flesh. “I promise.”

Dean stroked Sam’s wet hair, and moved in to kiss him.

“No. Wait.” There was a hint of mischief in Sam’s tone.

“Wait?”
“Until midnight. Don’t kiss me until it’s midnight.”

Dean frowned.

“It’s New Year’s Eve, Dean.”

Dean stepped back, hands coming up. “Dude. New Year’s Eve? Seriously? How the hell… it’s because we don’t wear watches. Why the hell don’t we wear watches? Dammit, Sam. I wanted to do something nice for you. We don’t even have champagne or anything.”

Sam said, “Shhh.” He handed Dean his clean sweats, t-shirt and flannel. “Go wait for me on the couch. And don’t look in the fridge. Promise.” He poked Dean on the chest lightly.

“Promise.”

Sam snatched the hair dryer from the counter and walked naked down the hallway into the bedroom, Dean admiring the taut curve of his ass. “I love watching your ass when you walk,” he called out. “Is that beautiful or what?”

“OK, Otto,” Sam called from the bedroom. “Couch. Wait.”

From the bedroom came the metallic howl of the hair dryer. Dean gargled with warm salt water, swishing the fluid around in his mouth to help the abrasions heal faster, then smeared his mouth with honey. He reapplied ointment to the cut on his chin, and then sat on the couch and daydreamed about how it would feel to kiss Sam at midnight.

Sam appeared in the hallway. He fidgeted with his collar nervously.

Dean’s mouth fell open.

Sam was dressed in a beautiful black suit and white button-down shirt, with a dusk-blue brocade tie that brought out the green in his hazel eyes. His blow-dried hair, thick and gleaming, framed his face. He smiled, dimples popping out, at the look on Dean’s face. “Happy New Year, Dean.”

Dean rose to his feet. “You look…Jesus, Sam.” Dean couldn’t take his eyes off Sam. He’d never seen him dressed up this nice, not even for junior prom. “You look amazing.”

“Yeah?” Sam’s eyes were bright.

Dean’s eyelids fluttered, and his expression went soft and dreamy, as he drank in the sight in front of him. He wiped his palms on his sweats. “I’m gonna look like a bum next to you.”

Sam extended his hand. “Come here.” Dean took his hand and allowed himself to be led into the bedroom. There, on a hanger attached to the hook on the back of the door, was another black suit with a white shirt and a green paisley tie.

Dean shook his head in disbelief. “Sam.” He reached for the shirt.

Sam took his hand and held it to his chest. “Hang on.”

Dean waited.

Sam held his hand for a moment, then kissed it. “I just want to be handsomer than you for a few more seconds. Because as soon as you put that on, it’s all over.”

Dean rolled his eyes. But as soon as he donned the suit, attaching his belt with the knife in its
sheath just like Sam had done, and fastened the tie around his neck, Sam stared at him, absolutely enraptured. Dean was, simply put, gorgeous.

Sam fixed the knot of the tie, hand trembling almost imperceptibly. “I knew it.” He fingered the tie. “The green. Makes your eyes just... wow.”

“How’d you pull this off, Sammy?” Dean adjusted his sleeves. The suit fit him perfectly, just like Sam’s suit fit him almost like it had been made for him.

“I told Danny our sizes. Gave him some money. He went into town and got them.”

Dean frowned at Sam. “How do you know my size?”

Sam smoothed the front of Dean’s shirt flat. “I know your body.”

Dean blinked slowly, tracking the feel of Sam’s hand moving down his chest. Looking at the silver gleam of the ring on his finger. He took Sam’s right hand in his, intertwining his fingers with Sam’s. Their identical rings clicked as they touched.

“Sam.”

They stared at their entwined hands, the silver rings on their fingers, against the white of Dean’s dress shirt. Dean’s gaze rose to Sam’s face. He swiped his tongue over his lower lip.

“It’ll be like this when we get married.”

Sam’s breath stopped.

“Except the rings will be on our left hands.”

Sam made a little sound.

Dean put his hand on the back of Sam’s head, cradling it. He looked into Sam’s eyes, then down, his gaze lingering on Sam’s mouth, then met Sam’s gaze again.

“Dean,” Sam whispered feebly. “Midnight.”

“I’m going to kiss you. Now.”

Sam shivered.

Dean closed the gap and brought his mouth to Sam’s. Sam breathed out, that same little sound traveling outward on his warm breath. Dean drank it in, parting his lips urging Sam’s to open to him with the gentle prodding of his tongue, coaxing Sam’s tongue to gently swipe across his mouth.

His lips tasted of honey.

~

Sam swayed on his feet. Dean steadied him. “You ok?”

“Dizzy.”

Dean grinned. “I made you dizzy.”
Sam scratched behind his ear, looking down, his cheeks going pink.

Dean’s grin became a smirk. “I totally made you dizzy. Just by kissing you.”

“Shut up.” Sam smiled as he said it.

“I am the kissing god.”

“Dean.”

Dean nodded, a smug expression on his face. “Kneel before your god.”

“Don’t you ever get enough?” Sam smacked Dean on the shoulder lightly.

Dean’s expression turned serious. “Not of you.”

Sam’s pink cheeks flushed a darker red. “Later. Right now… just come here.” Dean allowed himself to be led into the kitchen. Sam rummaged in the refrigerator and emerged with a bottle of real French champagne and two tall flutes.

Dean’s eyebrows went up. “Nice.”

Sam untwisted the cage, peeled off the foil and wrapped a towel around the top of the bottle, twisting off the cork without making a loud pop and sending the cork flying. He tipped the glass to the side and poured the bubbly liquid down deftly.

Sam caught Dean watching him curiously. “That’s so it doesn’t foam up and lose all the bubbles.”

Dean watched the champagne flow into the glass smoothly, with only a thin film of foam at the top. “Nice. Where’d you learn that?”

“Some movie.” Sam handed Dean the glass of champagne and filled his own.

Dean leaned against the refrigerator and raised his glass. “What do you want to toast to, Sammy?”

Sam stared at Dean, dressed so beautifully, glass of sparkling wine in his hand, and shook his head in wonder.

“What?”

“You look like James Bond.”

Dean swallowed hard. “That’s just about the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me.”

Sam chuckled. “So. Toast?”

“Yeah.”

Sam raised his glass. “You and me. Nothing gets in the way.”

A shiver of electricity passed through Dean. He raised his glass. “You and me. Nothing gets in the way.”

They clinked their glasses and drank. Dean closed his eyes. “Holy hell.”

“Wow.”
“Holy hell.” Dean repeated. He took another sip. “Sam, let’s be rich.”

Juliane stood in her bedroom, staring at the fabric tacked up over the mirrored closet doors, rubbing her thumb over her wrist. She breathed out, and pulled the fabric down.

She faced her reflection. “Ok,” she said in a quiet voice. “Ok.”

She crossed her arms at her waist and pulled the sweater off overhead, and stepped out of her pants. She did not look up. She unsnapped her bra and removed her underwear and socks. When she was completely undressed, she stood up straight, raised her head, and looked at herself in the mirror.

Her eyes filled with tears, but she blinked them away. She looked at herself. Really looked at herself.

Scars laced her skin, long curving silvery cords, and some surprisingly elegant whorls and patterns. She traced the scar that started at her wrist and ran up her arm, all the way to its end point. Her fingers trembled. “Fuckers didn’t kill me.”

She traced another, a deeper one that moved up the underside of her arm and wrapped around the crook of her elbow, and another slash along her shoulder. Her fingers touched each scar in turn, watching herself in the mirror, seeing and feeling the contours of each one. As she traced each scar, she whispered, “Fuckers didn’t kill me.”

Her hands moved to her abdomen, her thighs. She crouched and touched each scar on her lower legs. Her hips and breasts were unmarred, smooth pale skin in symmetrical contrast to the scars on the rest of her body.

She pivoted and looked over her shoulder at the scars on her back. These she could not reach with her fingers, but she traced each one with her eyes. Finally, she turned back to face the mirror. “That which does not kill us…”

She opened the closet door and rummaged in the back of the closet until she found what she was looking for.

They drank half the bottle by themselves before Sam looked at the clock above the stove and said, “Time to go.”

“Where?”

Sam grinned. “The party.”

Sam grabbed the half-full bottle of champagne and brought Dean down to the common room, glasses in hand. Danny let them in.

Bunches of balloons hung from the gargoyles in the four corners of the room. The gargoyle on the statue next to the door, with its hand curved to hold a torch or a flag, now held a glass of champagne. Danny was dressed in nice slacks and a button-down, short-sleeved blue shirt. Reggie was there, on the couch, wearing clean jeans and a long-sleeved cowboy shirt.

“Well, damn. Don’t you two dress up nice.” He clapped his hand on Sam’s shoulder. “Nice to see
you in clothes,” he added, eyeing Dean.

Dean blushed bright red. Reggie threw his head back and roared with laughter. He leaned in conspiratorially. “Son, if you knew the number of times I had to run off buck naked…” He winked at Sam. “Let me pass on some wisdom gleaned from all my years on the planet. Never wash all the clothes you own at once…”

Danny choked on his beer and began spluttering. Dean slapped him on the back. “You ok, man?” Danny coughed and wiped his mouth, staring over Dean’s shoulder.

Dean turned to see what he was looking at. “Whoa.”

Sam and Reggie turned to look.

Juliane stood in the middle of the room. Her hair was tucked up in a loose knot, a few tendrils hanging down to frame her face. Around her neck, she wore a platinum chain with a large ruby pendant. Her make-up was simple, just mascara to emphasize her eyes and a dark pink lipstick. Gone were the long, bulky sweater and long pants. Instead, she wore a halter-top dress that fell to the floor, made out of a soft, deep-red fabric that draped over her body elegantly. The neckline was low but tasteful. Her arms were completely bare.

She shifted nervously at all eyes being upon her, and gripped her left forearm with her right hand.

“You look beautiful.” Sam spoke first. He went to her and took her hands. “Look at you. My god.”

“It’s ok to stare. Better if you get it over with.”

“Stare at a beautiful woman? We can’t help that.” Sam’s smile was pure sweetness. Danny covered his mouth with his hand, staring unabashedly.

“I meant—“

“I know what you meant.” Sam leaned in and whispered, “Your scars give you power. Own it.”

Her eyes widened, and she gave a little gasp. They looked at each other, in a private moment, something being exchanged between them that only they could understand.

She smiled and let go of his hands. Her eyes searched for Danny. He was frozen. She walked up to him and did a little turn in place. His mouth opened, but no words came out.

“Do you like it?”

He blinked rapidly, stunned. “I love it.”

“I’d love some champagne.” Danny shook his head, and went to the ice bucket on the table, spread with cheese, crackers and olives, to retrieve it. Sam leaned closer to Dean. “I had him get a couple of bottles for everyone. And there’s one more back at our place. For later.” He leaned even closer, and brought his mouth to Dean’s ear. “I want to lick it off your stomach.”

Dean erupted in a coughing fit. Sam grinned. Dean craned his head and eyed Sam’s mouth. Sam read his intent. “Not until midnight. I mean it.” Dean made a little sound of protest. “Good things come to those who wait, Dean.”

Danny brought Juliane a glass of champagne. His fingers brushed hers as she took it. He pulled his hand back and shoved it in his pocket. “So, guys, help yourself to some food. I’ve got some hot
appetizers coming out. And for actual food, I picked up tamales. Couple of different kinds. I hope that’s ok.” His forehead was damp with sweat.

“Tamales.” Dean turned to Sam and grabbed his shoulders. “Tamales.” Sam was relieved. Tamales were soft. Dean could eat them.

Everyone took a plate and loaded it up. Sam’s plate was heavy on the fresh strawberries, sliced baguette and brie. Reggie and Juliane took a little of everything. Danny randomly put grapes, pepperocini and olives on his plate and tried not to stare at Juliane too blatantly. Dean surveyed the array, trying to figure out what he could handle that didn’t involve much chewing. Sam set his plate down and took a handful of baguette slices, peeling off the crust, and smearing the soft bread with brie. Dean gazed at Sam like he was the most wonderful being to ever walk the earth.

“You two look so handsome,” Juliane popped a cheese cube in her mouth, and took a sip of champagne. “Oh my god,” she moaned.

Danny beamed. “Sam said get the best you can find.”

“You did good, Danny.” Juliane smiled at him. Danny squirmed, visibly not knowing what to do with himself. She turned to the others. “Ok, so, there’s not going to be dancing, but I picked out some New Year’s Eve movies. But we ARE going to watch New Year’s Rockin’ Eve, and that’s the deal.”

No complaints were raised.

On the coffee table in front of the TV were several movies: When Harry Met Sally, The Gold Rush, After the Thin Man, and The Shining. Sam looked perplexed at the last one. “I always thought the ballroom stuff in the Shining was a New Year’s Eve party, so to me, it’s a New Year’s Eve movie,” Juliana explained. “So, what you want to watch?”

The men looked at each other in turn, and in nearly perfect unison, all said, “The Shining.”

Juliane threw her head back, giving a throaty laugh. “You guys are the best.” She popped the movie in. Danny sat down on the far end of the three-person couch, huddling against the arm, staring up at Sam and Dean, practically begging them to sit next to him. Instead, they sat together on the smaller couch. Reggie sat on the far end of the long couch. And Juliane sat down between them.

Dean elbowed Sam. “We need popcorn for this,” he whispered, staring at Danny, in visible discomfort on the couch, so close to Juliane.

They ate their hors d’oeuvres and drank champagne, talking over the movie, bragging about how they’d sweep and clear the Overlook, whether the naked old woman in the bathtub was a true specter or something else, and raising their glasses at the scenes of the hallway festooned with balloons, and the ballroom filled with ghostly revelers in masks. They polished off several bottles of champagne and wine, the laughter becoming louder, the gestures more animated. Sam and Juliane got into a lively discussion about telekinesis in the movie, and whether or not Jack has the shining as well as Danny.

They roared with laughter at the scene of Jack on the staircase emphasizing “what’s to be done with Danny.” Danny laughed along with them, but his cheeks got pink.

The movie concluded, they moved to the table and gorged themselves on tamales. Danny had gotten three kinds: pork, green chili and cheese, and chicken. With a bit of care, Dean was able to
eat them without too much discomfort, just like Sam had hoped. Watching Dean eat his first solid meal since the attack. Sam beamed with pride as though Dean had gotten accepted to Yale, or taken out a vampire nest. Finally, when the giant pots of tamales were reduced to heap of empty husks, everyone cleared the table, and Juliane turned on Dick Clark’s New Year’s Rockin’ Eve.

Throughout the entire evening, Juliane stayed close to Danny. Danny was relentless about respecting her personal space, being a gentleman, acting like everything was just as it had always been, but everyone could see what an effort it took. Finally, Dean pulled Danny aside to a corner of the kitchen when no one was looking.

“Dude, what are you doing?”

Danny looked at Dean like he was mad.

“She’s giving you the signal. She’s giving you ALL the signals.”

Danny shook his head.

Dean leaned in. “Trust me on this one, man. You’re in.”

Danny exhaled heavily. “You don’t get it. You just…”

“What, you think she’s out of your league?”

“Miles. Parsecs.”

Dean’s face wobbled in a little circle, a surprised expression on his face.

“What?”

“Dude. You used parsec correctly. Everyone gets it wrong. It’s distance, not time—”

Danny waved Dean off. “Look. See that necklace?” Dean looked at the large stone around her neck. “That’s not a fake. That’s a real ruby.” Dean’s eyes widened. “This place? All the materials to build it? She paid for it. Doesn’t charge hunters to stay here. Did you notice that?” He blew out a long breath. “She’s rich. Like, really rich. Really, really rich.”

Dean took a long drink of champagne. “Huh.”

“She’s young, rich and beautiful. She can have anybody. Any one she wants. The only reason she even puts up with—“ he gestured to himself dismissively—“is because she’s holed up here until she gets better.” He watched her, standing with a glass of champagne in her hand, elegant dress flowing over her body, chatting with Reggie and Sam. His face fell. “And she is. Getting better. As soon as she realizes…” He closed his eyes, shaking his head. “Last thing on earth she wants is someone like me.” Danny walked away, and poured himself a shot of whiskey from the bar.

Sam came into the kitchen and put his arms around Dean from behind. “How’s it going?”

Dean smeared more lip balm over his mouth. “She’s going to have to hit him over the head with a frying pan and drag him off by his hair.”

“Probably.” Sam kissed the back of Dean’s neck. “You look good in a suit.”

“Yeah you do.”

“Shhh…” Sam brushed his lips over the little hairs on the nape of his neck. Dean shivered. “You’re
gorgeous, and you know it, and you’re mine, so shut up and take the compliment.”

“Yes sir.”

Now Sam shivered. Dean felt it. He turned in Sam’s arms and watched the micro-expressions on Sam’s face. “Hmm.”

“What?”

Dean stepped back a pace, moved his left foot out shoulder width and clasped his hands behind his back, in the military stand at ease position. “Sir yes sir.”

Sam bit his lip with a groan. “Fuck.”

Dean’s smile was rich with promise. “Permission to kiss you, sir.”

“Permission denied, soldier.” Sam’s breath came faster. “Not until midnight.”

Dean relaxed and moved closer to Sam, brushed against him, feeling the effect he’d had on Sam. “Huh. You really like that, don’t you.”

Sam swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing.

“Always did have a thing for war movies. Wanna play soldiers, Sammy?”

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was pleading. “Not here.”

Dean looked Sam up and down like he wanted to strip Sam bare and devour him. “Gonna have to get us some military uniforms.”

Sam gripped Dean’s shoulders. “Dean. Please. I cannot hold it together when you do that.”

Dean stood close enough to feel how hard Sam was. “I am going to play this out the first chance we get, Sam. Got that?”

Sam whimpered.

“Sam. Say it.” Dean licked his lower lip. “Wanna hear you say it.”

Sam made sure no one was watching them, and then whispered, “Sir yes sir.”

Sam wasn’t the only one who was rock-hard and aching. They had to stand in the kitchen for ten minutes, talking about wound care, until their physical state of arousal was no longer glaringly obvious.

Juliane turned on the TV to Dick Clark’s New Year’s Rockin’ Eve, and brought out the last bottle of champagne, set aside for the toast at midnight. When it got near the countdown, she poured everyone a fresh glass. She winked at Sam and Dean. “You two better kiss when the clock strikes 12 if you want to be together in the new year.”

“Oh, we’re on it.” Dean took Sam’s hand. “Trust me.” Reggie witnessed the exchange, and smiled at the two young men. But there was sadness at the edges of his smile.

The crowd assembled in Times Square began to chant the countdown. “Ten, nine, eight…” Juliane watched Danny carefully, then she nodded to herself, set her champagne flute down and drew closer to Danny. “Seven, six, five…” She took his arm. “Four, three, two, one. Happy New Year!”
The ball dropped. People waved signs saying 1999.

Sam pressed his mouth to Dean’s, spilling some of his champagne on the floor. Neither noticed, or would have cared if they had. Dean’s mouth, soft and warm, was on Sam’s mouth, claiming him for the next year.

Juliane took a quick breath, steeling herself, tipped her face up and kissed Danny.

He dropped his champagne flute to the floor, where it spilled and bounced on the Persian rug but did not shatter. Juliane brought her hand up and held the back of his head, still kissing him.

He raised his hand to her face and stroked her cheek, so lightly. She put her hand over his, pressing it closer.

He pulled back, searching her eyes for signs that this was a joke, just a cruel joke. All he saw was the truth. A single tear ran down his cheek. He took her face with both hands with infinite gentleness, and kissed her. Her hands slid up his back and she arched into him.

They kissed for a long, long time. When they finally broke contact, they realized everyone was watching them. Juliane buried her face in Danny’s chest. He held her with a stunned expression on his face. Dean gave him two thumbs up. Juliane looked up to see Sam grinning madly, his arm around Dean. Her attention shifted to Reggie, standing all by himself and to the side, suddenly paying extremely close attention to the contents of his glass. She inclined her head toward him, a mischievous look on her face. “Let’s get him.” Suddenly Reggie found himself beset by Juliane and Sam, on either side, kissing his cheeks. He sputtered and protested and pushed them away. “Gotta kiss someone at midnight.” Sam’s cheeks were flushed with alcohol and elation.

Juliane got Danny a new glass of champagne, and they toasted the new year. Dean took Sam’s hand. “We should bail. Give them some time alone.” He signaled to Reggie, who understood Dean’s meaning without words.

“Well, folks, it’s been wonderful, but this old man needs his beauty sleep.” He shook Danny’s hand, and then Juliane’s. “Thank you so much for your hospitality. Best December 31st I’ve spent in a long time.”

“You’re leaving?” Juliane put on a good show, but it was clear that she was not too sad.

“Yeah, we’re gonna take off too. Thank you. Both of you. So much.” Sam gave Danny a hug. “Thanks, man.”

“You guys look real good.”

“These suits are incredible. Thanks again.”

Sam hugged Juliane. “I’m happy for you,” he whispered.

She hugged Sam. “Thank you.”

“For?”

She pulled back and just looked at him. He stood still, like he was listening, then smiled. “Ok. You’re welcome.”

Dean picked up the two champagne flutes they’d brought with them, and shook Danny and Juliane’s hands. “Happy New Year.”
“Happy New Year,” they said in unison.

~

Danny and Juliane were alone.

Danny couldn’t have looked more nervous if he tried.

Juliane moved forward slowly, insinuating herself into his arms. His hands moved around her, the palm of his hand on the bare skin of her lower back. She shuddered. He pulled away. “Is that ok?”

“It’s just…it’s been a while since anyone...” She moved close again, and put his hands back where they were.

“You’re sure?” His voice was muffled, face nestled in her hair.

“Yes.”

His fingers moved along her skin. She drew in a quick breath.

She pulled back, slightly. “Is it ok if we go slow?”

Danny gave a nervous laugh. “I can’t believe we’re going at all.”

She looked up at him, a wide, surprised grin on her face.

“You set the pace. As slow as you want. Even…” his voice broke. “Even just this. That’s more than I ever thought…”

“Stay with me tonight?”

Danny swallowed hard.

“We could sleep together.” She blushed and stammered. “I-I-I mean, just sleep. Actually sleep. If that’s ok.”

“Ok.”

Her eyes lit up. “Ok?”

“Ok.” The nervousness faded from his face, replaced by the quiet realization that this was really happening, however slowly. “Let me run get my pajamas.”

Juliane changed into silk pajamas and hung up her dress, putting the necklace back in her long-unused jewelry box. She brushed her teeth, washed the makeup off her face and put on a jasmine-scented moisturizer. Her hands shook.

Danny walked back in wearing dark blue flannel pajamas. She stood at the foot of her bed. “What side?”

“What?”

“What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

“I’m ambidextrous.”

She laughed softly, “I like the right side.”
“Ok.” He climbed in on the left side. She got in on the right.

“How do you want—“

“Should I get the light—“

They spoke at once. Juliane turned off the lamp at the side of the bed, bringing the bedroom into darkness, except for glowing bits of light on the ceiling. Danny lay on his back looking up and laughed. “Glow-in-the-dark constellations.”

“I always liked them as a kid. Looking up, seeing the stars, thinking of all the other worlds out there. All the other forms of life and mysteries and things to discover. They made me feel like I wasn’t alone.”

“You’re not. Alone.” He breathed out. “If you don’t want to be.”

“I don’t.” She turned and nestled her head on his chest. He put his arm around her, breathing in the scent of her hair.

She snuggled closer. “Happy New Year.”

He brushed his lips across her forehead, so lightly she wasn’t sure it actually happened. “Happy New Year.”

~

Sam and Dean said good night to Reggie at the door of their apartment. He walked further down to his own. Inside, he performed his usual nightly ritual, changing into his comfortable and boxers and softest t-shirt, washing up, bringing a nightcap to bed. He propped up his pillows and lay back, and picked up his copy of Cormac McCarthy’s All the Pretty Horses. Into the empty space, he murmured, “Happy New Year, Nathan.” His glance fell to his wallet on the end table. “You too, Marcus.” He opened the book with one hand, whiskey in the other, and began to read.

~

Sam opened the bottle of champagne he’d left stashed in the refrigerator and filled their glasses, this time not carefully pouring it down the side but spilling it in fast and sloppy, so it foamed up and spilled over his fingers. He licked it off, and handed a glass to Dean. “Drink it fast.” He held his own. “Go.”

They downed their glasses quickly.

Sam poured in more champagne. “Again.”

Dean cocked his head. “Sam Winchester, are you trying to get me drunk?”

“I like you when you’re drunk.”

Dean laughed. “I like you when you’re drunk.”

Sam’s eyes gleamed. “Then get me drunk.” They drank the second glass quickly.

They were both already well on their way before they came back to their apartment, and the champagne went right to their heads. Sam set his glass down, grabbed the bottle, and tugged Dean to the bedroom. There, he gripped Dean’s tie and kissed him, holding him in place. Dean moaned into his mouth.
“S ok? Am I hurting you?”

“Sam, I am feeling no pain.”

“Mmm,” Sam murmured into his mouth. “Missed this. So much. Your mouth. Your…god, your mouth.”

“You like my mouth?”

“All of you.” Sam pulled back and looked Dean up and down. “All of you.” He wrapped his hand in Dean’s tie even tighter, holding him in place as he kissed him some more.

“Note to self: Wear tie more often,” Dean said.

“Yeah. So I can tie you up. With ties.” Sam giggled.

“You like that? Wanna tie me up, Sammy? Have your way with me.”

“Mmm.” Sam took a swig of champagne from the bottle, and tugged Dean to him, feeding him the champagne with his mouth.

Dean arched into Sam, moaning. Sam smiled, brought the bottle to his mouth again, making a show of wrapping his lips around the neck, taking it into his mouth.

“Fuck. Sam.”

Sam kissed Dean again, letting the champagne spill into his mouth. Dean lapped it up, drinking it, licking the taste of it from Sam’s lips.

Sam pushed Dean down on the bed. “Oh. Wait.” He set the bottle down and went into the hallway, returning with two bath towels. He spread them out on the bed, one on top of the other, then stripped Dean’s suit jacket off, tossing it on the chair in the corner of the room. He pulled Dean over and pushed him down again, so he was directly on top of the towels. He shoved up his white shirt, and tipped the champagne bottle over Dean’s stomach.

Dean laughed and wriggled.

“Hold still.”

“Tickles.”

“Shh.” Sam leaned over Dean and lapped the cool liquid that had pooled in his belly button. Dean threw his head back. Sam licked Dean’s stomach with flat, steady strokes, lapping up the taste of champagne.

“Again,” Dean said.

Sam unbuttoned Dean’s shirt, parting it. He dripped champagne over Dean’s stomach and chest, licking it all up, hands gripping Dean’s hips. He brushed his cheek over Dean’s erect cock. “Mmm. You like it.”

“Yeah. Fuck yeah.”

Sam grinned up at Dean wickedly. He got to his feet and shed his jacket, removing his tie slowly, and unbuttoning the white shirt down the front. He set Dean’s knife on his end table and walked around the bed to put his knife on his side. Then he tugged at Dean so his hips were at the end of
the bed, feet on the floor, towels still positioned underneath him. He unbuckled Dean’s pants and shoved them down to his ankles. “Lay back.”

“Champagne makes you bossy.”

“You love it.”

Dean blinked at Sam. “I kinda do.”

“Lay back.” Sam pushed at Dean. Dean chuckled and lay back, propping himself up on his elbows so he could watch Sam.

Sam took the bottle of champagne and poured a thin, steady stream over Dean’s lower abdomen and cock, careful to avoid pouring any directly over the head.

Dean gasped, hips bucking involuntarily. Sam lapped at the liquid, licking it from his initials, tonguing and sucking at the lines he’d put there with his knife, marking Dean as his. Then he licked the champagne from Dean’s cock, taking his time, doing a thorough job, while Dean twitched and moaned beneath him. He did it again, the cold liquid fizzing as it hit Dean’s skin, and followed it by his warm, wet mouth, tongue laving his cock, lavishing it with attention.

“Oh god. Oh Jesus. Sam.”

“S that feel good?” Again, this wasn’t porn dialogue. Sam needed to know, know that what he was doing to Dean for the first time felt good, didn’t sting or maybe just didn’t do anything for Dean at all.

“Yeah. Fuck. Feels really good.”

Sam made a happy sound, and drizzled more champagne over the soft flesh of Dean’s balls. Dean groaned. Sam lapped it up, swirling his tongue over each one in turn, the moved lower to lap at the patch of flesh behind them.

Dean gasped.

“Fuck. Dean. Roll over.”

Dean obeyed. Sam stripped off Dean’s shoes and socks, and pulled off his slacks and underwear completely. Dean tore off his white shirt and threw it on the floor. Sam pressed Dean flat to the bed and stroked his hand over Dean’s ass.

“Oh god.” Dean couldn’t hold still, writhing with anticipation. “Do it.”

Sam tipped the bottle over and let the liquid flow over Dean’s ass and between his legs. He buried his face between Dean’s ass cheeks and licked the champagne up. They both moaned in unison.

Sam urged Dean’s thighs apart, and poured more champagne over him. He set the bottle down and lapped at Dean’s hole, moaning, murmuring how good Dean felt, how much he loved doing this, fucking loved it, could do it for hours. Dean kept his face tilted to the side, so as not to hurt his stitches, but that was the only thought he gave to any pain anywhere in his body, so extreme and overwhelming was the pleasure Sam was giving him, the act of love he was performing.

Sam licked and nibbled and purred, opening Dean up with his tongue, lapping at him until his hole softened and yielded, revealing the soft pink flesh beneath. “So soft,” Sam whispered, his tongue dancing inside the ring of flesh revealed to him. “So soft.” He picked up the bottle, and poured a
tiny amount right over Dean’s unfurled hole. The champagne pooled there, in the small indentation formed by Dean’s body yielding to Sam. Sam breathed out, a sound that conveyed wonder and desire, and lapped it up. And he did it again. And again. And again.

Dean tore at the sheets and moaned and cried out at what Sam was doing to him. Finally, Sam turned Dean over, rolling him off the wet towel onto the dry part of the bed. He lifted the bottle to Dean’s lips. “Drink.”

Dean drank.

Sam leaned in and kissed Dean, not hard or rough, always so aware of Dean’s injuries, but deep and slow, claiming him, tasting him. He brought the bottle to Dean’s lips once more. “Again.” Dean drank again.

“Sammy.” Dean’s voice was low, pleading. Sam set the bottle down and reached for the lube, slicking up his fingers. Then, to Dean’s surprise, he scooted down between Dean’s thighs. He brought his mouth to Dean’s cock, kissing it, and slid his index finger inside Dean, slowly and carefully. He drove his mouth down on Dean, sucking as he pulled back up, keeping his mouth nice and wet. “I want to make you come like this.”

Dean groaned. “Fuck.”

Sam worked his finger inside Dean, sucking his cock with stubborn intent. “More,” Dean whispered.

Sam grinned, and worked a second finger inside Dean, angling them so the pads of his fingers rubbed against Dean’s prostate, working his mouth and tongue on Dean’s cock. “Wanna make you come.”

Dean gripped the sheets so hard he tore them from the corner of the bed. Writhing, head thrashing, he gave his Sammy what he wanted, spilling into his mouth, chanting Sam’s name like a sacrament, like clinging into a lifeline, like he couldn’t come without the sound and feel of his brother’s name in his mouth.

When the white sparks faded from his vision and he could see again, Dean flipped Sam onto his back, yanked off his clothes, and went to put his mouth on Sam. But Sam stopped him. “Too soon.” His fingers brushed Dean’s mouth. Dean made a growl of frustration and snatched up the tube of lubricant. He slicked up both hands. “Gonna make you come for me, Sammy,” he said. “Gonna make you come so hard.”

He circled the tip of his index finger along Sam’s hole. “Come on, baby boy. Let me in.” Sam spread his thighs wide, arching his back, pressing down on Dean’s finger. “There you go. Take it.” Sam took the first finger easily. Dean was greedy, desperate to see Sam lose it for him. “More. Come on, baby.” He pressed the tip of his middle finger alongside the first. Sam gasped as the second finger breached him, Dean insistent but keenly aware of Sam’s body, what was too much, what would hurt. “Yeah. Let me in.” And Sam did, opening to Dean, giving him everything.

Two fingers of his right hand inside Sam, Dean slid his hand over Sam’s cock and pumped it, fucking him with his fingers at the same time. Sam cried out.

“S that feel good?”

Dean knew it felt good, could see it in Sam’s flushed face and huge black pupils, see it in how Sam writhed and pumped his hips up into Dean’s fist, fucking himself on Dean’s fingers, how he spread
his thighs wider. He could see it, but he wanted to hear Sam say it.

“Oh god, Dean. So good. That feels so fucking good.” Sam looked between his legs at what Dean was doing to him. “God, your hands…”

Dean rotated his hand on Sam’s cock as he moved it up and down, trailed his fingertips along the underside of Sam’s shaft, pivoting his palm and closed fingers over the head, dropping down to cradle and tug at his balls, then making long strokes from the tip to the base, all while penetrating nice and deep with his other hand. He worked Sam good and proper with both hands, inside and out. Sam bounced and cried out, waggling his hips, as Dean increased his pace.

“Want you to come hard for me, Sammy. Real fucking hard.” Dean tried tightening his grip and going faster, then relaxing it again and going slower, to see which one made Sam gasp and wail. Tonight, it was harder and faster that his Sammy needed. So Dean gave it to him.

He stabbed into Sam with his fingers, his other hand working Sam nice and hard, demanding his orgasm. Sam thrashed on the bed, grabbed his thighs and held them open.

“There you go. That’s my Sammy. That’s my good boy.”

Sam raised his head from the pillow and howled as the first lash of the orgasm hit, Dean stroking his prostate between his two fingers, stripping Sam’s cock furiously.

“Yeah. Come for me. Harder. Sam. Harder.”

Sam’s face contorted as his body obeyed Dean’s command, despite already being in the throes of a toe-curling orgasm. He came harder, body shaking violently, come flying in an arc over his head and spattering the far wall, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood, trying hard to muffle his scream.

“Go on. Scream for me. Do it.” Dean slipped in a third finger.

Sam gripped his hair, pulling it, and screamed, cock pulsing, another jet of come spurting out, body jerking and spasming.

“Good boy. So good. So good,” Dean murmured, praising Sam.

Sam fell back, shuddering, then reached both arms up for Dean and burst into tears.

“So good, Sammy.” Dean cradled Sam in his arms. He wiped his fingers off on the wet towel and stroked Sam’s hair. “So beautiful.” Sam shivered and cried, body needing to release the intensity and emotion. “I love you, Sammy.” Dean held Sam close. “I love you.”
John dialed Bobby on the “Only Five People Have This Number” landline, tapping his fingers against the steering wheel. There was no answer. John tried Bobby’s cell. He picked up on the third ring.

“Hey. Where are you?” John’s voice was rough, with an edge of something dark resonating beneath the superficial charm.

Bobby opened his mouth and almost said, “Heading to where the boys are,” but something stopped him from telling him Reggie had found Sam and Dean. “Running down a lead.”

“What kind of a fucking lead?” John was angry, driven by something dark and desperate. Bobby had heard it before. Things did not go well when John spoke in that voice.

“A damn lead. That’s what kind,” Bobby snapped. He was cold and his leg hurt from where the tire iron had slipped and banged his shin when he was changing the tires.

“What aren’t you telling me?”

“That I ran over a nail and got a damn flat and I’m in a righteous bad mood. That what you wanted to hear?”

“Fine. Ok.” John’s words were clipped, impatient. “Any word on where the boys are?”

“Don’t you think I’d have told you if there were?”

“I’d have thought so, yes.” John Winchester was a legendary hunter for many reasons, and one of them was his ability to tell when someone was lying. And the way Bobby answered his question with a question, avoiding giving an answer, told him one thing: Bobby, to his shock and dismay, was lying to him.

“Missouri tell you anything?” Bobby got inside his car and turned it on to get the heat going.

“No. It was a dead end,” John said smoothly.

“Ah. That’s a disappointment.”

“Sure is.”

“So, you won’t be there when I get back?”

“No, this may take a day or two.”

“Ok.”

A pause.
“Hey, John.”

“Yes?”

Bobby took a breath. “You been drinking?”

Another pause.

“No, Bobby. I haven’t been drinking.” John’s voice was calm. Smooth.

“Ah. Well ok then. Good.” Bobby pressed his fingers to the bridge of his nose. “Keep me posted, alright?”

“You too.”

Bobby flipped his phone closed and dropped his head back against the seat back. Bobby wasn’t psychic. His insight came from years of developing his powers of observation and understanding human nature. And knowing John Winchester better than he knew himself. Something in John’s voice, the steady tone barely controlling something desperate and wild underneath, told him one thing for sure: He should not be around Sam and Dean in the state he was in. Their relationship with him was far too fragile. John sounded dangerously like the John Winchester who had hurt that boy, persuaded Bobby that boy wasn’t human and needed hurting, in the name of finding the demon that killed Mary. Letting him near Sam, who hadn’t even begun to let his justifiable anger drain away enough to have any kind of connection with John, would be a disaster. And if he said anything that hurt Sam…with Dean there, God help the man.

Bobby got out of the car and finished tightening down the lug nuts, wondering (dreading) what the hell Missouri had told John.

~

John had already driven six hours to get from Sioux Falls to Lawrence, Kansas, and despite the fact that it was getting dark, he drove straight back, stopping only for gas, bottled water, black coffee, mixed nuts and dark chocolate: basic hunter provisions when the body required fuel without the time or need for the sensory experience of a meal.

He unlocked the house and went inside, going straight to Bobby’s room and surveying it. Calmly, he opened the closet door and dresser drawers. Bobby had taken more clothes than he needed for just a day or two. His mouth twisted, the taste of Bobby’s lie bitter in his mouth.

He checked the waste basket for wadded-up pieces of paper that might offer a clue to Bobby’s whereabouts. There were none.

John eyed the white notepad by the bank of phones, with the ball-point pen next to it. The top sheet had been pulled off unevenly, a ragged triangle remaining at the top, as if torn away in a hurry.

He retrieved a pencil from Bobby’s desk drawer, sharpened it to a fine point, and rubbed the side lightly over the surface of the paper. Slowly, words appeared beneath the soft wash of graphite.

An address.

John tore the sheet of paper away and held it in his hand. “Gotcha.”
Bobby filled the gas can and set it in the trunk. The fewer times he had to stop, the better.
Something didn’t want him going where he was going. And that meant he had to get there as soon as his car could do it. He’d drive straight through. He had to get to the boys.

He could feel it. Something big was happening. And he was not going to let them face it without him.

He made it another 200 miles, gas mileage dropping because he was driving faster, before he had to use his gas can. He pulled over and poured the contents in, jittery and nervous, the first light of dawn spilling over the horizon. That got him another 50 miles before the gauge neared empty. He pulled into a Chevron right off the freeway and rumbled up to a full-service pump so he didn’t have to get out of the car and leave it unattended.

“Fill-up?” The attendant was a young kid with a sweet, open baby-face, blue eyes, and a mole on the left side of his nose.

“Yep.” Bobby pointed to the gas can. “And that too?”

“Sure thing.”

Bobby waited as the kid filled up the tank and gas can, and then handed him some bills. He did not take them. Instead, he gripped Bobby’s wrist firmly. “I’ll do as much as I’m allowed to do, to help you. I can throw them off your trail. But they want to keep you away from them..”

“What the hell?” Bobby tried to wrench his hand away, but the gas station attendant held on fast.

“Different part of town, actually.” The young man winked. “You must get to him. He needs you. They both do. But the others will be waiting for you, to keep you from getting through. If you succeed, remember: Be gentle with them both.” He let go of Bobby.

Bobby rubbed his wrist. “Who are you?” He stared at the young man. “What are you?”

The young man cocked his head to the side in a sharp, bird-like motion. “An ally.”

“An ally?” Bobby pushed his cap further back on his head. “Cryptic much?”

“Let’s just say I play for another team. Major league.”

Bobby took in this information, eyes wide.

“And you must tell them.”

“Tell who? What?”

The young man rolled his eyes. “Sam and Dean. Tell them God sees where there is pure love, and that pure love bears no sin.” His smile was bright, beatific.

Bobby stood stock-still, brain working, gears clicking into place. “Are you telling me what I think you’re telling me? That...God says it’s ok?”

The young man’s smile widened. “One more thing. An important thing. Tell Sam that where there is pure love, corruption cannot remain.” He let go of Bobby’s hand, a frown creasing his baby-smooth forehead. “Now go. Quickly.” He stared at the road behind them. “They are coming.”

Bobby slammed the car into gear and peeled out onto the frontage road leading to the freeway on-ramp. The young man ran after him, agile and surprisingly fast, until he was well clear of the gas
station, then spun to face the other direction. In his rear view, Bobby saw a grey sedan pull into the
gas station, then jerk back toward the road, clearly following Bobby’s car. The young man raised
his hand. The gas station erupted in flames, lifting the sedan into the air on a huge column of fire,
and dropping it on its side, burning furiously. A jet of flame belched upward fifty feet in the air,
surrounded by a roiling cloud of ink-black smoke that rose hundreds of feet into the sky.

“Holy hell,” Bobby muttered, put the pedal to the metal and drove like the devil himself was on
his heels.

~

Sam was asleep in the arms of his love.

Warm and safe in Dean’s embrace, he slept. So warm.

He dreamed. He and Dean were on the beach, like Dean said they would do someday, sprawled on
a giant bright blue and yellow beach towel. The sun was beating down on him, penetrating all the
way to his bones. He held Dean’s hand, and suddenly the sun was in the space between their
palms. The warmth was coming from this tiny little sun. The glowing orb sank inside their flesh
and expanded, flowing like water inside their bodies, liquefying them, turning them both to pure
light.

He awoke to Dean kissing his neck.”Sam.”

Sam murmured, “Morning.”

“If you love me, make me bacon.”

Sam touched Dean’s face gingerly. “Sure you can handle it?”

Dean rubbed his jaw, opening and closing it. “I can handle it.”

Dean started a pot of coffee. Sam slapped half a package of bacon into a large frying pan and made
Bisquick pancakes (in case Dean was overly optimistic about his chewing capacity), while Dean
swished warm salt water around his mouth, and dabbed more honey on his cut lip, which was
healing remarkably well. He washed his hands and smeared the cut on his chin with ointment.

“It’s looking better.” Sam smiled, then his eyebrows contracted sharply. He pressed his fingertips
to his forehead.

“You ok?”

Sam’s face contorted with pain. “Ah. My head.” He pressed his fingers to his temples, and swayed
on his feet.

Dean was next to him in a second. “Sammy?”

Sam crumpled to the ground, falling back against the kitchen cabinet. Dean held him the whole
way down, controlling his fall. He gripped Dean’s shirt, and stared at him without seeing him.

“Sam? Sam!”

Sam’s eyes were glassy, pupils dark and wide. “Bobby.” Sam gripped Dean’s shirt. “He’s in
trouble.”

~
“Tell me. Tell me exactly what you saw.” Reggie pulled up a chair across from Sam, slumped on the couch, turning it around and straddling it.

“Bobby. Driving fast, like he was running from something. And this giant ball of fire behind him. Then he’s just driving. The sun comes up, and he’s driving. And then this car came out of nowhere and…”

“Sam.” Dean pressed a cup of coffee into Sam’s hands. He took it, looking up at Dean like he was surprised at Dean’s thoughtfulness. He took a sip, and sighed with gratification. Dean rested his hand on Sam’s shoulder.

“Go on.”

“This car just smashes into him. And then…that’s it. I smell burning pancakes and I’m back here on the kitchen floor with Dean holding me.”

“At least I saved the bacon.” Dean’s voice was light, joking, but the lines on his face showed he didn’t find this the least bit amusing. He nodded toward the cup of coffee. “Drink. It’ll help your headache.”

Reggie whipped out his cell phone and called Bobby’s private land line. He pulled a toothpick out of the silver case in his pocket and worried it with his teeth. He squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head. “Went to the answering machine.”

He tried three other numbers for Bobby, for various cover identities John had set up. There was no answer. All went to voice mail or answering machine.

Reggie then called Bobby’s cell phone. He shook his head. “He’s not answering.” He paused, waiting for the message to play out. “Bobby. Pick up that phone and call me. Right now. Sam… saw something. About you. Call me.”

“What did he say the last time you talked to him?” Dean sat next to Sam and rubbed his neck. Sam set his coffee down and tipped his head back, giving himself over to Dean’s strong hands.

“Said he was going to research that whole Boy King thing in Sam’s vision. He said a guy named Joseph had some old manuscripts that could shed some light, maybe. And he promised to send me something I asked for.”

“What’d you ask for?” Sam spoke with his eyes closed.

“Anti-possession talismans. He’s got some stashed away.”

Dean stared at Reggie, and shook his head. “Of course he does.”

“It seemed like if anyone could use them right now, it’d be us.”

“Absolutely.”

Sam opened his eyes. “He said he’d sent them?” Reggie nodded. “Here? You told him where we were?”

“I gave him the damn address, is what I did.”

“Shit.” Sam jumped to his feet. “That’s why he’s not answering the phone. He’s coming here.”

Sam and Dean stared at each other. Dean grabbed Sam’s hand and pulled him close, wrapping his
arm around him as though to shield him from whatever was coming next.

~

Bobby drove fast but never crossed the line into reckless, looking in the rear-view mirror almost as much as through the windshield. But no one seemed to be following him. He urinated into the plastic soda bottle as he drove, a trick he picked up from a short stint as a long-haul trucker before he got married. He tossed it out the window with a regretful face, and picked up speed once more. The feeling that pushed him to get to Sam, get to Dean, wrap them in a bear hug and protect them, was sharp and anguished like desperation, but steelier and a hell of a lot more powerful. "I'm coming, boys," he muttered.

He finally crossed into Amarillo, eyes squinted, the adrenaline keeping him awake better than coffee.

Once inside city limits, he followed directions gleaned from the map he’d pulled from one of his giant file cabinets, where he kept a map for every major city in the US. He got off the freeway, following the road that led to the Sanctuary, fronted by a simple traveler’s lodge.

A state trooper standing next to a patrol car parked on the opposite shoulder stepped into the road, empty of other cars, and signaled him to stop. He tapped on the window and said in a loud voice, “Could you roll down your window, sir?”

Bobby rolled it down a crack.

“I’m sorry, sir, but the road is closed up ahead. You’ll have to turn back.”

“I can’t do that. I have to—“

“Sir. For your own safety, I strongly advise you to turn back.” The trooper did not smile. Bobby didn’t need a special knife to know what color his eyes really were.

Bobby blinked, slumping back in the driver’s seat. “Well, I guess I’ll have to then, won’t I?”

The trooper relaxed slightly. Bobby put the car in reverse and began backing up. Then he slammed it into first and gunned it, missing the trooper by an inch as he roared past.

The trooper’s eyes flooded black. He got into his car and initiated pursuit.

Up ahead, Bobby saw it. The sign that said Jaeger Motel. So close. He slowed, preparing to turn left into the parking lot once the car in the opposite lane had passed him.

The car sped up, deliberately crossed over the center line, and hit the front left corner of Bobby’s Chevelle, sending it spinning. It came to rest in the middle of the road, nose pointed at the motel entrance, Bobby slumped over the steering wheel, a trickle of blood at his temple.

~

“No,” Sam whispered. “He can’t.” He stared at Dean, eyes wide. “He can’t come here. He can’t be here.” His voice shook. “Oh god, Dean. Danny and Juliane. How are we going to...” Sam winced. “Bobby—…” His voice faltered, and his hand fluttered to press between his eyes. He moaned and slumped against Dean again.

Reggie dropped his head at the same time, hand twitching on his thigh. Suddenly, he was on his feet, holding Sam by his shoulders. They exchanged a glance, then raced for the door of the
apartment, Sam pulling Dean along by his hand.

“Sam?” Dean asked as they ran.

“Bobby’s hurt.”

They ran through the common room. It was empty, and Juliane’s door was shut. They ran down the hallway lined with sigils and symbols, through the motel lobby and into the parking lot. When they neared the entrance, they stopped dead.

Bobby’s Chevelle, left front end smashed and engine smoking, was dripping fluids in the middle of the road. Bobby sat up and raised his head, blood on his face, and let his head fall back against the head rest.

Four human shapes stood on the other side of the long, unbroken salt speed bump, blocking the entrance to the motel, facing Bobby. As one, they turned and faced Sam. Their eyes were black.

Sam’s hands shook. He balled them into fists, took a deep breath, and straightened up. He turned his head toward Dean and Reggie. “Stay here. They can’t get to you here.” He took a step forward. Dean’s hand on his arm stopped him.

“Sam. No way.”

“I’m bringing Bobby in.”

“You can’t take four of them.” Dean looked at Sam’s knife. Even Sam and Dean both, with their special knives, and Reggie would be overmatched by four demons with evil intent.

“I’m not going to need my knife.” They both opened their mouths, but Sam raised his hand before they could speak. “They can’t touch me. Remember?”

Dean would forever remember the look on Sam’s face in that moment, right before he crossed a salt line to confront four demons, as the bravest thing he’d ever seen.

Sam looked at Dean one more time, and stepped across the salt line.

The four demons stared at Sam like this was entirely unexpected.

“Get back.” Sam’s voice resonated with command tone.

The demons looked at each other in confusion, but did not budge. Sam took a step forward—and the four demons took a step back in unison. Sam’s mouth twitched.

“Go back inside.” The one wearing the state trooper spoke.

“Or what?” Sam stepped up right in his face. “Or you’re gonna—oh yeah. That’s right. Do nothing.” He took another step, so close he could smell the Juicy Fruit gum on the trooper’s breath. Behind him, Dean lunged forward, to stand by Sam’s side, but Reggie held him back.

“Know why?” Sam tilted his head, intently looking into the demon’s black eyes. “Because Sam Winchester is not to be touched.”

The demon’s mouth fell open, but no sound came out.

Sam walked forward into their midst, and the demons fell back. Making way for him. Sam opened the car door, dropped to his knees and put his hand on Bobby’s shoulder. “Bobby? You ok?”
“Been better, son,” Bobby croaked.

“Can you walk?”

“Even if I can’t…I’m gonna.” Bobby eyed the demons. Sam undid Bobby’s seat belt, put his arm around him and pulled him carefully out of the car. Bobby yelped when he tried to put his weight on his left leg.

“It’s ok. I got you.” Sam got his shoulder under Bobby’s arm and held him up, moving them forward.

The demons moved to block their path. “He’s not going with you. Strict orders.” The trooper demon smirked. “We can’t touch you, but we can touch him.” He pointed a black-gloved finger at Bobby.

“I say you can’t.”

“Who do you think you are?” the trooper spat.

Sam drew himself up to his full height. “Ego Regem Puerum tuus.”

The demons stared at Sam in disbelief. The trooper stood up tall, his expression changing.

Sam eyed them coldly. “If you show me your loyalty now, I won’t forget you.”

Bobby stared at Sam like he’d never seen a battle tactic so inspired.

“I’m taking him back inside with me.” Sam stared the demons down. “I’m Sam Winchester. Now back the fuck off.”

The trooper demon eyed Sam, thinking. Then he stepped back and motioned for Sam to proceed. Another demon, a stocky fellow in a road construction worker’s orange jumpsuit, shook his head. “Boss said keep him away from them. We do what the boss says. I’m not getting my nutsack pulled over my head for the next millennium because you want to hedge your bets.”

He lunged for Bobby, grabbing his arm and yanking hard, nearly pulling Bobby free, making him cry out as he stumbled and put his weight on his hurt leg. Dean pulled free of Reggie and raced across the salt line to get to Sam and Bobby, his knife drawn. “Dean!” Sam yelled. To Sam’s right, another demon pulled a knife out, poised to throw it directly at Dean’s throat.

It would strike home before Sam could get the demon with his own knife.

It wasn’t rage that erupted in Sam. It wasn’t even fear. It was an emotion too primal for a name in a civilized tongue. Sam screamed “No!” and stretched out his left hand.

The demon skidded back six feet, still standing, clutching the knife in his hand, as though an invisible wall had shoved him backwards.

He dropped the knife, the metal ringing as it hit the asphalt, and stared at Sam in disbelief.

Sam stood stock-still for a few seconds, eyes closed, face carefully impassive, opening and closing his left hand, then burst into motion. He gathered Bobby back up and dragged him to Dean. “Get him across the salt line.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s shoulder, thumb moving across his skin of his neck where Bobby could not see. Sam smiled, his strong white teeth showing. “I’m ok, Dean,” he whispered. Dean blew out a shuddering breath, took hold of Bobby, and with Sam guarding
them by putting his body between them and the demons, Sam got him back across to where the 
demons could not go. Reggie was there immediately, and supported Bobby on his right side.

Sam turned to face the demons once more, reading their expressions. He rolled his head on his 
neck, and allowed his face to settle into an arrogant expression. “I want the car too.” He put the car 
in neutral, braced his shoulder and left hand on the door frame, put his right hand on the steering 
wheel, and began to push. He barely made the car budge.

The trooper demon moved to the back of the car and helped Sam push until the front tires crossed 
the salt bump. The Chevelle rolled into the parking lot and down the slope. Sam jumped in and 
guided it into an empty spot, from which there were many to choose.

On the other side of the salt line, the trooper demon raised his hand. “Gus. Remember me.”

Sam tilted his head. “…Gus?”

The demon lowered its gaze. “We don’t all have cool names.”
They bring Bobby into the Sanctuary. Sam experiences some fallout from his new expression of powers. Keeping the facade up in front of Bobby takes its toll on both Sam and Dean, bringing out Dean's possessive side when they're finally alone again. Reggie tends to an injured Bobby.

Inside the lobby, Reggie shifted Bobby in his grasp and tapped Dean on the shoulder. “Go ahead. Let ‘em know we’re coming.”

Dean gave Bobby a helpless look. Bobby smiled. “Go on. He’s got me.”

Dean jerked his head toward Sam to follow him and they ran ahead down the long hallway.

“I’ll yell at you later. Just don’t say anything in front of the others, wouldja?” Reggie kept his voice calm, but it was clear he was angry. “I don’t even know how we’re gonna play this one.”

Reggie’s mind was racing. What if Danny or Juliane made a comment about Sam and Dean being together? What if Bobby let it slip that he was their father’s friend, exposing their true relationship?

“Don’t worry about me,” Bobby groaned. “I’ll play dumb.”

Past the curtain of iron beads that hung right before the door leading into the common room, Dean stopped, holding onto Sam’s hand. The momentum pulled Sam around in a half circle and brought Sam staggering into his arms. He kissed Sam, quickly so Bobby couldn’t see. “You saved me,” he whispered. “Again.” Sam kissed Dean back, like he was suffocating and needed Dean’s lips on his like air. They both stiffened and stepped back from each other at the sound of Reggie and Bobby shuffling toward them down the hall.

Dean opened the outer door to the common room. It was still empty. They ran inside, boots thumping on the floor. “Hey! We need help!” Dean called out.

Juliane opened her bedroom door and emerged, still clad in her pajamas. Danny was right behind her, also still wearing pajamas. Sam and Dean pulled up short, looking surprised. Juliane ignored the looks, but her cheeks took on a hint of color. Danny ran his hand through his hair, looking flustered.

“A friend—another hunter—came here, but he got hurt, they hit him—“ Dean babbled, not sure how to say what happened, or how to introduce Bobby.

Reggie brought Bobby, bleeding and not putting much weight on his left leg, into the room. “This is Bobby. He’s with us.” Juliane came to him. “What happened?” She looked up at Reggie.

“Demons,” Reggie spat. “They didn’t want him to get in here to Sam and Dean. Rammed his car.”
“Oh, that’s not even the half of it.” Bobby muttered. Reggie, Sam and Dean stared at him, eyes wide. “I’ll fill you in later.”

Danny and Juliane exchanged a worried glance. “They did this to him to keep him out?” Danny rubbed his hands along his pajama bottoms, a gesture that betrayed his anxiety. “They’re… blockading us? Because of you guys?”

Sam flinched, a guilty look flashing across his face, a small reaction that only Dean noticed.

“You aren’t under siege,” Bobby said. “They just wanted to keep me away from these two. Keep me from helping them.”

Juliane snapped on a pair of latex gloves, and kept her focus on Bobby’s injuries. “We’ll talk about all that later. Let’s get you taken care of first.” She looked over her shoulder to Danny. “Help get him on the table.”

“I’d just as soon not be laid out like a Christmas turkey where you all eat,” Bobby protested. “I’m fine. Mostly. Just got a little cut on my head and banged up my knee.”

“Let me be the judge of how hurt you are. Table. Now.” She gestured to Danny and Dean, who cleared off the books and put a reluctant Bobby on the table.

Bobby looked up at Dean, taking in his stitches and the fading bruises on his face. “Hell, son. You look worse than I do.”

“Good to see you again, Dean.”

“Good to see you too, Bobby.” Dean gripped Bobby’s wrist.

Bobby turned his gaze to Sam, standing next to Dean. “Sam.” His face softened, and he reached for Sam’s hand. “How are you—ow!” He was interrupted by Juliane swabbing the blood from the cut on his forehead.

“Hold still, please.”

“You ok? Sam?” Bobby persisted. Sam swallowed hard and nodded his head yes. Bobby breathed a sigh of relief, and let go of Sam’s hand, patting it. His eyes dropped down, and he blinked as he noticed the ring on Sam’s finger, identical to the one Dean always wore.

Sam didn’t notice, as he was looking at Dean, standing just a few inches away but not touching him. He kept his face perfectly calm, but Dean wasn’t fooled. He turned toward Sam, blocking Bobby’s line of sight. “Sam?” He formed the word with his mouth but did not speak it.

Sam was paler than when he first entered the room. He nodded again, shoved his hands in his pockets, and took a step back from Dean, as though he was afraid to stand too close to him for fear of giving it all away, eyes darting to Bobby.

Reggie watched the entire exchange.

“I’m fine.” Sam’s voice was weak, with none of the command tone and strength he’d shown just moments before. His shoulders hunched forward, making him look young, vulnerable. Dean wanted nothing more than to take Sam in his arms, hold him tight, brush the hair out of his face, kiss him soft and sweet, ask him what he needed, say he’d get it, he’d do it, whatever.
But he couldn’t. There was Bobby, stretched out on the table, complaining about what Juliane was trying to do next. “Those are perfectly good jeans. You don’t need to cut ’em up.”

Juliane held a pair of black-handled scissors in her hand. “But I need to look at that leg.”

Sam, who had walked into a clutch of demons and pulled Bobby to safety, who had just somehow shoved a demon away without touching him and saved Dean’s life, stood apart from the others, miserable and trembling. Unable to touch Dean.

Dean stood there, helpless, caught between Sam and a bleeding, wounded Bobby, not knowing what to do first.

Sam solved the dilemma for him. He swayed, eyes glazing over, and went down, legs folding under him like the string holding him up had been slashed. Dean caught him before he hit the ground. “Sammy? Sam!” He cradled Sam in his arms, bringing him safely to the floor, and grabbed Sam’s face. “Talk to me!” Sam did not respond.

Juliane grabbed a penlight from her desk and came to Sam. Reggie stepped in to mind Bobby. Juliane pressed her fingers against Sam’s carotid artery. “Pulse is steady.” She put her hand on his chest and established that he was breathing. “Sam. Can you hear me?” Sam did not respond. She shot a questioning look at Dean.

“He… he did something. One of them was about to use me for target practice. He stopped it. With… his mind.” Dean waved his left hand in the air, mimicking Sam’s motion.

“Sam moved the demon away without touching him,” Reggie clarified.

Bobby sat up on his elbows, mouth falling open in surprise.

“Telekinesis? Has he ever done anything like that before?” Juliane opened Sam’s eyelids one at a time and shone the light at them.

“No.” Dean would not let go of Sam.

“Pupils are equal and responsive.” Finally, Sam stirred, turning his head away from the light in his eyes.

“Sammy?” Dean’s voice was hoarse.

“Can you hear me?” Juliane gave Sam a sweet smile.

Sam blinked and tensed, disoriented, then focused on Dean. When he realized Dean had him, he relaxed visibly, going loose and trusting in his arms. Dean closed his eyes and blew out a long breath.

“What happened?”

“You passed out. What year is it?” Juliane watched Sam’s face to see the muscles worked the same on both sides.


Juliane finished checking Sam over. He confirmed that no body parts were tingling and that his vision wasn’t blurry.

“Is he ok?” Dean’s eyes pleaded with Juliane to say yes.
Juliane helped Sam sit up. “He’ll be fine. He’s just depleted. What happened out there took a lot out of him. He needs to rest and refuel.” Dean rubbed his hand over his face, careful to avoid his stitches. Juliane rose to her feet, peeled off her gloves, and went to the kitchen. She came back with a bar of dark chocolate. “Take him back to your place. Get him to eat this. All of it. Give him something warm and sweet to drink and get him to lie down and sleep if he can. We’ll take care of your friend.”

Dean helped Sam to his feet, pulled Sam’s arm over his shoulders and held onto his wrist, his other arm wrapped around Sam’s back and gripping him at the waist, holding him up on his unsteady feet.

Bobby nodded at both of them. “I’m ornery. I’ll be alright. Go take care of Sam.” His expression changed into something Dean didn’t know how to read. “Take as much time as you need. You come find me when you’re both up to talking.”

Dean scrutinized Bobby’s face, trying to read it.

“I didn’t dodge demons for 800 miles because I had some kind of time-sensitive message to give you. I came because there’s something going down, and I’ll be damned if I’ll let—“ Bobby stopped himself from calling them his boys. “—you two face it without me next to you giving ’em hell.”

Sam, pale, exhausted and barely able to stand even with Dean’s support, leaned in and put his palm on Bobby’s chest, on his blood-spattered flannel shirt. Bloodied in his quest to get to them. To Sam. Sam squeezed his eyes shut. Bobby had gotten hurt because of him, risking himself to protect him. Could have died, because of him. He stayed there, swaying on his feet. “You’re a good man.” He patted Bobby’s chest.

Bobby put his hand over Sam’s and squeezed his eyes shut, hoping no one would see him cry. “Go get some rest. Go.” With his eyes, he said thank you.

Dean walked Sam out the door, Sam slumped forward and hanging off Dean.

~

Juliane went back to Bobby and took his hand. “So. Here’s the part where we do the formalities. Do you want sanctuary?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Bobby said emphatically.

“Ok. Then I need you to do what I say, so I can help you.” She glanced at his legs. “If you don’t want me taking the scissors to those? Get your pants off.”

Bobby debated making a joke about it being a long time since a pretty woman said that to him, but he got the distinct feeling that a comment like that would be disrespectful. Instead, his face turned red.

“What, it’s been a while since someone said that to you?” Juliane winked.

Bobby just blushed deeper, and he scrabbled with clumsy hands to unbuckle his belt.

~

As soon as they were in the hallway, Dean stuffed the chocolate bar in his back pocket of his jeans, and hefted Sam in his arms. He protested weakly. “Dean. I can walk.”
“Shhh. I got you.” Sam let his head fall against Dean’s neck. Dean carried Sam down the hall and over the threshold into their apartment. He brought Sam to the couch and laid him down. Sam’s arms were suddenly around him, holding him tight. Dean stroked Sam’s hair, gripping him as tightly as he could without hurting Sam.

“I can’t stand it.” *Having to pretend.* Sam didn’t have to explain himself. Dean understood.

“Me neither.” He kissed Sam’s neck, his cheeks, his forehead. “You’re mine. My Sammy.”

Sam shook in his arms, the after-effect of the adrenaline that flooded him when he faced the demons. “Dean,” he whispered. And again. “Dean.”

“Never gonna let you go, Sam.”

Sam shook harder. “What if I hadn’t—“

“But you did.” Dean pulled back. “What you did. To save me. I—“ Dean was at a loss for words. He pressed his forehead to Sam’s.

“I’d have been all alone, Dean.” With the whole world full of friends, family and allies, none of it would have mattered to Sam. Without Dean, he was alone.

“Never gonna happen, Sam. I’m not leaving you.”

Sam shivered. Dean squeezed his hand. “Hang on.” He ran to the bedroom and came back with a pillow and a blanket. He settled the pillow behind Sam’s head and draped the blanket over him. He tore open the chocolate bar, paper wrapper making a crisp hiss, peeled back the foil and snapped off a small square.

Sam shook his head. "I'm not hungry."

“Work with me here. You need it.”

Sam’s brow furrowed in frustration. Dean closed his eyes, nodding, understanding suddenly. Sam had just gotten better, functional, and he was back to being helpless like a child again, even if only for a little bit. And Sam didn’t like it.

Dean put the square of chocolate between his teeth, bent down, and insinuated the outer edge between Sam’s lips. “Mm-mm,” he murmured. *Open.*

Sam’s lips parted almost without volition. Dean slipped the square of chocolate into Sam’s mouth, chasing it with his tongue, making sure it went all the way in. Their teeth clicked together.

Sam made a soft sound of pleasure, and slid his hands up Dean’s arms to rest on his shoulders. They kissed, chocolate softening, melting on his tongue. Dean pushed the square deeper into Sam’s mouth. “Swallow it.”

Sam reached his hands around to press against Dean’s back, and swallowed, throat muscles working. Dean licked the taste of chocolate from the roof of Sam’s mouth.

Sam laughed. “That tickles.”

“Come on, Sammy. Open up.” Dean snapped off another square. “Gotta feed you this whole thing. Doctor’s orders.” He set the chocolate between his lips and bent over Sam once more.

He fed Sam the entire bar, piece by piece. By the time Sam swallowed the last of it, they were both
gripping each other’s flannel shirts, panting into each other’s mouths. Dean held Sam’s cheeks in his hands and kissed him harder, not caring about opening his lip back up. “Mine.” Dean nipped Sam’s lower lip, his jaw line. “You’re mine.”

Sam’s breath came faster, but his eyelids were heavy. “Dean. I want to. But I’m so tired.”

Dean sat back immediately. “You want to stop? We can stop. Or do you want me to do all the work?”

At the second suggestion, Sam smiled.

Dean had his hands on Sam’s belt before he took in his next breath, buckle clinking as he undid it, and had him undone and in his hands, heavy and hard.

He looked down, hefting the weight of it. “Mine.”

Sam’s cock jumped in his hands. “Yours,” he breathed.

Hearing Sam’s response, Dean’s mouth twitched. “Fuckin’ mine.” He slid his hand slowly along Sam’s length.

“Dean. I gotta… you have to go faster. I can’t…” Sam was torn between wanting Dean and desperately needing to close his eyes and sleep.

Dean ran into the bedroom and came back with the bottle of massage oil Sam had picked up at the grocery store. Sam was still awake, laying across the length of the couch, his need for Dean keeping him hanging on. Barely.

Dean stripped off his shoes and undid his pants. He eyed Sam on the couch, calculating, and shrugged. He pulled off his jeans and underwear, and tugged his shirt off. He straddled Sam, who remained completely clothed with just his cock free.

Sam moaned at the sight and feel of Dean, completely naked, thighs stretched open over him. Dean drizzled massage oil into the palm of his hand and slicked up Sam’s cock, then his own. “Who do you belong to?” He rubbed his thumb over his initials on Sam’s lower abdomen.

“You.”

“’S right, baby boy. I marked you. And I’m not giving you up. Not for anything.” He pumped his hips, gripping their cocks with both hands, holding them together, undersides rubbing against each other. Sam gasped. Dean gritted his teeth, trying not to come on the spot.

“Dean…” Sam’s eyelashes fluttered. He rested his hand lightly on Dean’s arm. He tried to move his hips to help, but Dean steadied him.

“Just lie there. I’ll take care of you.” Dean kicked it into gear. “I want you to come for me, Sammy. Fast and hard. Fast as you can. Can you do that for me?” He pumped his hips faster, sliding his oil-slicked cock along Sam’s, not using his hands now. He pressed his palms down on the pillow on either side of Sam’s face, and licked into his mouth, soft and silken and tasting of chocolate. Sam’s hands slid down Dean’s back, caressed his ass, stroked the backs of his thighs, rose back up his flanks, drifting along his sides to his ribs, touching him, reveling in the touch of his bare skin, moving ceaselessly over Dean’s nakedness, moaning into his mouth.

And Dean loved it, loved his nakedness against Sam’s clothing, loved how wanton and needy it made him feel. “Mine,” he whispered again, needing to claim Sam, needing it so bad he would
have branded Property of Dean Winchester on Sam’s chest in that moment if Sam would have let him.

“Always,” Sam whispered.

“Come for me, Sammy.” Dean rubbed against Sam faster. “Come on my cock. Get it all wet.”

Sam blew out a shuddering breath, hands clutching at Dean’s ass, and he did it, did what Dean told him, came for him, the first droplets of come blurting out, coming right against Dean’s cock, warm and wet. “Yeah, Sammy. Come all over me.” Dean talked Sam through his orgasm, sliding his shaft against Sam’s, making sure Sam came all over his cock.

Sam chanted Dean’s name, shivering like electricity was snapping through him. Dean rubbed against him, bringing himself off, but he saw Sam wince as the contact became too much for him, as he became hypersensitive after orgasm.

Sam tugged at Dean, urging him to move up. “In my mouth,” he said softly.

Dean swore and moved up, settling his knees alongside Sam’s chest, feeding Sam his cock. Sam suckled on the head eagerly, looking up at Dean, those big hazel eyes wide, taking Dean in his mouth, moaning at the taste of his own come on Dean’s cock, sucking it off, sucking Dean clean.

“Ah. Ah. Jesus. Sam. Sammy…” Dean slapped his palm on the wall right behind the couch, gripped Sam’s long hair with his other hand, and shivered and bucked, flooding Sam’s mouth.

Sam swallowed it all except for a rivulet that leaked out of the corner of his mouth. Dean slid back down, holding Sam’s face still, rubbing his thumb against his jaw, drinking in the pleasure and love in Sam’s eyes, the gleaming streak of come on his cheek. “So beautiful,” he breathed. Leaning in, he licked the droplets of fluid from Sam’s face, scooping it up on his tongue. Sam opened his mouth, urged Dean closer with the pressure of his hands, urged to do it. Dean fed the last drops of his come to Sam. He moaned as his tongue entered Sam’s mouth, tasting himself and Sam and that dark, sweet chocolate. They licked the taste out of each other’s mouths, sharing it all, nothing taboo or dirty between them, everything made pure by the love underlying it all.

Dean kissed Sam until his eyes fluttered shut, his hands falling to his side, finally succumbing to his desperate need for sleep. And then he kissed him once more. He slid down onto the couch, wriggled back into his clothes, always keeping one hand on Sam, and sat cross-legged on the floor, holding onto Sam’s hand as he slept.

~

Sam slept like a dead man for two hours straight, not moving or even snoring. Dean finally roused himself to use the room, and get a giant bowl of chocolate pudding. He inhaled the entire thing in minutes, and was still hungry.

When Sam awoke, he was ravenous.

Dean had never seen Sam that hungry. He went straight for the chocolate pinwheel cookies, inhaling four of the fat, chocolate-coated marshmallow cookies. Then he ate an entire can of smoked oysters with half a box of Stoned Wheat Thins, and half a can of jumbo black olives (Dean eating the other half), along with two cans of ginger ale. When he started gnawing on a stick of salami, Dean stepped in. “Maybe some actual food?” He made pastrami sandwiches on rye, with the fancy beer mustard he’d picked out himself, piled high with meat, Swiss cheese, onions and lettuce. Sam ate his quickly, along with another ginger ale. Dean downed his with a 7-Up.
Dean whipped up a saucepot full of hot chocolate, and that finally slowed Sam down. He drank the first mug all and asked for seconds. Dean obliged. That finally satiated the bottomless pit of Sam’s stomach. He emitted a loud burp and patted his distended stomach.

“Gotta say, Sam, even I’m impressed.”

“I was really hungry.” Sam looked a little embarrassed.

“It’s ok, Sam.” Dean softened. “Guess that took a lot out of you. What you did.”

Sam looked down at the table.

“What?”

Sam could barely meet Dean’s gaze.

“Look, after everything we’ve seen? So you could move something with your mind. So what?”

“So what? Dean, I… that’s not normal!”

“No. But what part of our lives is normal? When has it ever been normal?”

Sam braced his elbows on the table and put his head in his hands.

“Dude. I’m grateful you’re not normal. Stopped that fucker from playing pin the tail on the donkey with me, right?”

Sam nodded, but he didn’t seem comforted.

Dean stopped talking and just looked at Sam’s face. He thought, and watched Sam.

“You’re not a freak.”

Sam jumped like Dean had read his thoughts.

“Look. We’ve seen it. Read about it. Heard about it. No one knows why, but there’s some weird shit out there. Demons. Vampires. Ghouls. And there’s some weird shit out there that’s good. That helps people. Psychics. People who can do things. Like…well, like you.”

“But why me, Dean? You can’t do this stuff.”

“How do we know?” Dean puffed his chest out a little. “Maybe I’m a late bloomer.”

That got Sam laughing.

“You’re not a freak, Sam. You’re not a monster. It’s just like you’ve got six toes or a tail.”

“You wish I had a tail.”

Dean frowned, then his face got stuck on his I’m thinking setting. His eyebrows went up and he pursed his lips, cocking his head to the side. “Actually…”

“Ok, you’re the one who’s not normal.”

“Come on. You love it.”

Sam smiled. “Yeah I do.”
“See?” Dean slapped Sam’s back. “You just made my point for me.” He grabbed two beers out of the refrigerator, popped the caps, and slid one across the kitchen table to Sam. “Drink up. We gotta go talk to Bobby.”

Sam’s face fell. He reached for Dean, twining his fingers in his belt loop, pulling him close. Dean bent down and kissed the top of Sam’s head, resting his left hand on Sam’s shoulder.

“I don’t know if I can do it.”

“What?”

“Hide.” He gestured with his hand between them. “This.”

“I know.”

“Wanna run away with me? We could join the circus. Change our names. I’m sure I’ve got skills they could use.” Sam’s smile was sad.

“It’ll be ok, Sam.”

“I mean it.” Sam was suddenly clutching at Dean’s shirt. “I don’t want to live the kind of life where I have to pretend this isn’t happening. Dean. I don’t. I can’t.”

“You don’t have to. We don’t have to.”

Sam’s head rocked back, and he looked at Dean like he’d just called Sam stupid.

“It’ll be ok, Sam. I promise. We’ll be ok.”

Sam blinked rapidly, then nodded his head in that resigned way he had when faced with something bad that he didn’t think he deserved to have go a different way.

You’ll see. It’ll be ok, Dean stroked Sam’s hair, and took a deep pull on his beer, steeling himself for what was to come.

~

Juliane finished with Bobby. “My best guess is nothing’s broken, but I’d feel a lot better if you had a proper medical evaluation in a hospital.”

“That’s not an option. We’re not taking him out of here. No telling if we could get him back in.” Reggie turned back around, now that Bobby had pulled his jeans back on over his Betadine-swabbed, bandage-wrapped knee.

Bobby patted gingerly at the bandaged cut over his left eyebrow.

“Here.” Juliane passed Bobby a small bottle. “You’re a grown man. You know the drill. You can drink, or you can take pain pills, but you can’t do both.”

“Yes ma’am. Thank you.”

“I’d like him to stay in my room. At least at first.” Reggie came back from the kitchen with two glasses of water.

“That’s smart. Easier to keep an eye on him.”
Bobby took his glass of water and swallowed a pain pill, then pocketed the bottle.

Reggie eyed Bobbie sidelong. “Do I have to wake him up every hour?”

Juliane shook her head. “Medical myth.”

“Good.” Reggie’s voice was grit and gravel, but warm.

“Anyway, he doesn’t show any signs of a concussion so far. His pupils react normally, he’s not confused, and other than that knee and being banged up, he walks fine.” She smiled at Bobby. “Sleep is the best thing for you right now, actually.” She fussed with her ponytail, and turned her attention to Reggie. “Just to be safe though, when he wakes up, ask him his name, what year it is, something like that. If he makes sense, that’s good. If he’s confused, come get me.”

Reggie nodded, and helped Bobby to his feet. “Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you,” Bobby added. “I’m more grateful than I can say.” He eyed the library. “Is that… Erlandsdottir’s Compendium Daemonii?”

Danny’s eyebrows shot up. “The translation. You’ve heard of it?”

“I have the companion text.”

“The one by—“

“Gideon Bohak.” They both spoke at the same time.

“I’d love to see that.” Danny smiled, and went to put his hands in his pockets, then realized he was still wearing his pajamas.

“I was about to say the same thing about yours.”

“You can borrow it. Any of these books.” Juliane gestured. “That’s what they’re here for.”

“Do you have any works on, um… apocalyptic prophecy?” Bobby sucked his teeth nervously.

Danny tilted his head, the worry surging again. “I don’t like the sound of that.”

“You shouldn’t.”

Juliane chimed in. “I think we have a few things. I’ll pull a few books for you. If you promise to go get some sleep and get off your feet.”

“I’d like that.” Bobby reached for the compendium in Danny’s hands, but Juliane laid her hand over his, gently stopping him.

“If I let you take that with you, you’ll just start reading it, and won’t get any sleep at all.”

Reggie reached for the book. “I’ll hold onto it, and make sure he takes a nice nap first, after some warm milk.” Bobbie gave him a look. Reggie’s mustache twitched.

Bobby let Reggie put his arm around him and walk him to the door. “Thank you again,” Bobby called over his shoulder as they left.

The room finally empty, Juliane turned to Danny and put her arms around him. “I’m scared.” Her voice was soft, but not weak. “I’m really scared.”
“We’re safe. Nothing can get to us in here.” Danny kept the fear out of his voice.

She took a deep breath, and squeezed him tighter. “I’m not scared for us. I’m scared for everyone out there.”

~

Bobby resisted when Reggie made it clear he intended for Bobby to take the bed, but Reggie would have none of it. “We both know sleeping on a damn couch when you’re beat to hell just gives you a stiff neck.”

Bobby pointed toward the recliner. “That’s what I need. Keep my knee bent a little. Besides, the best sleep I ever got was in a recliner.”

Reggie relented.

“Hey, could you do me a big favor and get my stuff out of the car?”

Reggie nodded. He got Bobby settled on the recliner and loped down the hall, through the common room where Danny (now wearing regular clothes) joined him and down the sigil-festooned passageway. When he emerged into the cold air of the parking lot, the bell on the glass door jangled, startling him. Behind him, Danny flipped a switch, turning on the No Vacancy light. He did not see any demons outside the salt line. None at all. Still, he shivered, and not from the cold, as they hauled Bobby’s bags from the battered Chevelle and brought them inside.

Back in the security of the Sanctuary, Reggie insisted that Bobby put on clean, soft, non-bloody clothes. Bobby made him leave the room, and swore like a sailor with a scorching case of herpes as he tried to wrestle himself out of his outfit.

“But…shut up.” Reggie came back in the room and took the flannel pajama bottoms away from Bobby. “Sit your ass down.”

Bobby braced his arms on the recliner and lowered himself into it.

Reggie pulled his boots off, and tugged at the right leg of Bobby’s jeans. Bobby tensed up. “For Christ’s sake, Bobby, it’s not like I’m going to be powerless to resist your masculine charms.”

Bobby rolled his eyes. “It’s not that. I just don’t like people seeing me in my underwear.” His mouth worked for a moment. “It’s a matter of dignity.”

“You can be dignified in your pajamas in a minute, if you’ll just stop fighting.”

Bobby allowed Reggie to remove his pants and put his pajama bottoms on, carefully tugging them up Bobby’s stark-white thighs while turning his head to the side and looking away, trying to preserve Bobby’s dignity. He struggled to pull them over Bobby’s hips, tugging hard as Bobby tried to raise his butt up to give Reggie room to work. Reggie swore and yanked, and finally started laughing, cheekbone pushing hard against Bobby’s shoulder.

Bobby snorted, and then erupted in a full body laugh that sputtered into cries of “Ow, my neck, dammit to hell,” and more helpless laughter.

Ultimately, Reggie got the pajamas all the way up. “Alright,” he rumbled. “Time for the top half.”

Bobby went to pull his t-shirt off, but winced, muscles in his back already stiffening up from the shock of the impact. He muttered, “Balls,” and raised his arms up so Reggie could take the shirt off
for him.

When he was finally dressed again, Reggie brought him a blanket and a glass of water. “Unless you really do want warm milk.”

“I’m not too old and broken to kick your ass.”

Reggie smiled. “I’d truly love to see you try.” He lay the blanket over Bobby.

Bobby took a drink, and blew out a sigh, as the pain medication began to take effect. “I do have masculine charms. For the record.”

Reggie raised a single eyebrow.

“Gay men love me, I’ll have you know.” Bobby nodded emphatically.

Reggie sat on the couch and took a deep drink of whiskey from the half-full tumbler he’d left on the coffee table.

“I believe they call me…a bear.”

Reggie spit his whiskey out in a fine spray.

“It’s a thing.” Bobby nodded knowingly. “Bears.”

Reggie coughed until his lungs cleared, and put his palm over his forehead.

Bobby set his water glass down on the coffee table. “As you know, I’ve never been attracted to men, myself. Especially…what are they…cubs?”

Reggie choked.

“But it’s nice to be appreciated.” Bobby’s voice was slurred.

“You should get some sleep. Papa Bear,” Reggie intoned.

Bobby smacked his lips. “I do believe you’re razzing me.”

“I might be. Now go to sleep.”

Bobby’s eyes had already closed.

Reggie took Bobby’s ball cap off and set it on the coffee table. “Glad you’re ok, old man.” He put his feet up, picked up the Compendium Daemonii and began to read.
In Front of God

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean finally learn that Bobby knows the truth about them.

After a couple hours on the recliner, snoring like a brigadier general with a head cold, Bobby snorted himself awake. “Get the shotgun.”

Reggie peered over the top of the book. “You expecting company?”

Bobby wiped his mouth, blinking rapidly.

“Who’s the President of the United States?” Reggie set the book down.

“Bill Clinton.”

“I’m calling it. You do not have a concussion.”

“Hear from the boys?”

“Yep. I said I’d come get them when you were ready.” He nodded toward the wall. “And our hosts brought you something.” A pair of crutches leaned against the wall.

“That’ll make moving around a whole lot easier.” Reggie brought him the crutches and helped Bobby to stand. He hooked the crutches under his arms and stabilized himself. He stood for a moment, finding his balance. “I gotta take a leak.”

“Good for you.” Reggie chewed his toothpick.

Bobby crutched his way down to the bathroom. Reggie poured himself another shot of whisky. There was a giant elephant in the room wearing a banner that said “Sam and Dean are having sex” and he knew in the next fifteen minutes, one of the four of them was going to point it out in front of everybody. It was inevitable. He needed liquid courage to get through the skin-crawling anxiety between this moment and that.

Bobby came back into the living room. “Shall we?”

“Gonna tell me your plan?”

Bobby looked at Reggie.

“Do you have a plan?”

“I gotta tell ‘em I know.”

“That would ease their minds plenty. Did you see Sam?”

Bobby frowned.

“Back there.” Reggie’s head jerked toward the common room. “When he had to put on an act in
front of you. He got weaker.”

Bobby took a breath, nodding.

“Now, I told you real plain Sam and Dean needed to be together right now, and not have to hide. I’ve been watching them. How they are. And they make each other stronger. So you came here because you needed to. I get that. But if you aren’t man enough to start that conversation and tell them you know, so they have their minds at ease, then you don’t belong here.” Reggie leaned closer. “You and me know Sam’s under the crosshairs here, and we’re starting to piece together the whys and wherefores. He’s not gonna get out from under this without Dean, and Dean damn well can’t make it without Sam.”

“I’ll tell them.” Bobby shook his head. “I don’t know how in the hell to bring it up. But I’ll do it.”

~

There was a knock at the door.

Dean jumped. Sam inhaled, a quiet, scared sound. Dean leaned into Sam, pressing him against the back of the couch, and kissed him, slow and sweet. He turned his head toward the door. “Coming!” He brought his lips to the sensitive spot on Sam’s neck right behind his left ear. “I love you, Sammy.” His mouth brushed Sam’s skin. “Do anything for you.”

Sam looked at him, the joy in his eyes warring with the dread of seeing Bobby, of having to maintain.

Dean opened the door. Reggie was there. “He’s up.”

“Come on, Sam.”

They walked down the hall to where Reggie was staying. His jaw muscles fluttered at the sight of Bobby standing in the living room leaning on his crutches.

“Come on in.” They entered. Dean gave Bobby an awkward hug. Bobby’s forehead was damp with sweat.

Sam hugged Bobby next, threading his arms around the crutches. “How are you?”

“I banged my knee on the dash pretty good, but it looks like I got lucky. No broken bones.”

Dean looked about as cheerful as if he were looking down the barrel of a gun.

“How was the drive?” Sam winced as soon as the words left his mouth, so mundane and out of place.

“Eventful.” Bobby sat down on the recliner and filled them in on the details, of how his distributor cap went missing, then the slashed tires. Sam grew increasingly agitated at the tale of Bobby being systematically interfered with and discouraged from continuing toward where they had taken shelter.

“Now I don’t know how to explain this next part, so I’m just going to tell it how it happened.” Bobby related the events at the gas station, leaving out the message the angel had given him for the moment.

“What the hell?” Dean stood up and began to pace. “Play for another team? What--angels?” He
paced some more. “There’s no such thing.”

Sam looked up at Dean, eyes wide, a frantic flutter of hope within them. “But the lore.”

“You ever seen an angel?” Dean whipped his head around to Reggie. “Know anyone credible who’s seen an angel?”

Bobby closed his eyes, remembering the image he’d seen in his rear view as he drove away from the burning gas station. What he’d seen but not been able to absorb, or even think about until that moment. The sight of the young man standing in the road, great white wings unfurled behind him, facing the roiling flames.

“Yes.” Bobby said. “Me.”

Dean turned slowly to face Bobby, examining his face carefully. “You aren’t fucking with us.”

“I wouldn’t do that. Not about something as serious as this.”

“An angel.”

“Yep.”

“Wings?” Dean asked.

“Yes.”

“You’re positive.”

“Look, kid, I’ve seen just about every type of supernatural creature we have running around this planet. I’ve never seen that before.”

The muscles in Dean’s jaw worked, as he bit down on the words that wanted to come screaming out of his mouth. He took a few deep breaths, regaining control. “Mom used to say there were angels watching over us. All the time. That was the last thing she ever said to me. So where were they then, huh?” His voice got louder. “If they’re real why didn’t they help her?”

Bobby closed his eyes. “I don’t know. But this…this angel, he said he’d do as much as he was allowed to, to help me get to you. So I guess there are rules.”

Dean shook his head, backing up a step. “Don’t ask me to believe that. Just—don’t. I can’t.”

Sam reached out to touch Dean, but snatched his hand back, gaze darting to Bobby.

Dean noticed, and his expression hardened. “All we have—all we can really count on—is each other. Me and Sam. That’s what it comes down to. There’s no higher power keeping an eye out for us. No benevolent father in the sky with a plan for all of us. There’s just evil, random fucking evil, and good people trying to do the right thing and make it through. Right?”

Reggie took the toothpick out of his mouth. “If there are demons… it stands to reason there are angels too.”

Dean held up a finger to stop him. His hand trembled. “Believe all you want. I can’t. I can’t. All there is, all I believe in, is me and Sam.” He took Sam’s hand. Gently. Lovingly. “Right, Sammy?”

They looked at each other, everything else falling away. Dean’s hand stopped shaking, drawing strength from touching Sam, from the look in Sam’s eyes of perfect love and complete trust.
Sam’s touch made Dean brave. He took a deep breath and turned his head toward Bobby, not letting go of Sam’s hand. “You came all the way down here to back us up, for whatever’s going down. You might have made that trip for nothing. Because there’s something you need to know.” His eyes snapped back to Sam. Giving him a chance to call him off.

Sam’s gaze traveled over Dean’s face, scared but determined, his green eyes lit up with love for Sam. His shoulders dropped, eyes closing like a terrible burden was being lifted from him. He opened his eyes, and rose to his feet before Dean. He gave him a little nod, and clasped his other hand over their entwined hands. Dean did the same. They gripped each other’s hands tightly, like they were about to jump off a cliff.

“All you’ve done for us. We can never thank you enough. Never. We love you.” Dean’s voice choked up. He kept his eyes locked on Sam, hands sealed over his, the connection between them so bright the air around them felt warmer. “But me and Sam…me and Sam…you’re gonna hate us now, and, and, I get that, but we can’t go back, alright, we can’t keep pretending, it’s too important…”

“Listen, I—“ Bobby tried again.

Dean straightened up, head held high, and looked Bobby straight in the eye. “We’re in love with each other.”

The air turned electric.

Dean made a subtle shift, angling his body between Sam and Bobby. To take the first blow if it came. “Go ahead and say it. You hate us. Never want to see our faces again.” He looked up at the ceiling, tears streaking down his cheeks. “But don’t say we’re disgusting because we’re not, it’s not, we love each other and it’s real, it’s good…”

“Idjits.” Bobby smiled through his own tears. “I’ve known about you two for years.”

Sam and Dean’s mouths fell open. Reggie bent over, hands on his knees and whooshed out a huge breath.

Sam couldn’t speak. Could barely breath.

“…what?” Dean managed to squeak out.

“Son, I knew before either one of you did.”

“…what?” Dean repeated himself.

Bobby heaved himself to his feet, ignoring the crutches. “I knew. I know.”

Dean stammered, “You-you-you knew. And…” His mouth dropped open even wider, realization dawning, his secret suspicions finally being confirmed. “That’s why you put the lock on our door.”

Sam’s brow furrowed. He hadn’t suspected, had never even considered that Bobby might possibly know, might possibly be on their side about it. This realization was far more shocking to him than it was to Dean. “You did that? So…so…”

“So your dad wouldn’t open the door on you. So you knew you had your own private space.”
“You knew we were…” Sam couldn’t say it. *Having sex.*

“Yeah.”

“And you didn’t…” Sam closed his eyes to shut away the thought of all the things Bobby didn’t do. *Hurl invectives at them. Tell John. Kick them out of his house. Take Sam away from Dean. Scream at Dean for molesting his little brother.* When he opened his eyes again, they gleamed with tears. “You…helped us?” His voice cracked.

“I’ve been around for a long time. And I know what real honest-to-god true love looks like. And it’s rare. Trust me. But what you two have? There’s not a damn thing wrong with it.” Bobby’s face was strong, fierce. “Not a damn thing.”

The sound Sam made was a cry of pain made by an animal as the jaws of the trap biting into its leg were released, setting it free.

He lunged for Bobby, and wrapped his arms around him. Bobby put his big, beefy arms around Sam and held him, leaning on him for support. “It’s ok, Sam. It’s ok.”

Sam cried a lot. But he’d never cried like this. Sobs wracked his body, cries of emotional release at being shown understanding and acceptance when all he had the right to expect was disgust, anger and a punch to the face. Each sob was a wail ripped out of him, his body shaking violently.

Dean came to Sam, put his arms around him, stroking his hair to calm him. Bobby shifted so he was holding both of them. Dean was more stoic when it came to crying, usually simply standing stock-still while a single, perfect tear rolled down his cheek, but not now. He dissolved into tears as Bobby put his arm around him and said, “It’s ok, Dean. I love you. Both of you.”

Bobby held his boys, letting them cry, not shushing them or telling them to stop. “I’ll never turn my back on you. Either of you. You always have a home with me. No matter what. Got that?”

They cried harder, clinging to him like a life raft.

Reggie was full-blooded American, but he knew a moment requiring tea as well as a British person. He quietly backed out of the living room and put the tea kettle on.

~

Bobby ignored the pain in his knee, and held his boys, murmuring words of reassurance and love. The scream of the tea kettle at full boil broke the moment. Bobby’s face was white from standing so long, putting weight on his leg. Dean nudged Sam, who opened tear-swollen eyes and gasped at the sight of Bobby’s face. They helped him sit down, and sat down on the couch.

Dean took Sam’s hand. They watched Bobby’s reaction, still wary. He smiled at them.

They breathed out in unison. Dean’s gaze lingered on the recliner, tumblers clicking in his head. “You did that on purpose too. That two-person recliner. When Sam was hurt. So we didn’t have to sleep apart from each other.”

Bobby nodded.

Sam’s face contorted, taking in this new piece of information, this unimaginable act of kindness and acceptance. Then it twisted to an expression of pure horror. “Dad doesn’t know, right?”

“Oh god,” Dean said.
“No. Of course not. He… no. He couldn’t handle that.” Bobby shook his head vigorously.

Dean raised his finger like he was about to say something. He closed his mouth, dropped his hand and shook his head. Then he spoke. “Don’t get me wrong. I’m really glad you’re ok with this. But… how come you’re ok with this?”

“Did you know in Japan, incest isn’t a crime?”

Sam and Dean shook their heads no.

“The only taboo is if a girl gets pregnant. But even that, the whole inbreeding thing? That doesn’t happen anywhere near as often as people believe. Besides, we let people that are carriers for all kinds of genetic diseases get married and have children. Anyway. That’s not pertinent to you two.”

Reggie came in with four mugs of black tea laced in the fingers of one hand, a box of sugar cubes balancing a carton of milk in the other.

Bobby continued. “In Egyptian royal families, brothers married sisters all the time. To preserve the bloodline. Incas did it. Hawaiians did it.”

Dean stared at Bobby. Sam stirred sugar and milk in his tea, hanging on Bobby’s every word.

“In Norse mythology, incest was legal among the Vanir. Greek mythology? Zeus and Hera were husband and wife and brother and sister. And this mythology influenced people. In the Greco-Roman census, one out of five marriages recorded were between brother and sister. Not just royal families. Regular folks.” Bobby took a sip of tea. “It’s even in the Bible. Genesis. Abraham and Sarah were half-siblings. In fact, all humanity is born of incest, if you think about it. Adam and Eve’s kids were all siblings. So there’s that.” He added a splash of milk. “Freud said it’s natural. There was this other famous psychologist, Melanie Klein, who said that sexual relations between siblings was practically the norm. Hell, Lloyd DeMaus said it was universal. So actually, the only real taboo is saying that it’s not really a taboo.”

Sam and Dean sat on the couch, tea forgotten, stunned.

Bobby smiled sadly. “I knew we were going to have this discussion someday. I’ve been getting ready.” He adjusted his leg, wincing. “So. No matter what people think, incest is not a universal taboo. Period. Not throughout the world, not throughout history. Now, parent/child stuff? That’s different, and that’s not what we’re talking about here. That’s a whole rat’s nest of consent and power and control. And messing with little kids is wrong, period. But consensual sibling relations—and that’s what we’re talking about here—is actually a lot more common than people think. And it can be perfectly fine, even for regular people.”

Bobby took another drink of tea and set his mug down. “But we aren’t talking about regular people. We’re talking about you two. Y’all don’t live normal lives anyway. Not by half. If we’re being honest, a lot of the rules that apply to regular people don’t apply to hunters. And this thing between you two—it’s special. I mean, really special. So even if the rest of that weren’t true, it wouldn’t matter anyway.”

“Plus, the whole hunter thing,” Reggie added, sitting next to Dean on the couch. “It’s not as though it’s easy to take up with a civilian and make it work. It’s like being a cop or a firefighter, times a hundred. You’re never home, you’re out there putting your life at risk fighting evil to save people, probably gonna die bloody with a gun in your hand, you may well not be alive the next day… who in their right mind would sign up for that? The only chance a hunter has for a real partnership, where you’re with someone every day and really share your lives? That’s with another hunter.”
Dean nodded. He may have been a few weeks away from turning 21, but he already knew, saw it in
the lonely faces of the hunters that came and went. Some had kids but the wives were long gone,
paired up with engineers and businessmen with retirement plans and reliable incomes, who didn’t
come home reeking of sulphur or babbling about ghouls’ nests or devil’s traps. Most kept
themselves going with hunter honeys, and one-night-stands with people picked up in bars, diners or
truck stops.

“So the fact that you two have each other? You’re real lucky. And…”

Dean leaned forward. “What?”

“I know you hate talk like this, Dean, but I think all this is happening for a reason. I think you two
are special, meant to be together.” Bobby scratched the back of his neck. “Soulmates. And the fact
that you were born as brothers, even though you’re soulmates? I don’t think that’s a coincidence, or
the fates being cruel sons of bitches.” He paused. “And there’s something else. The angel at the gas
station? He told me to give you a message.”

Dean pressed his hands against the top of his head, like he was approaching overload.

“He said, and this is a direct quote here, ‘Tell them God sees where there is pure love, and that
pure love bears no sin.’”

Sam started to tremble. He couldn’t speak. Dean shook his head. “I…wait. What? You…an angel
told you to tell us God says us being together is ok?”

“I am not making this shit up.” Bobby shook his head solemnly. Dean was at a complete loss for
words. Bobby turned to Sam. “And he had a message just for you, Sam.”

Sam looked frightened. Dean put his arm around Sam and murmured, “I got you, Sammy.”

“He said, ‘Tell Sam that where there is pure love, corruption cannot remain.’”

Sam repeated it to himself softly. “What does that even mean?”

Bobby squinched his face up. “I have no idea. He was a cryptic little son-of-a-bitch.”

Sam closed his eyes, a tear slipping out beneath his lashes.

“Sam?” Dean asked, his voice gentle.

The muscles in Sam’s throat convulsed. “God says it’s ok, Dean.” He rested his head against
Dean’s shoulder. “He says we’re ok.”

And Dean tipped Sam’s head back and kissed him, pure and sweet, right there in front of God and
everyone.
Sam and Dean reconnect in private after the intense revelations Bobby just gave them.

Sam and Dean and Reggie and Bobby sat in the living room, drinking tea (with everyone’s second cups laced with whiskey). Conversation was kept light. Bobby still had a lot to talk about, particularly the Boy King business, but after what had just transpired, everyone needed to release tension and recharge their batteries.

Dean put his arm around Sam. Out of habit, he looked at Bobby warily.

“Doesn’t bother me any.” Bobby settled back in his recliner. “Now, I don’t wanna see nothin’. If you catch my drift. But holding hands and kissing and stuff like that? Don’t even worry about it.”

Sam blinked fast, shoulders rising and falling with a deep sigh.

Bobby put on a stern expression. “No tongue, though, alright?”

Dean shook his head like a dog shaking off water. “Yeah, no.”

Sam’s eyelids were getting heavy. He sat up straight and drank more tea, but he was clearly fatigued, shaking his head to keep himself alert. Bobby watched Sam, remembering all the times Sam had fought to stay awake to keep listening to the grownups’ conversation, his head flopping forward as he nodded off and jerking it back up, his little eyebrows furrowed with determination to stay up, but invariably his head falling forward again until Bobby or John picked him up and carried him, arms and legs dangling, to bed.

Bobby made a big show of yawning. “I’m wiped out. Those pain meds she gave me are something else.”

Dean nodded vigorously. “No joke.”

“I know we still got a lot to talk about, but you mind if we picked it up later? I need some shut-eye.”

“Sure.” Sam looked grateful. Dean got up and bent over the recliner to give Bobby a long hug. “Thank you,” he whispered. He thumped Bobby’s shoulder.

“Nothing to thank me for.”

It was Sam’s turn. He kneeled down on the right side of the recliner, so he wouldn’t bump Bobby’s left knee, leaned in and nestled in his arms. Dean couldn’t tell who needed that hug more: Sam or Bobby.

Sam also whispered something, something that made Bobby’s chest heave and his body jerk with silent sobs.
Finally, Bobby let go of Sam, and wiped his hand over his eyes and face. The haunted, guilty look in his eyes was no longer there. It was the face of a man who had been forgiven.

~

Sam took Dean’s hand, and with a nod to Reggie, led him out the door.

Once inside, Dean washed his hands and put more ointment on his stitches, popped open the bottle of Advil and spilled three tablets into the palm of his hand.

“It hurts?”

“Not really.” Dean worked his jaw, testing, fingers pressed to the hinges. “This is prophylactic.” The smile that spread across his face left no doubt in Sam’s mind as to what Dean had in mind, and why he thought taking pain medication ahead of time was a wise precaution.

Sam bit his lower lip. “I love it when you talk smart.”

Dean swallowed the pills with some water. “I thought you liked it when I talked dirty.”

“That too.” Sam reached up his hand and ghosted his fingertips over Dean’s lips. “What do you want?”

Dean caught his breath at the bold innocence of Sam’s words.

“Wanna put my mouth on you.” His eyes traced the line of Sam’s body, all the way down and back up. “Wanna put my mouth all over you.”

Sam made a little sound in his throat. He kissed Dean softly. “Be right back.” He disappeared into the bathroom. The sound of the tap running gurgled faintly through the door. When he emerged and saw the look on Dean’s face, avid and hungry, he blushed.

“What’d you do in there, Sammy?”

Sam blushed harder. “You—you said you wanted to put your mouth all over me.”

Dean smirked. He loved this part, when Sam was still shy and sweet, before the inhibitions dissolved under the force of Dean’s love and desire for him. “Yeah? So what did you do?”

Sam tilted his head as if to say, You know. Don’t make me say it.

“Did you get yourself clean for me, Sammy? So I could put my mouth on you?” He stepped close, ran his hands down Sam’s back, and rested his hands lightly on his hips.

Sam swallowed hard and nodded.

Dean eyed him, enjoying the color on his cheeks so very much, the little blush and stammer that only he brought out. He looked at Sam’s mouth and back up at his pretty hazel eyes. “Where?”

“Down there. You know. Everywhere.”

Dean moved his thumbs in little circles on Sam’s hipbones. “Sam.” His voice was fireplace embers and 25 year old Scotch. “Where exactly?” He knew before too long Sam would be begging him to fuck him, writhing and moaning and holding himself open. But now. Right now, he rode that edge. That sweet shyness about to give way to abandon, when simply naming body parts made Sam shiver and turn red...oh, Dean loved this part.
Sam moved in closer, too shy to say it while Dean was looking at his face, murmured into Dean’s neck, “My, uh, my ass.”

Dean practically purred. He smoothed Sam’s hair back. “That’s where you want me to put my mouth?”

“God. Everywhere. But yeah.”

“You miss that, sweetheart?”

Sam swallowed, muscles of his throat working.

“Miss me tasting you there?”

Sam exhaled audibly. Dean moved his hands down over the curve of Sam’s ass, slipping his index finger between Sam’s cheeks. “Miss me licking you open?”

Sam was painfully hard already, hips bucking forward slightly as if he didn’t even realize he was doing it. Dean brought his other hand between them, brushed his palm against Sam’s cock. “Or maybe you want my mouth here.”

“Guh,” Sam answered.

Dean pressed harder with his index finger, massaging Sam’s center. “Or here. What do you want, Sammy?”

Sam moved in Dean’s arms, looked into his eyes. “Everything,” he breathed.

“Greedy little Sammy,” Dean chuckled. He gripped Sam’s cock harder, making him gasp, and circled his finger with more pressure. “Don’t worry, baby. Gonna give you everything.”

Sam’s breath came faster. “I want it.” Already, that shyness was giving way. “I want you.”

“I can tell.” Dean’s voice was soft and low.

Sam moved his hips forward, pressing into Dean’s hand, and then back, arching against his finger. “Dean…” His voice thrummed with need.

Dean eyed Sam’s mouth, that perfect pink bow, just the right warmth and shape and texture, just perfect for him. “Gonna put my mouth all over you, baby boy. But first…” He eyed Sam’s mouth. “First…” He closed the distance between them, brought his lips to Sam’s.

Being careful not to press his stitches against Sam’s face, he kissed Sam with all the nuance and skill he had in him. Dean Winchester could make (had made) girls go shivery, weak-kneed, literally unable to stand just from kissing them. But all those kisses were nothing like how he kissed his Sammy. He opened Sam up, claiming every bit of that soft, smooth flesh, teasing the seam, making his lips open to Dean, insinuating his tongue where only he got to explore. He tasted every part of Sam’s mouth, sliding his tongue along the inside of Sam’s lower lip, making him shiver, licking lightly at the corners of Sam’s mouth just to remind him who he belonged to, twining along Sam’s tongue, coaxing it out, sucking on it gently until Sam shivered and moaned, then pushing his tongue into Sam’s mouth, urging Sam to do the same to him. He moaned with pleasure, letting Sam know he was doing it right, doing it so right. “God I’ve missed this,” he whispered. He brought his hands to the side of Sam’s face, thumbs stroking his jaw line, fingers massaging his scalp, and kissed Sam like he wanted to make him come just from that, nipping on his lower lip, tongue exploring more insistently, back curving as he pushed into Sam.
Sam quivered, all parts of him softening and yielding but one. He moaned into Dean’s mouth and Dean knew, he just knew he could make Sam come just from kissing him if he had the patience.

But he had so much he couldn’t wait to do.

“Where?” He pressed his forehead against Sam’s.

“Where what?” Sam shivered, a full-body tremor that started at his neck and rattled its way to his toes.


The muscles in Sam’s jaw fluttered. Dean smiled. “Carpet it is.”

He pulled his shirt off, slowly, enjoying how Sam’s eyes widened at the sight of him. He let his hands rest on his belt buckle. Sam licked his lips, involuntarily. Dean chuckled. “You wanna put your mouth on me too, Sam?”

Sam sank to his knees on the carpet.

Dean ran his hand through Sam’s hair. “I want to do things to you first.”

“Just let me taste.” Sam looked up at Dean like he was in church and Dean was a religious icon.

Dean undid his buckle, and let his pants drop to his ankles. Sam pulled down the edge of his boxer-briefs, worrying the tip of his tongue into the slit of Dean’s cock, drawing out the sweet, clear fluid.

Dean groaned. Sam suckled harder, trying to get more pre-come out of him. Dean’s hips bucked, a sharp shock of pleasure reverberating through him. “Hey. Hey. You first.”

“Dean.” Sam knelt before Dean, cheeks flushed rosy, head tipped upward. He held Dean’s cock in both hands, palms pressed to either side, fingers pointing up like his hands were folded in prayer. “Please.”

Dean placed two fingers under Sam’s chin, tipped his face up, and said, “How fast can you make me come, Sammy?”

Sam took Dean into his mouth, silken heat and wetness, and showed him how fast. He moaned at the taste of Dean flooding over his tongue (this is my blood, thought Sam), accepting all of it, wasting not even a single drop.

“Fuck, Sam…” Dean stroked Sam’s head.

“ Took the edge off. Now you can take all the time you want.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Careful what you ask for, baby boy.” He eyed Sam with mischief in his eyes. “’Cause now I’m gonna tease it out twice as long.”

Sam rested his cheek on the sweat-damp skin of Dean’s lower abdomen, right where his initials were. “Good.”

Dean pulled Sam to his feet, and stripped his shirt off. “You’re in for it now.” They stripped off the rest of their clothes, tossing them to the side. “On your back,” Dean commanded.

Sam complied, stretching himself out for Dean, a smile on his face Dean had never seen before.
Dean knelt over Sam, brushed his mouth over Sam’s. “Yeah, gonna take my time with you.” His mouth moved to Sam’s neck, tip of his tongue teasing Sam’s ear. “But I’m not gonna let you come so fast.” Down to the hollow of Sam’s neck.

Sam arched his back. “Do it.”

“Bossy little bottom, aren’t you.”

“I’m not a bottom.”

Dean blinked. It was true. They switched, equals in all things. “You are tonight.” He ran his hands down Sam’s flanks and squeezed his ass.

Sam exhaled through his nose, a snort, color high in his cheeks. “Stop talking and put your mouth on me, Dean.”

Dean trailed his mouth down Sam’s chest to his right nipple. He licked at it, swirling his tongue around it, then blew across it. The flesh hardened, Sam arching his back into it. Dean did it again, using his teeth just a bit, getting the erect nipple nice and wet, then blowing across it again.

Sam clenched his hands into fists as Dean slowly worked his way across to the other nipple, brushing his lips over it, coaxing it erect, teasing it with his mouth and tongue until Sam was panting.

Dean moved up to Sam’s mouth again, kissing him slowly, tasting himself. They both moaned.

Dean worked his way down Sam’s chest again, slowly mouthing at the skin of Sam’s stomach, moving over to lavish the side of his ribcage with attention, the indentation of his hip, down to his lower abdomen. Sam spread his thighs, urging Dean on wordlessly. Dean moved his mouth lower, lower still, and moved to the right side, licking and mouthing at the flesh of his inner thigh, completely bypassing his cock.

Sam swore and bit his lip. Dean licked and kissed all the way down Sam’s inner thigh, down his calf, back up the front and side, covering every inch. He moved to Sam’s abdomen, tracing his initials with his tongue.

Sam gasped, arched his back, spread his thighs wide, begging Dean with his whole body.

Dean moved across and began working his way down Sam’s other leg, pressing his inner thigh wide open, licking at the seam between his thigh and his cock, but steadfastly not touching his cock.

“Dean, god. Please.”

“Good start.” Dean grinned. “Not enough, though.” He licked down Sam’s inner thigh. Sam’s head fell back with a whimper.

The sounds continued. Breathy moans, gasps as Dean’s tongue lapped behind Sam’s knee, making him shake, his cock blurtting out great drops of pre-come. Dean eyed it hungrily, but kept teasing Sam with his mouth. Finally, he worked his way back up. Sam panted, holding Dean’s head, chanting “Please, please, please…”

Dean leaned over Sam and silenced him with a kiss. “Not done with you yet.” His white teeth flashing. “Not even close.”
He moved down again, pressed Sam’s thighs back, stretching him open. “So, where did you make yourself nice and clean for me again, Sammy?”

“There.” Sam reached down and pulled his thighs wider apart.

“Say it.”

“My… my hole.”

Dean swore, biting Sam’s inner thigh gently. “Good boy.”

Sam looked at Dean, his eyelids heavy, sultry. “I want you to do it so bad, Dean.”

Dean moved down, sat up on his haunches, and lifted Sam’s hips high into the air. He licked a broad stripe up the center and made a soft sound of pleasure.

The feel of Dean’s tongue punched a cry out of Sam.

Dean kissed around Sam’s hole, nipping lightly at the skin.

“More. Please, God, Dean, more.”

Dean gave him more. He was exquisitely careful not to press his chin against Sam, protecting his cut, but he still managed to eat Sam out, his clever tongue and mouth making Sam shiver and squeak and groan. “You like this so fucking much, don’t you, Sammy?”

Sam breathed, “Yeah.”

“Good. Because I love doing it to you.” Dean licked Sam’s hole, making it soften and open, working his tongue inside, tasting only clean skin and the faint acrid taste of soap. “Nice and clean for me, baby boy. You did a good job.”

Sam shivered with the praise, with the feel of Dean’s tongue lapping at him, in an act so purely drive by love and desire to give pleasure, to take pleasure in loving every part of Sam no matter how base or seemingly taboo. He shook and moaned and chanted Dean’s name, feeling the warmth and light building in him.

Finally Dean let Sam’s hips down. “God, so wet for me, Sam.” Dean stared in awe at the puddle of pre-come on Sam’s abdomen, and bent over him to lick it up. Sam’s stomach fluttered, and he gripped Dean’s shoulders.

Dean licked a broad stroke up Sam’s cock, from the base to the head, then moved up to kiss Sam, making Sam lick the taste of himself off Dean’s tongue.

Sam writhed beneath him. “Oh god, please, please, Dean. Please put your mouth on my cock.”

Dean’s grin was wicked. “All you had to do was ask.” But instead of moving down like before, he shifted, pivoting around.

“Oh god,” Sam breathed when he realized what Dean was doing.

Dean positioned himself over Sam, spreading his legs wide. Sam gripped his thighs and shifted down, so Dean was at the right angle. Lifting his head, he took Dean’s cock, beautiful, thick and fully erect again, into his eager mouth.

Dean parted his lips, carefully taking Sam into his mouth just an inch. He sucked on the head,
pulling off silently. A bit of discomfort, but no sharp pain. He put his mouth on Sam’s cock again, taking in a bit more this time.

Sam kept his lower body absolutely still, letting Dean set the depth and pace completely. Still, he shivered involuntarily when Dean got three inches into his mouth. Moaning around Dean’s cock, he translated all the motion he wanted desperately to put into writhing and fucking up into Dean’s mouth into lavishing Dean’s cock with attention. He stroked the back of Dean’s thighs, bobbing his head, sucking him slow and sensual, keeping his mouth so soft, so wet.

Dean moaned again, his mouth vibrating on Sam’s cock. He pulled off long enough to say, “So good at that. So good…” resting his right cheek on Sam’s thigh, and back to gently sucking on Sam’s cock. He had to be slow and careful not to make his jaw or lips hurt, and the movement did make the cut on his chin throb, but he didn’t care. He didn’t care a bit. He had his Sammy in his mouth again, teasing out the taste of Sam, working the tip of his tongue in the slit and making Sam whimper. Bobby knew, knew everything about them, and had held them in his arms and told them it was ok. He had Sam in his mouth again, that velvet flesh stretched over carved marble, pearling drops of nectar in his mouth. God was in his heaven, raining down His approval on Sam and Dean. All was right in his world.

~

Dean and Sam remained locked in a sixty-nine for a long time, until Sam had to drop his head to the carpet, neck muscles exhausted from holding his head up.

Dean rolled them over, so Sam was on top. Sam fell on Dean’s cock with new fire, hands kneading Dean’s thighs, sucking harder and faster. He brought his hands down to cup Dean’s balls, warm and heavy. Dean cried out.

“God, Dean, so fucking hot…” Sam swirled his tongue around the head of Dean’s cock, thighs twitching, right on the edge. “Can I…can I come in your mouth?”

Dean groaned, shivering, nodding with Sam’s cock still in his mouth. He grabbed onto Sam’s firm ass, working his mouth on Sam, his thighs shaking.

Dean put Sam above himself in all ways, to the point that he didn’t pull his mouth off Sam’s cock when his own orgasm hit, to lose himself in the moment purely. He kept sucking, kept his tongue soft and wide, bringing Sam to his orgasm too, even as his hips stuttered and his vision whited out and he came, came inside Sammy’s mouth for the second time in an hour.

Sam put Dean above himself in all ways, to the point that he didn’t fuck deeper into Dean’s mouth, didn’t pump his hips at all, so careful of not wanting to hurt Dean that even as he lost it for Dean, lost it hard and wet and messy, he held himself off Dean and let Dean move his mouth on him, even as his stomach fluttered and stars exploded behind his eyes and that light, that living light and heat, rose within him as he came for Dean, that light so bright and pure that it drove out any trace of darkness.
Here's Johnny

Chapter Summary

Sam clears up a few things inside his head. Forces converge upon Amarillo.

John threw his duffel bag into the back seat of the Impala, when a flash of movement caught his eye. A large bird perched on the telephone wire, fluttered its black wings and settled down again. It cocked its head at the sight of John looking at it.

“Huh.” John shook his head. The bird, a black bird of prey of some sort, was not one he’d ever seen before.

The driver’s side door creaked as John opened it. The bird did not budge at the sound of the heavy, American-steel door slamming shut. John drove down the path leading to the main road, the Impala’s wheels kicking up gravel, and the bird rose into the air, flying up high, out of human sight. It remained at that height, following the Impala as it moved onto the highway.

At the first gas stop, John leaned against the car, scratching his thigh idly. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of it. A bird on top of the roof of the gas station’s mini-mart. The same bird as before. John pretended not to take note of it, scanning the gas station for anything (else) that made the hairs on the back of his neck go up.

He walked to the end of the concrete landing where the dirt started, and picked up a flat rock. As his gas tank filled, he quickly pulled out his knife and scratched a symbol onto the rock. After replacing the nozzle, he moved to get back in the car—and suddenly turned on his heel and pegged the rock at the bird, hitting it. It let loose a cry that sounded surprisingly like a human scream, and toppled off the side of the roof, a faint puff of smoke trailing from its limp form.

John tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as he drove away, brow furrowed in thought. John did watch cop procedurals, and did check his six, and it did not take him long to realize he was being followed. He headed down the road to a busy truck stop, and parked the Impala right in front of the diner. He hefted his duffel bag over his shoulder and went inside, perching on a stool at the counter, flirting with the waitress, ordering a grilled cheese and fries, and a beer. The man in the car that was following him came in and took a seat a few stools down.

John winked at the waitress as he excused himself and walked to the bathroom, bringing his duffel with him. Once out of site, he ran, in a rapid but light gait, down the hall and out the side door. He scanned the parking lot, looking for his best option in the seconds he had before he was tracked again. He saw it. Not ideal, but it would work. A ‘94 Ford Ranger pickup had pulled in for gas from the same freeway direction that John was travelling, driven by a young man in his twenties. He bounded into the mini-mart, lank hair bouncing as he ran. John walked between the truck and the pump, and tried the handles of the aftermarket camper shell over the truck bed. They were unlocked.

Quickly, he twisted them, pulled open the top flap, and jumped inside. He pulled the top shut and stretched himself flat on his stomach on the padded liner, so he was hidden by the metal sides of the truck bed. He kept one hand stretched up to hold the other end of the right-side handle to keep the flap shut. Thankfully, he had worn all-black clothing, so when the young man walked past the
side of the truck, he did not see John through the side window of the camper shell. He started up the truck and headed back on the highway. John breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the freeway sign indicating he was headed south.

John turned around carefully, no longer needing to hold the flap perfectly closed. John peered through the side windows, keeping himself low and his movements extremely slow, and the young man continued to drive south. He listened to college rock, singing along, making up most of the words. John gritted his teeth when the third Rush song came on, audible in the truck bed despite the noise from the wind and the roadway. “Fucking prog rock…” he muttered, resting his head on his duffel, shivering from the cold.

The young man made a straight shot down 29 South. He drove for a long time. He pulled off the highway, meandering down residential streets, and finally parked. A woman’s voice, older, probably his mother, greeted him from the doorway, and he went inside. John clumsily extricated himself from the truck, hands and feet numb with cold, and nearly stumbled as he walked away. He made it around the corner, and on a darker street, he tried the door handles of each car until he found one that was unlocked. He slid inside and had it hot-wired in seconds. He pulled out, cranking the heat to high even though the engine wasn’t even warmed up yet, shaking violently. He pulled out his cell phone and called Zach, making up a story about where he was going and why he had to ditch his car, telling him where the Impala was parked and where his spare key was. Zach promised to take Bosie and take it back to Bobby’s, and swore he would not let her drive the Impala.

John looped around the block and retraced the path the young man in the Ranger had made (John peering out the side window taking mental notes of the street names and directions. Soon, he was back on the highway, and had worked out that he was in Wichita.

~

On a different highway, in a different town, a white-haired man drove an RV down the highway towards Amarillo, soft jazz playing on the radio. He turned the volume down to better hear the sounds coming from the back of the RV, where Azazel was playing with the pretty blonde hitchhiker he’d bound and gagged. The original owners of the RV, Myrna and Bob Pokorny, were tucked neatly into the sleeping area over the driver’s compartment, throats slit, wrapped in a blue tarp. The girl was spread-eagle on the bed. Azazel had the entire kitchen utensil drawer at his side and was experimenting with different implements. She screamed through the gag as he tried a new one.

Azazel grinned, his teeth gleaming a dull yellow. “I think she wants to know, ‘Are we there yet?’” He turned his attention back to the girl. “I love road trips. Doncha love road trips?” He sucked the tears from the side of her face. He called up to the front. “Seriously, though. How close are we?”

The white-haired demon examined his map. “We just crossed over into Texas.”

“Did you hear that?” Azazel tugged on the girl’s ankle. “The stars at night…” He put down the vegetable peeler. “Are big and bright…” He picked up the nut pick, with the sharp, slender claw at the end. “Deep in the heart of Texas!”

~

Sam was asleep on his back, hands on his stomach, left hand above his right. Dean slept on his stomach, arm thrown over Sam’s chest.

Sam dreamed.
Still thrumming with energy from being with Dean, he dreamed.

Slowly, he became aware that he was dreaming. Felt like he had the controls in his hands. He looked down, and his hands were holding a joystick. He tilted it back, and the world tipped. Sending him flying up, soaring over the landscape, feeling the wind move through his hair and push against his body. He turned the joystick, turning himself as he flew, laughing with the delight of it.

The landscape changed, became familiar. He used the joystick to set himself down. He was at the warehouse. He stood at the door of the warehouse. Holding the controls in his hand. He pressed the red button.

Suddenly he found himself inside, face to face with Earle Spivey.

Spivey grinned, exposing his bad teeth. “Little Sammy Winchester…” he began.

“No.”

Spivey sputtered, reached for Sam. Sam extended his hand. Spivey flew through the air and crashed against the far wall.

“No.” Sam repeated, the feeling of light and heat rising inside him. “You don’t touch me.” He paused, thinking. “You didn’t touch me. Didn’t lay a hand on me.” Sam saw it all moving in reverse, Dean cutting him down, Spivey and the other one torturing him, Spivey dunking his head in the bucket over and over. Saw it all moving in reverse like film spinning through a projector backwards, until he saw himself unharmed, in the warehouse, simply bound and gagged and scared.

“That’s as far as you got. Then Dean saved me.”

Spivey sat up, wiping his mouth.

“This is my dream. I control it. And I get a do-over too.” Sam imagined all that had happened to him in this place as images on that reel of film.

A reel of film toppled onto the concrete floor and spilled out, coiling and bunching like a snake, rippling with still images of him gasping for breath, water sheeting off his hair, of the cattle prod being brought closer to his flesh.

“I said no.”

The film burst into flame, a sad little blaze with a pathetic puff of smoke, and then it was gone. Not even ash remained.

Sam closed his eyes, letting the light and heat rise in him. Spivey scurried backward.

Sam opened his eyes. Light burst out of him. The walls surrounding him went white, and disappeared. Earle Spivey disappeared. Everything black and evil and unclean disappeared.

Sam opened his eyes. He was in bed, safe and warm, Dean’s arm on his chest as if to keep him safe from harm. Dean was awake, green eyes bright with worry, searching his face. “You feeling ok, Sammy?”

Sam took a breath, a deep breath filling his lungs completely, and released it. “I’m good.” Another breath. “Really good.”
Dean brushed the hair out of Sam’s eyes.

“Why? Was I like talking in my sleep or something?”

“No. You got hot. Like, more than your usual furnace thing. I woke up sweating and…” He nodded toward Sam’s feet. Sam was shocked to see the blankets flung there, bunched at his feet. He ran his hand over his stomach. Despite the chill in the room, he was hot to the touch, damp with sweat, like he’d been lounging on the beach with the sun beating down on him.

“Huh.” Sam looked back at Dean. “I feel fine. Feel great, actually.” He wiped his fingers on the sheets. “Could use a shower though.”

Dean grinned. “Then lunch?”

“Always about food with you.”

“That’s because you always make me work up an appetite.”

“Shower. Then…”

“Sandwiches. And pickles. And three Cokes.”

“Three?” Sam couldn’t help but grin.

“Yeah. Three.” Dean rubbed his stomach. “You said you’d love me even with a big old belly.”

“Shower.” Sam sat up with a grimace. “I’m all sweaty.”

Dean started the water like he’d become accustomed to doing, but to his surprise, Sam joined him without hesitation, pivoting Dean around like they were dancing, putting himself under the bulk of the spray, and turning down the temperature so it was cooler. He stuck his head directly under the spray. “God that feels good.”

Dean stared.

“What?”

Dean shook his head in disbelief. “Sam. You’re…” He waved at the water. “It’s all over you.”

Sam let the water sheet over his face, smiling at Dean like he’d aced the final.

“Sammy?” Dean was absolutely one to look a gift horse in the mouth if it meant something might have happened to Sam.

“It’s ok, Dean.” Sam put his arms around Dean and kissed him under the shower spray. He pulled his mouth away, letting the water run inside his open mouth, and squirted it like a whale’s blowhole, right on Dean’s chest. “It’s ok.”

“You lost me here, Sammy.”

“I gave myself a do-over.” Sam jerked his head toward the bedroom. “I had one of those lucid dreams. And this time…” Sam shook his head. “This time, I really took control. I was back in the warehouse, and, Dean, I made it not happen.”

Dean wiped the water out of his face. “Made what not happen?”
“All of it. I…undid it. I mean, I know it all happened. But I ran the tape back. In my head. And I stopped it before they did anything, and I said, I told him no, this is where Dean saved me.”

Sam was so elated, he didn’t notice the subtle flash of guilt on Dean’s face. “And it felt like, honestly, it felt like it all unraveled. I remember it all, I still remember it, but it’s like it happened to someone else. Like I was watching a movie.” He turned to face the spray of water, letting it run over his face. “Dean, I’m not freaking out.” He looked back at Dean over his shoulder, eyes lit up with joy and a bone-deep relief that made Dean realize just how much Sam had been carrying on his shoulders.

Dean drew close and wrapped his arms around Sam, just holding him, palms spread wide over his ribs, feeling his chest expand and contract, breathing with him in perfect sync. Sam closed his eyes and let the water run over his face, hands pressed over Dean’s, breathing in and out. “I’m not scared anymore.”

~

John rolled past the Welcome to Amarillo sign and took a deep breath. He drove toward where the map said the address of the Sanctuary was. As he neared, he saw a maintenance worker on the side of the road. His motions were aimless, almost bored, but he kept his eyes on the entrance to the motel.

John slumped down in his seat, and pulled his cap down lower. He drove past the driveway to the motel, heart thumping, but the maintenance worker did not look at him.

He drove down, hung a right, and parked out of sight of the front entrance. Slinging his duffel over his shoulder, he walked back toward the motel, and cut through the thick line of shrubs surrounding the perimeter. Just past the shrubs, he saw the salt speed bump that completely surrounded the property. He practically leaped over it, adrenaline amping his movements, and let out a huge breath once he was safely on the other side. Tugging his coat up to camouflage his face as much as possible, he hustled toward the motel entrance.

The maintenance worker raised his head, a frown creasing his forehead. He raised his hand, pointing his finger at John.

John flipped him off, turned on his heel and banged his palm on the bell.

Within a few moments, Juliane appeared at the front counter. “May I help you?”

“I sure hope so.” John looked over his shoulder, body language unmistakably tense, at where the maintenance worker was engaged in a vigorous discussion with a state trooper. He turned his attention back to Juliane. He put both palms on the counter and leaned in. “I need sanctuary.”
I Want Candy

Chapter Summary

John checks in. Sam enjoys his newfound confidence, as does Dean.

Juliane picked up the phone at the front desk. “Hey. Got a new arrival. Let everyone know?” A beat. “Thanks.” She looked behind John towards the front of the motel. Gus and the maintenance worker demon faced the motel office’s door, boot tips nearly touching the salt speed bump, eyes gone black. “Let’s get you back.” Faint lines showed at the corners of her eyes and mouth, revealing the tension her calm voice tried to hide.

Once she got him back into the protected hallway, she relaxed a little. “Are you hurt?”

John shook his head no.

“Good.” Juliane’s smile was warm. “Ok. We don’t ask questions and we protect your privacy, even from other hunters. If anyone comes around asking any questions, we don’t know anything. And if you want to put yourself on privacy lockdown, you can. No one will see you, or know you’re here.” She led John down the protected hallway, walking slower from familiarity with people’s first reactions to it. John whistled, and stopped walking. He traced an unfamiliar glyph with his fingertips.

“Sumerian.” Juliane brushed her hair over her shoulder. “Ok, so, lockdown. This is important.” John tore his eyes away from the wall, and focused on her. “If anyone here chooses lockdown, you can’t leave your apartment without calling us first, so we can let the others know someone’s coming out.” She smiled when she spoke, but her voice was firm. “Do you agree to abide by this?”

“Yes.” John shifted his duffel bag onto his other shoulder.

“There are other hunters in the Sanctuary right now, and they all requested privacy lockdown. So that means no one moves around outside their room without letting us clear the hall and the common room. Just hit 11 on the phone in your room, and it’ll ring us.”

“Got it.”

She brought John into the common room. He stood and stared, turning in a slow circle, taking it all in.

“Wow.”

Juliane beamed with pride.

Danny walked up and stuck out his hand. “Danny.”


Danny showed John the lore library and the movie collection. “Research or distraction. Whatever you need.” He handed a mug of tea to John, and another one to Juliane.
“Did you get ahold of everyone?” Juliane wrapped both hands around the tea mug.

“No. Let me call again.” Danny went to the phone and dialed Sam and Dean’s room again. John sat down on the couch and sipped his tea, watchful eyes taking in every detail of the room.

~

The phone rang again. Sam still had shampoo in his hair. Dean finished rinsing. “I’ll get it.” He jumped out of the shower, tracking water everywhere, and padded naked to the living room, toweling his hair. “Hey.”

“Hey. We’ve got a new guest, so hang tight until we’ve got him set up in his quarters.”

“Got it. We’ll stay put. Thanks.”

Dean hung up the phone and returned to the bathroom. Sam was just getting out, toweling himself off.

Dean’s cock twitched at the sight.

“Who was that?”

“Danny. He says new meat just checked in.”

“Ah. Ok.” Sam eyed Dean’s swelling cock. “So…lunch, right?”

Dean smacked his lips. “Starving.”

Sam walked past him, smacking his bare ass as he passed. “Alright then.”

Dean swelled and thickened a little more, and shook his head at the glorious sight of Sam walking naked down the hall to the bedroom to get dressed. “Damn I’m lucky,” he said to himself.

“Yeah you are,” Sam called from the bedroom.

“Talking to myself,” Dean rejoined.

“Talk softer then,” Sam retorted.

Dean toweled off, put ointment on his chin laceration, and brushed his teeth, careful still even though his mouth and jaw felt better. Sam walked past him, eyeing him like it was hard to tear his eyes from him, turning and walking backwards, still looking at him.

“Take a picture, Sammy.” Dean spat the toothpaste into the sink and rinsed.

“Any film left?” Sam grinned cockily.

“God I love you.”

Sam stopped in his tracks, his eyes traveling over Dean’s body like he was trying to memorize it.

“What’scha thinking about?” Dean set the toothbrush into the ceramic holder with a dull clink, and stepped into the doorway, so Sam could have a better view.

Sam chewed on his lower lip and released it. “I want to fuck you.” His tone of voice was vibrant with a newfound confidence.
It made Dean shiver.

“Will you let me?” Sam’s gaze traveled up Dean’s body to meet his green eyes directly. “Fuck you?”

Dean swallowed. “You can do anything you want with me, Sammy.”

Sam closed his eyes, bracing himself against the wall. “Jesus. Dean.”

“Um, give me a minute, ok?” Dean’s cheeks flushed pink, knowing that Sam knew what Dean was excusing himself to do.

The look that passed between them was electric. New. Something in Sam’s face betrayed that he was picturing Dean getting himself clean for Sam, clean like that, and that to his absolute shock, he found something deeply erotic in the thought.

To Dean’s surprise, so did he.

Suddenly Dean was seized with the image of Sam taking care of him, just getting him started, of him bending over the sink, spreading his thighs wide as Sam put one hand on the small of his back and inserted the slippery nozzle with the other hand, feeling the rush of warm water penetrating him, that Sam was putting inside him. His cock jerked hard, slapping against his belly.

Sam swallowed. “Dean?” He blew out a little puff of breath. They were on new ground here.

Dean turned bright red. “I got it, Sammy.” He turned to go back in the bathroom.

“You sure?” Sam’s voice dropped down half an octave. It made the nerves in Dean’s skin sing.

He rested his hand on the door jamb. “Yeah.” He paused. Then (Anything you and I do together is good, ok? You know why? Because we love each other so fucking much it makes it ok. No matter how out there or kinky it is.) he said, in a hushed voice, “This time.”

Sam made another sound, of surprise and need. Dean closed the door gently. His face was still beet red as he gathered up the equipment, filling the bulb with warm water, lubing the nozzle. He braced himself on the sink and slipped the tip inside.

Imagining it was Sam doing it.

He bit back a groan.

Slowly, he squeezed the black bulb, feeling the thin stream of water rush inside him. So slowly, so as not to cramp.

Imagined Sam stroking his back, telling him what a good job he was doing.

A drop of precome spilled from the head of his cock and splashed on the tile floor.

He took the entire bulb, held the water in as he refilled it, and inserted it again.

Sam, squeezing the bulb. Dean. Can you take a little more for me? Yeah, Sammy. Jesus.

Dean shook his head, wondering what the hell was wrong with him, and then tried to shut that thought down as fast as it appeared in his head. Whatever kink gets you going, I’ll do it. No judgment. He knew that applied both ways. And he damn well didn’t want anyone in the same room when he let all the water go. But the thought of Sam giving it to him, making him take it,
filling him up like that… He gripped the base of his cock, squeezing the orgasm back.

He finally regained control, and set the nozzle and bulb in the sink, holding the water inside him, when he heard Sam’s voice, so quiet it was almost a whisper, at the door.

“Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“Can…is it… can you open the door? Just for a second?”

No judgment. “Yeah.”

He opened the door. Sam’s cheeks were stained red, like he’d been running. His eyes looked almost feverish. He stared at Dean, eyes darting between his cock and his stomach, faintly distended.

He bit his lip. “Fuck, Dean, are you…”

Dean nodded, a quick little movement.

Sam stepped inside and put his right palm against the curve of Dean’s round little belly. “Oh god. Oh my god.” Sam’s breath came in little snorts.

Dean’s cock twitched again. Sam put his other hand on Dean’s stomach, stroking it lightly, feeling its fullness. “Jesus.”

“I know.” Dean trembled, the pleasure and intimacy and trust of it almost too much, triggering a deep emotional response that brought tears to his eyes.

Sam stared at Dean in disbelief that this was having this effect on him. On both of them.

“I know.” Dean put his arms around Sam’s neck. “It’s ok.”

“Whatever we do is ok,” Sam whispered.

“Yeah.” Dean shivered as Sam moved closer, slipped his hands around to grip his ass, his erection painfully hard against Dean’s bare thigh.

“Next time…” Sam licked his lips, unsure about the next words. Unsure if he could say them.

“Anything, Sammy.” Dean’s words made Sam relax, visibly softening and curling into him.

“Let me.” Sam breathed the words into Dean’s neck, fingers stroking the soft skin along the underside of Dean’s ass. “Let me do it.” His voice, his fingers, achingly tender.

Dean shivered, his body’s response all the answer Sam needed. But he said it anyway, face hot.

“Ok.”

Sam swore, moved to the side, caressed Dean’s swollen belly at the same time as he smoothed his hand over Dean’s ass.

“So fucking hot. Dean. I can’t—“

“It’s ok,” Dean repeated, both for his benefit as well as Sam’s. “It’s ok.”
Sam brought his other hand around and slid it up underneath Dean’s cock, still caressing Dean’s stomach. Dean groaned.

“Hold it in.” His fingers circling his lower abdomen, feeling the water swelling inside, pushing his belly out. “Keep holding it.” Sam began fisting Dean’s cock slowly.

Dean’s eyes went wide at what Sam was doing to him. Sam scrutinized his face, saw nothing but love and approval and pleasure and astonishment there. He smiled, bright and wicked. “You like this.”

“Fuck. Yeah. I—“

Sam pressed his palm lightly against Dean’s abdomen. “Feels good. Being full like this.” His voice dropped that half-octave again. “I know.” His hand working Dean’s cock. “I, uh, thought about it. You.” He swallowed. “Filling me up like this. Making me take it for you.”

Dean pulled back, brow furrowed with the effort it took to stay in control, at the images Sam was putting in his head, of what Sam was doing to him. “Sam, I’m gonna, you’re gonna make me come, I can’t—” He pushed Sam back towards the door. “Come on, Sam…”

Sam nodded, understanding. He backed out of the bathroom and shut the door, giving Dean his privacy. No judgment, anything goes, but there were still things both of them preferred to do in private.

When Dean heard the sounds of Sam opening cabinet doors in the kitchen, he sat down and released the water in a great rush. The pleasure of it was overwhelming, his entire body shokcy and shivery, so much so that he thought he’d actually come from it, but was surprised to see that he had not.

When he was completely ready for Sam, he stepped outside and went to him.

Sam was in the living room on the couch. On the coffee table, he’d spread out an array of candy. He’d removed his clothing, folded neatly in a stack on the floor. He was sucking on a round red lollipop, and on the base of his cock, jutting up proudly, he’d twined a candy necklace like a cock ring.

Dean looked at Sam like it was Christmas morning, reluctantly tearing his eyes away to cast a quick glance at the candy on the table, taking in the bottle of lube Sam had set on the corner. Pixy Stix and chocolate kisses and Pop Rocks. Dean’s eyes went up at that one.

“You said you’d show me something with that one.”

“Oh yeah,” Dean smirked. “But first.” He bent over Sam, kissing him, licking the sweet sticky strawberry from his lips. Sam moaned, hips bucking up, as Dean stroked his hand lightly over Sam’s cock. Kneeling, he brushed his mouth over the top of Sam’s cock, then switched his attention to the candy necklace. “Hang on.” He pulled at the elastic gently, undoing a few loops and adjusting them so that they bound Sam’s balls, separating them, pushing them up high and tight, the candy necklace criss-crossing between them. “There you go.” The sight made his voice rough with need. He settled in between Sam’s thighs and licked his balls, lapping at the rings of candy with each stroke of his tongue.

Sam whimpered, cock jumping. Dean pulled at the strand of candy, carefully lifting it away from Sam’s delicate flesh, and crunched down, breaking off several candy rings and chewing them. Then he resumed lavishing Sam’s balls with attention, making Sam squirm and gasp, loving it but
desperate for more sensation. Again, he bit off a few round discs of candy, and this time, he brought them to Sam’s mouth, kissing him and slipping them inside. Their tongues twirled together, then Dean pulled back, allowing Sam to chew and swallow them. “So…you want to learn the Pop Rocks trick, huh?” The smirk on his face was wicked.

Sam nodded, putting the lollipop back in his mouth.

“For fuck’s sake, Sam, that ought to be criminal.” Sam with his pretty mouth stretched around the sphere of candy, licking and sucking at it, was almost too much for Dean to take. And Sam knew it. He played it up, head tilted cockily, putting on a show for Dean.

Dean tore open the packet of Pop Rocks and poured some in his mouth. When Dean sat up and sealed his mouth over Sam’s right nipple, Sam dropped the lollipop on the coffee table.

“Oh god, fuck…” Sam cried out, wrapping his arms around Dean’s back, gripping him tight. The candy snapped against his sensitive flesh, like tiny little nips and bites. Sam arched his back into it, writhing at the feel of it. Dean held him still and made him take it. Finally, the popping died down. Dean grinned at him. “And that’s not even the real trick, baby boy.” Sam dropped his head to the couch with a groan. Dean poured more Pop Rocks into his mouth and settled down between Sam’s legs.

“Oh god.”

Dean just nodded yes.

“Oh god. Dean…” Sam shivered with anticipation. Dean sealed his mouth over Sam’s cock, pressing his tongue against the shaft, holding the Pop Rocks against his flesh, being as careful as he could be to not let any of the crackling little rocks near the slit.

Sam spasmed, but Dean was prepared (having been on the receiving end of this already, thanks to the infinite kinky generosity of Ronda Hurley) and already had his hands pressed hard on Sam’s hips, holding him down. The little crystals popped, tingly and effervescent. Sam, being exquisitely sensitive, gasped at the sensation, stroking Dean’s hair.

And again, Dean poured more in his mouth, and took one of Sam’s balls in his mouth. “Ah. Ah. Oh god.” Sam clutched the couch, biting his lip. Dean slid up, letting the remaining rocks pop as he kissed Sam, slow and deep. Then he reached behind him, unwrapped a chocolate kiss, and held it in his mouth.

Sam leaned forward and kissed him. Their tongues pushed the piece of chocolate around in their mouths until it had melted.

Dean was already on the edge. Wanting to come. His hips bucked forward, rubbing himself against Sam’s inner thigh.

Sam pulled him up and sat him down on the couch. He licked Dean’s nipples with broad, wet strokes of his tongue, then tore open a Pixy Stix straw and sifted the flavored sugar over them. He brought his mouth to Dean’s right nipple and licked the sugar away, moaning as Dean’s flesh responded, the nipple hardening under his tongue. He lapped at the sugar on the other nipple.

He licked a long stripe down Dean’s chest and stomach, and dusted the Pixy Stix crystals over it, sticking to the dampness. He spent a good long time licking the sugar off, Dean breathless and unable to hold still beneath him. “Sam. Come on.”

“You want something?” Sam sat back on his knees, putting the lollipop back in his mouth, swirling
his tongue on it and sucking it.

“You know what I want.” Dean’s eyes were bottle-green, wide and dark, pupils blown.

“Say it. I like it when you say it.”

“Put that thing down and put your mouth on my cock.” Dean eyed Sam’s mouth. “S what you really want.”

Sam put the lollipop back down and slowly drove his mouth down the entire length of Dean’s cock, looking him in the eyes the entire time.

Dean shivered and swore and praised his Sammy.

Sam pulled back, mouth so warm and wet, and tipped the Pixy Stix over Dean’s cock. He sealed his mouth over it again, moaning at the sweet taste of sugar and the feel of Dean’s cock, hands squeezing Dean’s thighs.

Dean threw his head back and moaned, loudly.

“I like it when you make noise,” Sam said.

“Better hope these walls are soundproofed, then.” Dean trembled, knowing that when the moment came, when his Sammy made him come for him, come on his cock, that he was not going to be quiet. Not by a long shot.

Sam licked and sucked Dean’s cock for a good long time, getting every granule of sugar off, reveling in the electric-shock quivers he was sending through Dean.

He pushed Dean’s thighs back, pulling his hips forward, and brought his tongue to Dean’s pink little hole. He licked at it, getting it nice and wet.

“Sam… Jesus, Sammy…”

Sam upended the last of the sugar dust over Dean’s hole, and settled in to lick it all away. He sealed his mouth over Dean, moaning, going crazy at the feel of it, licking and sucking, getting his tongue inside Dean, softening the tight little ring, making it yield to him, licking him open.

“Gonna fuck me, sweetheart?”

Sam’s eyes went wide, staring up at Dean, mouth still sealed over his hole. He groaned, loving it when Dean talked dirty.

“Gonna get inside me? Make me come on your cock? ‘S what you want?”

Sam pulled his mouth off, resting his forehead against Dean’s inner thigh, panting, palming his cock. “Jesus, Dean.”

“C’mon. Get your fingers inside me.”

Sam slicked up his fingers, moving Dean so he was on his back, legs spread. He moved his hand between Dean’s legs and kissed him as he slipped his index finger inside.

Dean made a soft sound of pleasure. Sam moved his mouth down to Dean’s neck, working his finger in and out. “More. I can take it.”
Sam brought his middle finger up, worked it past the outer ring, then paused, letting Dean relax, to slip past the tight inner ring. Dean brought his mouth to Sam’s ear, whispered, “Got myself nice and clean for you, Sammy.”

Sam shivered and claimed Dean’s mouth with his. Dean braced his feet on the couch and raised and lowered his hips, fucking himself down on Sam’s fingers. “Do it. Not gonna break me. I want it.”

Sam groaned helplessly. Dean kept pumping his hips, fucking himself. “Sam. I want it. Want you to fuck me.” Sam worked his hand faster, giving it to Dean the way his body made it clear he needed it. Dean groaned as Sam hit the speed and angle he wanted. “Yeah. Yeah.” Sam crooked his fingers just right, and Dean groaned again. “Jesus, Sammy, you gotta fuck me now, come on, not gonna last…”

Sam slicked up his cock with shaking fingers, and brought the head of his cock to Dean’s entrance. He pushed gently, then moved back. Gently forward, then back. The head pushed against the outer ring, pushed against it, and pushed past it.

Dean grabbed Sam’s shoulders, sweat-slick and strong. “Do it, Sam, fuck me, come on…” He urged Sam on. Sam pushed forward, past the second ring.

A sheen of sweat erupted on Dean’s face. He pushed down, making Sam go deeper. “Sam. God. So fucking good. Do it.” Sam slid in deeper, going halfway, back out and in deeper still.

Suddenly Dean turned, flipped Sam around like when they were sparring, and now Sam was seated on the couch with Dean on top of him. Dean rose up until Sam was about to pop free, then sank down, impaling himself. “Baby brother’s so fucking big,” he whispered.

Sam moaned at that.

“It’s ok, Sammy. I know you like it.” Dean met Sam’s gaze. “Don’t you, baby boy?”

Sam shivered, nodding.

“It’s ok. Ok to like it. Anything we do, Sammy. It’s ok. Yeah?”

Sam nodded, reassured, the little flare of guilt and shame beaten down.

“So fuck your big brother like you mean it.”

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean’s waist, holding him still, and pistoned up into him hard and fast, reaming him, fucking him like his life depended on it. All Dean could do was hold still, hold still and get fucked, hold still while Sam’s huge cock stretched him out wide, filled him up so deep. The cries punched out of Dean were loud and long, cries of tremendous satisfaction, of a need that had been building finally being met.

“Jesus Dean. I don’t fuck you enough.” Sam slapped his right hand against Dean’s upper back, pressing him closer.

“Damn right.”

“You really love having a cock in your ass, don’t you?”

“Yours,” Dean gasped. “Yours.”
Sam fucked Dean so hard, he slid backward. Sam shoved the coffee table away with his foot hard, pushing it to the side, clearing a wide space on the carpet in front of him. The next thing Dean knew, his shoulders were pressed to the carpet, hips propped up on the edge of the seat cushion, legs back over his head, spread wide. Sam’s hands pinned Dean’s wrists to the carpet above his head, body horizontal over him, knees and feet on the couch. And Sam was fucking him like he’d never done it before, hips raising in the air and slamming down, fucking him hard and deep, deeper than Dean had ever taken Sam before. All he could do was take it, lay there with Sam’s strong hands pinning his to the carpet, lay there with his legs spread, ass tipped up in the air, lay there and take Sam’s cock, let Sam fuck him with wet slapping sounds that were positively, blissfully obscene.

Each stroke drove a grunt from Dean, primal, greedy. Sam’s chest and face were equally red, Sam reveling in it every bit as much as Dean was.

“You like it too, Dean.” Sam whispered. “Taking your baby brother’s cock.”

“Oh, Jesus, Sammy…” Dean felt it building, felt the roller coaster being hauled upward, up toward the peak, about to go up and over.

“Say it.”

“I like it.”

Sam paused, holding himself horizontally over Dean. Waiting.

“I love it, Sam, Love my little brother’s cock in me. So good. So fucking big.”

Sam groaned, and resumed his pace. Dean kept talking, knowing how much Sam loved it now, how addicted he was to it. Someday I’m gonna make you come just from talking dirty, he thought. The rollercoaster car started moving again, bringing him to the edge.

“Oh god, Sam, Sammy, you’re gonna make me come.”

Sam went to release one of Dean’s hands, but he shook his head. “Just on your cock,” he whispered. “Just your cock. ‘S all I need.”

“Jesus,” Sammy whispered. His body started to shake.

“Yeah, baby boy. Come on. Come inside me.” Sam slammed into Dean, twisting his hips, stroking inside him at just the right angle, sending white sparks erupting behind Dean’s eyes. The only words he managed to eke out before language dissolved entirely were, “Sammy. Sam. Sam.” The words turned to cries, the roller coaster at the top of the peak tipping over the edge. Dean shook, speared on Sam’s long, thick cock, Sam inside him, becoming part of him, and that took his impending orgasm and turned it inside out, turned it into something infinitely deeper and more important than simple pleasure or release.

Sam was in him.

Sam was him.

He was Sam.

Time ceased to be relevant. Dean couldn’t tell what was him and what was Sam. The earthy scent of clean sweat and musk, the body on top (penetrating), the body below (enveloping), the sharp cries and guttural moans, none of these could be placed, attributed.
The part of We that was Dean cried out again. The cries built as the pleasure amplified, the intensity doubling, the meaning of it becoming clear and then lost again, too enormous to be understood, like the immensity of space. All Dean could do was throw his head back and scream.

~

Settled into his apartment inside the Sanctuary, John unpacked his duffel. Faintly, from a room down the hall, John heard sounds. Rather unmistakable sounds. He grinned, pulling clean socks from the bottom of the duffel bag. “Someone’s having fun.”
Gus stumbled into the demon safe house, smacking his cold hands on his thighs. Rosier was slumped on the couch watching Alaska State Troopers, drinking red wine from the bottle, in grey boxers and a white beater, furnace on high, basking in the 80 degree heat inside the house.

At the sight of him, Gus shook his head. “You are in so much trouble.”

Rosier tipped the bottle up and took a deep swig. “So I hear.”

Gus stripped off his coat and hat and hung them up on the rack by the door. “I thought you were gonna run.”

“No. Nowhere to run. Nowhere he can’t find me. You know that.” Rosier fished another piece of fried chicken from the bucket. “Hey, you hungry?”

“Starving. Let me change first.”

Rosier was gnawing on a drumstick joint when Gus emerged in a well-worn loose pair of blue jeans, with no shirt.

“Is there beer?”

Rosier smirked. “Always.”

Gus retrieved a cold beer from the refrigerator and fell onto the couch with a heavy sigh.

“Rough shift?”

Gus shook his head. “We fucked up. Boss is not going to be happy.”

“Oh really.” Rosier sucked the grease from his thumb.

Gus’s eyes flicked to the side, watching him. “Yeah. We, uh, we kinda let John Winchester get past us.”

“Oh.”

Gus picked up a piece of chicken breast. “Oh yeah. We’re hosed.” He took a bite. “Spicy. Nice.”
“Where is the other one? What’s his name again?”

“He ran.”

Rosier shook his head. “So, John Winchester’s in the Sanctuary?”

“Yes.” Gus took a deep pull on the beer bottle. He nodded emphatically. “Yes, he is.”

“How?”

“Fucker snuck in through the bushes. Jumped over the salt. Flipped us off and ran inside like a little bitch.”

Rosier sucked air through his teeth. “That’s not according to The Plan.”

“Uh, no. No, that’s going to put a huge damper on the whole brother-fucking fun times.”

“Boss ain’t gonna like that.”

“You really want to talk about how much trouble we’re both in?”

Gus and Rosier exchanged a long glance. Rosier looked down at the ground. “Maybe he’ll just…”

“Come on, Rosy. Best that’ll happen? Best case scenario? It’s fucking ugly.”

Rosier blew out a long breath. “Any idea how long ‘till he gets here?”

“He’s doing an old-school road trip. Driving up, stopping for entertainment along the way. I figure we’ve got until tomorrow night at the latest.”

Rosier drained the last of the bottle, and peeled the foil off the top of another. “Alright.” He uncorked the bottle and brought it to his lips, then offered it to Gus. Gus held up his bottle of beer.

“I know. But try it. This one’s really good.”

Gus took a swig. “Oooh.” He examined the label, which read Jordan Cabernet, 1984. He looked at his bottle of Corona. “Fuck it. Wine is better. But…waste not, want not, right?” He chugged the entire beer in one go.

“Impressive.”

“My meat suit went to UT Austin.” Gus paused. “I went to Chico State, but I was raised in Dallas.”

Rosier stared at Gus.

“Do you remember it?” Gus took another drink.

“We don’t talk about that.”

“Being human.”

Rosier gripped Gus’s wrist hard. “We never talk about that. Don’t—just don’t ever talk about that around the others.”

Gus pulled his hand away. “Ok. I got it.” They watched TV, not saying anything. Gus rubbed his wrist.
To his utter surprise, Rosier found himself saying, “Sorry.”

“It’s nothing.” Gus glanced at Rosier, giving him a little smile.

Rosier rubbed the corner of his mouth. “Sometimes.”

Gus looked over at him. “What?”

“Sometimes I remember.” Rosier closed his eyes. Trying to forget. “Come on. Let’s get drunk.”

They demolished the bucket of chicken and the box of biscuits, and went through two bottles of wine, cackling at the exploits of drunken partiers in Anchorage and moose hunters who didn’t punch their card when they made their kill being dressed down by Alaska State Troopers in their huge, wide-brimmed hats.

“That’s what you need. A hat like **that**.” Rosier fake-punched Gus on the shoulder. “A big ol’ sexy hat like that.”

“Fuck no.” Gus scoffed. “Those hats are ridiculous. Now a Texas trooper hat? **That’s** a hat.” He rose unsteadily to his feet, and put his Resistol Texas trooper cowboy hat on, his dirty blond hair peeking out beneath the rim. He stood tall, his defined abdominal muscles standing out strong, and tipped his hat at Rosier with a wink, thumb hooked in the waist of his jeans.

“Looks good on you.” Rosier sucked on his fingers.

Gus cocked his head, giving Rosier a quiet, evaluating look. He was silent. The corner of Rosier’s mouth twitched. He looked Gus in the eye, dropped his gaze down, lingering on his mouth, biting his own lip, down further still, to his chest and stomach, taking his time there, then looked back up into his eyes again.

Gus’s mouth parted in surprise, then spread into a sweet smile. “I like the new suit you picked out, by the way. It’s beautiful.” His voice was soft and shy, his gaze dancing over Rosier’s strong arms and the defined muscles of his chest peeking out over the top of the white beater, setting off his tanned skin.

Rosier took another swig of wine, stood up and walked to Gus. He raised the bottle to his lips, watched his mouth seal around the neck, watched his throat muscles work as he swallowed it. Gus’s lips gleamed, wet with wine.

Rosier tipped the bottle up again, making Gus swallow the last of it, and set it down. “I’m gonna fuck you now.” His eyes were solid black.

Gus’s teeth stood out, strong and white, when he smiled. “Actually, I thought I’d fuck you.”

Rosier grinned. “Dream on, little one.”

“I think I will.” Gus adjusted the hat on his head. “Fuck you.”

“Fight you for it.”

“You’re on—” Before Gus finished speaking, Rosier was on him, devouring his mouth in a deep, claiming kiss, tearing at the buttons of his jeans, yanking the fly open. Gus tore Rosier’s beater open, ripping it clean down the middle. They fell to the carpet, sending the cowboy hat flying, rolling over each other, snarling, fighting for dominance. Rosier tugged Gus’s jeans down to his knees, trapping his legs. Gus had gone commando. Rosier whistled in appreciation at the sight of
what Gus had been hiding. Gus blushed.

They struggled, panting, skin shiny and slick with sweat from the heat of the room and their exertion, their hands, already slick with grease, slipping over each other, unable to find purchase.

Gus unbalanced Rosier, whisked his knee out from under him, and forced him down on his stomach. He ripped a huge hole in the back of his boxers and jammed a finger inside him, his other hand tangled in Rosier’s hair, pulling hard. Rosier shivered, betraying how good it felt, and very nearly capitulated, but his dominant side was too fired up. He feinted, arching his back, pushing his ass and taking Gus’s finger deeper, making it seem like he was giving in. Gus shook himself free of his jeans, sucked on his finger, and slid it back inside Rosier. Rosier dropped his head onto his forearms, groaning, (you could let him yeah you could just let him bet he’d be nice and rough), then snapped his hips forward, pulling free, flipped Gus over and pinned him with a painful, effective joint lock.

He lowered his mouth to the meaty part of Gus’s neck, and bit down hard. Gus hissed, arching into the pain. Rosier moaned and increased the pressure of his teeth slowly until Gus was shuddering, hands scrabbling at his shoulders, head tipped to the side, letting him. Rosier raised his head up and licked the smear of blood off his lips. “I’m going to fuck you so hard.”

Gus groaned, head falling back onto the carpet. Rosier wriggled out of his torn boxers, holding Gus down with his free hand. He then straddled him, pinning his shoulders with his knees, and fed him his cock. Gus swallowed it down with a moan, hands caressing Rosier’s firm ass, daring to push his index finger back inside him. Rosier grunted. “I knew you had a thing for my ass, I fucking knew it.” He held Gus’s head, thumbs stroking his cheekbones, and fucked his mouth nice and deep, Gus’s finger probing inside him on each back stroke. He reveled in how Gus’s eyes watered but he didn’t try to stop Rosier from fucking his throat. He just took it.

“You…are…SO good at that…” Rosier purred. He pulled out and smacked his cock against Gus’s face.

“Told you,” Gus gasped. “UT Austin. Zero gag reflex. The meatsuit’s party trick was pouring beer straight down his throat.”

“Lucky me.” Rosier fed Gus his cock again, pushing it in all the way until his balls were pressed tight against his chin. Gus’s face turned red, as his body struggled for breath. But he kept his hands on Rosier’s ass, pressing him tighter. Rosier smiled down at him. “You like that. You kinky little fucker.” He held his position. “I like that about you so much.” He stayed in place until he felt Gus’s throat spasm around him from lack of oxygen, and then he pulled off to let him suck in two deep breaths. But only two. Then he slipped his cock down his throat again. “Choke on my dick. There you go, little one.” He did this again and again, keeping Gus right on the edge of passing out, focusing on him intently, watching every tell of his body to make sure he let him breathe in time, get enough air but not too much. He did it until Gus was high from it, muscles lax, surrender infusing his entire body, looking up at Rosier with something close to adoration.

It made Rosier shiver.

Rosier looked down at his toned body, all spread out for him. He slid down, licked the sweat from his chest, trailed his tongue down the line of blond hair that ran from his chest all the way down to his straining cock. “Are you going to scream when I fuck you?”

“Yes,” Gus breathed, staring at Rosier, rapt.

“Yes what?”
“Fuck you, Rosy. I’m not calling you sir.” Gus grinned, a burst of cockiness coming to the forefront.

Rosier moved back up face to face with Gus and bit his lower lip hard, drawing blood. Gus pulled free and bit Rosier’s lip, returning the favor. And the struggle was on again, rolling over each other, playing now like big cats, biting and clawing but not too hard. But Rosier was stronger, or Gus knew how he wanted to end up, which was on his stomach, Rosier forcing his knees apart, reaching his hands into the empty bucket, slicking his fingers with grease and anointing his cock. “Lay still and take it,” Rosier hissed, holding Gus down and pressing his cheek into the carpet.

The second Rosier’s cock breached him, all the fight left Gus, and he became pure cockslut. Spreading his legs wide, he bucked back into Rosier’s thrusts, gasping, groaning, grunting, giving himself over completely.

“Knew it. Knew you’d be a gorgeous little bottom bitch for me.” Rosier bit the back of Gus’s neck, worrying the skin with his teeth.

Gus reached his hands back to caress Rosier’s ass, urging him on. “Harder. Make it hurt.”

“Harder, what?” Rosier held still.

Gus looked over his shoulder, making eye contact. Something electric passed between them. “Harder, sir.” Gus trembled as the term of respect, of surrender, was driven from him. “Please.”

“You’re beautiful when you beg.”

“I’ll do anything you want. Sir. Just please... fuck me harder.” Gus tightened his inner muscles so they pulled against Rosier’s cock, sucking at his hard flesh, then pushed out, stroking him on all sides, and pulling at his cock again, milking him without moving the rest of him so much as an inch.

Rosier gasped. “You... you’re magnificent.”

Gus looked over his shoulder at Rosier, pleasure spilling over his face at the praise from the far older, far more experienced demon. He milked his cock, panting, looking at Rosier like he was the best thing he’d ever seen.

He wasn’t ready to come yet, so reluctantly, Rosier pulled out. “Ok, that? You’re going to do that to me later.” Rosier imagined himself stretched out on his back, Gus straddling him, neither of them moving except for the delicious trick Gus had at his disposal, milking his cock dry, sucking the orgasm out of him. “Right now?” Rosier turned Gus over. “I want to see your face while you beg me to fuck you.” He stroked Gus’s cheek.

Gus looked into Rosier’s eyes and begged without reservation. “Please, Ro—please, sir, fuck me hard, sir, tear me up, wreck me, please.”

Rosier smiled, something bright bursting inside his chest, infusing him with warmth entirely unrelated to the heat being pumped through the central air system. “Spread yourself open for me.” Gus swung his legs back, put his palms on either side of his hole and spread himself wide. Rosier leaned over and spat into his hole, working the spit into him with two fingers. Gus groaned, spreading himself wider still. Rosier did it again, and a third time, getting his hole spit-slick and ready. “Don’t worry. I’ll hurt you. Just like you need it. But I want to fuck you all night, and all day, and I need your pretty little fuckhole functional.”

Gus’s face lit up in a sort of surprised gratefulness.
“Damn right, we’re doing this more than once.” Rosier’s voice was surprisingly soft. He held Gus’s legs back with one hand gripping his ankles, and smacked his ass hard with his other, spanking him until the skin was bright red and Gus was whimpering with pain/pleasure. “I know. That feels so good. I know…” Rosier purred. “If you take my cock nice and deep, and scream for me, I’ll show you what I can do with rope and a knife. I’ll teach you such lovely things, little one…”

“Please, yes, please, fuck me, please, Rosy, fuck me…”

Something loosened inside Rosier at the term of endearment. The way Gus said it.

“You are my new favorite toy.” Rosier stroked Gus’s hair. Gus shivered with the praise. He pushed himself into Gus, slowly, so slowly, just to torture him (not because it felt good to enter him slowly, gently, feel his body shiver, feel the sweat rise up on his skin, hear the sweet little moans and gasps he made, feel him open up, take him, feel that tight heat around him, look into his pretty brown eyes and see that he was the one and only thing that existed for Gus in that moment), just to hear him beg and plead so pretty, voice rough from his throat being fucked so hard. Finally, he raised his hips up and slammed into him, fucking him brutally, nails digging into his back, biting his shoulder, his chest, his ear lobe, his jaw, driving into him at a punishing pace.

Gus spread his thighs wider, taking his cock, hands roaming all over Rosier’s skin like he couldn’t believe he was actually getting to touch him, arching up into Rosier’s teeth wherever they seized him, chanting “Thank you, thank you, thank you…” Rosier leaned in and kissed him, licking the taste of blood from his mouth, groaning. Gus kissed him back, tongue caressing the inside of his lips, then sucking on his tongue like it was his cock.

Rosier shivered from head to toe. The pleasure of kissing him was as powerful as fucking him.

Rosier hefted Gus’s hips up, scooted forward, and fucked up into him even harder, hand working Gus’s shockingly thick cock. Gus closed his eyes, running his hands over his own chest, arching his back.

“Holy hell, this cock.” He looked down at Gus almost lovingly. “Can’t wait to feel it rip me open.” Gus’s eyes flew open in surprise. Rosier licked his lips and stroked Gus’s cock with his fingertips, a surprisingly delicate caress. “That’s right, little one. I want you to fuck me too. I want you to fuck me dry. Make me bleed.” Gus started to shake, gripping his back, digging his nails in hard. Rosier snarled. “Yes,” he hissed. Gus dragged his nails down, drawing blood. Rosier cried out with the pleasure of it, twisting his hips, grinding into Gus, not slamming into him hard but staying close with every thrust, luxuriating in the tight heat of him. “Come for me, scream for me, come on, little one, I want to hear you, scream just for me…” He let go of Gus’s cock, fell on him, pressing his belly against him, sliding up and down as he fucked him, giving him all the friction he needed like that, and seized Gus’s mouth in his, sucking the cries out of him. He closed his hands over Gus’s throat, not cutting off his breath, just showing him how things were.

Gus moaned at the feel of Rosier’s hands at his throat. He locked his heels around Rosier’s lower back and spasmed. He stopped breathing for a second, then screamed at his orgasm ripped through him, screamed loud and long, cords of his throat standing out, screamed into Rosier’s mouth.

Rosier drank down the scream like water. He rode Gus’s shivering body, released his mouth and pressed his soft lips to Gus’s neck, the second scream louder, reverberating throughout the house. Rosier shivered as Gus fluttered and clenched around him, sweating and shaking for him, screaming out his orgasm for him. The pleasure about to crest over him was so immense, so astonishing, that he threw his head back and laughed, laughed as he tipped over the edge and came harder than he’d ever come before, white stars erupting behind his eyelids.
Gus groaned at the feel of Rosier’s cock pulsing beneath the tight grip his hole had on him, the
staccato movement of his unlubed cock smoothing out finally, sliding wet and slick inside him, and
he cried out again, cock blurting another thick white jet of come.

As soon as they’d both finished coming, Rosier rolled off to him and collapsed at his side. Because
demons don’t cuddle.

But he did rest his hand on Gus’s chest.

And he did not think of Sam Winchester once for the remainder of the evening.

Or for the rest of the time they had together before Azazel arrived.

~

“Up there. That looks good.”

The white-haired demon pulled the RV up next to the dumpster. He and Azazel threw the bodies
into it one by one, each making a muffled thud. Six total.

“Stand back unless you want your eyebrows burned off.” Azazel gestured to step away. His eyes
gleamed yellow as he extended his hand. Flames erupted inside the dumpster, burning hotter than a
normal fire. Hot enough to turn bone to ash, to make hard steel soften and slump. They basked in
the heat of the fire, warming their cold hands, making small talk, until the bodies were entirely
consumed.

“Enough fun. Let’s get this show on the road.” Azazel took a drink from the ornate flask he carried
with him. “Time for the bad little demons to take their medicine.” They got back into the RV.
Azazel sat in the passenger seat, turned the radio to a classic country station, and before long they
rolled into Amarillo city limits.

The white-haired demon called the demon safe house land line. Gus answered. “Hello?”

“Boss is coming. We’ll be there in fifteen. Be ready.”

Gus shuddered.

“Don’t you run now. It’ll make it worse.”

Gus hung up the phone. Rosier stirred, peeking his head out from the blankets. “Party’s over?”

Gus nodded. “Fifteen minutes. Said to get ready.”

Rosier winced.

Gus sat on the edge of the bed. “Um, hey, I, um, in case I don’t get a chance later, I wanted to say I
really…”

Rosier laid his finger gently on Gus’s lips. “You’re so young. I forget how young you are.”

“I’m not that young, I…”

Rosier’s smile was soft and sad. “You’re a brand-new baby demon.”

Gus took hold of Rosier’s hand. “You could teach me.”
Rosier laughed, but didn’t throw his hand off. “Teach you what?”

“Everything.”

Rosier swallowed hard, and looked away.

“Oh.” Gus let go of his hand.

Rosier sat up. “What?”

“You want Sam Winchester.” Gus rose to his feet. “I forgot.”

Rosier blinked rapidly. “No, that’s not it. I—wait. You knew?”

“We all know.”

“Shit.” Rosier rubbed his eyes. A demon fucking a human—that was fine. Encouraged. But a demon liking a human? More than liking? That was taboo.

“I get it. I do. He’s… special.”

Rosier nodded.

“I mean, not in the way they think,” Gus continued. “Not just like that, anyway.”

“Well, nothing to worry about. I may not make it out of this one.”

Gus looked stricken.

“If I don’t… you watch out for Sam. Ok?”

Gus flinched, but nodded yes. Rosier took Gus’s hands in his. “I mean… really watch out for him. Even if…” His voice dropped to a whisper. “Even if it means going against our kind.”

Gus’s expression changed. Rosier peered at him. “What?”

“I, uh, I kind of already did that.”

Rosier pulled him down to the bed, and Gus quickly told him of what happened outside the motel, how Sam had said whoever showed him loyalty now would be rewarded, and how Gus had done just that.

Rosier surprised himself again by pulling Gus into his arms. “You did good.” He kissed his forehead. “You did real good.” He took a deep breath and stood up. “Ok. We better get ready.”

They showered quickly, rinsing the scent of each other off their skin, and dried off. They walked naked into the large dining room and knelt on the Italian marble floor, hands clasped behind their backs, heads bowed.

Waiting.

Rosier cleared his throat. “Just keep your head, and stay strong. You’re young. It won’t be that bad for you.”

They did not have to wait long before Azazel strode in, followed by the white-haired demon. “Good. At least you two know how to fucking follow orders sometimes.” Azazel undid his black
slacks and dropped them to his ankles. “Come greet your Master.” They both shuffled forward on
their knees, heads still bowed. Azazel gripped Gus’s chin. “Make me feel fucking welcome.” He
turned and presented his ass to Gus. Gus extended his tongue and lapped at Azazel’s hole.

“Do a good job, boy.” Gus closed his eyes and licked avidly at the puckered ring, making the
sounds that Azazel loved to hear: wet slurping sounds and moans of abject surrender. “That’s right.
Lick the taste out of my ass.” Gus obeyed, keeping his hands clasped behind his back.

“You.” Azazel snapped his fingers, and Rosier came closer. He serviced Azazel’s asshole, pledging
his loyalty and subjugation in the way demonkind had required since Lucifer first fell.

“That’s enough,” Azazel snapped. “Undress me.” Gus and Rosier began to get to their feet. Azazel
slapped Rosier in the face. “You stay put.” He beckoned to Gus. “Just you.”

Gus undressed Azazel with care, folding his clothing like they were holy relics and setting them on
the dining room table. Azazel nodded his approval. “Chair,” he barked. Gus brought up a heavy
wooden chair with padded seat, and Azazel sat. “Kneel.” Gus knelt before Azazel, lacing his hands
behind his head, head down, knees apart, his cock, hard and heavy between his legs.

“Look at me.”

Gus raised his eyes to look at him.

“Are you scared?”

“Yes, Sir.” His voice was quiet but emphatic.

“Why?”

“Because I messed up, Sir. I let you down.”

“Yes. Yes, you did. And I’m very disappointed in you.”

Gus stared at the floor. A single tear dripped down his cheek. This was not lost on Azazel. Still, he
continued. “Tell me your crime.”

“I let John Winchester get past us. Get inside with Sam Winchester.”

“And what did I tell all of you?”

“Keep him away,” Gus whispered, miserable and frightened.

“I want Sam balls deep in his big brother, sucking him dry, getting that old-time incest groove on,
so his blood—my blood—can have something good to eat. How’s he gonna do that with his daddy
there?” Azazel leaned down and gripped Gus’s balls, twisting them. Gus cried out in pain, but kept
his hands behind his back.

“Yes, Sir. I’m so sorry, Sir.”

Azazel squeezed tighter. Gus simply pushed his hips forward, into his hand, shaking with the pain,
but taking it.

“Hmm.” Azazel surveyed him. He pulled harder. Gus cried out, tears streaming down his face, and
spread his legs wider, pushed himself forward more. Taking it.

“You’re not fighting this. Not even a little bit.”
“No, Sir,” Gus gasped. “I deserve it.”


Gus panted, head falling forward.

“You didn’t say thank you.”

“I… I didn’t think I should thank you for stopping, Sir. I deserve your punishment.”

“Mmm.” Azazel gestured to the white-haired demon to bring him a drink. “You are remarkable.” He took the glass of whiskey he was handed, and downed half of it. He offered a sip to Gus.

“Drink.” Gus obeyed. “Get the case,” he said to the white-haired demon, who grinned, and left the room, coming back with a large leather case.

Azazel opened it. Inside was an array of implements of pain. He waved at it. “Pick.” His eyes glowed yellow. “Pick what you deserve.”

Gus did not hesitate. His hand touched the cruelest object of all of them. The metal sound that hooked up to the electrical box.

“Oh my. You really are sorry, aren’t you…” Azazel licked his lips. “What a good little demon you’re turning out to be.” He stroked Gus’s hair. “You’re just getting started. We need to show you some leniency.” His gaze fell onto Rosier, who had been watching them. “Unlike your elders, who should fucking know better.” Rosier looked down at the ground again. “Still, you do have to pay for your crimes, don’t you. Rules are rules.”

Gus shivered, eyes squinting shut in dread, as Azazel lubed up the sound. His jaw muscles fluttered as Azazel inserted the sound inside his urethra, sliding it down inside his cock. “I know. It’s going to hurt so much.” Gus trembled, which elicited a slow, curling smile of pleasure from Azazel. “So, so much. But you'll be atoning. Earning your way back in my good graces. And you want that. Don’t you?”

“Yes, Sir, please, Sir…”

“Tie him.” The white-haired man stretched Gus out onto his back, tying his wrists together and securing them to the heavy leg of the massive dining room table. Then he pulled Gus’s right leg back over his head, tying the rope around his ankle and securing it to his right wrist, then doing the same thing to his left ankle. He was completely secured, completely exposed, unable to do anything but take whatever punishment Azazel gave him.

Azazel leaned down and stroked his thigh. “See, no matter how good you want to be for me, you’re going to fight this. You can’t help it. So I’m going to help you be good for me.”

Azazel turned his attention to Rosier. “You fucking watch this. You watch this, and you see how merciful I’m being to this one.” Azazel turned a knob on the controls.

Gus yelped, his cock jerking.

“That’s level one.” He turned the dial up higher. “Here’s three.”

“Ah. Ah. Ah.” Gus cried out as the electricity spiked through his cock from the inside, fighting against his bonds despite himself. Rosier flinched.

“Are you sorry?”
“Yes, Sir. Yes. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Are you going to disappoint me again?”

“Never. Never. I swear.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

Gus sucked in a deep breath. “I’ll take whatever you want me to take, Sir. I won’t… won’t beg you to stop.”

Rosier’s eyes gleamed at Gus’s bravery. He smiled at him. Gus noticed, but pretended not to.

Azazel clapped his hands together. “You are making me very happy.” He leaned forward, and turned the knob, higher still.

Gus screamed, straining against the ropes. And again. And again. Azazel ran him up and down the range of the machine, bringing him down to a slow simmer that felt good, torturing him another way, then lashing him with electricity until he howled. He tortured him a good long time, until Gus’s voice was hoarse from screaming.

But Gus never once pleaded for him to stop. When he turned the electricity down, he simply caught his breath and said, “Forgive me, Sir. Forgive me.”

“Mmm.” Azazel turned off the machine for a moment, got on his knees and leaned over Gus, licking up his tears. “You’re lovely when you cry.” He turned the machine back on. “Just lovely when you cry.” He turned the knob higher, and Gus howled again, a terrible, high-pitched sound. Rosier’s face contorted, fingers itching to rip the instrument of torture out and jam it up Azazel’s old freckled dick.

Finally, Azazel relented. He pulled the sound from his cock, Gus sobbing with relief. Azazel squatted over him and shoved his cock inside him with no preparation of any kind. Gus screamed again.

Rosier clenched his teeth, knowing how tender and sore his ass was after what they’d spent the last 24 hours doing. Gus cried out as Azazel punished him with his cock, licking up his tears, shuddering with the pleasure he found in Gus’s pain.

“My filthy little slut, yeah, aren’t you buddy, you fucking love this, I should whore you out to a whole barful of men, yeah, watch them fuck you ‘till you squeal, come in your ass until it’s fucking dripping from you…” Azazel gripped Gus’s hair and pulled it hard. “Would you do that for me?”

“Yes, Sir.” Gus promised whatever Azazel asked.

“I thought so. Such a dirty little cockwhore. Tell me you’re sorry.” His voice rose and fell, sing-song.

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Yeah buddy. What a good little fucktoy you are. I don’t know why I wasn’t using you before now. Gonna make you my new little pet.” Azazel glanced over his shoulder at Rosier with a perverse grin. Rosier’s eyes narrowed and he clenched his teeth. “Yeah. Fuck you and whip you and fist you. Bet you’d love that, huh. My fist in your ass. I’d make you show me how much you love it.”
Gus sobbed again, hips jerking up, making a show of trying to get some friction on his cock. Azazel noticed. “It’s ok, buddy. You can beg for that.”

“Please, Sir, may I come for you?”

Azazel growled. “You can fucking come after you make me come and not a second before, is that clear? Or I will do things to you that make what I just did seem like a day at the beach.” He grinned, and slowed his pace, stroking Gus’s cock in a parody of tenderness. Trying to make him come first. Daring him to hold out.

Gus groaned and bit his lip and begged, begged like he’d been screaming, begged for release, showing Azazel with his pleas how agonizing it was, what he was doing to him now, giving him that emotional pleasure Azazel sought. Azazel tortured him like this for an equally long time, enjoying it even more than the first kind. He stroked Gus’s cock, speaking to him like a lover. “You want to come for me. Don’t you. Want to shoot into my hand right now, show me how much come you have for me. Don’t you? Yeah. Go on. Come. I can see how bad you want to. Come for me.” His expression was avid, wanting Gus to fail so he could punish him even more brutally. He fucked him slow, hitting his sweet spot, holding off his own orgasm. He pinched his nipples, stroked his flanks, leaned over him and kissed him slow and deep, tormenting him. “You want to come so bad, you’re going to just die if you don’t. I can feel it. You’ll just die. Go ahead. Give in.” He teased and tortured him until Gus completely broke down, sobbing uncontrollably.

Rosier’s hands clenched into fists. But he didn’t dare speak or move.

It was Gus’s helpless sobs that triggered Azazel’s orgasm, his tears and surrender to the abject misery Azazel was inflicting on him. He licked the tears from his face, and came, his sweat acrid and reeking of alcohol, spurting inside Gus. Gus shuddered, fingers twitching, toes curling, begging. “Please, Sir, please may I come, please, please, please…”

Azazel gripped Gus’s cock and jacked it hard and fast. “Yes you may.”

Gus cried out with the force of his orgasm, with the blissful cessation of torture, hips bucking upward, coming so hard he began to hyperventilate, shaking violently. He shot gout after gout of come, spattering the underside of his chin, raining down on his chest. Then he passed out.

Azazel left him like that, on his back, tied to the table with his legs stretched back. He nodded to the white-haired demon. “You want a go?”

“Fuck yeah.” He licked his lips. Within seconds, he had his pants around his ankles and was fucking the unconscious Gus, his pale ass bobbing up and down. Gus moaned, regaining consciousness to find another cock spearing him. He let his head fall back, whimpering. Rosier’s mouth twitched. He didn’t notice Azazel was watching him, not Gus being fucked.

The white-haired demon spewed filth into his ear (little whore, you love it, this is all you’re good for, being pumped full of dick) fucking him with wet squelching sounds. It didn’t take long for him to ejaculate, grunting. He slapped Gus on the face and pulled himself free. He didn’t even look down at him. “I’m gonna go make a sandwich.” He pulled up his pants and left the room.

Rosier stared after him, his glare promising death.

Azazel addressed Rosier. “Clean him up. Then I deal with you.”

Rosier licked Gus’s come from his chin and chest, eyes on his the entire time, tongue stroking him gently. Gus looked into Rosier’s eyes, his breathing becoming calmer. Rosier’s fingers moved on
the bonds, untying him without asking permission, and he lowered his legs to the ground. Then he
settled between his thighs and lapped at his swollen hole, surprising himself with how gentle he
was being, cleaning him up.

“Suck it out of there. Get every fucking drop.”

Rosier bit back the retort he desperately wanted to lance at Azazel, sealed his mouth over Gus’s
hole, and did as he was told, repressing his urge to retch. Azazel watched, grinning, putting his
clothes back on. “That’s right, you mongrel. Lick it up.”

When Gus was all clean, Rosier slid up, brushing his fingertips over his stomach, careful not to let
Azazel see. “You were so brave,” he mouthed. Gus’s eyes welled up with tears.

“Back on your knees,” Azazel commanded Gus. “I want you to watch this.” Azazel turned to look
at Rosier. “Now you. You caused me a lot of problems.” He poked at Rosier with his boot.
“Because of your little stunt in the alley, Sam Winchester knows we’re trying to shape him. He’s
putting the pieces together. He’s becoming aware. Worse, the Winchesters are becoming aware.”
He leaned close and brought his mouth to Rosier’s ear. “That wasn’t supposed to happen yet!”
Spittle flew from his mouth.

He paced, shaking his head. “You don’t understand what a massive pain in the ass this is. I have to
push the schedule up years now. Years. Most of the special children aren’t ready. We have to step
it up with all of them. We’re going to lose some. The talent pool going into the championship fight
is going to be weaker. But at least we have Sam. He was always my favorite.”

He spun, fixing Rosier with a look of pure hate. “And why? Why did you fuck it all up? Because
you want Sam Winchester.” Gus looked away. “You want him to pick you as his Right Hand.
Worse. You want him to want you.” His voice got louder. “You want to be my equal, here on
Earth, not just the Right Hand of the Boy King. You have the balls to want to be his Consort.
And you found yourself a pretty little meat suit that little Sammy likes? Didn’t want to do your fucking
job and hurt his bulldog of a brother, like I ordered you to handle yourself? Because he’d be mad at
you?”

Rosier shifted position, the tile painful on his knees.

“It’s dangerous to get attached. You out of all of us should know that.” Rosier flinched. Gus’s eyes
moved from Rosier to Azazel and back again, curious. “Oh, it’s a sad, sad story from long ago.
You’d be bored.” Azazel took another drink of whiskey. “But here you go again, getting attached
to a human? Fucking things up for all of us.”

Rosier shook his head. “Cut the lecture. Just get it over with, would you?”

“Your arrogance is unbelievable.” Azazel chuckled. “One of the things I like best about you,
actually. But you have to pay. Oh my, yes.”

Rosier took a deep breath, steeling himself for the array of implements to be used on him, to be
forced into humiliating positions and made to perform degrading sexual acts. Azazel’s standard
punishment slash entertainment.

But Azazel did not reach for the case.

“You love this pretty little meat suit so much, I’m going to lock you in it.” He pressed his hands
against Rosier, one on his forehead, one on his solar plexus. Rosier jolted like he’d been shocked.
Azazel shifted his hands, one against the small of his back, one against his chest. Another jolt. He
moved his hands again, one against his throat, one cupped between his legs, pressing up. Another jolt.

Gus stared at him in shock. Azazel waved like someone had just complimented his dress and he’d replied it was just something he pulled from the back of the closet. “A little trick I know.” He smirked at Rosier. “Go on. Try to leave it.” A look of panic appeared on Rosier’s face as he realized he could not stream out of the human body. He’d well and truly been locked inside it.

“You’ll stay in that suit until I let you out. And don’t count on that happening any time soon.” Azazel finished his whiskey. “Oh, and now for the best part.” He flung his hand out. Rosier turned away, throwing up his arms to shield his eyes. Flame shot out from Azazel’s hand, bathing the right side of him in fire. Deliberately just one side of him.

Rosier screamed and dropped to the ground, rolling around frantically, trying to put the fire out. Gus ran to him, pulled a throw off the back of the sofa and covered him with it, beating out the flames. Rosier screamed again, then fell silent as the flames were extinguished. Most of his hair was singed away, the skin on his right arm blackened with red cracks beneath, the skin on his forehead and right cheek badly burned. His upper body took the brunt of it, and his lower body was merely red and blistered.

Azazel sneered at both of them. “You think I didn’t know what you and your boyfriend were up to before I got here? I could smell the stink of you fucking from a block away. Oh. Worse. I could smell the sweet sweet reek of puppy loooove.” He looked at Gus contemptuously. Gus flinched, a guilty look in his eyes. Rosier, even in the extremity of his pain, heard what Azazel said, saw the look on Gus’s face.

“You two. What’s wrong with you?” He raised his hands up, in a mockery of appealing to the heavens. “Demons don’t love. It’s not what we do. It’s what got us into trouble in the first place. Trust me. I know. I was there.” He poured himself another drink. “God sent me down to watch over humans. Me and some of my brothers and sisters. And we watched. We watched so long we started to like them. To love them.” He spun to face Gus, cradling Rosier in his arms. “I fell in love. I had a wife. We had children.” For a moment, the darkness that animated his face lifted, revealing something lost and terribly wounded underneath. “And God?” His face contorted, the darkness snapping back into place. “God didn’t like it. He sent angels to slaughter our wives. Our children. And he cast us out.” He took a deep swallow, wincing at the burn. “Love will destroy you. Avoid it at all costs.”

He looked down at Gus, reading the expression on his face. “Might as well be talking to a brick wall.” He sighed heavily. “Well, maybe he’ll have you now. Since no one else will. Certainly not Sam Winchester.” He bent over Rosier and looked him straight in the eyes. “Sam Winchester is mine. You don’t covet what’s mine. And this is what you get when you do.” He grabbed Rosier’s face and turned it from one side to the other, admiring the juxtaposition of perfect skin and features on the left, disfiguring burns on the right. “I could have burned you all over. But I wanted you to enjoy the before and after every time you look in the mirror. So you see over and over again how much you lost.” He shrugged. “Plus, I’m a bit of a DC Comics fan. What can I say?”

He turned away. “You two are on unpaid leave. I’ll find you when I’m ready to deal with you again. In the meantime, stay the fuck away from me.” He spun around, and pointed his finger at Gus. “And don’t you come begging me to heal him. Not gonna happen.”

He walked out, crooking his finger at the white-haired demon to follow him. He walked after Azazel, holding a half-eaten ham sandwich.

Gus rocked Rosier in his arms. “You’ll be ok.”
Rosier shook his head no.

“I said, you’ll be ok. We’ll figure something out.” He stared after Azazel. The front door slammed shut and the sound of the RV engine starting rumbled through the house. “This is so wrong. What he did to you is wrong.”

Rosier moaned.

“I’m taking you to the hospital.”

Rosier looked up, starting to tremble from shock. He nodded.

Gus found a soft pair of sweatpants and socks, and put them on Rosier. He dressed in his trooper uniform hastily, then draped a blanket around Rosier’s unburned side, and carried him out to his car. He laid him out in the back seat of his patrol car, and drove to the emergency room, lights and siren blazing to clear the way. Inside, he identified Rosier as his brother so he’d have full family privileges, and watched him wheeled off to the burn unit for care. His burns were cooled, and he was given oxygen. He was bandaged, hooked up to an IV with a bag of fluids, shot full of pain meds, and hooked up to a Foley catheter.

A nurse trundled him into a recovery room and brought Gus in to see him. “He’s going to be ok. He has third-degree burns on his right arm and his face. They’ll need debridement and skin grafts, and even so, there will be extensive scarring. But he will be ok.”

Gus thanked her and sat with Rosier holding his left hand. When he fell asleep, Gus drove to the Sanctuary.
Daddy's Here

Chapter Summary

Gus seeks help from an unexpected source. John makes contact.

Sam woke with a start. He and Dean had fallen into a light slumber on the carpet in front of the couch, and now Sam was cold.

Cold, and uneasy.

Dean sat up, his hair jutting up, a large sex knot rubbed into the back from thrashing his head on the carpet. He rubbed his eyes with both fists, and then patted his hair down as best he could. “I’m hungry.”

“Said Dean Winchester, always.” Sam picked up his stack of clothes on the floor and dressed quickly. Dean stumbled to the bathroom and urinated, then pulled on his sweatpants, t-shirt and flannel.

Sam came into the bedroom and eyed Dean up and down, his mouth parted.

“What?”

“You know that when I go in the men’s department and get to the flannel section, I think of you and it gets me, um, going?”

“Dude. Seriously?”

Sam shook his head. “It’s like…lingerie.”

Dean laughed and pulled Sam onto the bed.

“And sweatpants.”

“You think sweatpants are hot.”

Sam looked over his shoulder toward the door with a worried expression. “Well, now I do. I mean…the fabric’s so soft, and your, I mean, it’s all right there. And they’re so easy to pull down and half the time you go commando, so…”

“Ah, Sammy. Just when I thought I couldn’t love you any more…” Dean wrapped his legs around Sam and pulled him closer.

Sam glanced at the door again.

“We’re alone, Sam. It’s ok. Got our own place here.”

“I just… I keep feeling like…”

“What?”
“Like Dad’s about to come home.”

Dean shuddered. “Yeah, well. You don’t ever have to worry about that again. We’re not going back. Right?”

Sam nodded.

“I mean, we’re gonna have to deal with him. Find a way to make our peace with all of it. He’s our dad, you know?”

Sam nodded.

“But we don’t ever have to live with him again. I promised. I meant it. So relax, ok? Tell me more about your thing for flannel and sweatpants.”

“It’s not a thing. I just like it.”

“Don’t tell me you have a thing for tube socks too.”

“Actually…”

“God loves me. He really—” Dean stopped short. “Sam?”

Sam took the amulet in his hand, holding it gently. Just listening.

“If there are demons, and there really are angels, like Mom said…”

“Yeah?”

“There…there really is a God too?”

Sam brought the amulet to his mouth and kissed it. “I think there is. I do.”

“And… God…”

“Says pure love bears no sin.”

Dean exhaled. “Don’t suppose we can just tell people that.”

“Shut up, leave us alone, God says it’s ok?”

Sam shook his head sadly. “I think they’d want it in writing.”

“Probably.” Dean smiled at Sam, who was holding the amulet to his lips. “So, you’re not hungry? I’m starving. So you gotta be at least a little hungry—” He noticed an expression of pain flit across Sam’s face. “Sammy?”

Sam winced and pressed his hands to his temples.

Dean’s face fell. “Sam. Hey.” He held Sam as he fell back onto the bed, crying out in pain.

“Jesus, leave him alone, wouldja?” Dean yelled at nothing and no one in particular.

Sam shivered and opened his eyes. “Someone… someone’s calling me.” He sat up and reached for his boots.

“What are you doing?”
“Someone needs me. Outside.”

“You are not crossing that salt line, Sam. There are demons and god knows what else out there, wanting god knows what with you.”

“Demons can’t touch me, Dean.” Sam finished tugging on his boots and stood up. “And I can make them leave you alone too. So come with me.”

“Uh-uh. Not gonna happen.”

“I’m going outside. Are you coming with me or what?”

Dean swore, and reached for his boots.

Sam called ahead to have the passageway cleared.

~

Juliane called John’s room. “Some of the others are coming through. I’ll let you know when it’s clear.”

John set down his glass of water. “I’m planning on being holed up in here all day, actually. It might make it easier if you let everyone else they come and go as they please, and I’ll just let you know if I need to come out. What do you think?”

Juliane agreed to assume John would stay inside his apartment with the door locked unless he told her otherwise. She called Sam back and explained it, letting him know they could move freely for the time being.

~

When he got the all-clear, they headed out. Sam shut the door and locked the deadbolt. He handed the key to Dean, simply because it was habit that Dean kept the keys.

“Sam. This is dangerous.”

“So is everything else we do.”

“I just have a bad feeling about this.” They walked down the hall.

“You’re just on edge.”

“Shouldn’t I be?”

“Yeah, but—”

“Sam, let me be worried about you. It’s what I do.”

They passed into the common room.

~

When John heard the sounds of his sons talking in the hallway, he opened his door a crack and peered out. He watched Sam lock the door, watched them walk away from him down the hall. When they were out of sight, he closed his door, ran back to his bedroom and retrieved his set of lock picks from his duffel. He walked quietly to their door and picked the lock with the speed and
ease of a seasoned professional. He closed the door behind him, and turned the deadbolt from the inside until it locked with a soft snick. He leaned against the door and closed his eyes.

He was in.

~

Juliane and Danny were seated at a small table playing chess. Sam and Dean greeted them. Juliane stood up, prepared to protest, or warn them, but Sam took her hand.

“I just forgot something in our car. It’s important. Just take a second.”

She squeezed his hand. “Be careful. I’ve gotten kind of attached to seeing your faces around here.”

Dean grinned. “Wait ‘till my stitches come out. I’ll be pretty again like I used to be.”

Danny lifted up his bishop and placed it down a few squares away. Dean glanced at the board, looking a bit lost. “Sam loves chess. I never did learn to play.”

Danny’s head jerked up. “Oh, you’d love it. It’s battle strategy.”

This caught Dean’s attention. “Really?”

Danny waved his hand over the board. “These are your forces, and that’s the enemy army. You have different military tools, and you use them in different ways. And just like in war, you can’t just think one move ahead. You need to plan twelve moves ahead, and predict what they’re going to do every step of the way. And if they do something you didn’t anticipate, you have to adjust your strategy and plan a new series of moves.”

Sam took Dean’s hand and squeezed it. “Dean.” His voice was placid, but the urgency he felt was transmitted through his fingers, just to Dean.

“Will you show me later?” Dean asked. Danny nodded.

Dean let Sam lead him out to the front. They unlocked the door leading to the parking lot and stepped out into the cold. Standing across from them at the salt line was a new demon standing guard. This one was huge, 6’4” and packed with muscle, visible even beneath the bulky Arctic hunting gear he wore. He did not smile when he saw them.

Sam led Dean around the side towards their car. Sam made as if he was getting something out of the trunk. The guard, seeing they were not aiming to leave, resumed his vigilance at the main entrance.

Quietly, Sam headed toward the back, looking around. In the bushes, a voice called to them. “Sam Winchester.”

Sam drew nearer. Dean stuck by his side, hand on his knife.

In the thick green bushes, on the other side of the salt speed bump, stood Gus. He sighed with relief when he saw them. “You heard me. I wasn’t sure.”

Sam ran his fingers through his hair. “That was you?” Gus nodded. “That hurt.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Since when do demons say they’re sorry?” Dean barked.
“I, um, I’m new.”

Dean shook his head. “You’re…what? Like, they just minted you?”

“It’s a long story. But in a way, yes.”

“Why did you call me?” Sam interrupted.

“I need your help.”

“Don’t trust him, Sam.” Dean frowned.

“Azazel is here. He’s in town.” Sam and Dean both turned pale. “He’s really mad because we’ve been messing up so much. And he…he did something really bad to someone I, um, care about.”

“Demons don’t care about anything. Except being demons.”

Sam stared at Dean, brows furrowing. Dean got the message and snorted air through his nose, but he backed off.

“He hurt him and locked him in his—“ Gus stopped himself from saying meat suit. “His vessel. It’s like he stapled him to it. He’s locked in. And he can’t bug out now, and he’s…” Gus stopped to compose himself. “He burned him. He’s all burnt up.” Dean recoiled, nostrils flaring. You never get the scent of burning human flesh out of your memory. “And he can’t get out. And Azazel won’t heal him.”

“Wait…what? Azazel can heal people?” Sam took a step forward. Dean put his hand on his arm, holding him back.

Gus nodded. “He can do a lot of things most of us can’t. Anyway, I heard that you two did something special to drive one of us out of his vessel. Something with your knife. I thought. I thought maybe you could do it to him, so he could get out.”

“Why the hell would we help one of you?” Dean’s mouth contorted in a snarl.

“Because I’ll help you. I’ll tell you everything. And I’ll help you against the Boss. I mean, Azazel.”

Sam and Dean stared at each other.

“Why would you do that?” Sam asked.

“You won’t believe me if I tell you.”

Sam cocked his head. “Try me.”

Gus blinked fast. “I, he, um, it’s like…”

“You love him.” Sam shook his head in disbelief. “You love him?”

Gus gave a tiny nod, paused, then nodded more emphatically. “Yeah.”

“For fuck’s sake. Demons and love don’t mix, Sam! You know that! And demons don’t switch sides.” He turned Sam to face him.

Sam put his hand on Dean’s cheek. “You trust me?”
Dean swallowed hard and nodded.

Sam turned back to Gus and reached out over the salt line. “Give me your hand.”

“Sammy…” Dean’s voice was a low rumble, warning Sam to be careful.

Gus put his hand in Sam’s. He held it, looking into Gus’s eyes, breathing in and out slowly. “He’s telling the truth.” Sam shook his head and released Gus’s hand. “I don’t know how it’s possible, but it’s true.”

“Demons in love. What the hell?” Dean said, mostly to himself.

The sound of car tires buzzing past them on the road made everyone start. Gus sniffled in the cold air. “What Azazel did to him? It wasn’t right. It’s not… I mean, we have laws. Just like you. Our system of justice has rules. Not many, but we have them. He shouldn’t have done what he did. We have freedom to enter and exit our vessel. What he did—locking him in and then hurting him like that-- was wrong.”

“Your vessel. You mean the person whose body you stole.” Dean’s face reddened.

“Dean.” Sam shot Dean a look. Dean rolled his eyes, but he backed off, respecting that Sam knew what he was doing.

Sam took a deep breath. “We need to think about it. Talk it over with our people.”

Gus nodded. “Of course.” He told Sam what hospital Rosier was at and what room. “I’ll be there pretty much the whole time.”

“What, you don’t have to stalk us?”

“We sort of got laid off.”

Dean’s head wobbled on his shoulders, like all of this was too much to take.

“I gotta go. My replacement up there is about to do a perimeter check. If you help us, we’ll help you. Both of us.”

“How can we trust a word you’re saying?” Dean pressed the issue.

“I give you my word.”

Dean spat on the ground. “What is your word even worth? What are you going to swear on, you soulless bastard?”

“I have a soul.”

Sam and Dean’s mouths fell open.

“I was human. Until they turned me. All of us demons. We were either angels or humans once. And I was human. So I swear on who I used to be.” Gus’s expression was sad. “That guy was a pretty good person. You’d have liked him. He always kept his word.”

“We’ll think about it.” Sam shifted his weight from one foot to the other, brushing against the green shrub with a soft rustle.

Gus put his hands on his knees and blew out a loud breath, visibly relieved. He straightened up.
“Thank you.” He turned to go and looked back over his shoulder. “I never meant this to happen to me, you know. Some of us…”

“Demons.” Dean helpfully finished his sentence.

“Some of us demons don’t want to be this way. We’d… we’d give anything to not be.” He smiled ruefully. “Just so you know.” He trudged off, leaving Sam and Dean alone.

“What the hell?”

Sam shook his head. “What the hell.”

“We gotta talk to Bobby. Reggie.”

Sam exhaled hard. “Yeah.”

Dean put his arm around Sam. “I got you, Sammy.”

Walking back to the front door, Sam said quietly, “You ever wish we could just be normal?”

Dean stopped and pulled Sam into an embrace. “All the time, Sammy. All the time.”

“Think it’ll ever happen?”

“Yeah. It’ll happen.” Sam buried his face in Dean’s shoulder. Dean held Sam close. “Someday.”

Sam stopped at the car to bring out a bag of car magazines they’d left in the back seat, so as to make their cover story good. They rang from the front office, and asked Juliane to call Bobby and Reggie and ask them to come to the common room.

There, Sam and Dean told them all what had just happened. They expected the room to erupt in loud chatter, but instead, everyone sat quietly and thought.

It was remarkable. Four highly intelligent, trained hunters simply allowing the information to settle, using their minds, their memories, their instincts to formulate a reasoned response instead of just speaking the first thought that came to mind.

Bobby spoke first. “You’re right to be cautious. But there is precedent for demons and humans working together for a common goal. Without the humans getting fucked over royally in the process.” He described the cases he’d read about. Everyone listened attentively.

Juliane spoke next. “With your powers, Sam, what you did to protect Dean, I… I don’t feel like you’d be putting yourself in danger by going to a public hospital. I mean, just that part. I think you wouldn’t be at risk there.”

“And you’ve got the knives. Those are some powerful weapons against demons right there. And might be real helpful to have a controlled experiment with them. See if you can replicate what happened in the alley.” Reggie rubbed his hand over his moustache.

Danny chimed in. “The thing we’re all asking ourselves is what then? Say you do help this demon. Say they promise to help you. Can you trust a word they say? Or are they going to use you for their purposes?”

“Like demons do.” Dean spoke up.
“Like demons do.” Danny nodded in agreement.

Dean leaned forward. “Bobby. Is it true? What he said about how demons are made? Either angels who fell or humans who were… turned?”

“Since I don’t know anyone who went to hell and back, I can’t say for sure. But I’ve read some lore that suggested that, yes.”

They fell silent again, everyone thinking. “Sam? What do you think?” Bobby asked.

Everyone waited as Sam composed his thoughts. “He was telling the truth that he cares for the other demon. I saw it in him. Felt it. He loves him. I’m sure of that. And if I can tell if he was lying there, I think I could tell if he was lying to me about other things.” He paused. “I think we’ve had our asses kicked too hard for too long, and we need a break. We could use an inside man or two.”

“What if it’s some kind of trap?” Bobby frowned.

“We’re basically pinned down in a foxhole here, hoping not to get our heads shot off.” Sam stood up. “I’m tired of waiting around while things happen to me. So I say we try.” He looked at Dean.

“You know I’ll back your play.”

Sam smiled. “I know. But what do you think of it?”

Dean took a deep breath. “I’m worried, yeah. But you’re right. Everything you said.” He took Sam’s hand, playing with his fingers. “So, we go now?”

“Why not?”

“We’re coming with you.” Bobby’s expression was stern.

“Like hell you are.” Sam crossed his arms. “We fought too hard to get you inside here. Me and Dean, they seem ok with letting us come and go. But you?”

Dean chimed in. “You gotta stay here, man. Much as I want you right there with us for this, we need you here more. If they didn’t want you in here, that means it helps us that you are in here. You go out, they aren’t gonna let you back in, and the next time, they might…” Dean stopped, his meaning clear without needing to be put into words.

“I don’t like it,” Bobby complained.

“I know.”

“I’m coming with you.” Reggie’s tone made it clear he would not take no for an answer. “I made those knives. I need to be there.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other, coming to a consensus without speaking. “Sure,” Sam said.

Dean rose to his feet. “We’ll get our coats and meet you back here.”

“I’m still mad as hell you’re leaving me here,” Bobby grumbled.

Sam went to the movie library, skimmed it, and pulled out three films. “Here you go. High Plains Drifter, The Searchers, and Silverado. That’ll keep you busy.”

“That and a little whiskey.”
“Well, that I got,” Reggie drawled.

“You be careful as hell.” Bobby looked up at Reggie. “And you take care of my boys.”

“Don’t even need to ask.”

Reggie helped Bobby to his feet, and they made their way down the hallway slowly, Reggie with his permanent slight limp. Bobby crutching along awkwardly. They paused at Sam and Dean’s door. Bobby reached out for Sam’s hand. He said nothing, just squeezed his fingers.

“Me too.” Sam squeezed back.

“Gimme like five minutes. Gotta drain the lizard.” Reggie grinned.

“Alright.” Reggie and Bobby walked down the hall. Dean patted his pockets until he found the one with the key, unlocked the door and held it open for Sam. He went inside, and stopped dead a few feet past the threshold.

“Hey, Sam.” John stood up from the couch.

Dean’s fingers opened, the key tumbling out and falling to the floor with a clink. “Dad??”

Reggie and Bobby turned, twin horrified expressions on their faces. Reggie ran back, Bobby limping after him as fast as the crutches could carry him. Dean lunged forward, trying to put himself between Sam and John, but it was too late.

John was on him. Wrapping him in a bear hug, shoulders heaving, holding him close as if he could protect him from all the terrors this world had in store for him, tears streaming down his face, stroking his hair, murmuring, “My boy. My boy. My sweet little boy.”
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Chapter Summary

Everyone learns why John had to get to Sam so quickly.

Dean yanked Sam away from John, shoving him back hard with a straight arm, putting himself between the two of them. “Sammy?” Sam’s arms were stiff at his sides, eyes wide with panic, chest heaving. Dean’s expression hardened, his mouth contorting. He turned toward John, fist drawn back, and punched him hard in the mouth. The force of his punch whipped John halfway around, made him stagger and fall to his hands and knees, head hanging down.

Dean wrapped Sam in a bear hug, his right palm cradling the back of his head. “You’re safe. I got you.” Reggie and Bobby came forward, one on either side of the boys. Flanking them.

Guarding them.

John groaned, collapsing on the floor with his back against the couch.

Sam hyperventilated in Dean’s arms, curling in on himself, knees buckling. Dean held him up, beating back his own panic, and focused on how to help Sam. “Reggie?” He indicated with his head toward the kitchen. “First drawer on the right. Little bottle.” Reggie went into the kitchen and came back with the bottle of peppermint extract. Dean cracked the bottle and stuck it under Sam’s nose. “Breathe deep.”

Sam obeyed, gasping, shaking his head at the strong scent.

“Again.”

He breathed in the sharp scent once more.

“Remember. You can do this. You already beat this.” Dean hugged Sam again. “Breathe with me.” Sam struggled to sync his breathing with Dean’s, but the fluttering fear in his chest, behind his eyes, wouldn’t subside.

*If he gets panic attacks, distract him with something unexpected.* Dean brought his mouth to Sam’s ear, slow and subtle so that John could not see. “You want to wear white?”

Sam whispered, “Huh?”

“When you marry me.” Dean’s voice was soft, the merest whisper. Only Sam could hear. Only Sam.

It worked. Sam’s breathing quieted, the panic ebbing away in the face of the immense force that was Dean’s love for him. Leaving only the quieter, bone-deep fear brought on by the sight of their father in their most private of sanctuaries.

John wiped his hand over his mouth. It came away bloody. Dean shot John a look that promised death if he so much as twitched in Sam’s general direction.
John examined the blood on his fingers. “I deserved that.”

“What in the name of all the hells are you doing here, John?” Bobby said. “And how did you find us?”

John looked at Bobby as if seeing him for the first time, taking in his injuries. “What happened to you?”

“Long story. You first.”

Dean pulled out of the hug, and put his arm around Sam in a solid, brotherly fashion. They both trembled. Sam looked down the hallway and caught sight of the open door to their bedroom. He gasped. He gave Dean a helpless look, and his breathing started to ramp up again.

_The lube. The big bottle of sex lube they kept on top of the night stand._

“It’s ok, Sammy.” Dean spoke out loud, not believing his own words, just trying to get them through the next second.


“Is it ok if I get a glass of water?” John asked, blood streaking his white teeth.

Sam and Dean’s heads whipped around in surprise at the request in his voice.

“Hey, this is your place. I, um, had to break in so I could talk to you face to face. Because you wouldn’t have let me in if I knocked. And it’s important.” John could not tear his gaze away from his youngest son. “It’s beyond important. But this is your space, and I respect that.”

“Other than breaking in when it suits you,” Dean said. John met his son’s challenging gaze, and nodded, eyes dropping, conceding the point.

Sam frowned. “So you…what? Picked the lock and just sat right down on the couch with your hands on your knees and didn’t move until we came in?”

“Yeah, Sam. That’s exactly what I did.” John’s expression was earnest. “You know how I am about privacy.” John always honored his sons’ privacy, even when it only consisted of what was in the duffel bag they each carried on their shoulder, and he taught them to respect his. _It’s even more important when you don’t have much, and when you live in each other’s pockets like we do_, he used to say.

Sam watched John’s face intently, and then gave the smallest of nods to Dean. _He’s telling the truth._

Dean blew out a long breath. “Keep an eye on him.” His voice expressed command so instinctively and naturally, Reggie and Bobby could not help but respond to it. “And get him a damn glass of water.” Dean took Sam’s hand and pulled him down the hallway to their bedroom and shut the door.

Sam snatched the bottle of lube and threw it into the top drawer next to their socks, then braced his hands on the heavy piece of furniture, back hunched, eyes squinted shut. Dean made sure the bag of money had not been touched, then came up behind Sam and put his arms around him.

Sam shook. “Jesus, Dean. That was close.”
“I know.”

“That was so fucking close.”

“I know, Sammy.”

Sam spun in Dean’s arms to face him, kissing him like his life depended on it. When he pulled back, his hazel eyes were bright and intensely focused on Dean. “I’ll tell him about us. If you want. Get it over with. I’ll tell Dad.” So we never have to be afraid of him finding out again. “Bobby will take us in. He said so. Or we could stay here. Or just go. Just take off. Fuck everything. We can just run. I’ll tell him, Dean.”

“God, Sam, no.” Dean’s face was a mask of horror. “He can’t. He can’t know.”

Sam looked stricken. “But you… you told Bobby.”

“Bobby’s different. And he’s not our blood family, so he doesn’t have legal power over us. Sam… you’re a minor. Dad could take you away from me.” Dean rubbed his hand over his mouth.

Sam recoiled.

“He’d kill me. Or get me locked up. And he’d take you from me.”

The realization that Dean was absolutely right hit Sam like a shot to the gut.

“If he didn’t have that over us, that legal thing, Sammy, I’d say fuck it, tell him, tell everyone, and kill anyone that tries to get between us.” Sam’s face lit up at the truth, the ferocity in Dean’s eyes. “But he can do it, Sam. And I can’t… Sam, I can’t do this without you.” Dean waved at nothing in particular.

Sam knew what he meant to say. “I can’t live without you either.”

The moment hung in the air, bright and deadly. They both let it sink in, what they had just admitted.

What they had just promised.

Dean squeezed Sam’s hand, and ran the fingers of his other hand through his hair, pushing it back. “So here’s what we do. We get through this. Play it cool. We’ve done it a thousand times before. It’s no big thing. Right?”

“Right.” Sam seemed unconvinced.

Dean put his hand on Sam’s face and rubbed his thumb gently over his jaw. “I love you. More than anything.” Then he took his hand away. “Watch me.” He rubbed his thumb along his own cheek. “If you see me do that, you know what that means.”

Sam understood.

“We act normal. Find out what the fuck he’s doing here, and figure out how to get him the hell out. And, Sam, it’s ok. Because he’s got his own little slice of the pie here. He’s not gonna stay in our place. He’ll be in his own apartment at night. So long as we’re quiet…”

Sam’s face brightened at the realization that they would still be able to be alone together. He gave a deep sigh of relief.
“Feeling better?”

Sam nodded.

“Ready to go back out?”

Sam’s face looked like Dean had just asked him if he was ready to go fight a dragon. “One minute longer?”

Dean nodded, as reluctant as Sam was to rejoin the others. Sam brought his hands to Dean’s face and kissed him like it was the last thing he’d ever do, pouring every ounce of feeling he had for Dean into that kiss.

Dean’s knees went weak, and he grabbed onto Sam to hold himself up. Sam grinned, mouth still on Dean’s, held Dean up and kissed him until he swayed in Sam’s arms, dizzy.

“Wow.”

Sam’s grin was infectious. Dean smiled back.

~

They walked back into the living room, feeling invincible. Dean left a few inches of space between them for appearance’s sake, but they felt like they were still touching.

Everyone looked at each other. No one wanted to start the conversation rolling towards the sharp and painful topics of conversation in store for them.

John pulled himself up onto the couch. Reggie brought him a glass of water and a wad of paper towels. John spat blood into the towels, and drank. “Are there any other hunters staying here?” He made an attempt at small talk.

Reggie shook his head. “Nope. Just us. The boys here, and me and Bobby are down the hall so I can take care of his gimpy ass.” Reggie explained to John how Bobby got hurt, not even needing Dean’s hard stare to tell him to leave out the bit about Sam’s powers for the time being.

John took another sip of water. “Wait... There’s just you four?”

“Yes. Why?”

“You sure? Because earlier. I heard...people having sex. Really loud sex.” John brought the water glass to his mouth again.

Sam and Dean looked like they would have thanked God fasting if the ground opened up and swallowed them whole, dragging them down to Hell, where their existence would doubtless be far more pleasant than how the rest of time on Earth was going to proceed.

Reggie and Bobby exchanged a glance of pure horror. They’d heard it too. It was something Reggie had been planning on mentioning to Sam and Dean when the time was right.

Bobby adjusted his ball cap. “We’ll try to keep it down next time.”

John spat water all over the coffee table. He stared at Bobby.

Reggie stared at Bobby.
Sam and Dean stared at Bobby, desperate relief in their eyes.

Reggie slowly removed his toothpick case and extricated one. “We said we weren’t gonna tell him.”

“You two?” John leaned forward towards Bobby. “You?”

“A man has needs.” Bobby looked put upon.

“You.” John’s focus snapped from Bobby to Reggie and back again. “You.”

Reggie sidled up next to Bobby and laid his hand on Bobby’s shoulder. “We ain’t married or anything. But you of all people should know how it is, John.” He chewed the end of the toothpick. “Gets lonely. You take your comfort where you can find it.”

“Hunters with benefits.” Bobby added.

John shook his head like his entire world view had shifted. “You?”

“Would you stop saying ‘you’?” Bobby pouted. Dean bit his lip, desperately trying not to smile.

Sam squeezed Dean’s hand hard.


“Really good sex, if you must know. Or didn’t you hear?” Bobby retorted.

“Oh god.” John buried his face in his hands.

“You want some water, darlin’?” Behind John, where he could not see, Reggie winked at Bobby.

Bobby erupted in a fit of coughing.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Reggie went to get another glass of water. As he passed Sam and Dean, he gave them a quiet, steady look that all but said out loud, “I got your back.”

“Enough chit-chat. How’d you find us?” Bobby asked.

“From you, actually.”

Bobby frowned. “Me?”

“Pencil on the notepad.”

Bobby realized what John meant, that Bobby had scrawled the address on the notepad using a ball-point pen, and not torn off a few extra sheets as a precaution. “Balls.”

Reggie handed Bobby the glass of water.

“Ok,” Bobby continued. “Why are you here?”

“Why’d you lie to me?” John’s voice was steady. “You told me you didn’t know where the boys were. Why didn’t you want me here?”

“I told him not to tell you.” Sam took his hands out of his pockets and stood up straight in a stance that was pure challenge. “I didn’t want you here.” He looked at his father evenly. “I don’t want you here.”

“Who are you and what have you done with our hardass of a dad?” Dean tried to keep his anger in check. “Letting Sam sass you like that. Letting me hit you, for Chrissakes. What’s going on?”

John’s gaze moved to the sutures on Dean’s chin. “Nice work. You do that, Sam?”

“Yes.”

“How’d Dean get hurt?”

“Could we go in order? With the questions? We asked you first. Why did you come all the way down here and bust into our apartment and scare Sam half to death?” Dean took a step toward John.

“I, uh, this is hard.”

“Spit it out.” In that moment, Dean looked and sounded like John’s son more than he ever had.

“I learned some things. About us. About you, Sam.”

Sam blinked rapidly. “Me?’

“About why all this happened to you. And more. So much more.”

Sam stilled, the hairs on the back of his neck going up.

John stood up. “I’m not going to hurt you. Ever. I’d rather die than hurt you, Sam, or let anyone hurt you. It’s important you know that. I—what I did before. I’ll never do anything like that again. You have to know that. I swear on Mary. I swear on everything that’s ever meant anything to me.” He walked toward Sam, the grey in his beard and the grief on his face making him look much older than he was.

Sam didn’t pull away. He just cocked his head, looking at his father.

John extended his hand, offering it to Sam, waiting.

Sam looked at his hand, and into John’s eyes. Then he took John’s hand in his.

John made a soft little punched-out sound, and squeezed his fingers. “And it’s also important that you know I’m going to make it ok.”

“Dad? You’re scaring me.”

Dean reached out and took Sam’s other hand. “Just tell us. Don’t drag it out.”

“You need to know that. I’m going to fix it. Alright?” John’s brown eyes swam with tears. He tousled Sam’s hair gently. “I’ll make you ok again.”

“Dad.” Dean’s voice held a warning, and a plea.

“I know why Azazel is so interested in you.” John closed his eyes, tears rolling down his cheeks. “And why your mother was killed.” He opened his eyes. “Sam, I’m so sorry.”

“For fuck’s sake—” Dean began.
“You have demon blood in you.”

All sound in the room ceased. Not even the sound of breathing was heard. Nobody moved.

“What?” Sam shook his head, confused.

John held his hand tighter. “The night your mother died. Azazel came into the nursery that night. He… he dripped his blood into your mouth. Made you drink it.”

Sam tried to pull away, but John held him firm. Reggie sat down on the carpet. Just dropped from standing to cross-legged, in a simple, graceful, achingly wounded gesture. Bobby’s mouth formed a perfect O, soundless, lips white. He mouthed two words.

*Boy King.*

Dean didn’t let go of Sam’s hand.

“He did it to a bunch of babies. And he did it to you. She tried to stop him.” John continued.

“That’s why he… why she…”

Sam pulled his left hand free from John’s grasp and moved closer to Dean, a cat slinking under the eaves to escape the sudden deluge. “No. I don’t believe you.” He shook his head no, over and over.

“Is he lying, Sam?” Dean’s green eyes locked onto Sam’s.

Sam stopped shaking his head, unable to dodge Dean’s gaze. “No, he’s telling the truth, but…”

“You can tell? When people are telling the truth? Anything else, Sam? Any other powers?” John reached for Sam again, but he recoiled.

“No, I, no, don’t touch me—there’s demon blood in me?”

Dean squeezed Sam’s hand hard, so hard it hurt, his face ashen—and then he let go and ran for the bathroom. The sound of his retching was clear even through the closed door.

Sam flinched, his body going cold. He’s thinking about all the times I came inside him. In his mouth.

~

Dean was on his knees in front of the toilet, retching. *Not Sammy. Not Sammy. Please God not Sammy.* The nausea welled up again, nausea born of the terrible violence, the violation, done to Sam when he was too young to even say the word no. Of such evil forced inside the sweetest, purest…

He braced his hands on the toilet seat and threw up again.

~

From inside the bathroom came the sound of Dean throwing up again, heaving up the contents of his stomach. Sam couldn’t feel his legs. *He won’t want someone tainted like me.* Images of Sir Galahad, bathed in light, flying up in the air like a pile of leaves scattered by a bittercold autumn wind, whisked away, leaving only scoured earth behind. His stomach spasmed, his heart racing like it wanted to bash its way out of his ribcage and escape. Just the thought of losing Dean sapped his
strength. He swayed and collapsed, hit the ground before anyone could catch him.

When he came to, John was holding him. Dean was standing over his shoulder, looking down at Sam with a peculiar expression on his face. He doesn’t want to touch me. Not ever again.

“Unclean,” Sam whispered, and turned his face away, not wanting to see that terrible distance in his face, watch Dean rush away from him like a wave pulled back into the sea.

Dean sank to his knees and took Sam away from John, pulling him into his arms. “Don’t you say that.” His face was wet with tears. “Don’t you ever say that.”

Sam squirmed, feebly trying to push Dean away. “Dean, don’t, I’ll…”

“Contaminate me?” Dean’s fingers danced over the handle of his knife. “Your blood is my blood. Remember?” His smile was blinding, even while tears dripped down his cheeks.

Reggie lowered his head and sucked air in over his teeth in a hiss. John looked at him, a question in his eyes.

“The knives I gave them. They had to do a blood ritual to bind them to each of them. They mixed their blood.” John winced, and nodded, accepting this new bit of information.

Dean brought his hand to his own face and stroked his thumb over his jaw, eyes locked onto Sam’s. Suddenly, Sam gasped, a final realization taking hold. “It’s my fault mom died.” He crumpled, as if this was the last straw, the last bit of horror he could take. He sank back onto the carpet, curled up on his side, arms crossed over his face.

John scooped him up like he was still a little boy, as though he weighed nothing, and carried him to the couch. “No, Sammy. Hush. No. It’s my fault.” He sat down and held Sam in his lap, stroking his hair. Sam curled up, left hand over his ear, and put his right thumb in his mouth.

“It’s all because of me.” He reached his hand out for Dean to come sit by him, leaned up against Sam’s back. Dean did so. He put his hand on Sam’s back, stroking it like he used to do when little Sammy was inconsolable.

“I went to see an old friend. A psychic. One of the only real ones I’ve ever met. And she told me. She told me that… I died. Azazel killed me.”

Bobby gasped.

“She said the demon had Mary, and I tried to stop him. Tried to save her. And…” John dropped his head. “And I failed. And he killed me.” The words were bitter in his mouth, the acrid taste of his failure spiraling out from the past to the present. “He offered Mary a deal to bring me back. And your mother—” John’s voice cracked. “She took the deal.”

Dean closed his eyes. Bobby swore, something in Japanese. Reggie went to the kitchen and came back with a nearly full bottle of bourbon. He took a pull right from the bottle, and passed it to Dean. Dean wiped the lip of the bottle on his shirt sleeve, took a long drink, and then offered it to Sam. He let his thumb slip free and accepted a swallow, then put his thumb back in his mouth and closed his eyes, lost in regression.

Dean stuck the bottle out for John. He shook his head no. Dean did a double-take, and passed the bottle to Bobby.

Bobby wiped the lip of the bottle on his sleeve and drank. John kept stroking Sam’s hair. “All she
had to do was let the demon in her house in ten years. Let him do something without interrupting him. But when the time came, she couldn’t do it. She couldn’t let him do what he had planned to do to you, Sam.” John held his youngest son and rocked him in his arms. “So she tried to stop him. And he…”

Dean shook his head, trying to drive the memory back. Fire seething on the ceiling. The smell of blood and burning flesh, copper-bright, meat and bone. Mother, blonde-haired angel, blazing like a sacrifice.

“All of this that happened to you, Sam. It’s my fault. It’s all my fault. Because I couldn’t protect her. Or myself.” John pressed his forehead to the top of Sam’s head and began to cry. “Forgive me. God, please try to forgive me, Sam. Let me start to make it right. Dean?” He reached blindly for Dean. “Please don’t hate me anymore.”

Dean let John pull him to the other side of the couch, down an embrace, holding both of them as best he could. The feel of his father’s strong arms around him, his clean, masculine scent, was soothing in a primal way that he couldn’t squirm away from if he wanted to.

And he found he didn’t want to.

“My boys.” John’s voice was choked. “I love you so much.”

Dean breathed in the scent of Old Spice deodorant and the musk cologne John always wore because Mary always gave it to him.

He inhaled again, breathing it in deep. Something was missing. A key scent he and Sam had always associated with John as long as they could remember. Sometimes faint, sometimes pronounced. The stale reek of sweated-out booze.

“You don’t smell like alcohol.” Dean sat up.

Sam roused, letting his thumb fall out of his mouth. He shook his head, coming back to himself. He sniffed John’s neck. He raised his eyebrows in surprise. “You don’t.”

John nodded.

“How long?”

“Since a few days after you left.” His eyes flickered to Bobby. “Someone old and wise, with balls the size of cannonballs, laid it out for me.”

Bobby’s mouth gaped, not expecting the acknowledgment.

John looked so weary it almost broke Dean’s heart. “It’s not enough. Nowhere near enough. I know that. But it’s a tiny little start. And it’s the longest I’ve gone without drinking since…” He thought about it. “Since before you were born, Dean.” Sam scooted back and swung his legs off John’s lap, suddenly feeling his true age again.

“You don’t even know me without booze in my veins.” John smiled, wincing at the pain from his mouth where Dean hit him. “I think you’ll like that guy a lot better.”

Sam surveyed him, warring emotions on his face. “I want to. Forgive you.”

The hope that broke across John’s face unraveled Sam’s resolve to hate him until the stars went cold.
The way Sam’s mouth tightened and his fingers twitched, Dean knew how badly that was true, saw how close Sam was to breaking under the force of this last bombshell. How badly Sam needed his father. He kept his own anger close to his heart, because the last thing Dean Winchester could easily forgive was anyone who hurt his Sammy. But he saw how desperately Sam needed it. Needed to forgive his father. Needed to not have that bitterness eating away at him, a slow sticky corrosion. And Sam always had been the best of all of them.

“It’s ok, Sam.” Dean blinked slowly, giving Sam his blessing to let go of the anger and hate and pain. Sam read it all in Dean’s face. His face was a question. Are you sure?

Dean’s smile was the answer. Yes.

Sam dove at his father, his hug more of a pummeling than an embrace. John gasped, the relief of his son’s arms around him, willingly thrown around him, almost too sharp to bear. “I don’t deserve you to forgive me, Sam. I don’t. What I did… the things I’ve done…”

Dean gave John a steady, appraising look. “You may not deserve forgiveness. But Sam needs to forgive you.” John knew, could read it all over Dean’s face, that Dean would never forget what he’d done and never forgive him for it. Not completely. Not because of the pain and hardship he went through, but for what it did to Sam. If he had a broken leg, he’d man up and try to walk it off, but someone giving Sam a paper cut would earn his lifelong enmity. And John had done a damn sight worse than give Sam a paper cut.

Sam, sweet loving Sam, who’d felt every moment of pain and fear John and Bobby had put that boy through, was holding his father like the world was ending, crying with the release of all the negative emotions he’d been carrying. Sam wasn’t built to hate. He wasn’t made to carry a grudge.

But Dean was strong. He could carry it for the both of them.

~

Everyone let the two cry it out, and passed the bottle around. Finally, John wiped his eyes. “I’m sorry for breaking in.” Sam laughed, more a release of tension than anything. “I just… I had to get here, as soon as I heard. I had to tell you. You deserve to know. It would have been wrong to keep that from you.” John eyed the bottle of bourbon. “It’s not the urges you have that matter. I’m finally learning that. It’s what you do about them that counts.”

Sam sniffled.

“So if you keep doing good, Sam, you are good. I have an idea. How we can purge the demon blood.” He laid out his whole idea. It was based on the old rumor that Keith Richards had gotten all the blood in his body replaced back in the seventies, to clean out all the drugs and detox his entire system. “What he actually did was had all the blood in his body purified. Filtered. If we can get you the medical equipment he had access to, and I know where we can start looking, we can rig it to purify your blood and purge the demon blood from you.”

John’s gestures were animated, buoyed by hope that he really had a solution to save Sam. And they all had to admit, it sounded pretty good.

But Sam knew. He didn’t know how he knew, but he just knew that would not work. Unclean. He closed his eyes and swayed, so drained that he could barely keep his eyes open.

“So’s practically dead on his feet here, y’all.” Reggie piped up. “That’s a lot to take in. On top of all the other stuff. What say we take this conversation elsewhere and let these two get some rest?
We can have some dinner. Order a pizza.”

Dean shot Reggie a grateful look.

“Demons up front let the pizza man through?” John asked.

“Yep. They don’t seem to care about that. Just about keeping people like you and me out of here, away from Sam.”

“Hmm.”

“Come on. We’ll talk about that later. Give the boys some space.”

Reggie practically dragged John out of the apartment. He helped Bobby up, and made a point of sliding his hand over Bobby’s ass while John was within eyeshot. Bobby shook his head, and Reggie grinned, his moustache twitching.

John hugged Sam tight. “I’ll take care of this. Don’t you worry. We’ll get you all fixed up, and then Azazel will have to leave you alone. We can all go home.”

Sam swallowed hard, looking at Dean over John’s shoulder. Dean nodded. We’re never going back with him, Sam. That’s a promise.

John’s hug with Dean was cooler, but not without affection, despite everything. Dean had always been loyal to John, and that loyalty could not be set aside easily.

Reggie hugged Sam and Dean together. “I got this. Don’t you worry.” His words clearly referred to Sam’s demon blood issue, but also to the problem of John somehow finding out about them. Sam and Dean let themselves be reassured by this.

Bobby limped forward and folded Sam into his arms. “It’s not as bad as it sounds, kiddo.” He hugged Dean, and adjusted himself on his crutches, wincing.

“Go take some pain meds.” Dean thumped Bobby across the shoulders.

“Don’t mind if I do.”

With that, they left Sam and Dean alone.

~

Dean shut and locked the door, and pulled Sam into his arms. They said nothing, afraid to make a sound until the footsteps down the hall had faded and they heard the sound of Reggie’s door shutting behind them.

Sam’s legs trembled. Dean pulled Sam to the bedroom and urged him to lie down. He lay next to him, up on his elbow. “Don’t.”

“What?”

“I know what you’re going to say before you do.”

Don’t touch me, I’m unclean. Sam blew a loud breath out through his nostrils.

“I drank your blood, Sam.” Dean traced his fingertips over the general shape of his initials on Sam’s lower abdomen.
Sam looked stricken.

“Hush. Whatever’s in you is in me. I drank your blood. I swallowed your come.” Dean grinned. “A lot of your come.”

Sam’s eyes widened in shock that Dean could talk that way at a time like this. But it brought a tiny smile to his face.

“So don’t you dare try and say you can’t kiss me or fuck me or come in me or any of the things in your head right now.”

Sam’s eyes filled with tears.

“And don’t you dare start saying how sorry you are. It’s not your fault. So not your fault.”

Sam’s mouth, open to say exactly that, closed with a faint smacking sound.

“We’re in this together. If it’s in you, it’s in me.”

Sam said nothing. He just lay there, shaking.

“Dean, I feel so…”

“I know. But you’re not.”

Dean settled down, his arm around Sam. “I will not let anything bad happen to you, and that’s a fucking promise. Got it?” Sam nodded. “Besides…maybe my blood and stuff in you, maybe that made it less…potent or something.

Sam turned his head and stared at Dean for a few long seconds.

“What?”

“Are you trying to tell me that I need to swallow lots of your come to dilute the demon blood in me?”

Dean’s mouth curled up on one side, in pure flirtation.

“You’re unbelievable.” Sam’s smile was amused, with black panic at the edges.

Dean’s eyes went wide. “Sam. Maybe what that angel said. About pure love and corruption.”

Sam blinked, hope dawning on his face. “Where there is pure love, corruption cannot remain.”

“Maybe that’s what he was talking about.”

Sam closed his eyes, letting Dean’s words sink into him, chewing on them as if to worry the truth from them like marrow from a bone. The second his eyelids blocked out the light, he realized how profoundly exhausted he was, and barely had time to croak out the words, “So tired,” before he was asleep.

When he dreamed, he dreamed of pure light. Nothing else. No landmarks. No sounds. No people or animals. Just pure golden-white radiation, living and breathing light, dissolving his body, his thoughts, his soul, until all that remained was light.
The Tide is Turning

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean pay a visit to Gus and Rosier in the hospital.

Anyone walking into Sam and Dean’s bedroom would take one look at the boys sprawled on the bed, so deep in sleep they were dead to the world, and think Dean had thrown himself on his brother to protect him from a hail of bullets, a volley of arrows, a roof collapsing under the weight of too much snow, an angry swarm of Africanized bees. Sam lay flat on his back. Dean had stretched himself against Sam’s side, top leg thrown over him, bent at the knee to cover as much of Sam as possible. His left arm was underneath Sam’s neck, hand curled over Sam’s shoulder. His chest and right arm covered Sam’s chest, his right hand cupping Sam’s cheek.

Sam’s dream changed. The light had faded, making way for normal images, filtering the events of the day. His father in a raft on the river, calling out, “Didn’t mean to startle you boys!” Driving in a convertible with Dean, in the back seat, with a giant carton of French fries in the passenger seat. Running through an open field with a black Labrador holding an orange ball in its mouth.

Suddenly, Sam was no longer alone in the field. Azazel stood there before him, green grass up to his knees.

“Hey there, Sammy.”

“Don’t call me Sammy. Only Dean gets to call me that.”

Azazel smirked. “I’ll call you whatever I want to call you, buddy boy.”

Sam’s hands clenched into fists. “You want something from me. Show some respect.”


Sam looked at his hands. The fingers were elongated, different.

“I’m dreaming.”

“Hmm.” Azazel’s eyebrows went up. “You’re aware of that. Well, that’s going to make this an interesting conversation.”

“I’m dreaming you.”

“Not exactly, kiddo.”

“But I’m dreaming.”

“Yep. But that doesn’t mean I’m not really here.”

Sam concentrated, willing Azazel to morph into a collie puppy.

He remained Azazel, yellow eyes glinting. “That’s fucking adorable. Trying to turn a Prince of
Hell into a puppy dog.” He waved at Sam. “I’m in your head, Sambo.”

“You can’t be here. You can’t. This place is protected,” Sam protested.

“Yeah, no. I can’t actually come on in and give you a nice private meet and greet. But I can do this. This is like…” Azazel tilted his head, thinking. “A phone call.” He grinned again, popping the wrinkles on his face into stark relief. “Papa checking up on ya.” He turned his hand over, checking his fingernails. “I’m in town, you know. You should come pay me a visit. Now that you know I’ve taken a…special interest in you, we need to talk.”

Sam pulled himself up tall. “You’re not my father.”

“Kinda am, Sam.” Azazel extended his thumb and forefinger, with an inch of space between them. “Little bit. In a few very fucking important ways.” Azazel walked toward Sam. Sam’s nose wrinkled at the odor of him: old French cheese left out in the sun, singed cowhide, a pot of sugar syrup boiled over into the fire.

“Like what, you forcing your blood into me?”

Azazel clicked his tongue. “You’re just finding out alllll the state secrets, aren’t you, son?”

“Fuck you. Stop calling me that.”

“That’s my boy.” Azazel looked at Sam with pride.

“No. Whatever it is you want, the answer is no.” Sam extended his hand, palm out, and…bore down. His dark eyebrows drew down and his lips curled back, baring his white teeth.

Azazel’s mouth opened wide in surprise as he sailed backward, broke apart into shards of black glass clattering against each other like metal bits caught in a garbage disposal, and vanished.

Sam’s eyes flew open.

~

Dean dreamed.

He dreamed a demon with sulphur-yellow eyes stood at the foot of the bed, a sickly grin spreading over his face. “Go on, little bulldog. Fuck him. Fuck your little brother six ways from Sunday. Make him squeal. Suck him dry. But don’t you ever forget.” The demon leaned over Dean, so close he could see the thick plaque built up between his teeth. “Sam Winchester is mine.”

Dean awoke with a start, arms tightening around Sam. “Don’t you fucking touch him,” he muttered.

“Dean?”

Dean propped himself up on his elbow and smoothed Sam’s hair out of his eyes. “S ok. Just—“

“A bad dream?”

Dean nodded.

Sam frowned. “Demon?”

“Wrinkly fucker? Yellow eyes? Really bad teeth?” Dean tried to make light of it.
“I dreamed about him too.”

Dean shivered, and drew Sam close again. “He can’t… Sam, he can’t get IN here, can he?”

“No. He said he couldn’t.”

Dean’s eyebrows went up. Sam recounted the entire dream, leaving nothing out. Keeping no secrets from Dean. In turn, Dean told Sam his dream. Sam’s expression hardened, nostrils flaring, a surge of anger rising in him.

Dean chewed his lower lip. “I hate to say it, but we really could use a little of that insider information that other one was talking about.”

“I was thinking the same thing.”

“What do we do about Dad?” They both knew walking through the common room with John, past Juliane and Danny, was running a gauntlet more dangerous than anything either of them had ever faced.

“He can’t leave if he wants to come back in. They won’t let him. Just like Bobby. So he’ll have to stay here.”

Dean blew out a breath of relief. “Bobby’ll keep him on a short leash.”

They roused themselves, ate a few handfuls of peanuts, and went to get Reggie to exchange a knife exorcism for some demonic trade secrets.

~

John, true to his character, was distinctly unhappy at not being allowed to come along with Reggie and the boys to the hospital, but the argument presented to him was sound, and he could not pick it apart.

Bobby presented each of them with an anti-possession amulet. “Don’t take it off. Anyone going outside needs to be wearing one of these.”

Dean looked at the amulet. “Hey, that’s pretty cool.” Sam nodded.

John pulled Sam and Dean aside to give them some stern fatherly advice pertaining to demons. Reggie came to Bobby and whispered, “Don’t let him leave.” Bobby nodded, knowing he meant keep John away from Juliane and Danny.

“You two aren’t kissing, are you? I can’t handle seeing that.” John glanced over his shoulder.

Bobby stared at John, a stubborn expression on his face, grabbed Reggie’s face and planted one right on his lips.

“I can’t know this.” John squirmed visibly. Bobby’s mouth twitched, but he made a valiant effort, and squelched the smile that wanted to burst over his face. Reggie wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He leaned in again and whispered, “Not bad, old man, but it needs work.”

Bobby pretended not to hear that and turned his attention to Sam and Dean.“Be careful.”

John put his hands on Dean’s shoulders and squeezed. “Stay alert. Don’t trust them.” He thumped Dean on the shoulder, and turned to Sam. His smile creased the crow’s feet in the corners of his eyes. He put his hand on Sam’s cheek, and just looked at him, with so much love it brought tears to
Sam’s eyes.

“Dad?”

“You come back safe, ok? Promise me.” He pulled Sam into a hug, warm and tight. “I just got you back. I can’t…Nothing can happen to you.” His voice was choked.

He looked over Sam’s shoulder at Dean. “You keep him safe.”

Dean’s jaw jutted forward. “Always.”

John hugged Sam, muscles softening as Sam hugged him back. Finally, John let him go.

Bobby leaned back in his recliner, leg out straight. “I say we do the whole popcorn and a movie experience.” He tossed John the tape of High Plains Drifter. “Popcorn’s in the cupboard.”

Reggie, Sam and Dean walked through the common room. Danny and Juliane were buried in research in front of the fire. Juliane gazed up at Sam, her features softening as she read the emotions on his face. “You’re going to do the thing…with the demons?”

Sam nodded, mouth a flat, hard line.

She reached up and twined her fingers in Sam’s hand. “Don’t be scared.” She corrected herself. “Don’t be too scared. You can do this. I have faith in you.” Her eyes, normally a soft grey-blue like an ocean blanketed by fog, took on a sapphire cast.

Sam shook his hair back. “That’s a good pep talk.” The tension in his mouth eased.

“I learned it from you.” Juliane’s eyes darted to Danny. Sam’s fingers twitched in hers, his pupils dilating a bit wider. The two of them curled together like cats, warm under the blankets, in their pajamas, her fear lessened but still there. He bent down and whispered, “Don’t you be too scared, either. It’ll be ok.”

Juliane sucked in a sharp breath. Her lips parted, unable to voice the question. Sam glanced at Danny. He blinked knowing they were talking about him but with no idea why.

Sam said softly, “He’d never hurt you. Not in any way. So…go for it.”

Juliane blushed the color of Winesap apples in the fall.

Sam stood up. Danny brought Sam something and shoved it into his hand. Sam opened his fingers. It was a beautiful piece of obsidian, sleek and gleaming, carved into a perfect sphere. Sam frowned, trying to remember.

Danny helped him out. “Obsidian cuts through deception, illusion and lies. Real good if you’re dealing with demons. It’ll augment your abilities—and protect you against dark forces.

Dean rubbed the back of his head. “Hey, you got another one of those?”

Danny shrugged, a rueful gesture. “Just the one. It’s pretty special.”

“I guess I’ll stay close,” Dean joked.

Sam closed his fingers around it. The smooth, cool sphere felt good in his hand. “Thank you. I’ll
make sure to get it back to you in one piece.”

“You do that.” Danny eyed Sam for a moment, then hugged him. “Do not let your guard down. Not for a second. Trust me on this.” Sam nodded, sensing something behind this admonishment to talk about another time.

Sam pulled away and nodded to Juliane. “Wish us luck.”

She stood. “Good luck.”

He looked down at her, so small and frail, yet with surprising strength. “Remember what I said. We could all be dead tomorrow. You’ve only got today. Right now.” She swallowed hard, the seriousness and import of what he was saying striking home.

Dean took Sam’s hand and gently pulled him away. “Let’s get this done.” The three of them walked out the door on the far end of the common room, into the warded hallway.

Danny put his hands in his pockets, weighing his words, deciding whether or not to say them. “What did Sam tell you?” He dared to ask.

Juliane took a deep breath, her pulse jumping rapidly, each beat visible at the hollow of her pale throat. *We could all be dead tomorrow.* She looked Danny in the eye, and saw it there, plain as day. Saw what had been there for so long, but she’d been too closed off to see. “Come with me and I’ll tell you.” She slipped her hand into his, and tugging gently, she drew him into the bedroom.

~

The nurse showed them to Rosier’s room. The room was large, but only had one patient. There was no flowers, no get-well cards. Rosier was on his back on an extra-wide hospital bed, hooked up to a morphine drip, and a central line provided liquid nutrition. Most of the right side of his upper body was covered in bulky bandages. Both eyes were spared, as was his mouth. His forehead, right cheek, jaw and neck were heavily bandaged.

The left side of his body was perfect.

Gus was slumped over in a chair at the left side of the hospital bed. At the sound of them being shown in, he sat up, astonishment lighting up his face.

“You came.”

“Yeah.”

“I can’t believe it.” Gus took Rosier’s left hand and squeezed it.

He opened his eyes and looked into the face of Sam Winchester.

Gus swallowed hard, watching Rosier look at him.

Rosier gestured to Gus, waving a finger at the machine next to him. Gus nodded, and turned down the morphine.

“Sam.” He pulled his hand free from Gus’s grasp and extended it, weakly.

Sam took his hand, eyes roaming over Rosier’s face, features softening with empathy. Rosier expected disgust in Sam’s eyes, and he blinked rapidly, surprised by the emotion Sam’s kindness evoked in him. Sam looked at his face, his hairless scalp and bandages everywhere, and he did not
Suddenly, Sam frowned. “You.” Their eyes met, and Sam pulled back with the force of recognition. The impossibly pretty boy from the club. He let go of Rosier’s hand.

Rosier closed his eyes, understanding what held Sam’s hand stubbornly at his side. *Ah well. There goes that.*

Sam saw the events unfold before him. Revealing that he recognized the man before them. Dean going ballistic, remembering how he put his hands on Sam, wanted to fuck him, was so blatant about wanting it. Dean repeating, “No way. No way.” Pulling Sam away. Them losing their chance at finally getting an advantage. He weighed his options.

“No. This is the guy from the club that hit on me. And we’re still doing this.”

Dean’s mouth dropped open. His gaze lit upon Rosier, searching his face. When he saw what he was looking for, recognized the man within the heap of bandages, his mouth tightened, his eyes burning into Rosier.

Rosier stared into the perfect face and gorgeous gleaming eyes of Dean Winchester, saw the fierce blaze of love and protectiveness there behind the superficial perfection, and he knew. Even without the burns, he had lost even before the game had begun.

“I could have lied to you. Pretended I didn’t recognize him. But we said no secrets. So I’m trusting you.” Sam pleaded with Dean with his eyes. “You gotta trust me.”

Dean kept staring at Rosier.

“Dean. Trust me.” Sam reached out and brushed his knuckles over the back of Dean’s hand. Dean reflexively took Sam’s hand, brought it to his mouth and kissed it.

Rosier watched them. Not just Sam. He watched them. Together. He closed his eyes in pain.

“Did I turn it down too low?”

Rosier smiled at Gus as best he could. “It’s fine. Just…stings a bit.” He turned his focus back to Sam. “Can you…” The words did not come easily to him. “Can you help me?”

“You mean can we exorcise you back to Hell? We’d sure love to try.” Dean put his hand on his knife handle.

“Dean.” Sam shook his head.

“If we do that, and you go poof, how do we know this guy will keep the bargain?”

Gus spoke up. “We do it proper. A binding contract. You use that knife on him, try to break him out of the damaged vessel—“

“Person. It’s a person, not a vessel—“

This time, Reggie silenced Dean with a hand on his shoulder. His face was kind, but he shook his head no.

“You try to help him, we help you fight Azazel.”

Sam clutched the black sphere of obsidian, warming up from his body heat. His senses seemed
“What if we fail?”

“The deal is that you try, just try, in good faith. Even if it doesn’t work, we’ll give you information.”

“So, how do we do this?”

“This isn’t a normal deal. Not…” Rosier struggled to speak. “Not for your soul. A formal written contract…not required.”

“If a demon makes an oral promise and seals the deal in the traditional manner, that promise is considered binding.” Gus spoke like he was reading a passage from the Demon Handbook for Dummies.

“What’s the traditional manner?”

Gus made a face. “Oh, it used to be…um, now, it’s just a kiss.”

“Just a kiss.”

“What…you say a few words, you and me kiss, and there you go, you have to keep your word?”

“One, it’s almost impossible to get a demon to just promise to do something without your soul in exchange. And two, it’s not you and me. It’s those two.” Gus moved his finger between Sam and Rosier.

“No way. No way in hell.” Dean shook his head violently.

“Dean, come on—“

“Sammy, I’m not letting him—“

“You’re not letting him.” Sam’s nostrils flared.

Dean fell quiet.

“I’m the one with demon blood in me. I’m the one they captured and tortured and nearly killed because of it. I’m the one Azazel has the hard-on for. And last time I checked, Dean, I was my own person.”

“Hey. Hey. That’s not what he meant, Sam,” Reggie interjected.

“I know.” Sam’s body language softened. “You’re not saying you own me. It’s just—“

“Actually, now that you mention it…”

All eyes fell on Rosier.

“In a way, Dean does own you.”

“What?” Sam and Dean said in unison.

“The night your mother was killed, and your father gave you baby Sam.”

Sam’s mouth fell open. “You know about that?”

Rosier looked into Sam’s hazel eyes. “I studied you.” Sam blinked, feeling a rush of emotion from
him. His eyes opened wider. It was the same feeling he got from the girl in the supermarket. Regem Puerum.

“Explain. What you said. That I owned Sam.” Sam’s thoughts were interrupted by Dean.

“A mother’s sacrifice. Giving her life to protect her son.” Rosier coughed. “Her life taken by the hands of one of the most powerful demons ever to walk the Earth.” Rosier reached his hand toward the bottle of water on the bedside table. Gus brought it to him, slipped the straw between his lips. He drank and coughed, wincing. “And a sacrifice by fire? That’s immensely powerful. Your father gave Sam to you, in the heat and light of your mother’s sacrifice. He didn’t know what he was doing. But it was a binding ritual. Binding you even closer than you already were.” Rosier took another drink of water.

Sam and Dean stared at each other. Reggie shook his head.

“Sam. Is he telling the truth?”

Sam nodded. “Yes.”

“So…in a very real sense, on a soul level…Sam belongs to Dean?” Reggie asked.

“Yes.” Gus spoke up. “But not like ownership or property. Like…it’s Dean’s sacred purpose to protect Sam.”

“What did you mean, even closer than we already were? I was just a baby.”

What could be seen of Rosier’s face was contorted in pain. “Two souls. Halves of one whole. Rare. Most souls are…solitary. But some split. Like identical twins. No two souls are closer. The envy of all other souls. Intense love.” Rosier smiled through cracked lips. “Really hot sex.”

Despite himself, Dean snorted.

“Made you laugh,” Rosier said in a half-whisper. He turned his head towards Sam, slowly, the movement agony for him. “See? Told you the truth. So much more to tell you. Gus will help you.” He reached his left hand out to Sam. “Once you help me.”

“If this works, what’s going to happen to you?”

“Not sure,” Rosier said softly.

“If he were new like me, he’d probably go flying back to Hell. But we think because he’s so old and strong, he’ll be able to hold on and not get sucked back. When the portal closes, he can take a new vessel.” Gus slumped in his chair, looking for all the world like a college senior, not a demon.

“Person,” Dean muttered.

“And then he can come back, and help you take out Azazel.

“Why do you want to go turncoat?” Dean asked Rosier.

“He went too far.”

“That’s rich. A demon saying another demon went too far.”

“A lot you don’t understand.” Rosier’s breathing was fast and shallow.
“Like everything,” Gus snipped.

“Just… do it.”

“Ok.” Sam unsnapped his knife handle.

“Contract first.” Rosier struggled for composure. “Samuel Dean Winchester, Dean Samuel Winchester, in exchange for your good faith attempt to help me escape this damaged vessel, Gus and I promise to give you information that will help you in your fight against Azazel. And help you directly. We will now seal the agreement.” Sam leaned over, nostrils flaring at the scent of bandages, antibiotic cream, and burned flesh. His mouth touched Rosier’s lips, lingered there.

Dean made a low growl deep in his throat. Gus turned his head away. Reggie watched impassively.

When Sam raised his mouth off, breaking the kiss, a tear ran down Rosier’s face. So soft. “Thank you.”

Sam stepped back and took Dean’s hand, deliberately reassuring him of his place. Then he pulled his knife out. Reggie moved to the other side of the hospital bed. At the sight of the markings on the blade, Rosier’s eyes flashed black. The effect was chilling. Dean stepped forward instinctively, and Sam stepped back, moving slightly behind his brother.

Rosier reached for Gus, clasped his hand. “If this works, what kind of suit do you want me in when I come back?”

“I’d rather it was male. But it really doesn’t matter. Whatever you’re in, you’ll still be you. And if it doesn’t work, and you’re locked in this one, that’ll be ok too.” Gus gazed at Rosier, the first tendrils of unapologetic, unconcealed love unfurling on his face like the first set of true leaves on a seedling. There was no disgust on his face. Not a shred of it. And Rosier understood (no, remembered) that it’s not what you look at, it’s the eyes you look with, that determines its true beauty.

Gus gripped Rosier’s hand hard. “You ready?”

Rosier whispered, “Come here.” He whispered something in Gus’s ear that jarred a sob loose, and then tugged him down weakly for a kiss.

“I’ll be dammed,” Reggie breathed.

Then Rosier, still holding onto Gus’s hand, extended his arm toward Sam. Sam held up his knife. Dean took hold of his other hand. “What do you think, should I cut or stab?”

“Try just cutting.”

Sam hesitated. Dean put his other hand over Sam’s. “Together.”

Sam breathed easier. Together, they brought the blade down on Rosier’s forearm. The edge cut through the skin to the meat.

Rosier threw his head back, cords of his neck standing out, teeth gritted, holding back a scream. Gus watched him, eyes searching his face.

Rosier writhed on the bed, shuddering in agony. No black smoke poured from his mouth.

“It’s not working,” Gus whispered.
Rosier’s eyes flashed open, and he grabbed Sam’s hand, squeezing it hard. “What you have together.” His eyes darted to Dean’s. “I can feel it IN me.” He shuddered. “Worse than Hell. Oh God, worse than Hell.” He thrashed so hard he pulled out the central line. “Oh God, oh merciful God, I beseech thee, forgive me, forgive your poor failed servant, oh God forgive me, take me out of this shell, God, kill me…” He lapsed into Latin, then another language entirely unfamiliar to Sam, Dean and Reggie. Finally he arched up, back bowing, quivering on his shoulders and heels, mouth open, and screamed.

“The morphine.” Gus lunged for the machine, and turned it up as high as the safety setting would allow. Within seconds, the extremity of the pain had eased. Rosier reached blindly for Gus. His touch seemed to soothe Rosier as much as the morphine. “Don’t let go,” Rosier murmured.

“I won’t.” Gus crawled up into the wide hospital bed, lying along his left side. The physical contact calmed Rosier, and he quickly drifted into a morphine haze.

Dean looked through the open door into the hallway. “Won’t the nurse come see what that was?”

Gus shook his head. “One of us.”

“Jesus, how many of you are there?” Dean rubbed his forehead.

“Topside? 1,452.”

Dean stared at Gus.

“That’s worldwide.”

Dean didn’t know what to say, so he said nothing. Reggie came up and gently took the knife from Sam. He rinsed it thoroughly, then washed it with antibiotic soap and rinsed it again, and finally he dried it off carefully.

“What are you thinking?” Sam asked.

“I think I know why the knives do what they do.” He held the knife up, the light glinting off the blade. “The ritual you did. With the blood. How you said it pulled it up inside itself? I think…” He took a deep breath. “I think the love you two have is part of the knives now. And when you cut a demon, some of that gets inside them. And they can’t bear it. It stirs some part of their humanity that’s still there, deep inside somewhere. I think it hurts so bad that they’d rather ditch the body than stay in it another second.”

“But this one is locked in, and can’t leave.”

“Yeah.”

“So what’s gonna happen to him?”

“No idea. Maybe it will wear off. Or maybe he’ll scream forever.”

Gus flinched. “I won’t let that happen. I’ll… there are weapons, special weapons that can kill us. I’ll find one.” He lay his head down on Rosier’s chest. “I won’t let that happen,” he said to the unconscious demon.

Finally, he sat up, but did not let go of Rosier’s hand. “You kept your part of the deal. I’ll keep
ours.” He laid it all out, the plan to find a Boy King to lead the demon army and reclaim the world for the forces of darkness. How many children had been infected with demon blood. How it developed the latent psychic powers they all had. How eventually, the children, grown into young men and women, would be gathered, tested, made to fight, and a victor declared. A human with demon blood in him, who would give himself over to darkness and lead the demon army to bring Lucifer back into the world.

If it weren’t for Dean’s arm around him, Sam would have slowly moved back, away from the demons on the hospital bed, all the way back to the far wall, curled up in a fetal position and rocked back and forth.

But Dean gave him strength. Dean’s arm pressed against him reassured him he was not alone. Dean would never let any of this happen. Not to Sam. Sam could feel it just as strong he could feel the ground beneath his feet.

“I’ll help you. Help you fight him.”

“How?”

Gus leaned forward. “There’s a gun that used to belong to Samuel Colt…”
Unclean

Chapter Summary

Danny and Juliane share a moment of intimacy. Sam struggles with the events of the day.

Juliane stood with her back to Danny. She struck a long match and lit a candle, a long white taper in a slender silver candlestick on top of her personal bookshelf. Her hand shook.

“We don’t have to.” Danny began. “Not yet. Not ever, if you, um…”

Juliane turned to face him. “I want to.” Her eyes glistened. “But you’d…”

“Yeah.” Danny closed his eyes against the memory of her when he found her, naked and nearly unconscious, a collection of bleeding wounds. The violence she’d suffered was unimaginable. If being intimate with her would cause her pain of any kind, he’d give up that kind of contact.

“They didn’t rape me.” Juliane fidgeted with the hem of her left sleeve. “If you thought…”

“No, I… I didn’t know, I thought…”

“No.”

“Some vamps do.”

“I know. These were blood supremacists.”

Danny nodded, an expression of relief on his face. Blood supremacist vampires believed that intercourse with humans was an abomination, and only fucked their own kind. They would no sooner lie with a human than the average human would fuck a cow. Humans were only for food, and amusement, like through torture.

She removed the hair band holding her black hair in a ponytail and shook it loose. “Um, would you?” She nodded toward the switch by the door. “Too much light.” Her smile was apologetic.

Danny flipped the overhead light off. The room was bathed in the soft illumination of the candle, bright enough to see but gentle and forgiving.

He came to her. It was hard to say who was trembling more, him or her. He brought his mouth to hers softly, lifted his hands to her hair and stroked it.

His mouth was warm, lips strong and sure against hers. Her hands were pliant, open against his chest. He kissed her for a long time. Just kissed her. “I love you,” he murmured. “I’m in love with you.”

Her hands slipped around to hold him, gripping his back. She made a sound, half-laugh, half-sob. “I’ve been in love with you for so long.” He kissed her cheeks, her forehead, and her mouth again. She did not say anything. He hadn’t expected her to, but still, it stung.
She stepped back, tugged her sweater off, revealing her black bra and pale, scarred skin. Slowly, shyly, she removed every article of clothing, stripping away the fabric that hid her body, removing it all with her own hands, until she stood before him naked. She extended her hands at her sides, a gesture that combined shame at the scars lacing her body, and a fragile trust that he would not run screaming.

Danny stopped breathing. Juliane froze, fear lancing through her.

Danny’s eyes took in the sight before him: her slender body, strong muscles under gentle curves, breasts heavy and full, nipples the same rosy pink as her lips, black hair spilling over her shoulders, pale skin intricately carved with silvery scars, the candlelight pulsing over her flesh, her blue eyes bright and clear.

“You’re beautiful.”

Her head jerked back in surprise.

“So beautiful.” He took a step forward and reached out his hand. “Can I…”

She laughed this time, a sweet, joyous sound. “Yes.”

She expected him to trace one of her scars, like she had done before, claiming it. He did not.

He put his hands on her shoulders and stroked her arms, then slipped his hands underneath, palms cradling her back. He kissed her, fully clothed against her nakedness, running his palms down the curve of her lower back, settling on her hips. Hands warm and strong, on her body.

Not her scars.

Her body.

She moaned, a shivery, surprised sound, into his mouth. She felt his response against her bare thigh, the way his cock leaped.

She laughed again.

He picked her up, mirroring how he had carried her, bleeding and barely conscious, to his car so long ago. He laid her down gently on the bed, and tugged his shirt off over his head, in a manner almost as shy as she had done.

She propped herself up on her elbows, gaze roaming over his arms, strong but not built in a gym, his chest and stomach muscled in the way a man who works hard for a living is made. “You’ve been holding out on me.”

It was his turn to laugh. The tension dissipated. “All you had to do was say strip.”

“And you’d have done it? Just like that?”

His mouth curved into a smile. “Just like that.”

“You’d just do what I tell you,” she teased.

“Try me.” His voice dropped lower.

“Ok. Kiss me.”
“Yes, ma’am.” He lay alongside her and kissed her, thoroughly and well, until her trembling was due to something else other than nervousness.

“You’re really good at that.”

The glint in his eye made her shiver, promising without words that he was good at more than just kissing.

“Take your clothes off?” Her voice went up at the end, softening the command he’d invited her to make into a request.

Danny stood and un buckled his belt, dropping it to the floor. He tugged off his socks, stripped off his pants, and hooked his thumbs in the band of his underwear. Here, he hesitated, color high in his cheeks.

She reached out, put her hand on his wrist. Reassuring him.

He pulled his underwear off. She blinked rapidly a few times, swallowing hard, and blew out a breath. “Whoo. I, uh. Wow.”

Danny blushed, rubbing the back of his head. His pleased discomfiture put her even more at ease.

“Come here.” She reached out her hand for him. He sank down onto the bed next to her, stretching out on his side. They kissed, more urgently. His hands moved over her body, stroking her, caressing her with a strong touch. Something about it made her shiver, loosened something inside her so deeply moored she didn’t know what it was, how to name it.

He kissed her. Touched her. Hands slipping along the curve of her waist, rising up to her breasts, thumbs brushing her nipples softly, stroking her stomach, her thighs, her face. Touching her. Not her scars.

Her.

He touched her like he knew full well the scars were there, but they mattered no more than the tiny blond hairs on her forearms. He didn’t linger on them, deliberately touching each one as if to forgive it for being there.

He touched her like she was whole.

A sob broke from her, tears spilling from her eyes. Instantly, his arms were around her, pulling her into his chest. “We can stop. You want to stop.”

“No,” she choked out. “God no. It’s just…”

She didn’t have to finish. He understood.

He held her, petting her hair, until the strong emotion eased. She tipped her head up and sought his mouth, hands roaming over the hard curves of his shoulders, down the strong cords of his back.

He kissed her neck, the hollow of her throat. She arched back, letting him.

His mouth drifted lower, eyes on hers, seeking permission. She guided his head gently with her hands, bringing it to her right nipple. At the first touch of his mouth, she gasped. He sealed his mouth over it, sucking gently, flicking it with his tongue, and she cried out. He sighed, a sound of pleasure and relief. He lavished her other nipple with attention, then mouthed at the side of her
ribcage, down to her hip, tongue trailing along, ghosting over her skin, making her shiver.

He shifted position, settling between her legs. He brushed his mouth over her navel. Eyes on hers. Asking permission.

She spread her thighs for him. Saying yes.

At the first scent of her, he moaned, hands gripping the blankets. He brushed his mouth over her, exhaling, letting the warmth of his breath move over her. She tipped her hips up, offering herself to him. He stroked her thighs, opened his mouth, let his tongue tease her outer lips.

“Oh god.”

He mouthed at her, teeth biting oh-so-gently. He licked at the skin of her inner thighs, traced his tongue over her labia, feeling her swell beneath his touch.

“More.”

Granted permission, he delved deeper, teasing inside her folds, moaning at the first taste of her. She ran her fingers through his hair and arched her back. “Please. More.”

He spread her open with his thumbs, exposing her clit, hard and ready. He blew a puff of warm air over it, then rubbed it slowly with one thumb, back and forth, achingly slow.

She cried out, opened her legs wider. He kept at it, teasing her with his thumb, marveling at her reaction to him.

Finally, he stroked her with his tongue, lapping at her in broad, flat strokes, light at first, then stronger. Using her sounds as a guide, the way she moved beneath him, he mapped her, learned what she liked.

He sealed his mouth around her and sucked, stroking her clit with his tongue. She thrashed her head on the bed, thighs shaking. “Danny…” she whispered.

The sound of his name on her lips, laden with so much pleasure, made him have to stop for a moment, press his cheek against her inner thigh, and fight back tears. He regained his composure and resumed what he was doing, fine-tuning the speed and pressure until she was nearly incoherent, uttering “Ah…ah…ah…” over and over.

He brought his hand up, circled a fingertip at her center, experimentally. She arched her back and pushed down, taking his finger inside her.

Granted permission, he worked one finger inside her, licking her clit, circling it, then sealing his mouth over it and sucking again, working his tongue slow and steady. Then he slid a second finger inside her.

“Oh god. Danny.” Her upper back curled, shoulders rising off the bed, and then she collapsed back down, stomach muscles fluttering. He worked his fingers inside her faster, sucking at her, lapping at her, until her cries took on new urgency, back arching, muscles fluttering around his fingers, clenching and spasming as she came.

When the keen pleasure of it had sparked through her and faded, she threw her head back and laughed, glorious peals of laughter rocking her. She tugged Danny up, kissed him, not shying away from the taste of herself on his lips.
“Guess I did ok?”

“God, I love you.” She laughed again, then quieted as she saw the expression that flashed across his face: hopeful then guarded, the barrier snapping down.

“I do.” She touched his cheek. “Love you.”

“You don’t have to say it just because I said it.”

She sat up, and pressed her hand over his heart. “I love you.”

The barrier shivered, evaporated. The look that replaced the guarded expression on his face was that of a man who could not believe his good fortune. “You do?”

She traced her finger down his chest, following the path of dark hair that led down his stomach. “Yes.”

Danny pulled her down, guided her so she was straddling him, kissed her again, deep and passionate. She positioned herself and sank down on him, taking just the first few inches.

“Jesus, you’re big,” she whispered.

“Go slow.”

Almost rebelliously, she rose up and sank down again, taking him deeper with a shudder and a groan, then again, taking him deeper still. He threw his head back, muscles of his throat working, hands on the curve of her ass, urging her on.

She rose and fell, sliding along his shaft, then shifted, snapping her hips forward, getting delicious friction on her clit. She moaned, falling forward to bring her mouth to his once more.

He lay back and let her control everything, grunting, moaning, whispering her name. She spread her thighs wider, impaling herself on him, stretched so tight around him. She brought his hands to her breasts, arching her back and bracing herself with her hands on the bed by his knees, waggling her hips up and down, riding him. She straightened up, drawing her hair up to the nape of her neck with both hands, rose up and sank down on him slowly, so slowly he groaned. She did this again and again. Finally, she circled her hips, grinding on him, breath coming fast and shallow. He allowed himself to thrust his hips upward, penetrating her more deeply.

“Oh god you’re going to make me come again.” She leaned forward, holding herself up, and rode his cock like her life depended on it.

He wrapped his arms around her and held on for dear life, grunting with each snap and roll of her hips. He laughed, like the joy and pleasure of it was too much to be expressed any other way, then cried out, stilled, his body shivering like he’d touched a live current.

“Oh my god.” She rocked her hips forward, grabbing his shoulders, the feel of him pulsing inside her, the sound of him coming for her, sending her skittering over the edge of the cliff again, coming hard, clenching tight around him. “Danny. Danny. Danny…”

They held onto each other like two climbers trapped on Everest, clinging tight until the storm subsided.

Danny finally stirred. Juliane refused to be moved, not wanting to let go of the feeling of him being inside her yet. He chuckled, and lay still, kissing her neck.
Suddenly, Juliane sat up, her hand flying to her mouth.

“What?” Instantly, Danny was on the alert, eyes scanning the room for danger, hands moving to her back to protect her.

“We didn’t use protection.” She had an expression of horror on her face. “I just jumped you and… oh god.” Guilt wrenched her features.

His mouth fell open. “Oops.”

She pulled off him and sat down hard on the bed next to him. “I’m clean. I know I’m clean. In the hospital, they did all those tests when they did the other ones. And I haven’t been with anyone since…you know I haven’t…I mean, I haven’t even left the property…” She was babbling.

He took her hand. “It’s ok. I’m clean too.”

She stared at him like he’d just said something in Chinese.

“I used to get tested regularly, and I haven’t— ” He stopped, color rising in his cheeks, like he was about to admit something embarrassing. “I haven’t been with anyone since the attack happened.”

Her mouth hung open. “What?”

He looked away. “I was so busy at first. Taking care of you. No time to hook up with anyone. And then…”

“What?”

“Then I didn’t want to.” He sat up, moving back on the bed until he was leaning against the wall. He kept his eyes down, afraid to look at her.

She put her hand on his calf. “You never said. Until Sam and Dean got here, you never even hinted.”

“I knew I didn’t have a chance. Didn’t matter. Just being around you was enough.”

Juliane curled up against his chest and pulled his right arm around her, drawing her legs up. They sat like that for a long moment in silence, breathing in unison.

“That’s not the only thing we have to worry about.”

Danny stroked her hair with his left hand. “If that happens? Whatever you want to do about it. It’s your choice.”

Juliane nodded, cheek against his chest hair.

“But…”

She looked up. His grey eyes were fixed on her, serious and earnest.

“If you wanted a child, I’d be…” He stopped, swallowed hard. “We could…”

Her eyes went wide. “You…want to have a baby with me?”

“I’m not—that’s not—I’m not pushing for that— but…”
“But you want to have a baby with me.” She looked absolutely astonished.

He took her hand, took a deep breath, squeezed her fingers, and plunged forward. “I want to love you and be with you every day, and fall asleep with you and wake up with you, and take you outside so the sun shines on your face again, and keep you safe and make you barbeque and dance with you, and marry you and have babies with you and grow old with you and die with you.” He took another deep breath. “That’s what I want. For the record.”

She stared at Danny, trying to formulate words.

“Say something.” Danny’s hand shook, almost imperceptibly.

“Yes.”

His eyebrows jumped up. “Yes? To…what?”

“All of it.” She kissed the back of his hand.

His head fell back against the wall with a dull thump. “I’m sleeping, right? Asleep? Dreaming?”

She ran her fingers through his hair, then dropped her right hand down to his nipple and pinched it lightly.

“Hey!”

“Guess you’re not dreaming.”

He smacked her hand away, gently, teasingly. “See if you like it.” He reached for her.

“See if I do,” she retorted.

He pinched her nipple. She bit her lip, and made a soft sound of pleasure. A smile spread across his face. “I’ll be damned…”

~

Sam didn’t speak as they walked out of the hospital room. Dean held his hand, and Sam clung to it like he was grateful for the contact, but he said nothing. Reggie hung back, letting them have a little privacy.

They got to the parking lot. Reggie said, “Why don’t you two get in the back?” Dean mouthed “Thank you” to him, and got into the back with Sam.

Sam curled up on the seat and put his head in Dean’s lap. Dean played with Sam’s hair the entire ride back.

Sam said nothing. Just held onto Dean’s leg, sighing softly with pleasure as Dean stroked his hair, braided and unbraided it, and lightly scratched Sam’s scalp with his fingernails.

Sam sat up as they neared the motel. They drove over the salt bump. The demon guarding the entrance gave Sam an ironic salute. Sam’s mouth tightened.

Dean noticed.

They called the common room to be let in. It took longer than normal for Danny to arrive, disheveled and out of breath like he’d been running. “Sorry. Come on in.” He walked them down
The hair at the back of his head was tangled into a wild sex knot. It took superhuman strength, but Dean resisted bellowing with laughter.

Danny walked with them into the common room. Juliane was nowhere to be found, and the door to her bedroom was shut. He turned to face them. “So, how’d it go?”

“Knife trick didn’t work. But we got some good intel.” Reggie’s expression was perfectly placid.

Danny nodded. “Good.”

Dean held up his finger. “You got a—” He touched the back of his head. “Right there.”

Danny touched the back of his head, and promptly turned red. Dean winked and slapped him on the shoulder. “Good for you guys. That's awesome.”

Sam beamed at Danny despite the exhaustion evident on his face, in his the descending line of his slumped shoulders.

Danny eyed Sam more closely. He was pale, with dark circles under his eyes. “You ok?”

“Tired.”

“You two get some sleep. We’ll talk tomorrow.”

Sam surprised Danny by wrapping him in a hug. “Tell her I’m happy for you two. Ok?”

“Sure. And thank you. We…I… this wouldn’t have happened if it weren’t for you guys.”

“Yeah it would’ve.”

Sam gave Dean a sidelong glance.

“In about ten years.”

Danny laughed. “No joke.”

Dean took Sam’s hand. “Alright. Sleep. See you tomorrow.”

“Good night,” Danny said.

“Good night,” Sam and Reggie replied in unison.

As he walked away, Danny tried unsuccessfully to smooth the sex knot down.

~

They moved into the hallway that contained the apartments. “You up for this right now, Sammy?”

Dean scrutinized Sam’s face. “You look beat.”

“Now’s good.” Sam stood up straight.

They knocked on the door. John answered. Bobby nodded to them from the recliner. They came in. John didn’t even quibble about their ages, he just set the bottle of whiskey on the coffee table in front of them and brought over three clean tumblers.

“You don’t mind if we drink in front of you?”
“I’m a hunter, Dean. If I can’t stay sober with an open bottle of whiskey in front of me, I might as well give up and go be a mechanic.”

Reggie and Dean took turns telling Bobby and John everything that had happened, sipping on whiskey. Sam just sat, listening, saying nothing.

Finally, John spoke up. “You’re awful quiet, Sam.”

“How do you feel?”

Sam looked down at the carpet. “I’ve got demon blood in me. How do you think I feel?” His voice was quiet, but it still bore the snap and sting of a whip.

John came over to the couch, and everyone moved over so he could sit down next to Sam. “Hey, monkey.”

Sam looked up in surprise. John hadn’t called him that in a very long time. It was his favorite term of endearment for Sam when he was a little boy. John would hold his arm up and make a muscle, and Sam would grab onto his arm and dangle from it like a monkey.

“It’s going to be ok. I promise.”

Sam gave a sigh of such weariness, it made John’s heart ache.

“We have a plan. A good plan. Get that corruption out of your blood, get you fixed up—” Sam flinched at the word corruption—“and now we’ve got a line on getting that famous Colt I’ve heard so much about.” John ruffled Sam’s hair. “We’ll get the demon blood out of you and kill the sonofabitch that put it there. That’s a promise.”

Sam looked into the face of his father, saw the earnestness there, saw how sincerely he meant it, and remembered all the other promises. I’ll be home for Christmas, boys. I swear. I’ll be back in time for your baseball game. Just another couple of weeks and we’ll get a real house. Wouldn’t miss your play for the world. Next year, Sam, you can have a puppy.

And the worst, and most common: I won’t be gone long this time, I promise.

“Sure, Dad,” Sam said, like he’d said a thousand times before. “Ok.”

“Sam needs to crash, Dad.” Dean interrupted, keeping a careful eye on Sam’s energy level and emotional reserves.


Sam went to Bobby and gave him a long hug. “Thank you,” he whispered.

“What for?” Bobby looked baffled.

“Everything. And…you know.” Sam hugged him again. “I love you.”

“Love you too, you little squirt.”

Then Sam gave Reggie a hug.
“This your way of saying thanks?” Reggie smiled down at Sam.

“I love you too,” Sam whispered.

Reggie patted Sam’s shoulder. “Don’t worry too much, Sam. You can get through this.”

Sam looked at the carpet. “I’m scared,” he whispered.

“I would be too.”

Sam raised his head? “You? You’re so brave.”

Reggie ran his fingers through his long grey hair. “Hell, I’m scared all the time. You think being brave means you’re not scared?”

Sam nodded.

“Let me impart some wisdom to you,” Reggie drawled, the corner of his mouth going up. “Being brave is being scared but doing what you gotta do anyway.”

Sam breathed in and out a few times, letting that sink into his bones. He nodded, but didn’t look comforted.

Sam then went to John. This hug was longer, and closer.

“It must have been real hard, raising us by yourself.”

John’s head jerked back in surprise. He blinked back tears at the unexpected kindness his youngest son was showing him.

“I should have done a lot better.”

“You did the best you could,” Sam said, face buried in his father’s chest, breathing in the scent of Old Spice and musk.

“Love you, son.”

“Love you, dad.”

John straightened Sam’s hair. “You get him to bed and make sure he stays there, ok?” John looked over Sam’s shoulder at Dean.

“Will do.” Dean’s face was perfectly deadpan.

John hugged Dean, thumping him on the upper back. “Night.”

“Night, Dad.”

~

Sam and Dean left and went to their room. They were careful not to touch each other until they were safely inside the apartment with the deadbolt shut.

Then Sam put his arms around Dean and rested his head against Dean’s shoulder. Dean nuzzled at him until he raised his head. Dean kissed him, turning him and pressing his back against the wall, claiming him.
Sam broke the kiss to catch his breath. “You didn’t like it. When I kissed him.”

Dean’s nostrils flared and he gave an abrupt shake of his head. “No.”

“It was just for the sake of the contract.”

“For you, it was. Not for him.”

“Did you want me not to seal the deal?”

“’Course not. But…he played you. Just a little. He got something he wanted. Real bad.”

“If that’s all he wanted in exchange, we got off easy.”

Dean blew out a breath, remembering all the stories of demon deals with much higher stakes than just a little kiss. “I know. I just didn’t like it.”

Sam smiled. “I know it’s totally wrong, but I kind of like it when you’re jealous.”

Dean relaxed visibly at the sign of levity.

Sam looked at his hands and frowned. “I feel gross. I need to take a shower.”

“Sure. We can do that.”

Sam hesitated.

“What?”

“Do you mind…just this once…if I do it by myself?”

Dean blinked, stunned. “Yeah. Sure, Sammy. Knock yourself out.”

“I just… I’m never alone, you know? Either of us.”

“Didn’t know that was a problem.” Dean tried not to let the hurt show on his face.

Sam smiled, eyes going soft and puppy dog. “It’s not. Just, every now and again, we could use a few moments by ourselves.” He pressed his forehead to Dean’s. “You’re everything to me. You know that.”

Dean took a deep breath, held it for a count of four, letting all his fear and insecurity fill his lungs, and let it all out, drifting away into nothing. “I know. I do.”

“So let me rinse the yuck off.”

“I’ll make us something to eat.”

Sam smiled weakly. “There you go.”

“Quesadillas and chocolate milk.”

Sam sighed. “That sounds really good.”

“Ok. You go get clean.”

Dean had already turned away toward the kitchen, and did not see Sam flinch at his choice of
Dean melted butter in the huge skillet, tipping the pan to coat the bottom, grated a fat heap of cheddar onto a cutting board, set two giant flour tortillas in the pan, folded in half, holding the top halves in his left hand as he loaded the tortilla on the right with cheese. Just cheddar, the way Sam liked it. He folded the top of the tortilla over itself, and put cheese into the other one.

As the quesadillas cooked, the scent of browning butter rich and nutty in the air, he cracked open a jar of salsa to dip his quesadilla into, and stirred chocolate powder into two pint glasses filled with milk. He stuck a straw in each one, red one for him, blue one for Sam, and set them on the table, along with the jar of salsa. He flipped the quesadillas over, the undersides now crisp and browned in a lacy pattern. “Sam? Food’s almost done.”

No answer. Just steam billowing from the bathroom door, which was ajar.

“Sammy?” Dean turned the heat off and moved the pan to a cold burner, covering it with a lid. He pushed the bathroom door open and stuck his head inside.

He couldn’t see at first because of all the steam. When it cleared, he saw Sam, huddled on the floor of the shower, clutching something in his hand. “Sam!”

Dean opened the shower door and stuck his hand inside, grabbing Sam’s shoulder. He snatched it back with a hiss of pain, as the hot water hit his skin. He smacked the faucet off with the palm of his hand, and sank to his knees.

Sam crouched on the floor, scrubbing his forearm with a washcloth. Every inch of skin was bright red from the scalding hot water, and from his vigorous scrubbing.

Dean closed his eyes, not needing Sam to tell him what he was trying to do. Sam rubbed at the back of his hand. “Not clean,” he muttered. “Not clean.” Dean climbed into the shower with Sam and sat down. He took Sam’s hand in his, gently pulled the washcloth from his fingers, and stroked his hand with it, with infinite tenderness. “There you go. All clean. See?” He brushed the cloth over Sam’s forearm. “All clean.”

Sam raised his head, hair dripping in his face, and looked at Dean. Dean ran the washcloth up Sam’s arm, across his neck, and smoothed it across Sam’s face. Sam closed his eyes and relaxed, letting Dean do it. He let Dean help him to his feet, touch him everywhere with the cloth, cool now, whispering, “You’re clean, Sam. All clean now.” His breathing, ragged and agonized, calmed, settling into a normal pattern.

He let Dean bring him out of the shower, dry him off, lead him into the bedroom and dress him in clean dry clothes. He changed into dry clothes as well. “Come on, Sam. Let’s eat.”

The quesadillas were still hot. Sam took a bite without seeming to taste it, then another. Finally his eyes snapped open. The third bite, he seemed to really taste. He took a long sip of chocolate milk, and made the kind of sound he usually only made during sex.

“Good?”

“Yeah.” Sam blinked, coming back to himself. “Thanks, Dean.”

“Any time.”
They both ate, Dean tearing off strips of quesadilla and dunking it into salsa.

Sam had finished his chocolate milk before Dean was a quarter of the way through his food. Dean slid his glass over to Sam, and went to make another one for himself.

When the plates were clean and the glasses were empty, Sam looked up at Dean, embarrassment clear on his face. “I guess I freaked out back there.”

“I can’t blame you. Me, I’d be running around screaming like a chicken with its head cut off.”

“If its head is cut off, how could it scream?”

Dean shook his head. “Always busting my balls.”

“You make it too easy.”

Dean put the dishes in the sink and wiped his hands on a dish towel. “Come to bed?”

Sam nodded, blinking wearily. He let Dean take his hand and guide him into the bedroom.

Dean stood there, hesitant. “We can just sleep. You’re exhausted.”

Sam blinked slowly, hazel eyes following Dean’s every move. “I’m not that tired.”

Dean exhaled audibly, relieved.

Sam moved closer and twined his arms around his brother’s neck. “Dean. Put your hands on me. Make me feel clean.”
Sacrifice

Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean reconnect.

They set the knives on the bedside table.

Sam’s face was tired beyond comprehension, making him appear older than his years. He lit a candle and turned back toward Dean. The warm light transformed him, erased the signs of the heavy burden he bore, depicting him as angelic, his smooth, pink cheeks, dark hair clinging in damp strands to his forehead, his wide eyes and lush eyelashes, his bow-shaped, pink mouth.

Dean’s breath caught in his throat. All the love he had, had ever had—from the moment John placed this squirming little bundle into his arms and told him to take his brother outside, this bundle that stopped squirming and smiled as soon as Dean wrapped his little arms around him, to this moment now, facing an unbeatable enemy and insurmountable odds—all the love he had for Sam surged in him, dismantled language and thought and awareness of time.

There was only now.

He breathed out the only word left in his vocabulary. “Sam.”

Sam smiled at him, soft and sad and filled with so much love it hurt. “Dean.”

The call and response they’d made all their lives. Sam and Dean. The only words that truly mattered, except the linking word, “loves.” But even that word failed, threw its hands up at the impossibility of what was asked of it and stalked away, unable to carry the scope and significance of this thing between the two of them.

This thing that demons were trying to take from them.

Dean reached for the words (I’m not going to let him have you, Sam) and they were simply not there. Vowels and consonants and social agreements on meaning were crude tools. He let them go.

He told Sam with his eyes, his hands, the sound of his breathing. He took Sam’s face in his, cradling it in his palms, his brows coming together with the force of what he needed to convey. He breathed in and out, a tremulous sound, and put his mouth on Sam’s. Claiming him. The love inside him expanded outward like a thunderclap, a tsunami, the Genesis wave racing around the planet, ringing through the Sanctuary, reverberating through Amarillo, beyond. The kiss heard ‘round the world, he thought in a sudden burst of language memory, and almost dissolved into laughter. But Sam’s soft shiver, the taste of the moan on his lips, given to Dean, breathed into Dean’s mouth like a gift, stilled the laughter.

Sam kissed him back, fingertips pressed lightly against Dean’s throat, sending sparks through Dean. There was no measure by which to gauge time passing. It might have been ten seconds or an hour. They just kissed, like nothing else in the history of humankind had ever mattered as much as this.

Finally, after ten seconds or an hour, Sam broke the kiss, stepped back, and stripped himself bare.
for Dean. Standing before him naked, he lifted Dean’s shirt over his head and pulled it off.

Sam trailed his fingertips over Dean’s skin, barely touching, the sensation far more intense than if he’d made full contact. Dean shivered. Sam looked at him—really looked at him—drinking in every freckle, every little scar, every inch of skin, tracing it with his fingers. Only when he had seen and touched every inch of exposed skin did he sink to his knees and pull down Dean’s sweatpants, pull off his socks, and repeat the entire process on Dean’s lower body. His fingers ghosted down the twin grooves of his abdomen, traced his own initials, Dean’s favorite scars now, brushing his fingertips over the tiny blond hairs on his stomach and thighs, the heavier, darker ones on his calves.

What Sam was doing was worship. He tore his gaze away from the flesh he was touching to gaze up into Dean’s sea-green eyes, rapt. He worshipped him with his fingers, his gaze, and finally, his mouth. He bent forward until his chest touched his thighs like a penitent, curled his hands around Dean’s ankles and pressed his mouth to his right foot. Then his left.

Dean shivered at the sight, the feel, the import of Sam kissing his feet, brushing his mouth over Dean’s bare toes, kissing each one. He kissed the tops of his feet, tongue extended slightly, the warm, liquefied center of his soft, dry mouth on Dean’s skin. He kissed Dean’s ankles, his shins, the caps of his knees. He wordlessly asked Dean to turn, bent double again, and kissed each Achilles tendon, mouth brushing up the backs of his calves one at a time, lingering at the crease at the back of each leg, driving a gasp and shiver out of Dean, breath teasing the soft blond hairs on the back of his thighs.

His hands cupped Dean’s ass, dropped down to his thighs, pressed outward. Urging. Asking.

Dean moved his right foot to the side, parting his legs for Sam, allowing him access.

Sam breathed out, warm air moving against Dean’s center. He pushed with his palms, gently, opening Dean up to him, and kissed him, kissed the most intimate part of his body, kissed it like it was a perfect pink rose. Kissed it like it was a holy act.

Sam moaned then, emitting a sound of pleasure and reverence so keen it bordered on pain. He let his tongue escape his mouth, licking against Dean’s hole, which quivered and opened to Sam as if that was its natural state. Sam moaned again, fingers tightening on Dean’s ass, and lapped at him, making greedy little sounds of pleasure that had Dean’s cock jerking and slapping against his belly. Sam worshipped Dean in this most intimate of ways for a long, long time, and even when he pulled his mouth away, Dean could feel the reluctance to stop sparking off Sam.

Sam turned Dean around again, still kneeling. He looked up at Dean, just looked at him like he wanted to burn the image onto his retinas. Then he leaned forward and curled his tongue over the tip of Dean’s cock, lapping up the drop of pre-come bejeweling the tip.

He took Dean’s cock in his hands, and looked at it, memorizing every detail. He brought his mouth down, and worshipped Dean’s cock.

It wasn’t just sex (as if sex with Sam was ever just sex) but true, honest worship. Love, such radiant love, pouring out of him. Kneeling before him not just to be able to put Dean’s cock in his mouth, but to physically demonstrate his devotion to Dean. Sam’s mouth on him, tongue tracing every vein of his cock, felt like a prayer.

Dean’s legs shook, not just with the immensity of pleasure shooting through his body, but the intensity of emotion moving back and forth between them, feeding, building. Sam’s mouth pulled at him, his tongue stroked him, with greater urgency, wordlessly asking Dean to come, to pour him
out a blessing.

Dean shivered uncontrollably, hands moving on Sam’s damp hair, biting back the sounds he wanted to make, only allowing soft gasps to escape. Sam kept his mouth soft and wet, his tongue pliant and velvety, because Dean’s cock was inside his mouth, and Dean’s cock was precious. He looked up at Dean, a plea in his eyes. Dean pushed his hips forward and let his head fall back, letting go, allowing the pleasure to spill over, surging into Sam’s mouth, thick and wet. Sam swallowed it down like he was thirsty for it, needed it desperately, sucking at him with a groan, pleading for more.

Dean gave him everything he had to give. Sam sucked at the tip of his cock, drawing out the last drops, drinking it down like an antidote.

Dean pulled Sam up and into his arms, kissed him like he wasn’t taking no for an answer. He tugged Sam onto the bed, started to move between Sam’s legs, but Sam flipped him over onto his back. He bent down and brought his lips to Dean’s throat.

Dean laid back and let Sam have what he wanted.

Sam repeated what he had done on the lower half of Dean’s body, kissing and licking every inch of his flesh: soft kitten licks along his collarbone, twirling his tongue in the crook of his elbow, even sucking each finger into his mouth in turn. He nipped at the sensitive flesh of Dean’s wrists and forearms, and repeated the same thing on the other arm. He stroked and kissed Dean’s chest, sucking on his nipples, breath tickling his stomach, mouth moving along his rib cage. All the while, his hazel eyes were wide open, taking in every image, memorizing the taste and feel and sight of Dean.

He tugged at Dean, urging him to roll over onto his stomach, and he followed the line of each muscle with his mouth, tongue and fingers, tasting the sweat on his skin, eliciting shivers and soft sounds from Dean. Again, like he couldn’t get enough, he moved between Dean’s legs, lapped at him, softening Dean with broad flat strokes of his tongue, then tensing his tongue and working it inside him until Dean was writhing and moaning and fully hard again.

Then and only then did Sam spread himself out and offer himself to Dean.

Dean, pupils blown wide, high from the altered state Sam had put him into, kissed and licked his Sammy like Sam had done him. Sam arched his back, writhed, giving himself to Dean wherever Dean put his mouth. When he got to Sam’s cock, sucking it into his mouth in one smooth, seamless motion, Sam bit his hand, trying to hold back from making a sound. Dean turned, straddling Sam’s head, and gave him the best pacifier he knew. Sam opened his mouth, took Dean’s cock and sucked it, not fast and hard, but like he wanted to make it last forever.

Dean followed the pace Sam set, licking at him lazily, flicking his tongue over the head, twirling his tongue in the slit, pulling off to rub it over his lips, then nursing on it again. They sucked and licked and loved each other for what felt like forever.

Sam pulled his mouth off Dean’s cock and reached for Dean’s hole again. Dean obliged, shifting position, curling up tighter, giving Sam what he wanted. Sam groaned, sealing his mouth over Dean’s hole, licking and sucking at it. Dean pulled up on Sam’s hips, making him curl in on himself, giving him access to Sam’s hole. They lapped at each other, taking their time, reveling in how the motions of their tongues sent the other one shivering, groaning quietly, thighs trembling, cocks twitching. Sam made little whimpers that hit Dean like a punch to the gut, making him want to do anything to keep them coming in a steady stream.
Dean luxuriated in the feel of Sam softening beneath his tongue, the tight little ring opening, snapping shut again, then unfurling even wider, letting him taste the impossibly soft flesh inside the outer ring. Dean groaned, wanting to do this forever and needing to be inside that silken, taut channel fucking yesterday.

Sam sensed it, and swung his legs down to the bed. Dean crawled off and turned back around. Sam went to the dresser and retrieved the lube where he’d hidden it from John. He handed the bottle to Dean, laid down on the bed and spread his legs for Dean, hazel eyes locked onto green.

Dean groaned at the sight, and slicked up his fingers. Sam was so soft and ready, Dean was able to slide two fingers inside him with barely any effort at all. Dean blew out a breath, and worked his fingers inside Sam, just the way Sam liked it. Sam arched his back, driving himself down on Dean’s fingers, looking up at him, eyes huge, staring at Dean like he was about to disappear.

“I’m not going anywhere, Sam.” Dean kissed him, soft and sweet.

The look remained in Sam’s eyes. Dean pulled his fingers out, gripped Sam’s shoulders. “I’m never going to leave you, Sam. Ever.” Sam blinked rapidly, breathing out through his nose, the way he did when he was struggling to handle strong emotion.

“Even if you say yes to him, Sammy, even if you turn bad. I’m never going to leave you.”

Sam lunged at Dean, pulling him into a fierce kiss, arms locked around his neck. Then he pulled his mouth away and just hugged Dean, clinging to him gasping for air like he was drowning.

“I got you. I got you, Sammy. It’s ok.” Dean kissed the top of Sam’s head, his ear, whatever he could reach.

“Dean.” Sam pulled at Dean’s face, careful not to touch his stitches. Dean rolled on top of Sam, and nudged his thighs open. He positioned himself at Sam’s entrance. Sam spread his thighs wider, hands still on Dean’s face, pleading with his whole body. Dean slid inside, slow and steady.

Tears began to run down Sam’s face. Dean stopped. “Am I hurting you?”

“No,” Sam gasped. “It doesn’t hurt.”

Dean frowned, but trusted Sam was telling the truth. And his body was showing no signs of distress—no jerking or flinching, no seizing up of the tight ring of muscle. Dean resumed his movement, sliding into Sam all the way, panting at the feel of his incredible internal heat, so tight, so slick. So utterly his.

Sam moaned, the pleasure of Dean inside him evident on his face, but the tears kept falling. Sam tipped his head forward, took the amulet into his mouth, held it there, brass cold and sharp on his tongue, as Dean rocked into him. His hands roamed all over Dean’s body, caressing him like his fingers needed to feel Dean’s skin just like he needed Dean inside him. He rocked in sync with Dean’s movements, sucking on the amulet.

Dean stayed close, pressing against Sam as tight as he could, kissing the tears from his cheeks, willing them silently to stop falling. Eventually, they slowed.

Dean moved inside Sam slowly, grinding his hips, until the tears stopped and the whimpers started again. “Sam…” he breathed.

He praised Sam with his mouth, his hands, his whole body. Sam shook and shivered beneath him, burrowing his face in Dean’s chest and breathing in his scent. Dean made love to Sam, slow and
sweet, promising forever with every brush of his lips and roll of his hips. And unlike John, Sam could count on Dean’s promises. He would never leave Sam. That was a stone fact.

Sam’s whimpers went higher in pitch, grew needier. Dean held off as long as he possibly could, keeping Sam writhing on the edge of coming, until Sam’s arms and legs relaxed and he submitted to Dean’s sweet form of torture, giving himself over to it completely. Dean took hold of Sam’s cock and worked it with one hand, slowly, so slowly, bringing Sam to the edge of coming and backing off, again and again. It wasn’t about control. It wasn’t even about making Sam’s ensuing orgasm off-the-charts powerful. It was Dean needing to see, hear, feel how Sam fell apart for him, see Sam so open and vulnerable, feeling so intensely because of Dean, shuddering at the lightest touch of his hand on Sam’s cock, groaning and holding his thighs open wider for Dean to thrust deeper, taking him, claiming him.

Finally, Sam couldn’t take any more. He didn’t have to say much. He didn’t even say what Dean expected. *(Dean. Please.)*

Instead, he said, “I love you.”

Dean fell forward, his amulet gently striking Sam’s chin, taking Sam’s mouth in his, tears spilling down his face now. They moved as one being, generating the heat and friction they needed, moving in perfect harmony, perfect rhythm. It felt to Dean like his heart skipped a beat, then another, then several, his blood skidding uncontrolled through his body like a fallen ice skater sliding across the ice, felt like Sam’s heart did the same, their bodies stilling, the pleasure stopping all other functions, no sound, no air, only Sam and Dean, just Sam and Dean, coming simultaneously, unable to make a sound, *a blessing since if they had, they would have screamed the roof down*, just pleasure whiting out their vision, nothing but light all around them, gleaming out of them, muscles straining to push their bodies together into one flesh, shuddering as all nerves fired at once, Dean sending pulse after pulse of come inside Sam, putting himself inside Sam *(this is my blood this is my body)*… and then a violent thump as their hearts slammed into motion again. Sound returned, the whoosh of blood moving through their veins, gasping to get air into their lungs.

Sam sobbed against Dean’s chest, clutching Dean to him, huge shuddering sobs.

Dean couldn’t keep the tears from coming. “I love you so much.” Dean’s shoulders shook. “So much.”


“Nothing’s gonna happen, Sammy. I’ll keep you safe. I’d do anything for you. I’d die for you. You know that.”

Sam nodded. He knew.

They held each other, mingled tears streaking down Sam’s face, into his ears, making him laugh and wipe them away. Dean held his weight off Sam enough that Sam was able to breathe just fine, and somehow, they fell asleep like that, with Dean inside Sam. Sam finally roused, and shook Dean’s shoulder. Dean laughed softly. “Love falling asleep inside you, baby boy.”

Sam smiled at that. He picked up his t-shirt and used it to wipe Dean’s chest, carefully removing all traces of his come on Dean’s skin. Then he pushed at Dean gently. “Cold. Blankets.”

Dean moved up so Sam could pull the blankets down so they could climb into bed properly. Blankets settled over them, Dean murmured something incoherent, pulling Sam into his arms.
“I love you, Dean.” Sam’s voice was soft, with a faint hiss of sadness beneath.

“Love you too, Sammy.” Dean smacked his lips sleepily. “My Sammy.” He promptly fell asleep and began to snore quietly.

~

Sam lay on his side and watched Dean sleep for a long time. Tears streaked down his face in an unending line, wetting his pillow. Finally, he slipped out of bed, and pulled on his underwear and socks, alert for any break in Dean’s snoring. He opened a dresser drawer and pulled out his flannel-lined jeans, his thickest sweatshirt, and his blue flannel overshirt. Without making a sound, he dressed himself, zipping up his boots quietly and strapped on his knife.

He walked toward the bedroom door, and turned to look back at Dean, sprawled out in bed, his head and arm on Sam’s pillow. Sam’s cheeks gleamed, wet with tears streaming down his face, his mouth pressed together tightly to keep ugly sobs from erupting.

Dean was sleeping peacefully, face bathed in candlelight, the perfect lines of his mouth highlighted, his scruff thickening into what another couple of days without shaving would become a short beard. His bruises had faded, and his cut was healing well, the beauty of his face emphasized, not marred, by the line of sutures on his chin. Sutures he had needed because of Sam. They hurt him because of Sam.

He couldn’t let Dean be hurt anymore because of him. Couldn’t let the poison in his blood get into Dean. Couldn’t be with Dean in all the ways they had been together, because of the evil flowing through his veins, the corruption inside him. Unclean.

Dean was too beautiful, too perfect, too good for Sam to ruin him. Sam loved him too much to do that to him. He knew John’s plan to purge his blood would not work. There was no hope for him there. Ever since he’d learned he had demon blood in him, he’d been fighting the urge to burn it out of him, blast it out of him, drown or tear or cut it out of him, for Dean. To protect Dean. Because Dean took Sam’s body into his own, and Sam’s body was tainted.

As far as they knew. But one thing gave him a ghost of a shred of hope.

Where there is pure love, corruption cannot remain.

He didn’t know what that meant exactly. But there was only one way to find out.

He kept looking at Dean, not wanting to tear his eyes away, struggling to bring himself to do what he knew he had to do. To reach down and do what was brave. What was right. He finally understood what Dean had meant about wanting to wait until Sam turned 17. Sometimes you have to do the right thing even when it’s the last thing you want to do. When it rips your heart out to even think about it.

He looked at Dean for what could be the last time, head shaking with the effort to not go back to him, fall on the bed, wake him, tell him not to let him leave, cuff their wrists together, keep him at Dean’s side. “I love you,” he whispered. Then he turned away, walked out of the bedroom and shut the door.

He leaned against the wall, body trembling violently, chest heaving, until he regained enough composure to walk to the kitchen. He scrawled a note and left it on the kitchen counter. Then he put on his coat and walked out the front door.

He moved down the hallway silently, moving like he’d been trained to, past the door behind which
Reggie and Bobby slept, past John’s door. With the grace and skill of a cat burglar, he moved through the common room without making a sound that would alert Danny and Juliane. He passed through the sigil-lined hallway, through the front office and into the parking lot. His breath was a dragon’s snort, white smoke billowing into the cold night air. He felt his fear surge within him, freezing his limbs. He closed his eyes and thought of Dean, safely sleeping in a soft, warm bed behind him. He found his bravery in the midst of the sea of fear, and walked forward across the salt line.

He knocked on the door of the car parked by the motel entrance, where the demon watchman sat staring at him with obsidian-black eyes. “Azazel.”

The demon stared at Sam with his cold, dead eyes.

Sam pulled himself up to his full height. “Take me to him.”
Dean wakes up and finds Sam gone. In the hospital, something unexpected happens to Rosier.

A sound woke Dean. Not the sound of the door shutting several minutes earlier. That click, he slept right through. This was a faint, high-frequency ringing, almost beyond the range of his hearing. He rubbed his eyes, a dull ache in his chest, his senses telling him something was wrong. Very wrong. He reached for Sam.

Sam wasn’t there.

Dean sat up in a quick motion without using his hands. “Sam?” The candle was still lit. Dean touched the dark spot on Sam’s pillow. His fingers came away wet with Sam’s tears. His gaze fell on the bedside table where they had put their knives.

Only one knife lay on the table.

“Sammy!” Dean jumped to his feet, snatching a pair of jeans from the dresser and yanking them on. That sound again, like a distant wail, the cry of an abandoned child. He picked up the knife and pulled it out of its sheath.

The sound (not a sound a feeling a vibration) was coming from the knife.

He ran down the hallway, glancing into the bathroom. It was empty. He flipped on the living room light. Sam wasn’t there.

A sheet of paper lay on the kitchen counter.

Dean’s skin erupted with sweat, his body jolting like a truck accidentally downshifted three gears too low. He put his hand over his mouth. For five seconds, he literally could not move.

He picked up the note.

Dean,

There’s no way I can make you understand why I have to do this. But I’ll try. I’m going to find out what the angel meant. I have to know.

Dean moaned, an animal in agony.

Azazel put his evil in me. I can’t expose you to that. I love you too much. This is the only way. Dad’s plan isn’t going to work. I can’t explain how I know. I just know. If my plan doesn’t work and I don’t come back, you’ll be better off without me like this, the way he made me.

Dean swayed and steadied himself with one hand on the counter.

I have to face this, and I have to do it alone. I can’t risk you. You’re everything. I need to know
you’re safe. Please, Dean, if you love me at all, stay in the Sanctuary. You have to be safe. You have to stay pure.

And Dean, if I come back bad, I’d never ask you to do what needs to be done. But Dad can do it. He’ll have to do it.

If I don’t make it, I need you to know. I was so lucky to have you. Even for a little while. If I didn’t love you so much, I wouldn’t be doing this.

I think I love you more than anyone has ever loved another person.

Forgive me,

Your Sammy

Dean dropped the letter to the counter. He stood utterly still, breathing fast. Faster.

He erupted, seizing a plate from the sink and hurling it across the room. It hit the wall, shattering into shards and a puff of white dust. Its partner followed, exploding with a loud crash.

Dean grabbed anything within reach and threw it, howling with anguish. When there was nothing left to throw or smash, he gripped the edge of the sink, knuckles white, pulling with all his force as though trying to wrench it free, veins in his arms popping, a hoarse cry ripped from him. He bent over, gasping for breath, then threw his head back and screamed the name of his love. “Sam!!”

Pounding at the door, heavy, frantic. “Dean?”

With the dexterity of a magician, Dean folded the note with one hand and stuck it in his pocket before opening the door. It was Reggie, still in his pajamas, knife in hand, gleaming and deadly sharp. Behind him, John emerged from his room, wearing only jeans and unlaced boots, holding his gun.

“Sam’s gone.” A tremor moved through him as he said the words, like he’d swallowed something foul. “He left.”

Reggie was on him first, before John could get there, putting his hand on his shoulder to steady him. Dean’s eyes filled with tears and he clapped his hand over Reggie’s, squeezing it hard enough to bruise. “He left.”

Reggie closed his eyes, unable to bear the agony in Dean’s face.

“Where’d he go?” John entered the apartment. Behind him came the shuffle of crutches.

“I don’t know. He said your plan wasn’t going to work, and he had to do it alone.”

“He said that? And you let him leave?” John’s brows knitted together into a scowl.

Dean pulled away from Reggie and stepped into John’s space. “I’d never let him leave.” His breathing came hard and fast. “He took off while I was asleep. Left a note.”

John held out his hand. “Let me see it.”

“No.” Dean shook his head, a small, defiant movement.

John’s head jerked in surprise. “What did you say?”
“It’s private.” Dean’s mouth was a hard line.

“What’s so private I can’t read it, Dean? Give it over.”

“I said no.” Dean clenched his right hand into a fist.

“Drop it, John.” Bobby crutched his way into the room in his red flannel union suit.

John shot Bobby a look warning him to keep out of it.

“If Sam wrote a note to Dean, that note’s for Dean. Let it go.” He swung forward on the crutches, inserting himself between the two of them. “What else did he say, Dean?”

“He said if he didn’t make it back, he’d be better off dead than having to live with that shit in his veins. And he said if he came back bad, you’d have to kill him.” Dean glared at his father, jaw tight, his anger spilling over onto John now. “Guess you wouldn’t have any trouble with that, huh, Dad?”

John took a step back. “Dean, that’s not fair. I’d never hurt Sam—“

“No? Right. Like you never hurt him before. Standing him up at Christmas. Over and over. Missing his birthday. Always, always giving him shit for the smallest mistake. Never telling him you loved him or were proud of him. Not until he got hurt because of you and you felt guilty.” He took a step closer, practically in John’s face. “You were never there for him!” Spit flew from Dean’s mouth. “Never! It was me. It’s always been me.” He gave a short, humorless laugh. “I saved him before. I’ll save him now. Just stay out of my way.”

Dean turned his back on his father and stalked into the bedroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

The three men stared at each other, at the shards of broken dishes littering the kitchen and living room. No one dared say anything.

A few moments later, Dean emerged, fully dressed, eyes steely and cold. “I’m going to get Sam. You can come if you want. But you might not make it back.” The look on Dean’s face made it crystal clear that he didn’t care if he himself didn’t come back, so long as he was with Sam. He yanked his coat on. “Oh, and anyone who tries to hurt Sam? I’ll put you down.” He stared down each one in turn, with John last. “Any of you.”

John blinked, stunned at the dark promise in his son’s eyes.

Dean’s mouth twitched. “I don’t care if Sam goes full demon. No one fucking touches him.”

“No one’s going to hurt Sam.” Reggie’s voice was calm and even. “I’ll back you on that myself.”

“What’s the plan, Dean?” Bobby shifted his weight on his crutches.

Dean cocked his head at Bobby, opening his mouth to speak.

Bobby cut him off. “Don’t even think about telling me to stay behind..”

Dean gestured to Bobby’s injured knee, an incredulous look on his face.

“There’s more to hunting than just what your body can do, Dean. Thought you learned that by now.”
Dean dropped his head forward, then nodded. “Ok. Get dressed. I’m leaving in ten, whether you’re ready or not.”

“Where you got in mind?” Bobby inquired.

“Hospital.”

Reggie looked at him quizzically.

“I think Sam’s going after Azazel by himself.”

John ran his hand over his beard, despair in his eyes. Reggie went pale. Bobby shook his head.

“That demon knows where Azazel is holed up, and he’s gonna tell us,” Dean continued.

“What if he won’t?” John asked.

Dean’s hand moved to his knife, his face hard and cold. “Then I’ll make him.” He frowned, fingers twitching faintly on the handle of the knife. His eyelashes fluttered, a curious expression on his face.

“What?” Reggie asked.

“It doesn’t like it.” Dean stared at Reggie. “Being apart from the other one.” He gripped the handle tighter. “It’s like…it’s hurting.” Dean shivered. “Pulling.”

Reggie put his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “Dean. Can you…can you tell which direction?”

Dean pulled the knife out of its sheath and brought the flat of the blade to his lips. His eyelids fluttered shut, an expression of pain on his face. He opened his eyes, deep green and lit with a desperate hope. “Yeah. I can.” He put the knife back in its sheath. “Get ready. We gotta go. Now.”

He eyed Reggie. “I’ll go ahead. Make sure the coast is clear for us.” Reggie nodded, knowing that Dean meant making sure Danny and Juliane didn’t see John coming through and ask questions.

As Dean walked down the hall, he felt Sam’s absence like the throbbing of a wounded limb, pain surging with every heartbeat. *Sam Sam Sam...*

~

Dean went ahead into the common room. Danny was already up, fully dressed. Dean’s eyebrows shot up.

“Heard a commotion. Figured there was trouble. What can I do?” He looked behind Dean.

“Where’s Sam?”

“T ook off after the bad guy.”

“Alone?”

Dean nodded, mouth a hard line.

“I’m coming.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Not alone, you aren’t.” Behind him, Juliane came out from her room. She wore heavy black boots,
black jeans, a plain black t-shirt and a fleece-lined leather jacket. On her waist was a tool belt, but the tools inside it weren’t screwdrivers and hammers. Instead, the belt bristled with vials, iron spikes, a wooden stakes, a leather pouch, a long coil of wire, a silver flask, a gun with a strange metal reservoir on top, and several artichoke-shaped metal objects. “I’m coming too.” She tossed Danny a dark green leather bandolier bearing salt rounds and silver throwing knives engraved with sigils.

“No.” Dean turned even paler than he already was. “Just—no.”

“Let us help.”

Dean’s eyes darted to the left, toward the door leading to the line of apartments, nervous tension bunching up his shoulders. “I can’t. Please. Just...do this for me. For us.” The sound of a door closing, down the hall. “You want to help me and Sam? Go back in your room. Right now. I’m begging you.” Dean couldn’t keep the panicked tremor out of his voice.

“Dean.” Juliane took his hands in hers. “We guard your secrets. All of them.”

Dean pulled his hands away, frantic. “You don’t get it. I can’t—“

“Do you trust me?”

The sound of footsteps moving down the hallway toward them.

Dean shook his head. “Not with this.”

“You and Sam. You gave me my life back. I owe you.”

Danny stepped closer and placed his hand on the small of her back. “We both do.”

The footsteps grew louder. Dean dropped his head, and then looked up at them through his eyelashes. He exhaled, and closed his hand over his amulet, like he was drawing strength from it—or asking permission. “Alright.” He had the look of a man kneeling in front of the executioner, with the axe about to fall. “Don’t hate us,” he whispered.

John walked through the door. Behind him came Reggie and Bobby. They stopped dead at the sight of Danny and Juliane standing with Dean. Bobby muttered something only Reggie could hear. Reggie moved forward and stood next to Dean, in a seemingly casual way.

“We’re ready,” John said to Dean.

Juliane blinked, looking at each of them in turn. She cocked her head. “You all know this man?”

John looked rueful. “I’m sorry. I lied to you. I had to get inside to see them. It was a matter of life and death. And I knew you wouldn’t let me if I just asked.”

“Them?” Juliane asked.

Dean closed his eyes and turned his head away, unable to watch what was about to happen.

“Sam. Dean. My boys.”

Silence.

“You’re their father,” Danny said carefully, a flicker of emotion moving over his face too rapidly to identify.
“Yes. I’m John Winchester.”

Reggie opened his mouth to speak, but Juliane spoke first. “Of course you are. I should have seen
the resemblance sooner.” She moved closer to Dean and put her arm around his shoulder. Dean
opened his eyes and raised his head, jaw thrust forward, putting on a nearly perfect poker face.
Only the faint trembling of his body gave away his true feelings, and only Juliane could feel it.

Reggie met Juliane’s gaze and nodded in a gesture of gratitude. Bobby closed his eyes and
muttered to himself.

“The John Winchester?” Danny asked.

John nodded.

“Huh.”

Juliane was not smiling. “You lied to us. You came to us under false pretenses. You broke the
trust.”

John looked down. “I know. I’m sorry for that.”

Juliane shot him a look that said he had no idea how bad his transgression really was. “We’ll talk
about that later. When we have time.” She turned her attention to Dean, and gave him her sweetest
smile. “Now come on. Let’s go get your brother.” She rubbed his back, a soothing gesture.

Dean wiped his hand across his mouth and shot her a look of infinite gratitude.

Danny wouldn’t make eye contact with Dean. The muscles in Dean’s jaw fluttered, and he gave a
subtle, resigned nod. Time to worry about that later. *Sam Sam Sam…*

~

Everyone was dressed and loaded for bear. The six of them stepped outside into the parking lot,
Dean in the lead. Reggie, Bobby, John and Dean all wore anti-possession amulets. The night was
cold and black, lit by a scattering of stars and the bright red NO VACANCY sign. All the demons
watching the entrance were gone.

“Hospital, then?” Reggie asked.

“No. We don’t need him. I can find Sam myself.” Dean pulled the knife out of its sheath.

John rubbed the back of his head. “We could use a pet demon fighting on our side.”

Dean shook his head. “They said they’d help, but on the sly. Not face to face, in a fight. They’re
traitors but they haven’t officially defected. This is just us.” He turned to face everyone. “Anyone
who wants to stay behind, I get it. But do it now. We gotta go.” From the second he read the note,
Dean had been barely able to keep himself from screaming down the hallway to the stolen car and
driving hell-bent for leather to find Sam or die trying. Keep him from Azazel (*those yellow eyes
boring into him those yellow teeth and cracked lips spewing lies Jesus Samm what the hell were
you thinking if he puts one fucking claw on you I’m going to tear him into screaming strips of blood
rag*)

No one budged.

Dean gripped the handle of his knife, the promise of sure death in his eyes to anyone who got
between him and his Sam. (*oh god Sammy why’d you leave me*) He brought the knife to his mouth and kissed it, feeling the thrum and cry of the blade on his lips. “Let’s go get Sam.”

~

As the demon drove him to Azazel, Sam closed his eyes, bringing up a clear vision of Gus in the hospital, clasping Rosier’s hand, head bowed as if in prayer. He concentrated hard, trying to conjure up that essence of Gus, as if he were a scent or flavor, he’d felt when Gus had called to him to come outside.

He inhaled sharply. It was there. He was plugged in. He sent a thought, strong and clear: *If they come, don’t tell them where Azazel is.*

The feeling that flew back across the connection was pure shock and panic, Gus sensing far more about Sam’s purpose than he had intended. Do not face him alone we’re not ready what are you doing—

Sam shook his head and broke the connection. He glared at the demon. “How much longer?”

“What, you gotta take a piss? We’ll get there when we get there.”

Sam’s mouth twitched, dark promise in his eyes.

The demon rolled his eyes. “We’re nearly there, hotshot.”

Sam swallowed hard, summoning up the courage he needed, and let his features contort, an arrogant sneer marring his mouth. He slapped the demon hard across the cheek, making him jerk the wheel, sending the car careening into the oncoming, empty lane and correcting it back into their lane.

“Show me some fucking respect.” Sam leaned back in his seat, deliberately not looking at the demon as if he had no fear of reprisal. “I’m going to be your new boss real soon.”

The demon wiped the blood from his mouth. “Yes sir.”

The corners of Sam’s mouth curled up. “Good boy.”

He held his hands in his lap, twirling his silver ring in circles. It felt like his blood hurt, like he was wailing without cease in a long, unbroken cry. He could almost hear it. Dean.

~

Gus stumbled to the hospital room sink and splashed cold water over his face. Behind him, Rosier twisted and writhed despite the sedatives and pain killers flowing through his system. He hadn’t reacted like this to the pain of his burns, severe as they had been. No, this was because of whatever Sam’s knife put into him, and he was helpless to escape it.

Rosier dreamed. He was a mole, scurrying through his burrow, running from the river of light pursuing him, splashing up around him. He could not run fast enough, dragged down by six cords dangling from his body, and the light overtook him, blinding him with its silvery luminescence, moving in him like a living thing. He shifted, became a woman draped in black fabric, mourning clothes, a heavy veil over her face. He (she) screamed, pinned to the ground by six silver spikes through her body, as the light burst in, burning the veil away.

He screamed, and became a snake, a bird, an ancient sea creature whose name has long since
passed from all knowledge. Each time, the light pursued him, overtook him, until he was pinned, helpless.

No escape.

He threw his head back, and surrendered to what the light wanted. *Do what you will take me burn me do it*

The light swallowed him whole. (*hand slipping inside his hand eyes gone emerald green gasping taking him in like a sacrament oh god please only you only ever going to be you head thrown back in laughter hand on his neck thumb caressing his jaw breathing out his name like a prayer Sammy Sam Sam call and response Dean Dean Dean curled up sleeping breathing in tandem naked nothing between them nothing separating them one heart one flesh one soul love like the breath of god love like the reward at the end of a life of suffering love like rain like warmth like light burning away impurity love burning away corruption love burning away evil)*

Pain. Pain like he had never known. In the centuries he had spent in torment before he got down off the rack and started putting bodies up on it, all the pain he had known was nothing like this.

He felt the pain of all the souls he had tortured. Felt the pain he had inflicted, the abject loneliness and fear he had instilled, stripped away from all light and love and hope. Felt it not as a demon, reveling in suffering, but as the man he once was. The veil burned away, unable to escape, the man he was opened his eyes, had to look upon what he had done.

He hovered in the moment forever, as himself, the man that had once lived and breathed and loved and been loved. Rosier Philippe Delacroix was lifted to the surface of the dark waters, looked upon his works and despaired. *Please let me atone destroy me blot me out of existence I beg of you let me atone let me give up my right to exist burn my soul to dust oh please take me take me forgive me for what I have done*

The pain stopped.

The light shone just as brightly, but now it was a liquid current of warmth and love. Love, pouring through him, so pure, so selfless. The light roiled, crested and shot out of him: a beam of light from his forehead, throat, chest, solar plexus, small of his back, between his legs. The crown of his head.

His mouth fell open, and issued a low rumbling tone, like a Tuvan throat singer.

Gus turned his head slowly to the side and stared.

Rosier’s body rattled like an old roller coaster clattering down a wooden track. Black smoke seethed from his mouth, and was enveloped by glinting silver fog, surrounding it, dissolving it, pattering to the floor in inky droplets, where it sizzled, cooled, and vanished.

Rosier opened his eyes. Gus reached out and took his left hand. “Rosy?” He searched Rosier’s face, an unthinkable possibility dawning on him. He chanted a long phrase in Latin.

Rosier’s eyes remained green. They did not flash black.

Gus dropped Rosier’s hand and staggered backward until he bumped into a chair. He slowly walked forward and touched Rosier’s left cheek, gazing into his green eyes, a look of absolute astonishment illuminating his features. “Human,” he whispered. “You’re human.”
Chapter Summary

Sam faces Azazel by himself.

The demon drove Sam in silence through the suburban streets. Sam fiddled with his silver ring, fighting to remain calm.

They pulled up to a blue and white house on a tree-lined street. More than a few cars were parked outside. The demon smiled. “Boss is having a party.”

Sam got out of the car, his lips pressed together in a tight line. He didn’t want to know what kind of party Azazel would throw.

The front door opened, light stabbing out into the darkness. The sound of soft jazz spilled out from the interior of the house, followed by the scent of roasted meat, rosemary and garlic and browned onions, and something sweeter, hard to place. Sam’s nostrils twitched. Something about the scent was wrong.

He closed his eyes and tried to name the exact color of Dean’s eyes. *Jadeite bathed in ocean water lit by the late summer sun oh god Dean*

He opened his eyes. Azazel stood in the doorway, a highball glass in his hand full of amber liquid, wearing a beautiful black suit and black shirt with a red brocade tie, and blood-red snakeskin boots. His eyes blazed yellow. “Come on in, Sam. I’ve been expecting you.”

Sam summoned up all the courage he had, borrowed some from future reserves he had yet to develop, and forced his legs to carry him across the threshold.

To the unobservant eye, Sam had simply walked into a party in a nice house in an affluent neighborhood. The house was beautifully furnished, with ethnic art and bronze statues in abundance. Several waiters circulated with silver trays, offering Champagne and delicacies to the guests. Sam glimpsed what looked like bird tongues artfully draped over rounds of puff pastry, and averted his gaze, waving away the waiter who offered them to him. The white-haired demon stood in the hallway, gnawing on a rib bone, grease smeared all the way to his chin. The look that spread across his face at the sight of Sam made the back of his neck prickle.

In the living room, a naked human woman straddled a male demon, fully clothed except for an unzipped fly, his tie loosened, wine glass in his hand. She rode him, mechanical and frantic, while the demon seated next to him with his arm slung over his shoulder held his hand on the woman’s throat, grinning madly at her struggles as he cut off her air, then released his grip and let her take a choked breath. Another demon was doing terrible things to a man staked out on the pool table while others egged him on. Sam turned his head away.

From somewhere farther back in the house, he heard faint sounds. Thumps, deep and arrhythmic, metallic screeches, something that might have been muffled screams.

Azazel winked at Sam. “That’s the playpen.” He pursed his lips, giving his head a little shake. “A
Sam fought back the urge to rip his knife out of his sheath and take down as many demons as he could. But there were so many—easily a dozen—and that wasn’t what he was here for.

“Is there someplace we can talk? Someplace private?”

Azazel eyed Sam up and down, a lascivious gleam in his yellow eyes. “Why, Sam, if I didn’t know better, I’d say you were flirting with me.”

Sam’s right eyelid twitched and he fought the urge to throw up. He curled his mouth into a sneer. “You’re not my type.”

Azazel licked his lips. “You sure about that?” He stared at Sam’s crotch, then back up into his eyes. “I’m good. Best you’ll ever have.”

“Save it for your hellspawn twinks.” Sam jerked his head toward the three young men, about the same age as him, slumped casually against the hallway wall, obsidian eyes seeming to suck in the light around them. Each had his hips jutted forward, hands stuffed in their jeans pockets, like demonic rent boys waiting for their next trick.

Azazel threw his head back and roared with laughter. “Always did like you, Sammy.”

“I told you not to call me that,” he corrected Azazel, challenge in his gaze.

Azazel stared back at Sam steadily, yellow teeth bared in a smile that was not altogether friendly, something profoundly not human flickering in his eyes. “How about Samuel?” His grin widened. “Yes.” The s was elongated, sibilant. “I like it. Nobody calls you Samuel but me.”

Sam’s skin crawled. He hadn’t realized until that moment that this was not just an expression. It felt like tiny insects with countless tiny, hair-like legs were creeping over his flesh. “Fine. Let’s talk.”

Azazel threw his arm around Sam and escorted him up the wide, sweeping staircase to the second floor. The white-haired demon, fat-slicked lips glistening, winked at him, clearly coming to his own conclusion as to what they would be doing upstairs in private.

Azazel led him into an office lined with books, a massive, mahogany desk in the center of the room. “You sure? Last chance.” He patted the gleaming wood. “You’d look real pretty bent over this with my—”

“Stop.”

Azazel cocked his head and watched Sam curiously.

“I’m here to talk business.” Sam drew himself up to his full height.

Azazel let out a sigh of satisfaction. “Now that’s what I like to see.” His lip curled. “Backbone.” He winked. “Gonna make a hell of a king, Samm—Samuel.” He emphasized the vowel sounds in the second syllable.

Sam eyed the bottles in the bar against the wall. “Got any bourbon?”

Azazel clapped his hands together. “Do I?” He threw open the cabinet below the row of bottles with a flourish. “Fuck yes!”
Sam’s eyes widened despite himself. Apparently the original (almost certainly dead) owner of this house was a whisky aficionado with serious contacts in high-end spirits, because the shelves bristled with every type of rare whiskey Sam had ever heard of: George T. Stagg, Macallan 60 year old in a crystal bottle, Pappy Van Winkle 15-year-old, 20-year-old, even the impossible to find 23 year old bottling (Unobtanium, Bobby once called it, when he was educating Sam and Dean on the finer points of bourbon).

“What’s your poison?”

Sam pointed at the Pappy Van Winkle 23 Year Old. Azazel licked his lips. “Of course. Only the best for the Boy King.” He handed Sam the bottle and a tumbler. “Ice?” Sam frowned, with a quick shake of his head. “Good boy,” Azazel purred.

The bourbon gurgled into the glass. Sam sniffed it, and his eyelashes fluttered. He took a sip, letting the liquid flow over his tongue, warming him from the inside, giving him strength (sometime long before, the scent and taste of bourbon became indelibly associated with Dean).

He turned his back on Azazel and walked slowly to the desk with his glass in one hand and the bottle in the other. He turned to face him, leaning against the desk with lazy grace.

Azazel watched him, his gaze devouring him. He poured himself a shot of Macallan and pulled up a red leather chair, sitting down across from the desk. “See, the fun of these meat suits is the sensory input. All these little bristling nerves. So much fun to feed them.” He leaned forward. “Gonna let you in on a little secret, Samuel. Hell? It’s not searing agony for eternity.” He shrugged. “Well, we do go in for a little of that. I’ll be honest. Ok. Maybe a lot. But really? What the torture really is? It’s feeling nothing.” His mouth twitched, a subtle movement, as thought the memory of it still floated just beneath the surface, eating away at him. “All alone in the dark, the void, the fucking abyss, and there’s nothing, nothing at all, just you and the black and emptiness. That’s Hell.”

He took a sip, and smacked his lips. “See, that’s the whole point of what you and me are gonna do together, Samuel. Putting my kind back in the meat suits. Get us out of the nothing and into everything. Get us walking and talking and eating and drinking and fucking and sucking again.” He grabbed his crotch and squeezed. “This? Right here? Makes you feel so fucking good to be alive. Doesn’t it?”

Sam ignored Azazel’s crassness. “So, what’s the plan?”

“We’re putting the band back together.”

Sam cocked his head. “What?”

Azazel clicked his tongue. “You’re too young for that reference. Kids these days.”

“I saw the movie like a thousand times. I just don’t know what you mean.”

“We’re going to raise up an army of demons. Need someone like you to lead it. And open a teeny-tiny little gate, so Lucifer can join the party. And you’re my number one pick, Sam.”

“What about the others? What happens when they…wash out?” Sam played it casual, but his heart pounded.

“Nothing. They go about their lives.”

“You don’t kill them?”
Azazel shook his head like a benevolent father amused by his son’s questions. “Sam. You don’t kill your children when they disappoint you.” He grinned. “You send them to community college and tell ‘em you’re proud no matter what.”

Sam camouflaged the relief that washed over him. If his blood was clean, purified like he so desperately hoped (those dreams, light flooding him, black smoke burned away), Azazel would not kill him.

He summoned up every shred of strength he had in him. Next came the hard part. He swallowed the contents of his glass in two quick swallows, and poured himself another three fingers. He leaned back on the mahogany desk, hips canting forward, subtly but deliberately calling attention to his strong legs and what was between them. “Sell me on it.”

Azazel raised one eyebrow. “On what?” He stared at Sam’s pelvis.

“Heading up your demon army. The whole Regem Puerum thing. Sell me on it.” He took another sip, shifting position on the desk.

“Ah, Samuel.” Azazel clapped his hand on his thigh. “Are we negotiating?”

Sam looked down, then glanced up at Azazel through his eyelashes. “Maybe.”

Azazel settled back in the recliner, letting his legs splay open. Sam drank again, the bourbon wetting his lips. Azazel’s eyes were drawn to them.

Exactly what Sam was counting on.

“First off. Power. Unlimited power. You’ve already gotten a little taste of it?”

Sam nodded, licking the bourbon from his lower lip.

“And it felt all good and shivery, didn’t it?”

Sam blinked rapidly a few times, as if unwilling to admit it to himself, then nodded.

“Tip of the iceberg.” Azazel finished his Macallan and held out his glass to Sam. Somehow, without doing anything, the room filled with the presence of his power. A knight of Hell, impossibly old and powerful, offering that power to Sam.

Sam remained still and quiet. He just looked at Azazel, letting the air between them tingle. Then he picked up the bottle and walked toward Azazel, the tiniest bit unsteady. He splashed a generous amount into his glass, his strong fingers mere inches from Azazel’s wrist. He did not look at him, but kept his eyes locked onto the bottle, permitting Azazel’s gaze to move over him. He walked back to the desk, and leaned on it once more.

Azazel surveyed him appreciatively, like Sam had just started a slow strip-tease just for him. “You’ll be able to do anything. Take anything. Fuck anything. The best of the best, all for you. Second only to Lucifer himself, and me.”

“What’s he like?” Sam dared to ask, running his finger over the rim of his glass.

“Lucifer?” Azazel’s eyes softened, no longer seeing what was present in the room with him. “He’s beautiful. The most beautiful of all of us, light or dark.” He refocused on Sam. “He was God’s favorite, you know. Before the sour-assed bastard kicked him into the mire.” His eyes narrowed. “Totally unfair. He makes the rules and then fucks with them.” He craned his head up and yelled at
the ceiling, “You can’t function without structure!” He took another drink, rolling the whiskey over his tongue and watched Sam for a long time, gaze lingering on him, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. “So beautiful. You’ll love serving Him.” Something in the way he said it set Sam’s nerves crackling in alarm.

Sam’s head jerked back. He regained his composure, kept himself on track, bringing it back to the lust coming off Azazel in waves, like the sheen of the horizon in the desert. “I won’t have to let him fuck me, will I?”

Azazel laughed, long and hard, but his eyes gleamed at the image Sam had neatly put into his mind. “Not exactly.” He waved at Sam like he was shooing a fly away from his face. “Look. All that stuff is complicated. Just know that you’ll be glad to do whatever He wants of you. Trust me.” Azazel dipped his finger into the whiskey in his glass and sucked on it, eyeing Sam. “He’s very charming.”

Sam took another deep drink of bourbon, letting the motions of his body become slightly exaggerated. He tipped his head forward and stared at the Persian rug on the floor, tracing its geometric patterns with his eyes.

“Samuel. You’ll be loved. Worshipped.” Azazel’s voice softened, warmed like a jar of honey set in the sun. “No longer second best. No more Daddy’s bitter disappointment.” Sam flinched. “You’ll walk in the shadow of no man.” His tone promised everything. No more trying to live up to the legend of John Winchester. No more struggling to do something, anything to earn his attention. His love. No more feeling unworthy. Never again.

Azazel watched Sam carefully, like a raptor eyeing a rat. Observing. Calculating. “You’re not a freak, Sam.”

Sam’s head jerked up.

“You’re special. So, so very special. The most special human on Earth. And when you’re ready, when you take on the mantle you were destined for, all of them are going to know it.” Azazel smiled, benevolent and soothing. “You’ll never feel like an outsider again.”

Sam’s fingers tightened on his glass. He closed his eyes and took another drink, lips lingering on the edge, pink and wet.

Azazel stood, stretched like a cat, and walked in a leisurely lope toward Sam until he was standing directly in front of him.

Sam looked up at him slowly.

“I get why he wants you so fucking bad.”

Sam’s brows furrowed. “Who?”

Azazel rolled his eyes. “Everyone. But I was thinking of someone in particular. An employee of mine.” Sam pretended not to know or care what he was talking about.

Azazel brought his hand to Sam’s cheek, the practiced move of a master seducer. Sam used every ounce of his will to keep from jerking his head away, to keep his motions alcohol-loose and sloppy. “Still… none of them can teach you what I can. How to listen to my blood inside you.” His mouth twitched. “Pleasure and pain. So sweet. It feels…” His fingers caressed Sam’s cheek. “So good.” His gaze roamed over Sam’s body. “I’m already inside you.”
Inside, Sam was screaming. Outside, he kept himself still. Waiting. Watching.

“It calls to you. Doesn’t it? That’s why you’re here.”

Sam inhaled sharply. His eyes, bright with hope, searched Azazel’s face. Where there is pure love, corruption cannot remain that’s what the angel said that’s what GOD said no love more pure than Dean Dean oh god Dean corruption cannot remain please let it be true…He waited for Azazel to sense that his blood was pure, braced himself for Azazel’s reaction.

His fingers moved lower, dropping his hand to Sam’s neck, thumb on his carotid artery. “Why you came to Daddy. You can feel it inside you. My blood. Calling you to me.”He stroked Sam’s neck, breathing faster, teeth bared. “My blood inside you…right there beneath the skin…”

Despair surged through Sam at these words (still unclean the angel was wrong). The scent, the essence of Dean rose up inside him, sense memory triggered, and he squeezed his eyes shut to hold back his emotion.

If he was unclean, if his blood still crawled with demon blood, he couldn’t be with Dean.

A shudder ran through him like when he swallowed bitter medicine and his body rebelled, a tremor that Azazel completely misinterpreted. A soft gasp of pleasure escaped his lips. “Mmm…what a sweet boy you are.” His voice was honeyed, with a shiver of seduction underneath, a predator hypnotizing a rabbit.

Sam took a deep breath and prayed like he had never prayed before. (God if you’re listening please let this work please help me). Sam opened his eyes and fixed them on Azazel, wide and enraptured.

“Time for your first lesson.” Azazel licked his lips, and bent down to bring his mouth to Sam’s neck. Before he could make contact, he recoiled, howling, as Sam’s blade stabbed deep into his thigh.

“No way in hell,” Sam spat, twisting the knife, driving it deeper, visualizing his and Dean’s mingled blood, pure love and light, moving through Azazel, driving out the corruption, exorcizing him like Dean’s knife had done to the demon in the alley.

Azazel threw his head back, pain and repugnance contorting his features, blood seeping through his pant leg. A bellow of black smoke poured from his mouth, obscuring his face. Sam shouted, a cry of happy disbelief and triumph.

The black smoke coiled, turned and plunged back inside Azazel.

Sam’s heart sank.

Azazel extended his palm. Sam found himself flung backward over the desk into the far wall. He collided with the bookshelf hard enough to knock a few books loose and fell to the ground. His knife flew out of his hand and skidded to the side.

“Nice try, kiddo.” Azazel stood over him, cracking his neck from one side to the other. “But you forget who you’re dealing with.” He rubbed the wound on his leg, and the bleeding ceased. Sam’s head thumped against the floor, unable to summon the force to lift it up. (Dean I failed you I’m so sorry please forgive me).

Azazel smiled down at Sam. “You are fucking adorable. A kitten trying to take down its very first mousie.” The smile shifted into something darker. “Don’t worry. I’ll teach you how to kill.”
“I’ll never do it. What you want.” Sam sat up with a groan. He rubbed the back of his head. His fingers came away tinged with blood.

“Oh, you’re my boy, Sam. My sweet little Boy King. I know there’s supposed to be a big Battle Royale with all the contestants, but I just know you’re the one. In fact, now that the timetable’s been moved up, I think I’m just going to call the fight and declare you the winner.”

“I’ll never say yes.”

“Oh, you’ll say yes.” He slid his tongue, fat and wet, over his lower lip, eyeing Sam’s prone form. “You’ll say yes a lot.”

From downstairs came the sound of a commotion.

Azazel snorted in frustration. “You invite anyone else to our little shindig, Samuel?”

Sam shook his head no.

Azazel pointed his finger at Sam, lips in a snarl. “I’m not done with you.” He walked out of the room toward the sound emanating from below, his snakeskin boots thumping on the hardwood floor. Sam scrambled to his feet and retrieved his knife. He quickly wiped the demon blood off the blade with a bar towel and tossed it to the floor, careful not to touch the blood. The knife seemed different now. The vibration of pain it had been emanating since the second he closed the door behind him and left Dean behind, growing stronger with every inch of distance that was put between them, was nearly gone now.

Sam’s head whipped to the side. He stared at the open doorway, a terrible knowledge breaking over him. “Dean,” he whispered. “No.”
Truth or Dare

Chapter Summary

Dean rushes in to save Sam. Things don’t go completely as expected. Secrets are revealed.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: Sexual stuff of a disturbing nature. If this seems like something you might need to know more about before reading, please send me a private message and I’ll give you more detail.

Dean held the flat of the blade to his lips, murmuring things only he could hear, letting it guide him to where Sam had gone. The white van, one of Danny’s utility vehicles bearing the name and logo of a sewer company, pulled up across the street from a blue and white house. Dean pointed his left hand toward the front door, knife still pressed to his lips.

“There?”

He nodded, a determined expression on his face, and sheathed the knife.

Bobby bent over and undid the lace of his left boot. He handed it to Dean.

“What’s this for?”

“I get the feeling there’s gonna be some ass kicking going down. Tether your damn knife to your wrist so you don’t lose it when some black-eyed bastard kicks you in the teeth.”

Dean raised his eyebrows. “That’s smart.” Dean let Juliane tie one end of the shoelace around his wrist, and he tightly knotted the other end through the open circle at the end of the knife handle.

Juliane fiddled with one of the artichoke-shaped devices on her belt. Dean looked at her quizzically. “Salt grenade.”

“Those’ll come in handy.” Dean thought quickly, revising his mental plan, and laid out his general strategy to the others, and how he would signal them once they made it inside and scoped out the house. They got out of the van and walked toward the side of the house, with Bobby in the lead.

Dean hung back and tapped Danny’s shoulder. Danny turned and stopped.

“Hey man. I gotta ask. You got my back?” Dean’s body language was wary.

Danny frowned. “Of course. Why wouldn’t I?”

Dean looked down at the concrete sidewalk quickly, then back up at Danny, a question in his eyes.
Danny rubbed his hand over his forehead. He didn’t speak for a moment, choosing his words carefully. “I have two little brothers.”

Dean exhaled, a jet of white smoke in the cold air, and raised his head, fully expecting a fist on his jaw. Accepting it.

Danny wiped his hand over his mouth. “Look, we’ll talk later, ok?” Danny glanced toward the house. “After we get you Sam back.” He paused, then clapped his hand on Dean’s shoulder, quick, barely making contact, but connecting nonetheless.

Dean swallowed hard. “Thanks.”

“Come on. Time to hit it.” Danny pulled a throwing knife out of his customized bandolier, with knives alternating with salt rounds.

They joined the others, moving quietly onto the front porch and crouched down, hidden from view by the plants and shrubs. Bobby crutched his way to the door, and rang the doorbell. A demon opened it.

“Avon calling,” Bobby said, and leaned to the side. Behind him, Danny flung a throwing knife straight into his throat. The devil’s trap etched into the blade penetrated his flesh and he dropped, unable to escape his vessel.

John and Danny pulled the demon onto the porch, hidden from view by anyone looking at the front of the house by the potted plants. Dean quickly knelt and drew the sharp edge of his blade lightly over the demon’s cheek. Just a scratch, but it was enough. The demon’s face froze in a rictus of repulsion and agony. Danny pulled his knife out, freeing the demon from the trap. Immediately, black smoke poured out of the demon’s mouth and seethed upward into the black sky.

John shook his head in disbelief. “Hell of a weapon you got there, Dean.”

Dean gripped the knife tighter and shot his father a look like he didn’t understand half of what he was talking about.

John didn’t even recognize the little boy he had taught how to ride a bike without training wheels. All that was left was the man he had become. The warrior.

Dean gestured with his hands, indicating how he wanted everyone to move.

Bobby slipped inside and took up position in the corner, camouflaged by a luxurious potted fern. Juliane ran lightly down the hallway, and peeked into the living room. She shook her head at Dean, letting him know Sam wasn’t in that room. Dean chopped his hand forward, signaling her to proceed. She pulled the pin on a salt grenade, and sent it rolling softly across the thick living room rug. Dean held his left hand up, fingers curled into a fist, signaling everyone to hold. A few seconds later came a soft bang, surprisingly quiet. Dean paused, then pulled his arm down in a short movement, dropping his fist, signaling everyone to move out.

John and Reggie went in first, carrying shotguns loaded with salt rounds. Next, Dean entered, knife in hand, with Danny and Juliane flanking him.

The stereo streamed soft jazz. The demons were sprawled on the floor, writhing. Some of them had taken enough of a blast of salt that it drove the demon from its human host, the last tendrils of black smoke streaming from their mouths. The six that remained in possession of their vessels were unable to move, immobilized in the salt spray. John and Reggie knelt and recited the exorcism in unison, loud enough for the demons to hear but not so loud anyone outside the room could hear.
The naked woman was crouched on the floor, her back raw and bleeding, peppered with salt grains, softly weeping in pain. Juliane pulled a throw off the couch and tossed it to her. “Hide,” she whispered. She pointed toward a closet. The woman wrapped the throw around her, wincing as the material touched her bleeding back, crawled into the closet and pulled the door shut behind her.

Danny checked the pulse of the man staked out on top of the pool table. Juliane raised her eyebrows. Danny shook his head.

Dean’s eyes searched the room. No Azazel. No Sam. He gestured with two fingers toward the hallway, indicating with hand signals who should move where and in what order. This time, he went first. John and Reggie flanked him, fanning out to either side covering the left and right. Nothing. Danny and Juliane moved out. Then came a flash of movement along the side of the hallway.

A crutch sailed through the air, the rubber tip smashing into the nose of a demon in a blue evening gown emerging from the kitchen with a bottle of Champagne in her hand. She staggered back, hands rising to her face, and dropped the bottle. John caught it neatly before it smashed to the ground. She snarled, black eyes promising a multitude of unpleasant things and lunged at them.

Juliane pulled her strange gun with the metal reservoir from her belt and squeezed the trigger. A stream of water squirted into the demon’s mouth, into her throat. She sputtered, clutching at her neck, and dropped to her knees. Black smoke rose from her mouth and disappeared, the body from which it had fled collapsing over the arm of a love seat, hands hanging limp on the marble floor, hips in the air, red-soled stiletto heels dangling from her toes.

“Holy water squirt gun?” Reggie mouthed in disbelief.

Danny read his lips and grinned. He pointed to Dean and whispered, “That one was their idea.” Dean frowned, barely able to concentrate on anything other than the mantra rattling through him of Sam Sam Sam, but then he remembered. Christmas. The plastic squirt gun Juliane gave them, and both of them simultaneously thinking about filling it with holy water. Sam.

Dean went into the kitchen, and emerged quickly, giving a thumbs up for all clear. They fanned out and searched the other rooms. All empty.

Dean stood at the base of the grand staircase and gazed upward. A stream of light came from an open door on the second floor, from a room lined with books. Sam.

A soft shuffle behind them. From a door leading into the basement of the house poured a stream of demons. They circled around the group of hunters. John aimed his shotgun, but with a wave of a hand it went flying. Reggie was similarly disarmed. Danny’s bandolier and Juliane’s belt, bristling with ranged weapons, were removed as well, skidding across the floor to the demons’ feet. They moved closer, out of range of any handheld weapon, but close enough to encircle them completely. The three black-eyed teenagers in tight jeans and t-shirt made a point of standing directly across from Dean, eyeing him like a Texas boy eyes a mesquite-grilled rib eye.

The hunters formed a tight circle, back to back.

“Ideas?” John asked?

Dean gauged the distance between them and the demons. “You just gonna stand there like pussies or are you gonna dance?”
The demons hissed and took a step closer. “Down!” Dean bellowed. Everyone dropped into a crouch. Dean flung his knife out in an arc, whipping his arm around hard and spinning in place, sending his knife whirling in a circle on the end of the shoelace tether. The knife blade slashed the faces of the three demon teens, one after the other, then into each demon in turn. The knife didn’t cut deeply. It didn’t have to. Just a nick was enough. One by one, the demons encircling them fell, howling, smoke pouring from their mouths.

Dean pulled the shoelace back, tucked it up his sleeve again, and gripped his knife handle tight. A tingle ran through his hand, coming from the knife. He turned on his heels and looked up. The sound of boots rang down the corridor. Azazel appeared at the top of the stairs, and immediately locked eyes with John. John lunged for Azazel, but Reggie and Bobbie held him back.

Sam ran down the hall to the top of the stairs, skidding to a stop as he caught sight of Dean. Dean’s face twisted, love and relief warring with anger and betrayal that dissolved as soon as he saw the tears roll down Sam’s face at the sight of him.

“Dean!”

“Sam?”

Sam ran past Azazel, who was now surveying the remains of his dinner party, utterly unconcerned with Sam’s actions. Sam raced down the staircase as Dean ran up, intent on tearing him from Azazel’s clutches. They met in the middle. Dean wrapped Sam in his arms with a sob, his right hand fisted on Sam’s back, still clutching his knife, his left hand pressed flat on the back of Sam’s neck.

Their knives sang to each other.

Dean’s shoulders heaved. “Don’t you ever do that to me again, Sammy. Don’t you leave me.” He squeezed his eyes shut, his face contorting.

Sam held Dean as tight as he could, as though his life depended on it, feeling the strength of Dean’s body, the fragility of it. “I won’t. I swear.” Sam breathed in the scent of Dean, impossible to describe, just the scent of him that Sam knew better than his own. Immediately, a surge of strength roared through him, strength that had been slowly leaching out of him every moment he was apart from Dean. He hadn’t realized how much weaker, how much less himself he was without Dean until that very moment. “I won’t leave you.”

Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s hair, his fingers twitching as he touched something wet. Sam’s blood. He pulled back, face gone terribly still. “He hurt you, Sammy?” Dean’s voice, so low only Sam could hear, promised slow vengeance.

“I just hit my head. I’m ok.”

Dean blinked slowly, letting it go for the moment. He brought his blood-smeared hand to his mouth and before Sam could stop him, he sucked Sam’s blood off his fingers. “What happens to you happens to me.”

Sam’s face reflected a cascade of emotions as Dean took Sam’s blood inside him, shifting from fear to shame to a love so deep he forgot to breathe, as though he finally realizing what Dean had been trying to tell him. He sucked in a shuddering breath, pulled Dean into his arms, holding him tight, softly saying, “I won’t leave you again. Not ever. No matter what. You and me. Always.”

Danny watched the two of them, witnessed Dean taking Sam’s blood into him so that Sam knew he
was not alone in what was done to him. He saw Sam’s mouth move, read his lips, interpreted exactly what Sam was whispering to Dean. He dropped his head, full understanding finally moving through him. Then he nodded. Juliane squeezed his hand. “Sorry. Took me a moment to get it,” he whispered.

Sam opened his eyes and saw the assembled group below. Bobby and Reggie, Danny and Juliane, and John. He went pale at the sight of John standing right next to Danny and Juliane. His eyes searched Dean’s face.

Dean shook his head, a tiny movement. He doesn’t know.

Sam looked at Juliane and Danny, then back at Dean.

A tiny nod. They know.

Sam’s eyebrows came together, his mouth quivering. His mouth opened as if to ask, Do they hate us? Dean stroked Sam’s shoulder, reassuring him. No, sweetheart.

Sam sought out Juliane with his eyes. She looked from him to Dean and back again, and smiled, a huge, gorgeous, accepting smile, telling Sam without words that it was ok. Sam turned his attention to Danny. He gave Sam a nod. Sam closed his eyes as relief, cool and sweet, washed over him.

“You’ve spoiled my party.” Azazel walked slowly down the stairs, eyes on the prone bodies of his former guests. He paused next to Dean.

Sam put his body between him and Dean. “Don’t so much as breathe on him.”

“I’ll let you keep your pet, Samuel.” He glared at Dean. “But your guests spoiled all my fun.” Azazel walked to the landing, and poked one of the bodies with his toe. The man, free of its demon parasite, moaned but did not regain consciousness. “We’re going to have to play a new game now to amuse me. Maybe some Truth or Dare.”

He waved his hand, and everyone except for Sam and Dean were frozen in place, limbs locked, only their heads allowed to move. He stalked forward, taking his time, until he was directly in front of John.

“They’re mine. All of them.” Sam called down to him.

“You claim them, Samuel?”

“Yes.”

“Even this one?” He sauntered over and stood in front of Juliane. “Such a shame. You’d be so beautiful if it weren’t for those scars.” He winked at Danny. “So tragic when a pretty girl is all… disfigured like that.” Juliane flinched, and Danny’s hands trembled helplessly, powerless.

Azazel cocked his head, evaluating Juliane like a bird of prey eyeing a field mouse. “You get… Dare. Come on over to my side, I’ll make all those ugly scars go away.” His lips curled back, baring his yellow teeth. “I’ll make you whole.”

“Bite me,” Juliane retorted.

He lunged at her, bringing his teeth to her throat. She shrieked, trying to get away, unable to move. He lingered there, not biting, just breathing in, shuddering with pleasure. “Your fear. It’s delicious.” He grinned. “I see why they took their time with you.” She squeezed her eyelids shut,
unable to bear the avid gleam in his eyes. His gaze moved over her scars. “I meant it. I’ll make them go away.” He placed his hands on the top of her head. The air around her got hot, then plummeted in temperature. He stepped back, and with a flick of his finger, she was no longer held in place. “Take a look.”

She held her hands up and looked at her arms. They were completely smooth, skin perfect and unmarked. A sob burst from her. She crossed her arms in front of her and stroked her skin from shoulders to wrists.

Azazel moved behind her and murmured honeyed poison in her ear. “All those scars gone. Every one of them. You’re beautiful again. Perfect again. Flawless. And you can stay that way.” He brought his mouth right next to her ear, so with every word, his mouth brushed her earlobe. “Just. Say. Yes.” Her eyelids fluttered, her hands moving ceaselessly over her smooth, unscarred skin. His mouth stopped moving but his voice still sounded in her head. Her eyes closed. Say yes. I know you want to. What do you owe these humans? All your friends abandoned you. Couldn’t stand the sight of you, cut to ribbons. They stared at you, thinking it. Freak. Monster. They left you all alone to mourn him, all alone in your pain. Join me and you’ll never feel alone again. Join me and walk in the sun again. No fear. Nothing will be able to hurt you, ever again. Join me. Join us. Be part of us. All of those friends, and where were they? How many of them came for you?

“Just one.” She opened her eyes, and looked right at Danny. “Just the one.” Tears ran down her face, but her smile was blissful.

Danny’s smile crinkled the fine lines at the corners of his eyes. “You were perfect already.”

Juliane turned to face the demon. “The answer’s no.”

“You’re sure.” He smirked. “Going once, going twice…”

She stopped touching her skin and dropped her hands to her sides, palms extended outward in a gesture of defiance.

His nostrils flared. “Gone.” He seized her by the throat. She shuddered as her skin parted, invisible knives gouging the flesh, collagen raveling the bloodless cuts together until she was laced with scars just as she had been before. Azazel locked her body in place, and turned away. Her head fell forward as she tried to camouflage her face with her hair, so the others could not see her cry.

“So, Sam. You get…Truth. How do you see this ending?” Azazel pulled the bottle of Champagne out of John’s hand and took a swig.

“What?”

“You picture all of you just strolling out of here?”

Sam swallowed hard. “Yes. Actually.”

“Not gonna happen. See, like I said, we’ve had to move up our timetable, and we’re gonna need to you, uh, get ready quicker. So we have to jumpstart the process. And that means…” Azazel spun on his heels. “Someone in this room is gonna die tonight.”

“No.” Sam shook his head. “No!”

“Yes,” Azazel hissed. “See, you love all these sorry sacks of meat. To one degree or another. And watching one of them die is gonna teach you how to hate. It’s gonna just get my blood blazing in you. Light the furnace. Get your powers really going.” He looked up at Dean. “The best one would
be old Deano there. Make him burn just like his momma.”

Sam extended his hand, his beautiful features twisting. Azazel flew backward fifteen feet and landed on his tailbone on the hard bamboo floor. Instead of getting angry, he threw his head back and laughed. “Fucking adorable. I’m telling you.” He rose to his feet and walked back to where he was standing before. “Oh, I really should kill Dean. Look how riled up even the thought of it gets you. Look what it made you be able to do. I should have let them beat him to death in that alley.”

Sam’s expression darkened, his breath coming in snorts as his rage built.

“You touch one hair on his head, I’ll kill you.” John wrestled to get free of the invisible hold Azazel had on him.

“Love to see you try.” Azazel winked at him. “I killed you once before, Johnny boy. I can do it again.” He walked toward John until he was nose to nose with him. “My turn. And I pick… Truth.” He grinned. “Sixteen years, you’ve been looking for me. Plotting my bloody demise. Avenging your precious wife. Sacrificing your life and everything in it for the single purpose of finding me and killing me.” He breathed in and out. “And here you are. And you FAILED.”

John flinched. Then he stretched his neck forward as far as he was able, hate in his eyes. “Touch my sons and I’ll kill you, I swear to God, I’ll fucking kill you.”

“Gotta tell you, Johnny boy, this paternal instinct? Too little, too late. News flash—you’re not gonna win any father of the year awards. Left your precious boys all alone, again and again. Didn’t leave them enough food or money half the time. Cold and hungry, right, boys?” He looked over his shoulder at Sam and Dean. They couldn’t meet their father’s eyes.

John protested, “No, I always left them enough, they never said—” He stopped and looked at Dean, really looked at him. He shook his head as the realization washed over him. “They did. You said.”

Dad, you gotta leave more money, that’s not enough. That’s all there is, Dean. Make it stretch. Make it work. “But I didn’t listen.”

“You wouldn’t believe what they had to do to make it work while Daddy was off doing… more important things.” The muscles in Dean’s jaw twitched. “Would he, Dean?”

Dean shook his head no. Please no.

“The stealing. The cheating at cards.”

Dean’s head kept moving. No no no...

“The truck stops.”

Dean’s face pleaded with him to stop. Knowing he would never stop.

“Dean?” Sam asked, worry making his voice quaver.

“Such a pretty boy, young Dean. So, so pretty. Really drew out the chicken hawks, didn’t you, boy? Poor little Sammy back home, so hungry, no cash left in the coffee can, weeks to go before Papa came home, and those men, with fists full of money, just wanting a little taste. Willing to pay just to eat you up.”

Dean’s face froze. He stared at the floor, unable to look anyone in the eye.

“Dean.” John’s voice carried that paternal command tone that Dean was helpless to disobey, even
now. He looked up at his father, tears streaking his face. John broke down at what he read on his son’s face.

Azazel breathed in, drinking down the pain his words had sparked. “Still with your morals, though. Only letting them suck you off. ‘I don’t touch you. You don’t get to do anything else to me.’” Azazel’s voice was a perfect imitation of Dean. “So sweet, though. Your little dick.” Azazel’s voice changed again, took on an East Coast accent. “Oh yeah. Yeah, buddy.”

Dean’s eyes went wide in horror. The trucker in the puffy blue coat. The one who smelled like cheap wine. Who paid him enough to keep them fed and the heat on until Dad finally came home a month later. The one who took his time, on his knees, sucking Dean off while Dean kept his eyes squinted shut, praying it would be over soon. The one who kept moaning yeah, buddy. Oh yeah, buddy boy. He took a step back, then another. “No. No.”

Azazel smacked his lips. “I can still remember how sweet you taste, buddy boy.”

Sam’s pupils were blown so wide, they looked black. He fixed Azazel with a look that promised—guaranteed—death. Dean staggered back, would have fallen if not for Sam holding him up.

“You did that to him, Johnny boy. You reduced your son to that. Because you couldn’t do your job.” Azazel drank down the agony pouring off John in waves, squirmed and sighed with the dark pleasure of it.

John's head swayed on his shoulders, like he would have slumped to the floor if Azazel was not holding him upright.

Azazel blinked quickly, like a lizard, as a thought came to him. A huge, oily grin spread over his face. “And the thing that really eats at you, Dean? It’s not that you let them do it to you. It’s that you liked it.”

Dean kept shaking his head no, over and over, averting his gaze. He dropped to his knees, Sam guiding him down, kneeling with him.

Tears wetted Sam’s cheeks, hair in his eyes, his face anguished at what Dean had done for them. For him. “It’s ok, Dean. It’s ok. It’s alright.” Dean gripped Sam’s arm hard, but still would not look at him. “You were just doing what you had to, Dean. It’s ok.”

John’s face was grey, guilt and grief staining his features. Bobby hung his head, tears running into his beard. Reggie’s face was rigid with rage.

“Yeah, you liked it, buddy boy.” Azazel took a few steps back, so he could see John’s face as well as Sam and Dean’s. “But you like it so much better when it’s Sammy’s mouth. Don’t you.”

Complete, breathless silence.

Silence that stretched out, interminable.

Silence finally shattered by John’s laugh. “Nice try.”

“Those pretty hazel eyes looking up at you? That pretty little mouth sucking your dick? Taking it so good for his big brother. Don’t you, Sammy?”

Sam’s eyes were huge, horrified.

John gazed into the face of his youngest son. Of his first-born son. His gaze moved over them, saw
the ring on Sam’s finger. Identical to Dean’s ring. He started to tremble. “You’re a liar.”

“Ever wonder what they were up to, in all those single beds? All those nights you left them all alone? Mommy dead, daddy god knows where, no friends because you moved them around so much, and the two of them so close, closer than normal brothers were…” Azazel cocked his head like a curious raven. “You didn’t you ever ask yourself, John, what they were up to?” Azazel’s eyes burned yellow.

“You’re a demon, you’re a fucking demon, you’re a fucking LIAR!” John screamed, spittle flying out of his mouth.

“Yeah. We lie. But the thing here, Johnny boy, the delicious thing here, is that I don’t have to lie.”

He turned his attention back to Dean. “Nobody’s mouth feels as good on your dick than Sam’s. And nothing tastes as good as his dick in your mouth. But even better than all of that is how good it feels to fuck him. Right, Dean? How good it feels to fuck your little brother, make him squirm on your dick, make him come screaming for you.” Azazel took another swig of Champagne. “And you do, don’t you, Sam. You’re a screamer.”

John’s face changed, all the color draining from it. He looked at Bobby, eyes pleading with him that it wasn’t true. At Reggie. Silently begging them to tell him it wasn’t true. That what he’d heard that first night in the Sanctuary wasn’t actually his sons. Together.

“It’s not like that!” Sam yelled, protecting Dean with his entire body. “It’s not…sick like that! We love each other!” His voice reverberated through the room. Sam and Dean clung to each other, defiant, terrified.

The only noise was the choked sound of John trying to breathe.

Azazel sank to his knees and stretched his arms out, chest lifted, blissfully absorbing the agony skittering through the room from seven anguished souls.
Where There Is Pure Love

Chapter Summary

Boss Battle.

Chapter Notes

In this chapter, I move events alluded to in Season 5 up a number of years, so that they happen earlier.

Some people are born to a purpose.

Some objects are born to a purpose as well.

The knives resonated, near each other again as they were made to be. Without consciousness, being inanimate objects, they nonetheless gave off an inaudible hum that if brought into the spectrum of detection by the human ear would sound like contented purring. Knives forged from the same chunk of metal, designed by their creator to be a matched set. Stronger together than apart, a gleaming, deadly whole greater than the sum of its parts.

The knives purred, waited, so close to achieving their purpose.

~

John Winchester’s head hung forward, limp, neck devoid of strength. The silence of the room was interrupted only by the soft click of the antique grandfather clock ticking off the seconds.

After an eternity, John Winchester raised his head and looked at his sons. His skin was ashen, reddened eyes blinking, the weight of two decades more than his biological age pressing him down.

Sam and Dean Winchester looked into the eyes of their father, holding onto each other like the only real thing in a sea of chaos.

John’s eyelid twitched. “Dean.” His voice was a whisper, ragged and half-formed. “Sam’s sixteen.” Suddenly the fire roused him. “He’s sixteen!” His mouth warped, an ugly movement. “How could you.”

Dean bent under the accusation, but did not break, holding onto Sam.

Sam did not let go of Dean. “Don’t blame him. I’m the one who pushed him. He wanted to wait until my birthday.”

John laughed, a bitter sound ringing hollow in the hard surfaces of the hallway. “He wanted to wait. That’s great. Waiting. That would make it ok.”
“You don’t understand.” Bobby spoke up.

John’s head whipped around, looking at Bobby as best he could, his body trapped in place by Azazel. “You. How long have you known?”

Azazel sat in a cross-legged position in front of Bobby and rested his chin in his hands, waiting for him to speak.

“That doesn’t matter. What matters is Sam is right. It’s not like that. It’s not… wrong.”

“What part of this isn’t wrong?” John struggled, desperate to move. “What part of… of incest isn’t wrong?” He couldn’t look at Sam and Dean, swallowing hard to keep his gorge from rising.

Azazel leapt to his feet. “Sam, you should hear the things he’s thinking. Can you?” Sam shook his head no. “Let me boost the signal for ya.”

Sam suddenly went stiff, like an electrical current was running through him. His eyes went wide in horror. “You can’t. You can’t. I won’t let you send him away!”

“Sam, he’s molesting you! It’s child abuse!”

“No. No. It’s not like that.” Dean pulled himself to his feet, holding onto Sam, doggedly shaking his head. “I love him. I’d do anything for Sam. I’d die for Sam.”

“You should have killed yourself before you laid a finger on him.” John’s eyes were fire and judgment, pain stretched thin on the verge of snapping.

“You’re wrong, Dad.” Sam pressed himself tight to Dean’s side like he was trying to become one flesh, one body. “It’s not wrong. It’s not. God says it’s ok.”

Azazel gave Sam a curious glance.

John stared in horror, then weak laughter was choked out of him. “You’re crazy. You’ve gone crazy.”

“He’s right, John,” Bobby interjected. “The angel told me.”

“You’re all crazy. Fucking nuts.” John’s eyes glazed over, head falling onto his chest. “My fault. It’s my fault.”

Azazel breathed in through his nose like the aroma of John’s despair was the most appetizing thing he’d ever smelled. He walked directly in front of John, just breathing in.

Azazel out of hearing range, Dean whispered, “Sam. We gotta…” Dean gestured with the knife at Azazel’s back.

“I tried already,” Sam whispered. “It didn’t work. He’s too strong.”

Dean’s face fell, hopelessness beginning to take root.

Azazel’s face and neck were flushed red, like he was deriving sexual pleasure from tormenting John. “That’s what you get for trying to hunt the Big White Whale, John. Your sons turning to each other for love and comfort they can’t get any other way.” Azazel paused, mouth twitching like he was savoring what he was about to say. “But you’re doing so much better with your other boy.”
John raised his head, horror in his eyes.

“What’s his name again?”

“Don’t,” John begged.

Azazel gazed up at the ornate ceiling in a parody of deep thought. “Oh yes.” He snapped his fingers. “Adam.”

Sam and Dean searched the face of their father, of Bobby. In Bobby’s face, they saw a slow-dawning realization of something he hadn’t known before. In John’s face, they saw naked guilt.

“Dad?” Dean asked, his voice soft and high, like the plea of a small child.

“Just turned ten, didn’t he?” Azazel looked over his shoulder at Sam and Dean and winked at them. “Libra. September baby.” He whipped his head back to John. “Just started Little League, right? Boy, his first game was a hell of a thing. Wasn’t it.”

Dean’s face drained of all color. “Dad?” His voice was a whisper. Sam began to shake.

“I can explain,” John began.

“See, a man gets lonely…” Azazel began.

“Shut up.” John stared down the demon.

“Make me,” Azazel spat. He resumed speaking to Sam and Dean. “See, your daddy met this pretty little nurse. She stitched his tummy right up. Great bedside manner,” he said with a leer.

Sam and Dean looked at each other, remembering that hunt where Dad stayed gone over Christmas yet again, and came home with newspaper-wrapped presents from 7-Eleven and a thick line of sutures across his abdomen.

“Knocked her up real good.” He winked at John. “Strong little swimmers.”

Dean opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

“She wanted to get rid of it.” John shook his head (no no no) but Azazel kept going. “But John begged her to keep it. Said he wanted a son. He didn’t tell her a thing about the sons he already had. That seems odd.” He frowned. “Doesn’t it? Why would he keep that a secret, I wonder? What purpose could he have had?”

Dean kept his face impassive, but a lone tear spilled down his face.

“Ah, you can’t blame a man for wanting to start over when he fucked up so spectacularly the first time.” Azazel watched the tear fall down Dean’s cheek. “You see, Dean, he wasn’t always on a hunt when he took off and left you two all alone, or stuck you with your weird uncle Bobby. Leaving you to steal wallets or get your dick sucked in a filthy restroom to keep the two of you in mac ‘n cheese.” His teeth gleamed yellow. “He was with his new family. Singing his baby boy to sleep. Buying him Pampers. Teaching him how to ride a bicycle. Decorating the Christmas tree. Throwing the ball for him in the back yard while mommy made lemonade.” More tears joined the first running down Dean’s face as Sam and Dean listened, helpless, to how their father left them behind to give this other boy everything they never had.

“I’m getting real tired of listening to you yammer,” Reggie drawled.
Azazel hissed in annoyance, and stalked across the hall to face him. “Are you volunteering? You want to be the one to die?”

“If that means I don’t have to listen to you squawk anymore, it sounds like a good deal.” Reggie’s long silver hair spilled over his shoulders, a look of quiet defiance on his face.

Azazel grinned, a short, sharp gesture that bared his teeth. “Let’s play a new game. See who the lucky boy or girl’s gonna be.” He surveyed the lineup before him: Reggie, Bobby, John, Juliane and Danny, counting off each one in turn. “Eeny meeny miny mo, catch a—fuck it. You.” He swung his hand back and pointed straight at John. “You’re tonight’s big winner.” He waved his hand behind him, and Sam and Dean were suddenly unable to move. “Hush, little ones. You won’t really miss him. Will ya?”

“Don’t. Don’t hurt him,” Sam pleaded.

“I’m not gonna hurt him, Sam. I’m gonna kill him.” Azazel licked his lips. “Unless you want to do the honors.”

Sam shook his head, horrified at the thought.

“Samuel. You saw it. Inside his tortured little mind. If he lives, he’s going to send Dean away. He’s going to take you to where Dean can never ever find you.”

Dean’s mouth trembled.

“If you let him walk out of here alive, Sam, you’ll never see Dean again.” His voice was light, almost gleeful. “So come on over here and take care of daddy dearest.” Sam found himself released from Azazel’s hold.

“I can’t. I won’t. I won’t become what you want me to. I’d rather die.” Sam put his hand on Dean’s shoulder, eyes huge. “I’d rather die.”

Dean swallowed hard, reading Sam’s intent. He looked across the hall, every ally they had frozen in place, unable to fight. The unbeatable foe, arrogant and gleeful, intent on making Sam his creature. He saw the intent in Sam’s eye, the Plan C Sam had always held in reserve for how this night was going to end. He put his left hand, still marked with Sam’s blood, on Sam’s neck. “Not alone, you don’t.”

Sam knew better than to tell Dean no, knew now that they were in it together. In sickness and health. Till death do them part. He nodded his acquiescence. Dean released the breath he’d been holding, knowing Sam was going to keep his word and never leave him alone again.

“Sam. Remember.” Reggie’s voice issued through the hall, low and warm. “Fidus et audax.”

Azazel fixed Reggie with a withering glance. “I do speak Latin, you mouth-breathing monkey.”

Etched into the flat of the blade was a phrase in Latin. “Fidus et audax.” Dean read it out loud. “Faithful and brave.” Reggie and Sam spoke in unison.

Azazel waved his hand at Sam. “Faithfulness. Bravery.” Azazel gestured to himself. “‘Knight of Hell. Not really a fair match-up, Sam.”

Reggie’s eyes shone, blue like the deep waters of a clear lake. Fidux et audax.
Faithful, like Sam was to Dean. Like Dean was to Sam.

Brave, like Dean taking on a roomful of demon sympathizers to rescue Sam. Like Sam walking into a demon’s nest to keep Dean from being tainted by the evil thrust into his veins.

Sam’s hand dropped to the handle of his knife, secured inside its blood-red leather sheath. It seemed to vibrate in his hands, resonating in tune with Dean’s knife, still clutched in Dean’s right hand, like he could feel Dean’s knife in his hand too, doubling them. Strengthening them.

It felt right.

He looked into Dean’s eyes. Dean blinked once, understanding. His eyes traced the distance between them and Azazel, and looked back at Sam. Get him to come closer. Arm’s reach.

Sam gave Dean a tiny nod—and found himself pulled away from Dean, moving across the room against his volition until he was next to Azazel, across from his father.

“Ah, patricide…” Azazel purred. “It’s my favorite ‘cide.” He murmured in Sam’s ear. “Come on, Sam. He deserves it. What he reduced Dean to having to do, to keep food in your belly.” Sam winced, the revelation still freshly bleeding. “For the neglect. For the abuse. For throwing you over for a new kid. For what he’s going to do to you and Dean if you don’t stick that knife in his chest.” The voice, syrupy and thick in his head. Never telling you he loved you. Not until it was too late. How hard he was on you. Never good enough. He never loved you, Sam. And now he’s going to take away the only thing you ever had, the only one you ever wanted right when you finally have him. He’s going to take away Dean.

Azazel slipped his arm around Sam’s shoulders, his fingers on his neck. Sam recoiled from his touch. Azazel grinned, wiping his hand off on his black pants. “Messy little Dean. Bleeding all over his little brother.”

Dean snapped, “That’s not my blood, you son of a bitch.”

Azazel did a double take. “What did you say?”

“Sam hit his head. That’s his blood.”

Azazel dropped the bottle of Champagne he’d been holding. It fell to the bamboo floor and bounced, spilling the remainder of its contents. He shook his head. “No.”

He moved, viper-quick, locked his hand on Sam’s throat and held him in place. He sniffed the blood at the back of Sam’s head, and pulled back with a look of absolute disbelief. “It’s not possible.” He dragged his finger through the bloodied hair at the base of his neck, picking up a smear of blood, and sniffed it, inhaling deeply, evaluating, measuring, quantifying. His attention snapped to Dean, mouth curling into a snarl so ferocious Dean would have recoiled if he had been able to move from the spot in which he was fixed. “It’s gone. All of it. Fucking gone.”

Sam’s mouth fell open. He didn’t dare to breathe.

“It’s. Not. POSSIBLE!” Azazel erupted in a rage, picking up the bottle and smashing it against the wall. He raised his hands overhead with a scream. The walls shook, dust raining down from the ceiling. Lights popped in flashes of electricity, paintings toppled from the walls, glass artwork splintering, heavy antique furniture screeching across the floor.

The hallway was plunged into darkness, lit only by the flickering candles and the fireplace in the living room spilling out through the open door.
A deadly calm settled over Azazel. He walked down the hall, stepping over the unconscious bodies of the recently exorcised, hands clasped behind his back. He paced back down the hall fixing Dean with a black stare. “Brother-fucking. Purified him.” His shoulders shook once, twice, and he started to laugh. “Incestuous faggotry. Purified him.” He threw his head back and howled with laughter, mutating into harsh barks, elongating into a howl of rage. “That’s against the rules!” he screamed to the heavens.

Sam’s eyes fluttered closed, all sound in the room fading away. The only thing he could hear was the rushing of blood through his veins. His blood, clean and pure, pulsing through him. He closed his hand over Dean’s wrist.

Azazel snarled, “My blood was working in you for 16 years, Samuel. A few months clean doesn’t make a fucking bit of difference. I’ll just fill you up again.” He shrugged, a parody of ruefulness. “But your pet’s gonna have to go, so he doesn’t fuck up our plans again.” He raised his hand and Dean was airborne, smashing against the giant gilt-framed mirror secured to the wall, glass exploding in a hail of shards and razor-sharp powder, tumbling to the ground, his knife clattering across the floor.

He landed hard, not bracing his fall in any way, all dead weight and motionless limbs.

He did not move.

“Dean?” Sam raced to his side and knelt over him, knees crunching in the broken glass. He rolled Dean onto his back carefully, keeping his neck supported. Blood trickled down Dean’s face. His eyes were wide open, staring at nothing.

He did not move.

“Dean!” Sam lifted Dean, cradled him in his arms, pressing his head into his chest. Dean’s arms lay limp at his sides. He did not breathe. He did not move.

Azazel made a soft sound of pleasure.

John screamed, struggling in his invisible bonds, screamed his son’s name, again and again. Danny and Juliane stared in disbelief. Bobby closed his eyes, all hope lost. Reggie kept his eyes on Dean, alert and watchful. Sam rocked Dean in his arms, helpless sobs racking him, pleading with Dean to wake up.

He did not wake up.

Sam looked up at Azazel, radiating hate so virulent it sent a shiver through those who were watching.

“You’re mine, Samuel. Mine forever. Gonna top you up and then you’ll be right as rain.”

Behind Sam’s back, unseen by Azazel, undetected by Sam, Dean’s fingers twitched, quickly tugging the shoelace, pulling his knife toward him in the dim light of the hallway.

Azazel walked toward Sam, adjusting his blood-red tie. “I’m going to give you my blood. You’re going to drink it. Every drop I give you. And then I’m going to kill your father.” He shot John a look almost sexual in its intensity. “Because I want to. And after that… we start your training. Turn you into a good little Boy King. Just like you’re destined to become. You’re going to be so beautiful, Samuel. You’re going to serve Lucifer so perfectly.”

Sam dropped his head down, holding Dean’s limp body tight, unable to function, to think, to draw
breath if Dean could not.

Azazel stood right next to Sam, bit his wrist and extended it. “Open your mouth, Sammy.”

Sam erupted, letting go of Dean and lunging forward, stabbing his knife into Azazel’s gut, screaming in rage and agony. Azazel winced as the blade entered his flesh, but then tipped his head back and laughed.

His laugh stopped in mid-chortle. His eyes flew open wide, gleaming sickly yellow.

Green eyes gleaming in the fire-lit hall, Dean clung to his leg, stabbing his knife deep into Azazel’s thigh. “Only I get to call him Sammy.

Azazel’s mouth hung open in a perfect O.

Sam and Dean hung on the knives, hands driving them in as deep as they would go, eyes locked on each other. The knives, deep inside him, began to sing. They resonated within his body, the mingled blood magic of Sam and Dean released into him. The singing split into harmonics, vibrating throughout him, augmenting the perfect union of Sam and Dean’s blood, joined in moments of absolute love and devotion such as the world had never seen. The resonance wracked Azazel, rattled him, infiltrated him, flooding him with the taste and scent and meaning of their love. The chord sang through him, unmoored him, sank into the black, mangled morass he kept in the place of a soul.

There was no humanity left to save. The love of Sam and Dean spread through him like a fever, burning, devouring, negating the evil in him. Erasing it utterly.

The twin blades sang their song of love and beauty, sang it within a vessel of utter corruption. When the song was finished, nothing remained of the black, twisted soul. Not even a gasp of black smoke to slip from the lips of the long-suffering vessel.

What was Azazel was gone from the earth, from all planes of existence.

His vessel collapsed to the floor, brown eyes closing.

Sam and Dean pulled their knives free at the exact same time. Sam’s eyes searched Dean’s face, like he couldn’t believe he was alive. “I thought…you were dead.”

“Played dead. So he’d come close.”

Sam’s mouth quivered, eyes filling with tears, in absolute agony at having thought he’d lost Dean, a flicker of anger that Dean hadn’t trusted him enough to let him on the secret, but all of that vanished when Dean reached up, placed his hand on Sam’s cheek, and gently pulled Sam’s face down for a kiss.

Their lips met with a surge of heat, skin the perfect temperature, the perfect shape, the touch of their mouths triggering a wave of rightness that made time stop. Forgetting who else was in the room with them, Dean kissed Sam, kissed him like it was a holy sacrament. Sam gasped, exhaled into Dean’s mouth, cupped Dean’s cheek with his left hand and kissed him like he was a gift from God himself, sacred, impossibly important and cherished.

John witnessed this kiss, just as he had witnessed his nemesis fall, slain at long last by the love of Sam and Dean. Even he could not turn from the beauty of the kiss, tears driven from his eyes at the sight of such love. Could not deny the rightness of it.
Collapsed at their feet was the proof.

He fell to his knees, no longer held up by Azazel’s bonds. Bobby staggered and nearly fell, but was caught by Reggie. Juliane and Danny collapsed into each other’s arms.

Only John was alone, held in the arms of no one.
“Is it done?” John could not tear his eyes away from the body Azazel had inhabited for 16 years, for god knows how long before that. “Is he…”

“Yes.” Bobby limped over and laid his hand on John’s shoulder.

John closed his eyes, squeezing Bobby’s hand. “You’re sure?”

Bobby craned his neck to look at Reggie. “Check him out?” Reggie pulled his blade out and knelt next to the vessel Azazel had worn. He pried open one of his eyes and held his blade in front of it. Nothing happened.

Reggie shook his hand and put his blade away. “He’s gone.”

Dean stroked Sam’s hair, smoothing it off his forehead, then pressed his lips to it.

Sam trembled. “It’s over? It’s really over?”

“Yeah, Sammy. It’s over.”

Reggie looked carefully the body before him, then swore. He pressed his fingers against his carotid artery. “Christ on a crutch.” He waved to Juliane frantically. “He’s alive.”

John rose to his feet, graceful and lethal. Dean turned Sam in his arms, putting himself in the path of danger.

“No, not Azazel.” Reggie looked up at Sam and Dean, shock tinged with awe flooding his features. “The man he possessed. He’s alive.”

John’s mouth fell open. “That’s… unheard of. Anything that kills the demon outright kills the host.”

“Not those blades.” Reggie looked at the boys with admiration. “Not what you two made them into.”

The man coughed, blood at the corner of his mouth.

Juliane knelt next to him, pulling up his black shirt and checking his wounds. “They should be a lot worse.” She shot a look at Reggie. “He must have healed himself some before the knives did whatever they did.” Reggie handed her a bandanna from his back pocket and she pressed it against the deeper of the stab wounds.

“Hurts,” the man whispered.

“I know. I’m sorry. We’ll get you to a hospital. You’re going to be ok.” She tried to keep her hands steady, but her nerves betrayed her.

Reggie put his hand on the small of her back and rubbed in a slow circle, soothing her. He kept his eyes locked on the man.

“What’s your name?” Juliane asked.

Reggie’s moustache twitched. “He probably doesn’t even remember that anymore.”
“Nathaniel. My name is Nathaniel.”

Reggie inhaled sharply, startled.

The man’s eyes were wide, haunted. “I remember everything.” He clutched at Juliane’s hands. “He kept me awake. For all of it.”

All eyes were on him, the horror of his revelation washing over them.

“I remember everything.” It is said that when Marines make their first kill, they get the thousand-yard stare. This man had stared into the abyss, seen all the terrible things that crawled and screamed and howled within it, had been forced to cower inside his own body as one of the worst of the terrible crawling things used his flesh to commit atrocities. The distance of Nathaniel’s stare was beyond measure.

~

After that, things moved quickly. Bobby helped Juliane keep pressure on Nathaniel’s wounds. Reggie, John, Sam and Dean checked the party guests for signs of life while Danny searched their pockets for keys, since they would require more than one vehicle to transport those who needed it to the hospital, and everyone else back to the Sanctuary.

John did not look his sons in the eye.

Sam and Dean did not look their father in the eye, either. They simply moved from one person to the next, never more than six inches away from each other, checking them in turn.

Some of the possessed people did not survive, the animating demon being the only thing keeping their body alive. But seven of them were alive, barely conscious. The human woman in the closet was the eighth survivor.

“The basement.” Sam’s brow furrowed, remembering the faint sounds he’d heard when he first arrived.

Reggie read his expression and ran his hand through his hair. “Stay here.” He gestured to John. “You come.”

They walked down the stairs into the basement.

A few minutes later, they emerged, white and shaking.

“Is…” Sam began.

Reggie held out his hand, palm out. He crossed to an antique bar against the wall, opened a sealed bottle of whiskey and took a swig right out of the bottle. His hand shook so bad, the whiskey sloshed down his chin.

He held the bottle out to John. John shook his head no. “I… I can’t.” His voice was weak.

“This ain’t about getting drunk. This is about steadying your nerves. Sometimes the whiskey is actually medicinal.” He stuck the bottle into John’s hand. “One drink. You need it. You can get back on the wagon right afterward.”

John’s hands shook as much as Reggie’s. He held the bottle with two hands and brought it to his mouth like a baby drinking a bottle of milk. The burn of the whiskey going down made him
shudder. He gave the bottle back to Reggie.

Reggie took a second slug, then fixed Sam and Dean with his piercing blue eyes. “Don’t go down there. You swear on each other, right now, you won’t go down there.”

“I swear,” they said in unison. Reggie handed them the bottle. “One drink each. Both of you.”

Dean wiped the mouth of the bottle off and they each drank in turn. One generous swallow only.

Danny took the collected keys outside and pressed the button on the key fobs until a car’s headlights flashed. They determined that Nathaniel and two men with slashes on their arms were the only ones who required hospital care, and that the rest could be brought into the Sanctuary for treatment of their minor injuries. The older men loaded the injured people into the SUV, and Danny got into the driver’s seat.

John stepped forward. “I’ll go with you.” Danny looked at Juliane for confirmation. She nodded her assent. “Dr. Newcomb is on duty at General tonight.”

Danny breathed a sigh of relief. “Good.” He glanced around, as if it was habit to see if anyone was looking, and kissed her, soft but quick, on the mouth. “Ok, we’ll meet you back home.”

Sam, Dean, Reggie and Bobby to the best of his ability helped Juliane get the five remaining survivors into the van and a blue sedan. Some had to be carried, Sam and Dean grabbing them by their ankles and shoulders and laying them out on the floor of the van. Others had regained enough consciousness to walk on their own with a guiding hand, confused but reassured that they were being given help. Juliane brought the woman to the car herself, covered in a warm coat from the closet, and the throw wrapped around her. She put her in the back seat with the other two, and they helped Bobby into the passenger seat and put his crutches in the trunk.

Juliane tossed the keys to the van to Dean. “I got the feeling you’re usually the one who drives.”

Despite everything, Sam had the resiliency of spirit to laugh at that comment. “Yeah, he never lets me behind the wheel.”

“I taught you how to drive, what are you talking about?” Dean smacked Sam’s shoulder lightly.

“And once I had it down, that was it.”

Dean opened his mouth to banter some more—then closed it. He handed the keys to Sam. “You drive.”

On the way back to the Sanctuary, they felt the whiskey start to work inside them. To their surprise, it didn’t fill them with loose, giddy warmth. It solidified something inside them, made them feel sharper and more focused.

Reggie sat in the back of the van, keeping an eye on the barely conscious survivors.

“You ok, Sammy?” Dean asked softly.

Sam knew Dean wasn’t stupid. He knew perfectly well Dean knew he was pretty far from ok, with their dad finding out they were together, them learning he had a secret son, AND them having just killed the demon who had murdered their mother and who had been grooming Sam for Hell service nearly his whole life. No, Sam wasn’t ok, and neither was Dean. But that’s not what he was really asking.
“Yeah. I’m ok.” I’m so not ok, but I have you. I have you and that means I’m ok. “How are you feeling?”

Dean knew Sam wasn’t unobservant. He knew perfectly well Sam knew he was battered and bleeding from being smashed into a mirror by a demon. But he knew Sam meant something deeper.

“I’ll be alright.” The smile he gave Sam conveyed what he was really saying. Not so beat up that I don’t want you, Sam. The second we’re alone.

~

By the time Danny and John had gotten Nathaniel and the other two safely into the trusted hands of Dr. Newcomb, Sam and Dean had helped Juliane and Reggie bring the five others into the Sanctuary. Bobby was settled rather reluctantly on the couch with his leg up and pain meds in him. The others tended to the wounds of the survivors, stitching up cuts and picking rock salt out of bleeding wounds and dressing them. Nobody spoke about what had happened, but Juliane was extra attentive to Sam and Dean, praising them for doing a good job with the medical care, touching them lightly whenever she could.

Juliane got the survivors settled into their rooms and gave them all sedatives to calm them and help them sleep. She put the tea kettle on and brought out mugs and a huge, plain white teapot which she filled with loose decaffeinated black tea. They sat in silence, overwhelmed and exhausted, until the tea kettle whistled, jolting them into full consciousness again.

“They didn’t ask any questions.” Sam noted.

Juliane shook her head. “They never do, at first. Most of the time, possessed people don’t remember they were possessed. Unless the demon kept them awake. But for the first 24 hours or so after they get their bodies back, it’s like some part of them knows something, and they’re desperate not to remember any more. So most of them don’t ask questions.”

“Do you tell them?” Reggie asked.

“That depends on the person. Some people, no. They can’t handle it. That sedative is pretty strong. They’ll wake up feeling like they partied too hard, and we’ll send them on their way with a story. Others, we tell. I just go by my gut feeling.”

“You’re not asking us questions,” Dean interjected.

Juliane wiped her hands off on a cloth. “It’s late. We’ve all been through…too much. Time enough for that tomorrow.” Her face changed. “You are staying, right?”

Sam swallowed, suddenly wary. “We can? You… I mean. Dean said you, um, you knew.”

“I’ve seen a hell of a lot stranger things. And I’ve never seen anything so…” She searched for the right word. “So pure. As what you two have. I’m going to say it out loud because you need to understand I’m not freaked out. It doesn’t bother me that you two are brothers.”

From the couch came a slightly slurred, “See? Taboo’s not universal.”

Juliane took Sam’s hand, and reached out for Dean’s, waiting for his permission. Dean let her take his hand.

“You two can stay here, as long as you like.” She squeezed their hands. “If you want to, or if you
don’t have anywhere else to go, now that your dad knows.”

“They have a home with me. Forever. If they want it.” Bobby sat up. Reggie beamed at him.

Sam swayed on his feet, as though the offers were more than he could bear.

“Come here, Sam.” Dean guided him to the other couch. Juliane poured mugs of tea, and brought them out. Sam took a sip, the warmth of the gesture restoring him as much as the liquid did. “Thank you.” He smiled at her, then focused on Bobby. “You too. I… I figured…”

“What, you’d be left to fend for yourself, homeless or squatting in houses when you couldn’t cadge a motel room for the night? No way in hell.”

Juliane handed a mug of tea to Bobby. “Splash of whiskey?”

“You do know how to take care of a hunter, don’t ya?” He let her pour in a generous glug of whiskey. Sam and Dean declined the offer. Reggie accepted.

“I hope you’ll stay here a while, though.” She sat on the couch, a spot of color forming on her cheeks. “I mean, I’ll be honest. I could use the help with these new people. And once, what’s his name, Nathaniel is released, we’ll want him here for a while. He’ll probably be one of our long-term care guests. Just…his mind, you know? Can you even imagine.” She was quiet for a long moment. “And he may know things that could help. I’m sure he does. And your leg…” She waved at Bobby. “That’s going to take at least a week before you can drive comfortably. Plus, your car needs fixing.”

Bobby gave Dean a sly look. “That one could have that beast up and purring again in two days.”

Dean sat up straighter, a smile playing across his face, basking in the praise of his mechanical abilities.

“And I’d kind of like you guys to stick around just because.” Juliane looked at her mug of tea studiously, her long black eyelashes dark against her pale skin.

“We like you too.” Sam bumped her shoulder lightly with his.

Sounds of footsteps down the long hallway. Danny and John entered the room.

Dean’s mouth tightened. Sam’s fingers clenched his mug hard enough to drive the color from his knuckles.

“Come on in. Have a seat.” Juliane looked John in the eye and gestured toward an empty chair. “We need to talk.”

Danny approached and quickly filled her in on Nathaniel’s condition. “He’s stable now. Dr. Newcomb will call us tomorrow with an update. He and the others are in the secure room.”

“Good.” She poured tea for Danny and John, adding whiskey to both. She handed the mug to John. “Thank you for helping Danny.” Her mouth was hard, like the words were difficult to utter. “But as soon as you’re done with that, you have to leave.”

John’s head jerked in shock. “What?”

“You lied to get in here. You came here under false pretenses. You tricked us, and violated the Sanctuary. You’re not welcome here anymore. Not ever again.” Her voice was calm and measured,
but the expression on her face brooked no argument.

“But it’s… do you know what time it is? Where am I going to find a motel that’s open? And it’s freezing out there. I can’t just sleep in my car.”

“That’s not our concern. Your actions have repercussions. Not all of them are pleasant.”

Sam put his hand on her arm. “Wait.”

She looked at him steadily.

“You can’t turn him out in the cold.” Sam wouldn’t look at John. His voice was soft, broken.

“He can’t stay. He—“

“He broke the code of the Sanctuary, so he can’t stay in the Sanctuary. But what about a regular room?”

Juliane thought, and quickly came to a decision. “That would be alright. But only since you asked.” She shot John a dark look.

John looked at Sam, looked him in the eye for the first time since it had all gone down. The wealth of emotion that crackled through the air between them was immense, too many to name.

John glanced at Dean, then his eyes flickered back to Sam—and he looked away. “Best everyone gets some sleep.” He drained his mug in a series of quick swallows, and set it down on a coaster on the coffee table. “We have a lot to talk about.”

“Yeah we do,” Dean muttered.

“Tomorrow, though, ok? We sleep late, late as we need to, and we’ll talk tomorrow. Ok?”

“Yeah. Ok.”

“I’ll move him to a regular room.” Danny rose to his feet.

John stood up, wiping his hands on his thighs. He did not look at Sam and Dean, but his voice was not hard or angry when he said, “Night, boys.” It was soft, even warm, like it always was.

It broke Sam’s heart. Watching his father walk away from them without a backward glance, the sound of the father they had known still ringing in their ears, knowing that father was lost to them forever. If he ever existed at all.

Dean saw it, felt it, ached with Sam, for Sam. “Come on. Let’s get some sleep.”

Sam blinked slowly, huge dark circles under his eyes. “It’s been a really long day.”

Reggie helped Bobby to their apartment, and Dean walked Sam back to theirs.

When Dean opened the door, Sam stopped dead, staring at the debris littering the kitchen and living room, signs of Dean’s reaction when he learned Sam had left.

“Oh god. Dean.” Sam visibly deflated. “I’m sorry.” He stared at the smashed dishes and cups, the shards of ceramic and glass everywhere.

Dean took Sam’s hand, rubbing the meaty part at the base of Sam’s thumb. “Too tired to make it
up to me, Sammy?”

The desperate hopefulness on his face blasted away Sam’s fatigue. “Let me take care of you first. Clean you up. Then…if you still want to.”

Dean’s green eyes met Sam’s hazel ones. “I’ll still want to.” His voice shook. “If you want to.” His eyes dropped.

Sam knew what he was remembering.

“Dean. What you did. For me. For us. I love you even more.”

“You aren’t…disgusted?”

“No. Not with you. Never with you.”

Dean shuddered, relief washing through him. “Sammy. I need you.”

“Shh. Ok. Just let me get the glass out of your skin first.”

Dean let Sam take his hand and pull him into the bathroom to take care of him.
Sam turned up the thermostat to 80 so the heat blew through the floor vent in the bathroom, quickly filling the space with warm air. He pulled out the tweezers from their post-hunt care kit and set it on a clean dry cloth on the top of the toilet tank.

He started with Dean’s face, dabbing it carefully with a clean white washcloth dipped in the sinkful of warm water. “At least your stitches weren’t messed up.” Dean had turned his head to the side, and taken the brunt of the impact with his hands, protecting his face. Sam’s careful stitches were still perfect, the cut healing beautifully.

Miraculously, Dean’s hands had no more than minor scratches, although they would be bruised in the morning. His face had a few nicks from the shattered glass. The blood on his face, mostly wiped away already, came from a laceration on his scalp. They both knew from experience that a minor scalp wound could easily produce a frightening amount of blood.

He cleaned the dried blood from Dean’s skin, turning his face from side to side to make sure he got it all. He probed gingerly along Dean’s hairline. “You’ve got glass powder in your hair.”

“That means a shower.”

“That means a shower.” Sam smiled. “But I’m not done yet. Close your eyes.” Carefully, he tugged Dean’s shirt over his head, pulling the neck wide so it didn’t dislodge glass dust that could fall into Dean’s eyes, and painstakingly checked his upper body for embedded bits of mirror, touching every inch of his skin lightly with his fingertips. Where he found a shard or lump of glass, he pulled it out with a deft motion of the tweezers.

He winced at the bruising already showing on his chest and right side. He pressed against Dean’s ribcage, and had him bend and twist. The twitching of his facial muscles revealed discomfort, but there was no sharp pain indicative of broken ribs. Sam took a deep breath of relief, expanding his chest unconsciously as if to remind himself he could breathe freely, that his own ribs weren’t still battered and bruised.

He knelt and pulled off Dean’s boots and socks, brought his hand to Dean’s belt buckle, then paused. His thumb twitched.

“Sam?” Dean’s voice was rough.

Sam looked up at him, hair hanging in his face. Gazing up at Dean, he settled into his kneeling position, a subtle shift, but one that transformed the pose from practical to symbolic. Sam knelt before Dean, hands reaching up, knuckles brushing against his bare skin. The penitent kneeling before the worshipped. Looked up at Dean, lips parted, so many words trying to spill out that none of them made it through.

Dean swallowed hard. “It’s ok, Sam.”

“I mean it, I—”

Dean put his hand on Sam’s head. “I know.”

Sam blinked hard a few times, then unbuckled Dean’s pants and removed them slowly, folding them over and setting them to the side so no glass dust got onto the tile floor. He checked Dean’s lower body, trying to ignore Dean’s natural, glorious reaction to being naked in front of Sam until...
his task was done. He pulled out a few bits of glass, Dean trying not to wince as the tweezers dug in. Sam gently moved Dean in a circle, making absolutely sure he got everything. “OK. Shower.”

Sam stripped quickly and stepped into the shower with Dean. Dean was able to wash himself, but let Sam do it. “Close your eyes,” Sam said again. He nudged Dean backward into the spray, tipped his head back and guarded his forehead with the palm of his hand. With exquisite care, he rinsed the glass dust out of Dean’s hair. Dean kept his eyes closed, felt Sam’s hands leave his scalp and return, thick and slippery with shampoo, Sam’s body close against his. Dean’s cock jumped, eliciting a low chuckle from Sam. “Wait your turn,” he said, eyeing Dean’s erection.

“Did you just talk to my dick?”

“Why not? You do.”

“Gonna tell it what a good boy it is, Sammy?”

Sam’s fingers froze, just for a split second, then resumed moving over his scalp, lathering his hair up. His cock twitched, heavy and hard against Dean’s thigh.

A smile spread over Dean’s mouth, pink and wet from the spray. He started to open his eyes.

“Uh-uh. Keep ‘em closed.”

“Ok.” Dean complied.

“Good boy.” Sam’s voice rang against the hard tiles. Dean bit his lower lip. Sam’s fingers moved over his throat, his right hand still working in Dean’s hair. He stroked his fingers over his Adam’s apple, played across the hollow of his throat. His right hand moved to the base of Dean’s scalp, scratching lightly with his fingernails.

Dean shivered.

“Doing so good for me, Dean.” He spoke slowly. “You like it. Having your eyes closed. Not being able to see what I do next.” Sam’s hand dropped lower, fingernails scraping lightly over Dean’s chest. Dean gasped at the feel of Sam’s mouth closing over his right nipple, gasped again as Sam’s hand stroked his inner thigh.

“Sam.”

Sam stood close again, bringing both hands up to lightly scratch and massage his scalp, letting his cock bob against Dean’s, the warm water running down Dean’s back. He breathed out over Dean’s mouth, not quite kissing him. Dean lunged forward, tried to claim Sam’s mouth, but he pulled back. “Shhh. Careful. Hold still.”

Dean let Sam tip his head back so the spray washed through his hair, moaning with the pleasure of it. “Gonna do it again,” Sam whispered. “Make sure you’re nice and clean.” Dean groaned.

Sam worked more shampoo into Dean’s hair, the lather thicker and richer the second time. He bumped his hips forward, rocking against Dean, sliding his cock against him, slipping against his lower abdomen where Sam’s initials marked him.

“Sam,” Dean breathed. “Kiss me.”

As though he’d been waiting for those words, Sam surged forward, took Dean’s mouth in his. Dean’s hands went around Sam, slid up his wet skin, gripping the lean muscles of his upper back,
sliding back down to grip his smooth, firm ass. He moaned into Sam’s mouth. “Christ, I need you so bad.”


Sam rinsed Dean’s hair again. When the last of the suds swirled down the drain, he whispered, “You can open your eyes now.”

Dean did so. Sam’s cheeks were stained pink, pupils wide, wet hair sticking to his forehead. His cock was so hard the tip was red, and his chest was flushed with blood.

“Sam.” The sound was a plea, a sob, a prayer.

“Let me finish taking care of you.”

Dean showed superhuman willpower by not pressing Sam against the shower wall and fucking him using just the conditioner that Sam was working into his hair. He held still and let Sam lather up his body, apologizing with soft whispers and kisses on his neck at the sting of the soap in his cuts. He let Sam wash him clean, Sam whispering words of praise. “Doing so good, Dean.”

Sam shampooed himself with lightning speed as Dean soaped up his body, running his hands all over Sam’s skin. Sam shivered, laughed, held Dean back. “Not in here. Too slippery. You could get hurt.” Sam rinsed himself off, smacked the shower off with the flat of his hand and pulled Dean out onto the thick bath mat. He toweled Dean off first, pressing the towel softly against his skin, not wanting to cause him discomfort.

Then he knelt again in front of Dean, not even bothering to dry himself off. Water droplets ran off his hair, trailing down his neck, dripping over his chest. He placed the palms of his hands flat on Dean’s stomach. “Let me.”

“Yeah, Sammy. Sure.” Dean shook his head, confused by Sam’s tone. Sam sucking his cock was a normal occurrence, not something he had to insist on.

Sam ghosted his fingers over Dean’s cock like a sculptor dusting a soft brush over the curves of a marble sculpture. Face upturned, he brought his wet mouth to Dean, opened to him, took him inside, surrounding him with softness and warmth. His lips and tongue stroked him, luxuriously soft. He moved his mouth on Dean like an apology, a promise, a benediction.

Dean shuddered, the memory of the others too close, closed his eyes against it. Sam hummed, a low sound of pleasure, curiously soothing. He opened his eyes, saw Sam on his knees, Sam’s mouth on him. The memory rattled, shook loose, lost its grip. Sam blinked slowly, long eyelashes fluttering, love coming off him in waves. He drew back, dragging his tongue along the underside of Dean’s cock, lips clinging in a silken circle. When he tasted the precome pearling in the slit, Sam moaned, licked it off, hands slipping around to gently cradle Dean’s ass. He brought his mouth back down, back arching as he took Dean deeper, eyes locked on Dean’s. He pulled back slowly, caressing Dean’s cock with his mouth, his tongue, the silken walls of his mouth tugging at him softly.

Dean’s eyes fluttered, emotion flaring as it hit him what Sam was up to. He was deliberately doing what those men had done, sucking him off in the bathroom. Sam still wanting to do that, even after knowing, hearing in such detail. He was not repelled by what Dean had done, accepting that part of his past, but claiming him completely and utterly, with such love it brought tears to Dean’s eyes. Sam went to his knees before Dean and sanctified that act forever.
The memory of those few desperate acts of survival thinned, became transparent, disintegrated into nothingness. The only one who had ever been on his knees before Dean was Sam. Only Sam.

Shacky heat bunched and coiled at the base of Dean’s spine, spreading outward. Dean pulled back, not wanting to come yet, wanting to fuck Sam pliant and begging for it and moaning his name. But Sam looked up at him, all wide eyes, pink cheeks and cock-swollen mouth, and said, “Please.”

And Dean could never deny Sam something he wanted. He let Sam take him in his mouth again, and Sam made a happy sound low in his throat. Dean’s orgasm surged from someplace deep inside, not just rooted in his cock. Sam moaned as the taste flooded his mouth, hands tightening on Dean’s hips, taking him as deep as he could, showing him how much he wanted it, spreading his knees wider, his untouched cock bobbing, pulling back to nurse on the head and working the base with his hand, so the last of it spurted on his tongue, lips working, mouth pulling, tongue stroking the underside, coaxing more out, drinking Dean down.

Dean stroked Sam’s wet hair, chanting his name, spilling into his mouth, no shame in the act, nothing but pure love and breathless pleasure and sheer awe at how lucky he was to have Sam, as the white light danced behind his eyelids.

~

Sam pressed his forehead against Dean’s bare thigh, panting. Dean tipped his face up, pulled him gently to his feet. He kissed Sam, kissed him so slow and sweet and thoroughly it made him dizzy, clinging to him so as not to stagger and fall to the side. He finally released Sam’s mouth.

Sam dropped his head forward. “Jesus, Dean.”

Dean stroked Sam’s flanks and trailed his fingers along the curve of his ass. He licked his lower lip in that unconscious way he had. “Gonna let me inside, Sammy?”

“Yeah.”

Without a word, Dean picked Sam up in his arms and carried him into the bedroom, not allowing a single murmur of protest out of him. He settled Sam down on the mattress and sprawled over him, holding him down, his soft cock nestled on Sam’s stomach. “I should tie you to the bed. Make sure you don’t leave again in the middle of the night.” Dean’s eyes gleamed dark green.

Sam made a soft whimper.

“Spank your ass raw. Make you say you’re sorry.” Dean was teasing—but he wasn’t. The pain was still there in his eyes. The agony at waking up to find Sam had left him behind. The grief and terror that goaded him to smash plates and glassware, flickers of anger still left over, so extreme was his distress waking up alone, without Sam.

“You should.” Sam’s voice came soft and breathy.

“What?” Dean loosened his hold on Sam’s shoulders.

“I deserve it.” Sam squirmed, turned over, raising his hips up. “Do it. Punish me for leaving. Go ahead. I’ll take it.” He craned his head back to look Dean in the face. “I’ll be good.”

Dean sat back on his heels and rubbed his hand over his mouth. Sam spread his legs wider, dropping his chest down and resting his cheek on his folded arms, raising his ass higher, offering himself up to Dean. “Hard as you want,” he murmured. “I’ll take it all.”
Dean bit his lip, rubbed his damp palms on his thighs, his soft cock surging, showing renewed life at the sight of Sam offering that to him. His bare ass with its perfect pale skin, upturned, waiting for Dean to spank him. His apology offered through submission. Emotion welled up within him, tugging at his riptide-strong desire to spank Sam’s ass candy-apple red, pulling it in the other direction. “Sam. No.” He turned Sam over onto his back, and gathered him up into his arms. “I can’t do that. Can’t ever hurt you because I’m mad.” He squeezed Sam tighter, stroking his wet hair. “I could never punish you, Sammy.”

“It’s ok. You—“

“Not when I’m... not for real. We can try that later. If you want.” The way Sam swallowed hard, mouth parted, told Dean everything he needed to know about whether Sam wanted that. For a split second, he reconsidered, getting a vivid flash of Sam squirming at each strike of his palm, all the sounds he’d make. He closed his eyes, forced the urge down. “I’d do it if you liked it. But not to punish you. I’m never gonna hit you when I’m mad. Not even like this.” Dean pulled back and brushed his knuckles over Sam’s cheek. “I fucking love you, ok? I love you so much, I—” His voice broke. His throat worked, trying to keep his emotion in check. He touched Sam’s mouth with his fingertips. “Just... don’t ever do that to me again, Sam.”

“I won’t.”

“You swear it.” Dean’s lashes were wet with tears.

Sam’s eyes welled up with tears when he saw he’d made Dean cry. “I swear. I’ll never leave you.”

Dean lay Sam down on the bed, and just looked at him. Looked at him like he had sprung from the ether, brand new and fully formed. He touched Sam’s face, so lightly he could barely feel it. He didn’t say anything for a long time, just touched him, his face, his neck, his chest.

“I thought I was never going to see you again. I thought—“

Sam gently tugged Dean to him and kissed the tears from his mouth, his cheeks. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Sam, I can’t, I can’t without you...”

“I’ll never leave you again. I swear.” Sam clutched Dean’s amulet, the most sacred symbol he knew. “I swear on this.”

Dean made a choked sound, half-sob, half-laugh. Then he lay his Sammy down on the bed and worshipped him, with the slow sweep of his seagreen eyes, the eloquence of his fingertips, the patience of his warm breath ghosting over his skin. He woke every nerve ending, sang to it wordlessly, breathed his gratitude over it, made it dance with pleasure. He brought his lips, soft and supple, into play, murmuring sounds of praise into Sam’s skin, the vibrations penetrating his body. He murmured hymns of love into the tiny bones behind Sam’s ear, the proud jut of his hipbone, the silken crease behind his knee. His tongue sang harmony, trailing along his skin, tattooing serpentine patterns, filigree and conjuration, tasting the salt rising from him, as the heat in the room increased from the warm air rushing in through the vent, from the desire suffusing Sam’s body.

He touched and tasted and breathed in everything. Every part of Sam. He kissed his eyelashes, the tip of his nose. He knelt on the mattress and kissed Sam’s feet, stroked them, saw (not for the first time) how perfectly formed they were, strong and symmetrical, with even, well-shaped toes that did not overlap. Even Sam’s feet were beautiful. He pressed the instep of his right foot against his
cheek, stroking his ankle. Sam made a soft little sound. He took Sam’s foot in his hands and brushed his lips over the tops of Sam’s toes, watching Sam’s face. Sam made a breathy little moan, eyelids fluttering.

Dean didn’t have a thing about feet. He had a thing about Sam. Doing anything and everything that made Sam utter that sound, and all its intoxicating variants. So he went with it. He opened his mouth and coiled his tongue around Sam’s little toe. Sam gasped, back arching, hands gripping the blankets. Dean held Sam’s right ankle firmly, a wicked smile curling the corners of his mouth, and took his little toe into his mouth.

“Ah. Ah. Dean.” Sam’s eyes were wide with surprise at how good it felt.

Dean twined his tongue over it, sucking gently, shivers of pleasure running up his spine at the sounds it was driving from Sam. He moved to the next one, licking at it, then taking it into his mouth, and the next one in turn. Sam panted, whimpered, moaned. Dean pressed his mouth to the arch of Sam’s foot, sealing his lips against it, dragging his tongue along the underside. Sam jolted, hands scrabbling at the blankets, making a cry of such urgency Dean could not help but smile. He did it again, and again, until he swore Sam was about to come just from that.

“Hang on tight, sweetheart.” He opened his mouth and slowly engulfed Sam’s big toe, sucking it down just like he did to Sam’s cock.

“Fuck.” Sam writhed, shivers running through him, shoulders lifting off the bed then falling back down. “Dean.”

Dean kept sucking it like it was his cock, eyes locked onto Sam’s, drinking in the fierce pleasure ripping through Sam. Sam’s cock jerked, precome surging from the slit. Dean moved his mouth up and down, lapping at it, sucking as he took it inside, sucking harder as he pulled off. Sam was leaking steadily, thrashing beneath him, tearing the sheets from the bed.

“Fuck, fuck, Dean, fuck, I’m gonna come.” Sam’s voice was high, disbelieving.

Dean pulled his mouth off slowly. “Not yet. Shh. Not yet.” He made a mental note, however, on his “Rock Sammy’s World” to-do list. Make Sam come just from sucking on his toes.

He lowered Sam’s right leg to the bed, and closed his hands around his left ankle.

“Oh god. I can’t. I’ll die.”

“You said you’d take it. If I spanked you. As much pain as I told you to take, right? Take this instead.” Sam’s eyes widened. “Can you? Take as much pleasure as I want to make you take?”

Sam whimpered. Nodded. “Yeah.”

“Don’t come until I tell you.”

Sam nodded, cheeks bright red. “I promise.”

Dean brought his mouth down, gave Sam pleasure so intense he didn’t know what to do with himself. Dean played the nerves in Sam’s foot, seemingly connected in a direct line to his cock, like a master, augmenting the tricks of his lips and tongue with a stroke of his hand over Sam’s inner thigh, a brush of his fingertips over the head of his cock, pressing his thumb into the soft flesh of his perineum. Sam writhed and moaned and cried out, again and again.

Dean slowed, letting Sam catch his breath, stroking his thighs, and then resumed his onslaught,
until Sam was begging, unashamed and desperate.

“Dean, please, I can’t, please let me come, Dean, fuck me, please, make me come for you.”

Dean looked up at Sam, a wolfish intensity in his eyes, and pulled his mouth away long enough to say, “Not yet.”

Sam dropped his head and wailed, shuddering, thrashing, as Dean sucked on his big toe, lashing it with his tongue, pulling hard like he was trying to draw the come out of him. Sam’s stomach was wet with precome, his chest flushed pink, his balls full and achingly ready, his cock engorged with blood, bobbing, needy.

It was glorious.

“I can’t, Dean, I can’t…”

“You said you could, Sammy. You said you’d take it.”

Sam panted, swallowed hard, nearly in tears. “Ok. Ok, Dean.”

“Just a little more. Can you do that for me, baby boy?”

Sam’s head fell back at that term of endearment, his cock jerking and slapping against his belly. He closed his eyes, took a shuddering breath, then another, slower and deeper, and a third, slower and deeper still, consciously relaxing his body. His fingers opened. He opened his eyes and looked straight at Dean. “I’ll take it. As much as you want.”

Dean put him to the test. He didn’t hold back one iota. He let Sam show him how much he meant it, how sorry he was for leaving him behind, through pleasure, not pain. He licked and sucked Sam’s feet, tonguing the line where his toes met his feet, sending violent shivers through him. He sucked his balls, heavy and full, into his mouth, Sam grinding his hips in little circles, making deep, primal sounds. He spread Sam’s thighs open wide and lapped at his hole, softening him, opening him up, reveling in the feel of him under his tongue, the achingly delicious cries he made, settling in and licking him like he could spend hours doing it, fingers teasing the base of his cock, rolling his balls in his hand, slicking up his finger and working it inside Sam, just one, pushing and curling and twisting, unleashing all the tricks he had.

Sam sweated and panted and cried out, nearly screaming when Dean brought him right to the edge and held him there, struggling so hard not to come—but he took it. He took it all. Dean tried to make him lose it, really tried to make him come without permission. But Sam just took it, took it for Dean, showed him how deep his love was, how his word was his bond. He shivered and shook and danced under Dean’s tongue and fingers. But as he had sworn, he did not come without permission. He showed Dean he would keep his promises.

“Jesus, Sammy,” Dean breathed in admiration, sitting back on his heels.

“You aren’t mad at me anymore?”

Dean didn’t realize tears had started rolling down his face until they ran down his neck. He wiped his face with both hands, and lowered himself alongside Sam. “No, Sammy. God no. I’m not mad at you, baby.”

“Then…please.” Sam took Dean’s hand and placed it on his cock. It was huge and hot in Dean’s hand, thicker than he’d ever felt Sam’s cock get. His need for Dean was palpable, so sharp it bordered on pain. “Dean, please.”
“Anything.” Dean’s lips were soft against Sam’s neck. “I’ll do anything you want.”

Sam spread his legs, pulled Dean on top of him. “I need you, I need you so fucking bad, Dean, please, I’m sorry, please…”

“Shh, baby. You don’t have to apologize.”

“I thought you were dead, Dean, I thought he killed you, I need you..”

Dean sobbed again, tried to kiss Sam through the sobs, hurriedly slicked himself up, lowered himself over Sam, pressed himself to Sam’s entrance. He brushed Sam’s hair out of his face, caught, rapt, by the color of his eyes, like sunflowers floating in a deep blue lake. “I love you.” He thrust forward, just an inch, just enough to breach his entrance.

Sam burst into tears.

Just like the first time.

But these tears were more fierce and wild, ripped from a much deeper well. Sam had been hollowed out by pain and fear and keen sorrow, had shown character and bravery in the face of true evil and impossible odds. The tears from before were those of a boy in the arms of his true love. These tears were the soul cry of a man in the arms of his other half, never again to be parted.

Dean entered Sam slowly, all the way, bringing Sam’s thighs back underneath him, wrapping his strong arms around him and cradling him. He sank deep into him, his own tears falling freely.

He didn’t fuck Sam. He didn’t make love to Sam.

He was love, for Sam. So young, only two decades on this earth in this body, but he was old in his love for Sam, old beyond counting, old like the sea.

Their love was old. Older than they were in these perfect young bodies. Dean felt it, how far back it stretched. Just for a second. That was all he could bear.

Sam felt it too. His breath stopped, just for a second, as it hit him. stars forming God lonely in the void so lonely wanting to know itself exploding into fragments all shards of the same oversoul all part of the whole but separate distinct some shards shivering breaking once more breaking into twin souls, mated belonging to each other since before the quantum possibility of the beginning of time soul mates before the Earth’s crust had cooled always been you always been you always been you

“Sam.” Dean’s voice was wrecked, his tears falling onto Sam’s face.

“Dean.”

If they ever made it to old age, where senility stripped away (mercifully) the memory of all they had suffered, the last two words they would ever know would be Sam and Dean.

Sam moved under Dean, the motion sparking nerves inside both of them. Dean rolled his hips, grinding into Sam, wanting to stay as deep inside him as possible.

“It’s too much.” Sam gasped. “Too much.”

Dean understood, pulled back onto his heels, spread Sam’s thighs wide and took hold of his cock with a firm grasp. Sam sobbed, grateful that his release was finally at hand. He looked up into
Dean’s face, that beautiful soft dusting of freckles over his cheeks and nose, his green eyes gleaming with tears, his perfect pink mouth open with pleasure.

Dean snapped his hips forward and slid his hand down Sam’s cock. “Come for me.”

Sam’s eyelids slammed shut and the world turned to white fire, roiling and pouring down like a waterfall, silver sparks misting at the edges like spray. He stopped breathing, his bodily functions channeled toward more important things. His body tried to jackknife, then arched, arms flung wide, hips jerking up helplessly, fucking up into Dean’s fist, onto Dean’s cock. Dean worked Sam’s cock nonstop, slamming into him. “Yeah, like that, so fucking beautiful when you come for me…” Sam sucked in a huge breath as his body stuttered and regained motor control, and screamed, screamed again, as the orgasm blew out his sense of where his body ended until he swore he could feel Dean’s orgasm firing, sparks erupting, gold-tinged with green flecks, could feel Dean’s release, centered more in his cock and his heart than Sam’s full body supernova, feel Dean’s (our) cock spurting deep inside him (us) until he felt it one in two bodies we are one until he didn’t know whose scream was ringing in his ears, his or Dean’s.

~

In Bobby and Reggie’s apartment down the hall, Bobby groaned and tugged the pillow over his head even harder.

“At least we have earplugs,” Reggie muttered from the other bed.

“Well, they ain’t big enough.”
Turning Point

Chapter Summary

Dean deals with the aftermath of the day's events. Sam and Dean face off with John.

Inside the Sanctuary, Danny and Juliane lay asleep, naked under the heavy blankets, limbs tangled, breathing peacefully.

Bobby had finally fallen asleep, flat on his back, mouth open. Between the noise Sam and Dean had made and the great rattling snores pouring out of Bobby, Reggie had given up on sleep, and was propped up on one elbow, writing poetry in his notebook.

Alone in the wing of lightly warded, regular motel rooms, John lay on his back in bed, eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling.

~

Sam stirred, awoken by the fullness of his bladder and the warmth of the room from the heat still cranked to 80. He slipped out of bed quietly, as was his habit, not wanting to wake Dean. He padded down the hallway, turned the heat down to 68, and returned to the bathroom. After relieving himself, he wrapped Dean’s discarded clothes in a wet bath towel and carried it to the living room, so Dean wouldn’t step on them accidentally if he stumbled in half-asleep to urinate.

~

Dean awoke.

He reached out for Sam.

Sam wasn’t there.

Blind terror flared within him. “Sam?” He sat bolt upright in bed, sweat erupting from his skin, heart pounding. “Sam!!”

Sam was back inside the bedroom within seconds. “Dean? What’s wrong?” His eyes scanned the room for danger, intruders, a daddy longlegs, anything that might have scared Dean.

“You were gone.” Dean swallowed hard, running his hands through his hair. “Woke up and you weren’t there.” His breathing was shallow and rapid. A bead of sweat dripped down his chin.

“I’m sorry. I had to pee. I’m right here.” Sam sat on the bed and took Dean’s hand. His eyes widened. “Dean. You’re shaking.”

Dean leaned forward, clinging to Sam’s hand, breathing faster. He pressed his other hand to his chest. “My heart.” He gave Sam a panicked stare. “Beating too fast.” The panic exploded, and he began to hyperventilate, hands locking onto Sam’s shoulders.

“It’s ok. Dean. Just a panic attack.” He pulled Dean into his arms. “You’ve walked me through them a bunch of times. Right?” He stroked Dean’s hair, longer now than he had ever seen it before.
Dean whimpered, the sound of a frightened animal, trapped in a spiral of panic. Sam glanced around the room, desperately looking for something to jolt Dean out of the fear loop. He had no idea where Dean kept the peppermint oil Juliane had given him. He was absolutely not going to hit Dean to snap him out of it. But he needed something.

He tried kissing Dean, like Dean had done during Sam’s panic attacks to refocus him. Dean’s body was rigid, eyes clenched shut, and he kissed Sam back, but his heart kept pounding frighteningly fast. There was no way he was going to get Dean to breathe slowly with him, not with the panic so bright and strong.

“Sam.” Dean opened his eyes, utterly terrified at being so out of control. “Help.”

Sam wracked his brain, trying to think of something, some sensory input that would kick Dean out of his panic and get him to concentrate on his body, so the adrenaline would subside.

He gently pushed Dean onto his belly. “Lie down. Try to breathe normal.” He crawled onto the bed between Dean’s thighs and without preamble, licked a wet stripe over Dean’s hole.

Dean jolted, having completely not expected that.

Sam licked at Dean again, slow, soothing strokes of his tongue like a cat grooming a struggling kitten. He gave a soft sigh of satisfaction and settled in, lapping at Dean like he intended to do it for hours.

Dean gasped for breath. Sam stroked both hands over the curve of his lower back and down his ass. He kissed the soft flesh of one side, then the other, then parted his cheeks and brought his mouth back down. He sealed his lips over Dean’s hole, tongued him gently and lapped at him, great long strokes, infinitely patient.

Dean hiccoughed, and moaned.

Sam grabbed his pillow and shoved it underneath Dean’s hips, propping them up higher. “Just relax. I’m gonna be here a while.” He rimmed Dean nice and slow, every stroke of his tongue calm and loving. Dean’s fists, tangled in the sheets, loosened, his fingers spreading out. Slowly, his breathing slowed, his heart rate calmed.

Sam stroked Dean’s thighs with his fingers, and worshipped him with his tongue and mouth, never increasing the speed to something needy and frenetic. It wasn’t about stimulating his cock. It wasn’t about opening him up so Sam could fuck him. It was about the pure, sensuous pleasure of licking his hole, taking his own pleasure in it as much as giving it to Dean. It was about rooting Dean in the here and now, with Sam right there with him.

He spread Dean open with his thumbs, licked inside the pink opening unfurling to him, the skin texture changing from the strong, ridged outer sphincter to the delicate, silken flesh within, a miraculous thing that only he had ever known, that Dean had only ever given to him. His strong, wet tongue caressed the most intimate of places on Dean’s body, his lips pressed to him, moaning with the sheer joy of it sparking through him not from his cock in greedy anticipation, but from his fingertips, his tongue, his mouth, as though they had become erogenous zones, giddy with pleasure.

Dean’s spasm-tight muscles relaxed, his panic evaporating under the hypnotic strokes of Sam’s tongue. Sam licked his hole for a long, long time, listening to Dean’s breathy moans, reveling in how Dean yielded to him, tenseness draining away.

“You really love doing that, don’t you, Sammy.” Dean’s voice was hushed, almost disbelieving.
“Mmm,” Sam answered, dragging his tongue up once more, and again.

Dean spread his thighs wider, giving Sam complete access. He relaxed completely, not squirming and chasing an orgasm, but simply letting himself feel the pleasure of what Sam was doing. Licking and sucking at his very center, infusing him with pleasure and peace.

He groaned and stretched, like a cat. “Feels so good, Sammy,” he mumbled. His breathing slowed even more. Within a few seconds, Dean was fast asleep.

Sam pulled away, wiping his mouth off. He chuckled to himself quietly, then got into bed and pulled the blankets over them both. He was content to fall asleep on his back with his cock heavy and hard on his belly, enjoying the unmet need of it like a slow, sweet tease, knowing there was plenty of time later for all his needs to be met. He lay there in the dark, listening to Dean’s peaceful, slow breathing until he too fell asleep.

They slept in a long time, neither one of them ready to face the day. Not this day.

Dean smacked his lips and rolled over—or rather, he tried to. A groan of pain, and he tried again. “Sam.”

Sam was fully awake in the space of a second, hearing the need in Dean’s voice. “What’s wrong?”

Dean gestured to his body. “Hurts.”

Sam sat up on his elbow. “Where?”

“Everywhere.”

Sam pulled the blankets down slowly, and cursed. Dean’s chest and side was nearly solid purple, badly bruised from being flung against the mirror. “Stay here a sec, ok?” Sam quickly pulled on his sweats and a clean sweatshirt and tugged on his sneakers without taking the time to put on socks, then quickly went into the wrecked kitchen. He came back with a glass of milk, two cheese sticks and the bottle of pain pills. He helped Dean sit up, propping him up on both pillows. The pain was sharp enough that beads of sweat appeared on his brow. Sam handed the cheese sticks to Dean. “These first.” Dean didn’t protest, knowing that taking the pills on an empty stomach was a bad idea. He swallowed two pain pills and drank the entire glass of milk.

Dean shivered, bare arms over the blankets. With infinite patience, Sam put Dean’s t-shirt back on, lifting his arms for him, and his thickest flannel. “You need to pee?”

“In a minute.” Dean lay still, eyes closed.

Sam started a pot of strong coffee and started a panful of bacon. He came back in and finished dressing Dean, then practically carried him to the bathroom.

“I got this.” Dean swayed on his feet, wincing at the strain standing upright placed on his core muscles.

“Hell you do.”

“What, you’re gonna hold my dick while I pee?”

Sam cocked his head. “You want me to?”
Dean rolled his eyes. “No.”

“You sure? I will.

Dean chuffed. “I bet you would.”

“Shut up.” Sam came behind Dean, supporting him from behind, tugged his sweatpants and underwear down, and pulled out his cock. He cradled it in his right hand and aimed. “Go ahead.”

Dean closed his eyes, Sam’s hand warm on his soft cock, and let go. As the stream arced into the bowl, he laid his head back on Sam’s shoulder, suffused with an unexpected rush of love for Sam. Sam shook Dean’s cock, spattering the last few droplets into the toilet, dabbed the slit of his cock with a bit of toilet paper, and flushed, tucking Dean back into his clothes.

He walked Dean slowly into the living room and settled him on the couch, removing a shard of broken bowl from the seat cushion. He flipped the bacon over, and brought Dean a cup of coffee. “Lucky you didn’t break all the cups.” He proceeded to sweep the broken glass and pottery from the various surfaces on which they’d landed.

“I should be doing that.”

“No you shouldn’t.”

“I’m the one who did it. It’s—“

“Don’t say my fault. I shouldn’t have gone off without you.”

Dean held his coffee cup in both hands, a ghost of the pain of Sam’s absence still lingering on his face.

“Dean.”

Dean looked at Sam.

“I’ll never do that again.”

Dean blinked a few times.

“I’ll even wake you up at night when I have to get up to take a leak. Bring you with me, if you want.”

“You getting a pee kink, Sammy?” Dean tried to tease.

Sam smiled. “No. I’m not. I’m just saying.”

Dean took a sip of coffee. “That’s a damn fine cup of coffee.”

“No cherry pie, though. Sorry.”

“Damn.” Dean’s face got wistful and dreamy. “Pie.”

“You think they have Twin Peaks in the library?”

“Dude, totally. I saw it.”

“Tell you what. I’ll go out and get us some pie, and we can sit on the couch and marathon Twin
Peaks—“

Dean’s expression stopped Sam cold.

“Shit. Dad.”

“Yeah. Dad.”

Sam set the bacon onto paper towels to drain. He quickly gathered up most of the broken shards from the living room, and brought Dean six slices of bacon wrapped in a clean paper towel. “Gotta buy more dishes, though. No plates survived.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Sorry.”

Sam joined Dean with a handful of bacon and a cup of coffee.

They ate slowly, in silence.

Sam gave Dean a mournful look.

“I know, Sammy. Me too.”

Sam stared into his coffee cup.

“Good news is we killed a knight of Hell.”

Sam nearly choked.

“Pretty awesome, huh?” Dean pushed weakly at Sam’s shoulder.

“Yeah.” Sam shook his head.

“Sam. It’s really over.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s thigh. “You’re pure. Blood is clean. Boss Demon’s dead. Like, dead dead. We did that.”

Sam swallowed hard, staring at Dean. “You did that.”

“We both—“

“You did that. You made me pure. You.” Sam’s eyes fluttered, his gaze dropping. “You…loving me.” He raised his eyes to Dean’s face. Dean was caught, mesmerized, by the wealth of love shining back at him.

“I was tainted, and you made me pure. You’re so—“

“Shh. Come here.” Dean tugged Sam into his arms, and kissed him, murmuring with pleasure at the taste of bacon on Sam’s lips. “Remember what that angel said. ‘Pure love.’ That goes both ways. It was us. Sam. Us. You and me.” He pushed Sam’s hair out of his face. “And no matter what Dad says or does, we know that. He tried all our lives to find that demon and kill it. And we did it. What we have. It was so right, Sam. So good. It killed a fucking demon. He can’t say a damn thing about us. Right?”

Sam blew out a long sigh. “Right.”

“And don’t forget. He’s got a shitload to answer for.”
Sam flinched, a small movement but one that was not lost on Dean.

“So, what do you say? Want to pull the band-aid off quick?”

Sam nodded slowly. “Yeah. Let’s get this over with.”

He took a deep swig of coffee, and went to the phone.

~

Sam persuaded Juliane to let John come into the common room of the Sanctuary, so they could meet with him there.

“You want us to stay?” She paced nervously. “We should stay.”

Dean shook his head no.

“This is… it’s a family thing.”

She frowned. “Ok. But you call me on my cell if things get the slightest bit ugly. And um…don’t break anything.”

Dean’s face fell, guilt dragging down his features.

She and Danny left them alone in the common room to wait for John, and went to tend to the survivors.

Sam fidgeted with his thumbs. Dean sat unmoving on the couch where Sam had settled him, still too sore to move much on his own.

The sound of footsteps approaching the door made them both jump.

Reggie and Bobby entered the room.

Bobby raised his hand, silencing their protests before they made them. “You think I’m gonna let you do this by yourselves, you don’t know me too well.” He settled into a chair.

“Me too,” Reggie chimed in. He eyed Dean. “How’re you feeling?”

“Pretty much one solid bruise, but I’ll be ok.”

“Sam taking good care of you?”

“You know it.” Dean’s face lightened as he gazed at Sam.

John walked into the room, boots heavy on the floor. His mouth tensed when he saw Reggie and Bobby.

“Have a seat.” Bobby indicated to the empty couch across from the one on which Sam and Dean sat.

John slumped down, rubbing his hand over his beard. He had huge dark circles under his eyes.

Bobby sighed. “You sleep at all?”

John shook his head no.
Nobody spoke.

Nobody spoke some more.

The silence stretched out, agonizingly uncomfortable.

“Hell of a thing, you two killing Azazel.” Reggie’s voice was a smooth drawl. “Why don’t we start with that?”

Sam gave Reggie a grateful look.

“Nobody but you two could have done that. With your bond. The love you have for each other.” Reggie enunciated clearly. “Those knives were made for soul mates, and you made them even more than that. Because you’re even more than that. And there’s not a damn soul in this room that can say that this thing between you isn’t real and true and pure love.” Reggie fixed John with his piercing blue eyes. “Right?”

John’s eyes traveled to Sam and Dean like it was agony to do so. “Right.”

Sam made a soft sob. Dean stared in disbelief.

“You’re not going to try to take me away from Dean?” Sam asked quietly.

“I was going to. I was damn well going to. But then…everything happened. And I saw. You two have... this thing… I don’t understand how it’s possible, but somehow, it’s right.”

“John. You mean that?” Bobby leaned forward.

John picked at a loose thread on the bottom of his jacket. “I saw what happened. Same as you.” His face was ashen. “Sam’s blood, purified. Because of this thing with Dean...” He stopped, unable to continue. Unable to say the words. “Saw how this...thing between them killed Azazel.” His eyes darted to Sam and Dean, skittered off again like he was afraid of them. “Killed him. The second most powerful demon—” He shook his head in disbelief. “I was up all night. Going over everything. I know this thing between you…”—he waved his hand—“is love. Somehow, it’s actual love. Not molestation.” Dean closed his eyes, trying to hold back the flood of emotion those words released. “But I don’t understand. Jesus, you’re brothers. I don’t—“

“Don’t understand? Like how we don’t understand how you could have another son?” Dean’s voice came low and steady, with a steely undercurrent. “A secret family?” His mouth contorted. “How about you explain that to us?”

“You leave them out of this.” John’s cheeks flushed with anger.

“Isn’t that the point? Dad?” Dean emphasized the word. “Leaving them out of it? Hunting? Monsters? Demons? You getting to pretend you’re, what, normal? A great father?”

“Dean,” Sam began, putting his hand on Dean’s arm.

“No. It’s killing you too. I can see it in you, Sam. I know it. Him leaving us, all those times. ‘Here’s twenty bucks. I’ll be back in two days.’ And three weeks later, we’re eating crackers and ketchup, and he’s still not back.” Dean’s eyes blazed. “Leaving us with nothing. Leaving us to... just get by. Do whatever we had to.” John flinched. “Right? Dad? And half the time, he was off with his other family, trimming the fucking Christmas tree.”

John’s hands shook. “It wasn’t like that, I didn’t mean, I never meant to hurt you...”
“But you did, John!” Dean’s anger was incandescent. “You did!” His mouth trembled. “Why? Why weren’t we good enough? Why’d you have to go make some new kid?” He wiped his hand over his mouth. “Didn’t we do everything you told us to? Learn how to field strip a weapon in seconds. How to take out a Wendigo. Saving people. Hunting things. Didn’t we do everything you wanted?” He fought to maintain composure, his voice cracking. “Didn’t I do everything you wanted me to do?”

A fat tear ran slowly down John’s face. “You did. You both did. It’s not that.”

“Then explain it to me!” Dean rose to his feet, his face bright red. “How could you give this new kid the best you had, and we got the drill sergeant that was gone half the time?”

John looked up at Dean. “How could you fall in love with your own brother?”

All the air left Dean’s lungs. Sam looked like John had just struck him across the face.

“Because you did.” John’s voice was gentle. “It’s not what was supposed to happen, and just about no one would understand, but it’s what happened. And you can’t change it. Right?”

In unison, Sam and Dean nodded.

“You can’t make it un-happen. So you do the best you can to get by.”

“Why didn’t you tell him about us?” Sam asked.

“This life?” John gestured between himself and the boys. “This hunting life? It’s horrible. It’s ugly and hard and full of things most people should never have to know about. I saw what it did to you. That innocence, gone. I wasn’t going to let that happen to Adam.”

Sam’s face contorted. “No. You’re right.” He nodded, tears spilling down his cheeks. “That’s what we do all this for, right, Dean? So innocent people can sleep in their beds at night, and not know the monster in the closet is real.”

John closed his eyes, the unexpected grace of his son’s understanding washing over him.

“Maybe now that it’s all over… we can meet him. He can get to know us.” Sam’s face was hopeful.

John walked toward the fireplace, put his hand on the mantle, leaning forward like he’d been punched in the gut. When he turned to face Sam, his eyes were wet. “It’s not over, Sam. It’ll never be over.”

“What are you talking about?” Reggie asked.

“Meet the new boss. Same as the old boss.” John snapped at Reggie. “You think it’s over just because Azazel is gone? Sooner or later, a new demon’s going to take over. They’re going to groom another one of their Boy Kings. Whatever they had planned for you, Sam, sooner or later, they’re going to try with someone else.”

“You don’t know that,” Dean spat.

“I know how things work, Dean. How evil works. It never sleeps. And you two? You’re hunters. You can’t ever let that go. Not now. What, you’re gonna finish school and get real jobs?” He shook his head. “Once a hunter, always a hunter. And I won’t have Adam in this life. I won’t let it touch him.”
“What about us?”

“I did my best with you. And… I failed. In so many ways. I’m not going to fail him too.”

“You already have. He barely sees you. What, you made it there a few times a year? He’s grown up without you, more or less. Sure, you show up and teach him how to play baseball—” Dean’s mouth shook, on the verge of ugly tears. “But he’s going to have even less of you growing up than we did.”

“You’re right. He did grow up without me. But he won’t have to anymore.”

Dean’s mouth fell open. Sam stared, dumbfounded.

“John.” Bobby’s voice was a warning.

“They have each other now. I can’t understand why. I can’t condone it.”

“But you saw.” Reggie stepped forward, animated by anger and disbelief. “You saw with your own eyes. John, their love saved the fucking world.”

“I know that! But you can’t ask me to live with it. You can’t ask me to live with them and accept it and just… accept it!” John’s voice was rough with anguish. He turned to Sam and Dean. “I love you boys more than anything.”

“More than Adam?” Dean could not help himself.

“Yes!” John bellowed. “More than Adam. More than Adam and his mother and that normal, apple pie life.” John reached out to touch Dean, and then yanked his hand back. “But I can’t. Dean. Sam.” His eyes searched the faces of each one in turn. “You can’t possibly ask that of me. No one could ask that of any father.” His chest hitched as a sob escaped him. “I changed your diapers. I gave you baths together. I can’t even look at you now without picturing you…” He squeezed his eyes shut, his gorge rising, and slammed his fist down on the mantle. “Jesus. It’s inhumane to ask that of me.”

Sam stood up, took Dean’s hand, and said in a small voice, “You’re going to abandon us?”

John flinched, but did not turn around. “Are you two going to stop?”

As one, Sam and Dean said, “Never.”

John bowed his head, tears pattering onto the carpet. “Bobby. I need you to take care of them.”

“I don’t need your permission.” Bobby glared at John. “You do this? It’s forever.”

“You’re leaving us? To go live with them?” Tears streaked down Sam’s face. “But Dad… I’m not even seventeen yet.”

“You may not be seventeen, but you’re damn well a man.” John took a deep breath, trying to compose himself. He put his hand on Sam’s shoulder, beaming at him through his own tears. “You’re more of a man than I’ll ever be. More of a hunter, too. I’m so—” His voice cracked. “So proud of you.” He looked at Dean, drinking in the sight like it was the last image he’d ever have of his eldest son. “Both of you.” He reached for Dean, but Dean recoiled, helpless anger pulling down the corners of his mouth. “You deserve a better father than me. You always have.” He glanced over at Bobby. “I should have let you have them years ago.”

“John. You do this, you can’t undo it.” Bobby struggled to his feet.

John clapped his hand on Bobby’s arm. “You know this is the best thing for them. You know it.” Bobby blinked, and nodded in resignation. Reggie turned away from John and spat on the floor.

John turned to face his sons. “You won’t believe me. But I love you. More than you’ll ever know.” He smiled again through his tears. “You take care of each other.”

And with that, John Winchester walked out the door.

~

Bobby limped toward Sam and wrapped him in a fierce hug. “It’s alright, boy. I got you.” He reached out for Dean. “Got both of you.” Dean let Bobby bring him close, and Dean stroked Sam’s back as he sobbed against Bobby’s chest. Over Bobby’s shoulder, he exchanged glances with Reggie. In that moment, fierce protectiveness in their gaze with the very real promise of violence, Dean looked more like Reggie Beaumont than he ever resembled John.
John hadn’t driven more than two miles out of town before he pulled over into a gas station parking lot, folded his arms over the steering wheel, dropped his head onto his arms and began to cry, hard enough that it shook the car. He cried until he had no tears left, cried until he retched, on the verge of vomiting, cried like his heart was being torn from him.

He did not notice two figures leaning against the wall of the gas station, watching him.

The younger-looking one spoke. “We could give him some comfort. Tell him ourselves that God needed them to be brothers this time.” Samandriel looked upon John with kind, sad eyes.

“John Winchester does not believe in God.” The other angel’s voice was deep and rough. “To be more specific, John Winchester lost his faith. He hates God. He will not listen.”

“If we revealed ourselves, surely he would—“

“It is better for Sam and Dean if he continues on his path.”

“But… he’s in such pain.”

“As are they. But on this, we cannot interfere.”

Samandriel closed his eyes. “He hurts so badly. As do they.”

“I know.”

“They’ve done so much. And this is their reward? Abandoned by their father?”

“We know what it’s like to be abandoned by our Father.” The other angel adjusted his tie, blue like his eyes. “They will endure.” His smile was gentle. “They have each other. And nothing will pull them apart now.”

The two watched and did nothing as John wiped his face off with his sleeves, started the car and pulled back onto the highway heading away from Amarillo.

~

Reggie loped off to let Juliane and Danny know John had left. Within minutes, they had returned to the common room. Juliane took one look at Sam, crying in Bobby’s arms, and tears welled in her own eyes. “Oh, Sam. I’m so sorry.”

Sam stepped back from Bobby, wiping his nose on his sleeve. “It’ll be better with him not around.” He gave Bobby a little smile. “We always wanted you as our dad anyway.”

Dean’s mouth tightened at Sam putting on a brave face. “Don’t let him off the hook so fast, Sam. It doesn’t excuse his fucking leaving us.”

Sam shot a look at Dean, pleading wordlessly for him to let it drop for now.

Dean shook his head, dragging his hands through his hair, then seeing the anguish on Sam’s face nodded.

“Hey, Dean, how about I take out those stitches? They’re ready to come out.” Juliane changed the
subject, as was clearly Sam’s desperate desire. “I could give you a haircut too, if you want.”

Dean tugged at his hair. “Ask Sam. He’s the one that’s gotta look at me all the time.”

Sam swallowed hard, not able to change gears so fast. “I… it’s… I mean, whatever you want…”

Dean drew close to Sam, took his hand, pulled him down on the couch, wincing at the movement. “Hey. You still got me.” He spoke quietly, so no one else could hear. Everyone else suddenly pretended to be extremely busy. Juliane got a sterile-pack pair of scissors and other supplies to remove Dean’s stitches. Danny went into the kitchen and started making a huge pot of hot cocoa. Reggie sat down with Bobby at the chess table and did their best to start a game.

Dean tangled his fingers with Sam’s. “I’ll never leave you, Sam. Swear to god.”

Suddenly the tears were back, and Dean had a baby moose in his arms, all trembling limbs and soft sobs, small and vulnerable.

“It’s ok, Sammy. You cry all you want. It’s ok.” Dean’s voice sank into Sam, driving out the echo of John’s barked commands (Jesus, Sam, don’t you cry. Don’t you dare. Man up. Walk it off.) “Cry all you need to.”

Sam’s sobs quieted but the tears continued, pulled from someplace deep in him, driven by grief too massive for sound. He stayed in Dean’s arms, letting the tears flow out of him, wetting the front of Dean’s shirt. Dean rubbed Sam’s lower back, whispering in a steady stream, “It’s ok, Sammy. It’s ok, baby. It’s ok…”

~

Outside the Sanctuary, two figures appeared.

“He’s hurting,” Samandriel whispered.

“You care for Sam,” the other replied.

“Yes, and so do you.” Samandriel retorted. “You’ve always had a soft spot for the Winchesters.”

“That is an accurate statement.”

“What shall we do?” Samandriel.

“Watch and learn.” The other adjusted the lapels of his trenchcoat, cracked his neck in a surprisingly human movement, and extended both hands, palms out. The air warmed as his eyes glowed a bright, piercing blue-white hue. “Peace, little one,” Castiel whispered. “You too, Dean. Your mother was correct. Angels are watching over you.”

~

Sam gasped as a feeling of warmth welled within him, love and comfort and respite. He nestled closer to Dean with a hushed sound, his tears subsiding. Dean murmured against Sam’s neck, a feeling of such love washing over him at the feel of Sam in his arms, a surge of love and peace and hope sustaining him, his anger subsiding.

“I got you, Sammy,” Dean whispered. “I’ll take care of you.”

“I got you back.” Sam brushed his warm mouth over Dean’s neck. “Take care of you too.”
Dean gave a soft laugh. “I know you will.”

Danny approached with two steaming mugs of cocoa. “Cocoa first. Then the stitches?” Dean nodded.

“Tiny marshmallows,” Sam breathed. He popped one into his mouth, and his eyes closed. “Tiny peppermint marshmallows.”

“Dude. You’re awesome.” Dean looked up at Danny, eyes glowing with something close to hero worship in his eyes.

Reggie spiked his and Bobby’s cocoa with peppermint schnapps. They played chess without really paying much attention, watching Sam and Dean instead.

The boys leaned against each other, drinking their cocoa, warm and safe, absolutely certain that somehow they were going to be ok.

~

Juliane took Dean’s stitches out quickly, again praising Sam’s astonishing suture technique. “There’s barely a scar there at all, Dean.” Danny refilled their mugs with hot cocoa. Sam noticed how Dean’s eyes tightened each time he raised the mug of cocoa to his lips, how his breathing seemed shallow and pained. “Dean needs to lie down,” he announced to the room.

“Sam. I’m good.”

Sam cocked his head at Dean. Dean pursed his lips and gave him a little nod, conceding the point. Sam’s observations were accurate, because when Dean went to stand up, he barely moved before falling back against the couch with a muttered curse.

“I got him.” Reggie quickly hooked one arm under Dean’s knees, slipped the other arm behind his back and picked up Dean like he weighed no more than a child.

“Hey!” Dean protested.

“Hush. I’m carrying you, and that’s that.” Reggie’s tone of voice made it clear he would not take “Put me down, I can walk, dammit” as an answer. Sam quickly snagged a couple of movies from the library, and followed Reggie out of the common room, waving goodbye at Danny and Juliane.

Reggie carried Dean all the way back to their apartment as though it was no effort at all, his lean body belying his strength.

“Where do you want him?” Reggie asked Sam.

Dean gestured towards himself. “Hey. I’m right here.”

“Couch,” Sam said. “Please.”

Reggie lowered Dean onto the couch with great care. He picked up the throw and laid it across Dean, then knelt alongside the couch and smoothed Dean’s hair off his forehead. He breathed in and out like he was summoning up the courage to say something.

“Reg?”

“I gotta say this because I get the feeling you boys haven’t heard this enough in your lives. I know men aren’t supposed to talk about their feelings and just, I don’t know, grunt at each other. But I
think that’s bullshit. So if it’s all the same to you, I’m gonna talk about my damn feelings for a second.”

“Ok. Sure.”

“He doesn’t deserve you two.” Reggie looked up at Sam then back down at Dean. “If you were my boys, I’d never…” Reggie swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple working. “No matter what.” He closed his hand over Dean’s. “I know you got Bobby. And I think these two here would adopt you in a New York minute if you’d let ‘em. I know you don’t—” His voice cracked. “—don’t need me, but—” He stopped, unable to continue.

“Hey.” Sam put his hand on Reggie’s shoulder.

“But the fact of it is, I love you boys.”

Sam’s mouth fell open.

“You’re brave and resourceful and scary smart.” Dean rolled his eyes at that last one. “Both of you. And don’t you dare think otherwise about yourself, Dean.”

Sam looked at Reggie like he was every hero he’d ever heard of rolled into one.

“And you’re loyal and loving and just… damn it.” Reggie wiped his eyes. “You’re both real special. And now, you’re damn heroes. And I’m gonna make sure the entire hunter community knows about it.”

“You don’t have to—“

“Hush now. It’s your due.” He put his hand over Sam’s, and squeezed Dean’s hand tighter. “I’ll get out of your hair now, but I just wanted you to know that.” He patted Dean’s hand and stood up. “You get some rest.” He leaned over, smoothed Dean’s hair back and kissed him on the forehead. Dean’s eyes stung as tears welled up.

“We love you too.” Sam’s voice rang out, clear and true.

“Yeah.”

Reggie blinked rapidly, mouth working, trying to hold onto his composure. Sam reached up and gave Reggie a hug. “Hey, it’s ok for men to cry.”

Dean smiled at that.

Reggie held Sam tight, eyes squeezed tightly shut. Then he pulled away. “You two are good boys.” He smiled down at Dean. “Dinner’s on me tonight. I’ll bring us all back something nice. Deal?”

“Deal.” Sam and Dean spoke as one.

As soon as Reggie left, Sam brought Dean a string cheese, pain pill and glass of water, and then put in one of the videos he’d borrowed. Onscreen, a bird appeared, perched on a branch. The music began, two plucked bass notes, echoed by two simple two-note chords, the image dissolving into a shot of smokestacks, a grinding wheel sending up sparks. Long before the shot of the sign reading Welcome to Twin Peaks appeared, Dean was smiling.

“You know this has lyrics, right?”

Sam blinked in surprise. “It does?”
“Yeah.”
“What are they?”
“Take it back.”

Sam hit rewind and play. Dean sang along, his voice low, a half-whisper. “Don’t let yourself be hurt this time…”

Sam’s face softened, eyes going wide, mouth parted. Dean continued. “Don’t let yourself be hurt this time,” his voice falling silent where he didn’t know the words, then coming in again, an octave lower than the keyboard melody, his voice surprisingly rich and tender. “Are we falling in love?”

Sam sank to his knees, brushed his fingertips over the line where the sutures had been, then pressed his palms to Dean’s cheeks and kissed him. His hands shook.

After a long moment, Dean touched Sam’s wrists. “You ok, Sammy?”

“Yeah.” Sam smiled. Then his smile faded. “Actually.” He shifted position, raising one knee, and fished around on the carpet underneath. He held up a chunk of broken ceramic plate.

Dean winced. “Sorry.”

“You can kiss it and make it better later.”

“You gonna do the same for me?”

“Sure.”

Dean settled in on the couch, watching the ducks swimming across the pond, the fisherman staring into the water, coming around the corner and seeing the body of Laura Palmer. Sam busied himself in the kitchen, gathering up supplies.

“What’s making?”

“It’s a surprise.”

Sam pulled some items out of the refrigerator, grinning when he heard Pete say, “She’s dead. Wrapped in plastic.”

The smell of apples in butter got Dean’s nose twitching. “Not much of a surprise if I can smell it.”

“Oh, it’ll be a surprise. I promise.”

When the scent of cinnamon entered the mix, Dean leaned back on the couch and put his arms behind his head, a grin of absolute contentment on his face. “Love me some pie,” he muttered under his breath.

Sam kept at it, working on the counter by the sink so he could shield what he was doing from Dean’s view, then returning to the range.

Dean expected to hear the sound of the oven door opening, but he did not. The scents turned into toasting pie crust, though, so he settled into the couch, pain pill warming him from the inside, and waiting for his Sammy to bring him some pie. The scent of coffee brewing entered the mix. Dean closed his eyes, letting it all sink in. For a moment—just for a moment—he forgot all about John.
Sam brought out two cups of coffee, setting them on the table, put in the next episode, and then came back with two paper plates. He handed his creation to Dean, searching Dean’s face, waiting for his reaction.

Dean stared at the object on the paper plate, then looked up at Sam, sheer awe on his face. “You didn’t.”

“I did.”

Dean gazed at the pie burrito, flour tortilla crispy on both sides where Sam had griddled it, but still soft on the sides. “Sam. I think I’m gonna cry.”

“Try it.”

Dean put the plate on his lap and picked up the pie burrito with both hands. “It’s not gonna fill my mouth with apple lava, right?”

Sam shook his head. “Really? You think I’d let that happen?”

Dean fluttered his eyelashes. “No.”

“It’s cool enough to eat. But here. I’ll go first.” Sam sat on the floor next to the couch and took a huge bite of his pie burrito. “See? The roof of my mouth did not burn off.”

“I’m trusting you.” Dean took a bite. His eyes rolled back in his head and his eyelids closed. “Mmph.”

“Good?”

“Mmph mph!”

“Swallow. Then talk.”

Dean swallowed. “There’s pie crust in it!”

Sam grinned. “Yeah, we got those roll-up pie crusts. I just cut one into strips and cooked them in a frying pan with butter. It’s not a pie without pie crust.”

“You’re a fucking genius.” Dean took another bite, the crispy tortilla crackling under his teeth, the soft tortilla tearing easily, the apple chunks tender but not mushy, cinnamon sugar syrup flooding his mouth, the strips of crust crunchy and just the right kind of grainy. He moaned, a decidedly sexual sound.

Dean chased the mouthful with a sip of hot coffee, and visibly shivered with the pleasure of it all.

Sam smiled so wide he nearly cracked his lip. “I did good.”

“You did—Sam. Get over here.” Dean pulled Sam down, barely letting him set his plate down, and kissed him hard and fierce, licking the cinnamon apple flavor from Sam’s mouth. He pulled off long enough to say, “You’re the best, Sam. The fucking best.” Another kiss, longer than the first, fists tangling in Sam’s shirt. When he released Sam, Sam’s cheeks were stained pink.

“I’m gonna marry the hell out of you, Sammy.” Sam ducked his head, pride and happiness spilling over his face. Dean stroked Sam’s hair, then turned his attention back to his treat. “A fucking pie burrito. You did it. You really did it.” He inhaled the entire thing, making primal sounds of pleasure, taking gulps of coffee and attacking it again. He sucked syrup from the soft folds of the
base of the burrito, where the tortilla was folded in on itself and around.

His eyes gleamed. “Sam.”

Sam’s head snapped up.

“Stand up.”

Sam obeyed.

“Take it out.”

Sam blew out a breath, and undid his jeans, removing his cock. It was soft, but hardening rapidly. Dean tipped the end of the tortilla over Sam’s cock, drizzling it with warm cinnamon-scented apple pie syrup. And then without seduction or teasing, Dean brought his mouth down and sucked the syrup from Sam’s cock, moaning like it was the best thing he’d ever done. Sam fattened in his mouth, hands clutching at Dean’s hair, not controlling him but stroking it, hips jerking forward. Dean pulled off, smeared the soft folds of tortilla over Sam’s cock, anointing it with the last of the syrup. He looked up at Sam, green eyes gleaming. “You won’t hurt me, Sam. Go on. Fuck my mouth.”

Sam tipped his head back with a groan and did what Dean told him to do, driving into Dean’s mouth like he had a right to it. Dean gripped Sam’s hips, urging him on, sucking the syrup off him, his moans vibrating on Sam’s cock. Within minutes, Sam was pumping helplessly into Dean’s mouth, crying out, coming hard, shivering, chanting Dean’s name, flooding his mouth with an entirely different flavor.

Before he’d finished spilling his aftershocks onto Dean’s tongue, Sam was on his knees, pulling Dean’s cock free. A mischievous gleam appeared in his eyes. He reached for his coffee, took a huge swallow, and held it in his mouth. Then he swallowed the coffee, and immediately took Dean’s cock into his mouth.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Dean hissed. Sam’s silken-smooth mouth was hot, not enough to burn, but enough to make Dean’s back arch and hips push up. “Fucking hell.” Sam sucked Dean’s cock like he meant to pull every drop of fluid out of his body, and as soon as Dean could possibly give it to him. He pulled his mouth off, panting. “You like that?”

Dean’s head fell back against the pillow. “Fucking hell. Yeah.”

Sam took another mouthful of coffee, warming his mouth. He swallowed again, and took both of Dean’s balls into his mouth. Dean cried out, loud and needy, at the heat of Sam’s mouth, so good on his flesh. Sam sucked and licked Dean’s balls until his mouth cooled to its normal temperature, then took another swig, this time, leaving some in his mouth as he sucked, making his mouth even wetter, saliva and coffee spilling over his chin, wet and sloppy and glorious. Then, tipping things from perfect to mother-of-all-that’s-holy, Sam stuck two fingers inside the remains of his unfinished pie burrito, brought them, gleaming and sticky, to Dean’s mouth.

Dean cried out again, pleasure overtaking him, sucked the syrup from Sam’s fingers as Sam sucked the come out of him, his hot mouth and tongue working him so good, demanding it all, every drop. Dean came hard and long, grunting, sucking Sam’s fingers just like Sam sucked his cock, hard and fast and so, so greedy.

Sam swallowed it all, coaxed the last droplets out of Dean’s slit, then held his cock in his mouth, so gently, so careful not to overstimulate him. Just holding it there as it slowly softened. Finally,
reluctantly, he let Dean slip free, and rested his forehead against Dean’s thigh.

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “Fuck.”

Sam looked up at him, hazel eyes gone trance-heavy. “I want to do that every day.”

Dean laughed, a happy, contented sound. “Pie burritos and blow jobs? You got it.”

“I mean it. Wanna make you come like that. Every day.” His eyes fluttered. “I love how you come like that. For me.”

“Come here, sweetheart.” Dean shifted, moved over, making room for Sam on the couch. It was deep enough they were both able to lay down on it. “You can have whatever you want.” He kissed Sam’s neck. “Do anything for you.”

Sam snuggled closer, and Dean pulled the throw around them, covering both of them as best he could.

Sam shifted position, trying to get more comfortable. “I miss the double recliner Bobby got us.”

Dean pulled Sam closer, and kissed the top of his head. “Me too. That was real nice of him.”

They watched the show in comfortable silence. Finally Sam asked in a soft, sleepy voice. “Dean? How come Bobby accepts us, but Dad…” He couldn’t finish. He didn’t have to.

“I don’t know, Sammy.” Dean kissed Sam again. “But he does. That’s all we need.”

Sam smacked his lips, the sound he made sometimes right before he fell asleep.

“You take a nap, Sammy. I got you.” Sam murmured something indecipherable, his eyes fluttering shut. “Sleep, baby.” Dean watched Sam’s face relax, features softening as he fell asleep in Dean’s arms. He brushed his free hand over Sam’s hair. “Don’t worry, Sam,” Dean whispered. “I’ll love you so much, you won’t even miss him.”

~

In the hospital, Gus sat with Rosier as he slept, holding his hand. His human hand. Gus’s thoughts raced. He hadn’t been able to think of anything else since he discovered Rosier was human. Cured, somehow, by the Winchester knife.

Cured.

Hope. There was hope for him. He wasn’t damned for all eternity.

And Rosier. Free.

Locked inside a badly burned human body, but human nonetheless.

Rosier had managed to whisper, “Hope you’re not going to leave me now that I’m a monkey like the rest of them,” the unmarried part of his face curling up into a smile, before sinking back into a pain med slumber.

Gus hadn’t thought of anything else since Rosier turned human. Until now. He let go of Rosier’s hand, stood up and stretched, went to the sink and took a drink of water right from the faucet. He opened his thoughts for the first time, intent on calling out for Sam. Come quick. It worked. He’s human. Come quick. But as soon as he switched that part of him on, he jolted, overwhelmed by the
chaos that came at him across the demon radio, a wild chatter of voices helpless with fear. *dead*
he’s dead he’s really truly dead not exorcised he’s been erased the Winchesters it was the
Winchesters they have a fearful weapon a weapon that can negate us don’t go near them warning
to all steer clear of the Winchesters until more is known if they can take down the Master we
cannot prevail against them he is gone Azazel is gone who will lead us now has anyone heard what
do we do what the hell are we to do now?

Gus stumbled backward, crashing into the cart next to Rosier’s hospital bed, sending it flying.

Rosier’s eyes opened. His cracked lips parted. “What happened?” His voice was a mere whisper.

“They did it. They…” Gus put his hand on his chest in a gesture of self-comfort. “They killed
him.”

“Exorcised? Back to Hell?”

Gus’s eyes were huge. “No. He’s…gone.”

Rosier closed his eyes. Gus was certain he’d fallen back to sleep when his body began to shake. A
rattle issued from him, a rattle that resolved into a guffaw, building slowly into a wheezing gale of
laughter.

Finally, his laughter subsided. “Best news I’ve heard in a long, long time,” he said softly. Gus took
his hand again. Rosier squeezed his fingers. “What’s the chatter?”

“Everyone’s freaking out. Things are falling apart. We should lay low.”

Rosier stroked Gus’s fingers with his thumb. “Call to him.”

“Sam Winchester?”

“Yes.” Rosier coughed. “Ask him if he will come.”

Gus nodded, eyes fluttering closed.

“And Gus?”

He opened his eyes.

“Say please.”
Strange Bedfellows

Chapter Summary

Sam gets the call from Gus, and learns about what else their knives can do.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this chapter is a bit short. I'm exhausted, and wrote as much as I could but I really have to sleep.

Dean awoke, crammed onto the couch with Sam, the throw barely covering him. His feet were cold. His arm was in an uncomfortable position. But Sam was asleep in his arms. So he didn’t move, and just watched Sam breathe. In and out. Effortless. After what Sam had been through, the pain it had caused him to take a simple breath, Dean would never take Sam’s breathing for granted again.

In and out. Effortless. Safe in his arms.

Sam jerked like a dog having a bad dream. Then he settled down again. Another jerk, stronger this time. Sam awoke, his hands fluttering to his temples with a low moan of pain.

Dean’s breath stopped. “Sam?”

Sam jolted again, cried out, hands pressed to his head. He recoiled from Dean, curling up, and fell off the couch, landing on his side hard and barely missed cracking his head open on the corner of the coffee table.

Please Sam Winchester please come it’s important so important please come

Dean was off the couch and kneeling at Sam’s side, shoving the coffee table away hard for its crime of nearly cutting Sam’s head open.

Sam rolled onto his hands and knees, dropping his head, then rolling it from side to side on the carpet, trying to find relief from the pain.

“Sammy. Talk to me.” Dean didn’t panic. He’d been protecting Sam for so long he snapped into warrior mode without hesitation. “Where’s the pain coming from?”

please come Sam Winchester we have news you must see for yourself please we need you

“Voice in my head,” Sam gasped. “Jesus fucking Christ, alright!” Turn the volume down you’re hurting me I’ll come

Inside Sam’s head, silence. Then, so softly,

I’m sorry I didn’t intend to cause you pain thank you thank you
The pain stopped.

Sam sucked in a shivery breath, then exhaled, collapsing onto his stomach. Dean rubbed his shoulders. “Is it gone?”

“Yeah.”

Sam let Dean raise him up to a seated position. His hands shook.

“Ok, warm clothes for you.” Dean helped Sam to his feet.

Sam winced again.

“Voice still going?”

Sam shook his head, staring at Dean. “You’re like one solid bruise.”

Dean shrugged. “You’ve had worse. You didn’t complain.”

“Yeah I did,” Sam protested.

“Actually, Sam. You didn’t.” Dean remembered Sam struggling to take a deep breath for Dean, despite his ribs hurting savagely, and doing it without a word of complaint. Remembered how brave Sammy was, tapping out his location in Morse code while he was being tortured.

Sam blinked rapidly, mouth opening—and shutting. “Well, I was complaining a lot in my head.”

“Ok. On the inside I’m crying like a little girl.” Dean patted Sam’s shoulder. “Come on. Warm clothes. Then you tell me what’s up.”

Sam wouldn’t let Dean dress him. In fact, he ended up dressing Dean. Even with the pain meds, he moved slowly, limbs reluctant to bend. When they were both clothed, safely wrapped in their flannel shirts, Sam sat on the bed next to Dean. “It was Gus.”

“The demon?”

Sam nodded. “He asked me to come. Said they had news. Something I had to see. Said they needed me.”

“That all?”

Sam shrugged. “He said please a lot.”

Dean’s eyebrows shot up. He thought for a moment. “You think word’s gotten around?”

Sam thought about it, then nodded. “Maybe.”

“You sure you want us to go? Maybe they’re lined up out there gunning for us. Might be pissed we took out the big boss.” Dean looked around. “Maybe we ought to stay right here where they can’t get to us.”

“Hang on.” Sam closed his eyes, and as if it was a last-minute thought, he took Dean’s hand in his.

*Hey.*

*Sam Winchester?*
Sam concentrated hard, brow furrowing, sweat beading at the hollow of his throat. Dean’s hand on his anchored him, sent strength pouring into him. He reached out with his thoughts, seeing them suddenly in his mind’s eye like a sea anemone, tendrils waving, and then plunged them into the presence he felt as Gus, plugging each one into him. The connection roared to life.

*Is it safe for us to come out?* The thought flowed freely, clearly.

A feeling of surprise, then gentle laughter. *No one on Earth is safer than you two.*

Gus’s thoughts came without distortion, eloquent and complete.

*Are you sure?*

*You don’t understand. You killed him. Killed Azazel. No demon will touch Sam or Dean Winchester. They are afraid. Terribly, terribly afraid.*

*Good.* The thought escaped Sam before he could clamp down on it.

~

Sam explained to Dean they were safe to go. He didn’t even try to get Dean to stay behind. He just walked him out, explaining the situation briefly to Danny in the common room, and walked to the car. No demons guarded the entrance. No demons were anywhere. Sam drove them to the hospital.

When they walked into Rosier’s hospital room, he was awake. His smiled upon seeing them. “The warrior kings,” he said.

Sam and Dean stared at him in surprise. “The last time we saw you, you were screaming like a banshee,” Sam began.

“In a moment. First, I must thank you. For killing Azazel.” Rosier glanced at Gus, a surprisingly tender glance with a steel backbone of righteous anger. “It was on my list. Not that I could have done it. But…I was going to try.”

Gus stared at the thin hospital blanket, a tinge of color on his cheeks.

“What, demons don’t like other demons?” Dean snapped.

“Does that surprise you?” Rosier reached out for Gus, who took his hand.

“Yeah. I thought you all were evil douchebags. What’s not to like?”

“Dean.” Sam scolded him gently.

“I can’t help it, Sammy.” Dean balled his fists in his jeans pockets. Sam knew why Dean didn’t like Rosier. The nightclub proposition, standing too close to Sam. The kiss in the hospital room to seal the deal.

Sam made a gesture with his head toward Rosier holding Gus’s hand.

Dean softened slightly. “So what, he pissed in your Cheerios one too many times?”

Rosier’s expression on the half of his face that not bandaged was stormy. He stroked his thumb over the back of Gus’s hand. “He did something that was unforgivable to me.” Gus closed his eyes, a tear falling onto Rosier’s wrist. “Shh, little one,” he whispered. “He’ll never touch you again.”
Without warning, Sam took a few steps and put his hand on the back of Gus’s neck. His eyes fluttered shut. Gus gasped, instantly locking into a two-way connection with Sam.

Gus, restrained, unable to escape, Azazel using the instrument of torture inside his cock, screaming and screaming and screaming as the electric shocks ran through him

Sam, restrained, unable to escape, Spivey’s brother Buck using his demon sympathizer powers as a torture device to simulate the effect of a cattle prod on Sam’s inner thighs, on his cock, screaming and screaming and screaming as the electric shocks ran through him

Sam dropped his hand, breaking the connection. Sam and Gus looked at each other, tears stinging in their eyes, sharing an unspoken understanding.

“What’d you see, Sammy?” Dean put his hand on Sam’s lower back, steadying him.

“Enough.” Sam watched Rosier carefully, saw how tenderly he held Gus’s hand. The feelings he felt radiating from them both were mere tendrils, just the beginnings, but he recognized it as the first stirrings of what he and Dean had.

“How did you do it?” Rosier asked. “How did you kill him?”

Sam described how they had stabbed him with both knives, how it seemed to set up some sort of resonance.

“Astonishing,” Rosier whispered. “Is there anything your weapons cannot do?”

“Yeah, well. Our knife exorcism failed.” Sam regarded Rosier with something close to embarrassment.

“Not exactly.”

Sam frowned.

“Your blade. Would you take it out? Please.”

“Sure are polite now that we ganked the head honcho.” Dean couldn’t stop himself.

“Dean. Cut it out. I mean it.”

Dean took a deep breath and turned away, trying to control his temper. Sam took out his knife.

“Hold it up.”

Sam held it up to Rosier’s face. An expression of pure astonishment spilled over his features.

“Dean. Look.”

Dean turned to look, and the same look of astonishment broke across his face. Rosier was looking right at the markings on the blade, his green eyes wide open, not a trace of black in them.

“Wait...what?” Dean shook his head.

Sam did all the tests. Rosier did not react to any of them.

“You’re...human?”

“Yes.”
“...the knife...cured you?”

Rosier nodded, a flicker of exhaustion on his face from all the exertion and talking. Gus gave him a drink of water and put more balm on his lips to keep them from cracking.

“Tell us.”

Rosier slowly described it for them, how he desperately tried to escape his vessel to get away from what Sam’s knife introduced into him but he was locked inside, how that light crawled through him, awoke the long-dormant shred of humanity left in him, how locked into his vessel he had no choice but to face all the things he had done, and suffer for them, until he gave in completely, willing to give up his very right to exist in true penance, and then, only then, how the demon corruption left him.

“Whoa.” Dean rubbed his jaw.

“Dean.” Sam’s eyes gleamed, bright with elation. “We can cure demons.”

Gus rose to his feet. “That’s what I wanted to ask you. Would you...could you cure me too?”

The hope on his face was so keen it was nearly unbearable to Sam. “Yeah. We can do this. Right, Dean?”

“No so fast, Sam.” Dean’s cheeks were pink, and a faint sheen of sweat appeared on his brow.

“Pain pills wearing off?”

“No. I mean, yes, but I mean... this guy was locked into his vessel. Locked in by like the most powerful demon that’s ever walked topside.”

“We get them in a devil’s trap. Lock them down so they can’t bug out. Stick them with the knife, let it do its thing.”

Rosier spoke, his voice quieter, the pain and fatigue clear in it. “Not that easy. Been caught in those traps before. You can...move around a little. If you want to. Leave the vessel and stay in the circle. This was different.” He took a breath. “This was like being nailed down.” He raised his hand and gestured to the places where Azazel had put his hands to anchor him to his vessel. “Tied up with ropes all over you. Can’t move at all. Can’t get out of the vessel. While whatever’s in those knives moves through you. That’s why it worked. Had no other choice. Unbearable to be—“ Rosier coughed.”—human and demon at the same time.” He looked up at Gus, gritting his teeth at the fragile hope on his face about to shatter.

“I want to be human. Like you.” Gus’s lower lip quivered.

“I know. You never gave into it completely.” Rosier turned his attention to Sam and Dean. “Need to rest. Don’t have much left here. I don’t think the devil’s trap will work. He’d be stuck inside the circle outside his vessel, but he couldn’t—wouldn’t—re-enter it. Like...purgatory.”

Dean exhaled loudly. “And if we broke the trap...”

“He’d be sent back to Hell.”

Gus turned away and buried his face in his hands.

“Doesn’t anyone else know how to do this staple trick?” Dean asked.
Rosier sighed. “I didn’t even know that was possible. I’ve never heard of anything like it.”

Gus spun back around to face Sam and Dean, dropping his hands to his sides. His face was wet. “But you can find out. Right? You and your people. You’re the best. Aren’t you?” He gestured to Sam’s knife, back in his sheath. “I mean, someone made those knives, right? You killed Azazel with them. The King of Hell. Lucifer’s child. Not just killed. Erased.” He searched Dean’s face, then Sam’s. “You can find out how he locked Rosy in. I know you can.” Dean’s eyebrows went up at the term of endearment.

Gus dropped to one knee in front of Sam in a curiously formal movement. “I was ready to follow you before. As the Boy King. I’ll serve you now. I’ll pledge myself to you. If you help me become human.” Sam tried to take a step back, but Gus reached up and took Sam’s hand in his, fingers curling around his wrist gently, not demanding. Pleading. “If you find out how he did it, you can cure us all.”
Chapter Summary

Sam is overwhelmed by the intensity of the past few days. Dean takes care of him.

In the car on the drive back, Sam was quiet.

“You ok, Sam?” Dean’s eyes flickered from the road to Sam, taking in his slumped shoulders and the strain on his face.

Sam nodded. “I… it’s just a lot. You know? To deal with.”

Dean nodded, lips pursed. Learning the demon blood had been purged from Sam’s body, because of his love affair with Dean, which an angel told them was approved by God. Sam leaving Dean and heading out on a suicide mission to protect Dean. Killing a Knight of Hell. Sam thinking Dean had died, just for a moment. Finding out they had a brother. Dean’s secret coming out. Dad finding out about them. Dad abandoning them. For his other family.

And now finding out maybe they could cure demons.

“Damn right, that’s a lot.” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. Sam put his hand on Dean’s thigh, shoulders relaxing, like he was drawing strength from just touching him. Dean drove in silence all the way back to the Sanctuary. He turned into the driveway, rolling gently over the salt speed bump.

“Do me a favor?”

“Name it.” Dean didn’t impose conditions.

“Fill everyone in for both of us? I don’t want to talk. I don’t want to explain. Or answer questions. I just want…” Sam fell silent.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it.” Dean stroked the back of Sam’s wrist.

Something flickered in Sam’s eyes, something wide awake and hungry. “Don’t take too long.”

“Don’t start without me,” Dean joked—then paused. “Strike that. Go ahead. Start without me.”

Sam blushed.

Inside, he escorted Sam through the common room and ushered him toward their apartment. “Go rest up, Sam. Have a drink. I’ll be right there.”

Dean explained everything to the four of them. They had a lot of questions, and Dean got back to the apartment later than he’d expected. The air inside was moist from shower steam.

“Sam?”

The bottle of bourbon was on the coffee table, with the cap off. The level was an inch lower than Dean remembered it.
He grinned and took a generous swig, and bringing the bottle with him, he sauntered down the hall to their bedroom. “You ready for me, baby—” Dean stopped dead at the sight that greeted him, skin getting hot all over like he’d been plunged into a warm bath.

Sam was naked. That, he half-expected.

He did not expect to see Sam on his knees, bracing himself on his right forearm, fingers of his left hand buried deep in his ass, his hard cock and heavy balls bobbing between his spread thighs.

Sam looked over his shoulder at Dean, eyes going heavy and lidded at the sight of him, dumbstruck in the doorway. He fucked himself on his fingers even deeper, mouth falling open, hair tumbling into his face, cheeks stained pink, eyes locked on Dean.

“Jesus, Sammy…”

Sam’s face flushed redder, taking in the effect of what he was doing on Dean.

Dean couldn’t tear his eyes away from Sam. “Keep going.” His voice was a low rumble.

Sam whimpered, dropping down onto his shoulder so he could use both hands, head turned so he could watch Dean watch him. He tugged on his balls with his right hand as he fucked himself on two of his fingers, pushing back into it.

Dean took a drink of bourbon, letting the liquid linger on his tongue, all vanilla and charred oak and heat. Watching Sam, green eyes gone emerald, swiping his tongue over his lower lip. Sam rolled his hips in a circle, moaning, sliding his fingers in and out. He slipped his right hand down, tugged on his cock with a groan. “You were gone so long,” he whispered. “I started without you.”

“Yeah you did.” Dean took another sip of bourbon and exhaled, getting drunk on what he was seeing as much as what he was putting in his mouth.

Sam brought a third finger up, slipped it inside next to the other two, groaning as it slid home.

“Fuck, Sammy.”

“You like that?” Sam bit his lower lip. “Watching me like this?”

“You have no fucking idea.”

Sam spread his thighs wider, lowering himself so he could rub his cock on the bed as he fingered himself. “Ah... god…” He put on a proper show for Dean, biting his lower lip, arching and curling his back, showing Dean how good it felt.

Dean palmed his cock through his jeans. “You getting ready for me, Sam?”

“Not yet,” Sam whispered. “Want you to watch me.”

Dean stepped back and leaned against the wall. “Yeah. Ok.”

Sam worked three fingers inside his ass, rutting against the mattress, making little moans and cries. Dean’s cheeks were flushed pink, his erection plainly visible beneath the fabric of his jeans. Sam’s face creased with a positively wicked grin. He got up, taking the bottle of lube with him and went to Dean. He lifted the bottle of bourbon to his mouth and took another drink.

Dean seized his left hand and brought his fingers to his mouth.
Sam’s eyelids fluttered shut as Dean sucked on them. “Dirty boy,” he whispered, words ever so slightly slurred.

“You know it.” Dean suckled on Sam’s fingers that had just been inside him.

“Come on, dirty boy.” Sam laced his fingers in Dean’s and led him back out to the living room. He pushed him down onto the couch, gently. He took another drink of bourbon, holding it in his mouth, then leaned in and kissed Dean, letting it drip into Dean’s mouth.

Dean shivered, swallowed it down, licked the taste from Sam’s mouth.

Sam turned on the stereo and put on one of Dean’s cassette tapes. The familiar guitar riff of Whole Lotta Love issued from the speakers.

You need cooling, baby I ain’t fooling

honey I’m gonna send you back to schooling

Sam slid his hand down his chest, down his stomach, watching Dean watching him. “I can be dirty too.” Dean’s mouth fell open.

way down inside

honey you need it,

Sam sat down on the heavy wooden coffee table across from Dean, spread his thighs wide, ran his hands over his chest, pinching his nipples. Dean bit his lower lip and spread his own legs wider.

gonna give you my love

gonna give you my love

Sam moved his hands down between his legs and took his cock in his hand, pumping it gently.

Dean swiped his tongue over his lips.

Sam smiled, lay down on the coffee table, letting his head fall over the far edge of the coffee table, back supported by the table, and pulled his knees back, slipping his fingers into his ass again. He spread his legs wider, fucking himself with three fingers, moaning, laid out for Dean.

My my my my… My my my my …

Stroking his cock with his other hand

Ah… oh, shake for me girl… I wanna be your back door man…

Lifting his head up, locking his eyes on Dean, reveling in the desire and awe on his face.

hey… oh…hey… oh… hey… oh… oooooh…

Putting his feet on Dean’s thighs, pressing down as he raised his hips and drove himself down on his fingers, again and again, spread wide for Dean to see.

“Thank you, God,” Dean whispered.

Writhing, grinding his hips, fucking himself so slow and deep. The song changed.
And if I should say to you tomorrow

Take my hand child and come with me

It's to a castle I will take you

where what's to be, they say will be

Sam stood up, tugged the coffee table closer, and straddled Dean on the couch, shins pressed onto the soft cushions, facing away from him. Dean hissed as Sam ground his cock against him, arching his back.

“Want to do everything with you.”

“Whatever you want, baby boy. Anything.”

“Put your fingers in my ass.” Sam’s voice was a whisper.

Dean groaned, slathered his fingers with lube and gave Sam what he wanted.

Sam leaned forward, bracing himself on his palms on the coffee table, and gyrated his hips in little circles, grinding against Dean’s denim-covered cock. Dean fucked into him with two fingers.

Sam’s back was sheened with sweat. “Jesus, Dean. Feels so good.”

“Yeah? You ready for more?”

Sam sucked in a sharp inhalation of breath. “Please. Please.”

Dean worked a third finger into Sam, groaning as he took him, opening to him beautifully but still so tight.

“Dean. Oh god.”

“S that what you want, sweetheart?”

“Harder.”

The tape kept playing, but they no longer heard anything but each other.

Dean increased the pace, driving his fingers into Sam with more force. Sam cried out, grinding against him.

“You look so fucking hot, Sammy. So fucking hot.”

“Want to see.”

“Ok, baby. I’ll get you a nice big mirror.”

“No,” Sam gasped. “Tape us.” He arched his back, taking Dean’s fingers deeper.

Dean’s heart skipped a beat. “You really meant that?” Sam in the laundry room, asking Dean to buy them a camcorder, tape them fucking, play it back.

Sam’s cock jerked, untouched, a clear thread of precome emerging from the slit. “Yeah,” he gasped. “Fuck me. Make me do things. Record it.”
Dean nearly choked.

“Play it back. Make me watch it. While you fuck me again.”

“Jesus, Sammy,” Dean breathed, trying not to come in his pants.

“Promise.” The muscles of Sam’s back and ass bunched and released as he worked himself on Dean, utterly shameless and devoid of inhibitions.

“Baby, I’ll buy you a camcorder,” Dean whispered, bringing a fourth finger up, teasing it around Sam’s rim. “Buy you a big dildo too. Make you take it all for me before I fuck you. Record the whole damn thing.”

“Oh god,” Sam cried out. “Oh god. Dean.”

“You like that idea.” Dean pushed, working the tip of his fourth finger inside Sam. Sam groaned, pushing back, taking the tip of all four fingers.

“Yeah. You fucking like that, alright. Gonna take it all for me, Sammy?”

Sam leaned forward, and tipped his hips, raising his ass up higher, his feet coming up off the couch, rubbing his cock against Dean’s. “Yeah. Do it. Come on. Make me take it.”

Dean grabbed Sam’s left ankle, brought his mouth down on the underside of his foot, licking at it. Sam wailed, panting, waggling his hips in circles, taking Dean’s fingers up to the first knuckle, rutting against Dean’s cock.

“Gonna come for me, Sammy? Come with four of my fingers up your pretty little ass?”

Sam gasped, panted, asked for it. “May I… please, Dean, may I?”

“Such a good boy. Asking so pretty.” Dean stopped moving his hand, keeping his fingers inside Sam. His hole twitched, the rim clenching against his fingers. “Hold still.”

Sam pushed back, trying to take Dean’s fingers deeper, his tight little rim resisting.

“I said hold still. Don’t move.” Dean lapped at the underside of Sam’s bare foot, again and again, making him shiver and shake, his cock leaking slow steady drops of precome, soaking into Dean’s jeans. “Don’t move, baby. Let me do what I wanna do.”

Sam swallowed hard, nodded.

“Don’t come. Don’t you dare come.” Dean pulled out one finger, worked three inside Sam again, going deeper than he could with four. Worked him slowly. So slowly. Sam moaned.

“I like it when you beg me to let you come.”

“Please, Dean. Please.”

Dean nuzzled Sam’s ankle. “So fucking beautiful like this, Sammy. All spread out for me. Begging.”

“Please, Dean. Please let me come. God, please.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “I wonder how long you could take it.”
Sam dropped his head down with a sob.

Dean stroked his fingers inside Sam, possessing him, sending cascades of pleasure through Sam’s body, through his cock, from the inside.

“You love this. Me keeping you on the edge like this,” Dean whispered. He dug the pads of his fingers in, pressing against the spongy flesh of Sam’s prostate.

Sam jolted, an involuntary movement,

Dean pulled out his three fingers, reinserted only two, so he could massage Sam’s prostate with more finesse. Sam gasped and shook and begged.

“How long can you take it, Sammy?”

Fingers stroking, mouth brushing against Sam’s ankle.

“I can feel it. How bad you want to come.”

Tongue moving along the sole of his foot. Jolts running through Sam. Cock leaking steadily, so wet, so hard.

“Lift up.”

Sam raised himself up with a groan, no longer able to press himself against Dean’s cock.

“There you go. Hold yourself up. Just take it. Take it for me.”

Dean brought his mouth down over Sam’s toes, marveling yet again at how perfectly formed his feet were. “It’s not a foot thing. But Jesus, Sam. The way you sound when I do this to you.” Dean closed his mouth over Sam’s big toe, sank down on it, pulled back with a swirl of his tongue. Sam wailed again, a great pulse of precome dripping from the head of his cock. Dean pressed against his prostate, massaging it gently, making sure Sam kept his hips up so he didn’t get any direct contact on his cock at all. And Dean sucked each perfect toe into his mouth in turn, licking between them, blissing out on the sounds Sam made in response. Soft needy cries and whimpers, gasps and aching moans, slapping the coffee table with his palms, making hungry little growls in the back of his throat. Dean teased and stroked and sucked until Sam’s hair was damp from sweat and he was pleading with real desperation in his voice.

“Dean, please, I can’t, Dean, I can’t fucking take it, please, I’ll do anything you want, just god, please let me come, Dean, please.”

“Anything?”

“Anything, I swear to God, anything.”

Dean grinned. “Alright. But you gotta come just like this.” He lowered his mouth again, sucked on Sam’s toes, and worked his prostate harder.

Sam’s moans started low. When Dean worked all five toes into his mouth and sucked on them like it was his cock, his moans turned to rough little grunts punched out of him, getting sharper, a note of surprise laid over them as his orgasm began to crest. Dean paused long enough to say, “Come on, baby boy. Come for me.” He sucked and licked at him, stroking inside him slow and sweet, and suddenly Sam was spasming, head thrown back, crying out sharply, and coming wet and messy, spurting great jets of come onto the coffee table, hitting his own face and jaw, his cries going even
sharper as the peak of his pleasure hit, thrashing on Dean’s lap as Dean stabbed his fingers inside him, driving more out of him until Sam was half delirious with pleasure.

When Sam had regained full consciousness, Dean was pulling at him. “Turn around, Sam.” Sam allowed himself to be guided and turned, and lowered onto Dean’s cock. “Come on, baby,” Dean urged. “Make me come.”

Sam rose and fell on Dean’s cock, completely naked. Dean was completely clothed except for his cock pulled free of his unzipped jeans. “Jesus, Sam, just want to keep you like this,” Dean whispered, hands roaming all over Sam’s soft skin, eagerly lapping the taste of Sam off his jaw and cheeks. “Naked for days. Fucking you. Sucking you off. Riding your cock. Making you come for me, over and over. Not letting you get dressed. Just naked and ready and fucking mine.”

Sam’s erection, which had started to soften, stiffened again at Dean’s words. “Do it.”

“I will.” Dean bucked his hips up, fucking into Sam, his own orgasm coiling at the base of his spine, ready to explode outward.

“Promise me, Dean. Swear it.” Sam undulated on Dean’s lap, hands roaming over his clothed body, reveling in it.

Dean swore, his baseline jumping up six notches. “I swear.”

“Starting now. Right now. Don’t—” Sam’s voice cracked. “Don’t let me get dressed again. Tell everyone… I don’t care what you tell them.”

“I’ll say you’re tired. Need to stay in bed.”

Sam rose and fell on Dean faster, riding him harder. “Fucking promise me, Dean.”

“’S that what you want, Sammy?” Dean gripped Sam’s hips, working him down on his cock, thumbs pressing into his hipbones.

Sam leaned forward and took the amulet into his mouth, sucking on the brass, his cock fully erect again. “Mmm-hmm.”

“I promise. Sam. I swear.”

Sam made a sound of satisfaction so deep, it surprised Dean. It wasn’t an orgasm hitting. It was simply Dean giving Sam something he needed desperately. He watched Sam sway and writhe on his lap, completely alive, sucking on the amulet, completely lost in Dean. Suddenly, understanding flooded him. “You’re mine. Right, baby boy? All mine.”

Sam clenched his inner muscles, pulling at Dean deliciously as he rose up, so tight on him as he sank down. He released the amulet from his mouth. “Yours.”

Dean kissed Sam, possessing him with his mouth and tongue, tasting the sharp tang of brass on his tongue. Sam whimpered into his mouth, opening to him. Dean reached between them, took hold of Sam’s cock, and began working it. “You’re gonna come for me again, Sammy.”

Sam whimpered, shivering.

“Because I said so. Because I like it.” He flicked his thumb in the way Sam loved, gripping his hips with his other hand and fucking up into him. “Come on, sweetheart. Come with me.”
Dean’s hand set up an almost punishing pace, which is exactly what Sam needed. When Dean threw his head back, cords of his neck standing out, and chanted, “Sammy. Sam. Sam.” Sam seized up, pulsing all over Dean’s shirt, crying out, “Dean. Fuck. Dean.” Then he collapsed against Dean, whimpering softly as Dean pulsed inside him, his thrusts slicker.

Dean pressed soft little kisses to Sam’s neck. “Love you so much. Jesus. So fucking much.”

Sam gave a little sob. “I love you too.” He wrapped his arms around Dean. “I love you too.”

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “You’re so good, Sammy. So good for me.” Sam basked in the praise, shivering as Dean dropped his hands down and caressed his back.

“You mean it, Sam?” Dean’s voice was steady and low.

“Yes.”

“You sure?”

Sam pulled back to look Dean in the face. “You promised. You swore.”

Dean’s eyes searched Sam’s face. “I did. Just making sure this is what you want.”

“It is.”

Dean nodded. “Ok.” He thought for a moment. “You’re not gonna think of anything but me for the next 48 hours.” Sam’s face shifted, softening. Dean had understood. Without Sam having to explain himself. “I’ll tell everyone you we need a couple of days. Just us. Uninterrupted.” Dean stroked Sam’s flank. “You’ll get your clothes back in 48 hours. Until then, you stay naked.”

“And ready for you.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “That’s right, baby boy. But it’s not just gonna be me doing what I want to you. Ok?”

Dean made that funny little circle with his head that he did sometimes. “Really? I can just wake you up with my dick in your ass?”

Sam stared at him like he was Santa Claus with a sack full of sex toys and candy.

“Really?” Sam breathed.

Dean chuckled. “Really.”

“You too. If you wake up and want to fuck me, you can just start. You don’t have to wake me up first.”

Dean frowned, reluctance evident on his face.

“I’m giving you permission now, ok?”

Dean made that funny little circle with his head that he did sometimes. “Really? I can just wake you up with my dick in your ass?”
At that, Sam shivered.

Immediately, Dean’s concern flared to full life. “You cold, Sammy?”

Sam shook his head, a smile spreading over his face.

Dean studied him, then laughed. “Ok. Got it.” Laughing made him wince, and it was then Sam’s turn for his concern to kick into gear.

“You’re sore.” Sam got off Dean and looked him up and down, as if he could see the state of Dean’s bruises through his clothing.

Dean rolled his eyes. “Dude, when are we not sore? Between sparring and training and fighting monsters?”

Sam went to the kitchen and cleaned himself off with a hand towel. “Still. You got thrown into a mirror. And I’m just all over you like…” Sam ran water over the hand towel and set it in the sink. “I wasn’t thinking.”

“I like it when you’re all over me.” Dean grinned. “Tell you what. Bring me a pain pill and a grilled cheese, we’re good.”

“You want me to cook for you. Naked.” Sam came back in with two fresh towels. He tossed one to Dean, and cleaned off the coffee table with the other.

“Hey, I didn’t ask for bacon.”

Sam stood up. “Can I at least wear an apron?”

Dean snorted—and then paused. “Yeah. You can wear an apron.”

Sam laughed. “You have so many things.”

Dean’s expression became serious. “I only have one thing, Sam. And that’s you.” Sam’s eyes went wide, his expression soft. Then Dean smacked Sam’s bare ass with a grin. “Now get in the kitchen and make me a sandwich.”
Chapter Summary

Sam begins the 48 hours of being completely naked and at Dean’s mercy—and Dean being at his.

Sam flipped the grilled cheese sandwiches over. “What do you want to drink?” The front of his body from chest to mid-thighs was covered in the simple black apron that had been hanging on a hook in the kitchen, but the rest of him was completely naked.

“We got any soda left?” Dean cranked the heat up to 75. He didn’t want Sam to get cold, and since he was still naked, he was also thinking of his own comfort.

Sam bent over to look in the refrigerator.

“Ginger ale…a couple cans of Seven-Up…I think most of the soda’s still in the cabinets.” He bent over to get a better look.

Dean shook his head, a broad smile on his face, staring at Sam’s bare ass. “You sure? Maybe there’s a can of Pepsi in the back.”

Sam bent over even more, hunting around on the very back of the shelves. “I don’t see anything. Sorry.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Keep looking.”

Sam looked harder. Dean stared in wonder at the curve of Sam’s ass and his strong thighs. Sam muttered something and got on his hands and knees to look deep into the bottom of the refrigerator, ass sticking up. Dean bit his lip. Sam leaned in to grab something. “Found one!” He craned his head around, holding up the last can of cold Pepsi in triumph.

Dean was already in the kitchen, had already snicked the knob to off and moved the frying pan off the still-warm burner. Before Sam knew what hit him, Dean was kneeling behind him, his hands on his hips, his teeth biting gently into the soft pale flesh of his ass. “Jesus Christ, Sammy,” Dean breathed. “You should see yourself.”

“Dean,” Sam protested, looking up at the pan in which the grilled cheese sandwiches were almost ready. “You’re hungry.”

“Damn right, I am.” The corner of Dean’s mouth twitched. He grabbed Sam’s ass with both hands and licked a stripe right up the center.

Sam squealed, and nearly dropped the can of Pepsi. Dean laughed softly and took it from him. “Don’t want to shake that up, now.” He licked Sam’s hole again, still wet from their previous activities.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was hushed, a faint shiver of shock in it. “I’m… I haven’t cleaned up yet.”

Dean ran the cold can of Pepsi down the back of Sam’s thigh, eliciting a gasp. “I know.”
“But Dean...” Sam trembled, unsure. “You...you came in me.”

“I know.” Dean lapped at Sam again, a long, lingering swipe of his tongue. “I can taste it.”

With that, Sam was squirming, practically mewling, pushing back into Dean, his hands pressed against the inside of the refrigerator, his soft cock surging back to life. Dean swore, setting the can down, and gripped Sam’s ass cheeks, pulling them apart, dipping his tongue inside. He moaned at the taste, and Sam went fucking nuts.

“Oh god. Oh Jesus.”

“Gonna lick you clean, baby boy.”

Sam moaned, the sound spilling out of him like a gurgling river breaching a dam. He spread his legs wider, raising his ass up higher. His cock twitched and began to fill. Dean swore again, the blood surging in him. Suddenly, he could barely see, barely think. All he could do was ride the current that had swept over him, and lick the taste of himself out of his Sammy’s sweet little ass. He grabbed hold of Sam’s ass, digging his fingers in, and devoured Sam’s hole, pushing his way in with a groan. Sam convulsed, muscles tightening. A tiny trickle of pearly-white fluid emerged. Dean sealed his mouth over Sam’s hole and sucked.

“Fuck. Fuck. Dean.” Sam was practically sobbing. Dean swayed, dizzy with the indescribable sensation of it, the rush from doing something so profoundly taboo, something so pure and beautiful because it was with Sam.

It was with Sam.

“Come on, sweetheart. Give me more.” Dean stabbed his tongue inside Sam, curling it and lapping out another droplet of his own come, his own seed that he’d just pumped inside his (baby brother soul mate love of his life) Sammy.

Sam’s whole body shook with tremors. He whispered, “Are you sure?”

Dean gripped Sam’s hips hard. “Fucking give me more.”

Sam pushed down. A gleaming white pearl of come emerged at the center of his pink little hole. And Dean, completely devoid of shame, curled his tongue and licked it up. The blood roared in his head, the sound of his own heart beating hard and fast, completely and utterly high from it. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for Sam. Nothing he didn’t want to do with Sam. Nothing Sam wouldn’t let him do.

Not a single thing.

Dean made a guttural sound, sucking hard, eating Sam out, groaning as he licked out every droplet Sam gave him until there was only a faint mineral tang and the subtle, clean taste of Sam himself. Sam’s cock was fully hard, a clear thread of precome dangling from the slit. Dean reached up and grabbed the cream cheese from the open refrigerator door, yanked the foil apart and dug his fingers in. He pulled Sam around so his back was against the open door, and smeared cream cheese down his chest and over his cock.

Sam panted, his cheeks flushed red. Dean grinned at him, the corner of his mouth going up, then brought his mouth down, smearing his mouth over the cream cheese, licking it from his collarbone, off his right nipple, then drove his mouth down on Sam’s. Sam moaned into his mouth, licking the cream cheese off his lips. Dean wrapped his other hand in Sam’s hair and held his head still, kissing and licking into his mouth as he rubbed the flat of his hand over the underside of Sam’s
cock. Sam whimpered, pushing his hips up. He didn’t even have to ask.

Dean sank his mouth down on Sam’s cock, hollowing his mouth and sucking hard, pulling the cream cheese from his flesh. Sam’s head fell back. Dean licked Sam clean, drunk from the sounds Sam was making. He reached into the refrigerator again, pulled out the strawberry jam.

Sam bit his lip, eyeing the jar. Dean stuck his fingers inside and pulled them out, red and sticky, and painted his lips with them.

Sam panted, just looking at them, at Dean’s green eyes watching him, at the red smear on Dean’s perfect pink lips. Then Dean leaned in and kissed him, letting Sam lick the taste of strawberry from his mouth. He dipped his fingers in again and brought them to Sam’s lips. Sam’s eyes fluttered shut and he lowered his mouth, took Dean’s fingers inside, and sucked at the jam, licking between Dean’s fingers.

Dean gasped, a shudder of unexpected pleasure moving through him. Sam noticed, took hold of Dean’s wrist, and sucked on his fingers again, lapping between them. Dean shuddered, running his left hand through his hair. Sam teased and licked at the sensitive bit of flesh he’d discovered, eyes locked onto Dean’s.

“Fucking hell.”

Suddenly, Sam was laughing, a clear, happy sound that rang through the air like a bell. He reached behind him, scrabbled for something, pulled out a jar.

“Mayo?”

Sam’s hand was in the jar, scooping out a thick dollop of mayonnaise, and he smeared it across Dean’s bare chest. Dean found himself on his back, still holding the jar of strawberry jam, Sam straddling him, licking the mayonnaise from his skin. He reached up, pulled Sam down, kissed him, making a little face at the combination of strawberry jam and mayonnaise, smearing their chests together. Sam giggled, scooped up more mayonnaise, slathering Dean’s belly with it, then leaned in and rubbed against him, skin slick and slippery.

“Sam.” Dean’s voice dropped lower, a sudden need in his eyes. Sam got the idea. He reached in the jar a third time and withdrew his fingers, slathered his cock with it and then Dean’s. He sat up, positioned his cock on top of Dean’s, took hold of both in his hand, and began to pump them slowly, pushing his hips forward to slide his cock along Dean’s.

Dean’s head fell back against the kitchen floor with a thump. “Oh god.” Sam grinned down at him, rubbing their cocks together, balls warm and heavy against each other. Dean’s eyelids fluttered shut. “Oh god.”

Sam slid his cock against Dean’s, mouth open, watching the pleasure animate Dean’s features, softening them, eyes gone wide and dreamy. He caressed their cocks together, rubbing his hand over both of them, the sensitive undersides sliding against each other.

Dean raised his head, his own cheeks stained pink now, mouth open. “Sam.”

Sam wrapped both hands around their cocks, holding them in place, and pumped his hips, sliding his cock on top of Dean’s, squeezing them together at the head.

Dean’s thighs began to shake, the keen pleasure of it, the surprising intimacy of it, beginning to tip him over. The tip of Sam’s tongue stuck out between his lips as he stared down at Dean in wonder, barely holding it together. “Are you gonna?” he whispered.
“Shit. Yes. Fuck yes.” Dean was rapt, looking at their cocks, the heads engorged and red, one on top of the other, looking straight down in the slits as they opened and shut with Sam’s movements. Suddenly Sam groaned, head falling forward, chanting Dean’s name, his body shaking. Dean watched as a jet of come emerged from the slit in Sam’s cock, and another pulse, falling in a perfect stripe down the center of his own slit, warm and wet, his own cock opening up and pulsing out his own release in response, spilling onto his belly where it mingled with Sam’s.

Sam moved his hand on them both, coaxing out the aftershocks, shivering and making those little cries of pleasure and joy that sounded almost like laughter.

“Fucking hell, Sam.”

“Yeah.” Sam caught his breath.

“God, we’re a mess.” He moved to sit up and reach for a hand towel. Sam placed his hand on Dean’s chest and held him down.

“You cleaned me up.”

Dean’s mouth fell open, not believing what Sam was about to say.

“My turn.”

And Sam slipped down between Dean’s parted thighs, and drew his tongue in a long, slow swipe up Dean’s belly. And true to his word, he cleaned Dean up and didn’t leave a single drop.

~

They showered, washing the condiments off their skin, laughing and stroking each other with easy grace. Sam did not register much discomfort at all so long as the spray wasn’t directly on his face or neck. Dean would have mentioned it, praised Sam for being so much better, but he promised. 48 hours of not thinking of any of the myriad things that weighed on Sam.

On both of them.

So he soaped up Sam’s hair and scratched his fingernails lightly over Sam’s scalp, and just loved him.

After toweling themselves off, Dean insisted on sitting Sam down on the toilet seat lid and blow-drying his hair. “Gonna keep you naked. Don’t want you catching cold from wet hair.” Sam closed his eyes and let Dean dry his hair, little shivers of pleasure rattling him as the warm air moved over his scalp, Dean lifting his hair up with his hands, moving the pads of his fingers over Sam’s scalp, massaging it, blowing the warm air down his back and over his chest sometimes. Just because.

Then he brought Sam into the living room. “You warm enough, Sam?”

Sam nodded. The heat was quite efficient, and the apartment was perfectly comfortable even for someone not wearing a stitch of clothing.

“I’ll heat up the sandwiches in a minute.” He put on another tape of Twin Peaks, and made a point of getting dressed. When he came out of the bedroom in his dark grey sweats, blue t-shirt and grey flannel, sat on the couch, and had Sam sit cross-legged on the floor in front of him totally naked, Sam couldn’t repress a shiver.
“I like you like this, Sammy.” He put his hand on Sam’s chest, the flannel of his shirt gentle against Sam’s bare shoulder.

Sam made a soft sound.

Dean took the hairbrush and began to brush Sam’s hair. He brushed it for a long time, Sam’s eyes barely focused on the TV. Then he put the brush down and began working his fingers in Sam’s hair.

Sam moaned softly.

“S that feel good, Sammy?”

“Yeah.”

Sam closed his eyes and let Dean do whatever it was he was doing. After a long time, he opened his eyes. “Are you braiding my hair?”

“Yep.”

“…why?”

“Because it feels good.”

Sam was quiet.

“Right?”

“Yeah.”

Dean braided Sam’s hair, multiple little braids all over, then undid them, brushed his hair again slowly, letting the bristles scrape gently against his scalp, and then did it all again.

He put Sam on the couch and reheated their grilled cheese sandwiches, bringing them out on a single plate along with a can of ginger ale for Sam, and the can of Pepsi for him.

They ate slowly, and licked the butter off each other’s fingers. Then Dean pulled Sam up onto the couch with him and pulled the throw over both of them. They drifted in and out of sleep, as Twin Peaks played, and then Dean turned off everything, and led Sam down the hall to the bedroom, without even stopping to brush their teeth.

Sam collapsed into bed, sleepy and high from endorphins. He was asleep 60 seconds after his head hit the pillow. Dean snuggled up against him and he too fell asleep.

Sam woke up a few hours later to a warm rush of pleasure suffusing him. He shook his head, consciousness rising to the surface, and gasped as the source of that pleasure became clear to him.

Dean was inside him.

His thick cock speared him, filled him, possessed him, hard and warm inside him. Dean rocked his hips slowly, so slowly, moving in and out a fraction of an inch. When he heard Sam gasp, felt him erupt in a full body shiver and arch his back, pressing into Dean more deeply, he murmured something unintelligible and put his hand on Sam’s throat. Softly. Not a grip of ownership, but a tender, light touch on Sam’s most vulnerable spot.

Sam shook, sweat erupting on his brow, nerves firing haphazardly at being woken up by Dean
fucking him deep and slow, just like he’d told him he could do. The sounds he made were needy and primal, little cries and whimpers, wordlessly telling Dean it felt so, so good, telling Dean how much he loved it, how bad he needed it, how nothing felt this good. The movements he made were hungry and wanton, showing Dean how his body just opened to him like it was born for this purpose, showing Dean how hard his cock was for him, how aching and ready he was to come for him, again and forever.

“Shh, baby.” Dean stroked Sam’s chest. “I just want to be inside you a little longer.” He fluttered his fingertips over Sam’s skin, rocking inside him, sliding in and out just an inch at a time. He did this for a long time, until Sam was shaking, whispering how he needed more, please, throwing his top leg over Dean’s thigh and spreading himself wide, taking Dean’s hand and putting it on his achingly hard cock, so engorged it would have looked nearly purple in the light.

Dean chuckled and kissed the back of his neck. “Poor baby. God, you’re so hard.”

Sam whimpered.

“You want me to fuck you harder?” Dean whispered.

Sam nodded frantically.

“You want me to make you come?”

“Yeah.”

“Soon, baby boy.”

Dean slid in and out the entire length of his cock, holding it at the end so the head stretched out Sam’s rim until Sam was quivering, then sliding back in, nice and slow. He cupped Sam’s balls in his hand as he did this. Slowly in until he bottomed out, nibbling on Sam’s neck and back, then slowly, so slowly back out, rolling his balls in his fingers.

Slowly, in and out, until Sam was shaking.

Slowly, in and out, until Sam was begging.

Slowly, in and out, until Sam swore, pushed Dean onto his back and climbed on top of him.

Dean began to laugh, a low, sweet sound. “I’ve been waiting for that.”

Sam’s eyebrows went up. “Oh yeah?” He rose up and sank down, rolling his hips, running his hands over his chest. And again, until Dean’s legs were trembling. “Jesus, Sammy, yes, gonna make me come.”

And Sam slowed way down and whispered, “Not yet.”

He did this for the next fifteen minutes, teasing Dean like he’d teased Sam, bringing him to the edge and then stopping, until Dean was begging for it just like Sam had been.

“Come on, Sammy.”

“Not yet.” A roll of the hips, a suckling of Dean’s fingers in his mouth while he battred his eyelashes and clenched his inner muscles.

“Fuck. Sam. I’m dying here.”
“Not yet.” A long slow rise and fall with an achingly needy groan, thighs splayed wide open, spearing himself on Dean’s cock.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sammy, let me come. Please.”

“I wonder how long you can take it, Dean.”

Cursing. Then bargaining. Followed by a heartfelt plea. Dean wrapped his arms around Sam, breath warm on Sam’s neck and whispered, “Sammy. I love you. I love you so much. Please.”

Sam let out a huge sigh. He leaned down and took Dean’s mouth in his, feeling how eagerly it opened for him, then rose up and drove down on Dean’s cock, harder and faster, leaning in so his belly was pressed tight against Dean’s, mouth on his throat, harder and faster until he hit the pace that Dean loved, deep groans of satisfaction roaring out of him, rising into guttural cries, and a throaty growl as his orgasm finally began to get its teeth into him. “Yeah. Sammy. Fucking ride me.”

Sam cried out, and did as he was told. He slammed himself down, grabbing onto Dean’s shoulders, thighs stretched as wide as they could go, knees sliding over the sheets, his back undulating as he fucked himself on Dean’s cock, angling himself so it scraped against that special patch of flesh inside him even harder, little cries punched out of him. Dean reached for his cock and Sam lightly slapped his hand away. “Don’t need it,” he gasped. Dean bit his lip and arched up, hips stuttering upward. “Fuck. Sam. Yeah. Jesus, Sammy. Come on my cock. Come on my fucking cock like a good boy.”

Sam cried out, a sharp, surprised sound, frantically riding Dean’s cock, coming untouched, spattering Dean’s chest and face, his cries escalating in pitch as Dean grabbed onto his back and pulled him down on his cock even deeper, coming inside him with a series of cries, each pulse throbbing against Sam’s tight rim, spilling into Sam, fucking up into him, the thrusts suddenly slick and wet, Sam wailing as he came, Dean pulling Sam down and kissing him, sealing his lips over him so Sam screamed out the last of his orgasm into Dean’s mouth.

They shook and settled and cooled, wrapped up in each other, stroking each other’s back, murmuring forevers into their flesh. “I can’t get enough of you,” Dean whispered, stroking Sam’s hair.

“Good.” Sam pulled himself off reluctantly and fell over onto his side, curling up in Dean’s arms. They lay in perfect repose, breathing as one. Sam finally spoke, tongue thick with sleep. “Want you to do that.”

“Do what, sweetheart.”

“What I just did.”

Dean blew out a breath. “You want me to ride you like that?”

“Mmm.” Sam murmured.

“Jesus fucking Christ.”

“’S that a yes?” Sam kissed Dean’s chest.

“Fuck yes.” Dean closed his eyes. “Fuck yes.” He began playing with Sam’s hair. “I’ll do anything, Sam. Anything you want.”
“Ride me like that.” Sam was nearly asleep.

“Tomorrow, baby.”

“Promise?”

“Shh. Go to sleep. I promise.”

Sam made a happy sound and promptly fell asleep. And Dean, as always, was not far behind.
48 Hours Part 2

Chapter Summary

Sam wakes Dean up the way he said Sam could. A special guest is brought to the Sanctuary, with some interesting revelations.

Chapter Notes

I tried to write all the way through the 48 hours, but this is all I could make time for. So there will be a 48 Hours Part 3, very soon. And then we should be able to kick off into the last section of the book, which you will love.

Dean awoke to something tickling his mouth. “Hmm?” he muttered, eyes flashing open. Sam was straddling his chest, leaning over him, delicately drawing the tip of his erect cock over Dean’s soft lips. His face was alight with a heady combination of wicked intent and innocent uncertainty. A flicker of worry. “S this ok? You said.”

Dean blinked, consciousness returning to him. You can have anything you want. You wake up in the middle of the night and want me to suck your dick, you can just sit on my chest and feed it to me. Don’t even have to wake me up first.

Suddenly, Dean was wide fucking awake. “Do it.” He parted his mouth, groaning as Sam slid his cock inside.

Sam shivered as Dean relaxed his throat and gripped Sam’s hips, pulling him in hard. He moved Sam, urging him to go faster and deeper. But Sam held back, unsure, not wanting to be too rough. “Dean. Your face.” He stroked the line of Dean’s cut, stitches freshly removed.

“It’s ok, Sam. Do it.” Dean was so hard it hurt. “Fuck my mouth.”

Sam slapped his palm against the wall, body jerking as a spasm of pleasure ran through him.

“Fucking do it,” Dean mumbled with his mouth full of cock. “That’s an order.”

Sam groaned, fucking Dean’s mouth with long strokes, balls slapping against his chin.

“Mmm.” Dean moaned his assent, hands gripping Sam’s ass, mouth sealed over his cock, soft and flat along the underside, keeping his mouth nice and wet for Sam.

Sam gasped, little shivers running through him, thigh muscles standing out strong. He brought his hands down to cradle the back of Dean’s head. Dean pulled off long enough to gasp, “Fucking do it, Sammy. Feed it to me. Use my mouth. Come down my throat.”

Sam swore, gripped Dean’s hair in his fingers and pulled, using it to hold Dean’s head exactly where he wanted it. Dean’s eyes watered as Sam slammed into him, moaned with the pleasure of taking him into his throat, saliva dripping out of the corners of his mouth, sucking at Sam’s cock as
best he could while Sam fucked his mouth, controlling everything, hips snapping forward, Dean’s palms pressed to the indentations on either side of Sam’s ass, dizzy from the sounds Sam was making, the cries and moans and words, yes the words spilling out of Sam’s mouth Dean feels so good Dean oh god Dean gonna come, gonna come in your mouth gonna make you swallow it all oh fuck Dean…

And with that, Sam was shaking, thighs quivering, spurt ing into Dean’s mouth, the first jet going down Dean’s throat, Dean pulling back so the second spurt came right on his tongue, so he could taste it, Sam feeling how Dean needed to taste him, shaking harder at that, whimpering as he came, pulse after pulse, the last one right on Dean’s spit-slick, pretty pink mouth.

He panted, trembling with the aftershocks, looking down at Dean with something more than adoration. He smeared the pad of his thumb through the white droplets on Dean’s mouth, and slipped into Dean’s mouth. Dean sucked on it, making a soft sound of pleasure at the taste of Sam, cleaning it all off.

“Now you.” Sam slid off Dean and lay back on the bed.

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Wanna try something new?”

Sam nodded rapidly. Dean maneuvered Sam so his head was tipped backward off the edge of the bed, and stood over him, cock heavy and engorged, poised above his mouth.

“Oh god.” Sam bit his lower lip. “You’re going to… like in that movie.”

“We’re gonna try, ok? Only as much as you can.”

Sam nodded, hair dangling down. Dean slid his cock inside Sam’s mouth, just the tip. Sam drew his lips together and sucked gently, nursing on him. “Guh,” Dean muttered, and lingered there for longer than he had planned to, as Sam sucked gently on the head, licking and mouthing it. “You’re… just…”

Sam pulled his mouth away. “What?”

“Awesome.” Dean put his cock back in Sam’s mouth and pushed a little. “Ready, sweetheart?”

Sam mumbled something.

Dean snorted. “Did you just say what I thought you said.”

Sam took Dean’s dick out his mouth. “I was born ready.”

Dean had to take a moment to compose himself and stop laughing. Sam grinned at him upside down, reaching for him and dragging him forward by the hips. A few seconds of Sam’s soft, warm mouth on his cock and Dean had stopped laughing. Sam let his head fall back so his throat was open, and pulled, urging Dean to go deeper. “Easy, baby boy,” Dean cautioned him. “Take it slow.” He slid in and pulled back out. “Nice and slow.” He placed his hands on Sam’s throat, caressing it with his thumbs. “A little deeper now. Ok?” His eyes searched Sam for signs of discomfort. Sam gave him two thumbs up.

Dean kept his thrusts shallow, letting the head just brush the opening to Sam’s throat. Sam kept his mouth nice and wet, and his cock slid smoothly over his tongue. Dean’s cock was poised right at the opening of Sam’s throat, and met some resistance. “Open your mouth more. Yeah. Like that. Stick your tongue out a little.” Dean pushed gently, pulled back, and Sam gripped his hips and pulled, pushing Dean past the point of resistance, and Dean’s cock slipped inside his throat.
Dean shivered, the feel of Sam’s throat on his cock an altogether new sensation, gripping his cock below the head—and then Sam was pulling his head away, coughing. “You ok?” Dean was instantly concerned.


Dean tipped his head to the side. “Sam.” His voice had a hint of warning. “You don’t have to do it all the first time. Or ever. We’re just—“

“How many times had Dean heard Sam say that? I can do it. So stubborn and intent on proving he could handle himself. Tie his own shoelaces. Ride a bicycle without training wheels. Field strip a pistol in under ten seconds. Dean shivered at what Sam was insisting he could do now. Take his big brother’s cock all the way down his throat.

Sam took to it like a pro, his bone-deep need to please Dean, to make him proud, making him take on more than he should have for his first time. He attacked the issue like there was absolutely zero chance of failure. Tears ran down the corners of his eyes from the physiological effects of having a huge piece of flesh jammed into his esophagus, but he gripped Dean’s hips and urged him on, pulling off to cough a few times, swallowing him down again only to take him deeper, pushing back when Dean went a little too deep too soon.

Dean sensed the rhythm Sam needed. Moved with him like they were dancing. Fucked his mouth shallow for a while, luxuriating in the feel of Sam’s tongue and lips stroking and pulling at him, until Sam took a deep breath through his nose and tugged him closer, opened his mouth wide, stuck his tongue out took him deeper. Dean slipped into Sam’s throat again, deeper this time, sinking in until his balls were pressed to Sam’s lips. “Oh god, Sammy. You’re doing it. You’re actually—holy hell.” Dean pulled out and sank back in, Sammy taking him to the hilt, staring at in wonder at Sam’s throat expanding as his cock slid down. “Sam.” His voice was hushed, awestruck. “So good for me. So good.” Sam purred, a low vibrating sound of pleasure and pride. Dean stroked Sam’s throat, petting him, feeling the bulge of his cock inside, Jesus inside his Sammys throat, a strong orgasm uncoiling from the base of his spine.

Sam somehow grinned with his mouth full of cock, so proud of himself for taking it all, of the awe he’d put in Dean’s voice, the reverence with which he stroked Sam’s throat. He hummed a low note of pleasure. The extra sensation tipped Dean over the edge. His hips snapped forward once, twice, three times, trembled as he came, came down Sam’s throat, helpless and trembling, unable to do anything but come, spurting down Sam’s throat, coming as Sam arched beneath him, body seizing up, shaking.

Dean had barely finished coming when Sam was squirming, shoving at Dean, pushing at him hard, scrambling up onto his hands and knees facing toward Dean, coughing violently and wheezing.

“Sammy?” Dean reached for him. Sam stuck his arm forward, palm out, warning Dean to stay back, dark hair hanging in his face. His body was tense, muscles taut beneath his skin. He coughed, sucked air in, coughed again immediately and struggled to breathe. He dropped his head down and made a low sound of fear.”Not again,” he wheezed.

“Sam.” Dean fell to his knees in front of the bed.

Sam kept his palm out, warning Dean to stay back. He sputtered, sucked in a wet breath, and erupted in a coughing fit, face bright red, hands balled into fists, gasping for breath between wet hacking coughs.
“Let me help. Sam.” Dean reached for Sam’s hand, twined his fingers around Sam’s.

Sam, fighting back the panic, squeezed Dean’s hand. The action seemed to give him strength. “Not again,” he said louder. He coughed wetly, spat something onto the floor, and forced a deep breath into his lungs. “No more.” He gripped Dean’s hand harder, squeezing his fingers painfully. Dean didn’t make a single sound of protest. He leaned forward, pressed his forehead to Sam’s, and brought his other hand up to cradle the back of Sam’s head.

Dean took a deep breath. Sam, as if linked to him, took a deep breath too. He erupted in a coughing fit, but Dean held him, tops of their foreheads pressed together. He whispered, “We beat the Devil’s right hand man. We can beat this.”

Sam’s head snapped up, wet eyes locked onto Dean’s. Something confused and frightened dropped away, as he focused intently. “Dean?”

“Yeah.”

Sam locked eyes with Dean, nothing else in this world or anything above or below existing for him save Dean. He breathed in and blew out a breath, shaking off the last tendrils of panic that tried to wrap itself around him and drag him down. It wasn’t a deep breath, but it was a good one, and he didn’t cough. Dean climbed up on the bed next to Sam, brooking no refusal, and lay next to him pulling him close and resting Sam’s head on his chest. “I got you. You can breathe. It’s ok. Just breathe.”

Sam coughed a few more times, adrenaline still flooding him, trying hard to match his breathing to Dean’s. “Easy for you to say. You don’t have a lung full of come.”

“Oh god. Sam. I’m so sorry.” Dean’s chest heaved. He bit back on the inappropriate laughter. But before he could stop himself, he snorted.

Sam emitted a tiny giggle.

And then they were clutching each other, roaring with laughter, tears streaming down both their faces. Dean snorted again, sending Sam off into a gale of laughter that made him cough again. Dean thumped his back, then held him close. “Oh god, Sammy,” he laughed. “I’m really sorry.”

“My own fault. Always biting off more than I can chew.” And they were seized with laughter again. When it finally subsided, Dean passed Sam the glass of water from the bedside table and gave him a drink, then sat against the wall and pulled Sam against him, back pressed to his chest, feeding him sips of water and holding his palm against Sam’s chest, making him breathe in time with him.

“Before you say anything, we are too doing that again.” Sam leaned his head back against Dean’s shoulder. “But with me controlling it. Ok?”

Dean smoothed Sam’s hair away from his forehead and kissed his cheek. “Anything you want, sweetheart.”

They stayed like that until Sam had drunk the entire glass of water and his breathing was completely normal. Then Dean pulled him into bed and drew the blankets up around him gently. “If I didn’t have you, Sam…”

Sam smiled against his chest. “Me too.” And as Sam dissolved into blissful sleep, the last thing he heard was Dean mumbling, “Gonna marry you…”
In a room within the Sanctuary, a brown-haired man with brown eyes was being lifted carefully into a hospital bed. Reggie and Danny had brought Nathanial back from the hospital, rolled him down the long, sigil-lined hallway on a gurney. In unison, they picked him up with the delicacy and care only a hunter was capable of, knowing better than anyone the difference a bit of care could make, how much pain could be spared by taking the time to lift and lower a wounded hunter slowly.

Nathaniel settled back onto the pillow with a groan. “Thank you,” he murmured.

“You ready for some more morphine?”

Nathaniel shook his head. “Do you—“ he coughed, grabbed his stomach and winced. “Do you have anything I could watch?”


Nathaniel’s face was serious, lines standing out around his mouth and eyes. “Anything. I don’t care. Anything to block out…” he gestured towards his eyes. “All of this in my head.”

“What do you mean?”

Nathaniel looked up into Reggie’s pale blue eyes. “Everything he did. I saw it. I see it.”

Reggie pulled up a chair and sat down next to him.”Wait. You remember everything?”

Nathaniel nodded wearily. “I thought it would start to fade, once I was free. But…no.” He closed his eyes, then snapped them open again like what he saw was simply unbearable. “You wouldn’t believe what he did. What he was going to do.”

Danny’s head whipped around at that. “What he was going to do?”

“To take the world. And give it to the devil.” Nathaniel rubbed his hand over his chapped lips. “He had plans.”

“Can you tell us? What he was going to do?” Reggie leaned forward, long white hair spilling into his face.


Reggie’s breath caught in his throat. The hairs on the back of Danny’s arms prickled.

Nathaniel licked his dry lips. “A glass of water? Then I’ll tell you.”

Reggie rose to get Nathaniel a glass of water.

“You might want to get a tape recorder,” Nathaniel said softly. “There’s so much.” He stared up at the ceiling, eyes unfocusing. “So much.”

(Part 3 coming soon!)
Chapter Summary

48 hours of Sam naked at Dean's mercy continues. As Dean promised, this time, he bottoms. Sam has a vision.

Dean awoke, tangled in the blankets, disoriented. “What time is it?”
Sam rubbed his eyes with his fists and glanced at the nightstand. “Noon.”
Dean eyed Sam with a wicked grin. “24 hours down. 24 to go.”
Sam, already instinctively reaching for his sweatpants, pulled back, a faint flush of color suffusing his cheeks. Dean snatched the blankets off and propped himself up on his elbow, staring at Sam unabashedly. “Naked. All day. All night.”
Sam’s blush deepened. “Dean.”
Dean pursed his lips. “So cute. Everything we’ve done, you’re still shy.” He trailed his finger down Sam’s chest.
Sam batted his hand away softly. “Am not.”
Dean patted Sam’s face. “You’re blushing.”
“I can’t help it. It’s physiological.”
“I know something else that’s physiological.” Dean grinned.
“Dude. I gotta pee.”
Dean let Sam use the bathroom, knowing how he liked to urinate in privacy, and then staggered into the bathroom. “Mind if I just…”
Sam shrugged, turning on the shower to let the water get warm.
“You wanna hold it for me?”
Sam snorted. “Maybe I should. Make sure you don’t piss on the seat.”
Sam rolled his eyes. But he came to Dean and stood behind him, holding his soft penis in his wet hands, leaning down to rest his chin on Dean’s shoulder.
Dean tipped his head back, closing his eyes, and let loose.

“See? You hold it steady.”

“I hold it fucking steady.” Dean grumbled. “And I shake it off.”

“Hah!”

Dean opened his eyes. “What?”

Sam reached over and pulled a single square of paper off the roll, then rolled it between the fingers of his left hand and dabbed carefully at Dean’s slit. He didn’t say a word. Just dropped the tissue into the bowl, waggled Dean’s perfectly dry penis a few times to make his point, and kissed Dean on the side of the neck.

Dean flushed the toilet, noticing how the seat was perfectly dry. “Huh.” He thought for a few moments, and then nodded. “Alright.”

“Now get your ass in the shower.”

“I get all tingly when you take control like that.”

Sam smacked Dean’s bare ass. “Shower. In.”

They soaped each other up slowly, simply taking pleasure in feeling each other’s bodies, the firm lines of muscle and soft skin. Sam was exquisitely careful of Dean’s cuts and bruises. They slowly washed each other’s hair, fingernails scratching the scalp lightly, rinsing each other clean. Dean lathered up his hands and brought them between Sam’s legs, sudsing up his half-hard cock. Sam made that soft, happy sound Dean loved so much. Dean slipped his hand further back, soaping up Sam’s rim, pressing into it gently. Sam winced.

“You sore, baby?” Dean murmured.

“Little bit.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “Been fucking you too hard, sweetheart?”

Sam’s cock twitched. Dean smiled at the sight.

“No. But…”

Dean cupped his hand so the water ran between Sam’s legs, rinsing away the stinging soap. “But your ass needs a little break. Yeah?”

Sam frowned, not wanting to say yes.

“It’s ok, Sammy. Not gonna stop fucking you.” Dean’s grin was loving—and wolfish. “Never gonna stop fucking you, baby boy.”

Sam’s cock jumped again at just the sound of Dean’s voice, what he was saying, almost completely erect now. Dean soaped up Sam’s hands, then turned around, palms flat against the shower wall, and spread his legs. He glanced over his shoulder at Sam, his pink mouth parted, the tip of his tongue peeking out.

Sam blew out a breath, and brought his soap-slick hand to Dean’s ass, fingers slipping between his ass crack, cleaning him thoroughly, slipping the tip of his finger inside Dean.
Dean’s mouth twitched at the normal, slight sting of the soap just inside his entrance, but he kept his thighs spread wide open and let Sam clean him thoroughly. “Better rinse all that soap off, Sammy. You’re gonna have your tongue up there in five minutes.”

“Fuck.” Sam rested his forehead against Dean’s back, then sank to his knees and moved Dean into the full spray, holding his ass cheeks open, gently prying Dean’s hole open with his thumbs so the water rinsed away the bit of soap suds Sam had worked just past the outer rim.

“You like it when I tell you what to do.”

“Sometimes.”

Dean laughed. “I mean like this.” His voice was lower, softer.

“Yeah.” Sam stood and turned Dean to face him. “But when this whole 48 hours thing is over? I think I want to tell you what to do.”

Dean swallowed, noticing again how tall Sam had become. “Ok.” He stepped out of the shower. “But until then, your ass is mine.” He tossed Sam a clean tower. “Dry me off.”

Sam wiped the water from Dean’s upper half, then knelt on the bath mat, dripping wet, and dried Dean off completely. Dean’s cock bobbed, heavy and hard, in front of Sam’s face. Sam licked his lips.

“Not yet, baby boy. Dry yourself off.”

Sam stood and toweled off. “You like telling me what to do.”

Dean grinned, wet eyelashes framing his green eyes. “Sometimes.”

Sam met him with an equally broad smile, and dropped the wet towel on the floor. “Tell me what to do, Dean.”

Dean chewed his lower lip. “Go get the lube. Then meet me in the living room.”

Sam obeyed.

When he came into the living room, bottle of lube in his hand, he was greeted with the sight of Dean sprawled on the couch, one leg thrown over the arm, lazily running his fingers over his chest. The coffee table had been shoved to the side, leaving plenty of room for Sam in front of the couch. “On your knees.”

Sam sank down in front of Dean.

“Let’s find out how clean you got me.”

Sam pushed Dean’s other leg back, opening Dean to him, and placed a soft kiss at Dean’s entrance, exhaling warm breath over him. Then he extended his tongue and licked at him, gently, almost sweetly, trailing his fingertips over Dean’s thighs.

Dean sighed. “There you go, sweetheart.”

Sam softened under the praise, licked at Dean again, a soft moan on his lips, like Dean offering himself like that to Sam was something sacred, like tasting Dean like this was the most loving thing he could possibly do. Sam moaned again, looking up into Dean’s green eyes, lapping at Dean, praising him, worshipping him with his tongue and mouth.
Dean shivered. “God. Sam.” He breathed the words with equal reverence.

Sam knelt before his (brother lover soulmate) Dean and loved him, softened and curled his tongue to best give Dean pleasure, listened to Dean’s breathing and soft sounds to know what felt good and what felt really really good, entirely focused on Dean, only Dean, all other thoughts nothing to him, events of the past and fears of the future not even blips on the radar, just Dean.

Only Dean.

Sam knelt, worshipped, put his mouth on the most base part of Dean’s body and elevated it to the most pure. He moaned louder, prodding Dean to soften and open to him, trust him, let his clever tongue inside, let him show Dean how much he loved him, wanted him, needed him. How he would do anything for Dean, always. He showed Dean with the sounds he made, the helpless movements of his hips, his cock dripping pre-come onto the carpet, how good it felt to stroke Dean’s hole with his tongue and lips, to dip his tongue inside Dean and feel the impossibly soft pink skin that opened to him.

“Sam.” Dean’s cock pearled with pre-come, strong thighs spread wide for his brother, his everything, letting Sam in. Always, forever, letting Sam in.

Sam brought his fingers to Dean’s cock, took up the clear fluid on his fingertips and brought it to his lips. “Sweet,” he murmured.

Dean shivered, a wave of love and desire crashing over him that was almost too much to bear. “Sammy.”

“Could do this to you for hours, Dean.”

“Jesus, I…”

“Let me. Dean. Let me.” Sam knew that Dean was ready for more, but he wasn’t ready to stop. Blissed out from the sheer pleasure of what he was doing, he pleaded with Dean to let him stay.

And Dean always gave Sam whatever he wanted.

Dean ran his hand over his chest, moaning louder now. Sam pressed Dean’s thighs back, pulling his hips down right to the edge of the couch, and pressing his palms to Dean’s ass, he spread Dean open wide, lapping at him avidly, tongue broad and flat.

“Yeah, Sammy. Lick my ass.”

Sam gave a half-strangled groan, back contorting, and licked at Dean feverishly, like Dean giving name to what he was doing made it twice as good.

And Dean noticed.

“You like it, don’t you, baby boy. Getting your tongue all up in me like that.”

Sam shivered.

“Say it.” Dean’s voice fell into that low, rough honeyed gravel he only sounded like when he was with his Sam.

“I love it.” Sam rested his cheek against the soft skin of Dean’s inner thigh.”

“Say it, Sam.”
“I love licking your ass,” Sam whispered.

“Good boy.”

Sam basked in the praise. “Love it when you let me put my tongue in your ass.”

“Go on, baby. Do it. Show me how much you love it.”

Sam practically whimpered, lapping at Dean again. Suddenly Dean was moving, guiding Sam to sit with his back against the couch, head tipped back, neck supported by the cushion. Dean moved over him, both feet on the couch, holding on to the back of the couch, and crouched over Sam, animalistic, almost feral in his intensity. He lowered himself to Sam’s mouth. “Come on, Sammy. Fucking eat my ass.”

Sam shivered at the sweet profanity flowing from Dean’s mouth, that dirty talk that got Sam more wound up than almost anything Dean could do. He opened his mouth and extended his tongue and did what Dean said.

Dean growled low in his throat, rubbing his ass against Sam’s mouth. “Yeah. So good, baby boy. So good at that. I should. I should make you do that for hours.”

Sam erupted in a full-body shiver, stabbing his tongue inside Dean.

“Get one of those special chairs. Like we saw.”

Sam knew immediately what Dean was referring to. The chair they saw in that porno, with the hole in the bottom, so the man sitting in it could rest comfortably while the man stretched out below had complete access to his ass. Sam moaned at the thought.

“Just kick back with a six-pack and some popcorn, pop in a movie, and make you eat my ass for the whole damn thing.”

Sam grabbed at Dean’s hips, gripping them hard. “Oh Jesus.”

“That’s what you want, Sammy?”

“Yeah. Yeah.” Sam was almost in tears.

“I fucking love you so much.”

“Will you… will you really…”

Dean reached down and gripped Sam’s hair. “Swear to god.”

“You promise.”

“Damn straight I promise.” Dean panted. “Now stick out your tongue.”

Sam complied.

“All the way. Far as you can.”

Sam stuck it out a little farther.

Dean held Sam’s head and sank down on Sam’s tongue, the tip penetrating him. “That’s right, sweetheart. Fuck me with your tongue.”
Sam made his tongue harder, stabbed it into Dean as far as he possibly could. Dean practically purred, the keen pleasure shivering through him at what Sam was doing as much as Sam’s complete surrender to him. “Gotta get me all ready. Gonna be your dick in there in a few minutes.”

Sam made a sound that was half-laugh, half-plea.

Dean held onto the back of the couch with one hand and stroked Sam’s hair with the other, grinding his hips, the first inch of Sam’s tongue inside his ass. “That’s right, baby boy. Gonna ride your cock.”

Sam groaned and tried valiantly to stick out his tongue even farther.

“Ride it nice and slow.” Dean slowed his movements to match his words. “Until you beg me to let you come.” He thrust forward and down, then up and back, a small movement, Sam shivering beneath him, then pulled off. “Lick.” Sam lapped at his ass again, broad flat strokes that made Dean groan. Finally, he shifted his position, brought his balls, heavy and full, to Sam’s mouth. “Lick.”

Sam gasped, aching with need, and licked and suckled at Dean’s balls.

“So good at that, Sammy. So fucking good.” Dean had to pull off, clutching the base of his cock, so as not to come too soon. Sam dropped his head to his chest, panting. Dean grinned, leaned down and seized Sam’s mouth in a kiss, licking at his lips, inside his mouth hungrily. Sam gripped Dean’s shoulders, his thighs spread wide, his untouched cock hard and desperate.

“You’re not gonna come too soon, right, baby boy?”

“No,” Sam gasped.

“Gonna stay nice and hard for me so I can ride that cock of yours as long as I want?”

“Yes. Yes.”

Dean walked to the little kitchen table, and came back dragging one of the chairs. “Sit down.”

Sam got to his feet and sat down on the chair. Dean tossed him the bottle of lube, then straddled Sam and sat on his lap. “Get me nice and wet,” he whispered, mouth warm against Sam’s neck.

“Fuck.” Sam’s hands shook as he coated them with lube, worked a finger inside Dean, withdrawing it and anointing it again until it was dripping, then slipping it inside him again.

“Now you,” Dean instructed. Sam coated his cock with lube. Dean shifted, positioning himself right over Sam. “Hold it.”

Sam wrapped his fingers around the base of his cock, holding it at the right angle. “Don’t you want —”

“Gonna open myself up on your cock.”

“Fuck.” Sam repeated. “Oh fuck.”

“That fucking beautiful cock of yours.” Dean sank down, muscles in his thighs standing out taut, taking just the tip of Sam’s cock inside him, so soft and open from Sam’s tongue.

Sam shuddered. Dean worked himself down, rising and falling, taking a little more each time, until the fat head of Sam’s cock breached the second ring. “Jesus fucking Christ, Sammy…”
“Easy, Dean.”

“You’re so.. fucking hell… Sam.” Dean bit his lip and deliberately sank down, taking Sam to the base in one long push.

“Oh god. Oh god. Dean, I—“

“Don’t come, baby. Shh. Don’t come.” Dean held still, stroking Sam’s hair, kissing his forehead, his lips. Sam panted and fought for control. “S my fault, Sammy.”

Sam looked up at Dean in surprise.

“Should have been doing it like this more.” Dean stroked Sam’s shoulders. “I was selfish.”

Sam trembled, right on the verge of coming still, trying so hard not to.

Dean kept talking, not moving at all, stretched wide open on Sam’s cock. “Just…it feels so good to be inside you, Sam. I love it. So much.”

Sam bit his lip, concentrating on his breathing, trembling hands pressed against Dean’s back.

“But this… Jesus, Sam.” Sweat sheened Dean’s chest. “You. Inside me.”

Sam looked up again, eyes hopeful.

“Fucking amazing.”

“Yeah?”

Dean nodded, bent down and kissed Sam soft and sweet.

“We could…” Sam swallowed. “Do it like this more?”

Dean wrapped his arms around Sam, kissed his neck, moved ever so slightly. “You feel so good, Sam. So fucking good, I can’t even…” Dean ground his hips in a circle.

Sam gave a strangled cry. “Not gonna last. I’m sorry…”

“It’s ok.” Dean kissed Sam’s forehead. “Just let me—Jesus, you feel good. Just let me, ok? You come when you want.”

“I’ll try not to,” Sam gasped.

Dean pressed his mouth to Sam’s, urging Sam to give him his tongue, and took it into his mouth as he rose on Sam’s cock and sank down slowly, drinking down Sam’s cry of pleasure. Sam’s skin was slick with sweat, hands gripping Dean’s shoulders where he wasn’t bruised or cut, his face contorted with pleasure.

Dean rose and fell again on Sam’s cock. “Feels so good.” Sam shuddered, but somehow maintained control. Dean fucked himself slowly, whispering words of pleasure and praise into Sam’s ear. Sam made a constant stream of moans, low aching sounds of pleasure so keen Dean didn’t know how Sam was holding off the orgasm that was surely seconds away.

But Sam didn’t come.

Dean rode Sam’s cock, slow and sweet, licking the sweat from Sam’s neck, whispering sweet filthy
talk in his ear: “…feel so good inside me, so fucking big, how’d you get so fucking big, filling me up so good, fuck, why weren’t we doing this more, Sammy, Sam, Sam, you’re inside me, oh god…”

Sam whimpered.

“You can come, sweetheart, it’s ok, you can finish me off with your hand, fuck, with your mouth, it’s ok…”

“You said,” Sam choked out. “Stay hard for you. So you can ride me as long as you want.”

Dean’s jaw fell open, astonished at the grit he heard in Sam’s voice, the sheer determination. “I didn’t think you’d—“

Sam’s eyes flashed open, bright with determination. “Come on, Dean. Ride my cock. As long as you want. I won’t come until you come.” He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, then another, turning inward, tapping into something from deep inside him. He opened his eyes again, sunflower gold and green, pupils blown wide. “I won’t come until you come.” His voice was calm, assured.

Dean locked his fingers together behind Sam’s neck, and began to ride Sam’s cock again, faster this time, little grunts punched out of him, his cock bobbing between their bellies. Sam’s eyes were bright, watching Dean’s face, seeing the pleasure spilling over it. Dean slowed again, grinding on Sam in little circles, rubbing his hands over his chest, wanton, wild.

“So beautiful…” Sam whispered, not even aware he was speaking out loud.

Dean kept up his slow grind for several minutes before he picked up the pace again, harder and faster, impaling himself on Sam’s cock, hair damp from perspiration sticking to his neck and forehead, grunting louder. Sam gleamed with sweat, jaw muscles working, tendons in his neck standing out strong. Dean fucked himself on Sam’s cock hard and fast, like it was an athletic event. Sam’s hands gripped the firm muscles of his ass, nearly incoherent with the pleasure of it, but not coming. Dean slowed again. Sam groaned, pressing his forehead to Dean’s.

“Come on, Sam. Say it. I want you to say it.”

Sam shot Dean a knowing look. “You need me to say it.”

Dean blew out a breath. “Yeah. I need it.”

Sam’s mouth curled into a smile. “Dean…please.”

Dean devoured Sam’s mouth, biting gently at his lips, sucking on his tongue, and rode Sam’s cock hard, slamming himself down. He reached his still-slick hand between them and wrapped his fingers around his cock. Sam gave a cry, knowing his own release was finally at hand. “Fuck. Sammy, Sammy, Jesus, Sam…” Dean worked his cock, a surprisingly gentle movement for how hard he was driving himself down on Sam. “Ah… come for me, Sammy, come inside me…” The first droplets of Dean’s ejaculate hit Sam on the jaw, and Sam was seizing, shaking, hips stuttering, gripping Dean’s thighs hard, crying out again and again, cries rising in pitch until he threw his head back, unable to make any sound at all, his orgasm sucking his ability to make a sound, to even breathe. His eyes rolled back in his head, eyelashes fluttering furiously.

Dean stroked his cock, shaking just as hard, language stripped from him, only able to make low guttural grunts as he came, wet and messy, came more than he’d come in weeks, all over his fist, his belly and chest, all over Sam, twitching beneath him.
“Jesus, Sam…” Dean breathed.

Sam still twitched, eyelashes fluttering.

“Sam?” Dean pulled off him. Sam’s eyes were still rolled back in his head. Dean dropped to his knees at Sam’s side. “Sam!”

Sam slipped from this world to somewhere else, propelled by the power he’d tapped into when he turned inward to find what he needed to stave off his orgasm. Flashed elsewhere. Flashed to:

*John Winchester, slumped over the steering wheel in the driveway of a yellow house with a huge lawn. His head rested on his crossed wrists, tears running down his forearms inside his jacket. He held a photo between his right thumb and forefinger. Three figures sprawled on a rag rug. Two young boys on their father’s chest, looking up at him and laughing as he looked down, such love and pride and delight on his face.*

“Dad?” A young boy walked out of the house into the driveway. “What are you doing?”

*He had his father’s eyes.*

*John Winchester roused himself and quickly hid the photo inside a folded map, tucking it away in the glove box. He wiped his face quickly, got out of the car and ruffled the boy’s hair. “Hey, kiddo.”*

Sam’s head snapped back, body jerking hard, recoiling with such force that he fell over in his chair.

“The hell?” Dean’s face was pale. He knelt at Sam’s side, checking his head for injury. “You ok?”

Despite the pain lancing through his head (*his heart*) Sam reached out to Dean. “I’m ok.” He took Dean’s hand, pressed it flat to his chest and held it there with both hands, drawing reassurance and calm from Dean’s touch.

“Sam? Scaring me here a little.”

“Dad.” Sam rolled off the chair onto the carpet, still holding Dean’s hand steady against his chest. “I saw Dad. With…” He swallowed hard. *Hey, kiddo. “With him.”*

Dean’s face darkened. “Don’t you think about him. Sam. Don’t you do it.”

“I didn’t think about him, Dean. I saw him.”

Dean sighed. “Vision?”

Sam nodded yes.

Dean’s face contorted with anger. “No. No.” He got up on one knee, picked Sam up like he weighed nothing, and carried him to the couch. “He can’t hurt you, Sam. He can’t hurt us.” He set Sam down, sat next to him and pulled him into Dean’s arms.

“But it does hurt.” Sam fought hard not to cry. “Dean, why—“

“Shh. It’s ok. You got me.” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “You got me.”

Sam snuggled harder as Dean pulled the throw up around them so that Sam didn’t get cold. “Pretend it was only ever you and me. And Bobby.” Dean held Sam so gently, stroked his hair.
“Bobby made us turkey every year at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Came to our Little League games. Watched every one of your plays. Even went to that dorky science fair. Remember?”

Sam breathed in and out, letting Dean’s words spin a benevolent fiction, each work driving the vision he’d just had a little further away.

Dean continued. “Bobby always gave you mostly books for your birthday. And he made you carrot cake. All lopsided.”

“And you got chocolate cake. And he gave you sports stuff. But always a book too. Because he knew how smart you were.”

Now Dean had to fight hard not to cry. “Yeah.” He choked out. “Yeah, he sure did.”

“And he tucked us into bed and read us a story.”

“And told us he loved us.” Dean added.

“And that we were good boys.”

Dean sucked in a breath that sounded suspiciously like a sob, his arms tightening around Sam. “Yeah. He said we were good boys.”

Sam sniffled.

“Cry if you want to, Sam. It’s ok. It’s always ok. To do that with me.”

Sam’s chest heaved with a huge breath. “He misses us.” He fought for composure. “He was crying.”

Dean’s jaw muscles tightened. He said nothing for a long time. “Well,” he finally said, “he should.”

Sam was quiet for a long moment. “Hey Dean?”

“Yeah, Sammy?”

“I know you said 48 hours. But…” Sam sniffled again. “I want Bobby and Reggie. Can we?”

“You bet.” Dean held Sam close. “Just…stay like this? For a little while longer?”

“Yeah.”

Sam held onto Dean and Dean held onto Sam like they were each other’s life rafts in rough waters.

“Just you,” Sam whispered. “I just need you.”

Dean kissed the top of Sam’s forehead. “You’ll always have me.”
Promises to Keep

Chapter Summary

Sam misses Bobby. The new family dines together. Reggie asks a favor.

Reggie wrangled two mugs of tea, two cheese sandwiches and a frozen bag of peas into the living room. “Hey, Gimpy. Catch!” Bobby caught the package of peas before it smacked him in the neck. Tugging his pajama leg up with a grunt, he settled the bag over his knee, swollen and sickly-yellow and purple.

“That’s pretty,” Reggie quipped, setting Bobby’s sandwich and tea down on the TV tray next to the recliner.

“I’m known for my looks.” Bobby took a sip of tea and sputtered, not expecting the sharp taste of Kentucky bourbon. “Ever think of putting in any actual tea in this?”

Reggie raised one thick white eyebrow. “That would lessen the medicinal effect.”

“You’re gonna medicine me right into passing out.”

“Which makes tonight different…how?” Reggie spoke through a mouthful of cheese sandwich.

Bobby took a bite and chewed. “Love how you go all out for me.”

“It’s food, ain’t it?” Reggie inhaled half his sandwich in two quick bites. “What can I say. I’m a shit cook.”

Rolling his neck on his shoulders with a wince, Bobby gingerly took another sip of his tea-laced hot whiskey. “If it weren’t for Nathan, you’d have lived on Fritos and canned chili.”

Reggie nodded ruefully, took a swig of tea, and smoothed his hand over his moustache.

“You ever gonna…” Bobby gestured into the air in a vague motion. “You know. Someone new?”

“Are you?” Reggie speared Bobby with his gaze, bright blue eyes questioning.

Bobby barked out a laugh, dropping the crusts to the plate. “That ship has sailed, been shot at and sank.” He rubbed his beard. “It was just her, you know? It was only ever her.”

“So you just…” Reggie shot a playful glance at Bobby’s hands.
“I’m not lacking for company, if that’s what you mean,” Bobby protested. “I’m old and fat, but I still got the charm.”

Reggie snorted. “I don’t doubt it.”

“But nothing…” Bobby paused.

“Lasting.”

“Not in this line of work. ‘Less I shack up with a hunter.”

Reggie fished a toothpick out of his pocket. “You asking?” His moustache crooked to the side as his mouth curled up with amusement.

“Hah! You wish.” Bobby adjusted his position in his recliner, tugging on the collar of his pajamas.

“Sorry to break it to you, old man. Love you like a brother, but you’re not my type.” Reggie chewed on his toothpick. Bobby pretended to be offended. Reggie just grinned, strong white teeth showing.

Bobby pressed his fingertip into the crumbs on the plate and ate them. “Damn it, now I’m craving pot roast.”

Reggie’s mouth twitched. “Me, I could go for some lasagna.”

The phone on the side of the kitchen wall rang, a sharp, high sound that reverberated off the cabinets. “You mind getting that, honey?” Bobby popped a pain pill with the last of his whiskey tea.

“Not yer damn wife,” Reggie grumbled in a show of displeasure. And answered the phone.

“Hey.” He gnawed at his toothpick. “Thought you two were gonna hide out until tomorrow.” He listened a moment, then covered the receiver with the palm of his hand. “Boys wanna come over. You up for it?”

The broad smile that spread over Bobby’s bearded face was all the answer Reggie needed.

When Dean knocked on the door, Bobby was standing up, balanced on one crutch. Dean was first through the door, and Bobby folded him into a one-armed hug. “How’s he doing?” Bobby whispered into Dean’s ear. Dean’s chest rose and fell in a deep sigh, answering Bobby without a word.

Sam stood in the hallway, dark circles under his eyes, hands clasped in front of him as though he was somehow afraid, in some deep recess of his mind, that Bobby didn’t really want him to come in.

Bobby read Sam’s body language clear as day. “Get in here, kid.” Dean pulled free of Bobby’s arms and braced him as Sam thumped into Bobby’s arms, eyes tightly shut.

Bobby gripped him in a bear hug. “It’s ok, son.” Sam whimpered, once, so softly only Bobby could hear. Bobby stroked Sam’s hair. “It’s ok. There you go. It’s ok now.” Sam snuggled in closer, breathing in Bobby’s scent that had always reminded him of good whiskey and old books.

“Missed us that soon, huh?” Reggie clapped Dean on the shoulder.

Instead of making a quip, Dean answered, simple and honest. “Yeah.”
Reggie’s cheeks turned a faint shade of pink. He went to the refrigerator and began looking through the middle shelf. He emerged with two drinks in each hand. “I got chocolate milk and strawberry soda. What do you want?”

Muffled by Bobby’s chest, Sam said, “Both.”

“Both it is.”

Sam finally broke from Bobby’s embrace, looking up into his face with an intense expression, then pushed himself into Reggie’s arms, who tried to hug back the best he could with his hands full of cold drinks, clearly unaccustomed to the full force of a teenager determined to hug the crap out of him. “I missed you too, kid.”

“How’re you healing up?” Dean eyed Bobby up and down, noting the improved color of his skin.

“Not bad, actually. I’ve been using this cream that Juliane gave me.” Curiosity piqued, Sam accepted a cold can of strawberry soda from Reggie and went into the living room to look at the jar of cream Bobby was holding.

“Arnica! That totally works.” Sam fixed Bobby with an earnest look and took a slurp of soda. “It reduces inflammation.” Suddenly, he looked worried. “You’re not putting it on broken skin, are you?”

Bobby couldn’t repress a laugh. “No, Sam. I’m being real careful.”

“It’s poisonous if it gets into your bloodstream.” Sam’s eyes were wide.

Bobby settled back down in his recliner and tugged his pajama leg up. “See? Skin’s fine. No cuts or nothing.”

Dean whistled at the sight of the swollen knee and mottled skin.

“It looks worse than it feels. And it’s getting better. See?” Bobby bent his knee slowly, carefully, to a 45 degree angle and back. Even from the kitchen, Reggie could hear the crackling of the joint.

Sam’s eyebrows drew together in a frown. “Bobby—”

“That?” Bobby laughed. “Hell, that’s what my knee sounds like on a good day. Welcome to getting old.”

Sam made Bobby bend and straighten his knee a few more times before he believed him that this was in fact a vast improvement from right after the accident.

“Hey, Dean.” Bobby pulled his pajama leg back down.

Dean slurped the last of his chocolate milk through the little straw. “Yeah?”

“What say tomorrow, you park me on a stool and we take a look at my damn car, come up with a plan to fix ‘er up.”

Dean’s eyes lit up. He loved working on cars, and had an instinctive affinity for it. “Yeah. Absolutely.”

Sam looked away, focusing his attention on a painting of the Yukon on the wall above the couch. Whenever talk turned mechanical, John and Dean nattered away and John only made a cursory attempt to involve Sam. And he never showed Sam how to change a fan belt or lap valves. “He’s
more interested in his books, Dean,” he would say when Dean tried to get him to invite Sam along. And while that was true, it still stung.

“And you.”

Sam straightened his back, expecting Bobby to say, “And you might want to check out the library while we’re busy.”

Bobby said, “High time you started learning your way around cars.”

Sam looked up quickly, blinking in surprise. “Really?”

“Unless killing Lucifer’s general is enough for you boys for the rest of the decade.”

“Wouldn’t exactly blame ‘em,” Reggie interjected, bringing in a carton of chocolate milk for Sam, and a strawberry soda for Dean.

“We wouldn’t exactly blame you.” Bobby settled back in the recliner, the vinyl creaking beneath him.

“No. I’d like that.” Sam shot a glance at Dean. “I’d really like that.” Sam stabbed the plastic straw into the carton of milk and slurped some up, then grinned. Dean rubbed Sam’s shoulders and looked at Bobby like he’d just pulled a lost puppy out of a well. He blinked slowly, long lashes thick and dark against his skin. Thank you.

“Bet you’ll be real good at it, too.” Bobby raised his eyebrows at Dean. “You better watch out. He might put you to shame.”

“Probably.” Dean ruffled Sam’s hair. “Sammy’s better at everything than me.”

“Am not!” Sam protested.

“Are too.”

“You—“


“Sam, you tapped out your location in Morse code while they were torturing you. You never begged for mercy. You went to take down Azazel all by yourself—“

Sam shook his head. “That was stupid, that was—“

“That was brave, is what that was.” Dean bit his lower lip. “That was…you did that to protect me. You were going to sacrifice yourself.” His voice cracked. “To save me.”

Sam opened his mouth, but Dean covered it with his fingers, so gently. “Sam. You’re just better than me. And that’s a fact.”

“Dean,” Bobby began.

Sam’s eyes glistened. “You just don’t get it, do you.” He smiled, dimples standing out strong. “Everything I do, you taught me to do.”
“Come on. Dad taught you plenty. Hell, Bobby taught you plenty—“

“How to find a way, when you didn’t know what the hell to do next? You taught me that. How to keep going when you hurt like hell? You taught me to do that.” Sam stared at Dean like he was a stack of gold bricks piled chest high. “You don’t even know how good you are, Dean.” The muscles in his jaw worked. “I hate him for making you think you were nothing.”

Bobby rose to his feet with a grunt, and settled his hands on Sam and Dean’s shoulders. “You’re my boys now. Right?”

Sam and Dean looked at each other, then back at Bobby, nodding in unison.

“Well, I do things a little differently than…” Bobby caught himself. “Than John. He was old school. Marine bullshit. Tried to toughen you up by being a drill sergeant.”

Dean’s eyes closed, trying to stave off the memories. *Walk it off! Jesus, Dean. Call yourself a hunter? You won’t last a minute in a real fight if you coddle yourself every time you stub your damn toe.*

“That’s what he knew how to do. But I know a lot more.” Bobby’s attention focused on Dean. “And I know how good you are, Dean. As a hunter. A man. And you’re smart. Smart as hell.”

A slow tear fell from beneath Dean’s closed eyelids.

“You’re every bit as smart as Sam,” Bobby continued. “And when I get you two boys back home with me, you and me are going to crack open some books and I’m going to show you what you can do when someone isn’t throwing obstacles in your path and telling you you can’t.”

Dean opened his eyes and met Bobby’s gaze. Another tear welled in his eye and spilled over onto his cheek. Bobby squeezed Dean’s shoulder.

Sam looked at Bobby with such adoration, it was almost palpable. “See? Dean. I told you,” Sam whispered.

“And you.” Bobby nodded toward Sam. “You’re gonna learn how to reassemble a damn carburetor.”

“Yes, sir.” Sam beamed.

Bobby kissed Sam’s forehead. “Don’t call me sir. Alright?” His voice was gentle.

Sam nodded. “Alright.”

“What say you two park it and we watch a movie?”

Sam grabbed more soda for him and Dean, and insisted Bobby join them on the couch. Bobby settled in on the end, propping his leg up on an ottoman. Sam sat between him and Dean. Reggie made two big bowls of popcorn. They bickered in a genial fashion over which Western to watch. Dean wanted High Noon or Outlaw Josey Wales. Sam wanted Tombstone. Bobby argued for anything with John Wayne.

Reggie stuck a cold beer into Bobby’s hand and settled down in the recliner with a tumbler half full of whiskey on the rocks. “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,” he drawled.

Everyone looked at each other and nodded.
Sam took his shoes off and curled up on his side, shoving his feet under Dean’s thighs, and nestled against Bobby’s side, eating popcorn from the bowl in Bobby’s lap. Bobby kept his arm around Sam. They laughed and watched and drank too much soda, Sam tossing kernels of popcorn at Dean and seizing with laughter as Dean caught each one, making the sound of a dog snarfing a treat from midair. Sam squirmed when Dean tickled his feet, and talked throughout the movie, high on sugar and happiness, and he and Dean spoke the lines they knew by heart in perfect time with the actors.

Bobby watched the boys, hugged Sam closer, nonchalantly reached his free hand up and rubbed his eyes like he was tired.

Reggie wasn’t fooled.

Sam tugged one of the small pillows from behind him, propped it on Bobby’s leg, rested his head on it and threw his long legs over Dean’s lap. Dean rubbed Sam’s calves.

Within a few minutes, Sam was fast asleep.

Dean and Bobby exchanged a look over Sam.

“Boy never could hold his soda,” Bobby remarked.

“Yes. Bounces off the walls, then he’s out like a light.” Dean smoothed Sam’s hair away from his face, green eyes soft and wide.

They stayed like that for a long time. Reggie filled Dean in on the tape recordings they were making of Nathaniel sharing everything he remembered from Azazel possessing him. Dean winced at the more sordid details, mouth tightening at what Nathaniel revealed about Azazel’s original plans for Sam, taking it all in, listening intently and thinking—staying silent until he had something pertinent to say that revealed how fast his mind worked at making connections and interpreting things.

Sam slept, Bobby’s hand on his shoulder, Dean’s hands on Sam’s thighs.

Dean asked Reggie to find out as much as they could from Nathaniel about how Azazel had locked Rosier into his vessel. If they could replicate that, they could cure demons that were topside, just like they had inadvertently cured Rosier.

Eventually, Dean squirmed. Bobby shot him a knowing look. “Yeah, I gotta pee like a racehorse.” He looked down at Sam, fast asleep with his head in his lap. “Don’t have the heart to wake him, though.”

They let Sam sleep, gladly bearing the discomfort. Finally, Sam stirred. “Pizza…” he murmured.

“You’re just a bottomless pit, aren’t you.” Bobby ruffled Sam’s hair.

Sam sat up, bleary, a lock of hair sticking straight up. “Seriously. Pizza.”

“I could get us some pizza. Sure.” Reggie leaned forward.

“No. Let’s go out. All of us. Danny and Juliane too.”

Bobby and Reggie stared at Sam like he was crazy.

“It’s safe. We killed Azazel. We can come and go now. We can even get you to a hospital, get your leg checked out.” Sam told them what the demon Gus had imparted to him. No one on Earth is
safer than you two. You killed Azazel. No demon will touch Sam or Dean Winchester. They are afraid.

Their expressions softened.

“C’mon,” Dean grinned. “Let’s blow this popsicle stand.”

After Bobby and Dean took turns relieving their liquid-induced discomfort, Sam and Dean went ahead to the common room while Reggie helped Bobby change into real clothes. Juliane beamed when she saw them, eyes lingering on Sam for an extra beat. She examined Dean’s face where she had removed the stitches, and evaluated the bruises that were visible from when Azazel had sent him flying into the mirror.

“We’re going out. For dinner.”

“Pizza,” Dean added.

“You have to come.” Sam took Juliane’s hand. “Please.”

She inhaled deeply, hands moving to the ponytail at the back of her neck. “It’s been a long time since I did that.”

Danny watched the series of emotions flicker across her face, not urging her one way or another. Waiting for her to make her own decision.

“Ok. Let’s do it.”

Danny put his arm around her waist and squeezed. “Proud of you,” he whispered.

“Well, we haven’t even left yet. Let’s see how proud you are later.”

Juliane and Danny did a quick check on Nathaniel and the two remaining survivors of the attack out of the five they had brought into the sanctuary. Three had left, not able to remember what had happened to them and completely accepting of the fiction Danny had concocted for them. Two remained, not quite ready to be released back into the world. They and Nathaniel gratefully accepted a sedative, and Danny locked them into their rooms, just to be sure that no one wandered where they shouldn’t go.

The six of them—Danny and Juliane, Sam and Dean, Bobby and Reggie—emerged from the front office into the frosty air. The sky was pure indigo, in that brief moment before day turned completely into night. Reggie and Dean helped Bobby into the front seat of the van, and they all climbed in.

Danny steered the van over the salt speed bump. Out of habit, they scanned for demons, but there was no one. He drove them to a local pizza and Italian food restaurant that he declared was the best in town.

They were seated almost immediately at a large table in the back. Sam and Dean led the way.

They passed a booth where a waiter was setting down a large pizza in front of two men and a woman. All three turned pale at the sight of Sam and Dean. The woman knocked over her soda,
spilling it all over the vegetarian special, and she hastily slid out from the booth and headed for the front door, breaking into a run as she passed the register. The two men followed fast on her heels, sending black-eyed, terrified glances over their shoulder at the two young men in jeans and flannel shirts.

“Hey!” the waiter called after them. “You gotta pay for that!”

“That’s right, bitches,” Dean said softly. “You better run.”

They sat around a large round table, Juliane in the most private and protected seat with her back to the wall, Danny on her right and Sam on her left. Dean, of course, sat next to Sam. Bobby sat next to Dean, and Reggie sat with his back to the main room, tugging his chair back so he had a better vantage point, out of long habit.

Danny ordered iced tea, as the designated driver, and Reggie ordered two pitchers of beer and a pitcher of cola. Sam insisted on ordering far too much food for the six of them. Garlic bread, minestrone, a massive bowl of chef’s salad, fried mozzarella sticks, and three extra large pizzas, one plain pepperoni, one with every meat on the menu, and a black olive and anchovy.

The waitress brought the drinks out first, then returned with the soup, salad and appetizers on a huge round tray that she set down on a fold-out support. Before she’d even set down the plate of mozzarella sticks, Dean had snatched two up, handing one to Sam.

“Boys,” Bobby warned. “Mind your manners.”

Sam inhaled the mozzarella stick in three quick bites. Dean tore the tip off the straw wrapper and blew the white paper at Sam, hitting him right between the eyes. Sam laughed and did the same thing with his straw to Dean, who tipped his head back and caught the paper wrapper in his mouth.

The waitress, a thin dark-haired woman with pronounced cheekbones, smiled as she set down a pitcher of beer in front of Bobby. “You got two sweet boys there.”

Sam and Dean looked up.

“Yeah.” Bobby sat up straight, tugging his flannel shirt down. “Yeah, I sure do.”

Bobby and Reggie worked on their beer like consummate professionals. Danny ate with his left hand, keeping his right hand on Juliane at all times, rubbing her back gently or simply holding her hand beneath the table. Juliane warmed under the light and laughter at the table, eyes bright as she watched Reggie gesticulate, miming how a vamp had nearly gotten free but fell into an open sewer, flailing his arms frantically, right before Reggie took his head off with a machete; roaring with laughter as Bobby told the tale of the demon who poured half a glass of lemonade down its throat before it realized it was full of salt, not sugar; watching Sam and Dean bump shoulders and steal each other’s pizza while the other wasn’t looking, and pick thin strips of anchovy off Bobby’s pizza and menace each other with them until Bobby told them to stop playing with his damn dinner.

They ate and drank and ate some more, then pushed back from the table with a groan. Until Sam ordered cheesecake for everyone. “You aren’t totally full. There’s still the dessert pocket left,” he protested.

“The what?”
Sam fought back a grin. “The dessert pocket. You can eat and eat, but there’s this pocket inside your stomach, see, just for dessert…”

Bobby rolled his eyes. “Dessert pocket…” But sure enough, when the waitress returned with six tall slices of New York style cheesecake gleaming with mixed berry sauce, each of them managed to eat the entire thing.

Reggie cleared his throat, wiping his moustache with a napkin. Then he raised his glass. “To family.”

Bobby sniffled, and raised his glass. “To family.” Sam and Dean raised their glasses of cola, and Sam nudged Juliane. “That means you guys too.”

Juliane’s mouth fell open. Danny blinked rapidly, and stammered, “But…but…”

Bobby raised his glass higher. “Family don’t end with blood, boy.”

Juliane and Danny raised their glasses, and the six drank a toast to family.

Sam refused Juliane’s offer to pay, pulling bills out of his wallet. The waitress packaged up the pizza they had not managed to finish, and they walked back to the van. Danny settled Bobby into the front seat again, whereupon he belched.

Sam snorted.

“It’s a sign of respect in some cultures to burp after a good meal.”

“Not in this one,” Dean replied, eyes darting to Sam to take in his appreciation of Dean’s teasing.

“Keep sassing me, boy.” Bobby tried to look stern.

“It’s just ‘cause I love ya.” Dean grinned. Bobby swallowed hard, and reached his hand back to squeeze Dean’s.

Danny turned the radio to a country station, and they rode back to the Sanctuary, enjoying the music without anyone feeling a need to make chitchat. When they arrived, everyone tumbled out of the van and headed into the common room.

Reggie watched as the boys practically toppled over onto the couch, in a moment of affectionate roughhousing, as Bobby beamed at them; as Danny followed Juliane into the kitchen and kissed the back of her neck. His mouth worked, moustache twitching. “Hey y’all.”

All eyes turned to him.

“You seem pretty ok here, and I need to ask a favor. There’s something I need to do. It’ll just take a couple of days. I thought I’d head out tomorrow, if y’all don’t mind.”

Bobby looked surprised, then nodded. “Sure. You do what you gotta do.”

“What’s… what are you…” Sam began.

“I made a promise to a friend.” Remembering the feeling of Marcus’s hand in his. The offer he’d made to make Reggie dinner. When I find the boys and make sure they’re safe, I’ll come back and
take you up on that.

Author: Still more to come! It's not over yet.
Chapter Summary

Reggie makes good on his promise to Marcus.

Reggie sat cross-legged on the bed in his grey pajamas. He cleared his throat and dialed. Marcus answered on the fourth ring.

“Hello?”

“Hey. Hope it’s not too late to call.”

A sleepy yawn. “Reggie?”

“Yes.”

“What time is it?”

“Late. I’m sorry.” Reggie took a drink of whiskey.

“It’s ok.”

“So…you busy tomorrow night?”

“Working.”

Reggie’s face fell. “What time do you get off?”

Marcus gave a little laugh. “Why? Are you going to come see me?”

“I, uh, I’d like to.”

“Really? I’ll get someone to take my shift.”

Reggie ran his hand through his long hair. “You sure?”

“Not a problem. Not at all.” Another yawn. “What do you… do you want to…”

“That offer of lasagna still stand?”

“Yeah. Yes. Absolutely.”

Reggie wrote down the address and directions Marcus gave him. “You go back to sleep now. I’ll see you tomorrow.” He hung up the phone and lay back on the pillow, hands behind his head, a contented smile on his lips.
In the morning, after hot coffee and cold cereal, he helped Bobby crutch out to the garage where Dean was already elbow-deep in Bobby’s damaged car, explaining to Sam what was what.

“Taking off?” Dean wiped his greasy hands on a shop rag.

Reggie nodded.

“But you’ll be back by Wednesday, right?” Sam asked.

Dean cocked his head, confused at what was so special about Wednesday.

“Dude. Your 21st birthday?” Sam gave Dean a disbelieving look.

“Kinda been a lot going on.” Dean tossed the rag into the open wastebasket.

“You forgot?”

Dean shrugged. “I forgot.”

Reggie chuckled. “Don’t blame you. I’d have forgot too.” He clapped his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “Don’t worry. I wouldn’t miss it.”

He said goodbye to everyone. Bobby settled down on a shop stool, arranging his hurt leg, and Dean proceeded to list what he’d identified so far that needed repair, pointing them out to Sam, who beamed at finally being included in the mechanical side of things. Reggie watched them for a moment, then slipped away.

By the time he got to Denver, the ashtray was filled with gnawed toothpicks, ends fanned out and flattened. He stopped at a gas station to change his shirt into the nice blue one he’d ironed and hung up on a hanger hooked over the top of the back window. He brushed his teeth in the stained sink, combed his moustache and fussed with his hair, then drove to Marcus’s place.

The apartment complex smelled of garlic and tomatoes all the way down in the lobby. He didn’t even need to know the apartment number. He could have followed the scent right to his door.

Standing in front of #24, he closed his eyes for a moment. “You can do this,” he whispered. He wiped his damp palms on the legs of his jeans and rang the bell.

The door opened. Marcus stood in the doorway, in black slacks and dress shoes, with a white tank top baring his arms and shoulders, and a black apron that read, “The trouble with eating Italian food is 3 days later you’re hungry again.”

His teeth were white against his full, red mouth, framed by his close-trimmed goatee. “You’re a little early.” He gestured to himself. “I’m not all the way dressed yet.”

Reggie’s eyes took in Marcus’s bare skin, the powerful biceps and shoulders. “That’s alright,” he drawled. A spot of color appeared on Marcus’s cheeks. “Come in.” He drew Reggie inside, and leaned in quickly, kissing him lightly, almost shyly, on his cheek. He slipped Reggie’s long black duster off, hands lingering on his shoulders, and hung it up on a coat rack near the door.

Reggie swallowed hard.

“Wine?”
“Yes, please.”

Marcus’s teeth flashed white. “Such a gentleman.”

“Yessir.”

Now Marcus swallowed hard. Dark eyelashes fluttering, he hastened into the kitchen and pulled out two wine glasses. “I’ve got Cab if you like that, and a really nice Nebbiolo…”

“Whatsoever you want.”

Marcus blinked. “Right.” He hesitated. “Ok, the Nebbiolo.” Reaching for the wine opener, he knocked a wine glass off the counter, where it shattered. “Fuck.”

“Here. Let me help you.” Reggie came into the kitchen.

“It’s ok. I got it.” Marcus picked up the larger pieces. “I…um. I’m a little nervous.”

“Me too.” Reggie pushed his hair back with one hand.

Marcus looked surprised. “You are?”

Reggie chuckled. “Shit yeah.”

Marcus took a deep breath and exhaled, clearly relieved.

Reggie helped him clean up the broken glass, and Marcus poured him a glass of Nebbiolo, and invited him to sit down on the couch. On the coffee table, he had already set out a spread of green olives, a few types of salumi, bread and a shallow bowl of olive oil. Marcus finished the last layer of lasagna, ladling homemade meat sauce over noodles and raining down two huge handfuls of shredded mozzarella on top, then popped the lasagna into the preheated oven, washed his hands and stripped off the apron.

Reggie couldn’t help but notice the lines of muscle beneath the white tank top, the thatch of dark hair on his chest.

Marcus grabbed the white dress shirt draped over the back of the couch.

“You don’t have to…” Reggie gestured toward the shirt. “On my account. If you’re comfortable.”

Marcus blushed at the implied compliment. “We’re on a proper date. I want to do this right.” He slipped his left hand into the sleeve of the shirt, slowly drawing it up the length of his arm.

Reggie could not help but stare at the white fabric contrasting with his light brown skin, moving up, concealing it. It was like a reverse strip tease, every bit as erotic, conjuring up images in both their minds of the shirt coming off again later.

Marcus buttoned the shirt up, tucking it into his slacks and smoothing it flat. “There we go.” He took his own glass and sat on the couch next to Reggie, a respectable but still intimate space between them, facing him. “So. Tell me about you.”

Reggie took a deep drink of wine. “What do you want to know?”

“Anything. Everything.” Marcus’s green eyes focused on Reggie’s hands on the wine glass, then back up to his face. “Like…what do you do for a living?”
Reggie chewed his lip, thinking.

“And if you told me, you’d have to kill me?” Marcus teased. “You a spy?” His mouth curled into a mischievous smile. “A G-Man?”

“Is that what I look like?” Reggie rolled up a paper-thin slice of sopressata and popped it in his mouth.

Marcus surveyed him. “You look like…ex-military.”

Reggie blinked at how easily Marcus read that.

Marcus smiled at having gotten it right. “And…yeah, like a cop.”

“You got a thing for law enforcement?” Reggie flirted back.

“Don’t we all?”

Reggie grinned.

Marcus continued to evaluate Reggie, enjoying the opportunity to look at him openly without having to steal a glance. “Actually…you look like a hunter.”

Reggie coughed, ears turning red. “What?”

“I knew it.” Marcus grinned. “You go for the really dangerous ones?”

Reggie’s mouth opened, but no words came out.

Marcus reached across Reggie and dipped a piece of bread in the olive oil. “My dad was a hunter. Mostly deer and wild boar.”

Reggie blew out a breath.

“What do you use—shotgun or crossbow?” Marcus chewed on the bit of bread.

“Um…” Reggie regained his composure. “I use the right weapon for whatever I’m hunting.”

Marcus glanced at the knife in Reggie’s belt. “Can I see?”

Reggie hesitated, eyes searching Marcus’s face. All he saw was innocent curiosity. He pulled the knife out of its sheath and laid it out over his forearm.

The metal grip was shaped to fit Reggie’s hand perfectly, inlaid with a blue gemstone with white marbling. The blade was not fussy, devoid of scalloped edges or a fancy upturned tip. It followed the classic dagger shape, but with subtle angles along the top separating its superb workmanship from that of even a good knife maker.

Marcus’s green eyes went wide. He reached out his hand.

“Careful.” Reggie’s gaze was serious. “It’s sharp.”

Marcus traced his fingertip over the gemstone. “It’s the color of your eyes.”

Reggie blinked, surprised.

Marcus’s gaze went from Reggie’s eyes to the knife, and back again. “Beautiful.”
Reggie’s breath caught in his throat.

Marcus traced his finger over the symbols engraved along the base of the grip. “What are these?”

Reggie’s moustache twitched. “I put those on for good luck.”

Marcus inhaled softly. “You…you made this?” His face lit up.

Reggie nodded.

Marcus ran his finger gently down the center of the blade, and looked back up at Reggie in wonder. “My god. You’re an artist.”

They had finished the appetizers and the bottle of wine by the time the lasagna was ready to come out of the oven. Marcus left it to cool and set up on the stovetop, and returned to the couch with another bottle of wine. He laughed easily, touched Reggie’s arm often, mirrored Reggie’s body movements. Reggie resisted the urge to kiss him right there, determined to be, as Marcus had described him, a true gentleman. Marcus rather shyly showed Reggie his book of drawings, which Reggie quite truthfully declared to be excellent.

When he deemed enough time had passed, Marcus pulled a bowl of salad from the refrigerator and served them up heaping plates of lasagna and bowls of salad. He watched Reggie carefully as he took the first bite of lasagna.

Reggie’s eyes closed.

“Yes?”

“Oh my god.”

“Good?”

Reggie looked for the words to describe it. The meat sauce was rich with a perfect balance of oregano and garlic, neither too sweet nor too acid. The ratio of each layer was perfect. The ricotta, flecked with minced basil, and mozzarella…

“Perfect.”

Marcus beamed with pride.

Reggie took another bite, shaking his head in disbelief at how good it was. He lifted a bit of ricotta to his mouth that had fallen off his fork. He cocked his head, tasting it by itself. “Did you salt this?”

Marcus laughed with delight. “Yes! That’s the secret. Well, one of them. Most people just slap the ricotta in with a little egg, and it’s too bland. You have to season it, just like anything else.” He looked at Reggie for a moment. “You noticed that.”

“I pay attention.” Reggie took another bite. “You should have your own restaurant.”

Marcus took a sip of wine, color bright in his cheeks. “I wish.”

Reggie devoured the contents of his plate and before he could even ask, Marcus gave him seconds.
Reggie ate it with tremendous pleasure, scraping up every morsel on his plate. “I could go for thirds, but I think I’d bust.”

Marcus cleared their plates to the kitchen. “It tastes even better the next day. You could have some for lunch.” The invitation on Marcus’s face was open and direct. “If you want to stay.”

Reggie wiped his mouth carefully with his napkin. “You want me to?” His voice was resonant and low.

Marcus met Reggie’s gaze. “I really want you to.”

Reggie rose to his feet and strode toward Marcus, a hunter claiming his prey.

“Reggie…” Marcus’s voice was breathy. And Reggie was on him, pinning him against the refrigerator with the long lean line of his body, hands tangled in his thick black hair, kissing him hard and deep.

Marcus moaned. Reggie kissed him gently, teasing his mouth with the softness of his moustache, then hard again, until Marcus was gasping, fingers digging into Reggie’s back.

“Been thinking of this since I first laid eyes on you.” Reggie ghosted his moustache over Marcus’s neck.

“Me too.”

“Getting my hands on you.”

Marcus tipped his head back, a moan rising from his lips. He took Reggie’s hand, and tugged him into the bedroom. Once inside, he cleared his throat. “So you know, I’m versatile.”

Reggie looked confused. “Sure. With the cooking and drawing and all.”

Marcus smiled. “I meant, I top and bottom both. Or if you just like to frot, that’s cool.”

Reggie tried to figure out what Marcus meant by frot.

Marcus began to unbutton Reggie’s shirt. “You know. Get naked and rub our dicks against each other. Make each other come that way. No penetration.” Shirt fully open, he traced his fingertips over Reggie’s bare chest. “If that’s what you want.” He removed Reggie’s shirt, his silver hair spilling down over his bare shoulders. Marcus’s green eyes met Reggie’s blue ones. “I want to do whatever you want.”

Reggie felt his breath move in and out of his body, exquisitely aware of every nerve ending. He undid Marcus’s shirt. “Oh, I like penetration.” Marcus’s tongue peeked out from between his teeth. “But I guess I’m not…versatile.”

“You’re a top.” Marcus breathed.

“Yep.” Reggie dropped Marcus’s shirt to the ground, finally getting his hands on those strong arms.

“You want to fuck me.” Marcus preened under Reggie’s attention.

“You have no idea,” Reggie purred.

Marcus pulled himself away with great difficulty, and opened the bottom drawer of his dresser, bringing out a small wooden box. Inside was a range of different kinds and sizes of condoms. “I
don’t do this that often. But it’s good to be ready.” He set the box on the bedside table. “Take your
pick.”

Reggie shook his head, a huge grin on his face. “You’re not shy, are you.”

“Not about sex.” Marcus’s expression was honest and open. “I know what I like. I want to know
what my partners like. And the best way to get what you want is to say what you want.” He peeled
off his undershirt, revealing a muscular chest with a dark mat of well-groomed chest hair, and a
trail of dark hair running down his stomach.


Marcus kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks. “I like oral sex. Giving and receiving. I love
rimming. Giving, especially. I like getting fucked really hard, but you have to start gentle.” He
unbuckled his belt and stepped out of his slacks. “I already got myself ready for that, by the way.”

“The way you talk,” Reggie muttered, open admiration on his face.

A huge grin broke over Marcus’s face. “If that means I’m not ladylike, then I guess I’m just not a
lady.”

Reggie’s mouth fell open.

Marcus laughed. “It’s one of my favorite movies.” He eyed Reggie. “Anyone ever tell you you
look a little like—“

“Once or twice.” Reggie pulled Marcus down onto the bed and threw a long leg over him, pinning
Marcus beneath him.

“Tell me what you like. What you want.”

Reggie smoothed the hair back from Marcus’s forehead. “Anyone ever tell you you talk a lot?”

Marcus wriggled beneath him. “Gonna shut me up?”

Reggie brought his mouth down, shut him up good and proper. Marcus made a soft little sound that
undid something hard and guarded inside Reggie. Something he couldn’t have named if you put a
gun to his head. He tipped his head to the side, and confessed in a whisper, “It’s been a while. For
me.”

Marcus stroked Reggie’s hair. “You set the pace. Ok? Whatever you want.” He kissed Reggie’s
neck. “You just want to lay here?”

“No, I want—I want to.”

“Because I don’t want to fuck this up.” Marcus, so direct when talking about matters sexual, buried
his face in Reggie’s chest and whispered, “I really like you.”

A lump formed in Reggie’s throat. “Ditto.”

He lay with Marcus in comfortable silence, learning the sounds of his breathing, the texture of his
skin, familiarizing himself with his scent. And when he was finally ready, he showed Marcus
exactly what he wanted.
(More to come soon!)
Reggie awoke in the dead of night, unfamiliar sensations all around him. His heart pounded, and instinctively he reached for his knife, which he had slipped under his pillow when Marcus disappeared into the bathroom earlier.

His fingers curled around the handle, immediately calming him. There wasn’t much, human or otherwise, that could get one over on Reggie Beaumont holding a knife. Slowly, the panicked pounding in his chest eased. Slowly, he realized the source of the panic wasn’t the unfamiliar sheet and blanket around his naked body, or the unfamiliar room.

It was the warmth of the body nestled against him. The muscular arm curled around him, palm pressing softly into his chest. The soft breath against the back of his neck.

Reggie’s own breath caught in his throat, tendrils of panic spreading throughout him. With a smooth motion, he slipped free of Marcus and walked softly to the bathroom, closing the door behind him without a sound before turning on the light.

He splashed cold water on his face several times, and then leaned against the sink with his head down, hair hanging in his face. He ran his wrists under warm water for several minutes until he felt in control of his breathing again. He relieved himself, washed his hands and turned the light off before opening the door.

He stood at the foot of the bed, watching Marcus sleep. His right leg had come completely free of the blankets, moonlight streaming through the window highlighting the strong muscles, brown skin contrasting with the white sheet.

His gaze moved to his clothes, strewn on the floor. His boots. And back to Marcus, breathing quietly, unmoving.

Reggie set his knife on the bedside table and slipped back into bed, running his hand slowly up the length of Marcus’s leg from his ankle all the way up to his flank to the small of his back.

Marcus said quietly, “I thought you were going to sneak out on me.” His voice wasn’t sleepy at all.

Reggie traced his fingers along the curve of Marcus's back. “I’m not that kind of guy.”

“Yes, you are.” Marcus kept his voice light, but the truth of it still stung.

Reggie closed his eyes, then took a deep breath and exhaled. “Not...” He stopped, too many words warring for expression. “Not with you.”

Marcus made a soft sound, tipped his head up, mouth brushing against the hollow of Reggie’s throat.
That small gesture, the intimacy of it, brought a surge of feelings within Reggie roaring into his full consciousness.

“You’re shaking.”

“Yeah.” Reggie grazed his fingers over Marcus’s arm.

“Come here, you.” Marcus pulled Reggie to him, took his mouth in his, pulling the sheets away from his naked body, baring himself. They kissed, and kissed some more, taking their time. Then Marcus took matters into his own hands, his mouth and fingers making wordless promises, promises that Reggie understood. I won’t hurt you. I’d never hurt you. Just be with me.

Reggie’s head tipped back, words tripping over each other, canceling each other out. Only two words were able to slip free.

Marcus.

Yes.

Marcus fell heavily to the mattress next to Reggie, breathing rapidly.

“So…that was frotting.” Reggie’s voice was grit and smoke.

“Yes.”

Reggie grinned. “I like it.”

“I could tell.” Marcus leaned over and kissed Reggie, mouth curling into a smile, then got a hand towel from his bedside table drawer and cleaned them both off.

They fell into a deep sleep and woke at a little after 9 am.

“You know what I’m going to do?”

Reggie raised an eyebrow at Marcus.

“I’m going to take you to the best breakfast in town.”

They showered together, tall bodies barely fitting into the small shower stall, playfully washing each other, and got dressed. Marcus drove Reggie to a little country kitchen restaurant, where they ordered eggs and bacon, biscuits and cinnamon rolls, and strong black coffee.

Marcus couldn’t keep his eyes off Reggie. Or his hands. He brushed Reggie’s hair out of his face, right as the waitress came to refill his coffee. It was a simple gesture, but Reggie flinched ever so slightly, as if afraid of her reaction. Marcus pulled his hand back smoothly, smiled at the waitress, and acted like nothing had happened.

Reggie took Marcus’s hand, under the table and squeezed it. The tension on Marcus’s face eased, the light returning to his eyes.

They finished their breakfast, and Marcus insisted on paying, over Reggie’s protestations. They left the restaurant and walked to the car. Three men in steel-toed boots, jeans and heavy coats headed towards them, clearly on their way to grab a quick breakfast before work. Marcus tucked
his arm into Reggie’s and pulled him closer, making room for the men to pass and, unable to resist, snuggled into him at the same time.

The three men looked at Reggie and Marcus, faces contorting with disgust. The tallest one muttered, “Fucking faggots.”

Reggie reacted without thinking, operating on pure instinct. He slipped free of Marcus’s arm and put himself between him and the men. He pulled out his knife, deadly sharp and gleaming.

The men recoiled. “Holy shit,” one whispered. They stepped backward into the street, palms out, and moved past them rapidly, breaking into a run. Reggie swallowed hard, fighting to regain composure.

Marcus shoved his hands into his pockets, mouth pressed into a hard line, and they walked quickly to the car, a foot of space separating them.

Reggie shut the car door as Marcus slid into the driver’s seat. “Um, I—“

“It’s fine.”

Reggie grimaced. Marcus said nothing on the drive back to his apartment. Once inside, Marcus dropped his coat over the back of the couch and turned to face Reggie, arms crossed over his chest. “I think you should go.”

“If I scared you, I—“

Marcus took a deep breath, not quite able to look Reggie in the eye. “Look. Some guys get off on the macho ‘I’ll protect you’ thing.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “But you really overreacted back there. And, yeah, it scared the hell out of me.”

“I—“ Reggie began to speak.

“You don’t have to explain—“

“Yes.” Reggie took Marcus’s hands in his. “I do.”

Marcus pulled away, color rising in his cheeks. “I get being careful about public displays of affection. But those guys weren’t going to do anything. Just mouth off. Nothing we haven’t heard before a million times. There were people everywhere. They weren’t going to just murder me or something—“

Reggie’s blue eyes widened. “Like they did to Nathan?”

Marcus blinked. “Who’s Nathan?”

Reggie clenched his hands into fists, knuckles going hard and white. “He was my—“ He hesitated. “Everything.”

Reggie turned, unable to bear the look on Marcus’s face, went into the kitchen and ran his hands under the tap until they stopped shaking. He leaned on the countertop with his back to Marcus. And he told the story of Reggie and Nathan, two young men in love, and the men with sticks and pipes who could not stand the sight.

Marcus listened to it all, a look of shock giving way to tears spilling down his face. Then he came to Reggie, put his arms around him from behind without a trace of tentativeness, held him tight,
one palm pressed against his heart, one against his stomach. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered. “I’m so sorry.”

Reggie’s body shook, as he fought to keep control of his emotions. Then Marcus whispered, “Strong men cry.”

Reggie, held in Marcus’s powerful arms, his strong body supporting him, hung his head and cried, freely and without reservation, like he had never cried in his whole life in the presence of another person.

After a long time, he steadied himself and wiped the tears off his face. Marcus turned Reggie to face him and held him close. Then he asked, quite simply, “Stay?”

Reggie breathed in the new yet already deeply familiar scent of Marcus, that confluence of shampoo and soap and aftershave and the subtle human scent unique to him. His arms tightened around Marcus, an involuntary reaction to the thought of leaving him. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Dean had made good headway on Bobby’s car, with Sam’s help and Bobby’s direction. Structurally, the vehicle was still sound. The frame, welded from good, solid American steel, was not bent. Dean pounded the left panel out enough so it didn’t rub on the tire. Legs protruding from beneath the car, Dean diagnosed an oil leak from a dislodged hose, which he easily fixed. Together, Sam and Dean cleaned the oil from the engine, and replaced the blown left front tire. The rim, luckily, was not bent.

“So, headlight and turn signal needs replacing.” Dean surveyed the Chevelle. “Won’t take much to get the hood straight.”

Bobby nodded. “You think we can salvage the fender?” Dean frowned, looking at the damage. “Just enough so we can get it back home, pull one off one of the parts cars.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other, eyes widening. Home.

“Well, we can’t stay here forever.” Bobby looked from one to the other. “Right?”

Sam ran his hand through his hair.

Bobby rose to his feet, propping himself up on his crutches. “What do you two got in mind? You mean to stay here?”

Dean wiped his hands on a shop rag. “Honestly? We haven’t talked about it. I mean…” He gestured with both hands, indicating the enormity of what had taken place in the past few weeks.

Bobby cocked his head, thinking. “You must like having a place to yourself.”

Sam rubbed his palms on his hips, and shrugged.

“Tell you what. I’ll build you two an add-on. Your own space.” He clapped his hand on Sam’s shoulder. “Think about it?”

Sam and Dean nodded in unison.

“Alright. I’m gonna hobble my sorry ass back to my room and spend some quality time with my pain pills and a frozen pizza.”
They returned to the common room where they spent a few minutes touching base with Juliane and Danny. Danny filled them in on the progress made with Nathanial, recording his memories of Azazel’s actions, plans, conversations, and general details of his deviltry. Bobby promised to confer with them at greater length after he’d rested. Dean helped Bobby toward the door, and Sam hung back, pretending to need to tie his shoe, then whispered something to Danny. Then he ran after them. They accompanied Bobby back to his apartment and retreated to their own.

Dean was quiet.

“You want lunch?”

“Sure.” Dean’s voice was unconvincing.

Sam watched Dean take off his flannel and adjust the heat in the apartment, evaluating his mood. When Dean turned back around, Sam was on his knees in front of him. “Don’t think.”

“About what?”

“Anything.” Sam pulled Dean’s cock out, completely soft but twitching at the touch of Sam’s hand, the look on his face. “Anything but this.”

Dean chewed his lower lip.

Sam looked up Dean with his big hazel eyes. “What do you want for your birthday, Dean?”

“I—uh—“ Dean stammered.

Sam brought his mouth to Dean’s cock, easily taking it to the base, sucking hard as he pulled back, stretching the soft flesh out and humming with satisfaction as it began to swell in his mouth. He swallowed it to the root again and stroked it with his lips and tongue again, pulling back, making soft sounds as Dean got hard for him.

“S’ok,” Sam purred. “I know what you want.”

“Yeah?” Dean ran his hands through Sam’s hair.

Sam reached one hand up and pulled his jeans and underwear halfway down his thighs, cradled Dean’s balls, heavy and full. “Oh yeah.”

“Tell me.”

“Wait and see.” Sam’s grin was positively wolfish. He guided Dean’s hands to his head, then placed his palms on Dean’s hips and pulled them forward.

“Fucking hell. Sam,” Dean breathed, driving his cock into Sam’s mouth. Sam urged him forward again, relaxing his jaw and sticking out his tongue, making it absolutely clear what he wanted Dean to do. Dean pulled back and thrust his hips forward, holding Sam’s head in place. Sam groaned, hands unbuckling his belt and freeing his own cock, fully erect.

Dean tried to go slow and shallow, but Sam was having none of it. He made a wordless, petulant sound. Dean gripped his head more firmly, and thrust deep into Sam’s mouth. Sam’s answering moan sent a shiver up Dean’s spine. “This what you want, Sammy?”
Sam moaned a wordless assent, both hands working between his legs. The harder and deeper Dean fucked his mouth, the more desperate and needy the sounds Sam made. Spit ran down his chin, wet and messy, and his eyes teared up as the head of Dean’s cock hit the back of his throat, but he leaned into it, every inch of his body eager for more.

“So fucking beautiful,” Dean whispered, pulling out slowly to rub his cock over Sam’s reddened mouth.

Sam smacked his bare ass. “More.”

Dean’s eyes fluttered shut at the impact. Sam inhaled softly, his mouth curling up at the left corner, his eyes lighting up as another idea to make Dean’s 21st birthday special burst into life inside his mind.

He tilted his head, lapped at Dean’s balls, sucked one into his mouth, then the other, alternating until Dean’s thighs began to shake, then took both at once, sucking and tugging with his lips, teasing Dean until he swore and pushed his cock back into Sam’s mouth, fucking it nice and hard.

Sam purred his approval, rolling his balls between the fingers of his left hand and stroking his cock with the right, in perfect time with Dean’s thrusts.

“Yeah. Fuck. So good for me. Jesus. Yeah. Come on, Sammy. Come for me. Now. Now.” Dean’s head fell forward, his back curling, as he came in Sam’s mouth. The first spurt, thick and bitter/salty, hit the back of Sam’s throat, and he thrust up into his fist, doing what Dean told him, giving Dean what he wanted, coming at the same time, sucking hard, drawing out as much as Dean could give him, crying out on Dean’s cock, again and again. The vibration of Sam’s sounds of pleasure as he came raced along Dean’s sensitive flesh, kicking his orgasm up a level, pleasure so keen it bordered on pain, so intense he laughed once, sharp and surprised, then swore and shivered and flooded Sam’s mouth.

Sam swallowed it all, refusing to let so much as a drop hit the carpet. He was still twitching from his own orgasm when Dean pulled him to his feet, kissed him slow and sweet, licking the taste of himself from Sam’s mouth. Sam groaned at that, giving himself over to Dean completely.

“I love you. So much.” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “So much.”

“I love you too.” Sam curled into Dean’s arms, breathing him in, gasping as their bare flesh touched, softening and cooling.

After a moment, Dean muttered into Sam’s neck, “I’m starving.”

Sam snorted. “I knew it.” He tucked himself back into his jeans and went into the kitchen, washing his hands in the sink before poking around inside the refrigerator. He pulled out a couple of sticks of string cheese and a coke. He handed a string cheese and coke to Dean. “Danny said he’d take me out to get burritos for lunch. You can hang out and watch Bruce Lee or something.”

Dean’s eyes rolled back. “You really do love me.” Dean loved Bruce Lee, but Sam found him highly annoying.

“The usual?”

“Yeah.”

Sam went into the bedroom to raid their stash of money, and emerged with his string cheese sticking out of his mouth, half-eaten. “Fresh jalapenos if they have them?”
Dean was already on the couch, feet up, Fist of Fury tape playing on the TV. “Absofuckinglutely.”

Sam kissed him on the forehead, then ran down the hallway into the common room. “I’m ready,” he blurted.

“What’d you tell him?” Danny grinned, grabbing his coat.

“Burrito run.”

“Cool.” Danny took the car keys from the table. “You know what you want to get him, or are you gonna wing it?”

Sam’s smile was pure, sweet mischief. “Oh, I know exactly what I’m going to get him.”

Sam insisted on being left alone in the department store to shop. “Half an hour.” Danny waited outside in the car.

Sam loped down the aisles, knowing exactly what he needed. In the electronics section, he picked out a camcorder and a three-pack of blank VHS tapes. Then he made his way to the second floor.

The Girls’ section.

He perused the aisles quickly, with a look of absolute focus on his face. Finally, he found it. A little black dress with a stretchy bodice and a kicky little skirt, that looked to be the right size, or close enough. “My sister’s birthday,” he explained to the cashier, who accepted the story completely.

Then he made his way to the women’s lingerie section, where he stared rather helplessly at the panties, having no idea what size was correct. A saleswoman was nearby, rearranging bras on a wall display. She glanced at him, curious, and he immediately blushed a violent shade of red. She shook her head with a knowing smile, and gave him an appraising look, and said quietly, so only he could hear, “Try a size 6.”

Sam fumbled through the display of satin panties and found a size 6 in pink, and grabbed up a pair of stretchy black lace panties as well.

The saleswoman rang him up with utmost professionalism, for which he was immensely grateful.

Next, he bought a few tools he knew Dean needed for Bobby’s car—which he could give to him in front of people—and had his gifts wrapped so Danny wouldn’t see what they were.

Then they went to the burrito place and picked up the promised lunch. Dean’s usual was a carne asada burrito with cheese, no sour cream, light on the guacamole, extra onions, and the hottest salsa available. Whole beans only. Fresh jalapenos, check.

Sam got a grilled chicken burrito with no cheese, light on the rice, and extra beans. Danny picked up tamales and enchiladas for himself and Juliane, and a couple of tamales for Bobby, in case his frozen pizza was not an adequate lunch, and so he wasn’t left out.

Sam came back into the apartment with a large bag with their burritos, chips and salsa, and another bag with presents inside, peeking out of the top. Dean shook his head, a sweet smile on his face. “I knew it.”
Sam set the bag of food down on the counter, and headed to the back to put the presents in the bedroom.

“Can I open one early?”

“No.”

“Please?”

“No.” Sam came back in the room.

“Taking control again. Getting me all tingly.”

Sam shot him a look. “Good. Then you’ll really like it when I give you your birthday spanking.”

Dean’s eyes went wide, and his mouth fell open.

Sam handed him his burrito. “You think I’m kidding.”

Dean just blinked.

Sam got a soda from the refrigerator, and set the chips and salsa on the table. “So not kidding.”

Dean stared at Sam.

Sam cracked open the can of soda and leaned back in his chair with a smug expression. He pointed to Dean. “Birthday Boy.” He moved his finger to point at himself. “Boy King.”

“You did not.”

“Oh, I think I did.”

Sam popped a chip in his mouth, trying to repress the massive grin threatening to spread over his face. “Eat up, Birthday Boy. You’re gonna need it.”
Reggie navigates unfamiliar waters with Marcus; Sam starts Dean's birthday off with a bang.

Burritos and chips finished, Sam cleared the napkins and foil shreds away. “I’m going to take Bobby his tamales.” He could have dropped them off on his way down the hall, but he was starving, and he needed an excuse to spend a few minutes with Bobby alone, to pass on what Danny had recommended for memorable places to take Dean to dinner.

And Sam was hell bent on making Dean’s 21st birthday one he would remember forever.

Dean burped, pulled up his t-shirt and exposed his distended stomach. “Gonna love me when I’m old and fat, right, Sammy?”

Brown paper bag of tamales in hand, Sam walked to the couch and gave his belly a playful slap. “Yep.” He walked to the door. “Back in a minute.”

“Remember,” Dean called after Sam, patting his stomach with both hands. “You promised.” He took his boots off, pressed play on the Bruce Lee tape that he had stopped while they ate lunch out of consideration for Sam. His brows furrowed, and he fell back on the couch with a sigh. “Damn it. Now I want a pie burrito.”

Sam handed Bobby his surprise extra lunch of tamales. Bobby, bleary-eyed, inhaled deeply, a pleased grin spreading across his face.

“So. Dean’s birthday.”

“Yeah.” Bobby settled down on the recliner as Sam fetched a plate and fork.

“I want it to be really nice.”

“Me, too, kiddo.” Bobby watched as Sam peeled away the foil and unwrapped the corn husks, setting the tamales on the plate. “Shame there aren’t any ball games.” His nose twitched at the steam rising from the tamales, still hot. “I’d love to take him to a baseball game.”

“I thought maybe riding horses. But…” Sam gestured to Bobby’s leg.

“Well, hell, Sam, you two could go with Reggie.”

“It’s not right unless you’re with us.”

Bobby took a deep breath. “Well, I figured in keeping with tradition, we’d just get him shitfaced.
Legally.”

Sam rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I know.” He sat down on the edge of the couch and leaning forward, elbows on his knees. “But Danny told me about this steak house.”

“You have my attention,” Bobby drawled.

“It has a shooting range, like at Disneyland, right in the restaurant.” Sam’s eyes were bright with enthusiasm. Bobby stabbed his fork into a fat tamale, studded with green chile and dripping with cheese. “And a candy shop. And they have a free limo. They’ll come get you and take you back. From any hotel or motel in Amarillo. They’ll pick us up, right from here.”

Bobby chewed his bite of tamale. “More drinking. I like it.”

“And…” Sam shifted in his seat, unable to hide his excitement. “There’s this 72 ounce steak dinner.”

Bobby looked up, a thin strand of cheese dangling from the corner of his mouth.

“You finish it all in an hour, it’s free.” Sam’s right leg jittered.

Bobby did the math in his head instantaneously. “That’s four and a half pounds of steak.”

“Plus a shrimp cocktail, and a baked potato, and salad and a roll.”

Bobby set his fork down. “That’s a shit ton of food, Sam.”

“Yes, it is.” Sam rocked back and forth. “Yes, it is.”

Bobby’s stern expression melted into a delighted grin. “Dean’s gonna love it.”

Sam let Bobby rest and went back to Dean, who was asleep on the couch, snoring softly. So trusting was he in the total safety of the Sanctuary, in the Great Evil averted at least for now, that he remained fast asleep when Sam came in.

Sam locked the door and leaned against it, just watching Dean sleep, breathing peacefully with the side of his face smushed into the pillow.

Dean opened his eyes, his long, lush eyelashes framing his clear green eyes, and looked up at Sam. “You’re back,” he said in a sleepy voice.

“Tired?”

“I ate food bigger than my head,” Dean murmured.

“Come on.” Sam took Dean’s hand and brought him upright. “Nap time.”

They stripped off to their t-shirts and underwear and got under the blankets. Within moments, Dean was fast asleep. Sam lay in his arms, listening to him breathe, and fell asleep shortly thereafter.

Sam dreamed. He was back in the room filled with demons kneeling before him. *Regem Puerum.*
A murmur rose among them as Dean strode into the room. Sam raised his right hand, feeling the surge of power within him. The demons lifted into the air and scattered like autumn leaves blown clear by a strong gust of wind.

Dean walked slowly to the throne upon which Sam sat. Keeping his eyes locked on Sam, he dropped to his knees before him and bowed his head. “My King,” he whispered.

Sam raised his hand again, and in an instant, Dean was naked. He spread his legs farther apart, gripping his ankles and leaning back, showing Sam how hard and eager he was, cock thick and ready. “Anything you want.” His pink mouth gleamed. “Anything.”

Sam bit his lip, tasting the faint tang of blood. “Dean…”

He awoke to Dean’s mouth on his neck, his hand slipping beneath his underwear, gripping his aching hard cock. “I got you.” Dean licked and sucked at Sam’s neck, drawing a sharp intake of breath from him. “You having a dream about me, Sammy?”

Sam shoved his hips up, pushing his cock harder into Dean’s hand, suddenly ravenous for his touch. “Yes.”

Dean nipped at his neck. “Can’t get enough of me, huh? So…what was I doing?”

Sam took Dean’s hair in his hands, tight but not enough to hurt, and brought Dean’s mouth down on his. “Being good.”

Now it was Dean’s turn to shiver. He moved down between Sam’s parted thighs, opened his pretty pink mouth, and was a very good boy indeed.

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Marcus and Reggie spent the day together without leaving the apartment, alternating between the bedroom and the couch, where they ate leftover lasagna and watched classic boxing. Reggie found himself touching Marcus constantly, fingertips brushing over his forearm, silvery moustache tickling the back of his neck just to delight in the way Marcus squirmed and laughed. They slept curled up together, Reggie getting the best night’s sleep he could ever recall. But all too soon, the morning arrived, and with it, something that Reggie found himself surprisingly resistant to doing.

Reggie ate the last bite of his scrambled eggs, which Marcus had made along with sourdough toast and jam. “I wish I could stay longer, but…”

Marcus nodded, a flicker of protective distance filming his eyes. “You have to go.”

“It’s a…” Reggie paused. “A family obligation.” There was no way Reggie could bring Marcus back, take him along for Dean’s birthday. No way. And yet he found himself wishing he could do exactly that.

Marcus shot Reggie a flirtatious grin. “Too soon to introduce me?”

Reggie exhaled. “I… uh…”

“It’s ok.” Marcus’s smile was rueful. “I know how that goes.” He busied himself by clearing the table, reaching over to take Reggie’s plate.
Reggie placed his hand on Marcus’s wrist. “Not yet.”

“Yet.” Marcus put the plate down and took Reggie’s hand. His eyebrows raised with a silent question.

“I ain’t done with you.” Reggie tried to make light of it, but emotion thickened his voice. He stood, rubbing his hands down the front of his jeans. “Look. I don’t know how to do...” He waved his hand between the two of them. “But…” Words failed and he just looked at Marcus, his piercing blue eyes trying to convey the things he wished he knew how to say, feelings stirring he wasn’t even 100% sure he could identify.

Marcus squeezed his hand. “Let’s go slow. Ok?”

Reggie blew out a sigh of relief.

“You go do your thing. And we’ll take it from there.” Marcus picked up Reggie’s plate. “Just… don’t make me wait too long, ok?”

Looking up into Marcus’s green eyes, Reggie realized he’d walked himself into another impossible situation—not just being with someone again in a meaningful way, but with a civilian who knew nothing of hunting, of the supernatural creatures hidden in the shadows, of the secret war. But if anyone could think his way through an impossible situation and end up where he wanted to be, it was Reggie Beaumont.

They said goodbye in the doorway of the apartment, Reggie’s mouth lingering on Marcus’s lips, warm and thick and deeply satisfying to kiss. He was reluctant to pull away, Marcus holding onto his hips lightly, walking a fine line between letting him know he was free to leave and making it tangibly clear that he wished Reggie could stay.

Reggie pulled out of the parking lot to drive back to the Sanctuary for Dean’s birthday celebration, wincing at the surprising, sharp stab of pain caused by leaving Marcus. If only for now.

The rest of the day and into the next afternoon, Sam could barely restrain himself, so excited was he about all the plans for Dean’s birthday that evening. The huge steak dinner. And then, in private, giving Dean a birthday spanking (the very thought of which sent a shiver through Sam of surprising intensity), then the gift of the camcorder, and Sam in the special outfit. What he was going to do for Dean. What Dean was going to do to him.

Suddenly, Sam realized something awful. There was a flaw in his plan. Dean, stuffed to the gills with a 72 ounce steak dinner with all the fixings, and the elaborate sexual fantasy Sam had planned for him afterward. This could well be a disastrous combination. Especially with all the alcohol Bobby and Reggie doubtless had planned for him. He could picture the unpleasant result now, Sam in the pretty little outfit and panties, Dean trying desperately not to throw up—and probably failing.

He had to alter his plan, just a bit. Make sure every last bit of it happened—just in stages.

Dean was still in the bathroom, fussing over his hair.

“Dean.” Sam sat up on the couch.
“Yeah?”

“Come here.” Sam put a little edge into his voice.

Dean walked into the living room, bare feet padding across the carpet, wearing only his favorite pair of blue jeans. Sam’s gaze roamed over him, appraising him so overtly that a flush of pink appeared on Dean’s face.

“See something you like?”

Sam licked his lower lip, and his expression made his response perfectly clear. He rose to his feet, the muscles of his upper body somehow becoming more pronounced as he moved, his posture more regal. “I said come here.”

Dean shivered visibly. Sam’s tone of voice, his mien, was different.

He bit his lower lip, remembering Sam with the demons, with Azazel. The power crackling off him. Sam Winchester is not to be touched.

His brother, his soulmate. The Boy King.

Sam smiled, seeming so much older than his years. Dean came to him.

The air in the room felt charged, electric.

Dean swiped his tongue over his lower lip, eyes rapt on Sam’s face. Something about him. His expression.

“Are you ready for your birthday spanking?”

Dean’s breath caught in his throat. Sam’s hazel eyes on him, loving but commanding. So tall now. So tall.

Dean swallowed. “Yeah.”

Sam stepped closer, not quite touching Dean, waiting.

Dean swayed forward, mouth parting. Wanting.

Sam grinned and kissed him, slow and sweet and deep. “Go face the wall.” A subtle tone thickened Sam’s voice, making it clear this was an order.

Dean obeyed.

“Put your hands on it.” Dean placed his palms flat against the wall, already straining against his jeans. “Good.”

Sam walked slowly up next to him, ran his hand from the base of Dean’s neck to the curve of his ass, caressing it. “How do you want it? Soft? Or hard?”

The question felt like a test.

Dean closed his eyes, felt the power radiating off Sam wash over him, loosening and warming him. “However you want it.”
Sam chuckled. “Good answer.” His hands moved at Dean’s waist, undoing his belt buckle, the brass button at the top of his jeans, unzipping them and tugging them down to mid-thigh. He stood directly behind Dean, pressing against him, his breath warm against Dean’s neck. “You gonna be good, Dean? Keep your hands right where they are?”

Dean closed his eyes, the desire to please Sam overwhelming him. He whispered, “Obediam.” I will obey.

Immediately, Sam swore, gripped Dean’s shoulders and spun him, slamming him against the way and devouring his mouth. Finally, he pulled free, pressing his forehead against Dean’s, panting. “Latin.”

Dean bit his lip, nerves blazing at the effect his words had had on Sam. He murmured, “Dominus meus es.” You are my master.

“Holy hell,” Sam uttered, claiming Dean’s mouth once more. “Dean.” His hands roamed over Dean’s bare back, arms, down to the curve of his ass. Reluctantly, Sam pulled away from Dean, turned him to face the wall, guided his palms flat against the smooth white surface.

“Hold still.”

Dean nodded.

“And count them off.”

Dean blew out a breath.

Sam’s palm rose and fell, striking Dean’s flesh with a loud slap.

“Unus.”

Sam groaned, and Dean could not repress a grin at his cleverness at counting in Latin knowing what it would do to Sam.

Sam stood back, watching the red shape of his hand fill in on Dean’s pale skin. Then he brought his hand down again on the other ass cheek, nice and hard.

“Duo.”

Sam moved closer, rubbed his hand over Dean’s ass lightly. “Today’s the best day of the year for me, Dean. Did you know that? Because it’s the day you came into this world.” Sam brushed his mouth over Dean’s cheek and brought his hand down hard, his lips feeling the little jolt that ran through Dean’s body.

“Tres.” Dean counted off the third spank.

Sam pressed himself against Dean’s left flank, rock hard in his jeans, and brought his hand down again. And again. And again.

“Quattuur. Quinque. Sex.”

Sam’s mouth twitched. “Yes. Definitely.” He rubbed his hand over Dean’s ass, soothing the sting of his slaps. “But not…quite…yet.” He pulled away, and positioned himself to land the next four slaps on Dean’s left ass cheek.

“Septem. Octo. Novem. Decem.” Dean winced. Sam was strong, and he wasn’t going easy on
Dean. Each slap sent a thrum of pain through him, pain indistinguishable from pleasure.

Sam’s left hand moved between Dean’s legs, cradled his balls and squeezed gently. Dean gasped, nearly choked and coughed. Sam massaged his balls, held them as he delivered the next two blows of his hand.

“Undecim…duodecim…”

Sam’s hand moved upward, squeezed the head of Dean’s cock. Dean moaned, pushing his hips forward into Sam’s fist.

“You’re doing so good,” Sam murmured. He released Dean’s cock and stood back, eliciting a groan of disappointment from Dean. “Show me how much you can take.” Sam’s voice was a whisper and command all at once.

“Obediam,” Dean repeated, braced himself against the wall and pushed his hips back, ready to take what Sam wanted to give him. Sam groaned, claimed Dean’s mouth once more, then stood back.

His hand snapped down hard.

“Tredecim.”

Again, even harder. Dean gasped, the impact sending a pulse of pleasure directly to his cock, the pain slightly louder than the pleasure this time. He looked for the word, couldn’t find it.

“Careful, now.” Sam’s voice was amused. “You lose count, we have to start all over again.”

Dean concentrating, willing the correct word to rise up into his consciousness. “Quattuordecim.”

“Good boy.” His little brother calling him a good boy while smacking his ass red should not have been so goddamn hot, not by a long shot, but here Dean was, squirming and shivering under the praise.

Sam’s hand rose and fell, merciless. His ass burned, each impact sending a sharp stab of pleasure/pain then a surge of heat as blood flowed into the area. “Quin…decim. Sedecim. Sept…septa..septendecim,” he stammered.

Sam paused, soothing his palm over Dean’s flesh, rubbing the sting away. “Next few are tricky, Dean. Sure you remember? You get it wrong…” Sam’s voice was a low purr. “…we have to start over.” Sam brought his hand down in a sharp crack, right across the center of Dean’s ass.

Dean’s brain was pure sex and love, love and need, and a desperate desire to please Sam. Yet he forced his mind to concentrate, not on his cock, heavy and literally throbbing, or on his ass, throbbing in time with the blood pulsing in his cock, but on Latin. Remembering what he’d learned. *Eighteen and nineteen are formed in a subtracting manner, two from twenty, one from twenty…*

“Duodeviginti, “ Dean choked out.

Sam kissed the back of Dean’s neck. “You’re so fucking smart. You know that?” Dean trembled under the praise. “So smart.” He trailed his fingertips along the underside of Dean’s cock, making him hiss. Then another slap, to the underside of his right ass cheek, mercilessly hard, lifting it up.

Dean’s cock jumped in Sam’s hand. “Undeviginti.” *One from twenty.*

“Just two more, Dean.” Sam’s fingertips moved in tiny circles over the head of Dean’s cock.
Dean panted, kept his palms flat, pushed his ass out towards Sam’s hand. “Do it.”

Sam laughed, and stepped back so he could get a full swing. “You asked for it.” Sam brought his hand right on the most tender, reddened part of Dean’s ass. Dean yelped, throwing his head back. “Viginti,” he gasped.

“Last one.” And Sam really made it count, spreading his palm as wide as possible and smacking him as hard as he could. Pain and pleasure and pride mingled in Dean, unleashing a dizzying cocktail of endorphins. “Viginti unus.”

Suddenly Dean was being turned, drawn into Sam’s arms, his jeans falling to his ankles. “Perfect,” Sam whispered. “You’re perfect.” His mouth claimed Dean’s, his hands rubbed little circles into Dean’s burning skin, soothing it. “Took it all. For me.”

“Always,” Dean murmured into Sam’s mouth. He looked into Sam’s face. Saw the power shimmering from Sam.

He saw the Boy King.

Dean kicked his jeans off and sank to his knees, looking up into the face of his Sam. Regem Puerum. The boy meant to be powerful enough to serve as Lucifer’s right-hand man. His Sam.

His King.

His hands scrabbled at Sam’s belt, pulling it open, pulling Sam’s cock free. He looked up into Sam’s face, and somehow he got a flash. He spread his legs farther apart, gripping his ankles and leaning back, showing Sam how hard and eager he was.

Dean worshipped Sam with his lips and tongue, with the soft wetness of his mouth, the feel of his cock in Dean’s mouth almost as pleasurable for him as it was for Sam. Sam forced himself to keep still, to make Dean do all the work. And Dean put his back into it, groaning with the pleasure of servicing Sam in that way, cock leaking a thin, steady stream of precome onto the carpet. Finally, Sam pulled Dean free, with one hand tangled in his hair. He glanced down and saw Dean’s cock, leaking steadily. “So wet,” he said softly, bending over to drag his fingertips over the head and brought them to his lips. He closed his eyes at the taste of Dean. “Come on.” He took Dean’s hand and brought him into the bedroom.

Sam got on the bed, grabbing the bottle of lube, and pulled Dean down to kneel over him. He slicked up both their cocks and positioned Dean right above him, his cock laid flat against Sam’s. He brought Dean’s hands down, wrapped them around their cocks, and lay back, folding his hands behind his head. “I want you to make me come.” His voice had that thrum of power he had used when commanding the demons.

Dean bit his lip, the tone of Sam’s voice making all the nerves in his body sing. He pushed his hips forward, rubbing himself on Sam, the shamelessness of the motion sparking something inside him he hadn’t been aware was there.

Sam’s eyes gleamed, lips curling into a smile. “Just like that.”
Dean thrust his hips forward, sliding his cock over Sam’s. Sam’s eyes on him, laying back like that, so cocky, telling him what to do, loosened the ties of inhibition within Dean. The more shamelessly he moaned and wagged his hips, the greater the pleasure on Sam’s face and the more he praised Dean. “God, so good, Dean, so perfect, like that, yeah, doing so good…”

Dean held their cocks together with both hands, like they were both inside the same tight channel, Dean sliding over Sam’s cock, groaning out his pleasure. “Don’t you dare come before me,” Sam warned Dean. Dean swore and promised not to, and worked himself on Sam’s cock, watching the color flood Sam’s cheeks, watching what he did to Sam.

Sam lay back and let Dean do all the work, kept his fingers laced behind his head, a wordless command for Dean to please him.

Serve him.

And Dean wanted nothing more in the world than to do just that. “Sammy.” His voice was soft. “Is that good?”

“So good.” Sam reached up and pulled Dean down for a kiss, both palms on his cheeks, holding him still. His tongue drove into Dean’s mouth, the aggressor, and Dean moaned in response.

Dean’s responsiveness, his total willingness to go there with Sam, brought Sam right to the edge. He put his hands back behind his head again, (the way Dean bit his lip in response not lost on him whatsoever), and commanded, “Make me come.”

Dean thrust his hips forward and back, no inhibitions at all, rutting against Sam shamelessly, mouth open, letting the sounds of pleasure spill out of him, hands sliding up and down on their cocks, stroking them from the outside. Sam sweated and gasped, the full force of Dean intent on giving Sam as much pleasure as possible coming to bear on him. His back arched, hands coming up to rest on Dean’s ass, still hot to the touch from the spanking, urging him forward harder, faster. “Fuck, yeah, oh my fucking god…” The orgasm spilled over, a full-body release, every muscle and nerve taking part, spurting out of him, hot in Dean’s hands, slicked over their cocks as Dean kept moving.

And when Dean looked down at him, cheeks stained as pink as his lips, and said, “Sam, can I, can I come?” the shock of that unsolicited submission to him, of Dean Winchester, all that swagger and power, asking Sam for permission to come, sent sparks flying throughout him.

“Yeah. Come for me…” Sam managed to choke out before the ecstasy peaked, before words disappeared, before time cracked apart. He gripped Dean as hard as he could, trying to fuse with him body and spirit. The cords in Dean’s neck stood out, face contorting as he came, right after Sam, only a moment behind.

Dean collapsed on top of Sam, doing his best to hold his weight off him. Sam rolled him onto his side so they could relax completely. He kissed Dean’s forehead, stroking his hand over the curve of Dean’s ass. After a long time, he spoke. “So. Too much?”

“Nah.” Dean smiled. “I’m good.”

They lay in sated, easy silence. “Happy birthday, Dean.”

“It’s my birthday.” Dean murmured, sleepy as he always was after sex.

“Got something special planned. A couple special things.”
“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I mean, if you like steak.”

Dean roused, his perfectly arranged hair now tousled and sticking up in different directions. “I love steak.” He sat up and ran his hands through his hair. “There’s gonna be steak?”

Sam grinned. “Oh yeah. There’s gonna be steak.”
Amarillo by Morning

Chapter Summary

Dean has his birthday dinner.

Reggie tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, trying to ignore the tug in his chest, the insistent voice in his head whispering *not too late to turn back and bring him with.* The morning was cold and grey, and that’s exactly how he felt. Cold despite the heat blowing in from the vents, and grey inside and out. He breathed in deep through his nose, to bring himself back on track, and smelled Marcus’s scent on him. He gritted his teeth. “Goddamn it,” he muttered.

His cell phone rang. He flipped it open and checked the display. Marcus.

“Hey, you.” Reggie’s voice slipped into his lowest register.

“Is it too soon to miss you?”

“I hope not, ’cause I miss the hell out of you.”

“Sweet talker.”

Reggie laughed. “Yeah. That’s what I’m known for. All my sweet talk.”

“Are you driving right now?”

Reggie snorted. “You know I am. Gotta get where I’m going.”

“You shouldn’t talk on the phone and drive.” Marcus’s voice was playful.

“You shouldn’t call me while I’m driving,” Reggie drawled.

“You’re supposed to pull over to take a call,” Marcus teased.

“Why? You gonna sex talk me?”

A pause. “You want me to?”

Reggie exhaled. “I…um…”

Marcus burst into laughter. “I’m just messing with you.”

“You sure are something.” Reggie kept the gas steady at 73 miles an hour, intent on avoiding drawing the attention of any fine members of the Highway Patrol.

“Is that good?”

“Hell yeah.” Reggie pulled into the left lane to pass a Winnebago. “That’s good.”
“Ok, I’m going to let you drive now.”

“You do that.”

“Call me. When you want to.”

“Deal.” Reggie’s moustache twitched. “Maybe you can sex talk me some.”

Marcus laughed again, a rich, delighted sound. “Don’t you tempt me.”

“Isn’t that my job?”

Marcus fell silent. “I…” A slow sigh, then a short little laugh, like he was trying hard to keep things light and breezy. “You drive safe. And give me a call sometime.”

They said goodbye and Reggie drove all the way to Amarillo with a huge grin splitting his creased face. Before he returned to the Sanctuary, he made a special stop at a store he’d seen in his earlier tracking of the boys to the nightclub, to pick up something for Dean’s birthday.

He arrived in the mid-afternoon, loping into the common room where Bobby sat on the couch, Juliane carefully evaluating his range of motion and how much the swelling had gone down. Juliane greeted Reggie, then tugged the leg of Bobby’s sweatpants back down and gave his ankle a little pat. “It looks much better. I’d say you could try walking on it without the crutches tomorrow.”

“That’s sure good news.” Reggie thumped down on the couch with a contented grin that had only a little to do with the state of Bobby’s knee.

“Don’t you look like the cat that ate the canary?” Bobby quipped, taking in the look of pure dumb happiness on the old hunter’s face.

Reggie didn’t say a word, but his cheeks pinked up.

“Turning a little red in the face there.” Bobby couldn’t resist ribbing Reggie. “Well, there’s nothing like getting your pipes cleaned to put a spring in your step.”

Reggie’s blue eyes lit on Bobby, pinned him in place. “It wasn’t like that.”

Bobby blew out a breath and held his hands up, palms out. “No disrespect intended, brother.”

Reggie smoothed out his moustache, a self-soothing gesture, and fished out a toothpick from his shirt pocket. Bobby didn’t say anything. Finally, Reggie settled back on the couch with a sigh. “His name’s Marcus. And I like this one.”

Bobby leaned over and gave him a jovial smack on the shoulder. “Glad to hear it. So…he hunt?”

Bobby filled him in on the plan for Dean’s birthday dinner: the Big Texan steak house, and unleashing Dean on the famous 72-ounce steak challenge.

“We’re still getting him piss drunk, though, right?”

Bobby took a swig of his hot cider and bourbon. “Gotta respect tradition.”

Juliane brought Reggie a mug of the same concoction. He thanked her, stretching his long legs closer to the fire.

“You two comin’?” Bobby asked her.

Juliane blinked rapidly. “Oh. I…we thought…it was just a family thing.”

“It is.” He looked her straight in the eyes, a deadpan expression on his face. “Like I said…you two comin’?”

Juliane wrapped her arms around her waist, hugging herself with a shy smile. “Let me talk to Danny. I don’t know about leaving Nathaniel by himself.”

Reggie frowned at the mention of Nathaniel, who would likely remain a permanent guest of the Sanctuary after being ridden by Azazel for so many years, forced to remain conscious to see through his own eyes the atrocities Azazel committed using his body. There would be no setting Nathaniel loose in civilian society after that.

Juliane and Danny conferred privately, and rejoined the men in the common room. Danny felt it was too soon to leave Nathaniel completely unattended, because he sometimes lapsed into screaming fits unless sedated to the point of drooling, and that he thought it right one of them should stay behind. Juliane didn’t want to go without Danny, and Danny didn’t want to go without Juliane.

Bobby rolled his eyes. “Y’all are giving me a toothache.”

“Maybe we can do cake and presents after you get back?” Juliane gave Danny a conspiratorial wink. “We’ve been baking.”

Bobby and Reggie exchanged a glance, both thinking the same thing. “Sure,” Bobby said, “but he might not have much room in his gut for cake.”

Danny tipped his head to the side, puzzled. After a beat, his eyebrows shot up in surprise. “He’s gonna do the steak challenge?”

“If he wants to, yeah.” Bobby nodded.

Juliane bounced on her toes. “Danny.” Her eyes were bright.

“You want to go.”

She plucked at his shirtsleeve, like a little girl asking her daddy for a pony. “We have to go. We
Danny just stared at her, as if he still couldn’t believe his good fortune that there was now a “we” where before there had just been Out of My League, and Her Devoted Servant. “Sure.” He took her hand. “I’ll give Nathanial a pill and let him sleep.”

Reggie quickly strode out to his car to get the item he’d acquired for Dean, wrapped in a horse blanket, to stash it in Juliane’s bedroom. Bobby’s eyebrows shot up at the sight. “That what I think it is?”

Reggie grinned ear to ear.

Bobby threw his head back and guffawed. “This is gonna be a hell of a birthday.”

Dean stood in front of the bathroom mirror, fussing with his hair so much, it was as though he was getting ready for prom. He wore his nice shirt, amulet prominent against the crisp white fabric, best blue jeans and his boots. Sam was dressed nearly identically, with his good blue shirt. He waited for Dean in the living room, playing with his silver ring. The smile that spread across his face at the sight of him was the smile of a young man seeing his beloved sitting across from him in a gondola in Venice, bathed in the light of the late afternoon sun.

Dean stopped in his tracks at the intensity of Sam’s gaze. Sam’s lips parted, eyes moving all over him, lingering finally on his green, green eyes.

“What?” Dean loved the attention, of course. But he had to pretend not to.

“I get to look at you.”

Dean gave Sam a playful look. “Duh.”

Sam rose to his feet. “Out of everyone in the whole world, I’m the one that gets to look at you. All the time.”

Dean shrugged. “Yeah. I guess so.”

Sam walked up to Dean, slowly, eyes locked on Dean’s face. “You don’t get it. How amazing that is.”

Dean’s smile was slow, salty kisses on the beach, campfire marshmallows licked off the tip of a finger, a whisper of “I love you” carried across the cold night air in a fog-silver puff of breath. “Sure I do, Sammy.” He brushed his mouth over Sam’s. “I’m the one that gets to look at you.”

The white limo that arrived to pick them up had steer horns attached to the hood, a source of great amusement to Dean who insisted on a photo with him and Sam in front of it, each gripping the tip of a horn. He couldn’t keep still in the limo, thigh jittering, and laughed out loud at the sight of the outside of the restaurant, bright yellow with a white sign emblazoned with THE BIG TEXAN in
blue and red letters, and a massive plastic cow on a flatbed trailer at the front. Draped over the cow was a sign reading “FREE 72 oz. steak.”

He spun to face Sam, eyes huge. “Dude. No.”

Sam grinned right back at him, dimples popping. “Dude. **Yes**.”

Right there, in the parking lot in the middle of Texas, Dean grabbed Sam’s face and kissed him long and hard, leaving no doubt among anyone who witnessed it that these two young men were much more than platonic. But in the heat of the moment, these two particular young men backed by those four hunters were the safest people in the world.

“You do love me.”

“Yeah.” Sam shrugged. “I kinda do.”

Dean grabbed Sam’s hand and tugged him toward the door. “Come on. Steak.”

“Whiskey first, son.”

Dean looked back over his shoulder at Bobby. “This is going to be the best day of my life.”

Sam said, low so only he could hear, “And you haven’t even seen your presents yet.”

Dean’s face lit up like it was Christmas morning. “Am I gonna like ’em?”

Sam rubbed the back of his neck, and batted his eyelashes at Dean. “Oh yeah.”

Dean bit his lip, air electric between them. “Sam.”

“Come on, birthday boy. Steak.”

Sam and Dean squeezed each other’s hands, then let go and strode into the restaurant together like they owned the place, shoulders and hips so close a sheet of paper wouldn’t have fit between them. All eyes fell on them, two beautiful young men in blue jeans and boots, that indescribable thing between them sparking, radiating charisma. People couldn’t stop staring as everyone entered the place: the lanky, white-haired man with the elegant white moustache that practically screamed Old West; the gruff-looking man in the baseball cap making his way on crutches; the lean man that looked like he could take down anyone wanting to cause trouble with lethal efficiency; and the black-haired woman in tight jeans, form-fitting blue top that exactly matched the color of her eyes, and an old Army jacket three sizes too big for her, the silvery tips of her scars visible at her wrists.

Dean’s green eyes blazed, taking in the sights, sounds and scents around them in the packed dining hall: the sharp clink of glasses, voices thick with good old Texas drawl competing with other, the faint plink of the shooting gallery in the corner, the heady scent of seared beef, fried onions and spilled beer. Right by the reception station, topped by a giant sign reading Howdy, loomed a giant stuffed bear on its hind legs, claws extended and teeth bared. The room was illuminated by overhead bulbs set into wagon wheels. Animal heads mounted on the walls looked out with lifeless glass eyes at the assembled crowd. In the middle of the dining hall in front of the grill was a raised platform with a long rectangular table, flanked by the US and Texas flags. Above the table hung a giant cow’s skull with red eyes, and six electronic timers set to 60.00. On the side, ominously, were two large trash cans.

Inside the restaurant entrance, Dean stopped in his tracks to stare at the large black bear, and the display right next to it: a stand topped with a sign reading “The Worlds’ Famous 72 oz. Steak” and
a hand pointing to a bed of ice, on top of which lay an oval plate containing the actual components
of the steak dinner challenge: baked potato, salad, shrimp cocktail, dinner roll and the massive slab
of meat garnished with whole jalapenos. Sam rubbed the back of his neck. “You don’t have to do
the challenge. I mean, if you want to, but you could just get, you know, a regular steak.”

Dean eyed the display like it was something he had hunted, tracked and finally cornered, face gone
serious, evaluating, thinking so hard Sam could practically hear the gears whirring. Then he
 glanced at Sam, his long lashes blinking slowly, and winked. “I totally got this.”

They were seated at their table, and when the waitress arrived with a tray of glasses of water, they
ordered drinks. Juliane asked for a jalapeno margarita, earning an approving glance from Danny.
Sam ordered a coke, and Danny ordered a draft beer. Reggie ordered two orders of Howlers for the
table (fried jalapenos), an order of mountain oysters, and a double shot of top shelf Bourbon, neat.
“Me too,” Bobby said. “The same for him.” Reggie pointed at Dean, blue eyes bright with
mischief.

The waitress was a bottle-blonde with hooded eyes and gums that showed when she smiled, the
kind of girl that got a lot prettier after four shots of Jack, and who would go heels to Jesus in the
back of a Chevy for a prime rib dinner and a few earnest-sounding compliments. She eyed Dean,
popped her gum and said, “I’ll need to see some ID.” Her candy pink lipstick was drawn on over
the natural edge of her lips.

Dean’s smile was blinding. He reached into his back pocket, pulled out his wallet, fished out his
actual driver’s license, and presented it to her. She scrutinized it, reading the date, and then her
eyes returned to Dean, eyes lingering on his mouth. She pushed her lips together into a little pout.
“Well, look at the birthday boy,” she purred.

Sam, seated next to Dean, bristled. He plucked the license from her fingertips, and put his hand
over Dean’s, the expression on his face a clear, calm and powerful warning. She took an
involuntary step away from Sam.

Dean laced his fingers into Sam’s, and brought their joined hands up, kissing the back of Sam’s
hand while looking directly into her eyes. “Don’t mind him. He gets a little jealous.”

Her candy-pink mouth opened, showing the wad of gum on her tongue. She stammered “Uh” a few
times, then turned on her chunky low heels and trotted toward the kitchen. Dean laughed.

Sam gave Dean a level 1 bitch face. “I’m not jealous,” he whispered.

“Yeah you were,” Dean leaned close, his mouth brushing against Sam’s ear. “And it’s so hot.”

Sam blushed furiously, and shifted in his seat. When the drinks arrived, Reggie motioned to
himself, Bobby and Dean, and raised three fingers, ordering another round.

Everyone raised their glass. “To Dean,” Bobby said. “Happy 21st birthday.”

Dean looked around the table, to see the faces of the people (most of them) that he loved best in the
world, there to celebrate his turning 21. Juliane beamed at him, all cool elegance in the midst of
rednecks and tourists, holding Danny’s hand. Danny, looking right at home amongst the patrons of
the Big Texan yet somehow not out of place at her side. Reggie (Reggie fucking Beaumont) sitting
directly across from him, glass raised in a toast to him. And Bobby. Bobby, who knew, who had
known for a long time, and who not only didn’t turn away from them, didn’t abandon them, but
brought them a double recliner and put a lock on the inside of their bedroom door. Bobby, who had
taught Dean how to throw a curve ball and how to read basic Latin. Bobby, who always ruffled
Dean’s hair despite his protestations until he’d come to love it. Bobby, who knew, and stayed by their side.

And Sam.

His Sam.

Dean blinked back tears and raised his glass. “To family.”

“To family,” everyone echoed.

His eyes locked on Reggie and Bobby, Dean downed the double shot in one swift motion.

Two musicians in embroidered cowboy shirts strolled up to the table, with a fiddle and an acoustic guitar, and launched into a respectable rendition of Cowboy Bill.

“He told a good story, and all us kids listened, about his life on the border and the way it was then.”

The entire table fell silent and listened.

“Well you could taste the dry dust of the trail he was riding, as he sat there and painted those west Texas scenes…”

When they had finished, everyone applauded, and Reggie wiped the corner of his eye surreptitiously. Everyone pretended not to notice.

When the waitress came back with the second round and the appetizers, she pretended like she hadn’t just tried to pick up on the 21-year-old with his boyfriend sitting right next to him. “Have y’all decided?”

Everyone ordered huge meals, prime rib, strip steak, rib eye, fried shrimp and bbq ribs, Texas rice and onion rings, baked potatoes, and mashed potatoes with gravy.

Dean went last. “I’d like the 72 ounce steak dinner.”

Bobby beamed proudly. The waitress snapped her gum and asked, “You sure about that, darlin’?”

Sam sat up straight. “Yeah, he is.” He pulled out a fifty dollar bill and handed it to her. “You have to pre-pay, right? And I get this back when he finishes it all?”

The waitress gave Sam a double-take. “Sure. If he finishes.”

“When,” Sam corrected her.

“Alright. Let me tell you the rules.” She explained that Dean had to finish everything within 60 minutes. He didn’t have to eat the garnishes, but all the actual food. He could take one bite of the steak and make sure it was cooked to his satisfaction, and once he approved it, the timer was started. Once he began, he could not stand up, leave the table or have anyone else touch any part of the meal. He didn’t have to eat the fat, but they would judge what he cut away to see if there was enough meat left on it to disqualify him. If he failed, he could take the leftovers home, but couldn’t share them with anyone in the restaurant. “And if you get sick,” the waitress jerked her head toward the large trash cans, “you lose.”

Dean raised his double shot. “It’s on.” With a swift movement and a stiff wrist, he tossed the double shot of bourbon down his throat.
“Ok, sweetheart. Time to move to your table.” The waitress indicated the Steak Challenge platform, apart from the other tables.

“We…can’t sit with him?” Sam looked stricken. Dean squeezed his hand.

“It’s not allowed. Only people doing the challenge can sit up there. But I can move you right up next to it.”

They were relocated to a table as close to the platform as possible. It took some time for the steak to be prepared, because it was so massive. Dean refrained from eating any of the appetizers, but laughed and joked with everyone as their dinners were served. The 72 ounce steak took longer to cook because it was so massive, it cooked much like a roast.

Finally, it was ready, and Sam escorted Dean to the table. A murmur rose from the crowd at the sight of a challenger. The waitress leaned over and asked Dean a few questions, and ran to the back. Over the crowd came the sound of a man’s voice on a loudspeaker. “At the Big Texan, we got Dean Winchester all the way from Lawrence, Kansas. Now, he’s fixin’ to try our 72 ounce steak challenge in one hour. Now he has four and a half pounds of meat, one salad, one baked potato, one shrimp, and a roll to eat. I need everyone to scream and yell and cheer him on!” The crowd did as they were asked, hooting and hollering.

At the sound of the name Dean Winchester, a party of four customers got up from their booth and quickly walked out the front door, followed by a busboy. Once in the parking lot, the customers stopped dead, causing the busboy to run into them. They looked at each other, panicked eyes gone solid black, ran to their vehicles and left.

Dean asked for a big glass of water, no ice, and another double shot of bourbon.

The waitress brought out a plate of three fried shrimp, a bowl of salad, a little plate with a dinner roll, and a baked potato. Right behind her was a waiter carrying a large oval plate holding the largest single piece of meat they had ever seen.

He lowered it to the table with a heavy thud.

“Ok, now, you take a bite and tell us if we cooked it right.” Dean sliced off a hunk of steak and popped it in his mouth. His eyes closed in bliss. “It’s awesome.”

“Ok, young man. Your time starts now.” One of the red 60.00s switched to 59.59 and began counting down.

Sam sat at the edge of his seat. “Dean,” he called out.

Dean looked up.

“Twenty minutes.”

Dean nodded, remembering what Sam was reminding him of. It took 20 minutes for signals of fullness to reach the brain. If Dean was going to beat this challenge, he stood the best chance if he could eat everything in less than 20 minutes.

Dean surveyed the food in front of him, thinking. The first thing he did was cut the steak into four equal portions.

Sam sat back in his seat, popping a fried shrimp in his mouth. “He’s so smart.”
Danny smeared horseradish over his prime rib. “What do you mean?”

“Psychology,” Bobby interjected. “Break the impossible task down into smaller, more manageable parts.”

Sam took a sip of soda, watching the people watching Dean. He sliced through the steak and popped strips into his mouth, chewing just enough to get it down his throat. He ate the first quarter of steak in two minutes, taking little sips of water to help get it down, and raised his whiskey glass, tipping half the contents down his throat. A stocky man with a long beard called out, “Get ‘er done.”

Dean looked at the food before him, evaluating, thinking. He raised his hand for the waitress and asked for steak sauce and barbeque sauce. While she was getting it, he cut the next quarter of meat into small cubes. He shook steak sauce all over it, and quickly popped each cube into his mouth, taking a sip of water every couple of bites.

The counter read 55:12 when he swallowed the last bit of the second quarter.

Sam couldn’t take his eyes off him, his own meal almost completely untouched except for food he could eat with his hands without having to look down to cut it. Dean looked up at Sam every few moments, and the pride on Sam’s face clearly fired him up, as did the encouragement and attention from the people in the vicinity.

“Alright, ladies in gentleman, in less than five minutes, this young man has gone through half the steak. That’s two and a quarter pounds of steak right there!”

Dean cut the third quarter into long strips, covering them with barbeque sauce, and cut off little bites of steak, alternating them with a forkful of salad. He kept a close eye on the clock. Flashes went off as people took pictures of him. It took him another four minutes to eat the third chunk of meat and the side salad. He raised his whiskey glass again, flashing Sam a blissful grin, and finished what was left. His cheeks were flushed.

He stopped to unbuckle his belt, and tucked in once more. He popped one of the fried shrimp in his mouth, sipped some water, picked up the baked potato with his hands and ate three big bites. He sprinkled the last chunk of steak with black pepper, and repeated his trick of cutting it into strips, then little chunks, so he didn’t have to waste time chewing with his teeth. His pace slowed a little, but he kept at it, using the knife and fork to break the meat apart into manageable pieces. He finished the glass of water and asked for another.

He ate like he was a soldier ordered to do a job, and executing it perfectly. Like a soldier who relished the task at hand, and enjoyed every second of it.

Sam asked for another soda, barely hungry, as though he was being satiated by watching Dean eat. Eat, and eat, and eat. Set on a pedestal, all eyes on him, praise thrumming through the crowd, a steak-eating god among men.

It was glorious.

If he was flagging, if his stomach hurt, he gave no indication. Bite after bite, he powered it all down, until all that remained was the dinner roll, a bite of baked potato, and seven cubes of meat.

Dean closed his eyes.

Sam’s heart sank. Not because he cared about losing the money, but because Dean had to succeed. He had to. He couldn’t fail.
It was important. Deeply important, in a way that Sam could not articulate even to himself. Jesus, Dean, how many times will it take until you get it right? Would not articulate. Not even to himself.

Dean belched, and reached for the baked potato. He forced it down, showing the first real signs of distress.

“C’mon. You got this.” Dean gritted his teeth, willing the contents of his stomach to stay down.

Bobby put his fork down and leaned forward. “Come on, son. Kick it in the ass!”

Dean shook his arms out, and forked up a cube of steak. Then another. Then a third. Four remained, and the dinner roll. He closed his eyes again, and brought his fist to his mouth, chest heaving like he was about to retch.

The restaurant was nearly quiet. Everyone stared at Dean.

Dean opened his eyes, and winked at Sam.

“Oh, you little—“ Sam’s mouth fell open.

Dean grabbed the remaining pieces of meat in his hand and tossed them into his mouth like popcorn. He devoured the dinner roll in three quick bites. Then he flashed his trademark cocky grin and called out, “That all you got?”

The crowd erupted in cheers. The timer stopped at 44:07. The voice on the loudspeaker said, “Alright, y’all. We have a winner! Dean Winchester from Lawrence, Kansas won the 72 ounce steak challenge in 15 minutes and 53 seconds!”

Dean threw his head back and laughed, the sound of the applause washing over him, the lights from the cameras on his face like fireworks. Sam sat to the side and watched Dean in the limelight, basking in the attention, being treated like a rock star.

Like a king.

The waitress brought Dean a commemorative t-shirt and ceramic boot mug, and a certificate. Dean called out to Sam to come up on the platform. Sam grabbed the back of Dean’s head with his hand and pressed their foreheads together. “Happy birthday, Dean,” he whispered.

“Best birthday ever,” Dean whispered.

The achievement award stated that Dean Winchester had joined the world’s most exclusive club, the 72 oz Steak Club, signed and dated by the president. His picture was taken, and his name written on the wall of winners. Strangers came up to pat him on the shoulder and congratulate him.

The waitress returned the fifty-dollar bill to Sam. “You were right.”

Sam threw his arm over Dean’s shoulder. “There’s nothing he can’t do.”

When Sam and Bobby went to settle the bill, they discovered that Juliane had already covered it in its entirety, and she would not accept so much as a dollar from either of them. She kissed Dean on the cheek. “You did real good.” He scratched the back of his head, then kissed her quick and fast on the cheek in return. “Sorry, man,” he said to Danny. “Had to.”

“Did you mind?” Danny asked Juliane.

“Not one bit,” she replied, slipping her arm into his.
“She don’t mind, I don’t mind.” Danny gave Dean a friendly thump across his back.

Dean swayed on his feet.

“You good?” Reggie was watching Dean intently, with tremendous amusement on his face.

Dean walked up to Reggie and poked his finger onto his bolo tie. “I’m… drunk.”

Reggie laughed, a low, warm sound.

“And… I’m really fucking full of meat.”

That made Reggie snort-laugh, which made Dean laugh, which set everyone off. Suddenly, he raised his hand. “Hang on. Hang on. Shh.” He scrabbled at his jeans pocket. “Someone’s calling me.” By the time he got the phone out, the ringing had stopped. “Damn.”

They made their way outside and around the corner to wait for the limo to bring them back, Sam supporting Dean, whose face had gone pale and clammy.

“Looking a little green around the gills there, kid. You alright?” Bobby crutched closer to Dean.

Dean just nodded, as though speaking might set him off. He took a few deep breaths, then leaned against the side of the restaurant, eyes staring up at the night sky. “I’m ok,” he said finally. He stuck his hand in his pocket and pulled out his cell phone.

The call had been from John.

Dean went paper white. Sam peered over at the display, recognized the number, and all the color drained from his face too. Dean’s face twisted. He pushed the button to put it on speaker phone and hit play. “Let’s all hear this. Yeah?”

“Dean,” Bobby began, but then the electronic voice said, “You have one new message,” and then the message played.

More silence.

Sounds of people talking in the distance, and the crack of a pool cue striking a ball.


Then nothing.

Dean’s fingers loosened their hold on the phone. Sam quickly took it, folding it shut and tucking it into his pocket.

Dean balled his hands into fists at his side, chest rising and falling. Then he bent over, hands braced on his knees, heaving up everything, all of it.

Sam supported him, kept him from sinking to his hands and knees.

Bobby stroked his back softly. “Let it out, son. Better an empty house than a bad tenant.” Dean retched again, and again. Reggie ran back into the restaurant, and came back with a large plastic cup of water and another of ginger ale.

Reggie waited until Dean had thrown up everything in his stomach. He handed Dean a wad of paper napkins to wipe his mouth, and had him drink some ginger ale. “It ain’t your 21st birthday if
you don’t puke your guts up in an alley. You’re 100% grown man now.” He and Bobby exchanged a sad glance over Dean’s head.

Finally, Dean’s stomach settled. The limo pulled around to take them back to the hotel. Everyone was quiet during the ride back, Sam holding Dean in his arms and urging him to take nearly constant sips of water. Once safely inside the Sanctuary, Dean brushed his teeth in the kitchen sink using one of the dozens of new toothbrushes Juliane had in her supplies closet. He gladly accepted a lemon soda over ice, and sat down on the couch. “Really. I’m ok now.” Sam gave him a knowing look. “Really,” Dean protested. “It’s fine.” Sam nodded, letting it go. For the time being.

Dean drank his soda quickly, and asked for another. By the time he got a third of that one down, he had brightened up considerably. And when Juliane said, “Do you think you could handle presents and cake? Or should we wait until tomorrow?” Dean perked up even more. “Now. Now is good.”

Sam nudged Dean with his shoulder, a casual movement. “I’ll give you my presents to you back in our place, ok?” Dean read the unspoken message in Sam’s eyes (they aren’t things I can give you in front of other people) and the bad feelings left by John’s aborted message vanished almost completely.

Danny and Juliane brought out a stack of wrapped packages. “Oh, you didn’t have to—” Dean began, but Danny just tossed him a present and said, “Open.” It was a bundle of classic Batman comic books.

“No way.”

“You like them?” Danny watched Dean’s face for signs of disappointment.

“I love Batman.”

“He loves Batman,” Sam added.

Dean unwrapped present after present. A nice bottle of Bourbon, a five-pound Hershey’s Bar, more comic books, a chess set (“I picked that one out myself,” Danny said proudly), a set of wrenches, a gorgeous pair of cowboy boots and an elegant Stetson cowboy hat that Dean immediately put on, much to Sam’s secret discomfiture. Dean noticed the color rising in Sam’s cheeks, and whispered, “Don’t worry, Sammy. I’ll leave the hat and boots on.” This caused Sam to choke on the sip of water he was taking, and cough and sputter.

If Dean had been able to smile any wider, his face would have cracked and bled.

Then Reggie rose to his feet. “What I got you was a bit hard to wrap, so I’m going to just bring it out.” Juliane brought him into her room, and he emerged carrying a long shape covered in the horse blanket. He held it out to Dean, who unfolded the blanket to reveal what was inside.

“No way.”

“Go on.”

Dean lifted up the guitar case and set it on his lap. Snapping open the clasps, he lifted the lid. Inside was nestled a black Ovation Applause acoustic guitar.

“It’s not top of the line, but the action is light, and it’s got great tone. It’s a good little guitar to start you off with.”

Dean brushed his fingers across the strings with reverence. He looked up at Reggie, his eyes wet.
“I always wanted to learn to play.”

“Good,” Reggie intoned. “Because I’m gonna teach you.”

Sam didn’t think he could love Reggie any more—until that moment, when he showed how close he’d been paying attention to all that Dean had in him.

“Shit. I can’t top that,” Bobby grumbled…eyes suddenly going bright and mischievous. “Not until I get you boys home, that is.”

Juliane flinched.

“See, I’ve been working on something special for your 21st birthday for a long time now.”

Dean sat up straight. “What?”

“That would spoil the surprise.”

“But today’s my actual birthday. So you don’t have to save it as a surprise.”

Bobby leaned forward and ruffled Dean’s hair, like he’d been doing since Dean was a little guy. “More fun if I do, son.”

Juliane brought out a cake with candles. Dean blew them out, and cut into it. To his surprise, beneath the layer of white-frosted spice cake was an apple pie baked right in. The look of surprise on his face that she would have remembered that about him almost broke Sam’s heart, but the sheer joy that emanated from him the next moment was like a sun flare. Sam watched Dean as he took his first bite, surrounded by wrapping paper and presents and people who loved him, and all the pain and hardship they’d known melted away.

In the No-Name Bar on the outskirts of town (No-Name Bar was its official, legal name), John Winchester returned from the pay phone by the bathroom and took his seat on a stool in the far corner of the bar, near the jukebox. It was playing the sixth Zeppelin song in a row, because John had shoved enough dollar bills in the front to punch up a baker’s dozen of Led Zep songs.

Lined up on the bar were two rows of three shots of whiskey. Three in front of him. Three in front of the empty stool to his left.

John picked up a shot glass and raised it up to the empty space at his side. “Happy 21st, son.” He held up the glass, amber liquid gleaming in the soft overhead light like a dying star, turning it in his fingers.

He brought it to his mouth, a drop of bourbon spilling onto his lips. The scent of it, the taste of it on his tongue, roared through him, promising oblivion.

He lowered the shot glass to the bar, rubbing a trembling hand over his beard, and rose to his feet. Throwing down a ten-dollar bill as a tip, he turned on his heel and walked away.

The shot glass still gleamed amber, full to the brim.

(Author: More to come soon!)
In My Life

Dean was starting to fade, eyes gone soft and sleepy, loose-limbed from the alcohol in his system, so Sam called it. After thanking everyone, he helped Dean to his feet, pulled Dean’s arm over his shoulder, and drunk-walked him down the hall to their apartment. Reggie followed behind, carrying his presents. Bobby came last, stopping off at his door to fetch a paper grocery bag.

Sam guided Dean to the couch and released him. He fell against the soft cushions with a grunt. Sam helped him get his boots off. Reggie filled a tall yellow cup with water and brought it to Dean.

Dean sat up and took the cup. “You’re a good guy, Reggie.” He sank back down and took a sip. “Lookin’ out for me.”

“You know it.”

Bobby came in, with just one crutch, putting a bit of weight on his injured leg. “Here.” He handed the grocery bag to Sam.

Sam pulled out a loaf of bread, a carton of eggs, two large bottles of yellow Gatorade, a box of saltine crackers, a baggie containing several vitamins, a bottle of orange juice, and a box of ginger tea.

He looked up at Reggie and Bobby, his eyes wide. “You went shopping for him? For this?” Sam waved his hand at Dean, bleary-eyed, sipping water slowly.

“Damn right,” Reggie said.

“Get him to finish both bottles before morning. Wake him up a couple of times and have him drink a little. And get this into him right now.” Bobby handed Sam the baggie. “Multivitamin and a couple of B-complex.” Sam untied the baggie, and had Dean take all three pills.

Bobby tapped the package of saltine crackers. “See if he’ll eat some of these now, and put some by the bed. When he wakes up, don’t let him sit up until he eats a couple.”

Sam listened attentively to all the instructions.

“Scrambled eggs, toast, and orange juice for breakfast. It’ll help. Trust me.” Bobby picked up the box of ginger tea. “And some of this. No coffee. It’ll only make it worse. Got it?”

Sam nodded. Dean frowned, and pulled himself up a little straighter. “No can do, chief. Gotta have my coffee.”

Bobby shot Dean a stern look. “Your choice. But it’ll make the headache worse.”

“Head’ll hurt worse if I don’t have any coffee.” Dean nodded emphatically, lips pursed.

“Well, try to limit it to one cup, alright? Then you two boys go for a good long run and sweat it out. A shower, a nap, and you’ll be right as rain.”

Dean gave Bobby two thumbs up. “Will do.”

Bobby bent over and kissed Dean on the top of his head. “Happy birthday, Dean.”

“Thanks, Bobby.”
Reggie patted Dean on the shoulder. Dean pursed his lips and shook his head no, then dragged himself upright and pulled him in for a hug. Reggie laughed and squeezed Dean hard, smile lines standing out at the corners of his eyes. He patted Dean’s head and whispered something in his ear. Dean made an exaggerated sad face.

“Trust me on this,” Reggie insisted.

“Ok. Fine.” Dean acquiesced.

Once Reggie and Bobby had left, the door locked behind them, Sam asked, “What was all that about?”

Dean pouted. “He said if we had sex tonight, I’d probably puke on you.”

Sam blinked rapidly, not expecting that as Reggie’s words of advice.

“Puke on you, Sammy.” Dean walked unsteadily toward Sam and stroked his cheek. “Too beautiful. Don’t ever want to puke on you.”

Sam laughed. “You won’t.” He brought Dean back to the couch, and had him finish the glass of water, and refilled it with Gatorade.

Sam settled on the couch, with his back against the padded arm, and Dean crawled between his legs, resting his back against Sam’s stomach, head on Sam’s chest. “Room’s spinning.”

“I got you.” Sam squeezed his shoulders firmly, anchoring him in his body, anchoring him to Sam.

“You spin me right round, baby right round…” Dean sang softly.

“Are you singing 80s music at me? Really?” Sam ran his fingertips through Dean’s hair, scratching his scalp lightly with his fingernails.

Dean gave a sigh of pleasure like a dog having his belly rubbed. He let Sam scratch his head for a few minutes. “Mom used to do that.”

Sam smoothed a stray lock of hair off Dean’s forehead. “Yeah?”

Dean nodded. “Hold me in her lap and scritch my head.” His eyes fluttered closed. “She smelled like jasmine.”

Sam’s mouth twitched. “I don’t remember that.”

“Do you remember anything?”

Sam thought about it. “Not really. No.”

Dean held onto Sam’s forearm. “She was the prettiest mom. No one’s mom was any prettier.” He stared up at the ceiling, not really seeing it. “She used to say, ‘Thank you for picking me to be your mom.’” He squeezed Sam’s arm. “She’d say that to you, too.”

Sam made a sound low in his throat, not the sound of pain, but of pain being released.

“She’d drink wine…” Dean laughed, snuggling into Sam even closer. “I remember this so clear. This big bottle of white wine. And she’d dance around the kitchen.” He closed his eyes, remembering. “Baby you can drive my car.”
“Beatles?”

Dean nodded. “Yeah.” A sweet smile spread over his face. “She’d hold my hands and I’d stand on her feet and she’d do the twist.” His foot moved unconsciously in time to the song playing in his head. “I thought they were singing, ‘Dry my car.’”

Sam snorted.

“She’d play the whole album.”

“That’s off which one?”

“Rubber Soul.”

Sam kept lightly scratching his head, fingers moving, teasing out the memories.

“She burned everything. Hamburgers were like these black hockey pucks. I didn’t even know you could cook them a little pink in the middle until I was like, twelve.”

Sam soothed his fingers through Dean’s hair, listening.

“She’d always say grace. Said her prayers every night. And she always finished by praying for you and me.”

Sam drew a quick inhale of breath. “Really?”

“‘Take care of Dean, and my little punkin.’”

“What?”

“That’s what she called you. Punkin.”

“That’s silly.” Sam swallowed hard.

“You didn’t know that?”

Sam closed his eyes. “No.”

“She read a lot. Books everywhere.” Dean relaxed into Sam’s body, as though it gave him the support he needed to open his mental vault and remember their mother. “I remember her sitting at the sewing machine. I guess she was making me a Halloween costume.”

Sam reached over and picked up the cup of Gatorade. “Here.”

Dean took a long drink. “I remember her legs.” \textit{Little boy reaching out for his mother, bright yellow sundress, holding on to her bare legs.} “She had really pretty legs.”

Sam combed Dean’s hair with his fingers. “Drink some more.”

Dean obediently swallowed more Gatorade. “And pretty hair.” \textit{Mary, sitting in front of her vanity in a white gown, brushing out her gleaming blonde hair with a silver brush.}

Sam let Dean’s words spill over him, sink in, take form inside his mind, creating a memory of his mother for him where none existed.

Dean gulped down the contents of the cup and set it on the carpet. “She used to hold you, sit in the
rocker and hold you, and sing to you.” He squeezed Sam’s forearm.

Sam ran his fingers lightly along Dean’s neck. “Hey Jude.” His voice was soft and high, surprisingly childlike.

Dean’s fingers tightened on Sam’s wrist. “You remember that?” He shifted position to lie on his side between Sam’s open legs, craning his head around to scrutinize Sam’s face.

Tears welled in Sam’s eyes. “It was Hey Jude. Wasn’t it.”

“Yeah.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s chest, over his heart.


“We too.” Sam and Dean lay together, breathing in the imagined scent of jasmine, the ghost of a Beatles song playing softly in their minds.

“But at least we killed him.” Dean’s voice was simultaneously triumphant and sad. “We killed the son of a bitch that murdered her.”

Sam’s hands tensed. “Yeah, we did.”

“We did that.” Dean sat up and scooted to the other side of the couch, to turn and face Sam.

Sam pulled his legs up, sat cross-legged, watching Dean intently to see where he was going with this.

“We can do it again.” Dean’s face was alight with purpose. “We can kill them.”

“No. We can’t.”

Dean waited for Sam to explain, not comprehending.

“Not now that we know they can be cured. Not without trying first.” Sam ran his hand through his hair. “I want to cure them. Save them. If we can. We have to talk to Nathaniel. Do a ton of research. Dean, this could take a long time. But we have to try. Those are human souls in there.”

“Sure. We’ll try.” Dean’s mouth softened as he gazed into Sam’s face, took in the purity of his need to help, not hurt. “But if we can’t figure out Azazel’s trick, how to lock them in their vessels so we can cure them…we can take them out. For good. Think of how many people that’ll save.”

Sam’s voice came in a whisper. “You’re right. We can destroy them. No one else has ever been able to do that.”

“That’s right. You and me, Sammy. We could rule the world.” Dean’s voice was light, joking.

Sam reached out and took Dean’s hand in his. “I don’t want to rule it.” His hazel eyes shone. “I want to save it.”

Sam made Dean finish the first bottle of Gatorade, and set the second bottle on Dean’s bedside table along with a small plate of saltine crackers. He walked Dean into the bathroom and stood
behind him, letting Dean lean back against him, and reaching around him, applied toothpaste to Dean’s toothbrush.

Dean laughed. “I’m not that drunk.”

“You kind of are. Just…let me.”

Dean stood still while Sam brought the toothbrush up to his mouth. Sam began to brush Dean’s teeth, which Dean found hilarious. He snorted and laughed as Sam scrubbed, muttering, “That tickles” when Sam brushed the back side of his incisors, and “You’re brushing my tongue,” when Sam tried to get to his molars. Toothpaste foamed at his mouth, and he playfully tried to make it hard for Sam, craning his head away, gnawing on the toothbrush like a dog, until Sam burst out laughing.

“Fine. Spit.”

Dean spat and rinsed his mouth. “You wanna hold my dick again while I pee?”

Sam pursed his lips, thinking. “Might as well.”

Dean unzipped his jeans and whipped out his penis, soft but impressive. “All yours.”

Sam shifted Dean to stand in front of the toilet, stood behind him, held his cock in position.

Dean let his head fall back onto Sam’s shoulder, just like before, and closed his eyes, warmth suffusing him at the surprisingly emotional power of urinating with his eyes closed, trusting Sam with such an intimate act. He sighed with relief as his bladder emptied, as Sam held him steady, supporting his body as the room spun. He tore off a square of toilet paper and dabbed it at the tip, just like Sam had done what felt like half a lifetime ago. “See? Dainty. Just like you like.”

“Come on. Let’s get you to bed.”

Dean zipped himself back up. Suddenly, he inhaled sharply, eyes widening.

“What?”

“You have presents. You got me presents.” Dean gripped Sam’s shoulders. “You said we had to open them here.”

Sam wiped a trace of toothpaste from the corner of Dean’s mouth with his thumb. “Tomorrow.”

Dean might have thought that no one could do puppy dog eyes like his brother, but he had an innate gift for it as well. Sam nearly caved. “You’ll be feeling a lot better tomorrow. Trust me. You want to wait.” He kissed Dean, tasting the peppermint on his lips. “I need you 100% for it.”

Dean flipped from playful to completely serious. “Oh. Ok. Tomorrow.” Sam guided Dean toward the bedroom. Dean stroked Sam’s back gently. “Don’t wanna puke on you.”

Sam settled Dean into bed, curling up next to him fully dressed and waiting until he fell asleep, which was nearly instantaneous, then went back to the living room to tidy up and brush his own teeth. He did a thorough job, like he always did, and bent over to rinse his mouth out. The razor on
the sink caught his eye.

He splashed water on his face and looked at his reflection in the mirror. *Dean’s presents. Black dress. Panties.*

A soft laugh shook him, as if he couldn’t quite believe what he was about to do. He took out the tiny pair of scissors and the shaving gel from the grooming kit, and set them on the sink next to the razor. He stripped off everything below the waist and sat on the edge of the toilet seat, positioning the waste basket directly below. The mirror fogged over from the warm water filling the sink as the scissors snipped, curly dark hairs falling into the waste basket. He soaked a washcloth in warm water and pressed it against himself for a few minutes, warming and softening the hair and skin. Then, with exquisite care, he shaved himself clean, rinsing the razor off in the warm water every few strokes.

He patted his smooth skin with antiseptic aftershave, wincing in anticipation of a sting that didn’t materialize. Smearing the heel of his hand over the mirror, he wiped a section clear and admired his handiwork. His lips parted as he stared at himself, smooth and bare. “Oh, you’re gonna love this,” he whispered.

He pulled on his sweats and climbed into bed next to Dean, out like a light with his face mashed into his pillow, one hand on his lower back. Sam did exactly what Bobby told him to. Every time Dean got up to pee, Sam was sitting up waiting with for him when he stumbled back into the bedroom, holding up a glass full of Gatorade, and wouldn’t take no for an answer. As a result, Dean was up and down all night, as was Sam, but they both knew if they could prevent a bad hangover, it was well worth it.

In the morning, Sam had Dean eat a few crackers while he was still sprawled on his side, then the last of the Gatorade. “How’re you feeling?”

Dean held up one finger. “Let me try sitting up.” He carefully raised his head, eyes squinted. Then he slowly pushed himself up onto one arm. Then he rose to a seated position. His eyes went wide. “Not bad.”

Sam’s expression relaxed. “Really?”

Dean swung his feet out of bed and stood up. A flicker of discomfort moved across his face. “Seriously. Not bad. It’s like…a ghost of a hangover. Barely there, but I better not piss it off.”

“Go easy.” Dean nodded, very carefully, and shuffled into the bathroom. Sam quickly changed into fresh underwear and regular clothes so Dean wouldn’t see him naked and spoil that part of his surprise before it was time.

Sam whipped up a plate of scrambled eggs and toast for both of them, with orange juice and a single cup of coffee for each of them. Dean ate little bites, fearful that something would set up the expected maelstrom of nausea, but it never materialized. “Thanks, man. Really dodged a bullet there.”

“You’re really ok?”

“Oh, I feel rough. And tired. But nothing like what I figured was gonna happen.” He grinned like it
was only fitting that Dean Winchester should escape the mother of all hangovers on his 21st birthday.

After breakfast, Sam had Dean take a long nap. Then, as Bobby had instructed, they changed into sweat pants and went outside for a few easy laps around the parking lot, their breath steaming out into the cold air like twin dragons. Dean bent over, bracing his hands on his knees. “Dude, when was the last time we worked out?”

Sam breathed in and out rapidly, catching his breath. “A long time. Since before…” His brow furrowed. “Since before I was kidnapped.”

A wave of dizziness moved through Dean, and it had nothing to do with his alcohol consumption the night before. Sam steadied him, his hand between his shoulder blades. “Shower. Maybe we just hang on the couch, watch something?”

Dean reached both hands up, seized Sam’s cheeks and brought him in for a kiss, his tongue teasing Sam’s mouth open, claiming him. “Mine,” he murmured. Sam wrapped his arms around Dean and kissed him back, his tongue dipping into the softness behind his lower lip, teasing the soft skin, until Dean gasped, letting Sam push his tongue into Dean’s mouth, reinforcing his own claim. “Mine,” Sam whispered back.

“Get a room.” Reggie’s drawl rang out from the doorway to the motel. Sam and Dean whirled around, pulling away each other on sheer, panicked instinct. The toothpick fell out of Reggie’s mouth, shame suffusing his face as he realized what he’d inadvertently done. “Come on in out of the cold. You’ll catch your death.” He held the door open for them, and got them in out of the brisk winter air in their sweat-soaked clothes. “How’re you feeling, Dean?”

“About 80, 85%.”

Reggie clapped his hand on Dean’s shoulder. “Atta boy.” He gave Sam a proud look. “Good job taking care of him.”

Sam stood up taller, his body language clearly conveying the message, “Always.”

“I’m headed to the store. You boys need anything?”

Sam did some mental calculations. “Sandwich stuff, coffee… stuff to make spaghetti for everyone, maybe.” A thought struck him. “Actually, can I come with?” He turned to Dean. “You can get started getting cleaned up.”

Dean frowned. “What about you?”

“I’ll shower when I get back.”

Dean looked confused, then his face broke into a smile. “Wanna get me another present, huh.”

Sam did a brilliant job of acting like Dean had sniffed out his secret plan, even though it was just a ploy to keep him from insisting they shower together, and discovering that Sam had had an intimate date with Schick the night before. Sam ran down the hall and grabbed his wallet, and he and Reggie did a quick trip to the grocery store. As a cover, Sam picked up ingredients to make bacon cheeseburgers and a nice bottle of vodka as additional birthday-related items, in addition to the supplies to make sandwiches and other staples they needed.

As they put the bags of groceries into the back seat, Sam pressed his hand to his forehead, a twinge of pain on his face
“Sam?” Reggie was at his side in a few seconds.

Sam Winchester

“I got a phone call,” Sam croaked.

Sam Winchester am I too loud?

Sam sat down in the passenger seat of the car, eyes closed. No. You’re very quiet. It’s just…this always hurts a little.

The voice in his head softened to something akin to a whisper. Better?

Yes. Sam took a deep breath. Thank you.

Have you… Gus’s voice paused. Is there any news?

Sam blew out a breath, eyes squinting shut in concentration. Not yet. I…I’ll talk to Azazel’s vessel myself. See if I can’t get inside his head. Find out more. Sam had been putting this off, dreading having to touch those memories, take them inside his own consciousness.

The demon did not say anything in words, but Sam could feel his emotions—anguish at no good news, but hope still burning—like a melody inside his head.

What about you? Any news?

Chaos, still. Demons are going into hiding. Laying low, as long as it takes for…

For what?

A long pause. A new leader to rise.

Sam opened his eyes. “Nature abhors a vacuum,” he whispered.

“What?” Reggie knelt in front of him, putting his wrist on Sam’s forehead to feel the temperature.

Sam closed his eyes and sent Gus a final message. I’ll find the cure. I’ll find it. Sam felt Gus’s emotions, gratitude spilling from him, and then the connection was severed.

“Talk to me, kid.”

Sam shook his hands out and stretched his neck. “Gus. Checking in. Hoping I had some news.”

Reggie watched Sam’s face carefully. “That it?”

Sam pressed his palms over his eyes. “He said the demons are going to ground. Laying low until…” He laughed, a sound with no humor in it. “Until a new leader rises.”

“Meet the new boss,” Reggie murmured.

Sam asked, “Huh?”

“Who song. Before your time.” Reggie settled Sam in the car and shut the door. He drove out of the grocery store parking lot, chewing on his toothpick. Sam lay his head back on the headrest, eyes closed.

Finally Reggie spoke. “There’s always going to be good and evil, Sam. We can’t wipe evil out
Sam tilted his head to look at Reggie, sadness beyond his years reflected on his young face. “No?”

“But you and Dean just gave it a hell of a kick in the ass.” Reggie chewed his toothpick resolutely. “It could take decades for a new beastie to get topside and start messing with us.” He glanced over at Sam, his blue eyes piercing and bright. “Centuries, maybe.”

Sam nodded, exhausted at the brief conversation with the reluctant demon, accepting what Reggie said. But somehow, he knew. They would not be given the luxury of centuries.

Sam told Reggie he and Dean wanted the night to themselves and to make their excuses. Reggie understood, and promised to do so.

Sam ate a few squares of dark chocolate to get his energy up as he put the groceries away, hiding the vodka under the sink, and then he showered. By himself, but in the Navy shower style, to minimize how long the water rained down on him. He was better—much better—but he didn’t think he’d ever be able to be in water again without fighting off the surge of panic.

Soaping up his newly shaven genital area was intensely arousing, so smooth and slick he nearly came right then and there. But he didn’t, saving every bit of that sexual energy for later. For Dean.

He and Dean lounged on the couch, watching Ghostbusters and arguing over the technological implausibility of the ghost containment unit. Dean insisted on making lunch for the both of them, making huge sandwiches with multiple meats and cheeses, and far too much mayonnaise, but Sam didn’t complain, seeing the sheer delight on Dean’s face and his pride in feeding Sam.

As Sam had hoped, Dean fell asleep on the couch after lunch. Sam let him sleep, sitting in a chair and reading a book on the structure of the demonic soul and its relation to its vessel, hoping to find something in there that would save him from having to talk with Nathanial, try to get inside his memories. His skin literally crawled at the very thought of it.

Dean roused, making a smacking sound with his mouth. “Sammy?”

Sam set the book down. “How are you feeling?”

Dean sat up, rolled his head from side to side, and cracked his knuckles. “Good. Normal.”

Sam’s mouth twitched almost imperceptibly. “Yeah?”

Dean’s expression shifted to an eager, hungry look. “Time for my presents?”

Sam took a deep breath, a shiver of nervousness moving through him. “Sure.”

He got up and went to the kitchen, pulled the fancy Russian vodka out from under the sink and tossed it to Dean. He caught it with one hand neatly, and examined the label. “Nice.” He cocked his head. “I’m gonna hold off on trying it, though.”

“Smart.” Sam wiped his palms, suddenly damp, on his jeans. “Ok, wait there.” Sam went into the
bedroom and came back with three wrapped presents: one large box, one medium-sized flat box, and two smaller ones, two tied with red ribbon. He sat on the coffee table across from Dean, holding the presents on his lap.

Dean grinned. “Smallest one first?”

Sam shook his head. “Big one.”

Dean’s eyebrows went up. He reached for the large box and tore the paper off. “No.”

Sam’s cheeks turned pink.

Dean looked up at Sam like Sam had just simultaneously won an Oscar, a Grammy and the Nobel Peace Prize. “Sam…you’re awesome.” He opened the box and pulled out the camcorder. “Really?”

Sam looked down, an attack of shyness overcoming him, then back up at Dean. His green eyes were blazing, fixed on Sam with almost feral intensity, pupils gone wide. “Really,” Sam said. He tossed Dean another wrapped present. A few quick tugs, and the wrapping came free. It was the three-pack of cassette tapes.

“So it’s, um…ready to go. We can…”

“Yeah.”

Dean swiped his tongue over his lower lip. “I can see why you wanted to do this by ourselves.”

Sam’s blush intensified, hands worrying the two remaining presents in his lap.

“I don’t know what you could have to top this,” Dean tapped the camcorder, “but I’m dying to find out.”

Sam hesitated, his mouth going dry.

“Come on, baby. What you got for me?” Dean’s voice dropped low into that purr of pure sex that never failed to undo Sam. He put his hand on Sam’s knee.

Sam looked into his eyes, and saw reassurance there, limitless love and trust. He handed Dean the medium-sized flat box.

Dean opened it, folding back the tissue paper to reveal the black dress. “Sammy?” His voice cracked.

“It’s for you, but it’s for me. I mean, to, um, to wear.” Sam tripped over his own words. “For you. If you want. If you meant—“

“I meant it.” Dean’s eyes, bottle green and welling with tears, locked onto Sam’s hazel ones. You’d love it. Wearing a pretty little dress for me. Suddenly, he inhaled sharply. “Is that?” He placed his hand on the remaining gift. Sam wordlessly let Dean take it, open it. His fingers brushed over the pink satin fabric, the stretchy black lace, of the panties inside the box. His hand shook. “Sam.”

“You…like it?”

Dean answered with his hand tangled in Sam’s hair, pulling him over into his lap, kissing him like he’d been denied it for weeks. Sam groaned, hard already, hard ever since Dean tore off the paper and seen the camcorder beneath, knowing what else he had planned. What he was going to do.
He rocked against Dean, who gripped his ass and held him close, teeth nipping at his jaw in the way that drove Sam crazy. He pulled away. Dean groaned, refusing to let go of him.

“You have a job to do.” Sam waved toward the camcorder. “Set that up. While I get ready.”

Dean bit his lower lip. “Jesus Christ, Sammy.”

“I’ll call you when I’m ready.”

“Don’t you take too long.”

Sam plucked the dress from the box, and his hand hovered over the open box in Dean’s lap.

“You know which one.” He hooked the pink satin panties over his finger and tossed them to Sam.

Sam shut the bedroom door and leaned against it, breathing deep. Then he stripped off, setting his clothes to the side, and stepped into the pink panties. He tugged them up over his hips, and swore at the first touch of satin on his cock. The fabric was cool, soft and slick, so much softer than anything he’d ever worn. He shifted from one foot to another, and a pulse of pre-come emerged from the tip of his cock as the panties stroked his cock and balls. “Oh god,” he whispered. “I’m not gonna last a minute.”

“You ready yet?” Dean’s voice, hungry and impatient, rang through the closed door.

“Hold on.”

Sam quickly tugged on the dress, pulled the stretchy bodice over his torso and arranged the skirt over his thighs.


The door opened. Dean stood before him, camcorder in hand, and his mouth fell open at the sight of Sam, all sleek muscle and long, long legs, in the little black dress, barefoot with his hair spilling into his face. “Oh my god.”

Sam scrutinized Dean’s face.

“Sam. You’re…that’s…”

“Good?”

“Awesome.” Dean moved forward, intent on touching Sam, but Sam took a step back, a wicked smile on his face.

“Turn it on.”

Dean turned the camcorder on.

“Is it rolling?”

Dean checked the indicators to see if it was recording. He nodded yes.
“Good.” Sam stroked his hands down his chest, over his stomach, down his hips, eyes locked onto Dean’s. “I want you to get all this on tape.”
Chapter Summary

Just smut. Nothing here but smut. No character development, no plot threads, just Sam and Dean having sex on camera.

Dean looked through the viewfinder, adjusting the rectangular screen on the side until he had everything set up perfectly.

Sam stood before him, brown hair falling in his eyes, chest rising and falling with his breathing, like he’d just done 25 pushups. The top part of the dress clung to him like a second skin, thin straps setting off his defined shoulders, his hairless chest sleek above the neckline. He pushed his hair out of his eyes, intently watching Dean watching him.

Taping him.

Dean aimed the camcorder down, following Sam’s body. His toned abdomen was perfectly highlighted by the stretchy fabric, hip bones jutting out strong above the ruffled skirt attached right above his pelvis, falling to mid-thigh. Sam’s legs, lean and defined, had a dusting of honeyblond hair on the thighs, with darker, coarser hair on his calves. Sam had not shaved them. He wasn’t trying to be a girl.

He was a boy in a dress.

Dean had never been so turned on in his life.

Sam smiled as Dean knelt to film him from an upward angle, and he ran his hands up his stomach and chest, caressing himself. He twirled his fingertips in a circle over his nipples. Dean swallowed hard. Sam kept his eyes locked on Dean, and tugged the bottom of the dress up with agonizing slowness until he revealed the pink panties beneath, Sam’s hard cock curved to the side, trapped within the shiny fabric, a dark spot of pre-come on the front.

Dean made a faint, strangled sound.

Sam brushed his fingers over the wet spot, and brought them to his lips.

“Guh,” Dean said.

Sam licked the taste off his fingertips, eyes never leaving Dean’s face, watching his pupils dilate, the color rise high in his cheeks. He brushed his fingers over the wet spot again, and offered them to Dean. Dean kept the camcorder as steady as he could, but it jostled as he took Sam’s fingers into his mouth and sucked.

Sam made a little sound, eyes fluttering as Dean licked the taste of him from his skin. He backed away, a mischievous pout on his face.

“Sammy.” Dean’s voice was rough and low.

“Shh. Just watch.” Sam backed up against the bed, turned around and bent over, looking back over
his shoulder. Dean bit his lip, thick eyelashes lowering slowly and rising, opening his eyes wider to take it all in.

Sam kept his legs together and bent over just far enough for a strip of pink to be revealed beneath the hem of the dress. Slowly, so very slowly, he reached his right hand back and stroked the curve of his ass over the dress, and tugged the material back, inch by inch, until it was hiked up to his waist. He spread his legs, bare toes gripping the carpet, and leaned forward, bracing his torso against the bed, satrin-clad ass exposed for Dean’s viewing pleasure.

“Fucking hell,” Dean breathed.

Sam pushed his hips to the right, then back, then the left, moving in a circle, pink panties framing his ass perfectly, hamstrings taut. He rose up on his tiptoes, feeling the muscles in his calves pop. It felt good. He rotated his ass in another slow circle, a moan escaping his lips as the satin moved against his cock.

“That feel good, Sammy?”

Sam nodded, working his hips in another slow circle, thighs spread. Feeling Dean’s eyes on him, feeling the impartial gaze of the camerorder, witnessing Sam’s wanton behavior. Preserving it. He groaned, wanting more. To do more. To show more.

He turned and sat on the edge of the bed, knees together. Dean was on his knees, looking directly at him. Sam stroked his fingertips along his bare calves, up the outside of his thighs, slipping over between his legs, dipping beneath the fabric, squeezing his cock beneath the dress. He brought his hands to his knees, and slowly, so slowly, spread his thighs as wide as he could, the dress hanging down between, hiding everything.

“Come on, Sammy. Show me.” Dean’s voice was grit and honey.

Sam tugged up the skirt an inch, teasing him, then pulled it up to his waist. The pink satin panties now had a large dark patch on the front, his cock steadily leaking pre-come.

Dean tipped his face down, looking up at Sam through his eyelashes. “Baby boy. Your panties are all wet.”

Sam shivered, his cock twitching so hard it burst free of the elastic, the head peeking out from the top.

“You getting all wet for me?”

Now it was Sam’s turn to swallow hard. “Yeah.” He leaned back, bracing himself on his elbows, and brought his bent legs back, spread wide, showing his pretty hard cock and his pretty pink panties to Dean. And the camerordered in his hand.

“So fucking hot,” Dean uttered, palming his cock with his left hand.

Sam put his weight on his right forearm, bringing his left foot to the top of the bed, stretching his right leg out to the side. He brought his left hand between his legs, brushing his fingertips over the satin, down to draw little circles over his balls. He whimpered.

“Sammy,” Dean said in a whisper.

Sam’s eyes fluttered, that chain binding him to propriety, to inhibitions, melting in the heat of this thing between them. “Dean.” His voice was low, aching with need. He sucked on his middle finger,
getting it as wet as he could, then slipped it beneath his panties.

“Jesus.” Dean shifted closer, bringing the camcorder between Sam’s thighs spread wide, getting a good shot of his hand working beneath the panties. Sam moved his wet finger in a circle around his hole, tongue peeking out between his teeth. His breathing was ragged.

Dean swiped his tongue over his lower lip. Sam withdrew his hand, and held it out for Dean.

“Fuck.” Dean took Sam’s finger into his mouth with a moan, sucked on it, the camcorder dropped to his side. He let his mouth get nice and wet until Sam’s finger was dripping. Sam slipped his hand beneath the panties and slid the wet finger inside himself, easily this time, penetrating the second ring.

He cried out, head falling back against the mattress, bringing both feet up onto the edge of the bed so he could thrust his hips up, cock straining against the panties, and waggle his hips back down, fucking himself on his finger. Dean quickly brought the camera back up, recording Sam’s hand working beneath the shiny pink satin. Sam whimpered, head thrashing, rubbing the satin against his cock with his other hand.

“You gonna come for me?”

Sam raised his head. “Too fast...not yet.” He slowed down his movements, fighting to regain control.

Dean’s grin was loving—and predatory. “Sammy, I’m not stopping until I’ve got you on tape screaming my name and coming like a freight train at least twice tonight.” He leaned forward and grazed his mouth over the soft skin of Sam’s inner thigh. “Three times, if I’m lucky. So show me what a good little boy you are, and come all over those pretty pink panties for me. Then I’ll lick you nice and clean.” He bit his lip. “Get you good and hard and begging me to fuck you.”

Sam shuddered, working himself on his hands again, one hand beneath the fabric, one on top. Within seconds, his toes curled and his thighs trembled.

“There you go. Come on. Come for me. Show me.” Dean rose to his feet, stepping back to record Sam from head to toe, his face contorting, pink mouth open, that surprised look in his eyes as the orgasm slammed into him, then squeezing shut, hips bucking upward uncontrollably, chanting, “Dean, Dean, Dean…” then wordless cries of pleasure as he came all over his belly and chest.

Dean recorded it all. Every shiver, every repetition of his name. He put down the camcorder, yanked his shirt off, was on Sam before the aftershocks were over, licking the head of his cock peering out over the top of the panties, making Sam squeal and writhe. Dean held his hips down and sucked out the last few spurts, pleasure so sharp it hurt lancing through Sam. Instead of pushing Dean off, though, Sam held his thighs apart, arched his back into it, let Dean keep sucking him, uttering short little cries, loving the pain/pleasure of it, hell-bent on taking whatever Dean wanted to give him.

“Such a good boy for me,” Dean purred. He knelt at the side of the bed, bent over Sam and licked his chest and stomach clean, his belly fluttering at the strong swipes of Dean’s tongue. Dean brought his mouth down over the panties, sucked at the wet spot, pulled the panties to the side to get to his balls…and froze.

“Sam?”

Sam panted, trying to catch his breath.
Dean trailed his fingertip over Sam’s smooth, hairless skin. He sought out Sam’s gaze, his green eyes huge. “You do that for me, baby boy?”

Sam nodded.

Dean swore under his breath, tore at his jeans, shedding them and his underwear, and fell on Sam again. He thrust his cock beneath the panties, against Sam’s only slightly softened cock, his shaved balls, Dean’s entire body shivering. He seized Sam’s mouth in his, thrust once, twice, and then seized up, soaking his panties, crying out into his mouth, driving the sounds of his pleasure into Sam. Sam opened his mouth and drank them down greedily, hands gripping Dean’s back, sliding along his sweat-slick skin.

“Fuck,” Dean gasped. “Fucking hell.” He pulled off, sank to his knees, and pulled Sam’s panties down to mid-thigh, marveling at the sight.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was sated, but with a tinge of petulance. “The camera.”

Dean laughed. “You are a kinky little fucker, aren’t you.” He kissed Sam’s inner thigh. “I love it.” He retrieved the camcorder, made sure it was still recording, and brought it up in a slow pan up Sam’s legs to his hairless cock and balls. The feel of Dean’s eyes on him, the camcorder between his legs, recording everything, made Sam’s cock twitch. “You’re a bad, bad boy, you know that, Sammy?” Dean stroked one smooth testicle with his fingers. “Which makes you fucking perfect.”

Sam gave Dean a sweet smile, dimples popping, then kicked one leg free of the panties, pink satin dangling from his ankle. He braced his heels on the bed and spread his thighs, exposing his clean-shaven genitals, then lifted them with one hand, exposing his pink little hole, tongue protruding slightly from between his teeth, touching his red lips.

“The things I’m gonna do to you, Sammy…” Dean groaned. “Can’t hold this damn thing, though.”

Sam jerked his head toward the end table, indicating where he could set it.

“You really wanna be my little porn star, huh.”

“I want to make sure you have a real nice birthday.”

Dean set the camcorder on the end table, swiveling the viewing screen on the side 180 degrees to face front, so he could see what the camera saw. “Alright, sweetheart. You want it, you got it.” He climbed on the bed and tugged Sam around so his open thighs faced the camcorder. He yanked the panties off Sam’s ankle. “Gonna be a good little bad boy for me, Sammy?” Sam sat up on his elbows, looking into the camera, nodded hard. Dean exhaled and cracked his neck. “Alright. Open your mouth.”

Sam opened wide, and Dean gently pushed the panties, sopping wet with his come, into his mouth. “Suck on that while I…do things to you.” Sam shivered, sucking the strong, mineral taste of Dean from the wet satin. Dean straddled Sam, his ass hovering over Sam’s chin, and pulled Sam’s legs back, lifting his hips until he was up on his shoulders with his lower back curled, ass in the air, tipped back toward Dean.

Dean lowered his mouth, sucked Sam's cock into his mouth, sealed his pink lips over it and pulled back, stretching it taut, and pulling his mouth off with a smacking sound. It thickened, already straining to get hard. He dug his fingers into Sam’s ass cheeks and spread them wide. He looked right into the lens, his green eyes bright and clear in the strong light from the overhead fixture. “Smile for the camera, Sammy.”
Dean lapped at Sam’s pink little hole, stretching his flesh open with his thumbs, exposing Sam as much as he could. “You love it, don’t you.” Another swipe of the tongue. “Making a sex tape.” Dean addressed the camera directly, like he was talking to Sam sitting on the couch, playing this back. “Bet you want me to play this while I fuck you on the living room floor. Spread you wide open, make you take it, while you watch yourself on tape. Squirming with my tongue in your ass. Huh.”

“Yeah.” Sam’s voice was muffled by the panties in his mouth.

“That taste good, Sammy?”

Sam murmured, “Mmm-hmm.”

“Good boy.” Dean lapped at Sam, softening him, opening him up, then hardened his tongue and stabbed it into Sam as far as he could. Sam whimpered, hips jerking, cock fattening up. Dean held Sam in position with his left hand, and gathered up his smooth balls with the other, eyeing the lens as he licked at them. “This is nice, Sammy.” He sucked one ball into his mouth, then the other. “I should have made you shave for me a long time ago.” Another whimper, Sam’s hands grabbing onto Dean’s strong thighs.

Dean laughed. “You love it when I boss you around. Don’t you, baby.”

Sam nodded furiously, mouth stuffed full of satin panties, taste of Dean in his mouth.

Dean gripped Sam’s ass with both hands, and slowly lapped at Sam’s smooth skin, tasting every inch of it, mapping it with his tongue, getting it nice and wet, moaning at the feel of his smooth, hairless skin. He pressed his tongue hard into the little patch of skin between ass and balls until Sam whimpered and squirmed—then he did it some more. He spread his ass cheeks and licked at his hole like it was a game, one he could play all night, like it was his favorite thing to do. “Tired of sucking on your panties, sweetheart? Want something better?”

Sam gave a muffled, “Yes.”

Dean reached behind him and pulled the panties out of Sam’s mouth. He rubbed his thumb over Sam’s red mouth, and then sat back, presenting his hole. “Show me how bad you want me to fuck you.”

Sam moaned, opened his mouth and extended his tongue, and worshipped his hole. Dean gave as good as he got, licking Sam soft and open with broad strokes of his tongue, persuading him to open up, then licking inside him, moaning at the sensation of his tongue on the incredibly soft pink flesh hidden within the outer ring, a secret treasure only he could have.

Sam made a vast range of sounds as they praised each other without words, their lips and tongues working in the most intimate of places, not hidden in the soft light of a single candle, but with the lights on full, camera rolling. No part of them hidden. Nothing taboo.

Dean reached over to the end table and picked up the bottle of lube. Beneath him, Sam gasped in anticipation, holding himself up on his shoulders the way Dean wanted him, thighs wide apart.

“Good. Stay like that.” With his thumb and forefinger, Dean stretched Sam’s hole open, exposing a glimpse of pink flesh within. With his other hand, he drizzled lube directly inside Sam.

Sam licked Dean’s hole faster, showing Dean how bad he wanted it. Dean’s cheeks were bright pink, his cock fully hard, a gleaming thread of pre-come dripping down onto Sam’s chest. He slipped his index finger into Sam’s ass.
Sam moaned, legs twitching. Dean worked his finger inside Sam slowly, making him squirm, licking and nibbling Sam’s inner thigh, then taking his fully hard cock into his mouth and sucking gently on the head, just nursing on it, taking his time.

Sam dropped his head to the mattress. “Please.”

Dean grinned. “What’s that, Sammy?”

“Fuck me. Please.”

Dean put his hand to his ear. “A little louder. I don’t think the microphone got that.”

Sam stroked Dean’s ass with both hands, pleading. “Please fuck me. Please.” His voice was louder.

“That’s right. Beg for it. Come on.” Dean crooked his finger at just the right spot, pressing into the spongy flesh.

Sam cried out, the sudden rush of pleasure racing through him. “Dean, please. Fuck me. I need it so bad, Dean. Please. I need you.”

And with that, Dean couldn’t tease Sam a second longer. He released Sam’s hips to the mattress, and was leaning over him, lips on his. “I got you, Sam.” His hands moving in Sam’s hair. “Gonna take real good care of you.”

“I need you in me.” Sam’s voice was broken.

“You wanna ride my cock, baby? In your pretty little dress?” Dean’s hands moved over the black fabric, reveling in the feel of it.

“Yeah,” Sam gasped.

“Give the camera a nice show?”

Sam reached up, clinging to Dean, kissing and licking at his neck. “Please.”

“So I can play it back later on that big TV in the living room? While I fuck you nice and sweet and slow?”

“Dean, I can’t, I can’t, come on, Dean, please…”

Dean kissed Sam, hushing him, and then positioned himself on his back, feet toward the camera. “Come here, Sammy. Come here, baby. Here you go.” He turned Sam, urged him into the position he wanted. Sam on top facing the camera. He held his cock at the base, and Sam straddled him, his lean thighs spread wide, cock bobbing against his belly, smooth and clean and hairless, his hole stretching over the head of Dean’s cock. Sam sank down, taking Dean’s cock to the base in one slow slide.

“You feel so fucking good.” Sam looked straight at the camera. “Your cock feels so good.”

“Not gonna last,” Dean said brokenly. “This is too hot.”

Sam tugged the dress up to his waist and braced himself on the palms of his hands, leaning back. He rose and lowered himself on Dean’s cock, taking it as deep as he could, black ruffles rustling with each movement. At that angle, his belly bulged, the shape of Dean’s cock actually visible inside him.
“Dean,” he gasped. He took Dean’s hand and pressed it against his stomach, and leaned back again, rising and falling once more.

“Oh fuck,” Dean gasped. “Oh fuck.” Sam pressed his hand over Dean’s, pushing down harder. They both cried out, Sam at feeling so full, Dean at feeling his own cock pressing against his hand, at the added sensation of it on the underside. Dean fucked up into Sam, grinding into him, both their hands pressing against Sam’s belly. Sam threw his head back, a series of cries punched out of him.

“Jesus, Sam. Love you so fucking much. So much…” Dean’s eyes welled with tears at the extremity of pleasure and emotion flooding him.

Sam eyed the camcorder and shifted, crouching over Dean with his feet flat on the bed. He braced himself on his hands and angled himself back, so the camcorder got a perfect view of his hole stretched wide over Dean’s thick cock.

“Fuck yeah. Like that.” Dean kissed Sam’s shoulder, nipping at the strap of his dress.

Sam fucked himself on Dean’s cock, mouth open, panting, looking directly into the camera, letting every bit of pleasure he was feeling show on his face, in his body, his cock slapping against his belly, balls swinging, completely free of even the hint of inhibition. “Dean…Dean…” he chanted, language as always simplifying to just that one word as his orgasm built.

Dean reached up, seized Sam’s cock, began working it. Sam threw his head back with a cry, then shook it no. “Just your cock,” he protested. “Just from your cock.”

Dean brought his hands to Sam’s hips, dug into the black ruffles, urged him down harder and faster. “You wanna come just from my cock like a good boy?”

“Yeah.” Sam’s breathing came hard and fast, little dragon snorts.

“Do it. Fucking do it.” Dean gripped Sam’s hip bones, fingers digging into his initials, and Sam’s breath caught in his throat, as the first wave began to crash down. “Come on my fucking cock.”

And Sam, as always, could never say no to Dean. He let his head fall back, and screamed Dean’s name as he came, screamed as Dean came inside him shaking and crying out hoarsely, his brother’s name on his lips.
Playback

Chapter Summary

Sex, food and feels.

Dean lay flat on his back, his heavy breathing starting to slow, sweat-slick skin cooling. Sam pulled off and collapsed at Dean’s side, panting.

“Lucky,” Dean croaked.

“Who me? Yeah.” Sam curled into Dean’s side. “Yeah, I am.”

Dean gave Sam a sidelong glance. “Me, silly.” He kissed Sam’s forehead. “I’m lucky.”

Sam inched closer, and picked up the amulet, toying with it idly. “That was alright, then?”

“That? Sam, that was fucking epic. You.” Dean booped Sam on the nose. “Are fucking epic.”

Sam snorted like Dean was being ridiculous, but batted his eyelashes under the praise. He rested his head on Dean’s chest and put the amulet in his mouth.

“Doesn’t that taste nasty?” Dean played with Sam’s hair.

Sam shrugged. “Yeah.”

“Then why are you doing it?”

Sam wrapped his top arm around Dean’s ribs and pulled himself closer. “Mine,” he murmured with the amulet in his mouth.

Dean nestled into Sam’s arms. “Dude. My initials are carved into you, right above your ju—your dick.”

“Why didn’t you say junk?”

Dean cupped Sam’s cock and balls in his hand and cradled them. “Because this ain’t junk.”

Sam laughed.

“This? Right here? This is like…the crown jewels.”

Sam laughed harder, a full body laugh, the amulet falling out of his open mouth, his eyes squeezing shut.

“Anyway. Point is, I marked you as mine. And you marked me as yours.”

Sam stuck his tongue out, like his brain was only now catching up to the fact that brass, in fact, tastes nasty. “Yeah, but unless we’re going on a hunt in a nudist colony—“

“Do they still have nudist colonies? Do those even exist?” Dean interrupted.
“Unless we’re at a nude beach, or a nudist colony, or someplace people run around without pants on and don’t get arrested… no one can see it.”

“But you know. Right, Sammy?” Dean tipped Sam’s face up so he could read his emotions on his face.

Sam seemed momentarily unable to talk.

“What?”

“I love your eyes.”

Dean’s mouth curled up at the corner, and he lowered his lashes, blinking slowly, and opened them just as slowly, his pretty green eyes locked on Sam’s.

Sam’s mouth fell open.

“You were saying?”

Sam blinked rapidly.

“Nude people. People being nude?” Dean poked Sam on the chest. “Nudists.”

Sam just kept staring into Dean’s eyes, not speaking.

Dean closed his eyes and held them shut. “Can you think now?”

Sam poked Dean in the ribs. “Smartass.”

“Nude people, Sammy. Come on.”

“Unless we’re naked, no one can see that you’re marked, Dean. Was my point.” Sam nipped at Dean’s jaw. “Open your eyes.”

“Nope. You’ll lose the power of speech again.”

“Dean.”

“I mean, I know my eyes are my best feature. Except for my—“

“Junk?”

“Sam. I’m hurt.” Dean’s eyes flew open.

Sam laughed, and scooted down. He placed a big, wet smack on Dean’s soft cock. “Crown jewels.” He peered up at Dean, his hair falling into his eyes. “Not junk.” He made a face, sticking out his tongue. “You’re right. Brass doesn’t taste good.”

Dean crossed his arms behind his head. “You want something better in your mouth? Already?”

Sam nodded, and kissed Dean’s belly. “Oh yeah.”

“Whataya got in mind?” Dean gave a wicked grin.

Sam breathed out over Dean’s soft cock, warm and soft, and looked up at Dean, batting his eyelashes, his hazel eyes soft and wide, pink lips parted. “Burgers.”
Dean groaned. “I fucking love you more than anyone has ever loved anyone in the history of people being loved.”

Sam sat up, pushing his hair out of his eyes. “Come on. I’ll make you dinner.”

Dean sat up and shook his head. “I got this one.”

Sam stood up and stretched. “Nope. It’s still your birthday. Far as I’m concerned.” He reached down for a hand towel and cleaned himself off between his legs, then tugged the dress off over his head.

“What, you’re not gonna cook for me in a dress?”

Sam turned to face Dean, completely naked. “Nope. I’m gonna cook for you in sweats and a t-shirt.”

Dean reached out and traced his finger over his initials on Sam’s lower abdomen. “Not naked?”

Sam’s eyebrows shot up. “You want me to stand in front of a pan full of spattering grease, bare-ass naked?”

Dean jumped to his feet and wrapped Sam in a bear hug. “No.”

Sam laughed, face squished into Dean’s shoulder. Dean didn’t laugh, didn’t release him, just hugged him even tighter.

“Dean?”

“Don’t want you to get hurt.” Dean put his hand on the back of Sam’s head.

Sam breathed in and out, felt the ferocity of Dean Winchester protecting him, the heat and single-minded purpose of his love surrounding him like a force field.

“I’ll put your mark on me wherever you want it, Sammy. Shit, I’ll tattoo it on my neck. Property of Sam Winchester.”

Sam grinned. “You would.”

Dean released him and kissed his forehead. “I totally would.” His eyes were dead serious.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I’ll marry you.”

Sam kissed Dean on the lips. “I know.” He got a clean pair of sweatpants from the dresser and pulled them on.

“Tomorrow. Right now.” Dean put his underwear and jeans back on.

“Too soon.”

Dean reached out for Sam and pulled him close, one hand playing with his hair, the other holding his jaw between thumb and forefinger. “Marry me.”

Sam’s breath caught in his throat. “I will. We will.”
“I don’t want to wait.”

“Not ‘till I’m 18.”

Dean’s mouth twitched. “None of those laws apply to us. Besides, we can’t even legally—“

“Because 18 matters, Dean. It matters to me.”

Dean blinked rapidly, as if some hidden message in Sam’s words had wounded him. “Right. Ok.” He stepped back.

Sam felt it, more than he puzzled it out with his brain. The fear rising in Dean like poison gas. Sam wants to be sure it’s not a mistake.

“Hey.” Sam took Dean’s hand, pressed it over his heart. “I don’t need to wait to make sure it’s not a mistake.” Dean’s eyes widened, his mouth opening in surprise that Sam had read him so perfectly. “You’re it for me. Forever. This world, and the next. Ok?”

Dean clenched his teeth, the muscles in his jaw popping.

“I want to wait until I’m 18 because I don’t want to be the only kid in my senior class with a husband.”

Dean burst out laughing, his fear and tension dissipating. “Fair enough.”

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean and buried his face in Dean’s chest. “And because …” He paused. “So much has happened. I just need a little time between major life changes, ok?”

“Shh. It’s ok, Sammy. I get it.”

They finished getting dressed. Sam went into the kitchen and pulled out a large mixing bowl from a lower cabinet. Dean turned off the camcorder and brought it into the living room, setting it down on the coffee table with a pat like it was a fat little puppy, then fiddled with the radio until he found a good classic rock station. A female voice, low and silky smooth, purred from the speakers. “You’re listening to KXGL, the Eagle, Amarillo’s classic rock station.”

Dean spun around, mouth open. “Dude. She sounds like Boobs Barbeau. From the Fog!”

“Adrienne, Dean.” Sam rolled his eyes.

“Boobs is her official nickname. It’s ok to use it,” Dean protested.

“You were just listening to Cream, with the classic, Sunshine of Your Love, off their album, Disraeli Gears. That album was their breakthrough record here in the good old US of A, back in 1968. And before that, I gave you a little Kansas. You all know the name of that song, don’t you? Alright now, don’t go anywhere, because I’m about to pour you a triple shot of Led Zeppelin. Starting that off right now with a little tune called Ramble On.”

Dean raised his right hand and clenched it into a fist of triumph. “Yes.”

Sam took out the package of ground beef and cracked the foam tray flipping it into the bowl for mixing with spices. Dean slipped in next to him, smoothly pulling out the pickle jar, and snatching up a red onion and tomato from the counter.

Sam frowned. “I want to cook for you.”
Dean nudged him with his hip. “I want to cook with you.”

With grace of motion, they moved around the tiny kitchen, getting the next tool, the next ingredients, working together as a team seamlessly, never getting in each other’s way, always anticipating the other’s movements. Sam looked around for the garlic powder, only to find Dean’s hand right there, holding it out to him. Dean sliced the onion into paper-thin rounds, and deftly cut two knobby green pickles into long oblongs.

Sam dug his hands into the ground beef, mixing the salt and spices in by hand. Dean came up behind him, lips brushing the back of his neck. The radio began playing Misty Mountain Hop, and Dean swayed his hips in time to the music.

“Mmm.” Sam kept at his task, squishing the meat between his fingers.

Dean dug his fingers into Sam’s ribs, tickling him.

“Hey!” Sam raised his hands to push Dean away, and stopped at the sight of his fingers covered in raw meat.

“What are you gonna do, Sammy?” Dean pinned Sam against the counter with his hips and brought his fingers up into Sam’s armpits.

Sam emitted a high-pitched squeal and immediately turned bright red in embarrassment, squirming to free himself from Dean’s onslaught if only to prevent him from making any more childish sounds. “Dean. Stop.” Sam protested breathlessly.

“I love it when you squirm.” Dean prodded his fingers into Sam’s soft flesh, making him laugh and wriggle even harder. He brought his mouth to Sam’s neck, bit down, making Sam gasp and arch back into him, hands held up before him helplessly. Dean made a wordless sound of pleasure.

Sam spun to face Dean, eyes bright, cheeks pink from laughing, holding his hands up in front of Dean’s face with as much menace as he could muster. “Careful. I could... meat you.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.”

Dean pushed his hips forward, bumping Sam playfully. “Hold still,” he whispered. He was half-hard and getting harder, and Sam could feel it.

He could feel it quite clearly. His mouth parted. He held still.

Dean brought his mouth almost to Sam’s lips, held himself there, just a fraction of an inch from making contact, green eyes staring at Sam’s pink mouth. “Don’t move.” He brought his hands up, stroked Sam’s sides, tickled him lightly, eyes locked on Sam’s face. His eyes. His mouth.

Sam convulsed in laughter, gasping, squirming to get free.

“Let me,” Dean whispered.

“I can’t... Dean. I can’t help it.”

“Remind me to tie you down later and tickle the hell out of you.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered shut. When he opened them a moment later, the pupils were dark and wide, full of promise. He bumped Dean with his hips, pushing him back a step, and turned back to the
bowl of ground beef. “Don’t you want to eat?”

“Is that a yes?” Dean moved next to Sam in front of the cutting board and began slicing the tomato.

Sam shot Dean a sidelong look. “Don’t you get it?”

Dean frowned.

Sam looked Dean from head to toe and back again, not touching him but Dean could feel every second of it. “I’ll let you do anything you want.”

Dean stopped, knife in mid-slice, slapped his palms on the counter, and leaned over, taking a deep breath.

“You alright?” Sam formed the first hamburger patty.

“Can you die from this?”

“Raw meat? Yes.”

“Not raw meat.”

Sam grinned, plopping the patty on a plate. “Sex?”

Dean turned his head. His green eyes swam with tears. “From being so happy.”

Sam dropped the handful of ground beef into the bowl and ducked his head under Dean’s arm, bringing him upright. Hands held out stiff behind Dean, he brushed his nose against Dean’s cheek, then brushed his lips over Dean’s mouth, whisper-soft. Dean kissed him slow and sweet, thumbs rubbing Sam’s jaw, a single, perfect tear running down his cheek.

They finished making dinner together. Dean put the frozen French fries into the oven. They ate burgers and fries, and drank two beers each out of the six-pack of beer Sam had put in the cart along with the other things he had Reggie pay for with cash from his wallet.

Sam couldn’t keep his eyes off Dean as he drank, tipping the beer bottle into his mouth, those perfect pink lips wrapped around the tip.

Dean raised his eyebrows. “See something you like, Sammy?”

“You’re so cheesy. Why are you so cheesy?”

Dean shrugged. “Part of my boyish charm.”

Sam dipped a French fry into ketchup and ate it. “Yes. I see something I like.” He kept his eyes on the plate, sucking the ketchup off his index finger. When he looked up, Dean was staring at him.

Sam burst out laughing.

“What?”

“How are we ever going to get anything done, Dean?”

Dean made a wobbly little circle with his head, like he was confused.

“How am I going to graduate from high school? How am I going to study? How are we going to do
anything else, except…”

“Fuck each other stupid?”

Sam pushed his empty plate away. “No matter how many times we fuck, you’ll never be stupid.”

Dean’s mouth opened and closed, with no sound coming out.

“Maybe that’s why soulmates being together is so rare. Because we can’t get anything done.”

Dean kept staring at Sam, the compliment about his intelligence still rattling around in his head. To deflect his discomfort at being unable to accept it gracefully (Your brother’s the smart one. You’re the soldier), he changed the subject. “So, that’s what you want to do? Finish school?” He picked up their plates and ran water over them in the sink.

Sam took a deep breath. “Yeah. While there’s a break in the action. I’ve never been strong and brave like you and—“

“Like hell,” Dean interrupted.

Sam took a different approach. “It’s not what I’m best at. Where I think I can really make the most difference in this fight.” Dean leaned against the refrigerator, watched Sam with complete focus, and listened. “I can figure things out. I need to figure out a lot of stuff. There are still gonna be wendigos and vampires and god knows what else out there to fight, but the big bad? He’s dead. We bought ourselves some time.” Sam rose to his feet. “Time to be normal, Dean. Live normal.”

Dean let Sam’s words take root in his mind, and thought about him. Sam waited, letting him think. “You think we can have that?”

“Gus said the demons had gone to ground. Laying low until some new boss comes up.” Sam’s face was eager. “I think we have some time. For me to finish high school, maybe go to college. For us to learn how to cure other demons.”

“Ok.”

“You’re ok with that. You don’t want to just jump into the next fight. The next hunt.”

Dean came to Sam. “I’m more than ok with it. I just never thought…”

“We’d get to have that.”

“Yeah.”

“Guess we got lucky.”

Dean pushed the hair out of Sam’s face. “Where do you want to do that?”

Sam set his empty beer down on the table with a thunk. “What?”

“Finish high school. I mean hell, you’ve been to five different schools in the past two years. Where do you want to finish up? That last one?” Dean took a breath. “Here?”

Sam closed his eyes, and dropped his head.

“Sam?”
“I don’t know.” He opened his eyes. “I want to go home with Bobby. I do. But…”

“You want to stay here too.”

Sam nodded, hazel eyes sad. “Here, we got to be us. For the first time. And we have our own place. Nothing reminding us of…” Sam stopped himself from finishing the sentence.

Dean winced. John Winchester’s presence was all over Bobby Singer’s house. Memories of Bobby digging buckshot out of John’s leg; John and Bobby using the cherry picker to drop a new engine in the Impala. And then there were all the memories imbued with John because of his absence. Sam and Dean dropped off at Bobby’s doorstep with a duffel bag each and a hug; Bobby playing ball with them at the park downtown; Sam and Dean falling asleep in front of the fire, waiting for a father who never showed, up, waking to spy Bobby dressed in a Santa suit dropping oranges and walnuts into their stockings.

Dean pulled the last two beers out of the refrigerator. “We don’t have to decide now. Beer?” He held out the bottle to Sam. “Movie?”

Sam accepted the beer. “Sure. What do you want to…” He fell silent.

His face turned bright red.


“Yeah. That’s what I bought it for.” Sam allowed himself to be lead to the couch, and drank half his beer with one long swallow. “I might need whiskey for this.”

“I happen to have a really nice bottle right here, what I got for my birthday.” Dean grinned.

“Dean.”

Dean got the bottle from the cabinet, and one glass, setting them down in front of Sam on the coffee table with a muted thud. He peered into Sam’s face. “You don’t want to watch, we don’t watch. Simple.”

“I want to watch. I just…”

Dean sloshed whiskey into his glass.

“I’m shy,” Sam reminded Dean.

“You start off shy,” Dean corrected, pointing his index finger at Sam.

“Well, I’m gonna start off really shy. Ok? Like, chick at a horror movie, hiding my face in your shoulder.” Sam grimaced. “Watching through my fingers.”

“That’s fucking adorable.”

“Seriously.”

“Sam. Seriously. You’re…you have no idea how awesome you are when you… ok. Drink your shot. You’re gonna watch this. I’m gonna show you how awesome you are.”

Sam downed his shot, and accepted another. He stared at the carpet.

“What?” Dean asked.
“What if I look stupid? Or scrawny? Or if I have... ass pimples?” Sam looked up, a stricken expression on his face.

Dean roared with laughter.

“That’s not helping.”

Dean regained his composure. “First off, you won’t. You’re beautiful. Every little bit of you is beautiful and perfect. Second, um, dude, you’re not scrawny. In case you hadn’t noticed.”

Sam blinked rapidly, his stricken expression shifting to one of surprise, and Dean realized that Sam actually hadn’t noticed.

“Third, you don’t have ass pimples, and I know, because I was just all over that thing.”

Sam snorted, Dean’s levity and reassurance easing his fear.

“And four, if you did look stupid or scrawny or had ass pimples, none of that would matter a damn bit.” Dean put his hand on Sam’s knee. “Or if I look stupid or fat or whatever. Because what we do together—you and me together—is perfect. Ok? It’s perfect and amazing and not one couple in the history of ever has had what we have.” He leaned closer. “Sam. You and me? It’s...” Dean searched his arsenal of words, a vast repository of language most people—other than Sam—would have never suspected lay behind his mask of masculinity and braggadocio. He filtered through all the possible words until he found the one he was looking for. “It’s sacred.”

Sam inhaled sharply, Dean nailing the truth of it, how he felt about them, dead center. He nodded, eyes the color of sunflowers, green and gold. “Ok. Play it.”

Dean turned off the radio, popped the tape out of the camcorder and slid it into the VCR. He turned off the lights, so they could see the screen better.

“Oh god.”

Dean sat on the couch with his back against the arm, like Sam had sat with him the night before, and held Sam in his arms. “’S ok, Sammy. You’re gonna love it.”

The screen showed the carpet on the bedroom floor, jerked and shifted as Dean raised the camera and focused it on Sam. Sam in his little black dress.

“Dean.” Sam trembled slightly.

“You’re a bad-ass motherfucker, and you’re beautiful, and you’re mine. This is you, showing me you’re mine,” Dean whispered in his ear. “That’s your gift to me. What you gave me.”

Sam shifted, arching his back to nuzzle his head into Dean’s shoulder, grateful for the comforting words.

“And I love it. Look.” Dean pointed at the screen. “Look at you.”

Sam blushed at the sight of himself. “Shh. Just watch,” he heard himself say, saw himself bending over the bed, hiking up his skirt, rolling his hips.

Saw his long, toned legs, his calf muscles flexing as he rose up on his toes, saw his ass wrapped in pink satin. Saw himself turn, spread his legs, flip the skirt up and show off his satin-clad cock, straining at the fabric. Dean’s voice said, “Baby boy. Your panties are all wet.” Sam shivered.
Dean’s lips were warm on his neck, whispering, “You liked it. When I said that.”

Saw himself pull his legs back and show himself to Dean shamelessly, so wanton, so slutty, Dean’s voice saying “So fucking hot…”

He squeezed his eyes shut. “Dean, I don’t know…”

“You’re so beautiful. Sammy. Look.”

At Dean’s urging, Sam opened his eyes. Watched himself. Not just his hand touching himself, penetrating himself, as Dean watched. He watched his face, the expressions as he looked at Dean, showed himself to Dean.

Touched himself for Dean.

He saw the hunger on his face, the desire, but more, far more than everything, he saw the love on his face, radiating from every pore. The same love he saw on Dean’s face whenever he looked at Sam.

That hunger, that heat moving through him, urging him to bare himself to Dean completely, show him everything, wasn’t wanton. It wasn’t slutty.

It was pure.

Sam expected playing back the tape would inspire them to have frenetic, kinky sex on the living room floor, Dean fucking him from behind, saying, “Watch how good you take my cock” with Sam whimpering and crying out beneath him, cock dripping pre-come on the carpet until Dean jerked him off hard and fast. And that would happen, but not this first time.

Sam watched himself open himself to Dean without any hesitation, come for him without any shame. Because there was no shame in it. Dean was pure light, pure heat, and Sam simply opened to him, no more shameful than a flower opening to the sun.

He watched Dean marvel at him, stroking his smooth skin, and saw how beautiful his cock was, praised by Dean’s fingers, worshipped by his green eyes. He watched Dean overcome in seconds by Sam, the tight curve of his ass flexing as he thrust against Sam only twice before he came that first time.

He watched Dean’s eyes close in pleasure as he opened Sam to him in the most intimate of ways, seeing for the first time, up close, the profound pleasure he took in licking Sam open, putting his tongue inside him, loving even that part of him.

Sam trembled at the sight.

Dean stroked his arms, his chest, murmured how good it felt to do that to him, how soft he was, how much he loved that, how beautiful Sam was.

And Sam bore witness to it, seeing Dean’s green eyes beneath his fluttering eyelashes, blissing out as he lapped at Sam’s hole, hands holding him open. He saw the bliss on his own face, heard it in his cries of ecstasy. Recognized it as true ecstasy, not merely keen pleasure, but the trance state of mystical exaltation.

Dean wordlessly asked if he could undress Sam, tugging up on his shirt first, then at the elastic of his waistband. Sam arched his back, saying yes with his body, yes with his mouth, yes. Sam shifted so Dean could remove his own clothes, settling behind him on the couch, bare skin against bare
skin, his hands ghosting over Sam’s flesh, playing his body like an instrument.

He saw himself sink down on Dean, taking his cock inside, his head thrown back in rapture. Saw the beauty of his body, for the first time, saw his lips as red and full, his arms strong and well-shaped, the muscles of his abdomen bunching and relaxing, saw the muscles of his thighs, lean and lovely, flex and play. He saw his cock straining into the air right above Dean’s cock stretching him open, compared them, saw that his was every bit as thick and long and perfectly shaped as Dean’s, had the same beautiful skin and thick ridge down the center that Dean had, that he had worshipped with caresses of his fingers, wordless hymns of praise sung to Dean through his wet mouth and pliant tongue. He saw that he, too, was beautiful.

He saw himself surround Dean, take him into his body, giving himself to Dean as an offering. Saw Dean take him, become one with him, saw the two moving as one being, such intense pleasure at being joined that it could not be sustained, had to be released. Gasped as he saw the light rising from both of them at the same time, light spiking out from the crown, third eye, throat, heart, solar plexus, lower abdomen, between the legs.

Dean gasped too.

“You see that?” Sam whispered.

“You see that?” Dean whispered back.

“Dean.” Sam turned to face Dean, his hands shaking. Shifted him so he sat upright on the couch, his back against the cushion. Sam pressed his trembling hands to Dean’s face, stroked it, as if he couldn’t believe his good fortune. He climbed into Dean’s lap, brought his mouth to Dean’s, and breathed in as Dean exhaled. Exhaled as Dean inhaled.

Dean shivered, his nerves awakening more than he had ever felt before.

Sam lowered himself, without foreplay or prep, positioning Dean’s cock at his entrance.

“Sam?” Dean stroked Sam’s neck, reading his face.

“I’m still ready. From before.” Sam was still well lubricated from their activity an hour previously. He sank down on Dean’s cock, opening to him, accepting him without hesitation, tight but not resistant. Sank down slowly, until he had taken him all the way in.

Sam stopped moving. He put his hands on Dean’s shoulders, and simply looked him in the eyes.

Dean shivered, rotated his hips, seeking sensation.

Sam brought his mouth to Dean’s, kissed him slow and sweet, then kept his lips barely touching Dean’s, and breathed in as Dean breathed out, drawing his breath inside. Exhaled as Dean inhaled, so Dean inhaled his breath.

Dean’s shiver rose from someplace deep within him.

Sam pulled his mouth back a bit so he could look Dean in the eyes. He kept up the breathing pattern, and held himself still. He simply held Dean inside his body, his belly warm and soft against Dean’s cock, gazing into Dean’s eyes.

Dean started to shake.

Sam stroked his hair. “It’s ok. Dean. It’s ok.”
Dean stilled himself, and just let himself be with Sam, look into his eyes.

Their bodies twitched simultaneously, like the first tentative wave of an earthquake.

Dean didn’t know where Sam was going with this, but he gave himself over to the ride, trusting Sam completely.

Sam didn’t consciously know where he was going either. But he trusted his instincts. And his instincts told him to hold Dean within him, to make eye contact, to breathe.

Sam’s eyes fluttered, cock twitching against their bellies.

“Sam,” Dean whispered. The connection between them was palpable, like a ball of energy between them, a thousand strands of light linking them.

Sam shivered, unable to hold still any longer. He rotated his hips in a circle, eliciting a groan from Dean. The groan turned to a growl. Dean lifted Sam easily, set him down on his back on the couch, still joined, sprawled lengthwise. Dean claimed Sam’s mouth, fucked him with short little strokes, keeping his belly against Sam’s cock.

Sam cried out into Dean’s mouth, grabbed his calves and pulled his legs back. “More,” he groaned.

Dean lengthened his strokes. “You like it deep?”

“Yes.” Sam cried out again as Dean gave him what he needed, pushing his legs back even farther so he could bury himself even deeper inside Sam.

Sam gripped his cock with both hands and worked himself, driving a groan out of Dean. “Not gonna last, Sammy.”

In response, Sam’s hips bucked, squirming beneath Dean, jacking his cock with his right hand and tugging on his balls with the other.

Dean lost the capacity to say, think, or know any word other than Sam. And he babbled, in his single-word language, varied only by inflection. “Sam… Sam… Sam…”

Sam’s linguistic field was reduced to only one word as well—he could think the word “Dean” but he could not utter it, only sounds. Long moans deepening into groans, rising up into sharp cries building to a crescendo.

Dean recalled three words that he knew would drive Sam to a higher plane. Three simple words. “Come for me.”

Sam obeyed, beautifully, clenching around Dean’s cock, head thrashing on the couch, cords of his neck straining, spasming beneath Dean as he came all over himself, spattering against Dean’s jaw, a few drops landing in Dean’s open mouth.

Dean shook like a house about to collapse. Sam quickly dragged his fingers through the come on his chest and thrust them into Dean’s mouth. Dean sucked on Sam’s fingers, fucking him hard and deep, cock pulsing as he came inside Sam, came sucking the taste of Sam off his fingers, came thrashing and gripping Sam’s hair, shouting his name.

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Down the hall, Bobby groaned and squeezed the pillow even tighter around his head. “They don’t
make ear plugs big enough for this.”
Gus leaned forward in the hard hospital chair and rubbed his eyes.

“I thought you were asleep.” Rosier’s voice was soft.

“I was.” Gus stood up awkwardly and stretched, bending over to work the kinks out of his lower back.

“You mind turning around and…doing that again?” Rosier craned his neck to try and get a better view of Gus’s ass.

“You’re feeling better.” Gus stood up and smoothed his hands down his thighs, one eyebrow crooked.

Rosier began to smile, but an expression of deep sadness settled over his features which were not obscured by bandages. “You don’t have to stay here. You could go home. Get some sleep.”

“Home? Where’s that exactly?” Gus brought the bottle of water to him and positioned the straw between his lips.

“You know what I mean.” Rosier took a long drink, the straw making a slurping sound as he sucked up the last of the water.

“I want to be here. ‘‘Gus refilled the bottle at the sink, his back to Rosier. “But if you don’t want me to be here—”

“It’s not that.”

Gus looked over his shoulder at Rosier, trying to read his expression.

“It’s…” Rosier struggled to find the right words. He raised his right arm, heavily bandaged. “You didn’t sign up for this.”

“I don’t mind taking care of you. I did it before—when… before…” Gus brought the filled water bottle back and set it on the table on Rosier’s left side. “My mom.”

“She was sick?”

Gus arranged the blanket on Rosier. “Cancer.”

Rosier took Gus’s hand, squeezed his fingers. “Anyway, it’s not about that.”

Gus swallowed hard, sensing where Rosier was headed. “I don’t care.”

“Gus, I’m burned halfway to hell, my skin melted…”
“I said I don’t care,” Gus said stubbornly.

“This suit was perfect, beautiful, and now I’m…”

“Ugly?”

The word uttered out loud sucked the air out of the room.

“You’re not ugly. Your suit’s scarred. That’s not the same thing. Scars aren’t ugly. They’re just something bad that happened. Something that didn’t kill you.”

Rosier closed his eyes, a wave of shame washing over him. Shame for having wanted Sam Winchester, been obsessed with him, lured by the light that radiated off him, the purity amidst evil that drew him like a moth to a flame. Shame for not having seen what was right before him sooner. This soul, Gus’s soul, so sweet and pure that even as a demon, he fought to claw himself back to the light. Even as a demon, he could love.

Loved him.

“Look, I get it. I’m not your first choice.” Gus straightened his back, like a soldier in front of his commanding officer. “I’m not him.”

Before Rosier could speak, Gus continued. “And you’re human now, and I’m still demon. Ugly?” Gus’s mouth tightened. “That’s me on the inside. No matter what meatsuit I have on.”

“No. You’re not.”

“I am, and you damn well know it.”

Rosier could not repress a smile. “So that’s how it’s going to be?”

“What.” Gus frowned, perplexed by Rosier’s grin.

Rosier mimicked them speaking to each other. “’I’m ugly!’ ‘No, you’re not. I’m ugly!’ ‘No, you’re not!’”

The ridiculousness of it made Gus laugh.

“I like to be beautiful. I need it. So this…” Rosier gestured to the burned side of his body. “This is going to drive me crazy.”

“Don’t you dare. That’s exactly what he wanted,” Gus said.

Rosier peered up at Gus.

“That’s why only burned half of you.” Azazel’s words rose in both their minds. I wanted you to enjoy the before and after every time you look in the mirror. So you see over and over again how much you lost.

“The things he did to you.” Gus’s mouth twitched. “To me.”

Rosier clenched his jaw at the memory of the cruelty Azazel had shown Gus. Had forced Rosier to witness, already knowing the feelings Rosier had for Gus that hadn’t completely realized himself.

“Don’t give him what he wanted.”
Rosier knew he had centuries of evil to atone for, that somehow he had been granted a reprieve, a second chance, one that he had done nothing to earn. But the greatest, most unexpected kindness shown him was that God gave him Gus.

“Come here, little one.”

Gus exhaled softly at the sound of the pet name. He came to Rosier. Rosier raised his perfect left hand and tugged him down into a kiss, soft and sweet at first. Then he closed his teeth over Gus’s lower lip and bit down gently until Gus moaned. “I want you,” Rosier breathed.

“Not Sam?” Gus tried to put on a front, but Rosier could feel the vulnerability beneath the surface.

Rosier smiled. “Sam who?”

Gus wasn’t the kind of man who gave in to tears easily. He’d been raised in the manner of many good ol’ Texas folk: boys don’t cry. So if he wiped his eyes, it certainly wasn’t from an overwhelming rush of emotion.

“Rosy,” he whispered, hands stroking the uninjured side of Rosier’s chest, down his flank, along the front of his thigh.

Rosier shifted position, bringing his good leg up, granting Gus access. Gus slipped his hand underneath the sheet and blanket, touching his bare skin. “You sure you’re up to this?”

Rosier bent his knee, drawing his leg to the side, letting Gus’s hand slip between his thighs showing him just how up for it he was. Gus drew the bedding to the side, exposing Rosier’s cock, thick and heavy against his belly. “Let me take care of you,” Gus murmured, and brought his mouth down to him. Soft and wet, he showed Rosier what a good caretaker he was.

Sam slept fitfully that night. Dean awoke several times to find him tangled in the sheets, tense and sweating. He soothed him back down to sleep each time, stroking his hair, whispering sweetness into his ear, but not long after, Sam would tense up again.

“Sam. What’s wrong?” Dean whispered, holding Sam in his arms. But Sam was just asleep enough that he could not tell him.

In the morning, Sam woke up to find himself alone in bed, the scent of coffee and bacon thick in the air. He pulled on his sweatpants and Dean’s t-shirt and stumbled to the bathroom, then joined Dean in the kitchen.

“You got sex hair going on.” Dean stroked the knot of tangled hair at the back of Sam’s head.

“Mmm,” Sam murmured, and made grabby hands toward the coffee pot. Dean moved aside to let Sam pour himself a large mug of coffee with milk and sugar.

Dean slid a steaming mass of orange-tinged scrambled eggs onto two plates and nestled four slices of bacon next to each.

Sam took a bite. “Cheesy eggs?” Dean nodded. Sam made a happy sound and dug in. Dean doused his eggs in enough hot sauce to obliterate most other flavors in his food. They ate in comfortable
silence. He watched Sam’s face when he wasn’t looking, taking note of the dark circles under his eyes. Sam polished off his food faster than Dean, which was unusual.

Dean waited until Sam was done and refilled his coffee mug. He sat across from Sam at the table and waited.

Sam looked up, hair hanging in his face.

“We gonna talk about whatever was bothering you last night?”

Sam’s fingers tightened on the coffee mug. “Sorry about that.”

“Sam. Talk to me.” Sam took a deep breath. “That’s our rule, right? No dick flick moments? We talk about stuff. Feelings. Right?”

Sam nodded, and took a sip of coffee to brace himself. “I… there’s something I have to do that I don’t want to do.” He ran his fingers through his hair, dragging it out of his eyes. “Like, really don’t want to do.”

Dean’s mouth tightened.

Sam curled both hands around his coffee mug and slumped over it, casting his eyes down. “I have to try and get inside Nathaniel’s memories of Azazel. See if I can figure out that trick of locking the demon in its vessel.” He looked up, his pretty hazel eyes bloodshot. “And I don’t want to.”

Dean shook his head. “I don’t like it.”

Sam pressed his thumb against a fragment of bacon on his plate and popped it in his mouth, sucking the grease off his thumb. “Me neither. But I have to try. Nathaniel can’t tell us how he did it. If I can feel it, get inside his memory of Azazel doing it, and feel it happening…”

“Like one of your visions?”

“Right, but in the past, not in the future. If I can feel it, it might show me how to do it myself.”

“So you’re saying you’re going to bust into this guy’s mind and watch him watching it happen.”

Sam sighed, his shoulders sagging. “Not quite. I have to let myself be Azazel.”

Dean exhaled through his teeth, sibilant, an angry creature hissing.

“Just for a few moments.”

Dean shook his head. “There’s got to be another way.”

“One that takes years, maybe? Dean. We have to try, now. Right now, the demons are scattered. No leader. No organization. They’re vulnerable.” Sam sat up straight. “We have a shot. To cure Gus. To cure others. We can hunt demons and save them.”

“Someone else.”

“Who? Who do we know that can do this? Even try to do this? How long is it gonna take to find someone? I’m right here. He’s right here.”

“I don’t want that…that thing inside your head, Sammy.”
“Neither do I. But I have to try, Dean.” Sam’s eyes went wide, lip quivering. “It’s too important. I have to try.”

Dean winced, the overwhelming sense of bad idea warring with the potency of Sam’s puppy dog eyes, his earnestness, and his valid point. If they could cure demons...

“Ok. But just for a minute. And if anything feels wrong, even a little, you get the hell out of his head. Deal?”

“Deal.” For a split-second, Sam looked disappointed. As though he’d hoped Dean would have refused to let Sam go through with it.

In the common room, an argument had broken out. Danny didn’t like the idea any more than Dean. “I can’t see a whole lot of good coming out of this.”

“Can’t see a whole lot of good? What about, say, curing demons?” Sam was adamant. “Look, you asked him nicely, and then you pushed him, and he couldn’t give you any good information about how Azazel did it, or where he learned that trick.”

Juliane slipped behind Sam and put her hand on his lower back, stroking it, soothing him. He calmed almost immediately.

“I don’t even know if I can do this, ok? Get inside his memories.” Sam continued to protest. “You might all be freaking out for nothing.”

“You just want to help,” Juliane said.

“Thank you,” Sam said, a bit exasperated at the resistance he was facing.

“And we’re just trying to protect you,” Bobby retorted.

“Maybe I don’t need you to protect me.” Sam’s words were those of a typical teenage boy, but Sam was anything but. And everyone in the room knew it.

“Look. I have these abilities. Still. Even with no demon blood in me.” Sam turned his attention to Reggie, searching for an ally. “Why? What’s the point, if I can’t use them to try to help people? Isn’t that what we do?”

“Sure, but that doesn’t mean running into a bad situation blind.”

“I won’t be blind. I’ll go in slow. I’ll be careful. And I’ll have all of you with me,” Sam continued. “So, we can kill demons one at a time, or we can maybe try to figure out how to save the twisted souls they are. And the sooner we can do that, the more people won’t get hurt or killed or made into demons themselves.”

Reggie chewed his toothpick, ruminating over Sam’s argument.

“He has a point,” Juliane added. “Digging out lore no one’s ever found before? You all know how long that might take.”

Bobby winced. Years, he knew, at the very least. If not decades. But still. This was Sam they were
talking about. “Letting Sam inside the noggin of someone Azazel rode like a rented mule? What could go wrong?” Bobby tried one last time.

Juliane kept her hand on Sam’s lower back, soothing him with her presence like his soothed her. “Sam’s strong. He’s pure. He has Dean—” she gave Dean a grateful look. “I can’t do much. I’ve only got a touch of the gift. But I can…” she searched for the right word. “I can monitor him. Sense if things go sideways. Help him come back out of it if things get hairy.”

“Why does it have to be you, Sam?”

Sam’s mouth fell open. “When have we ever said, ‘Let someone else deal with it?’” Even Dean was surprised at Bobby’s question.

“I’ll just try for a moment.” Sam’s voice wasn’t pleading. It was steady, assured. “Look, I want you to all be ok with this, but I’m not asking permission.”

“I’m backing Sam’s play on this.” Dean had waited until everyone had their say before adding anything to the conversation, so as not to shut them down before they had a chance to speak their piece. “This thing between us, it purified Sam. Got rid of the demon blood. So there’s nothing about rooting around in his memories that can really hurt Sam.” Dean kept his voice even, and hoped his fear didn’t bleed through.

“Well, alright.” Bobby finally acquiesced. Sam looked at each person in turn, wordlessly asking for their assent as well. Reggie nodded reluctantly. Juliane had already cast her vote. Danny held out for the longest, showing his stubborn streak.

“You got his back here, man, or what?” Dean stepped closer to Sam.

“Yeah.” Danny sighed. “I got your back.”

“You want to do this now?” Bobby asked.

“Might as well,” Sam shrugged. *Before I change my mind.*

Dean blinked and cocked his head, eyeing Sam curiously. The others moved ahead of them down the hall toward the room in which Nathaniel was kept. Dean hung back. “You 100% about this, Sammy?”

“Yeah.” Sam’s voice was nonchalant.

“Before I change my mind,” Dean said.

Sam’s head jerked back.

“That’s what you said.”

“I didn’t say it.”

“Yeah, you did. I heard you.”

“Dean. I didn’t say it.”

Dean frowned.

“I thought it.”
Dean let that sink in. “Huh. So…did you send it? Or did I pick up on it?”

Sam shrugged, redoing the button on the wrist of his flannel shirt that had come undone.

Dean’s eyes lit up. “Dude… am I psychic too?”

Sam rolled his eyes.

“Maybe there could have been two Boy Kings. The Winchester Kings.” Dean’s tone of voice was playful, teasing Sam.

“Dream on.”

“Whattaya say, Sam? Would you have shared the throne with me?”

“Shut up,” Sam punched Dean on the shoulder, light and playful.

“Or would it be—“

“Don’t say it—“

“King and Queen.”

Sam shook his head. “You had to go there.”

“Be my queen, Sammy?”

“Cut it out with that heteronormative gender crap.”

Dean smirked, and smacked Sam on the ass as they walked out of the common room. He had succeeded in his goal: distracting Sam from the fear skittering through him, the fear that he could sense as easily as he’d heard Sam’s voice in his head. Before I change my mind.

Sam and Dean let everyone else file into the room before they went in. Upon seeing the boys, an expression of shame settled onto Nathaniel’s pale face, lined with exhaustion. “Please forgive my appearance.” Nathaniel raised his hand. “I don’t sleep well.”

Dean gritted his teeth, still seeing Azazel, not the human being finally returned to control of his body. Sam just watched Nathaniel, eyes taking in every detail of his face, hyper-alert, as though he were standing in front of a cobra.

Nathaniel extended his hand to Sam. “Hello. I’m Nathaniel. We haven’t actually met yet.” Sam stayed stock-still for a moment, then shook his hand. Nathaniel offered his hand to Dean. “Hello, Dean. I’m Nathaniel.”

Dean shook his hand as well.

“This must be as strange for you as it is for me.”

“It’s…a little weird.” Dean forced out his best smile. “So, Juliane filled you in on what we—what Sam’s going to try to do?”
Nathaniel seemed small and frail without the unholy fire of Lucifer’s right-hand demon within him, a hollow-chested old bird propped up in a nest of pillows. “Get me to remember something specific the demon did, and you’re going to try to get inside the memory.” The man before them was different. His own soul returned to the driver’s seat. Still, it was Azazel’s face upturned to them. Azazel’s form.

Sam nodded. “Are you ready?” He rubbed his palms on the front of his jeans, wiping off the sweat.

“Yes. But first…I must apologize. To you. Both of you.” Nathaniel focused his watery blue eyes on Dean, then back to Sam. “When you saw him saying and doing those things...you saw me.” Nathaniel squeezed his eyes shut, heavy lines prominent in his forehead. “To you, I was the face of evil. There aren’t words to express how sorry I am. If I could have stopped it, any of it…”

Sam shoved his hands in his pockets, trying to differentiate between the innocent human once again in possession of his body, and the demon who had been wearing him for the Winchesters’ entire lifetime and much longer. “We know.”

Nathaniel gave a weak smile. “Shall we?”

Sam pulled up a chair next to Nathaniel’s bed. Dean and Juliane knelt next to him on either side, Juliane’s hand on Sam’s lower back, Dean’s arm over Sam’s shoulders. Dean was on full alert, eyes locked on Nathaniel, like he expected Azazel to roar back to life within him at any moment.

“So I just…call up the memory of when it happened?”

Sam nodded.

Nathaniel smoothed his palms over the blanket on his lap, and looked at Sam with shame…and pity. “You’re not going to like this.”

“I got you, Sammy,” Dean whispered.

“Ok. Here we go.”

Nathaniel lay back on the pillows and closed his eyes. Sam looked at Dean, marveling silently yet again at the beauty of his green eyes, then closed his eyes and touched Nathaniel’s wrist.

Sam concentrated, going within himself and trying to trigger his ability. It happened easily, and felt to Sam like flipping a switch. It was off, and then it was on.

Sam reached out and tentatively probed at Nathaniel’s mind.

Yellow eyes. Rictus grin.

Sam flinched.

“Sam?” Dean gripped Sam’s shoulder.

“I’m ok. It’s just…strange.” Sam steeled himself, and tried again.

It was almost too easy.

Sam was inside Nathaniel (no, Azazel). Inside the much older body. The infinitely darker mind. Azazel permeated him like the lingering, foul smoke from a house fire seeping inside the unburned objects. His nose wrinkled, lips curling away from his teeth.
He knew he couldn’t stand this long. But he pushed past his frantic need to get out of Azazel’s mind. Suck it up. Eyes on the prize. He concentrated, willing himself to see and feel what was happening.

Azazel was playing with a device in his hands. A device connected to—inside—the penis of a naked man, on his back tied to the legs of a table.

Sam shuddered as Azazel (he) turned the knob, driving another howl out of Gus. Shuddered as he saw Rosier on his knees, felt the pain radiating from him as he was forced to watch as Azazel (he) tortured Gus.

He wouldn’t last long. The darkness of Azazel was potent, clinging to him like the smoke from burned popcorn. He shoved at the memory, urging it to skip ahead.

Azazel (he) was inside Gus, licking the tears of anguish from his face. Sam moaned in agony, fighting not to feel the acute pleasure Azazel (he) took in it.

Back in the real world, he raised his free hand to his forehead, pressed it against his eyes hard, cried out. Dean swore. “Pull him out. Pull him back.” Juliane soothed Sam, running her hand over his lower back, called to him inside his mind.

“No,” he said and thought at the same time. “I can do this.”

“He wants to keep going.”

Dean shook his head. “Dammit, Sam.”

Sam felt everything Azazel was doing, feeling, thinking, felt it in his own body, his own mind. He bit his lip hard enough to draw blood as Azazel (he) fucked Gus mercilessly, the helpless fury and pain of Rosier forced to kneel and watch amping the pleasure even higher.

Sam shoved at the memory again, desperate to jump past this point, to where Azazel locked Rosier in his vessel. Azazel’s evil sagged down over him, smothering him, threatening to dim the light he carried within him. But Sam fought back, hard, protecting the light and purity within himself. We beat you once. We can beat your memories.

Rosier knelt at Azazel’s feet. Azazel (Sam) sneered down at him. Why did you fuck it all up? Because you want Sam Winchester.

Sam gasped out loud.

Azazel (Sam) continued. You have the balls to want to be his Consort. And you found yourself a pretty little meat suit that little Sammy likes? Didn’t want to do your fucking job and hurt his bulldog of a brother? Sam felt something dank and foul, a dark pleasure rising up in Azazel’s emotions, at the thought of Sam and Dean. Picturing them together.

Sam felt how Azazel saw them. How Nathaniel saw them (incest perversion disgusting sick it’s a sickness so very wrong), Azazel thrilling to the thought, Nathaniel’s repulsion a deep counterpoint.

The sense of perversion expanded within him, spreading like an oil spill, rising up from below, threatening to engulf the light inside him.

“No,” he shouted. His whole body spasmed, nausea welling up, his soul recoiling but not quite fast enough. He didn’t hear Dean calling his name, didn’t feel him yank Sam away from Nathaniel, didn’t feel Juliane’s hands on his forehead, hear her calling for him to come back. He just felt
Finally, he opened his eyes and found himself on the floor, saw the reality in front of him. Dean, right there with him. Reggie and Bobby, Danny and Juliane, ashen-faced.

Sam shook his head, hair obscuring his face. “I didn’t get it…I can’t. Can’t go back in.”

“You don’t have to. It’s ok, Sammy. I’m here.” Dean smoothed Sam’s hair back, and placed his palm on Sam’s cheek.

Sam flinched. He looked up at Dean like he was a dirty little freak. Exactly how Azazel had looked at him.

Dean’s blood froze in his veins. He couldn’t hear. He couldn’t speak.

Sam recoiled from Dean, rolled onto his knees, and threw up. He coughed and retched again violently, losing his breakfast all over the carpet.

“I told you you weren’t going to like it,” Nathaniel whispered, his face awash with emotion, none of them pleasant.

Dean shook his head, not believing what his senses were telling him. It was impossible. He reached out for Sam, touched his shoulder, needing to touch him. Needing their connection.

Sam leaned into his touch, just as desperate for it, but his face contorted at the feel of Dean’s hands on him, and he pulled away. “Don’t touch me. Just…don’t.” Sam fell over onto his hip and held his hands up, palms out, warding Dean away from him, face twisted with sorrow…and shame. Perversion.

Dean’s face fell as his world crumbled away beneath him.

Sam began to tremble. Juliane seized his hands and closed her eyes. After a few moments, a tear slipped from beneath her dark eyelashes.

Dean stayed on his knees, as close to Sam as he would permit, a stunned expression on his face. “What happened to him?”

Juliane shot Danny a worried look. “He looked out through Azazel’s eyes. It seems to have affected him. Got inside him.”

“What do you mean? Got inside him?” Dean demanded answers. Answers no one had.

“It feels like…” Juliane struggled for words. “Like he had a nightmare and he can’t shake the feeling. So dark, so evil, a little bit clung to him on the way out.”

“Then he needs me. We can burn it out of him.”

“It’s not going to be that simple, Dean.”

“Why?”

Sam panted, sprawled on his side, refusing to look at Dean.

“Whatever happened isn’t just hurting him. It’s hurting his bond with you.”

Juliane turned her attention to Danny and Reggie. “Get him out of here. Get him to his room.”
Hurry.”

Dean moved to follow them, but Juliane put her hand on his shoulder and stopped him. “Wait. You saw him. He can’t bear for you to touch him right now.”

Dean closed his eyes, sick with fear and dread, swaying on his feet. Bobby steadied him, his arm over Dean’s back. Dean searched Bobby’s face for signs of hope. “What did we do to him, Bobby?”

“It’ll be ok,” Bobby promised, not sure if it was the truth or a lie.

“Tell us,” She moved to the side of Nathaniel’s bed. “What he saw. Felt. The last thing before he pulled back.”

“We three… were Azazel. We tortured and raped his soldier as punishment.” Dean pulled out of Bobby’s grasp and kicked over the chair Sam had been sitting in, then braced himself against the wall, forcing himself to not rip Nathaniel to pieces. “Then we were about to punish the other demon.” Nathaniel cocked his head, pulling the name out of his mind. “Rosier. Lock him in his vessel. Then we were thinking about you.”

Dean craned his head, looking over his shoulder at Nathaniel in horror, half-expecting his eyes to flash yellow. They remained human.

“Thinking about the incestuous brothers.” Nathaniel stared up at the ceiling. “Azazel enjoyed thinking about your perversion.”

Without a conscious decision, Dean moved instinctively into an attack, fist already moving. “Easy, boy.” Bobby held him back, staggering to stay on his feet, wincing at the stab of pain in his leg. “That’s the demon talking.”

“Demon’s gone,” Dean glared at Nathaniel. “That’s him talking.”

Nathaniel rubbed his mouth. “You’re not wrong. That’s what I thought of you as well. Sick. Perverted. Disgusting.” Dean’s mouth twitched, eyes narrowed. “That’s what I thought, until you stabbed us with your knives. I felt it inside me.” Nathaniel looked up at Dean in awe. “Flowing like liquid fire. Such pure love.” His pale eyes were wet with tears. “So beautiful.”

“That sure isn’t the way Sam seems to have seen it.” Dean was in a fury. “What the fuck did you do to him?” Spittle flew from his mouth.

“Azazel left a stain inside Nathaniel’s mind. And Sam got a little bit on him, is all. It’ll come clean.” Juliane tugged at Dean’s sleeve. “But we have to act fast. Come on. Sam needs us.”

Dean stalked out of the room and ran down the hall. Sam was in the bathroom, supported by Reggie, brushing his teeth to rid his mouth of the taste of vomit. He spat and rinsed, and lifted his head, meeting Dean’s gaze in the mirror for a split second. His eyes were haunted. He turned away.

“Sam.” Dean’s face was white.

Sam didn’t say anything. He slumped over the sink, head down, like he was hanging on by a thread.”I was almost there. But I couldn’t do it. I failed. And I can’t go back in that mind. Another second, and…” He spun on his heels and gripped Reggie’s arms hard. “No one else can try it. You won’t let anyone else try it. You promise me.”

“You got it, kid.” Reggie exchanged a glance with Dean, standing in the doorway, unable to move,
barely able to breathe. Because Sam wouldn’t look at him. Sam wouldn’t touch him.

Juliane pushed past Dean, and led Sam into the living room. Bobby was already pulling out the bourbon and pouring everyone a shot. Dean didn’t even register Bobby offering him a shot, simply stared at Sam like he was hoping this was all just a terrible nightmare, right hand clutching the amulet around his neck hard enough to dig the points of the horns into his skin, praying he would wake up from it fast.

Juliane settled Sam down on the couch, made him drink his shot of bourbon, and sat next to him, pushing the arms of her sweater back to her elbows. “You trust me?”

Sam nodded, eyes wild, in the throes of tremendous distress, glancing over at Dean and then jerking his gaze away, clearly needing him desperately, but the darkness inside him making it impossible. Perversion. Incest.

She took his hands, her fingers cool and smooth in his. “Sam. Feel me. Go inside my mind. See what I see. Feel what I feel.”

Sam swallowed hard, and did what she asked. Her consciousness was lighter, strong as spun steel, no darkness in her.

She brought up a memory. Sam and Dean on the couch on Christmas Eve, holding mugs of apple cider studded with cinnamon sticks, arms around each other, Sam nuzzling Dean’s neck softly with his mouth, the light of their love for each other burning brighter than the fire. A feeling of astonishment, of awe, at how beautiful they were together. How right.

The memory soaked into Sam, feeling the warmth of the fire, smelling the cider and cinnamon and clean pine scent of the Christmas tree, seeing Sam and Dean like she perceived them. He shuddered with relief, like a spear had been pulled from his side.

“Trust me,” she repeated, beckoning to Reggie. She whispered a few words in his ear, brought him next to Sam on the couch, put his hands in Sam’s.

Reggie’s memory was handing them the knives he had crafted, knowing in that moment they were far more than brothers, the pride reverberating through him at performing this important task he was called to do, as he delivered into the hands of these true soulmates the knives they were destined to have. The joy that surged in him as they held the blades for the first time, blood-red gemstone grips gleaming in the firelight, twin blades for twin souls.

Inhabiting Reggie’s memory like it was his own, Sam tipped his head back, face upturned, as though the memory was a rainstorm washing away blood and grime from his body.

“Bobby.” Reggie gave up his seat for Bobby, and he took Sam’s hands. Bobby’s memory was of a moment years before, a simple moment of them outside on a crisp autumn afternoon, red and orange leaves carpeting the earth at their feet, laughing at a private joke, the way Sam’s face lit up as Dean tipped his head back with laughter, the way Dean drank in how Sam’s eyes closed and his mouth fell open as he laughed, like a blissfully happy puppy, understanding that the bond between Sam and Dean was something achingly pure and beautiful, and right. Knowing it before they even knew it themselves.

Sam breathed within the memory, truth driving away the lies of the devil’s right hand. He calmed, the shame and revulsion fading.

“Now he’s ready. Now you.” Juliane indicated to Dean. Instead of sitting next to Sam, Dean came
to him and knelt at his feet.

He put his trembling hands in Sam’s.

Juliane put her hand on the back of Dean’s head, a comforting gesture. “Think of a moment when you loved Sam. Really loved him.”

Dean closed his eyes. What rose within him was not one moment, but a long series of moments, thousands of them, unfolding one after the other. Sam. Sitting at the raised table in front of the massive steak, looking into Sam’s eyes, sunflower gold and green, light leaping within him at the way Sam looked back at him, like he was God, the President, and Johnny Cash rolled into one. Holding Sam as he slept, brushing his thick brown hair off his forehead, blissed out simply from watching him breathe. Unwrapping the twin geodes Sam had given him, blues and purples gleaming in the light, the corners of Sam’s eyes crinkling with the huge smile on his face as he watched Dean see his gift. The first time Dean let Sam inside him, cassette tape playing the songs he had put together so long before, body not resisting at all, drinking him in like the first rain of fall. The first time he had entered Sam, come completely undone, lost in Sam, the gift of him. Carrying his battered body out of the truck, moving light on his feet to not jostle him. Slicing open the belly of Sam’s depraved captor, and cutting him down from the rope binding his bleeding wrists. Hands brushing over Sam’s bare skin in front of the fire at Bobby’s house, barely able to comprehend how lucky he was. Sam arranging the back seat of the Impala into a perfect little bed, curled up against Sam, breathing in the scent of his green apple shampoo, the rumble of the Impala soothing them like a rocking cradle. Running through the woods with Sam, lean and coltish, effortlessly navigating tree roots and fallen logs, legs and arms pumping in perfect synchronicity. Bringing Sam a bowl of Spaghetti-Os and Sam beaming at him, his dimples popping. Giving Sam a package of green army men for Christmas, and the ringing laughter of joy that Dean had remembered Sam wanted them. Dad putting baby Sammy into his arms and telling him Take your brother outside as fast as you can and how Sammy looked up at him, so warm and small, his chubby little face alit with love and trust. The very first moment Dean laid eyes on this new little person called Sam Winchester, and the extraordinarily strange, wonderful thrum of recognition that shook him, knowing down to his bones that he belonged to this soul and this soul belonged to him, not hi there little baby brother but hello again, I’ve missed you so much. Hello, Sam.

Tears streaked Sam’s cheeks. He opened his eyes and gazed at Dean’s face, into Dean’s clear, green eyes. “Dean,” he said softly.

“Sam,” Dean answered, face etched with worry.

Sam stroked the back of Dean’s hands with his thumbs, eyes never leaving Dean’s.

“You alright, Sammy?”

Sam’s smile was the sun breaking through the clouds after a brutal storm, blades of new grass rising out of the dirt chasing the warmth and light, the joyous cry of a bird that the dark night had yielded to the dawn. His lips parted. He breathed in and paused, as if he was searching for the perfect thing to say. Then he simply breathed out and kissed him. Laced his fingers through Dean’s hair, held his face still and kissed him in front of Bobby and Reggie and Danny and Juliane, without a hint of shame.

Dean burst into tears.

Juliane tugged at Danny’s arm gently. Reggie smoothed his moustache, and exchanged a glance with Bobby. Bobby downed his shot of bourbon and set the glass tumbler down on the counter quietly. The four of them left silently, granting Sam and Dean their privacy.
The door shut with a click.

Sam kissed the tears from Dean’s face, fingertips brushing Dean’s face. Dean tasted his own tears on Sam’s lips. Sam kissed Dean’s forehead, his closed eyes. “I love you so much.” Fresh tears fell from Dean’s eyes, warm against Sam’s soft mouth.

“Sam.”

“So much.”

Dean opened his eyes, long lashes wet with tears, gazed into Sam’s face. “Without you, I—“

“I know.”

Dean took a shuddering breath. “I just can’t.”

“Me too.” Sam stroked Dean’s hair.

Dean took Sam in his arms, helpless against the sobs that demanded release, pulling Sam down onto his knees on the carpet, gripping him as tight as he could, daring Heaven and Hell to try to take Sam from him.
Dean swayed on his knees, clinging to Sam as tight as he could without hurting him. The pain of having lost him, even for just a few minutes, the demon’s sick perception of them staining Sam, the sickening sensation as his entire world fell away in that moment. *Don’t touch me. Just… don’t.*

“Dean.” Sam breathed his name, melting into him.

Dean gripped Sam even tighter, guttural, anguished sobs torn from him.

“You’re never going to lose me. Never. I promise.” Sam stroked Dean’s hair, soothing him, letting him cry freely. No telling him to walk it off, man up, big boys don’t cry. He gave Dean the respect of being strong enough to not be strong, letting him purge his emotions in the way the human body was designed to—through tears.

“Sam…” Dean could only get out the one word, pulling at Sam, needing more.

Sam peeled off his flannel and tugged his shirt off over his head, and did the same to Dean. He moved back into Dean’s arms again, giving him skin on skin contact.

Dean inhaled deeply, the warmth and softness of Sam’s bare skin a balm for the wound that hurt so fiercely.

Sam pressed himself closer, letting his body show him what Dean needed to know. To feel.

Slowly, Dean’s sobs subsided. He grabbed a handful of flannel shirt and wiped his face. Once the immediacy of his emotions had eased, he was able to focus again. On Sam.

“You ok?” Dean meant now the rest of it. The other parts of Nathaniel’s memory Sam was obliged to live through to get to the memory he had gone into that psychological snake pit there to find.

Sam nodded, putting on his best smile.

And Dean saw right through it.

“Sammy?”

Sam closed his eyes. “I don’t want to remember.” He shook his head. “Don’t make me remember.”

Dean’s jaw twitched, remembering what Nathaniel had said Sam had witnessed. *We three… were Azazel. We tortured and raped his soldier as punishment.* Sam, having to experience that. As if he were the one doing it.

It all washed over Dean, all at once, the things Sam had been forced to endure in his almost
seventeen years of life. The demon blood forced into his body as a baby, when he was too helpless to know what was happening or defend himself. Their mother, Sam’s mother, burning on the ceiling above baby Sam’s head, that moment not fully understood by his undeveloped brain but scarring him forever nonetheless. Growing up without so much of a memory of Mary. Forced by fate and circumstance to enter the life of hunting. Sam, a pawn in the devil’s own game. No, not a pawn. Something more powerful. A Knight.

Then Sam being taken. Abducted, tortured, because of the sins of the father. Nearly drowned, over and over. And then this. To save others (always to save others Sam would do anything to ease a living creature’s pain or free it from a trap like nearly breaking his neck climbing down that hillside to rescue the dog with a broken leg), Sam had gotten inside the memories of a demon. THE demon, second only to Lucifer himself. Sam, who couldn’t bear others in pain, having to see and feel himself being so cruel.

Suddenly, nothing else mattered but showing Sam how much love Dean had for him. Being gentle and kind to him. No pain. No more pain. Not for Sam.

Dean trembled from the sheer emotional rawness of it all. His gaze traveled from Sam’s eyes to his mouth, then back up. “May I?” His voice was a whisper.

Sam blinked, puzzled at Dean’s request. “You don’t have to ask.”

Dean asked again. “May I.”

Sam closed his eyes, realizing what Dean was doing. And why. Don’t touch me. Just... don’t. “It’s ok now, Dean. I’m ok—“

But Dean wouldn’t move until Sam answered the question.

“Yes.”

Dean raised his hand, ghosted his fingertips over Sam’s cheek, such tenderness in the gesture, in his eyes. He cradled Sam’s jaw in his hand, tipped his face up, and brought his mouth down on Sam’s.

So soft. So gentle.

Dean kissed his Sam like he was making a sacred promise.

Sam made a quiet sound in the back of his throat. Dean pulled away, searched Sam’s face for any signs of (sorrow... shame) distress or distance.

There were absolutely none.

Dean rose to his feet and extended his hand to Sam. Asking.

And Sam said yes.

Once he’d stood up completely, Dean’s arms were around him, one at his back, the other sweeping behind his knees, lifting him like he weighed no more than a puppy. His eyes seemed lit from within, living green like the light of the aurora borealis flickering over a thick carpet of pure snow, unsullied by the passage of man or beast.

Dean carried his Sam down the hall to the bedroom. Inside, he laid Sam on the bed in a graceful motion. He stripped himself bare before Sam. And waited.
Sam took off the rest of his clothes and kicked them over the side of the bed. “Dean?”

Dean drank in the sight of Sam, bare before him. And again, he asked, “May I?”

Sam nodded, caught by the intensity of Dean’s expression.

Dean sank to his knees before Sam. Sam moved to the edge of the bed, legs spread, already hard for Dean, always hard for Dean. Dean laid his hands on Sam’s thighs and tipped his face up towards Sam. His wet eyes gleamed.

Sam bent down and brought Dean’s mouth to his, showing him how willing he was.

Dean trembled like a low-level electrical current was coursing through him. Sam ran his fingers through Dean’s hair and moaned as Dean’s hands moved over him, stroking his skin so softly, so gently, barely touching him and somehow making every nerve spark to life beneath him, creating surprisingly intense pleasure with such a light touch.

Dean stroked Sam’s arms, curling his fingers around to caress his back, drifting his fingertips over his chest, over his flanks, touching him everywhere he could reach, all the while his gaze locked onto Sam’s face, looking him in the eyes, watching for any hint of discomfort. Of resistance. Of “No.”

He saw none of that. Only Sam’s love for him, pure and powerful.

He exhaled, the last traces of fear disappearing like the puff of smoke from a lit match rising into the air, twisting and fading into nothing.

He placed his palms on Sam’s inner thighs, touching him lightly, still asking. Sam spread his legs wide. Saying yes.

Dean bowed his head and began to pray.

Dean had loved Sam many times before, poured all the love he felt out of himself into Sam’s body, made it physical so he could give it as a gift. But none of those times were like this. Dean pressed his mouth to Sam’s skin, strummed his fingers over Sam’s body, listened to the sounds it made, the vibrations thrumming through him, feeling the resonance of Sam’s emotions rising, his nerves firing. Every touch a question, listening for the answer.

And Sam said yes. With his head thrown back, sounds of pleasure gleaming on his lips like jewels, the sheen of sweat painting his body, the shivershake of his thighs, he said yes, and yes, and yes.

Dean left nothing untouched. He explored Sam’s body as though it were the first time he had been permitted to do so, as though he was afraid he’d never be allowed to do it again.

He worshipped Sam. He exhaled warm breath over Sam’s skin, pressed soft kisses on every inch of Sam’s body, the passage of time entirely forgotten. He took Sam’s cock into his mouth, moaning at the pleasure of it, the feeling of Sam inside his mouth and throat. He invented new tricks with his tongue and mouth to pleasure Sam’s cock, making him writhe and gasp, fingers knotting in the sheets, green eyes either closed in bliss or looking up at Sam, letting Sam see his lips stretched around him, see what Dean was doing for him.

He brought his mouth lower and lapped at his hole, taking his exquisite time, absolutely lost in the feel of it, of kneeling before Sam with his mouth sealed over his hole, sanctifying something many would find base, like Jesus washing the feet of his disciples.
He stroked Sam’s thighs, licked Sam soft and open until he was shaking from head to toe, slicked up his fingers and laying alongside Sam, mouth on the hollow of his throat, he slipped two fingers inside Sam, pressing slowly, gasping as Sam’s tight ring clamped down on him, twitching with the pleasure he was giving to Sam.

He worked his fingers inside Sam nice and slow, knowing how much Sam loved it when Dean used his hands like this, not as a substitute for his cock, just loving Dean’s fingers, strong and capable with a gun or a tool, inside him, fixing him up and making him right.

Dean curled his other hand around Sam’s cock, sliding and gripping and stroking him, his strong fingers moving on him, all the while murmuring, “I love you, love you so much, so beautiful when you come for me…” until Sam erupted in shivers, chanting his name, back arching, coming hard and long, nothing else existing for him but Dean.

And then he did it all again. Sam fell back on the bed, gasping, and Dean’s mouth was already moving over his flesh again, licking his belly and chest clean, eyes closed with the pleasure of it, opening again to drink in the sight of Sam. He curled Sam onto his stomach and lavished the back of him with as much attention as he had paid the front, worshipping him with breath and tongue and fingers, tasting every inch of him, pressing kisses into the soles of his feet, mouth working his way up Sam’s inner thigh so slowly, nibbling with his teeth lightly, tracing sigils with the tip of his tongue, bypassing between Sam’s legs and working his way down the other thigh, holding Sam still and lapping at the crease behind his knee until Sam was gasping and squirming, and back up again, until Sam was hard for him again. Then he buried his face between Sam’s ass cheeks and ate him out like it sent shivers of pleasure directly to his cock, like he was desperate for it, making hungry little sounds that made Sam thicken even more for him, stabbing his tongue up inside Sam, spreading his cheeks wide open and lapping at him, fingers digging into the meaty flesh. He tugged Sam up onto his knees with his chest pressed against the mattress, and fucked him with his tongue, only the tip able to breach him but trying his level best to thrust it all up inside him. He sucked Sam’s balls into his mouth, tugging at them gently, licking them, then returned his attention to Sam’s hole, soft and pink and open.

All the while, his own cock bobbed hard and heavy between his legs, untouched.

“Dean.” Sam’s voice was all aching need and blissed-out sex god. “Fuck me. Please.”

“No.”

Sam craned his head to look over his shoulder at Dean in surprise.

“Not tonight.” Dean settled Sam down on his side and curled up behind him. “I’m not going to fuck you.” He stroked Sam’s flank and kissed the back of his neck. “I’m going to make love to you.”

Sam shivered.

Dean slicked up his cock and lay back down. He finessed Sam like it was his first time, pressing his cock gently against Sam’s entrance “God, Sam…I need you so bad.” He barely moved, waiting for Sam to respond. Sam twisted his upper body so he could kiss Dean. Dean pressed his hand over Sam’s throat, gentle but possessive. “I need you.” Uttering those words seemed to undo Dean as much as the physical and emotional pleasure of being with Sam. Admitting to Sam in words that he needed him.

He moved his hips forward, a tentative motion. “Sammy…may I?
“Jesus, Dean, yes.” Sam arched his back, pressed against Dean, breaching himself on Dean’s cock.

Dean grabbed his hip. “Shhh, baby. Go slow.”

Sam shivered again at Dean calling him baby.

Dean chuckled. “You love it when I call you pet names, don’t you, Sammy.”

“Yes,” Sam breathed.

Dean pushed forward, just a little, entering Sam a little deeper. “Baby boy.”

Sam bit his lip and sighed.

Dean pulled out and pushed in again, a little deeper than before. “Sweetheart.”

Sam arched his neck, baring his throat. Dean stroked his fingers along Sam’s chest and covered Sam’s throat with his hand. Not in a way that implied cutting off his air. In an “I will protect you where you are most vulnerable” way. “Precious,” he whispered.

Sam swallowed hard, a surprising surge of emotion welling up inside him at that. Dean had never called him that before.

“Please. Dean. I need you.” Suddenly the need raged in Sam, the need to be filled by Dean. Completed. Made whole.

“I got you, baby,” Dean murmured, the words somehow perfectly right and perfectly pure on his lips, not a hint of smarmy porno to it. Hand splayed wide at the base of Sam’s throat, he entered Sam all the way, sliding up inside until he was all the way in. They inhaled at the same time, held their breath for the same beat, exhaled in unison.

“You feel so good, Sammy,” Dean whispered. “So beautiful.” Sam purred at Dean’s praise. “I need you so much.” Dean rocked into Sam, body pressed up against him, curling his pelvis to push himself inside. No rush, no speed, just moving inside Sam. Breathing in perfect timing with each other.

Finally Sam groaned, wanting more. He shifted so he was on his back and Dean slid down and braced himself on his right arm, pulled Sam’s left leg up over his left arm so his calf was against Dean’s bicep. Dean gripped Sam’s thigh and thrust into him. Sam groaned, gripping his cock and working it. “Go slow, baby,” Dean said again. He moved inside Sam, taking his time, reveling in the sight of Sam splayed open wide for him, flicking his thumb over the head of Sam’s cock and making him shudder, then batting Sam’s hand away playfully and shushing his whine of protest. “Gonna make this last.” He tugged on Sam’s balls, stroked his belly, traced his initials carved into Sam’s skin, and ground himself inside Sam, taking his time, loving him thoroughly and well.

Sam stroked Dean’s back with soft hands, caressing his face, petting his hair, eyes locked on Dean’s. Dean pushed Sam’s legs back until his thighs were parallel to the bed, canting his hips up so Dean could go deep, kissed him slow and sweet and ground his hips in slow circles, Sam’s cock hard between their bellies wet and leaking. Dean stayed like this for a long time, tasting Sam’s mouth, exploring it like it was brand-new, grinding into him, hands tangled in Sam’s hair, drinking in Sam’s little gasps and moans.

Dean shifted and went even deeper. Sam groaned.

“You like that?” Dean’s voice wasn’t cocky. He was checking with Sam, making sure Sam liked it.
Making sure Sam thought it was good. That they were good.

“Oh my god, yes,” Sam breathed. Dean gave a soft laugh and rolled his hips again in the way that made Sam groan. He took his time, moving them into a series of positions, some they had tried before, inventing new ones. Dean wasn’t chasing an orgasm, not demanding Sam come for him. He was making love to Sam with his entire being, breathing in perfect sync with him, needing to be inside him, to be joined with him for as long as it felt good for both of them.

Sam was used to the pattern of build and epic release. But Dean had already given him that. This was something deeper. Pleasure, yes, profound pleasure. But it was more. It was Dean making damn sure Sam felt how good it was between them. How right.

And Sam showed Dean how good it was. How right. He opened to Dean completely, holding nothing back, not just showing him with his body and his sounds, but telling him in words. “I need you,” he whispered. “I need this. Forever.” Dean closed his eyes at that like it hurt, hurt in a good way, blew out a shuddering breath, absorbed the praise like he was starving for it. “That feels so good, Dean. You feel so good.” Sam reached up and placed both palms on Dean’s face. “This is good. This is right.”

“Yeah?” Dean, still unsure, his soul-deep insecurity tugging at him.

“I’ll show you,” Sam murmured.

Sam changed position so he was on top, riding Dean, going harder and faster now, thighs stretched open wide, Dean thrusting up into him, hands gripping Sam’s ass.

Dean shifted, found a new angle that made Sam’s toes curl. Sam clenched down with his inner muscles, making Dean gasp. He curled his hand around Sam’s cock. “You gonna come for me again, Sammy?”

Sam panted, “Yeah. Are you gonna come for me?”

Dean stopped breathing as his orgasm erupted. All the deferred gratification, and the intensity of the relief from the terror of the moments before, rendered Dean mute, cords of muscle in his neck straining, face bright red, unable to make a sound, shaking to pieces beneath Sam.

Sam pressed his palms to Dean’s temples, Dean’s orgasm kicking his own off into full release. Moments unspooled within his mind, like what Dean had shown him, a long series of moments from his entire life, this time starting from the beginning and moving forward. He gave them to Dean like a gift.

He showed him.

Dean’s eyes went wide. Dean’s arms around Sam as a little baby, solid and strong even then, cradling him. Playing trains with him on the threadbare carpet. Dean’s face, rapt, as Sam took his first steps, toddling toward Dean. The sound of Dean’s voice reading Where the Sidewalk Ends to him: *No teacher, preacher, parent, friend or wise man can decide… what’s right for you--just listen to the voice that speaks inside.* The first time he beat Dean at chess and Dean didn’t even let him win because he said that cheapened true victory, and how Dean’s face lit up with pride at Sam’s accomplishment. Bringing Dean a glass of ice water when he was so sick with the flu, the warmth and pride it gave him to take care of Dean for a change. Counting the spray of freckles across Dean’s nose as he lay fast asleep on the couch in front of the TV. Dean laughing at Sam’s jokes so hard he peed his pants and had to change. Dean, smiling like a fool whenever Sam came into the room. Finding Sammy crying into his pillow after an 8th grader called him a freak, and playing
with his hair to soothe him, telling Sam he wasn’t a freak at all. Saying hi to him first in the hallway at school, even though he was taller and older and so much cooler. Holding Sam close at night and humming him to sleep, and how Sam vividly pictured Dean’s love and protection as an impenetrable fortress, seething monsters down below unable to get in, and Sam safe and warm behind the towering walls. Dean singing along to Led Zeppelin in the back seat of the Impala, better than Robert Plant, arm slung over Sam’s shoulders. Sitting in the very first row for Our Town, and being the first on his feet to applaud during the curtain call. Kissing Sam for the first time, how impossibly soft and strong his mouth felt, how the sense of yes and right and home soared within Sam. Coming for Sam when he was taken, how he slipped through the darkness like Sam’s own avenging angel, killing his abductors, saving him. Standing with him in the shower, washing his hair so gently, making sure no water got into Sam’s face to trigger a flashback. The feeling of astonished gratitude (how am I this lucky?) Sam felt when Dean entered him. The way Dean said his name, the leaping joy and light within Sam every time he did. Every single time.

Dean’s eyes flew open. Sam was looking right at him. Into him. He gasped, the immensity of it all crashing over him, knocking loose all of Dean’s fear and self-doubt, washing it away, feeling the blazing light of Sam’s love for him, knowing absolutely how deep it ran. How endless it was. How impenetrable.

Dean was unable to tell when he ended and Sam began.

Sam dissolved into Dean. One soul, two bodies.

On the bedside table, nestled side by side, the knives sang to each other, resonating with the power of Sam and Dean joined as one.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, there is more to come! This is the busy season for me, so updates will come slowly, but there are at least 10 more chapters before the conclusion of this book. They are all outlined. I just need to have the time to write them.
A Message to My Patient Readers

Chapter Summary

An update on the update schedule

Due to an absolutely crushing work load and school obligations on top of that, I have not been able to update Sure Got a Dirty Mouth as often as I hoped. Due to being asked repeatedly about when I will update again, I have decided to let all my readers know to not expect any more updates of Sure Got a Dirty Mouth until the beginning of April. Rather than put myself through even more pressure trying to steal time from sleeping or basic physical self-care to write a new chapter, and feeling intense guilt every single day that I don't manage to do it, I have decided it would be kinder to my readers and myself to simply set a limit that I will not write any more of this story for the next two months.

If you appreciate what I do and respect me as a person, please do not ask for updates, and respect that I will write more as soon as I possibly can. IF I am able to write something sooner (and that is an IF of epic proportion), I will, but please do not expect one or ask about the next chapter. I absolutely love your investment in this story and your continued support, and I am grateful for both. Thank you for your patience and understanding.
Chapter Summary

Bobby takes matters pertaining to Nathaniel into his own hands, but it does not go according to plan.

Sam and Dean slept the kind of sleep only possible for those who have defeated a great demon and saved the world. A demon so powerful and corrosive that the faint traces of itself left behind in its stolen vessel threatened to poison their bond. They slept with the kind of peace only granted two young hunters who have looked into each other’s souls and know without question that each belongs to the other, never to be put asunder. Sweet, restorative, dreamless sleep, safe and whole in each other’s arms.

Danny and Juliane lay in bed, sweat-damp sheets tangled around their naked limbs. Danny finally fished the heap of blankets up with his foot and covered them both. Juliane nestled into the crook of Danny’s arm comfortably and stared up at the ceiling. “What do we do?”

Danny sighed. “About Nathaniel?” His lip twitched, like he was saying the name of a loyal family dog bitten by a wild creature and infected with rabies.

Juliane nodded. “What the hell are we going to do?”

Danny brushed the hair back from Juliane’s forehead and kissed it. “I don’t know.”

“What do we keep him locked up forever away from everyone? Like a mental patient? Keep him drugged so he can… can stand it?” She didn’t verbalize the rest of her thoughts. *Keep him from screaming as the memories tortured him, locked in his own private hell.* She didn’t have to.

Danny pulled her closer, nestling her against his chest, and stroked her black hair. “We’ll figure something out.”

Neither of them said what was on their minds. About what happens to rabid dogs.

Azazel’s stolen vessel did not sleep. Instead, Nathaniel lay curled up on his side, eyes open wide, staring into nothing, face contorted as his tortured mind replayed scene after scene of degradation and horror committed with his own two hands.

He pressed his palms together, brought the tips of his fingers to his lips, and prayed. A desperate, agonized prayer to God to make it stop, or end his life.
Reggie sprawled across his bed, bare feet dangling off the end, blankets half off, exposing his bright red boxer shorts and worn grey Jack Daniel’s t-shirt. His right hand lightly cradled the pistol grip beneath the pillow, out of long habit.

Bobby stood in the living room in the dark.

Still clad in his pajamas, he tested his injured leg. He winced, but the leg was able to bear his weight. He took a few tentative steps. Satisfied, he glanced behind him at the open bedroom door where Reggie slept. Extracting a small black pouch from his army surplus bag, he slipped out of the apartment quietly, surprisingly so for a man of his age and injury.

The door snicked shut with a faint click. Reggie roused instantly, hypersensitive to the slightest change in his environment but not knowing what had woken him. He peered into the living room and saw the unmistakable outline of Bobby’s crutches propped up where Bobby had left them when he fell asleep on the recliner. Satisfied all was well, Reggie went back to sleep.

Bobby made his way quietly down the hallway, moving slowly, keeping his injured leg straight so as not to ask too much of his hurt knee. He reached Nathaniel’s door and pulled out the set of lock-picking tools. Tucking the pouch under his arm, his fingers moved with expert skill, and he had the lock picked in seconds.

He slipped inside and eased the door shut behind him. He stood still for a moment, orienting himself in the darkened room. Then he moved to the bedroom, and silently opened the door.

The bedside lamp was on, and Nathaniel was wide awake, sitting up in bed.

Bobby froze.

“Oh, thank God.” Nathaniel’s eyes fluttered closed, relief softening the lines of tension on his face. “Thank God. You’re here to kill me.”

Bobby’s eyes widened with surprise.

“It’s alright.” Nathaniel opened his eyes, and a tear slipped down his cheek. “I will never…” He searched for the right word. “…recover. And I would kill myself, but…I haven’t the strength.”

“Suicide is a one-way ticket to hell.” Bobby looked down at Nathaniel with pity. “I can’t let you go out like that.”

Nathaniel’s mouth fell open, face creased with disbelief. “With what I’ve done? Isn’t that what I deserve?”

“That wasn’t you. That was him. You’re not responsible.”

Nathaniel averted his eyes, shame staining his features, and forced the confession out. “Some of it…I liked it.” He looked up at Bobby, eyes wet with tears. “God help me, I liked it.”

“It’s not your fault.”

“I wish I could believe you.”

Bobby walked stiffly toward the side of the bed. “It’s not your fault.” His voice was soft, reassuring, like a father reading his child a bedtime story.
Nathaniel cocked his head, surveying Bobby’s grey-bearded, kindly face. “I admit, I’m surprised out of everyone, it was you.”

“That’s the whole idea.”

“Tell them I’m sorry. Please.”

Bobby’s smile was gentle. “They already know.”

“Tell them.”

Bobby nodded his assent. His mouth hardened. He knew what he had to do. What had to be done. No one could be expected to live with such horror and pain with no hope of release. It was an act of kindness. But still, he balked.

Nathaniel saw his hesitation, and despaired. “I would never hurt them.” Nathaniel shook his head, and repeated himself, corrected the emphasis. “I would never hurt them. But It.” Nathaniel shook his head no, over and over, as if Azazel was standing before him, ordering him to do awful things. “It wanted to hurt Dean. It blamed Dean for taking his Boy King from him. It wanted to hurt him terribly.” Nathaniel shook at the dark memories inside him, of the cruel designs Azazel had planned for Dean, vividly imagined acts of demonic retribution that sprang fully formed into Azazel’s consciousness when he realized Sam’s love for Dean had ruined everything, visions of causing Dean pain and suffering of the likes Azazel had never inflicted on any soul before, punishing Dean severely for thwarting his plans, derailing Lucifer’s own grand design.

The agony of these images was too much for Nathaniel to bear a second longer, hooked into his consciousness like worms biting their way through his intestines, infecting his blood with desires and urges not his own, making him want to cause Dean’s high-pitched screams, make him beg for mercy that would never come. “If you don’t kill me, I’ll hurt him,” he whispered.

Bobby’s hesitation vanished.

Nathaniel saw the return of his resolve, and nearly sobbed in relief. Bobby picked up the pillow from the bed and gripped it hard, knuckles white. “You ready?”

Nathaniel lay back on the bed. “Yes.”

Bobby held onto the pillow, unmoving.

“Please.” Nathaniel beseeched him. “Help me.”

Bobby took a deep breath, then lowered the pillow and pressed it against Nathaniel’s face. Nathaniel gripped Bobby’s wrists, pulling his hands down, pressing the pillow more firmly against his face.

“God forgive me,” Bobby whispered.

“Stop.” A male voice, low and gritty, rang through the small room.

Bobby’s head snapped around, and he stared at the strange man with piercing blue eyes in the trenchcoat, somehow standing at the foot of the bed. “The hell?” He lifted the pillow from Nathaniel’s face.

“That is not where I am from.” The man’s expression was humorless.
“Who are you? What are you?”

“My name is Castiel. I am an Angel of the Lord.”

Bobby stammered, but no words came out. Nathaniel stared up in awe, rendered speechless, hope dawning in his eyes for the first time since all hope was lost.

“How… how did you get in here?” Bobby asked.

“The wards and sigils are impressive, but this place is not warded against those of my kind.” Castiel approached Nathaniel, eyeing him sadly. Then he switched his focus to Bobby. “You are a good man. I cannot allow you to taint your soul by committing murder. Not even for the most noble of reasons.”

Bobby rubbed his beard. “You’re an angel? Can you…can you help him?”

Castiel tilted his head. “He was ridden by a demon most foul, for a very long time. But I will try.” He pressed the palm of his right hand to Nathaniel’s forehead. Bobby took an involuntary step back as Castiel’s eyes glowed a glacial bluish-white.

The light faded, and Castiel’s eyes returned to normal. His shoulders slumped. “I cannot heal him. The corruption has changed this vessel on a subatomic level. It is abomination.”

Nathaniel’s face fell, heavy with despair. Castiel smiled down at him. “However, your soul is clean. Damaged, yes, but clean.”

“So what are you—“ Bobby began.

Castiel pressed two fingers to Nathaniel’s forehead. “Go, and know the mercy of God.” Nathaniel beamed up at Castiel, peace suffusing his features—and fell back on the bed, stone dead.

Bobby recoiled in involuntary fear. His injured leg buckled, and he fell back against the wall. Castiel’s gaze was instantly upon him, piercing and intense. “Look at a man like that, makes him feel like a bug on a pin,” Bobby muttered.

“We are grateful for what you have done.” Castiel stretched out his hand toward Bobby. Bobby threw his hands up in front of his face, instinctively trying to block his forehead. Castiel frowned. “I mean you no harm.” He placed his hand on Bobby’s left thigh. Again, his eyes glowed blue-white.

Bobby winced and went rigid, then gasped and stared down at his leg. He placed his full weight on it, then raised and lowered his left leg, bending and flexing the knee without impediment or pain. “I’ll be damned.”

Castiel’s brow furrowed. “The entire purpose of my coming here is that you not be damned.”

“You angels are a tad bit literal, ain’t ya.” Bobby hesitated, then rubbed his palms on his pajamas and stuck his hand out. “I don’t know how your kind says thank you, but here’s how I do it.”

Castiel nodded knowingly. “Yes. The hand shake.” Castiel took Bobby’s hand with a firm grasp and shook it precisely three times.

“I… uh, I’m in your debt. Do I… should… am I supposed to say some Hail Marys or quit drinking or something?”
Castiel smoothed his tie flat. “God is utterly indifferent to the human fascination with inebriation. Which is not unique to humans, you know. Monkeys and birds often seek out fermented fruits. It is only a concern what you do when you are drunk.” Castiel looked Bobby directly in the eye. “And you are…” He paused, searching for the right expression. “A happy drunk.”

Bobby looked relieved.

“Just keep them safe. Behave with them like a good father.” Castiel raised his head and looked at the wall in the direction of Sam and Dean’s room. “They will need it.” He was quiet for a moment, then came back to himself. “Also, there is a notebook underneath the mattress. You will want to study it.”

“What—“

“We cannot interfere directly. In many ways, my hands are tied.” Castiel’s expression was rueful. “But the notebook may prove enlightening in Sam’s quest. And…” Again, Castiel paused, deciding what was safe to say. “Perhaps an old friend in Kentucky will be of some help.” He gave a satisfied little grin, as though pleased with himself for his clever, cryptic clue.

Bobby stuck his hand under the mattress and pulled out a hardcover composition book with a speckled black and white cover. When he turned back to Castiel, he was gone.

Bobby slipped back into his apartment and closed the door with exquisite care, not making a sound. He breathed a quiet sigh of relief, and turned to go back to bed.

Reggie stood in the middle of the living room. His thick grey moustache twitched. “What the hell did you do?”

Bobby spilled his guts to Reggie, leaving nothing out. “You slick son of a bitch, you snuck out of here before I could go do the same damn thing.”

“Yup. You or someone else.”

“You think Dean…”

Both of them remembered how Dean had gone to throw the mother of all punches at Nathaniel, one that would have smashed bone, and had to be restrained.

Reggie nodded, not even needing Bobby to corroborate it. “Yeah. He’d have done it.”

“Should we wait till morning to tell the rest of ‘em?”

Bobby ruminated on the idea. “If we don’t, it’s gonna be like some sort of redneck hunter murder mystery movie. Everyone sneaking out of their room one by one to kill the bad guy except when they get there, he’s already been killed.”

Reggie smoothed his moustache. “I’d watch that movie.”

“Come on. Let’s wake up the boys first.”

Dean woke with a start at the sound of the gentle knocking on their apartment door. He had his
knife in his hand before Sam had rubbed the sleep from his eyes. At the sight of Dean on full alert, Sam reached for his knife too. Quickly, they pulled on sweatpants and moved to the door.

Another knock. “Sam. Dean. It’s me.” Bobby’s voice was unmistakable.

They both exhaled in relief, and opened the door. Bobby and Reggie were there, still in their night clothes. “Get some clothes on. Something’s happened.”

Dean stepped closer to Sam, putting his bare arm around him. “What?”

“We’re all safe. It’s just… get dressed. Better if I tell all of you at the same time.”

Reggie smiled at the sight of them holding their twin blades. “It’s alright. You could call it good news.”

Sam and Dean threw on sneakers, t-shirts and flannel shirts, and followed Bobbie and Reggie down the hall.

“Wait. Your leg.” Sam came up behind Bobby and put his hand on his shoulder.

“Yeah. Where are your crutches?” Dean added.

“I’ll explain it all. Just… come on.”

Reggie tapped on Juliane’s bedroom door and gave them a few moments to put themselves together. Sam and Dean sat on the couch, Dean with his arm around Sam’s shoulders protectively. Possessively.

Bobby stood in the common room, and told them everything. Starting with how he snuck into Nathaniel’s room to “put him down.” Dean started when he said that, a peculiar expression flickering across his face.

Sam, ever observant, noticed it, and read the expression on Bobby’s face. “You went to do it first. Before Dean had the chance. You did it to protect him.”

Dean scoffed. “I could have taken that guy in my sleep. What are you talking about?”

Sam pushed his hair away from his face. “Not your body. Your soul.”

“It would have been a mercy killing, but killing is killing. And my soul’s already fucked. With the things I’ve done.” Bobby’s face was etched with sorrow, remembering the boy, the boy that started the whole thing, and other stories that Sam and Dean didn’t know. “Your soul’s still pure, Dean. I’d take another hit, to keep you out of the fire.”

The room fell silent, allowing Dean to absorb what Bobby had gone there to do, for all of them, and for Dean.

“I was gonna do it.” Danny’s voice was rueful. “After she fell asleep.”

Juliane turned, fixing Danny with a disbelieving stare. “I was going to do it. After you fell asleep.”

“That’s why you stayed awake?”

“I couldn’t figure out why you were still up.”

They were about to burst out laughing, when Sam asked, “You said would have been. It would
have been a mercy killing. You didn’t kill him?”

Bobby explained. Told of how Nathaniel had been awake when he snuck in, how he begged Bobby to do it. His eyes welled up with tears as he told how Nathaniel had grabbed his wrists and made Bobby hold the pillow over his face harder. And how an angel in a trenchcoat appeared in the room and stopped him. “Said he couldn’t let me put that stain on my soul. He tried to heal him. Wipe his memories of all that demon crap. But he said Azazel had messed up his body so bad, even he couldn’t fix it. So he…” Bobby swallowed hard. “He tapped him on the forehead and sent his soul to Heaven.”

“So he’s dead?” Dean tightened his arm around Sam’s shoulders.

Bobby nodded.

Dean’s eyes closed. His mouth twitched.

“Dean?” Sam squeezed Dean’s thigh gently.

“Good.” Dean opened his eyes. It was the same steely-eyed Dean that had moved silently through the warehouse, killing the demon sympathizers that had taken and tortured Sam. The same Dean that had taken Sam’s broken body from the arms of their careless father and nestled him gently in the back of the truck. The same Dean that had willingly walked into a demon’s lair to save Sam.

Bobby continued, telling how the angel had touched him and healed his injuries. Sam laughed in delight and awe. “Where was he when I was all fucked up?” His voice was light, with no ill will or bitterness, but Dean’s face darkened at the thought that some angelic presence was clearly watching them, but didn’t intervene to save Sam from all that pain he endured as he healed from his assault.

Bobby saw the look on Dean’s face. “You got me, kid. I sure as hell ain’t worthy of that.”

“Dean.” Sam’s voice chastised Dean gently, with love, but firmly. “Bobby got healed, man. That’s awesome.”

Juliane made Bobby sit down and examined him as thoroughly as she could with his clothes on. She palpated his leg, checked his range of motion, listening for crepitus, feeling for stiffness, watching his face for signs of pain.

“I’m telling you, it feels better than it has in twenty years. I wish he’d zapped the other one.”

Dean kept frowning.

“What’s on your mind?” Reggie sat next to Dean.

“Demons, I get. They run around, fucking shit up. It’s what they do. It’s all they do. Evil sons of bitches doing evil shit until someone puts them down. But… angels?” Dean shook his head. “They pop in sometimes, do a little of this, a little of that, but…” He struggled for words. “Sure, this whatever his name is could have healed Sam, or me, or you.” Here, Dean looked at Juliane. “And he didn’t. Ok, so fine. But angels could have saved, I don’t know, everyone in Jonestown, or in the Holocaust, or… I mean, there’s so much evil, so much pain, and they basically bench themselves most of the game?” Dean blew out a breath. “I don’t get it.”

“He said their hands were tied. Couldn’t interfere directly.”

“Ok, fine, but there are literally demons roaming the earth.” Dean rose to his feet, anger driving
him. “We got monsters and vampires and wendigos hurting people. Killing people. Where are the
generic supernatural creatures running around doing good? Isn’t that fair? Wouldn’t that keep
whatever angel/demon balance they’re all so concerned about? How do the bad guys get a free
pass, and the good guys just sit there saying their hands are tied?”

Not one person in the room had an answer.

Reggie cocked his head to the side, eyeing Bobby. “Gonna tell ‘em about the notebook?”

Bobby picked up the notebook he’d brought with him. “Right before he whooshed out of the room,
or whatever you call it, he said there was a notebook under the mattress we’d want to look at. Said
it might help Sam in his quest.” He handed it to Danny. “It’s full of writing. Real old school stuff.”

Danny cracked the notebook and held it open for Juliane to see. “Sumerian,” they said in unison.

“Some of it. Other parts are something I’ve never seen before.”

“Nathaniel wrote this?”

“More like transcribed, I think. Wrote down things he saw in his head.”

Sam rose to his feet and peered over Juliane’s shoulder at the contents of the notebook. “He said
this could help me figure out Azazel’s trick? So me and Dean could cure demons?”

“If that’s what he meant by your quest, and that’s the only thing he could have meant.”

Sam stood up tall, infused with fresh hope at this new lead. “We’ve got to get this translated.”

Danny winced. “Look, we’re good for a few sigils, but we’re not scholars. This… this needs
someone at the top of their game.”

“Agreed,” Reggie intoned.

“Funny thing is, that angel had a suggestion for that,” Bobby responded. “He said an old friend
from Kentucky might be able to help us.”

“Which old friend?” Reggie frowned.

“Only one person fits that bill.”

Reggie raised one eyebrow. “Katherine Lutrell?”

Bobby blew out a breath. “Yep.”

Reggie broke into a long string of laughter. “Oh, this oughta be good.”

“Who’s Katherine Lutrell?”

Reggie could not repress a grin. “The Almost Mrs. Bobby Singer.”
Patience is a virtue, especially when you're getting a massive novel for free.

I was working on the next chapter, despite dealing with a very serious health issue, and then I got this guest comment. How to get a fanfic writer to NOT update? Like this!

"Gotta love writers who never update...two months in between updates? Really, you deserve an award..Slowest Writer Ever! I get excited to read it, but then there's nothing...shame you had to be the one to write it."

This story takes a tremendous amount of time, energy, research and emotion to write. Messages like this are not motivational. They have the opposite effect, in fact. I will not abandon this story, but I WILL write it on my timeline. People who demand instant gratification can go to a bookstore and pay money for a completed novel. I understand the frustration with the slow pace, but there are right ways and wrong ways to express that frustration.
Chapter Summary

Sam and Dean realize they have to make a decision about the next stage of their lives.

Bobby kicked back in his recliner, compulsively bending and straightening his formerly injured knee, marveling at its wholeness.

“We should come with you to Kentucky.” Dean ran his hands through his hair, tugging at the back and pulling it through his fingers to measure how long it had gotten since he’d last had a haircut.

“It’s a three-day drive.” Bobby straightened his knee again and bent it, the joint moving silently and easily through its full range of motion.

“Like we didn’t live in the back seat of a Chevy growing up,” retorted Dean.

Juliane pressed her lips together in a tight line at Dean’s eagerness to include himself and Sam on the trip to bring the notebook transcribed by Nathaniel with the strange ancient language to the “almost Mrs. Bobby Singer” to see if she could translate it.

“We won’t cramp your style.” Dean winked. “If that’s what you’re worried about.”

Bobby blew out an exasperated breath, cheeks turning pink with embarrassment. “Katherine is… someone from a past life. She’s not… unfinished business.”

“You sure?” Reggie could not resist needling Bobby. “The way I remember it—“

“Hush.” Bobby cut Reggie off before he could elucidate. “She’s just… see, the thing is… oh, shut up, all of you.” Bobby jumped to his feet.

Sam watched the entire exchange quietly, even taking in Juliane’s subtle, pained expression.

“Maybe we should hang back. Stay here.”

Dean’s eyebrows shot up. “You don’t want to stick your nose in a bunch of moldy old books with some expert on moldy old languages?”

Sam shook his head. “Pretty boring to just read over someone’s shoulder. We could just stay here. Relax.” In his peripheral vision, Sam took note of how the tension in Juliane’s face eased.

“Ok, old man, you don’t have to take the boys, but you are stuck with me. No way I’m missing this tender reunion.” Reggie leaned back on the couch and crossed his booted feet at the ankles.

“Who you calling old, old man?”

“I do believe that would be you.” Reggie’s teeth flashed white in a deeply amused grin.

“Old, huh? I’d like to see you try this.” Bobby dropped down into a deep squat, arms held straight out in front of him, rear end touching his heels, then drove up in a smooth, powerful motion to a standing position like a teenaged quarterback doing warm-ups on the field—and winced as his
other knee crunched and crackled.

Reggie snorted. “Should have asked the angel for a full-body tune-up.”

“Be quiet.” Bobby braced himself on the arm of the couch, rubbing his right kneecap.

“No, you’re right. That wasn’t fair of me. You ain’t old.” Reggie’s eyes gleamed. “You’re mostly old.”

Bobby shook his head. “1,300 miles in a car with you? Lord protect and preserve me.”

Reggie slapped Bobby on the shoulder. “And that’s just one way.” He turned his attention to Sam and Dean. “You don’t mind if I go with, do you?”

Sam picked up the king from Danny’s chess set on the side table and twirled it in his fingers. “Nah. We’re in good hands.” The last trace of Juliane’s frown evaporated under the heat of Sam’s smile.

Bobby insisted on making dinner for everyone before heading off in the morning with Reggie in his car, since Bobby’s still needed some work before it was safe to take on the road. Danny took him on a quick trip to the store, and then Juliane let Bobby have at it in the kitchen, she and Danny helping where he would allow it.

Dean took advantage of the quiet time he and Sam had alone on the couch. “Sam. You good?” Why don’t you want to go with Bobby?

Sam understood what Dean was really asking without even needing to tap into his special gifts. “I just… before everything happened… Azazel, the demons, Dad showing up and learning the truth, then leaving them, unable to handle it “it was just us and them.” He glanced over at Danny and Juliane, him standing behind her at the kitchen counter, mouth nuzzling her ear as they sliced garlic with one knife, his hand laid over hers. “I just want a little more time with them.”

“Before we go home?”

“Home?” Sam’s eyes suddenly swam with moisture. “Where’s that?”

Dean’s eyelids fluttered shut, seeing Bobby’s house in his imagination—and nearly every single inch of it, every memory, branded with the presence of John. An association now unbearably painful, for Sam most of all. He pulled Sam closer to him and kissed his forehead. “With you.” He brushed Sam’s hair out of his face, losing himself in the mercurial, shifting gold and green of Sam’s eyes, letting the images of the only home they had ever known fade away, seeing only Sam. “Home’s wherever you are.”

“Exactly,” Sam whispered.

“You want to stay here so we can decide if we should stay here or go back with him.”

“We get to choose,” Sam said, stubbornness clear in the strong line of his jaw as he lifted his head high. “We get to choose.”
They remained entangled on the couch, Dean playing with Sam’s hair until he was pliant and a little high from the endorphins, until Bobby called them to dinner. “It ain’t fancy, but it’ll do the trick.” He brought out a giant bowl heaped with slender strands spaghetti glistening with olive oil, and returned with a pot of tomato sauce laced with nuggets of Italian sausage, and plenty of sautéed onions and brown mushrooms. Dean groaned at the sight.

“Oh, I ain’t done.” Bobby reached into the oven with two lobster oven mitts and pulled out a sheet pan bearing a long loaf of fresh garlic bread bubbling with butter and Parmesan cheese. Finally, he set a bowl of mixed green salad close to Sam. “And I didn’t forget the rabbit food.” The salad had all of Sam’s favorites: slivers of red cabbage and carrot, shreds of green onion, romaine with the dark leafy parts included along with the pale crisp hearts, and sunflower seeds.

Sam beamed at his food preferences being respected, as Bobby had always done. Dean had long grown accustomed to the only vegetables he ate coming out of a can or waxed cardboard box bristling with frost, but Sam had always had a powerful desire for fresh produce. John had done the best he could. But Bobby simply did better.

From a small room off the back of the kitchen area, Juliane brought out several bottles of red wine that were far more expensive than she let on.

Dean brushed dust off one of the bottles labeled Chateau Margaux to reveal the year more clearly. 1982. “You built a wine cellar?”

She nodded, a sly glint in her eye.

“What other secret rooms does this place have?”

“Nothing really.” Danny served himself a large heap of spaghetti, shooting Juliane a conspiratorial glance. She gave him a quick nod. “Except the gym and the hot tub,” Danny continued.

Sam and Dean lowered their forks in unison.

“A gym,” Sam said.

“A hot tub,” Dean added.

Sam reached over and smacked her on the arm. “I can’t believe you held out on us.” Juliane smiled even wider, warming to Sam’s playful teasing like a seedling reaching toward the sun.

Dean shook his head in disbelief at Juliane and Danny. “You two can take all the time in Kentucky you need.” He glanced over at Bobby and Reggie. “We’ll be just fine here without you.” He paused as a thought struck him. “So long as you bring us back some Bourbon.”

They ate and drank their fill and then some, joking and laughing, telling stories well into the night, a strange family brought together by fate or chance, but no less bonded by the manner of its creation. Bobby roared with laughter at Reggie’s tale of the ghost of a man who was murdered in an outhouse in Arkansas who literally scared the crap out of him. Reggie’s cheeks glowed red with the effects of good wine and good company. Danny kept the fire stoked nice and hot, and Juliane shrugged off her designer cardigan and bared her scar-laced arms without a trace of shame, feeling utterly safe in their presence. Sam fed Dean forkfuls of salad, which Dean accepted readily, but insisted Sam eat plenty of spaghetti, feeding him giant mouthfuls on his own fork, which Sam kept protesting were too big to fit in his mouth. “I know for a fact you can fit all of that into your
mouth,” Dean whispered.

Sam blushed furiously, a long strand of spaghetti dangling from his mouth. Without caring who was seated around the table, Dean dipped his head down and took the end of the strand into his mouth, nibbling up its length until his lips met Sam’s in a kiss.

Juliane erupted with a hoot of laughter. Bobby covered his eyes. Danny shook his head, no trace of judgment in his expression, only amusement and joy in their happiness.

Sam struggled to swallow the huge mouthful of spaghetti, and mumbled something unintelligible.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full,” Dean chided playfully.

Sam swallowed hard. “You just Lady and the Tramped me.”

Dean grinned, and licked the sauce off his lower lip with a slow swipe of his tongue.

“Well, ok then.” Bobby pushed away from the table. “This is getting a tad bit awkward.”

Sam blushed instantly. “Sorry! Sorry.” Dean gripped his knee under the table and whispered, “We can kiss all we want when Bobby’s gone.” The subtle trace of tension at the corners of Sam’s eyes softened and disappeared.

The six of them made quick work of the dishes and putting away the leftovers, of which there were few. They said their goodnights, and Reggie and Bobby set off down the hall to retire for the evening.

Sam and Dean were slower to gather themselves and return to their apartment. Juliane put her hand on Sam’s arm. “I’m glad you’re staying.” Everyone knew she was referring to them staying behind while Bobby and Reggie went to Kentucky, but her eyes held a question she didn’t dare ask. Sam wrapped her in a patented Sam Winchester, gangly-moose hug.

She didn’t flinch. Not even a little bit.

“See you in the morning,” Sam said.

“Good night,” Juliane and Danny replied in unison.

“Night,” Dean said.

They walked slowly down the hall, arms wrapped around each other, leaning against each other just a bit, a bit light-headed from the expensive red wine. Neither said a word, just enjoying the comfortable silence.

Once they were safely inside their apartment, with the door closed and locked behind them, Dean spoke. “How’re you feeling, Sammy?”

Sam laughed. “Good.” Good wine in his veins, good food in his stomach, and Dean in his arms.

Dean pinned Sam gently against the door and nuzzled his neck, lips warm and soft. “You too full to fool around?”

Sam exhaled at the touch of Dean’s mouth on his skin. “Hell no.”

“Good.” Dean nipped lightly at Sam’s earlobe. “Because there’s something I want you to do.”
Sam swallowed. “Yeah?”

Dean swayed on his feet, just a tiny bit drunk. “I want you to fuck me.” His voice was low and soft against Sam’s neck. “Please. Will you fuck me?”

Sam nodded. “You don’t have to say please.”

Suddenly Dean was in full possession of his faculties, no longer swaying softly. “Yes. I do.” He held Sam’s face in his hands, stroking his jaw with both thumbs. “This time, I do.”

Sam blinked rapidly as he realized what Dean meant. When he went into Nathaniel’s consciousness, he had inhabited Azazel’s perspective. They three… were Azazel. They tortured and raped his soldier as punishment. Sam shuddered at the memory. Azazel shoving himself into Gus without any preparation, spewing filth as he hurt him little slut, you fucking love this, I should whore you out to a whole barful of men, yeah, watch them fuck you ’till you squeal

Sam didn’t realize he was shaking his head no over and over until he heard Dean’s voice soothing him. “It’s ok, Sam. We don’t have to. You don’t have to. It’s alright. It’s ok.”

Sam sniffed, wiping the moisture from his cheeks and realizing it was tears. “No, you’re right.” He stood up tall, taller than Dean, which never failed to send a shiver through Dean. “I need to.” Needed to be inside Dean, now, so that the memory of forcing Gus didn’t seep into his soul and forever taint the way he would experience that act. “I need you to fix me, Dean.”

Sam’s whisper, rough with emotion, set Dean’s nerves alight.

They brushed their teeth together, scrubbing the garlic breath away, bumping against each other playfully. Then Sam left Dean to make his preparations and headed to the bedroom.

He took his clothes off slowly and slipped beneath the covers to stay warm, trying to quiet his racing thoughts. He fiddled with the bottle of lube on the nightstand, making sure there was enough, more than enough so that Dean didn’t feel so much as a twinge of pain. He checked to make sure there was a clean towel in the drawer. He checked his fingernails to make sure all of them were closely clipped so he wouldn’t hurt Dean. He tried to push down the memory of the dark pleasure Azazel took in causing Gus physical and emotional anguish, the hellfire light that rose within (him) Azazel at the sound and taste of Gus’s tears. “Dean,” he chanted to himself quietly to drive back the last splinter of darkness that Azazel had thrust into his mind, repeating the mantra that calmed and grounded him, and made the darkness go away. “Dean. Dean. Dean.”

“Sam?” Dean was in the doorway, naked and clean, and so beautiful it stopped Sam’s breath for a moment.

“You ok?”

“Dean.” Sam sat up, hair falling softly around his face, and stretched out his hand.

Dean crawled up the bed, his wet hair towel-dried but still damp clinging to his neck, and held himself on his hands and knees over Sam. He brought his mouth down for a kiss, tasting of peppermint. Sam inhaled, breathing in the clean scent of soap and toothpaste, and kissed Dean again, arching up into his touch. Dean’s cock hung between his legs, heavy and half-hard already.
Sam trailed his fingertips down Dean’s left side, slipped his hands down between his thighs, and cupped his cock in the palm of his hand.

Dean moaned into Sam’s mouth, stiffening at his touch. Suddenly, Sam was moving, slipping free of the blankets, shifting behind Dean in a swift, graceful movement, putting his warm mouth on Dean’s hole without warning or seduction.

Dean gasped, spreading his strong thighs wider for Sam, opening himself up. Sam brushed his lips against Dean, emitting a soft sound of pleasure, and lapped at him, tasting clean skin and the faint acrid tang of soap.

“Fuck… Sam…” Dean murmured. Sam settled in and took his time licking Dean open, fingers stroking and cupping his balls swaying between his thighs, his cock at full thickness. Dean shivered, the side of his face pressed into the pillow, wet hair sticking to his cheek and forehead. Sam lapped at his hole, sighing as Dean yielded to him, delving deeper past the outer ring as it opened, moaning as he licked inside Dean, eliciting a truly stunning series of needy little whimpers. Sam gave Dean as much pleasure as his devoted tongue could cause, on his knees behind Dean, worshipping him, serving him, loving him.

“Sam, come on. Please.” Dean gripped the sheets in his fingers, writhing. “Fuck me.” But Sam kept going, spreading Dean open as wide as he could with his thumbs, working his tongue as deep inside Dean as that pesky tether of skin at the underside of his tongue would let him, then lapping at him slowly, caressing him with long wet strokes. Dean groaned, gave himself over to Sam, cock dripping onto the blanket, Sam driving cry after cry out of him until he begged again, voice raspy with need. “Jesus, Sammy, please.”

Sam guided Dean over onto his back, and slicked up his fingers.

“I don’t need more prep, I fucking need you,” Dean protested, but Sam insisted, sliding up next to him, mouth pressed to the hollow of his throat, and working his fingers into Dean slowly, gently.

Dean repressed a growl of frustration at Sam going so slow, because he understood the reason. So he showed Sam how much he wanted it, how good it felt to have Sam’s fingers inside him, how desperately he wanted more. He spread his thighs wide, hooking one leg over Sam’s hip, eyes open and fixed on Sam, letting all his emotions and sensations show openly on his face. Sam sank two fingers into Dean, groaning at how Dean arched his back, fingers pinching his own nipples, how he jerked when Sam crooked his fingers, letting the tips of his fingers separate slightly, stroking his finger pads gently along either side of his prostate. Dean lifted his hips and drove them down on Sam’s fingers, thigh muscles flexing, stomach quivering, leaving absolutely no question in Sam’s mind how badly he wanted it. Needed Sam inside him. How utterly consensual it was.

Dean took Sam’s face in his hands and brought him down until their foreheads touched. “Jesus, Sam, I need you.” His body shook. “I can’t…” He swallowed hard. “Don’t make me wait anymore.”

Sam poured more lube over his fingers, a ridiculous amount, and slicked Dean up even more, the excess squelching out onto the blanket beneath him. Dean was about to make a comment, when he noticed Sam’s fingers were shaking. “Hey. Hey,” Dean tipped Sam’s face up. “Look at me.” Sam’s eyes were on his, but he wasn’t all there, “Sam. Look at me.” Dean put a little command tone into his voice.

Sam’s eyes cleared, becoming fully present.

“It’s me. Ok? It’s me.”
Sam nodded, Dean’s words easing his tension, but not enough.

“I want you so bad.” Dean put his arms around Sam’s shoulders, giving Sam the verbal encouragement he needed. “I want this.”

Sam nodded again, a sigh escaping his lips.

“You’re just giving me what I want, ok?”

Sam moved closer, positioning himself between Dean’s legs, but there was still something dark and frightened in his eyes.

“You’re not going to hurt me.”

A flash of recognition, as Dean hit the nail on the head.

“Shh, sweetheart.”

Sam’s expression softened at the term of endearment.

“You won’t hurt me. I promise.”

“You’ll say something? If I do?”

“I’m so fucking ready for you, there’s no way you’re gonna hurt me. Ok?” Sam laughed, tension bleeding away. He scrutinized Dean’s face carefully for indications that he was just saying what he thought Sam needed to hear.

“Besides, you squirited like half a bottle of lube up me. You could probably get your fist up there and not hurt me.”

Sam jerked away involuntarily, eyes squeezing shut. _Fuck you and whip you and fist you. Bet you’d love that, huh. My fist in your ass._ Memories that weren’t his skittered and clicked in his head like beetles. _You’re lovely when you cry._

“Dean,” Sam choked out.

“Shit,” Dean cursed as Sam trembled, knowing he’d said something that triggered exactly what he was trying to get Sam to forget. “Look at me. Sam.” He pressed his hands to Sam’s face. “Look at me.” Sam’s eyes fluttered open, fighting to free himself. “Look in my eyes.”

Sam opened his eyes all the way, and locked his gaze onto Dean’s eyes. Green, the color of which could not be depicted in song or painting or a thousand similes. Green that was more alive than any other pair of green eyes on Earth, green that made Sam’s heart stop and his breath catch in his throat. Green that made him want to sink to his knees and thank God for allowing him to see something so beautiful. Dean’s green eyes, that only ever looked at Sam with that kind of love, as if he saw the same breathtaking beauty in Sam’s eyes.

The hellfire in Sam’s mind dwindled, a tiny match drowned in a waterfall, hissed out in a weak puff of smoke washed away into nothingness.

All Sam saw was Dean.

He sank into Dean, no resistance, no barrier, as though Dean was made to take him in, envelop him. He cried out, not at the physical pleasure rooted in his cock, but at the feeling of coming home, actually being inside Dean, where he was safe and loved and wanted. “Oh, Jesus… Dean.”
Sam’s body trembled, his nerves firing and cross-firing, sensation building like he was generating new nerves, entirely new neural pathways to accommodate the flood of sensation. He cried out, a sob of joy and pleasure and belonging.

Dean opened to him, took him in, shaking with the pleasure of it, the almost unbearable intimacy. He stroked Sam’s cheek, lips parting, trying to find the words to tell him how beautiful he was, how good it felt, how right. How whole Sam made him feel. But the language to express the love between Sam and Dean has not been invented, and all Dean could do was breathe, eyes locked onto Sam’s, seeing the light dancing there, feeling Sam move inside him.

They moved together as one being, not fighting each other with thrusts and slamming and slapping of flesh, but a dance of muscles working together, hands stroking flesh, mouths against each other, breathing each other in, no frantic rush to chase an orgasm but trying to make it last forever. Sam sank into Dean, reveling in how Dean gasped and shook beneath him, in how good it felt to him. How good it was.

“I love you,” Dean whispered. He didn’t have to say it. Every line of his body, every shiver, told Sam how much Dean loved him. But he found the words to say it anyway. Because sometimes, the words matter.

Sam took Dean’s face in his hands, kissed him hard and deep, claiming him. Dean moaned into his mouth, and that was that, the first domino tipped over and the entire serpentine line clattering as it fell, faster and faster, Sam’s hips thrusting faster, Dean rising up to meet him, his cock tight between their bellies, Dean crying out into Sam’s mouth, then finding another word, chanting please over and over, needing to make sure Sam understood to the depths and heights of his soul how much Dean wanted this.

Sam tipped his head back, throat muscles taut, back curling, and came with a shout, came inside Dean, wet and warm, Dean gripping Sam’s ass with both hands and writhing beneath him, bucking his hips up shamelessly to take Sam’s cock deeper and harder, his cock grinding against Sam’s stomach, inner muscles spasming tight against Sam’s cock, wringing him dry, extending his orgasm, pulling sharp, rough cries out of him, Dean crying out again and again, then laughing and crying with the intensity of it.

Sam collapsed on top of Dean, trying to hold his weight off him but failing. Dean was strong enough to hold him, though. Finally, Sam regained his faculties enough to attempt to lift his weight off him, to pull out, but Dean wrapped his leg around Sam’s thighs and held him in place. “Don’t go.” Dean refused to let Sam roll off him, holding him until his cock softened and slipped out of Dean on its own.

And when Sam tried to reach for the towel to clean Dean off, he held Sam tight in his arms, unwilling to let even an inch of space between them. “Don’t go.”
Reggie and Bobby head out to bring Nathaniel's transcription of Azazel's secrets to Bobby's ex in the hopes she can begin to translate it. Sam and Dean enjoy some time in the Sanctuary without the presence of their second father. Juliane makes an offer to Sam he could never have anticipated. Sam makes up a new game for him and Dean to play that makes good use of their Boy Scout past. A surprising truth is discovered that could change everything for Gus.

Outside the Sanctuary, Bobby hugged Sam and Dean goodbye. “We’ll give you a call when we get to Morrison.”

Dean snorted. “You really don’t want to see your ex, do you?”

“Hey!” Bobby protested. “Reggie hasn’t been interested in anyone since Nathan. Man wants to stop off and see this new fella on the way, it’s the least I can do.”

Nobody believed Bobby’s primary motivation for the stopover was fostering Reggie’s love life, but Sam and Dean let the little white lie go unchallenged.

Bobby waved at Juliane and Danny. “Take care of my boys.”

“Always!” Juliane called out, then shut her mouth quickly as though she’d said too much.

Bobby climbed into the car, and Reggie leaned out the window of the Dodge Challenger. “Try not to get yourself in any trouble while we’re gone.” The cold January wind whipped his silvery hair back.

Dean raised his right hand. “On my honor.” Sam’s mouth twitched and slipped his hand into Dean’s. They smiled as Reggie started the car and backed out of the parking space.

“On my honor, I will do my best…” Dean said under his breath purely for Sam’s benefit. Sam made a soft little sound. Dean leaned closer and whispered, “Want me to find a Boy Scout uniform, Sammy?”

The muscles in Sam’s throat worked as he swallowed. “Not fair.”

“Hey!” Dean called out to Juliane. “Got stuff to make s’mores?”

Sam squeezed Dean’s hand as Dean tugged him toward the door “So not fair.”
“Mind rolling up that window now?” Bobby complained to Reggie.

“Your old bones cold?”

“Yes. Actually. Because it’s winter.”

Reggie rolled up the window, secretly glad to put a barrier between him and the cold air, but relishing, as always, a chance to needle Bobby.

The tires rolled over the salt speed bump protecting the Sanctuary and the Challenger pulled out onto the road.

A silver Honda Accord slowly pulled out and settled in behind the Challenger at a discreet distance, driven by the white-haired demon, Azazel’s minion, his eyes black and cold.

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Back inside the Sanctuary, Dean sprawled on the couch in the common room, tugging Sam down next to him. “So, Sammy… what do you want to do today?” His grin made it perfectly clear what he wanted to do.

“Chess.”

Dean blinked, trying to puzzle out what sort of sexual euphemism “chess” was.

“Don’t you ever get enough?” Sam poked him in the chest.

Dean rolled his eyes. “Duh. No. Next question?”

“I want to play chess with Juliane.” He called over to her at the table where she sat reading a book. “Up for playing a game with me?”

Her face lit up. “Sure!”

“What am I supposed to do?” Dean pouted.

Sam leaned in and whispered something in Dean’s ear that made him blush. Sam laughed. “Or you could play cards or something with Danny. Or work on Bobby’s car.”

Dean grinned. “Know what I want?”

Sam rolled his eyes. “Yeah.”

“Besides that. I want to get out of here. See a movie.”

“You want to go from one enclosed space to…another enclosed space?”

“Dude, it’s cold as hell out there. Not like we can go play ball or something.”

Sam nodded, acknowledging Dean had a point.

Danny called the local theater to see what was playing. “I think there’s a new movie just came out we’d like. Boondock something.”
“Boondock Saints,” Juliane said, looking up from a paperback on the Baobhan sith of the Scottish Highlands.

“Right. That’s the one.”

They decided to see the late afternoon showing, giving them plenty of time to relax and just hang out, something everyone felt was certainly well deserved and appropriate.

Dean and Danny got started on the work that remained to make Bobby’s car operational and safe. Juliane made a pot of chamomile tea for her and Sam, and brought out the chess board.

Sam flipped a coin to see who was black and who was white. Juliane won the toss and opened with the Knight’s Indian attack, with her knight to F3.

Sam grinned, popping his dimples, and moved his knight to F6. “So… you and Danny.”

Juliane looked up at Sam with a shy smile. “Me and Danny.”

Sam took a sip of tea. “Going well?”

She gave a shy smile and nodded.

“You two seem good for each other.”

“I think so too.” She moved her pawn to G3. Sam countered with his pawn to D5, and she moved her bishop to G2.

Sam took his time surveying the board at this point, calculating various strategies.

Juliane watched Sam make his next move, and moved immediately, having anticipated his choice already. “Are any of Azazel’s memories still bothering you?”

Sam frowned. “I remember all of it, but it’s faded. Like a TV show from a long time ago. I remember seeing it, but it’s not vivid like it was.”

Juliane continued her cautious strategy, not attempting to control the center of the board directly, but marshalling her forces from a safe distance. She moved her queen to E1. Sam moved his bishop to E7. Juliane nearly moved her pawn to E4, but realized it was a trap, and pulled her pawn back before her fingertips had released it. Sam crinkled his nose in mock disappointment that his strategy had been discovered.

“What’s your plan now?” Juliane’s voice was light, but the tension at her mouth showed it was a hard question for her to bring herself to ask.

“Plan?”

“You and Dean just took out the Big Bad Wolf. Now what?”

Sam moved his bishop to a stronger position. “I don’t know.”

“Yes, you do.” Juliane took a sip of tea.

Sam’s mouth twitched into a reluctant smile. “Well, I want to find out more about these powers I have, and what they mean. And I want to get that notebook translated and find out how to cure demons. That would be pretty awesome.”
“What else?

“Finish school. Go to college. Get my degree. I used to want to get a law degree. But now, I’m thinking ancient languages and lore.”

Juliane cocked her head, a bit surprised.

“Look, I don’t want to run around like my dad or Bobby or Reggie killing monsters one or two at a time. I want to find out how to stop them. Like, large-scale. And maybe the way to stop them is to save them. Not just demons. All of them. You can’t just do that fighting hand-to-hand combat on the ground. You need research. Real research and study.”

“You want to put Hunters out of business.”

He grinned. “Yeah.”

“I like that idea.” She tucked her hair behind her ear.

“I want to help people. And I have these powers, these gifts, right, and they’re big. And so I feel like the way I help should also be…”

“Big.”

“Exactly.”

“I agree. And I’d like to help you do that.” She made her next move, pawn to E4 with the protection now offered by the queen to support the move.

Sam smiled at her show of support.

“Sam. I can really help you and Dean. A lot.”

Sam looked at her curiously.

“I have a lot of resources. More than you realize. And I want to help you. You know, maybe that’s my thing. I have these resources, these gifts, and they’re big. So maybe I should start helping… bigger. And I can start with you.”

Sam twirled the silver ring on his right ring finger.

Juliane fiddled with the cuff of her sweater, forehead creased as if unsure about saying what was on her mind. “I can get you set up here with private tutors. Anything you’d want to learn in a university, you can learn right here. I can bring in the best scholars, the best minds. Whatever you want.”

Sam’s mouth fell open.

“Dean too. Whatever he wants to do, I can help him get there.” She took a deep breath. “I’ll cover all your expenses. You don’t have to worry about anything.”

Sam blew out a loud breath, stunned at the generosity of her offer and what it implied. “Why—”

Juliane cut him off before he could say any more. “Because I can? Because you saved me?” She blurted out, then looked down at the chess board, avoiding Sam’s gaze. “Don’t say anything. Just…you have options.”
Sam reached over the table and took her hand. “We like you too.”

Juliane’s smile was that of a little girl with a lapful of puppy for Christmas. “Alright, you. Change the subject.” Her cheeks were pink.

“Ok. What did you want to be? Before you found out about all this?” Sam gestured to the library of supernatural books and objects.

“Before I learned monsters were real?” Juliane rubbed her thumb over the end of the scar that curled over her wrist. “I didn’t want to be anything. I didn’t have to be anything.”

Sam cocked his head like a dog confused about what its human was doing.

“My family was wealthy, and I was the sole beneficiary.”

“Your mom and dad are gone?” Sam’s eyes widened.

“Boating accident. I was 14.” Juliane looked troubled, and steered the conversation back. “Anyway, they were rich. Not just incredibly wealthy. Obscenely wealthy. All I was had to do was get through private school, go to Yale, look beautiful, marry well, and do charity fundraisers.”

Sam surveyed her as intently as he had the chess board. “That’s what you were expected to do. What did you want to do?”

“I wanted to be Indiana Jones.” She glanced up at Sam quickly, expecting to see amusement in his expression. Instead, she saw a smile of recognition and respect.


Juliane sat back in her chair. “I’m impressed. Most people just think of Indy running around in exotic locations fighting the bad guys. They forget about the whole scholar/professor part.”

Sam smiled.

“What?”

“That’s kind of what you’re becoming now.”

Juliane looked confused.

“You’re like a scholar of supernatural lore. You fight evil and help Hunters. And you could be totally badass with a little fight training.”

Juliane looked stunned. “I never thought of it like that.” This revelation so preoccupied her that she lost her focus on the chess game. Sam quickly gained the advantage and maneuvered his pieces into a double bishop mate.

She accepted her defeat graciously, and suggested a Speed Chess round.

“Ok, but if I win, you have to buy us lunch.” Sam winked.

Juliane opened a cabinet and pulled out an analog chess clock made out of mahogany. They made their moves in rapid succession, slapping the button on the top of their clock’s counter, barely allowing a few seconds for thought. She nearly won, but Sam’s mind was too sharp, and he won the second game too.
“I was going to buy everyone lunch anyway.” She tipped over her king.

Sam stood up and stretched. “I should hope so. Since you’re obscenely wealthy.” He ruffled her hair in an annoying-little-brother way.

Juliane didn’t mind at all.

Sam walked into the garage to find Dean bent over Bobby’s car, up to his elbows in the engine block, and Danny’s boots sticking out from underneath the car. “You two about ready to catch that movie?”

Danny rolled out from under the car, setting his wrench back in the toolbox, and tossed Dean a shop towel. Dean straightened up and wiped his hands, barely budging the thick layer of grease that covered them. “What, already?” He looked disappointed.

And Sam knew why. He glanced at the clock on the wall. “We have a few minutes. Let’s go back. Get you cleaned up.” Sam gestured to Dean’s filthy hands.

They ran down the hallway and into their apartment. Sam pushed Dean into the bathroom. “Wash your hands.” As Dean scrubbed the grease off, Sam pressed up behind him and unbuckled his belt. Dean rinsed his hands clean (cleaner, anyway), and turned around to face Sam.

“Wanna play a game?” Sam’s expression was mischievous.

Dean nodded, eager to play whatever Sam had in mind.

“It’s a new game. I just made it up.” Sam dropped to his knees and undid Dean’s buttons on the front of his jeans. “Speed Blow Job.”

Dean swiped his tongue over his lip. “Really.”

“Kinda like Speed Chess. But the rules are I try to make you come as fast as I can. And you have to hold out as long as you can.”

Dean was already half-hard, but Sam’s idea quickly brought him to full attention.

“Then it’s your turn. You try and get me off as fast as you can, and I try to not come for as long I can. And the loser is whoever comes the fastest.”

“And what does the winner get?”

“Bragging rights.”

“I already have those.” Dean smirked.

Sam thought about it. “Loser has to do the dishes and laundry for a week.”

“Done.”

Sam grinned up at Dean mischievously. “Oh, and one more thing. We’ll measure how long we last by how many times we can say the Boy Scout Oath.”
Dean closed his eyes. “Jesus Christ, Sammy.”

Sam pulled Dean’s cock, beautifully hard and ready for him, out of his jeans. “Ready?”

Dean nodded.

“Get set. Go!”

Dean raised his right hand, elbow bent at a ninety-degree angle, thumb and pinky touching, three middle fingers straight. He had barely gotten the words “On my honor” out when Sam’s mouth was sucking him down to the base, so warm and wet, feeling so good that Dean stammered “I-I-I, uh, will d-do my best…”

Sam yanked Dean’s underwear down to his knees, cradling his balls in his right hand and tugging, rolling them in his fingers, sucking his cock hard and deep like his life depended on it.

“…to do my duty to God and my country…”

Sam pulled off Dean’s cock long enough to wet his index finger, slipped it between Dean’s thighs as he drove his mouth back down on Dean’s cock, circled his hole and slipped his fingertip inside.

“Christ!” Dean gripped the sink behind him. “To God and my country, and to obey the Scout law…” Dean squeezed the porcelain sink hard, desperately trying not to come in seconds like a horny virgin, trying not to come from Sam’s gifted mouth on him, his finger inside him, moving just right, the sight of Sam’s lips wrapped around his cock, his big hazel eyes locked on him, moaning with the pleasure of having Dean in his mouth. “To, uh, shit. To help other people at all times… to keep myself physically strong…”

Sam crooked his index finger, stroking his prostrate gently, making Dean shiver, took his cock so deep it made Sam’s eyes water, back arching at the feel of it hitting the back of his throat.

“…mentally awake and… fuck… and morally straight…” Dean released his death grip on the sink and held up his right index finger. “That’s one.”

Sam sank his mouth down onto Dean’s cock with total abandon, sucking hard, eyes on Dean, willing him to come, one hand working his balls the way Dean loved, arching his back and sticking his ass out, making Dean want to rip his jeans off and slam his cock inside Sam, make him squeal and writhe.

Dean concentrated with all his might, and made it through the oath a second time, and a third.

Sam twirled his tongue around the end of his cock and whimpered.

“Fuck.” Dean panted and started again. “On my honor, I will do my best…” He closed his eyes, willing himself not to come, insisting he not come. Sam kept making soft whimpering sounds of pleasure and need. “To do my duty to God and my country and Jesus fuck, Sam…” Sam nursed on the end of his cock and moaned, and he was lost, tangling his hands in Sam’s hair, seeing the light leap in Sam’s eyes as Dean’s hips pumped helplessly, hearing his moans of satisfaction as Dean came in his mouth, came down his throat, came hard and long and so, so good.

Sam swallowed, not letting a single drop escape his lips. That triggered an epic aftershock that left Dean weak in the knees.

“That was, what, three and a half times?” Sam stood up. “I can beat that.”
Dean sank to his knees and licked his soft, pink lips, looking up at Sam’s flushed face, knowing he was already halfway there just from sucking Dean off. “Wanna bet?”

Sam let Dean undo his jeans and take his cock out.

He grinned at the sight of the pearl of pre-come jewelling the slit. “Sorry, sweetheart. You aren’t gonna make it past two.” He curled his tongue and lapped the drop up.

“Not fair.”

“Ready. Get set. Go!” Dean didn’t devour Sam’s cock like Sam had done to him. He looked up at Sam, blinked his long lashes slowly, and licked at Sam’s cock lazily.

“On my honor, I will do my best…”

He rubbed the head of Sam’s cock over his soft pink lips and moaned.

“Fuck.” Sam shivered. “To, um, do my best, to God and my country…”

Dean shook his head.

“To do my duty to God and... Jesus, Dean.”

Dean parted his lips and wrapped them around the head of Sam’s cock. He made a tight seal with his lips and rotated his head in a slow circle, flicking his tongue along the underside of Sam’s cock as his mouth revolved.

“Guh.” Sam’s breath was rapid, and a drop of sweat ran down the hollow of his throat. “To God and my country…”

Dean dipped the tip of his tongue into Sam’s slit and teased out more pre-come. “So sweet…” he whispered.”Such a beautiful cock.”

Sam’s hips bucked. “And, um... to obey the Scout law…”

Dean rubbed Sam’s cock over his lips, smearing pre-cum over them until they glistened, and licking it off. “Sam. You taste so good.”

Sam squeeze his eyes shut, fighting hard to not come immediately at the sound of Dean talking dirty to him. “To help... to help other people at all times…”

Dean sucked on the head of Sam’s cock again with an obscene wet sound, making Sam gasp and open his eyes, look down at Dean again.

He let his long, thick lashes flutter. “Come for me, sweetheart. Come in my mouth.” He wrapped his lips around Sam’s cock and sank down to the base, pressing his tongue to the sensitive underside the entire way, then pulled back up, cheeks hollowing, tongue stroking the underside of his cock, lapping all the way up to the crown, then twisting and swirling and sucking, his green eyes locked on Sam the entire time.

Sam made a helpless sound of surrender, shivered and shook and gave Dean what he wanted, spurting into his mouth, onto his pink lips, Dean sealing his lips over the end and sucking out every drop Sam had to give him.

He rose to his feet and pulled Sam, still trembling, into his arms and kissed him, letting Sam taste himself on Dean’s lips. Sam moaned, and Dean’s soft cock twitched.
He broke the kiss and smirked. “You couldn’t get through it even once.”

Sam didn’t mind his abject defeat. “Nope.”

“Guess I got bragging rights.”

“Always.” Sam held Dean close and trembled, undone by Dean on a more profound level than merely physical pleasure. “You… you’re...” He couldn’t find the words.

Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “You too, Sammy.” He swallowed hard, surprised by the surge of emotion he felt. “You too.”

Just then, there was a knock at the door. “You two ready to head out?” Danny asked.

Dean kissed Sam on the neck, and tucked himself into his jeans. “Be right out.”

The four of them piled into the car and went to the movie theater. Juliane bought two giant tubs of popcorn with extra butter, one for each couple to share. She went overboard on the candy, buying Milk Duds for Sam, black licorice for Dean (at which Sam wrinkled his nose), as well as Good and Plenty, Sno-Caps and Raisinets for everyone to share, with large sodas for all.

Sam and Dean grabbed fistfuls of popcorn, letting their fingers caress each other without fear of discovery, and settled in to watch the previews. Then the main feature started. They stared in astonishment at the story of two brothers setting out to rid Boston of evil men, and at the deep brother bond (and homoerotic subtext) of the MacManus brothers. Afterward, Dean declared it his new favorite movie. Danny and Dean kept repeating, “How did you two fucking fucks…” until they were breathless with laughter, all of the boys quoting lines from the movie with near perfect recollection after only one viewing. Sam threw his arm around Dean and said, “It is your evil that will be sought by us,” and Dean replied, “With every breath, we shall hunt them down.”

Afterwards, as promised, Juliane took them to lunch. They had burgers, fries and malts, stuffing themselves to the gills. Sam and Dean leaned against each other, fed each other fries, luxuriating in the open physical affection they felt safe to express in the absence of the man who was their second father. No matter how accepting Bobby was of Sam and Dean’s relationship, there were simply limits to what was appropriate in his presence that did not exist with Danny and Juliane. And the boys revelled in the freedom. Gloried in it.

Once they had eaten their fill, the endorphins of the afternoon settled down and Sam fell quiet. He toyed with his straw while Dean, Danny and Juliane discussed the Kitty Genovese murder and the nature of evil.

“How did you two fucking fucks…”

Dean frowned. “Can’t you like, just tell Gus with your psychic CB radio deal?”

Sam met Dean’s gaze. “I need to tell them in person.”

Dean settled his arm over Sam’s shoulder and pulled him close, knowing without having to ask that Sam felt guilty he wasn’t able to pull the secret from Nathaniel’s memory of how Azazel
trapped Rosier’s demon soul in his human vessel, the secret they needed to know in order to turn Gus’s soul pure human again, to purge the demon and set him free.

On the way, Juliane stopped back by the Sanctuary to get a few items for Rosier. Healing crystals to help with his burns, amethyst and smoky quartz, and a lovely pink kunzite. When they entered the hospital room, Rosier lay in his bed, eyes closed, hooked to an IV for hydration and pain management after an extensive skin graft.

Gus woke with a start from his fitful sleep in the armchair. “Sam.” He rubbed his eyes.

Sam had expected it would be hard to look Gus in the eye and disappoint his hopes that Sam had found the secret to how Azazel had locked Rosier into his vessel, the secret that had made it possible for Sam and Dean and their knives to burn the evil out of his soul. However, he hadn’t expected the wave of shame and embarrassment that hit him when he laid eyes on Gus, from the first-hand memory he had experienced of the sexual assault and torment Azazel had put Gus through.

Gus registered Sam’s discomfort with dismay, the hope in his eyes fading quickly.

“Dean.” Gus’s eyes grazed over Danny and Juliane without recognition, and then snapped back to Sam. “Any good news?”

Sam’s mouth tightened and he shook his head no.

Gus slumped back in his chair. Rosier reached out and touched his shoulder in a comforting gesture.

“I tried,” Sam said. “I really tried. But Azazel’s memories… they were too much.”

“They were poison, is what he means,” Dean snapped, unable to control the surge of anger at the thought of how much damage just that brief spell inside Nathaniel’s tainted mind had done to Sam. Had nearly done to them.

Gus looked up at Sam in sorrow, believing he had found the reason why Sam found it hard to look him in the eye. Sorrow, and guilt of his own. A reluctant demon that knew the darkness of even a baby demon newly forced into the path of evil, able to imagine all too well the horrors of inhabiting the memories of one of the oldest and most powerful dark entities the world had ever known. “It was brave of you to try.”

Rosier’s eyes were open. “I’m sorry you had to endure that, Sam.” His voice was soft, but steady, and the emotion within it was heartfelt.

“It’s ok. I mean… I’m ok now.”

“Sure, now. After we all had to do the Vulcan Mind Meld with him to clear out that virtual reality rape and torture of some demon soldier—“

Gus gasped, eyes flashing black as shock caused his control to slip. He met Sam’s gaze, and the expression within him told him everything he needed to know. That Sam had lived that memory, that degrading, shameful, horrible memory. He turned away and buried his face in his hands,
unable to bear Sam’s eyes on him.

Dean stared at Gus, then back at Sam. “It was him? That demon soldier—that was Gus?”

Rosier pulled himself painfully to a more upright position using his good hand. “You saw that?”

Sam looked helplessly at Gus, feeling shame that did not belong to him.

“More than saw it. He shared it like Nathaniel did. Like he was there, doing it.” Juliane spoke up.

Sam took a deep breath to steady his emotions. “I’m sorry.”

Rosier shook his head. “It wasn’t you. You have nothing to apologize for.”

Sam nodded, but his eyes remained haunted. “I saw you there, too. Saw how much it hurt you. What… what Azazel was doing. Saying. He did it as much to hurt you as Gus.”

Gus stood up, chin jutting out in a show of bravado. “It was no big deal.”

Sam frowned.

“I’m a demon, Sam. No big thing if I get hurt. Pain and shame and degradation… all part of the gig, right?” Tears welled in Gus’s eyes. “I’m no innocent. I’ve done things. Awful things.” He looked at Rosier. “And I’m going to keep doing awful things, aren’t I? Because I’m demonkind. That’s in my nature. That’s what I am.” Gus’s face was red, his eyes dark with hopelessness.

“It’s not what you are. It’s what you do. And you can choose what you do,” Sam protested.

Gus laughed, a bitter, hollow sound. “Can I? Really?” He searched the eyes of everyone in the room. “No matter how much I want to be different than I am, can I really choose? If it were that easy, wouldn’t all demons be able to just say no?” He dropped down into the armchair again, weak with despair. “Who am I to resist?”

Juliane approached him slowly, and reached her hand out. “May I?”

Gus wiped his hand over his eyes, and then let her hold both his hands in hers. Danny moved directly behind her, trusting she knew what she was doing, but never forgetting that Gus was a demon.

She dropped to her knees in front of him and pressed the backs of his hands to her forehead, breathing in slowly through her nose, holding her breath for a few seconds, then exhaling through her mouth. Her fingers spasmed once, twice, then calmed and quieted. “I’ll be damned,” she whispered.

“That’s not funny,” Gus muttered.

Juliane opened her eyes. “You’re not pure demon.”

Gus gasped.

Dean’s eyes went wide. Danny took a step back. Sam’s face broke into a smile so bright it seemed to send light skittering around the room like a bag full of gemstone marbles breaking open and spilling out onto the floor.

Rosier’s mouth fell open, a single, perfect tear running down his burn-scarred cheek.
Juliane clasped Gus’s hands and stared at him like a wondrous creature that had never before roamed the earth. “Your soul is still part human.”
More Human Than Human

Chapter Summary

Reggie and Bobby meet with Katherine. The white-haired demon makes his move, and the results are not pleasant. All the major characters face a moment of crisis.

Chapter Notes

In this chapter, there is something that happens that’s a big emotional cliffhanger. Do not panic! The following chapter is done and will be posted immediately after this one.

Gus turned away to conceal his emotions, bracing himself against the wall with one arm. Despite his best effort, his shoulders hitched, and an ugly sob escaped his mouth.

“Come here.” Rosier reached out a hand to Gus. Gus knelt at the hospital bed and pressed his cheek to Rosier’s hand, squeezing his eyes shut, overcome with the knowledge that he was still part human. Not pure evil. That he still had a chance of salvation.

“It’s ok, little one. Shh.” Rosier stroked his hair. He shot Sam a pleading glance. “Would you mind leaving us alone?”

“Of course,” Sam said. “But we aren’t giving up. Nathaniel wrote down what he saw in Azazel’s mind. All his secrets tricks and plans. We have the best occult linguist there is working on it. We’re going to find out how Azazel did what he did. So we can help Gus. And the others.” Sam’s face shone with enthusiasm and certainty. “We’ll figure out how to make him human again. I promise.”

Rosier looked at Sam’s face, the one destined to be the Boy King, the one who, with his beloved Dean at his side, had vanquished an ancient evil through the purity of their love and force of will. “I believe you, Sam Winchester.”

After they left, Rosier pressed his mouth to Gus’s forehead. “You are...” He paused for the right word. “Astonishing.” Gus gazed up at Rosier, seeing the awe on his face. “The kind of pure soul you must have been to have been able to endure Hell like that and not turn fully. What kind of human were you?”

Bobby had Reggie get him settled at a nearby motel so the “two lovebirds” could have a bit of privacy after dinner. Bobby checked in and called the boys to let them know he and Reggie had
arrived safely. Sam and Dean were relieved to hear it, and settled in for a quiet evening alone in their apartment.

Bobby and Reggie then headed to Marcus’s apartment to drop off Reggie’s gear. Bobby shook Marcus’s hand firmly, getting to meet the famous Marcus for the first time. “He talks about you a lot,” Bobby said with a wink. They chatted for a bit, then Reggie drove Marcus and Bobby to the Fort, for Marcus to work his shift and he and Bobby to have a feast.

It was snowing lightly, and after learning from Gus that the demons turned tail and ran after the Winchesters killed Azazel, they had let their guard down. They did not notice the white-haired demon in the silver Honda tailing them at a discreet distance, following them to the motel and noting which room Bobby was given, following them back to Marcus’s apartment and noting the number, and finally to the restaurant.

Reggie and Bobby were seated in Marcus’s section, of course. They both had mint juleps, and shared appetizers of roasted bison marrow bones and a huge bowl of guacamole and chips. Bobby tore into his Colorado strip steak stuffed with Hatch green chiles, with a side of campfire beans. Reggie feasted on the game plate consisting of a bone-in elk chop, Buffalo sirloin, grilled quail, and wild Montana huckleberry preserves, with a side of mashed potatoes laced with horseradish.

Marcus served Reggie and Bobby with exquisite attentiveness, rarely taking his eyes off Reggie. Reggie joked and laughed, and was in finer spirits than Bobby had ever seen him in his life.

Of course, Marcus made sure to pay proper attention to his other tables — a family of four from Des Moines, several locals, a couple celebrating their 30th wedding anniversary, and a man with white hair who came in alone shortly after Reggie and Bobby, and sat in the far corner reading a newspaper.

They lingered late after all the other customers had paid their tabs and left, sipping bourbon, waiting until Marcus had finished counting out. Bobby ceded shotgun to Marcus without complaint, and they dropped him off at the motel before continuing on to Marcus’s place.

“Been waiting all night to get you alone.” Marcus pulled him inside, mouth already on his throat.

“You miss me?” Reggie murmured

“Damn right I did.”

“How much?” Reggie’s smile both sweet and wicked at the same time.

Marcus ran his hands over Reggie’s shoulder and tugged off his coat.”A lot.”

“Show me,” Reggie drawled, hands gripping Marcus’s firm ass, pulling him close.

And Marcus did. He showed Reggie how very much he missed him, withholding nothing, giving himself to Reggie without inhibitions. He showed Reggie every bit of what he had been missing while he was away.

“Mother of God,” Reggie gasped when Marcus instigated the third round by turning him onto his stomach and crawling between his thighs, rimming him yet again with his talented tongue like he couldn’t get enough. “Don’t you ever get tired?”

“I don’t know when I’ll get to see you again.” Marcus licked and worshipped Reggie in the most intimate of places like he was coaxing him to stay. To not leave him.
Reggie moaned, surrendering himself to Marcus completely, his body responding despite the alcohol, his age, and the amount and vigor of the sex they had already had that evening. “Keep that up, I’ll never leave,” he muttered.

At those words, Marcus redoubled his efforts, begging Reggie with his tongue to keep his promise.

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In the morning, Reggie reluctantly said his goodbyes to Marcus, promising to call him when they got to Kansas City (where Katherine had agreed to meet them halfway) and drove away to pick up Bobby.

Bobby was equally reluctant to leave, because of what awaited them in Kansas City at the end of their eight hour drive.

Marcus put off taking a shower as long as he could, breathing in the scent of Reggie on his skin until it was time to get ready for work again. He rinsed off reluctantly, and had just put on his black slacks and white work shirt when he heard a knock at the door. “I knew you couldn’t stay away,” he joked, opening the door. The white-haired man stepped inside, shockingly fast and surprisingly strong for someone of his age, and shut the door quickly behind him. Marcus struggled, but the man clapped a rag-covered hand over Marcus’s mouth and held him tight long enough for him to lose consciousness.

Marcus awoke to the taste of chloroform in his mouth. He shook his head to clear his senses, and found he was bound by rope at the ankles and wrists, tied securely to the heavy oak bed frame, with a gag in his mouth. The TV in the living room was turned on, the volume up loud, playing an action movie with yelling, gunshots and explosions. He tugged hard, panic flooding him, but was unable to pull free.

His vision cleared, and he noticed the white-haired man sitting in a folding chair directly in front of him at the foot of the bed, calmly reading a newspaper. He tried to scream through the gag, but the sound was muffled by the noise from the television, blending in perfectly with the movie.

“I couldn’t quite make that out but let me take a stab at it.” The demon tossed the newspaper to the floor. “No. Please. Stop. Why.” He stood up and cracked his knuckles. “Why? The oldest reason in the book.” His voice had a hint of an East Coast accent. He walked to the side of the bed and leaned over, close enough to take a deep sniff and breathe in the scent of Marcus’s cologne. “Revenge.”

Marcus fought to stay calm, making unintelligible sounds through the gag, trying desperately to communicate.

“Oh, it’s nothing personal. You’re just a tool. A means to an end.” The white-haired demon smirked. “This is the part where the bad guy—which is me—tells the good guy—” He slapped Marcus on the cheek lightly. “—which is you—all about his motivation.” He shrugged. “And that would be stupid, except I need you to know all the whys and wherefores. So you can tell them all about it.”

Marcus’s eyes fluttered shut, relief washing over him at the implied promise he would not be murdered in his own bed.
“Not so fast there. Don’t think you’re lucky because I’m not going to kill you. Dying’s not the only thing to be afraid of.” He held Marcus’s head steady with both hands, and let his eyes go solid black.

Marcus recoiled, jerking hard against his restraints, making guttural sounds through the gag.

He chuckled. “What, you’ve never seen a demon before?” He made a tsking sound, shaking his head. He stood upright, allowed his mouth to fall open and let a tendril of black smoke emerge, circling around his head, then sucked it back in and smacked his lips.

Marcus stared in horror.

“ Didn’t your boyfriend tell you what he is?” The demon sneered. “What he does?”

Terror contorted Marcus’s features.

“He’s a Hunter,” the demon said, emphasizing the “t” clearly. “A human who hunts dark creatures. And that is why you’re here. See, Reggie Beaumont helped the Winchester boys kill my boss.”

The demon clenched his hands into fists at his side. “He was a great man, my boss.” He shrugged. “Ok. Not a man. But you get the point.”

Marcus breathed through his nose, trying to slow his panicked breathing, wrists turning in his rope restraints.

“See, you humans shouldn’t be able to kill us. For sure, not Azazel. But those monkeys killed him. Not just sent him back to Hell. Poof! Gone.” He pressed his fingertips into a point and then flicked them open. “And I can’t touch those fucking kids. Hell, I don’t even want them on my trail. And that’s where you’re lucky.” He patted Marcus on the cheek. “That is why I’m not going to kill you.” Suddenly, he was right up against Marcus, yellowed teeth bared, foul breath hot against his neck, lips brushing his skin like he was murmuring sweet nothings. “Even though I would love to kill you.”

Marcus pulled away as far as he could. It was not far at all.

The demon inhaled through his nose, breathing in the sharp scent of fear. “But, and here’s where your luck runs out, I am going to hurt you.” His black eyes gleamed in the light of the overhead fixture.

Marcus shook his head over and over, his mind unable to take in what was being said, what he was seeing.

The demon laughed. “You really didn’t know monsters were real? You didn’t know you were fucking a legend? The famous Reggie Beaumont kept you in the dark? I guess that means you weren’t a keeper.”

Marcus flinched.

The demon grinned, relishing his emotional pain. “Yeah, that’s how it goes. Hunters are real love’ em and leave ’em types. They never stay. Throw a few fucks into you and then on to the next one.” He stroked his hand along Marcus’s cheek in a parody of affection. Marcus jerked his head away, but the demon pushed it back with his other hand, held him steady, and continued to touch him. “So now I get to teach you a lesson. A few, actually. Lesson number one? Demons are real.”

Marcus shuddered, both at the words and the feel of the demon’s hand.
The demon hissed, breathing in, pure pleasure on his face at the waves of fear radiating off Marcus. “Vampires are real,” he murmured soft and low, putting his hand gently over Marcus’s throat, feeling it swallow convulsively. “Werewolves. Wendigos. Ghouls. All real.”

Marcus tried to shake his head no, refusing to accept it.

The demon chuckled. “I could show you. I could make a few calls, bring some friends by. But I want this to be just us.” He pressed his thumb against Marcus’s jugular, feeling his pulse leap and race. “Our little private party. You and me.”

Marcus closed his eyes, murmuring fervently through the gag.

“Praying won’t help you. God abandoned you. He left you to us.”

“Fuck you.” Even through the gag, those two words were perfectly clear.

The white-haired demon blinked, eyelids thick and hooded. “You, I like.” He stood up and cracked his knuckles. “I’m really going to enjoy this.” He took off his jacket. “Take my time here.

Marcus could not prevent his involuntary shudder, but he looked his captor in the eye with defiance.

“I know what you’re thinking. ‘What are you going to do to me?’” He chuckled. “Short of killing you?” The demon’s face creased into a sharp grin. “Whatever.” He leaned down and brought his face right in front of Marcus. “The fuck.” Spittle flew from his mouth onto Marcus’s face as he pronounced the k. “I want.”

“Rise and shine, Sammy.”

Dean stood in the doorway of their bedroom, a skillet full of bacon in his hand.

Sam rubbed his eyes and yawned. “You sure know how to wake me up right.”

“What. The bacon? Or before, with the morning sex?” Dean waggled one eyebrow.

Sam stretched. “Yes.”

They ate their fill of Dean’s scrambled eggs, bacon and hash browns, with strong coffee. “Alright, Sammy. Better hit those dishes.” Dean collapsed on the couch and put his feet up.

Sam didn’t quibble. To be honest, he didn’t mind losing that contest at all.

Dean watched cartoons while Sam cleaned up the kitchen. “I could get used to this.”

“What, me as your household servant? That’s just for a week, dude.”

“That. And this.” Dean looked around the apartment. “Our own place.”

“About that.” Sam dried the sauté pan with a hand towel.

“Yeah?”
“Um. Juliane. She, um, offered to…” Sam hesitated. “To take care of us here.”

“Dude. She is. Letting us stay rent-free. It’s awesome.”

“More than that.” Sam wiped a plate dry. “She said she would help me finish school. Like, bring in private instructors. Experts. Anything I wanted to learn. Like a whole private education.”

Dean’s eyes went wide.

“You, too. Whatever you wanted to do, she’d help us. And pay for everything. All our expenses.”

Dean whistled.

“What’s the catch?”

“No catch.”

Dean raised his eyebrows.

“She says… I saved her.”

Dean pursed his lips. Sam had indeed had a remarkable effect on bringing Juliane out of her shell and helping her move past the trauma where she had been stuck.

“Also, I guess she’s not just rich, she’s scary rich.”

“I kind of figured.” Dean gestured around him. “Building all this. Must have cost a fortune.”

“Not just super rich. Like, Dupont rich.”

“Whoa.”

Sam nodded. “Yeah.”

Dean leaned forward. “But…Bobby.”

Sam nodded again. “Yeah. Bobby.”

“Shit, Sam.”

“I mean, these guys are great and all, but Bobby’s family.”

Sam wiped his hands dry on the dish cloth. “Right. But that’s good and bad.”

Dean listened.

“Back home…back with Bobby… everyone knows we’re brothers. We’d have to go back to pretending.”

Dean’s face fell. The time they had spent together at the Sanctuary, able to express their love openly, no fear of hiding except from general homophobia and bigotry from strangers outside their door, was the best thing he had ever known.

“Back there, we’re the Winchester Brothers. At my school. All the Hunters. Zack. Big Lou. Shoot…Bosie.” Sam’s expression twisted up at the thought of Bosie, sweet Bosie with the huge crush on him, never suspecting that his heart belonged to Dean in all ways.
“Sure, Bobby’s on our side,” Sam continued, “but we can’t ever be really open around him, you know? Our room’s right next to his, for God’s sake. We’d have to… Dean, I don’t know what we’d do.” His voice choked up. “I don’t want to lose both our dads. After—“

Dean went to him and held him close. “I know, Sammy.”

“I don’t know what to do.”

“I know. It’s ok. We’ll figure it out. We’ll find a way. Right?” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “We always find a way.”

They lay on the couch wrapped in each other’s arms, watching cartoons until their bodies ached for movement.

“Hey, how about we check out that gym they’ve been hiding from us?”

Sam’s eyes lit up. He ran down the hall to ask about being allowed to use the gym, then they changed into workout t-shirts and sweats, and Danny took them down the hall to a room they thought led to yet another apartment, but actually led to a separate area with a large workout room covered with a high-quality black exercise floor, not quite as well-appointed as a commercial gym, but with a wide variety of dumbbells and barbells, flat and incline benches, two top-of-the-line treadmills, two stationary bikes, a Stairmaster, a rowing machine, pull up bars, a squat rack, and a few Nautilus machines. One wall was solid mirrors from floor to ceiling. In the far corner was a stretching room with a ballet barre, mats, medicine balls and large physioballs. There was even a bathroom with a shower and lockers, and a large redwood hot tub that could accommodate at least six people.

“Maybe later, you guys want to grab a soak with us?” Danny indicated the hot tub.

Dean grinned broadly, and then his face fell. “Uh…”

Danny laughed. “What size do you wear? I have to head out anyway. I’ll pick you up some swim trunks.”

“Deal.”

Danny wrote down their sizes on a small notepad he kept in his pocket. “Ok. Hand towels and bath towels are in here.” He opened an unlocked cabinet next to the sink.

“Thanks.”

“Have a good workout.” Danny left them to their own devices.

They started off with a five-minute warm-up on the stationary bikes, having had it drilled into their heads that they should never start any sort of workout without a warm-up first, then moved to three sets of leg extensions and calf raises. Next, they moved to the squat rack.

Sam went first. They didn’t load the bar with much weight, since it had been a while and they both knew the hell of overdoing it on squats. Still, once Sam stood free of the rack with the barbell across his shoulders, Dean came up behind him to spot him. “I got you.” His lips tickled Sam’s ear. He brought his arms forward around Sam’s ribs, palms up, curled them up and gripped Sam’s shoulders, standing so close his body brushed against Sam’s, and moved as Sam moved, following
him down and back up. “Good job,” he said as Sam finished the last rep.

For Dean’s set, Sam returned the favor, gripping his shoulders to keep his spine stable so his lower back wasn’t under as much strain.

Their second set was harder. It had been too long since they had done any sort of exercise, and Sam struggled to make the 12 reps. Dean stood close behind him, coaching him on. “You got this, Sammy. Crank it out. It’s all you. There you go. Can you give me two more? Yeah you can. Come on. Push it.”

Sam completed the second set and lowered the weights to the rack with a loud clang. He was in a full sweat, only partly because of the weights. Mostly because of Dean.

Dean mopped the sweat from Sam’s forehead with his hand towel, and then dabbed at the back of his neck with his own towel. “Getting a little warm in here, huh?” He winked at Sam, reached behind him and tugged his shirt off over his head.

Sam’s mouth parted slightly, his tongue peeking out from between his teeth.

Dean just smiled, letting Sam look at his bare chest as he settled the bar across his shoulders, lifted it from the rack and stepped back. “Gonna spot me?”

Sam moved up behind him, and brought his arms up alongside Dean’s ribcage, gripping his shoulder caps. He swallowed hard as Dean squatted down, thrusting his ass backwards to keep proper form, and grunted as he drove upward. Sam counted off each rep, encouraging him, his body touching Dean’s bare skin, squatting down with him, his crotch brushing Dean’s ass as they drove back up to standing. Dean made plenty of noise with each rep, loud grunts of exertion that drove Sam crazy. And gave him an absolutely massive erection, clearly visible in his sweatpants. Matching Dean’s own erection.

Dean finished his set and turned around, eying Sam’s hard-on and adjusting his own. “Pushups?” he asked with the most innocent expression he could muster.

Sam wiped the sweat from his face. “You’re trying to kill me.”

“Yeah. Pushups. Definitely.” Dean flashed a cocky smile, and dropped to the floor at Sam’s feet. “Count me off.” He did a set of 25 pushups with absolutely perfect form, strong and slow. Sam counted off each rep and stared at the muscles of Dean’s bare back working as he pushed his body up and lowered it back down, bare skin sheened with sweat.

“Your turn.”

Sam was about to drop to the floor, when Dean interrupted him “Uh-uh.” He reached out his hand. “Give.”

Sam pulled his t-shirt off and handed it to Dean, who tossed it over his shoulder like an afterthought. “Ok. Give me 25.”

Sam dropped to the floor at Dean’s feet and did 25 pushups. Dean chewed his lip, watching Sam’s back and arm muscles, softer than his but still strong and defined.

Dean threw out everything he knew about the correct order of weight exercises, and switched to a “Drive Sam Crazy” free-form routine.

“Triceps pull. Grab the end.” He turned his back to Sam and gripped his hand towel in both hands,
raising them up so the towel fell down his back.

Sam grabbed the end and pulled hard, giving Dean resistance as he extended his hands over his head, working his triceps hard, making the horseshoe shape pop.

Dean made sure to make lots of noise, breathing hard and grunting in a way that was pure sex to Sam. On Sam’s turn, he really cranked up the talking. “Come on, baby. Do it. Harder. Come on. You got more in you. There you go. Doin’ so good, Sammy.”

When they had finished two sets, Sam looked like he was about to burst.

“Ok. Pull-ups, now.”

Sam groaned. He had such a thing for Dean’s back. For Dean’s everything. But his back was a thing of wonder. And Dean knew that Sam thought so.

Dean pulled a bench close to the pull-up bar, laid his hand towel over it, and motioned for Sam to sit. He reached up and grabbed the bar in a wide grip, facing away from Sam so he had a perfect view of his back. “Count ‘em off.”

He pulled himself up, bringing his chin over the bar without moving his neck, palms facing forward, lifting and lowering his body with impeccable form, lats flaring, traps bunching, biceps and delts strong.

Sam counted off each rep, staring rapt at the muscles of Dean’s back, making it to ten before Dean dropped to the floor, shaking out his hands.

“Your turn.” Sam could only do five, but his form was perfect. He sat on the bench again, his erect cock bobbing between his legs.

Dean eyed him, and licked his lips. “Like what you see, Sammy?”

Sam nodded.

Dean turned around, jumped up and began his second set. This time, he pulled himself up fast and lowered his body down as slowly as he could, so his musculature was on best display. Putting on a show for Sam. He couldn’t do as many like that, but he made each one count. On the eight rep, he lowered himself just a little until his elbows were at ninety degrees and held the position as long as he could, knowing full well how his back muscles were standing out strong, gleaming with sweat, knowing what the sight was doing to Sam.

He dropped to the floor and turned around. Sam’s cheeks were stained pink.

“Pull your sweats down,” he commanded.

Sam’s eyes flicked toward the door. Shut, but not locked.

“It’s just us,” Dean reassured him. “Pull ‘em off.”

Sam did as Dean said.

“Underwear too.”

Sam stood and tugged his underwear down, revealing his impressive erection, blushing bright red now but clearly enjoying what Dean was telling him to do.
“Show me how much you like looking at me, Sammy.”

Sam sat on the bench, letting his thighs splay open wide, and put his hand on his cock.

Dean walked to the free weight rack and came back with two 25 lb dumbbells. Sam stared at Dean’s bicep as he alternated arms, raising and lowering the heavy weights, grunting with exertion, sweat dripping down his bare chest, glistening on his bare arms, all the while watching Sam jack himself off at the sight.

He dropped to his feet and walked closer to Sam. “Don’t stop.” He got on his back, set his feet on either side of Sam’s, and lay down, knees bent, bringing his hands behind his head. “Don’t stop.” He pulled himself up into a sit-up, abdominal muscles bunching. Sam moaned, working his cock faster, dry and fast.

Dean did fifteen sit-ups as slow as he could, and relaxed on the floor, watching Sam work his cock above him. He toyed with his nipple, grinning as it made Sam’s pupils widen. He laced his fingers behind his back and did more sit-ups, faster this time, as fast as he could, bare back slamming to the mat with a wet meaty slap like the sound of two bodies fucking, sweat dripping down his face and chest, blowing out a loud breath through his teeth at the top of every rep which brought him up between Sam’s legs. Sam matched his pace with his hand on his cock, panting hard, getting so close.

Dean collapsed on the mat and tugged his own sweatpants down, reaching into his underwear and freeing his cock. “Come on, sweetheart.” He let his thighs splay open, jacking himself off. “Come for me.”

Sam cried out, hand stripping his cock, and came, came all over Dean, thick white droplets shooting all over his stomach and chest, a few drops landing on his face and hair. Dean smeared his hand through the mess on his skin and brought his wet hand back down to his cock. He groaned at the warm slickness suddenly making his hand slip free and easy *I’m using Sam’s come to jack off oh Jesus Christ* and he came, came hard and wet and messy for Sam, so hard he couldn’t speak, couldn’t make a sound, couldn’t breathe, perfect pink mouth open in a soundless O, muscles in his stomach and chest standing out, gleaming with sweat, spattered with his own come mixed with Sam’s.
She Sells Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

Sam, Dean, Reggie, Marcus, Gus, Rosier, Juliane and Danny. All find their way through their crises. Decisions are made that will change everyone’s lives.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: Referral to rape/implied rape

Dean panted, sprawled on the gym room floor, trying to catch his breath, Sam tossed him his hand towel. Dean wiped the mess off his stomach and chest with a grimace. “Shower?”

They rinsed off quickly and put their clothes back on, just in the nick of time. Danny strolled into the gym holding a large plastic shopping bag. “Here.” He tossed it to Dean. “The Jacuzzi’s all heated up now. You want to catch a soak?”

Dean peeked into the bag at the two pairs of board shorts, flip-flops, and beach towels, and then glanced over at Sam. “You wanna?”

“Totally.” Sam’s smile was pure happiness. Not a hint of worry.

Danny left them to change. They put on the new shorts, which fit perfectly. Then, slinging the beach towels over their shoulders, they shoved their sweaty workout clothes and well-used towels in a washing machine, and met Juliane and Danny in the common room.

Danny wore a grey terrycloth robe over red board shorts, and Juliane wore a thick, oversized Turkish bathrobe that covered her from neck to ankles. She shoved two bottles of real French Champagne into a massive silver ice bucket. “Too early in the day?”

“Hell, no.” Dean nudged Sam. “Champagne and hot tubs, Sammy. Not too shabby, huh?”

“Nope.”

Sam and Dean carried the sparkling wine flutes and followed Juliane and Danny through a door in their private bedroom into a room they’d never been allowed to see.

The walls were lined with beautiful wood paneling, with soft, recessed lighting. In the center of the mosaic tiled floor was a large, jetted redwood hot tub, with a wooden ramp spiraling around it at a gentle incline, rising from the floor to the wooden deck that encircled the tub’s edge.

Dean whistled. “Nice.” He cast a glance at Sam. “You sure about this?” He remembered the last time Sam had tried to get into a tub of water. But that happened what felt like years ago, and there had been a lot of desensitization and distraction, teaching Sam to associate water with Dean loving
him and making him feel as much pleasure as possible.

“I’m good. Promise.”

They hung their towels on the wooden pegs on the wall. Danny poured them each a glass of Champagne and they walked up the curved ramp.

Sam dipped a toe into the water. “Whoa. That’s kinda hot.”

Danny checked the thermometer. “Shit. 104. I’ll turn it down.”

He adjusted the controls, and they all sat on the wooden deck, giving the water some time to cool. Juliane sat cross-legged, still wearing her Turkish bathrobe which covered her completely except for her slender ankles and delicate feet. Danny sat next to her, his hand on her lower back, keeping his robe on as well. Dean dunked his legs into the hot water up to mid-calf with a cocky grin. “It’s not THAT hot.” Danny followed suit. Sam stayed out of the water, as did Juliane.

“To family of choice.” She raised her glass.

“Family of choice,” they echoed.

Sam took a sip. “I could get used to this.”

Juliane laughed, a breathy, delighted sound.

They talked for a while. Sam and Dean jostled each other, Dean speaking in a ridiculous posh English accent, making everyone laugh. Juliane drank her champagne quickly, and poured herself more, refilling Sam’s empty glass too. After ten minutes, Danny checked the temperature, shrugged off his robe and climbed into the tub. Dean followed suit, not one to be shown up. They sank down until the water was at their collarbones, and held up their flutes for a second pour.

Juliane dipped her fingers into the water, checking the temperature again, delaying the moment she would have to disrobe. Her eyes met Sam’s, and they exchanged a long look that said a great deal. She drew strength from the quiet understanding on his face, and nodded to herself. “Alright.” She got to her feet, and turned to face the wooden hooks on the wall. A moment’s hesitation, a deep breath, and then she slipped off her robe and hung it from a hook. Beneath the heavy fabric, she wore a one-piece soft purple bathing suit that covered her core, but left most of her skin—and her scars—fully exposed. She had the lean, toned body of a dancer, with long elegant musculature. The deep marks the knives had left on her back, the indentations and scars standing out vividly on her pale thighs and calves, the slash that curved around her shoulder. All visible.

Danny didn’t look at her like she was brave. He looked at her like she was inexpressibly beautiful. She was.

Dean blinked rapidly, careful not to make a sound, keeping his face still, to not betray any sort of reaction at the evidence of how much she had suffered.

She turned around slowly, her clenched fingers the only obvious sign of her nervousness. More scars laced the front of her legs, criss-crossing in a deliberate serpentine pattern.

Sam beamed up at Juliane, and raised his glass to her. Toasting her. She stood still, making herself linger in the moment instead of hiding from it, making herself feel how unguarded she was, how exposed…and how it was perfectly ok.
She knelt down and got into the hot tub, finally slipping into the sanctuary of the warm water, and snuggled into Danny’s side. He put his arm around her and kissed her forehead, murmuring something to her only the two of them could hear.

Sam drained his glass, the tension on his own face only barely perceptible, having a private conversation with his own thoughts. “Then so can I,” he whispered to himself. He gripped Dean’s shoulder and slipped into the water.

Dean’s smile was incandescent, as much pride on his face as if Sam had won a Nobel Prize. Juliane looked at him with pride, too, bearing witness to his act of bravery in doing something that scared him.

The hot water came up to his waist, jets burbling, bubbles tickling his skin. His heartbeat increased, but he took a deep, calming breath, looking at everyone’s faces. They were all so proud of him. He was Sam Winchester: Bane of Demonkind and inventor of the Pie Burrito. He wasn’t going to crack.

He turned his focus to Dean, losing himself in the shifting, indescribable color of his eyes. Dean mouthed, “Good job.”

Sam used the feeling of happiness Dean’s approval evoked in him to give him courage. He sank down and sat on the wooden bench inside the tub, settling down as far as everyone else had, letting the water rise to his neck.

*death grip on his shoulders, pushing him down, forcing his head into the bucket of water*

Sam flinched.

“Dean.” He refused to give in, shoved back the memories of his torture and near-drowning. *head under water no way to escape no air water filling his nose his mouth choking no air*

He reached for his anchor, his love, his very soul, making himself remember Dean’s hands on him in the shower, washing him, his touch anchoring him in his body, in the moment, evoking such pleasure, such rightness, it was like seeing the face of God, remembering how Dean reassured him, murmuring *you can breathe, Sammy, see, you can breathe, plenty of air, right?*  

Sam couldn’t breathe.

He wrenched himself out of the tub onto the deck, flopped on the slick wood like a hooked swordfish, then collapsed onto his side, shaking violently.

“Sam?” Dean was right there, hands on him, keeping him safe.

Sam could still hear the words faint and garbled through the water *maybe this time I don’t let you up at all maybe this is last call or maybe I do this again five or twenty more times tell me boy which one are you praying for?*

Sam scrabbled away from the water, in a panic to put space between him and it, and knocked over his champagne flute which shattered on the tile floor with a sharp, quick series of high-pitched cracks. He rolled off the edge of the spiral ramp and fell to the tile floor, narrowly avoiding the glass shards, landing on his shoulder and hip with a wet smack.

Dean was out of the water and at Sam’s side in an instant. He pushed Sam’s hair out of his face and cradled him in his arms. “Sam? Eyes on me. Look at me.”
“Sorry,” Sam sputtered. “Didn’t want to… disappoint… everyone.”

“Jesus, Sam.” Dean winced. “You could never…”

Sam’s eyes remained tightly closed. His chest heaved, so desperate to suck in the air he believed he was not getting that he exhaled too much, disrupting the balance of oxygen and carbon dioxide in his blood.

Juliane and Danny climbed out of the hot tub. “The towels.” She pointed toward the wall rack. Danny yanked down the towels, and together they draped them over Sam.

Dean wiped Sam’s face dry, and kissed him, trying to get him to snap out of it like he had done before.

Sam turned his head away to gasp for air, in a full panic now.

Dean looked to Juliane and Danny. “Help.”

“Let’s get him out of here.” Danny nodded toward the door.

Dean picked up Sam like he weighed nothing and carried him into the common room, where he lowered him carefully to the thick rug in front of the fire. Juliane rummaged in a kitchen cabinet and pulled out the glass bottle of peppermint. She opened it and waved it under his nose.

His eyes flashed open, the strong scent distracting his brain from the sensory loop in which he was stuck.

“There you go, Sammy. Look at me. Just me.” Dean stroked Sam’s cheek, relieved at being able to make eye contact again.

Sam struggled to breathe, still hyperventilating, but trying to stay locked on Dean, trying to slow his breathing despite his body’s confused signals that this would kill him.

Dean put his hand on Sam’s bare chest, over his heart, and held Sam’s hand over his own heart. “I breathe, you breathe. Got it?” He breathed in slowly, held it for just a second, and exhaled slowly.

Sam fought to calm himself, eyes locked on Dean’s the whole time. He tried to mimic Dean, trusting that no matter how badly his brain tried to tell him this was a bad idea, if Dean asked Sam to do it, he would do it.

“See? It’s easy. Feel me breathing. See? Nothing to it. Plenty of air.”

After a few breaths, he began breathing from his belly, moving Sam’s hand down to feel it, sliding his hand down Sam’s chest to rest on his stomach. “Come on. Breathe with me, Sam. Nice deep belly breaths.”

Sam began to calm and quiet his breathing. Juliane retrieved the burgundy fleece throw from the couch and tucked it in around Sam, then took his other hand, simply being a calming presence at his side, not demanding anything, just caring for him.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity but was actually around fifteen minutes, Sam’s breathing was nearly normal. Juliane squeezed his hand, relieved his struggle had eased.

Sam nestled into Dean’s arms, tears spilling down his cheeks. His eyes darted around the room, seeking something familiar and comforting, but all he saw was someone else’s life. Lovely things,
things he was invited to share, but they were still other people’s things. Other people’s memories.

Suddenly, all he wanted was to be curled up with Dean in the Dallas Cowboys comforter, lulled into slumber by the rumble of the Impala—or barring that, in their bed in the closest thing to a permanent residence they had ever known: in their room in Bobby’s house, safe behind the lock he had put in; Sam’s notebook of drawings on the floor, his Batman and Superman action figures on the desk, the red-and-grey flannel shirt, the one he had worn the autumn they spent taking turns on the dirt bike riding around the salvage yard, hanging up in the closet; the childhood-familiar scent of Bobby’s biscuits and gravy wafting up through the floorboards from the kitchen, Bobby’s deep baritone singing, ”Out in the West Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl”; the two of them wrapped up safe and warm in Cowboys Blue.

Sam slipped his hand from Juliane’s grasp and pressed his palm to Dean’s cheek, giving him a pleading, anguished look. “Dean. I want to go home.”

Neither Sam nor Dean noticed Juliane’s eyes well up with tears, or the way she retreated into her room like a rabbit disappearing down a hole.

Danny did, and followed her in.

They didn’t notice when she emerged wearing her heavy winter boots, flannel-lined pants and heavy winter coat, slipping through the common room with Danny one step behind, pausing only to place a soft kiss on Danny’s lips and press her hand gently against his chest, asking him without words not to follow her.

Alone, she walked outside, boots crunching in the thick snow blanketing the parking lot, wrapping her arms around herself to protect against the cold wind, trudging into the drifting snow where no one could see her break down.

It was early evening by the time Reggie and Bobby made it to Kansas City, showered off the road trip grime, and dressed as nicely as they were able. Bobby wiped the sweat from his brow for the third time. He looked so nervous about seeing his ex again that Reggie didn’t have the heart to rib him any more than he had done on the drive.

“It’s gonna be fine.” Reggie filled a tumbler with water from the bathroom tap and held it out to Bobby.

Bobby took a deep drink, and blew out a loud breath. “Well, let’s get this over with.” They walked to the hotel elevator and pressed the button for the 11th floor.

Bobby wiped his brow once more as Reggie knocked on the door of room 1104. A slender woman with russet hair elegantly framing her face opened the door. She greeted Reggie with a smile of recognition from the old days, and then her attention shifted entirely to Bobby.

“Bobby Singer.” Her voice was soft, with a distinct Southern lilt.

“Katherine.” Bobby swallowed, eyes darting down to her black heels and back up, taking in the black skirt and red blouse obviously tailored to fit her, lingering for a moment on the sparkling
chunky black necklace outlining her prominent collarbone, making a concerted effort not to look at her red mouth at all. “Um, you’re looking well.”

Katherine’s face lit up at the sight of Bobby. “You too.”

Bobby reached up to adjust his baseball cap, which he was not wearing, and covered for the awkward gesture by running his hand over his combed-back hair.

“Come on in, boys.” Katherine pivoted on the balls of her feet and walked back into her room, long legs working.

Reggie whistled between his teeth.

Katherine looked back over her shoulder, mouth open in mock disapproval. “Reggie Beaumont. I thought you didn’t play for my team.”

Reggie flashed his strong white teeth in a wide grin. “No, ma’am. But you’re looking just as fine as ever.”

Katherine poured two shots of whiskey, neat, and handed it to them. “You know, I always wanted to turn you.” She looked Reggie up and down from the tips of his boots to the elegant drape of his moustache.

“Oh, I know.” Reggie winked. “If anyone could have, it would have been you.”

Bobby cleared his throat.

“You jealous?” Katherine shot Bobby a coy look over her shoulder.

Bobby squirmed, sweat emerging on his brow once again.

Katherine eyed Bobby the same way she’d given Reggie the once over, took a sip of her whiskey, and perched on the edge of the bed. “Well, then, let’s see this book you came all this way to show me.” She patted the mattress next to her.

Bobby pulled up a chair next to the bed and retrieved Nathaniel’s notebook from his satchel. She began to peruse the symbols Nathanial had transcribed from Azazel’s mind.

Her mouth fell open.”My goodness.”

“There’s Sumerian there, and also some things I’ve never seen before,” Bobby said.

“Yes…” She ran her finger along a line of symbols. “And High Enochian. This looks like Elamite. Really early, too. But this…” she flipped through several pages. “I’ve never seen anything like this.”

Reggie’s cell phone vibrated in his pocket. It was from Marcus’s number. “You mind if I take this?”

“Not at all.” Bobby waved to Reggie to go ahead.

Reggie stepped into the bathroom, holding his tumbler in his other hand. “Hey, darlin’. Miss me already?” He took a sip of whiskey.

“Reggie.” Marcus’s voice was wrecked, weak and raspy. “Help.”
The sound of glass shattering on the tile floor brought Bobby racing to the door.

Reggie’s face drained of all its color. He sagged against the bathroom sink. “What happened?”

“Too strong. I tried to close the door. But it was too strong.”

Reggie’s body went cold. “It?”

Marcus coughed, and groaned with pain. “It hurt me.”

Reggie slammed his fist into the bathroom wall. “Fuck!” He used the physical pain to force the emotional pain into hiding. “Where are you?”

“Home.” His vocal chords were shot. “It pushed its way in. After you left.”

Reggie steadied himself, trying to freeze his emotions, willing himself to ask the question every fiber in his being wanted not to have to ask. “Why do you keep saying ‘it’?”

Bobby, listening outside the bathroom to Reggie’s side of the conversation, swore softly.

“It.” Marcus took a labored breath, and whispered, “Demon.”

“No. God, please no.”

“Told me things.” His speech was slurred, like it hurt him to move his mouth. “About…scary monsters.”

“I’m coming for you.”

“Told me…to tell you…tell you this was for Azazel,” Marcus choked out.

Reggie dropped to his knees on the cold bathroom floor as though someone had slashed his Achilles tendons with a knife.

“Ah. Zay. Zuhl. He made me practice.” Marcus’s voice was fading. “Get it right.”

Reggie tipped his head back, muscles contorted in a soundless scream of anguish. “Marcus. Jesus.”

“Reggie.”

The need, the love in Marcus’s voice, the way he said his name undid Reggie, made it impossible for him to rise to his feet. But he fought hard to stay in control of his mind, his voice. To stay clear-headed for Marcus.

“I’m gonna call you an ambulance. Get you to a hospital.”

“Don’t need a doctor. It was…careful. Not to do real damage.” He slurred his words, clearly exhausted.

“Please. Let me call an ambulance.”


“Please… Reggie. I need you.” Marcus’s voice was barely a whisper.
“I have to go. Right fucking now.” Reggie rose to his feet.

“What happened?”


Bobby’s mouth fell open. Katherine, standing behind Bobby, looked shocked, even though she did not know who Reggie was talking about.

“I thought all the demons went to ground.” Bobby looked stunned.

Reggie fixed Bobby with a stare so cold, it made him take a step back. “Guess one of them had one last ‘Fuck you’ in him before he hightailed it outta here. Marcus—” Reggie’s voice choked up. “Marcus said he did it for Azazel.”

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph…” Bobby put his hand on Reggie’s shoulder.

Reggie ran his hands through his long silver hair, despair making him look older than his 62 years. “That son of a bitch hurt him because of us. Because of me.”

“Marcus didn’t know about the whole supernatural deal, did he?” Bobby already knew the answer to that question.

“No.” Reggie’s face contorted with guilt.

“You can’t blame yourself. Even if you had told him—“

“I damn well should have told him. I should have protected him. At least given him some wards. Salted his damn door. Or never let myself get involved with him in the first place.” He shook his head. “I’ve got to go. Right now.” He wiped the tears off his cheeks with both palms in an angry motion.

“Of course.”

“Stay here. Get to work on this damn notebook.” Reggie pointed at the book on the bedspread.

Bobby started to protest at not accompanying his friend, but the implacable look on Reggie’s face made him shut his mouth, knowing any argument was fruitless.

Reggie clapped Bobby on the shoulder, blue eyes bright with anguish and righteous anger, then stalked to the elevator, his long black duster billowing behind him. Bobby watched him go. “Shit. That demon better run,” he muttered.
“If this is a trap, you black-eyed son of a bitch, you best be ready for me.” Reggie flung himself into the driver’s seat and peeled out. He broke every speeding law on every road between Kansas City, Kansas and Morrison, Colorado. He kept the speedometer pegged at 100 miles an hour most of the way. He called Marcus every hour, to let him know how much closer he was, but really for reassurance he was still alive. He drove with one hand white-knuckled on the wheel, the other gripping the handle of his knife.

His thoughts were of blood and revenge, memories of Nathan bleeding in his arms morphing into Marcus, limp in his grasp, life draining away. He pushed the car to 120, a hair below red-line.

People driving in the other direction gasped at the sight of the silver-haired madman, grim-faced behind the wheel of the Dodge Challenger, driving like a bat out of hell.

“I hope your friend…um, friend will be alright.” Katherine refilled Bobby’s whiskey glass.

Bobby sat heavily on the edge of the bed, ignoring Nathaniel’s notebook for the moment. “He better be.” Bobby knew that if Marcus died, after what happened to Nathan, Reggie would never survive it. Not the part that made him human, anyway.

“I have faith.” Katherine sat down next to him on the bed and placed her hand on Bobby’s in a comforting gesture and put her head on his shoulder. Her hair smelled like Chanel No. 5.

Bobby’s heart sped up. He pretended he had an itch on the back of his neck and awkwardly pulled his hand away, straightening up with a nervous laugh.

She made a soft laugh and sipped her drink in the awkward silence that followed. “It’s just really good to see you again.”

“Yes.” Bobby heart was racing. “You too.”

She gave him a sidelong glance. “You look great, Bobby”

“Thanks. So.” Bobby spoke up to break the silence. “How’s… um…”

“David?”

Bobby nodded, embarrassed he didn’t remember his name.

She tucked her hair behind her ear. “He passed. Three years ago. Heart trouble.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Thank you.”

“Did you… did you ever…”

“Yes. Two girls. Maria’s teaching high school, and Sara’s off at university in London.”

Bobby smiled sadly. “I always knew you’d be a great mom.”

“Thank you.” She gave him a sweet, grateful smile. “I take it you stuck to your guns on that one?”
Bobby swallowed hard. “It’s complicated.”

An expression of pain tinged with betrayal flashed over Katherine’s face. “You had kids?”

“No. No, I didn’t,” Bobby clarified. “Not my own. But… it’s a long story.”

They sat on the bed side by side, facing the wall, no much going unsaid.

“You remember sitting on the bench behind the bleachers after you finished football practice?”

She tucked her hair behind her ear, and crossed her bare legs at the ankles. “That hideous cheerleader’s outfit they made us wear, with the full sleeves, and that god-awful pleated plaid?”

Bobby glanced down at her legs, still toned even after all the years that had passed. He noticed the scant six inches between them on the bed. Wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, he looked at the closed door helplessly. “Balls.”

Faint beeps from hospital machinery sounded through the closed door of the hospital room. Gus unfolded the green brocade cloth in which Juliane had wrapped the crystals, and laid it out on the overbed table, rolling it close to Rosier’s hospital bed. Inside the cloth was a handwritten note with instructions.

Gus lifted the first crystal, a smoky quartz, from the gleaming green fabric. “I feel silly doing this.”

Rosier gave him a soft smile. “Couldn’t hurt, right?”

“Right.”

Gus lay the smoky quartz on the pillow above Rosier’s head. Its twin, he lay at Rosier’s feet.

His fingers brushed the green brocade, picking up the two amethyst crystals. He placed one into Rosier’s unburned left hand, and snugged the other one against his burned right hand.

He turned the pink kunzite crystal in his hand, feeling its coolness, then set it on Rosier’s sternum, on the heart chakra.

“Are you going to sing ‘Kumbaya’?” Rosier teased him, with no bite to it.

“Don’t even tempt me. I can sing.” Gus sat down on the chair next to the bed, and took Rosier’s right hand in his, closing his fingers snugly over the crystal. “Now, I just sit here, and, uh, think healing thoughts.”

“Alright.”

Gus lay back in his chair, and closed his eyes. After a moment, Rosier did too.

Gus opened one eye and peered at Rosier. “Baaaaby,” Gus sang to him in a soft, unexpectedly rich voice, with a warm vibrato.

Rosier’s eyes flashed open in surprise.

“I can’t hold it much longer…it’s getting stronger and stronger.”
“Damn. You can sing.”

Gus changed the lyrics slightly. “When you get that feeling, you need sexual healing.”

Rosier snorted.

Gus stood up and held Rosier’s hand in his, other hand on his chest, like he was a singer that had picked a fan out of the crowd and brought her up on stage to serenade. “Makes you feel so fine… helps to relieve your mind…”

Rosier, half-mummified in bandages and high on pain meds, tipped his head back and laughed.

“Sexual healing… is good for you…”

“That’s right.”

Gus leaned over the hospital bed, raising one eyebrow. “Get up, get up, get up, get up, let’s make love tonight…”

“I wish I could.” Rosier eyed Gus from head to toe, taking in all the lines and shapes of his strong body as Gus sang.

Gus stretched out his other hand in a dramatic lounge singer gesture. “I’m your medicine, open up and let me in.”

Rosier laughed so hard, he snorted. “You’re gonna fuck me better, little one?”

“That’s right.” Gus’s dimples popped. “Take care of you.”

“I’m not up to that yet, but…”

“I can do other things.” Gus ran his tongue across his lower lip.

“Yes. Yes, you can.”

Gus ran his hand over Rosier’s unburned thigh.

“I’m feeling better already.” Rosier shifted in the bed. “Must be the crystals.”

“Yeah.” Gus put his hands on either side of the pillow and leaned in for a kiss. “That must be it.”

Juliane deliberately faced the strong wind blowing crystals of snow against her exposed skin, welcoming the sting on her cheeks and lips. In the distance, a yellow light from a neon sign gleamed through the flurries of snow.

The soft crunch of boots in the snow behind her. Danny’s hand settling lightly on her shoulder.

“He’s going to leave.” She didn’t turn around, cold air driving tiny needles of snow into her bare throat. “Sam and Dean. They’re going to leave.”

Danny moved closer, pressing against her from shoulders to calves, wrapping his arms around her. She leaned back into his embrace, feeling his body support hers.
“They might.”

She began to cry.

Danny held her, loving her enough to just let her cry. When her tears ceased, he said quietly, “What if we go with them?”

She gasped.

“You’ve been talking about setting up other Sanctuaries in other states.”

The cold air blew against her face, her tears turning to ice, gleaming yellow in the neon light.

“What if we set up a new one near where Bobby lives? Austin and Eddie could take over managing this place. You know they’re solid.” The warmth of his voice cut through the cold. “This place? It’s where you locked yourself in. With all those memories. You’re free now. You can go wherever you want.”

“We can go wherever we want,” she breathed.

___________________________

Alone in the common room, Dean lay in front of the fire with Sam, big spoon to Sam’s little spoon, the wine-red throw wrapped around both of them, their faces bathed in flickering light from the flames. The heat penetrated them to their bones. Sam sighed, breath finally restored to perfect balance.

“You could never disappoint me, Sam.”

Sam sighed.

“You don’t ever have to get into water again. No one will ever think less of you for that. Least of all me.”

Sam raised their joined hands to his mouth and kissed the back of Dean’s fingers. “But I like baths. And swimming. I want to.” He shook his head. “I hate this. Having that stuck in my head. Still.”

“I know.”

“I just want to be better.”

“You are better.”

“All the way. I want all that damage out of my head.”

“That’s not how it works.”

Sam exhaled, and snuggled closer to Dean. “I know.”

“Some things, you never get over. You just have to carry it.”

Sam closed his eyes, letting the warmth of the fire soak into him.
“But you don’t have to carry it alone. You have me.”

“I have you.”


Neither of them said the name, “John.” The omission stung both of them.

“So… you want to go home? Go back with Bobby?” Dean mouthed at the baby hairs at the nape of Sam’s neck.

Sam turned his head to give Dean greater access to his neck. “I don’t know what I want. I want to stay here. And I want to go home.”

Dean kissed the back of Sam’s ear. “Then let’s stay here. And go home.”

Sam frowned. “That’s not how it works.”

“Why not?” Dean nipped lightly at the back of Sam’s ear, enjoying how it made him squirm. “Why not have both? We stayed here for a while. So let’s go back with Bobby. Not right away, but soon. We drive back. Have your big birthday bash. Get you through next semester. Then we come back here for the summer. See what happens after that.”

“Both.” Sam stared into the hypnotic dance of the flickering flames, heat bathing his face. “We could have both.”

Three quick raps on the door, and Marcus opened it to let Reggie in. Reggie’s moustache twitched at the sight of his bruised face and black eye.

“Thank God,” Marcus breathed, wrapping his arms around him. Reggie held him gently, his gaze moving rapidly around the room, looking for signs of someone else with them. Something else.

“It’s just us. I swear.”

Reggie ran his hand over Marcus’s cheek, so gentle, so careful. “I gotta make sure. Give me a minute.”

Reggie pulled his knife out of its sheath and thoroughly checked out the apartment. When he was completely satisfied they were indeed alone, he sheathed his knife, pulled a leather bag out of his duffel bag and laid down a generous line of salt on the windowsills and at the front door, then locked it tight.

“What’s that?”


Marcus met his gaze with not exactly anger, but something resolute and unyielding. “I wish I’d known that yesterday.”
Suddenly Reggie was on his knees, arms wrapped around Marcus’s thighs, cheek pressed against his stomach, holding him gently as if he was afraid to hurt him with his touch. “This is my fault. This is all my fault.”

“Shh. No.”

Reggie shook his head. “It’s my fault. God…I’m so sorry.”

Marcus stroked Reggie’s hair. “Baby. No.” His sweatshirt was wet with Reggie’s tears.

“I should have told you. Protected you.”

“Shh.”

Reggie forced himself to regain his composure and stood up. He cradled Marcus’s face in the palms of his hands. “How bad are you hurt?”

“Bruised, mostly. I hurt all over. Nothing I won’t heal from eventually.” Marcus averted his gaze.

Reggie’s blood ran cold at the way Marcus said the last word. Softly, he said, “Please. Look at me.”

Marcus blinked a few times, then looked up.

“How bad are you hurt?” Reggie repeated, his voice cracking, searching Marcus’s face.

Marcus’s eyes filled with tears.

“It’s ok. It’s ok, darlin’. I got you now.” Reggie folded him into his arms, knowing full well what demons do, knowing what Marcus could not articulate in words.

He lifted Marcus easily and carried him to the couch, laying him down with great tenderness, holding him until his tears eased. “Were you able to tend to yourself at all?”

Marcus wiped his face. “I just slept.”

“The whole time since you called me?”

Marcus nodded.

“Ok.” Reggie searched in his bag and pulled out a bottle of Vicodin. He gave Marcus two pills with a glass of water. “Take these.” Marcus swallowed the pills, wincing as they went down. Reggie tried not to notice. “I’m going to run you a bath. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Marcus gestured toward the closed bedroom door. “Could you, uh. Please? I haven’t… I can’t go back in there.”

Reggie pulled the blue blanket that had fallen to the floor back over Marcus. “I’ll clean up.”

He went into the bathroom first and started running a warm bath, lighting the three blue candles that Marcus kept on the silvery metal tray on the sink and dimming the overhead light.

Then he steeled himself and went into the bedroom, shutting the door behind him.

He closed his eyes at the sight of the crime— and the smell. Fear-sweat, acrid and strong, and the faint stench of sulphur. Rope restraints tied to the head and foot of the bed. Twisted sheets. Blood.
Not a lot. Just a small dark stain on the middle of the sheets.

Reggie bowed his head, and once again, he wept.

When he came back out of the room, he held a wad of material (the ropes and bloodstain carefully wrapped at the center of the bundle so Marcus could not see it). “Where do you keep your garbage bags?”

“Under the sink.”

He put the sheets into a heavy-duty Husky trash bag and knotted it tight. Then he double-bagged it. And triple-bagged it. He set the bag outside the apartment onto the walkway and locked the door again. He turned around to face Marcus. His skin was ashen, and his shoulders slumped. “I’ll burn that later.”

Incredibly, a faint smile curled up the corners of Marcus’s mouth. “Thank you.” The smile was short-lived however. “Reg. I can’t… I can’t stay here anymore.”

Reggie nodded as if he had expected him to say that. “There’s a place we can go. Where you can heal up and stay as long as you want. No charge. Where you’ll be totally safe.”

Marcus laughed, a hint of despair creeping into his voice for the first time. “All that? Where?”

Reggie stood up straight. “Sanctuary.” He walked over to the couch. “Ok, let’s get you into the tub.” He bent down to pick Marcus up.

“I can walk.”

“Let me carry you.” Reggie’s eyes were wet.

“Ok.” Marcus let Reggie carry him to the bathroom.

“If you, um, want, I’ll wait for you in the living—“ The lines on Reggie’s face stood out, tortured with recrimination.

“Stay.” Marcus reached out to him and took his hand.

Reggie blinked, sending a tear rolling down his cheek. “I wanted to tell you. About what I do. The things I hunt. What’s really out there. But I didn’t know how. Didn’t want to drag you into this world. It’s ugly. And terrifying.”

Marcus swallowed with some discomfort, and nodded.

“But I’ll tell you everything. All of it. Anything you want to ask me, I’ll answer. No more secrets.” Reggie looked down as if he were afraid to say the next part. “And if you still want to have anything to do with me, I’ll keep you safe. I owe you that. For what happened to you because of me. And…” He hesitated before going on. “And because I want to. So, if you still want me around, I promise I’ll protect you. Keep you safe. Day and night.” He kept his gaze down, afraid of what he might see in Marcus’s eyes.

“For how long?” Marcus asked.

Reggie looked up. Marcus’s green eyes were wide, honest and questioning, with no recrimination or hatred in them. Reggie sent up a fervent prayer to the God he knew existed but kept Himself out of the fight for reasons unknown, thanking Him for showing mercy to an unworthy man.
“Forever,” Reggie swore.

~

With great care, Reggie pulled the sweatshirt off Marcus and let it fall to the tile floor. He trailed his fingertips over the bruises on his body, apologizing with each touch. Gently, he knelt at Marcus’s feet and pulled his sweatpants off, not shying away from witnessing the damage Marcus had endured, letting the pain of it crash into him, as his due, the price he owed Marcus. He begged for forgiveness with his hands on Marcus’s battered body.

He rose, and helped Marcus step into the warm water, helped him lower himself down. He hissed with pain as the water flowed between his legs, becoming tinged with pink.

Marcus averted his head to hide the shame on his face. Reggie gritted his teeth, a fresh tear rolling down his cheek unnoticed, and gripped Marcus’s hands. “That happened to me once.”

Marcus blinked in surprise. “You? You were…”

“Raped.”

Marcus flinched at the word finally being uttered.

“Two good ol’ boys. I was just a kid.”

Marcus winced as he slipped down further into the bath. “Sucks, doesn’t it.”

Reggie tipped his head back and laughed, a deep, grateful laugh at the unexpected gift of Marcus’s ability to joke at a time like this.

Marcus laughed too, tension clearing the air. He lowered himself deeper into the bath, sighing with relief as the warm water enveloped him. “Is that why you don’t like to bottom?”

“No. Maybe. I never really thought about it.” Reggie fell silent, many thoughts and worries running through him that he would never dare say to Marcus.

But he didn’t have to say the words. “I don’t know how I’m going to feel about bottoming when I’m healed. But I don’t want to robbed of that. Because the best thing I ever felt in my life was you inside me.”

Reggie stared in astonishment. “You’re just not afraid of anything. Finding out monsters are real. Speaking your mind.”

“No saying what you think just gets you into trouble. And secrets just cause a lot of pain, sooner or later.”

Reggie nodded, the truth of that statement right in front of his eyes.

The three blue candles gleamed, reflected and multiplied in the mirror. Reggie knelt at Marcus’s side, gently swabbing him with a dark blue washcloth, dripping warm water down his neck, stroking his face, wetting and squeezing the cloth out over his hair, his chest, his stomach, gently touching every part of his body, washing him clean.

Author’s note: Much more to come!
The fire popped loudly, and Sam woke with a start. “The hell?”

Dean woke instantly, feeling Sam’s heart beating fast beneath his hand pressed to Sam’s chest. “S’ok, Sammy. I got you.”

Sam shook the hair out of his face, disoriented, looking around the room to place himself. Dean pulled the red throw blanket higher to wrap snugly around Sam’s neck, in the process exposing their bare feet. “We fell asleep.” The fire still burned strong, crackling in a hypnotic rhythm that made Dean yawn heavily, ready to fall right back asleep.

“The Sanctuary?” Sam blinked rapidly, trying to clear his head.

Dean roused, hearing the confusion in Sam’s voice. “Yeah. The Sanctuary. You ok, Sam?” He looped a lock of Sam’s hair back behind his ear and brought his mouth to Sam’s neck, nuzzling him until he shivered.

“Yeah, I just… can’t clear my head.” Sam yawned. “Feels like I slept for three months.”

Dean rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. “More like five.”

Sam squirmed, bending his long legs to tuck his bare feet back under the throw. “What’s the point of a throw blanket? They only cover like my leg.”

Dean chuckled. “You want a bigger blanket, princess?” He nestled closer, whispered, “Want to go to bed?”

Sam shivered at the need, the promise, in Dean’s voice. Before Sam could give utterance to what he wanted, the sound of heavy winter boots down the hallway presaged Juliane’s entrance in the common room, Danny at her side. She took off her coat and hung it on the heavy antique wooden coat rack to the right of the fireplace. “Hey, Sam.” Her voice was gentle and soft. “How are you doing?” Her cheeks were pink from the sharp sting of the snow. The log on the fire popped, sending up a small shower of sparks.

“Better.” Sam sat up fast, and pulled the throw up around his chest to cover his bare skin, his own cheeks turning pink for being caught curled up with Dean on the floor practically naked. Unfortunately, by doing so, he tugged the throw off Dean completely.

“Hey!” Dean complained, snatching the throw back to cover himself up, successfully hiding his erection.

“Put some clothes on, you two.” Danny tossed another throw to them, the smile crinkling the corners of his eyes showing he was not truly bothered.
Juliana scrutinized Sam’s face intently. “I’d like to try a new technique with you, to see if we can’t clear you of more of your PTSD.”

“Like the pen thing?” Sam looked up at her, puppy-dog eyes wide with trust.

“Same general idea but a different technique. It’s called tapping. Get dressed, and I’ll show you.” She rubbed her hands down her heavy winter pants. “I need to change too. Danny, can you—“

“Already on it, babe.” Danny set the just-filled tea kettle on the burner with a dull clunk.

Sam and Dean padded barefoot out of the common room, wrapped in the throw blankets, to get dressed.

Once inside their apartment, Dean had Sam up against the wall, kissing him hard and needy.

Sam didn’t protest.

Dean dropped to his knees and stripped Sam’s board shorts off, taking his soft cock in his mouth.

“Dean,” Sam gasped.

“I’ll get you there. Just… let me.” Dean took all of Sam’s soft cock in his mouth easily, sucking hard as he pulled back, drawing blood into the flaccid member. Sam moaned at how Dean knelt before him, worshipping his cock even while it was soft and small.

It wasn’t soft or small for long.

Dean pulled down the front of his own board shorts, pulling his hard cock out, fisting it with one hand. He looked up at Sam, green eyes so clear, pink lips wet and gleaming. “I want you to come in my mouth.”

Sam’s cock bobbed, muscles twitching. Dean brought his mouth down, soft and warm and so wet, all the way to the base, and back up, sucking, pulling the soft flesh out, stretching it, holding the head tight with his lips, then back down fast and repeating the process, stroking the underside with his tongue, feeling his cock fatten and swell. He worked his own cock with one hand, thighs spread wide, and reached the other up to Sam, put his right hand on the back of Dean’s head, urged him to take complete control. ‘Come on, Sammy. Fuck my mouth.”

Sam groaned, fist his hand in Dean’s hair, thrusting his hips forward, driving into Dean’s mouth, feeling the head of his cock slip down Dean’s throat. Dean hummed with pleasure, tipping his head back, taking Sam’s cock like a pro. The faster and deeper Sam thrust, the tighter he twined his fingers in Dean’s hair, the more Dean moaned, keeping his mouth wet and sloppy, his tongue soft and wicked, spit leaking out of his mouth, working his hand on his cock just as hard and fast. Sam put his other hand on Dean’s head, held it still, and pumped his hips, fucking Dean’s mouth like he asked him to. Dean moaned, again and again, like the feel of Sam taking control, taking his mouth like that was breaking him apart with pleasure. Instead of Sam’s usual gasps and whimpers, the act brought out primal grunts and low cries, masculine. Dominant. In control.

Dean relaxed his jaw, opened his throat, and took whatever Sam gave him, eyes watering, eyelashes fluttering with the pleasure of it, hand on his cock, jacking it savagely.

Sam muttered, “Fuck, Jesus, Dean, gonna come, gonna come in your mouth, Dean, Dean…” and
with that, Dean was shaking and crying out his orgasm with a mouth full of his brother’s cock, Sam coming down the back of his throat, milking it all out with the muscles of his throat as he swallowed and swallowed and swallowed again, his own ejaculate spattering the carpet and wall.

Sam pulled back just enough for the last spasms to spill on Dean’s tongue, so he could taste it fully. Dean’s eyes fluttered shut as the intense briny flavor flooded his mouth. “You like that,” Sam whispered.

Dean looked up into Sam’s eyes, holding his cock in his mouth, kneeling before him, and nodded. Sam drank in the visual for a long moment, then tugged him to his feet, and kissed the taste of himself out of Dean’s mouth.

“I see what you did there, by the way.” For someone who had come practically screaming a moment before, he sounded surprisingly self-possessed.

“Got you from soft to crying out my name in three minutes flat?” Dean smirked.

Sam rolled his eyes. “Put me in control.”

Dean blinked, eyes soft and innocent, not really surprised Sam had seen through his ploy to make Sam feel in complete control of his body and Dean’s too, to feel his power and strength, to not feel vulnerable or scared. “Nah. That would be like, some sort of awesome psychological tactic. And I’m not that smart.”

Sam shushed him by kissing him again. “Yeah, you are.” He pulled Dean into a hug. “Damn right you are,” he whispered.

While Sam and Dean were getting dressed, Juliane disappeared into the bedroom to change. She emerged a few minutes later, wearing comfortable black leggings and a hugely oversized blue knit sweater that fell to mid-thigh.

“What’s up?” Danny wiped his hands on a dish rag.

She pushed her hair back with both hands. “I, um. I got my period.”

Danny blew out a deep breath. “Ah.” He kept his face impassive, just reading her.

She blinked rapidly. “I should feel relieved. I mean, I do feel relieved. But…” She rubbed the back of her neck. “But I’m…”

Danny drew close, and brushed a stray lock of hair off her forehead. “You feel sad too.” His smile was sweet and understanding, but his eyes gleamed with tears.

She stared up at him, her pale blue eyes wide. “I thought you’d be relieved. Off the hook, you know.”
“I told you. I don’t want to be off the hook. There is no hook.” He brushed his hand through her hair. “I want it all with you.” He smiled down at her. “Whatever you’re willing to give me.”

She nestled herself into his arms, face buried in his chest, breathing in his cologne. “You can have everything,” she murmured into his chest.

“What’s that?” Danny cocked his head like he couldn’t hear her.

“I said you can have everything.”

“Really?” And in a smooth, graceful motion, Danny dropped to one knee.

Juliane’s mouth fell open.

“Say that again.”

Juliana tried to speak but no words came out.

Danny loosened the tie on the leather pouch he always wore around his neck containing his various wards, reached inside and pulled out a ring.

“Oh god.”

He examined her face for signs he was doing the wrong thing. She just stared at him in disbelief, tears welling in her eyes.

He took her hand, and held out the ring. It was a classic platinum band with a princess-cut diamond at the center, flanked by two triangular tapered shapes with very small diamonds inside. Juliane said nothing, eyes moving from the ring to Danny’s face and back again.

Danny began to babble. “It was my grandmother’s. I, uh, I never thought I’d get the chance to… to give it to anyone... I just kept it with my talismans because diamonds boost the energy of other stones, and I don’t know if you’ll like it, or if this is even what you want—“

“Yes.”

Danny stopped babbling. “…Did you just say yes?”

“Yes.” She laughed. “Yes, I said ‘yes’.”

Danny closed his eyes. “Oh, thank god.”

She pulled him to his feet and kissed him, laughing and crying at the same time, gasping against his open mouth. “Put it on.” She stepped back and extended her left hand.

The tea kettle’s whistle screeched loudly, startling them. Juliana jerked, her hand hitting Danny’s. The ring went flying, clattering on the kitchen floor and disappearing from view.

“Oh, no.” Juliane’s hands flew to cover her mouth.

Danny pulled the kettle to a cold burner and turned the heat off. “We’ll find it.”

“Oh, no, no, no…” Juliane repeated.

When Sam and Dean returned, they found Danny and Juliane on their hands and knees on the kitchen floor, patting frantically.
“Lose something?” Dean looked puzzled.

Juliane fell back against a cupboard door, stricken. “I’m such a klutz.”

“Got it.” Danny pulled his fingers out from under the refrigerator, holding a lint-covered diamond engagement ring.

“No way.” Sam gripped Dean’s arm.

Danny wiped the ring off on a kitchen towel. “You want to try this again?” He took her hand, with a firm grip this time, drew her to her feet and slipped the ring on her finger.

“It fits.” Juliana shook her head in disbelief. “It actually fits.”

“I thought it might. Nana had real delicate bone structure. Like you.”

Juliane pressed her palms to Danny’s face, the diamond ring glinting in the light, and kissed him, so gentle and pure Dean had to clench his jaw to try not to tear up.

Sam made no such effort.

Danny kept it together until Juliane hugged him, burying her face in his chest and whispered, “I’m so lucky.”

He pressed his hand to the back of her head, wet eyes looking upward, lips forming a soundless prayer of “Thank you.”

Marcus slumped on the couch, clad in clean sweat pants and a sweatshirt, tugging on socks and wincing. Reggie flinched at the sight.

“Thanks, Angus. I owe you one.” Reggie flipped his phone closed. “It’s all set.” He turned to Marcus. “He’ll meet us in Centennial and get your key. Pack up whatever you want to keep, and put it in storage.”

Marcus looked up at Reggie, eyes red. “And then what?”

“Then you rest. Heal up. We’ll worry about ‘then what’ later.” Reggie brought Marcus a glass of water. “You up to packing a bag? Stuff you want to bring with?”

Marcus nodded, and took a sip of water. Reggie turned to head back in the kitchen, and Marcus grabbed his hand, stopping him from leaving. “Thank you.”

Reggie’s mouth twisted with guilt. “Don’t. Don’t you do that.”

“I mean it.”

Reggie stared at him in disbelief. “This is my fault.”

“No.”

Reggie shook his head, grey hair flying. “This happened to you because of me.” He stabbed his
“I don’t blame you.” Marcus protested. “You aren’t responsible.”

“Yes, I am.” Reggie’s voice was rumbling thunder, gravel crunched under the tires of a tank, thick with bitter recrimination and anger aimed squarely at himself.

“Reg—“

“You can’t convince me otherwise.” Reggie stood tall and imposing, the fact of his words etched clearly on his face. “So just let me get to making it right. Alright?”

Marcus nodded, recognizing he could not win this battle. “Ok.” He tugged gently on Reggie’s fingers. “Just… it’s important you know. That I don’t blame you.”

Reggie’s jaw tightened, too many words and emotions warring for dominance for him to be able to speak. Finally, he choked out, “I don’t deserve you.” Reggie looked on Marcus with wonder, at how he could not blame Reggie for what had been done to him. “But I’ll try to.”

Marcus move to rise to his feet, pain flickering across his face. Reggie helped him up with exquisite gentleness. “You go on and get your bag packed. I got a big bottle of Vicodin, and you’re gonna take one, and we’ll get you settled in the back of my car, and you just get some sleep.”

Marcus gathered up his toiletries from the bathroom. Reggie sat on the couch, wiped his hand over his eyes, and slumped forward. Marcus packed up his photographs from the bookshelf and gathered his toiletries from the bathroom. When he went into the bedroom finally, to grab the clothes he wanted from the closet, Reggie slipped quietly into the kitchen, called Angus back and asked him for one more favor.

Marcus insisted on sitting in the front seat with Reggie on the way out, which Reggie grudgingly allowed only if Marcus took his Vicodin without complaint. He held Marcus’s hand most of the way on the 30 minute drive to Centennial, where Angus met them at the pre-arranged rest stop, in a large moving truck with a burly man in the passenger seat who waved to Reggie and went back to sleep. It was 3 am, bitterly cold without a hint of the coming dawn.

Angus looked like he just stepped out of a Western, with a neatly trimmed Doc Holliday moustache and hat, with a brown button-up shirt, dark brown trousers and bracers, and a long coat. Reggie introduced him to Marcus through the window, then asked him to just sit and rest while he handled their business. Marcus did not protest, wrapping his coat tight around him, yawning as the Vicodin’s pleasant warmth began to move through him.

Reggie walked a few feet away with Angus. “Thanks again, man. I really appreciate it.”

“Anytime.”

Reggie handed Angus the key to Marcus’s apartment. “He wants to keep all the clothes and books. All the cooking stuff in the kitchen. The TV and stereo. You can keep the couch if you want it.”

Angus stuck his gloved hands in his coat pockets. “I appreciate that. I could use one in the den.”

“The bed? You burn.” Reggie’s face was stone.

Angus nodded.

“There’s a big plastic bag of stuff on top of it. Burn that too. And don’t open it.”
“Salt and burn? Or just burn?”

“Salt, burn, nuke it from orbit. The whole nine.”

“Alright.” Angus raised an eyebrow, but didn’t question Reggie.

“I’ll keep you posted on our plans, but I expect we’ll stay put where we’re headed at least a couple of weeks.”

“Ok.”

“You got what I asked for?”

“Sure do.” Angus tucked the apartment key into his leather wallet, and went back to the truck, rummaging behind the driver’s seat. He came back carrying a thick blanket, and worn but clean black comforter. “Got a pillow for you too.”

Reggie lay the blanket across the back seat and spread the comforter out on top. Angus brought him the pillow, and handed him a large thermos.

“Is this what I think it is?” Reggie drawled.

“Coffee. Hot, black and strong as hell,” Angus said.

“Tell your daddy he raised you right.”

Angus snorted. “Hell he did.” He clapped Reggie on the shoulder. “I’ll let you get on your way. You take care, sir.”

“Don’t call me sir,” Reggie drawled.

“I always call you sir, and I always will.”

Despite the events of the past nine hours, Reggie managed a small smile. “How’s Sally Mae, by the way?”

“Oh, I brought her.” Angus unsnapped the sheath at his hip and pulled out the knife Reggie had made for him, presenting it to him hilt-side first. “She never leaves my side.”

Reggie took it, running his fingers over the flat of the blade and the rare green obsidian he had so painstakingly set into the bloodwood handle. “Hey, you,” he said quietly. The green stone gleamed in the moonlight. He spent a moment with the knife, then handed it back. “You’re taking good care of her.”

“And she’s taking good care of me.”

“Glad to hear it.”

“Good luck to you. Both of you.”

Reggie shook his hand. Angus pulled out onto the highway to collect Marcus’s belongings for safekeeping. Reggie turned his attention to Marcus. He opened the door for him, helped him out, their breath misting in the fold air. He pulled back the comforter and helped Marcus inside as best he could. Despite his care and the Vicodin, by the time he was settled on the wide back seat, Marcus’s forehead was beaded with sweat from the pain of moving. He settled down on his left side with a groan, and rested his head on the pillow.
Reggie leaned in and tucked the comforter in around him. Marcus made a small sound of contentment.

“Alright, you. Here’s some water. That pill’s gonna make you thirsty.” He tucked a bottle of water into a coiled towel on the floor of the car close to Marcus. “It’s about six hours to where we’re going, but my girl is fast.” Reggie patted the head rest. “I figure we can do it in five. We should be there in time for breakfast. You just let me take care of it all, and get some sleep.”

Marcus’s eyelids fluttered, half-asleep already. “I’ll try.”

By the time Reggie had walked around the front of the car and gotten in the driver’s seat, Marcus was fast asleep. Reggie started the car and turned the heat on, and poured himself a cup of hot coffee from the thermos. It was, as Angus had said, strong as hell. Which Reggie needed because the adrenaline that had driven him to drive half the night and keep him on high alert in the two hours he had spent in Marcus’s apartment, the fact remained he hadn’t slept for almost 20 hours, and he had a while to go before even the chance of sleep was available. He downed the coffee as fast as the hot temperature would allow, and hit the road.

Reggie stuck a toothpick in his mouth and turned on the radio to a classic country station. Waylon Jennings was singing about how he’s always been crazy, but the song quickly ended, followed by the Band.

I pulled into Nazareth, was feeling 'bout half past dead…

“Ain’t that the truth,” Reggie muttered.

I just need some place where I can lay my head…

Reggie concentrated on the music to keep his thoughts controlled, not circling the drain thinking about what Marcus had endured because of him. His fear of telling Marcus about the world Reggie lived and fought in. His wanting to love Marcus, and do the right thing by keeping him out of the world of Hunters and the monsters they fought, being the very thing that got him hurt. His carelessness for not giving Marcus the information he deserved if he was going to share any part of Reggie’s life, and the tools to protect himself in Reggie’s absence. For turning Marcus into a sitting duck. Instead, he recalled Marcus’s words (I don’t blame you), did the breathing techniques for calming he had learned from Bobby, of all people, years ago, and let the music be his mind’s focus.

He drove at a steady pace, not the police-taunting suicidal clip he had kept to racing to Marcus’s side, his headlights piercing the darkness, the only car on the road. He glanced over shoulder from time to time to make sure Marcus was asleep. He lay quietly on his side, snoring softly in a way Reggie found so profoundly soothing it shocked him.

“Shit.” Reggie swore softly. With all the heightened emotions, he had completely forgotten to call Bobby like he promised. He turned the music down and fished his phone out of his pocket.

Bobby picked up on the second ring. “I was starting to worry.”

“Sorry. I got caught up.”

“You’re forgiven. How is he?”

Reggie worried his toothpick with his teeth. “Could have been worse. Could have been a hell of a lot better.”
“Where you at?”

“I-25, getting close to Colorado Springs.”

“You’re driving?” Bobby sounded more alert, but his voice remained quiet.

“He said he couldn’t stay there. Not another minute. And I don’t blame him.”

“You bringing him to the Sanctuary.” It wasn’t even a question.

“Damn right.”

“You tell them you’re coming?”

Reggie winced. “No. I forgot that too. Guess it’ll be a surprise.”

Bobby yawned. “I can get a car in the morning. Head back first thing. Wait—you ain’t slept at all?”

Reggie laughed, a humorless sound. “I’m running on fumes.”

“Roll your window down. Cold’ll keep you awake.”

“I got some high-test here. Strong enough to keep me upright till I get there.” Reggie glanced back, compulsively making sure Marcus was still there, still breathing, still safe. “Anyway, you stay put. We need you where you are. Trying to crack that damn notebook.”

Bobby sighed. “You sure?”

“Hundred percent. You go back to sleep. I’ll ring you in the morning.”

“Alright. You stay awake now.”

“Will do.”

Bobby hung up the phone and let his head flop back on the pillow.

“Was that Reggie?” Kathryn’s voice purred in his ear, a long, bare leg slipping over Bobby’s thigh.

“Yup.”

“Is his friend alright?”

“Reckon he will be. Sorry to wake you.”

She laughed. “I’m not.” She slipped closer and straddled him, the sheets falling away, long hair tumbling into her face and brushing Bobby’s chest. “Bet I can wake you up all the way, old man.”

“I ain’t bettin’ against you.”

Kathryn shifted her hips and gave a little gasp, a coquettish smile on her face. “Oh, my. Look who’s up already.”

Author’s note: Much more to come!
Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain

Chapter Summary

Reggie brings Marcus to the Sanctuary. Sam tries to help, but puts himself at risk.

Marcus lay on his left side, dead to the world, the worn black comfortable pulled up to his chin, head nestled on the pillow. Safe and warm. With the most badass Hunter the American Midwest had ever known behind the wheel, and Willie Nelson quietly playing on the radio.

The right wheel hit a small pothole on the highway with a plunk and a rattle that shook the bones of Reggie’s car, but didn’t knock anything loose. Marcus moaned in pain at the jolt, wincing in his sleep artificially brought on by the Vicodin Reggie had urged him to take a few hours before.

Reggie glanced over his shoulder, saw the pain contorting Marcus’s face, lines standing out strong around his eyes and the corners of his mouth. He reached one hand back and delicately twined his fingers around Marcus’s wrist.

With one hand on the wheel and the other touching the skin of the man he loved and had left unprotected, he simply let the tears slide down his cheeks and disappear into the soft white whiskers that framed his quivering mouth.

In the Sanctuary, everyone lay asleep in the early morning hour, safe and warm in the arms of the person they loved.

The dying embers of the fire in the common room glowed faintly, ash-dusted logs cracked with red like blood seeping up through the deep cracks in a bone-dry desert floor.

Everyone dreamed.

Danny’s dreams were full of horses and hay, the pleasant stink of barnyard, the feel of the sun on the bare skin of his arms.

Juliane dreamed she was standing on a long, creaky wooden bridge stretched out over a glass-smooth, gleaming blue ocean, extending to two islands, one in each direction.

Dean dreamed he was riding a motorcycle, Sam’s arms wrapped around his waist, hanging on tight as Dean downshifted and whacked the throttle wide open, wind whipping their hair back as they rode along the empty two-lane blacktop stretched out ahead of them reaching out towards infinity.

Sam dreamed pain.

Pain rising from deep within his body, a dark, shameful pain rooted in his very center. Pain that his mind squirmed to avoid putting a name on. Pain scented like fear, that squeaked out a thin reedy sound of helplessness, that tasted like garlic and copper.

Sam’s body jerked, and he moaned in pain.
Dean’s eyes flashed open immediately. “Sammy?”

“Mmm.” Sam roused slowly.

“What’s wrong?” Dean pressed his mouth to the soft skin of Sam’s temple.

“Mmm,” Sam murmured again.

“You having a bad dream?”

Dean’s voice brought Sam out of his half-slumber. “Yeah.” Sam curled into Dean’s chest, trying to clear the dream from his mind. But it wouldn’t clear. “No.” Sam rubbed his eyes and sat up. “Not a dream.”

Dean pulled himself up onto one elbow, watching Sam intently.

“Something happened.” Sam looked down at Dean, confused but sure. “Something’s coming.”

By the time Reggie hit the Sanctuary’s freeway exit with the sign indicating Gas Food Lodging Next Exit, they were already up and dressed, seated at the table in the common room with a confused but trusting Danny and Juliane, drinking strong coffee in nervous silence. Waiting.

Tires crunching in the snow, Reggie pulled his car into the Jaeger Motel parking lot. The bell on the door to the front lobby rang.

Sam was the first to emerge from the sigil-lined hall into the reception area, with Juliane at his heels, and Dean and Danny right behind.

Sam’s eyes widened at the sight of the man Reggie was holding up so he didn’t collapse in a heap on the floor. Dean slipped in next to Sam, blinking at the sight.

“Reggie?” Juliane went into full high alert mode.

“He needs sanctuary. Needs help.”

“Is someone baking bread?” Marcus raised his head, a perplexed look in his eyes.

Juliane came around the counter, and gently touched Marcus on the shoulder. “Hey,” she said softly. “My name is Juliane.” Marcus seemed dazed. “Do you want Sanctuary?”

“Cut the formalities. He needs help. Now.”

Danny went to help Reggie bring Marcus in, but Juliane extended her hand behind her, wordlessly asking him to hold back. “It’s important, Reggie.” She turned her focus back to Marcus. “Do you want Sanctuary?” She repeated the phrase.

Marcus shook his head, clearing his mind. His eyes focused on her, becoming fully alert. “Yes,” he whispered. “Yes…”

“Get him inside.” Juliane stepped aside to let Danny move in to help Reggie, but Reggie had already swept Marcus up in his arms.
“Put me down. I can walk,” Marcus protested.

“Hush.”

“I’m a grown man. Put me down!” He resisted, but Reggie strode down the long, sigil-covered hallway with his arms full of groggy, peevish Marcus.

Inside the common room, Reggie lowered Marcus to the couch with exquisite care. For the first time, he noticed that despite the early hour, everyone was awake and fully dressed, seemingly having expected, if not him, then someone.

Dean jerked his head towards Sam. “He got us all up. Said something was coming.”

Reggie blinked in recognition of Sam’s gifts more so than in surprise.

Danny headed into the kitchen to put on the kettle. Juliane draped a blanket over Marcus, who gave up protesting being babied and slumped into the couch, muttering. She touched Reggie’s wrist lightly. “What happened?”

“Nothing! I’m fine.”

Reggie opened his mouth, but Marcus cut him off. “It’s not their business.” Marcus’s eyes were pleading with Reggie not to tell them.

“For me to help you, I need to know.” Juliane scrutinized his face, read the shame and fear he was trying to hide. She casually slipped off her elegant cardigan and draped it over the edge of the couch, deliberately baring her scarred arms.

Marcus took in the sight, and met her eyes, one survivor recognizing another. He sighed heavily, and opened his mouth to speak, but no words would come.

“Hi. I’m Sam.” Sam plopped to his knees in front of Marcus like a friendly puppy. “And this is Dean.”

“I know you.”

Dean frowned.

“From the restaurant. You’re Reggie’s nephew.” Marcus peered up at Dean.

“Nephew?” Dean raised his right eyebrow at Reggie.

“Oh.” Reggie’s moustache twitched. “About that…” He shook his head. “Later.”

“Can I, um, can I take your hand for a second?” Sam reached out to Marcus.

“You were our waiter.” Dean nodded in recognition. Sam glanced up at him. “Gunpowder whiskey,” Dean explained.

“Oh, right.” Sam gave a soft, surprised laugh.

“What do you want my hand for?” Marcus asked, still high on Vicodin and unmoored from the way his life had been tossed upside down in the past 23 hours.

“It won’t hurt.” Sam reached his hand out, and after a beat, Marcus extended his hand and let Sam make contact, skin to skin.
A sick feeling lit Sam up from the inside like a flare thrown into a dark cave, a dark memory shot through Sam like an electric current. Inside Azazel seeing and feeling and doing what he saw and felt and did, seeing and feeling him do terrible things to Gus while a white-haired demon grinned and egged him on (yeah fuck that little whore he loves it), and stepped in (sloppy seconds) when he (I) had finished.

He flinched, but did not let go of Marcus’s hand. He exhaled, willing that memory to fade, all but the thin tendril of smoke that led to something deeper, something hiding in Marcus, afraid to come into the light.

A white-haired demon. The same white-haired demon in his memories of wearing (being) Azazel. Doing to Marcus what he had done to Gus (you love it you little whore this is all you’re good for taking my dick I bet your precious Reggie didn’t fuck you good like this…).

Sam let go of Marcus’s hand, but the memory continued to unfold, feeling the terrible, intimate, degrading things the demon did as he spilled poison into Marcus’s ear (he lied to you didn’t tell you about my kind didn’t tell you about vampires and werewolves and shit darker and older than that the dark ones that roam this world and feast on your pain and fear didn’t protect you because he doesn’t love you he doesn’t care about you he just wanted a piece of this fine ass of yours that’s all you were all you are just fuckmeat that’s all you monkeys are just fuckmeat just a toy just PREY)

Sam shuddered. He felt the memory spill out even further, heard the message the demon made Marcus memorize. (Tell Reggie this is for Azazel. Say it, now. Ah. Zay. Zahl…)

He gave a cry of pain at that, realizing that what had been done to this innocent was because they had destroyed Azazel. His eyes squeezed shut, his hand reaching out blindly for Dean.

Dean’s hand clapped over Sam’s, holding it tight. “I’m right here, Sam.”

Sam clung to Dean, breathing him in like an antidote. Marcus stared at them both, confused and a little frightened.

Dean’s presence drained the color out of the memory. It thinned, became transparent, blew away into nothingness.

Sam didn’t know Marcus. He didn’t have any unique memories to offer Marcus to purge the poison the demon had put in him, like the ones Juliane, and Reggie, and Bobby, and Dean had given him when the taint of Azazel’s mind had threatened to undo Sam and Dean’s bond. But he had something he could give Marcus to take the edge off the pain he felt.

Sam reached out and took his hand once more. Then he turned his head to the side and whispered to Dean, “Kiss me.” As Dean’s mouth brushed his softly, Sam reached inside himself and tweaked whatever it was that he had been given, whatever it was that gave him abilities that other humans lacked, his mind translating it to fiddling with the knobs on a big electronic device (set to transmit) …

Dean’s mouth pressed against his more firmly, triggering that leaping feeling inside Sam (perfect temperature perfect softness so right) that he felt every time Dean kissed him. It sparked the love that always glowed and crackled around them, sent it flaring into a shower of light and sparks, sent it spilling out of him… and Sam sent it into Marcus.

The light, invisible but palpable, suffused Marcus, pure and quick and lively like sparkling wine. The love Sam and Dean felt for each other flowed like a river into him, washing the darkness away. Marcus gasped.
After a long moment, Sam broke contact with Marcus, but lingered on the kiss another few beats.

“What did you do to me?” Marcus said softly.

“I don’t really know, exactly. I just… tried to help.”

Marcus swayed, eyes fluttering. “I guess you did.”

“He’s exhausted. I need to get him to bed.” Reggie put his hand on Sam’s head, in a gesture of gratitude. “Thank you. For whatever it is you just did.”

This time, Marcus was too weary to protest when Reggie picked him up and carried him to his apartment down the hall.

In their absence, Sam filled the others in on the general nature of the assault that had happened to Marcus.

Dean’s expression hardened, anger surging within him. But he held his tongue.

Sam also told them how the demon had targeted Marcus because Reggie loved him, and because hurting Marcus would hurt Reggie a hundredfold. Had targeted him because of what they had done to Azazel.

“Collateral damage, Sam.” Danny tried to ease Sam’s guilt.

“I know. And destroying Azazel saved so many more lives.” Still, Sam’s expression was sad.

Sam took Juliane to the side and discreetly informed her that once he was sufficiently rested, Marcus would need a full physical examination including a rectal exam. This was because, unlike when the doctor had examined Sam after his kidnapping and torture what felt like a lifetime ago (“No rectal tears or swelling, no trace of semen. He’s intact.”), Sam knew beyond any doubt that the sexual assault Sam was spared had caused Marcus some physical damage.

Juliane rubbed the back of her neck, sorrow darkening her features. “Okay. I’ll bring it up after he’s rested.”

“Yeah, why don’t we all take a few hours? We’ll check back after lunch.” Dean took Sam’s hand, squeezing it insistently. His whole body was tense.

“Good idea.” Sam barely had time to get two words out before Dean was tugging on his hand, pulling him down the hall and into their private room.

“What—“ Sam began.

Dean cut him off. “I’m getting real tired of you going into people’s minds and…and you finding…”

Sam suddenly understood. “What Azazel did to Gus. And the demon did to Marcus.”

Dean’s cheeks were flushed red. “It’s called rape, Sam. And you shouldn’t have to feel what that’s like. You shouldn’t have to… to wear those memories like they were yours. Even for a second.”

Sam took Dean’s hands. They were shaking.

“Dean. I’m ok.”
Dean’s mouth worked, angry words held in check.

“I’m ok. It didn’t do anything to me.”

“How do you know? How do you know for sure?” Dean pulled Sam in close and wrapped his arms around him in a death grip as though he were trying to keep Sam safe from a whirlwind full of hate and pain and poison.

“I’m ok. I promise. I’m ok,” Sam kept repeating.

“You just can’t do that, Sam, go crashing into people’s minds like that. It’s just… you’re so fucking pure, Sammy, and I just…” Dean closed his eyes against the rush of emotion, how the purest being he had ever known had been forced to wear the mind of the most powerful demon that walked the Earth, had been forced to experience what it was to rape, how he had now gone into someone else’s mind just trusting nothing bad would happen to him, and how he had stumbled into a first-hand experience with what sexual assault was like from the other perspective. Things Sam should never have had to deal with.

Sam was murmuring something to Dean. He struggled to force his mind to focus, to listen.

“You keep me pure. It didn’t hurt me. It can’t hurt me. You keep me pure, Dean…”

Dean found himself on his knees, face pressed into Sam’s stomach, tears wetting Sam’s flannel shirt. Sam tugged at him, body responding to Dean as it always did, wanting him as Sam always did. “Dean.” Sam’s voice was soft, breathy.

“I’ll keep you pure, Sammy.” Dean looked up at Sam, his green eyes still wet. He tugged Sam’s sweatpants off his hips, freeing his cock, half-hard and getting harder by the second. “I’ll keep you pure.” Dean brushed his lips over his initials cut into Sam’s skin, rubbed his thumbs over the hollows along his pelvic bone, then he parted his lips and took Sam into his mouth like he was taking the sacrament. Then Dean began to pray. He knelt before Sam and prayed and prayed, until Sam threw back his head and spoke the name of God.
Gimme Shelter

Chapter Summary

So many things happen. This is a LONG chapter. Trigger warning: References to rape

Marcus slept like the dead.

He slept through the afternoon, unmoving, the blankets pulled all the way up to his chin. Reggie dragged the armchair from the living room to the side of the bed and sat with him, loathe to wake him, wanting to crawl into bed and hold him close, but he didn't know if Marcus was ready for that, if he would wake in a panic at the presence of another person in the bed with him.

He slept through the evening.

Reggie sat and watched him sleep, getting up only to tend to the needs of his bladder, and quickly fix himself something to eat, returning with his plate to the bedroom to sit with Marcus, hoping the scent of microwaved lasagna would rouse him.

Marcus slept.

Reggie washed his plate and returned to the bedroom, pulled off his boots and settled into the armchair with a tumbler of bourbon on the rocks, and his copy of All the Pretty Horses. As Marcus slept, Reggie watched over him, reading in the soft light of the lamp on the end table, no sounds other than the softly abrasive scratch and flap of the turning of each page, and ice clinking against the side of the glass. Marcus, unlike Bobby, did not snore. Finally, at around 1 am, Reggie nodded off, the book falling out of his hand to the floor.

He woke up, bleary and stiff, and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. He checked his watch. It was 9 am.

Marcus was still asleep.

Reggie rose to his feet, scanning Marcus with great care. He did not look drugged or feverish. Just lost in a deep slumber, his face so smooth and peaceful that Reggie got a flash of what Marcus had looked like as a small boy. He swiped the back of his hand over his eyes. "Dusty in here," he said quietly to no one at all.

Still fully dressed except for his boots, Reggie soundlessly slipped out of the apartment to check with Juliane that Marcus's sleeping was normal. She assured him it was, that the body and mind sometimes needed a tremendous amount of sleep to heal, and that it was probably the best thing for him. She suggested he just let Marcus sleep as long as he wanted. When he was ready, she said, they were all here for him in whatever capacity he needed, and offered up the hot tub as therapy, whenever they wanted.

Despite her reassurances, Reggie fretted. Marcus may have needed the sleep, but Reggie needed Marcus awake. Needed to hear his voice. Needed to know that if he wasn't ok yet, that he was on the road to being ok. Needed him to wake up so Reggie could start making it right.

Reggie returned to the apartment and put on a pot of coffee, hoping that the familiar, bracing scent
would wake Marcus naturally. He ran cold water from the kitchen faucet over his wrists and hands, and splashed his face, drying himself off on a hand towel that smelled faintly of bacon. The coffee maker burbled and dripped, releasing a thin stream of inky dark coffee into the glass carafe.

"Is that ready yet?" A voice sounded from the bedroom. Marcus stood in the doorway, clad in his boxers and white undershirt, rubbing one bare foot against his calf.

"You're up." Reggie's expression softened, relief flooding him.

"Barely." Marcus leaned against the door jamb. Reggie was at his side in a heartbeat.

"How are you feeling?"

Marcus paused, an uncharacteristic hesitation before speaking, like his customary honesty was coming more slowly this time. "I hurt. A lot."

Reggie winced.

"All over." Marcus tried to soften his words into a broader sense of physical pain than the most intimate one they both knew Marcus was also referring to. "Like I was in a car crash."

"There's a Jacuzzi here. We can grab a soak later, if you want."

"That sounds amazing." Marcus walked forward in a sleepy shuffle into Reggie's arms. Reggie held onto him, exhaling the tension he hadn't realized he'd been carrying so stiffly.

"Why didn't you come to bed?" Marcus murmured into Reggie's neck.

"I… uh…"

Marcus understood without Reggie having to spell it out. "It's ok. That's not going to trigger anything."

Reggie tightened his arms around Marcus, and didn't say anything for a long moment. "I want to do this right. But I don't know how. What you need from me."

"Right now, I need coffee from you." Marcus kissed Reggie on the neck, quickly but without discomfort. "And I don't want you sleeping in the chair or on the couch, ok?"

"Are you sure?" Reggie detached himself from Marcus to pour them both a cup of coffee.

"Definitely."

Reggie brought out the milk and sugar for Marcus, and took a sip of his coffee without any adulterants. Marcus added milk and sugar to his coffee.

"What do you want for breakfast?" Reggie asked.

Marcus blinked quickly. "I'm not hungry."

"You sure? You must be starving by now."

"Not really." Marcus sipped his coffee.

Reggie eyed him curiously. "You should eat something. Toast."
"I said I'm not hungry," Marcus said with a smile, but with grit in his voice.

"Fair enough." Reggie let it go, but he did the calculations in his head. Marcus probably hadn't eaten since the breakfast they had together before Reggie left to accompany Bobby to meet Katherine, which was right before the white-haired demon had forced his way into Marcus's apartment. Right after Reggie kissed him goodbye. The thought made Reggie wince.

With what had happened after that, the time it took for Reggie to rush to his side and then drive them both back to Amarillo, and how long Marcus had slept, Marcus hadn't eaten in two days.

Gus paced back and forth in the hospital garden, consisting of a few wooden benches dusted with snow, and skeletal trees bare of leaves. Rosier was enduring another painful hydrotherapy debridement session, and Gus couldn't bear to even be inside the hospital when that was happening, despite the cold of the Amarillo winter. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his coat, and paced faster, trying not to think about the agony Rosier was suffering. Anesthetics often cause dangerous complications for burn survivors, the doctor had explained to them both, and pain meds can slow down healing, which is why for some patients, debridement often had to be done with minimal pain relief. This sounded to Gus like something a demon would say as a bullshit cover story for inflicting tremendous pain. But the doctor was fully human. Gus wanted to make the doctor sedate Rosier regardless, but Rosier told him no with a mere shake of the head. So Rosier suffered, and Gus paced, trying not to think about it.

But it was no use. He could feel the pain Rosier felt. He could smell it, sharp and hungry, and utterly merciless. Gus tipped his head back, letting the snowflakes drop down onto his upturned face, clinging to his eyelashes, melting on his lips. He may have been topside, but he was still in Hell.

Shaking his head, he tried to settle himself. Think of something else.

Sam. Maybe Sam's people had made some progress on the language in the notebook Nathaniel had made of Azazel's plans, in which it was believed he had written how he had locked Rosier into his vessel. One half of the secret to how Sam and Dean had been able to restore him to humanity. To free him.

Gus wiped his face and moved to a sheltered area where the snow would not fall directly on him and distract him. He quieted himself, and sent out a quiet, mouse-like scratch on the door to Sam's consciousness. Sam Winchester?

Back in the Sanctuary, Sam sat up straight, holding one palm up to silently ask the others for quiet. Dean raised an eyebrow.

"Gus," Sam whispered.

"Great. He's got a call." Dean rolled his eyes. He still couldn't bring himself to fully trust Gus like Sam did. Because even though Gus didn't want to be a demon, and was trying hard to walk the human path, a demon is what he was. And there were a few things Dean knew for sure: Sam was his North, his South, his East and West; there was no way to cook okra that made it edible; and demons were not to be trusted.

Gus whispered, Am I too loud?

Sam smiled. No. This is good.

Dean scrutinized his face, ready to pounce on any sign of discomfort, remembering how much it
had hurt Sam the first time Gus had tried out the whole telepathic communication trick.

*The notebook. Is there any progress?* Beneath Gus's question, Sam could feel his desperation, prickling like Pop Rocks on the tongue.

*Things got...complicated here. I haven't been able to check in about that.* Not much time had passed since Bobby and Reggie had left to meet Katherine and try to decipher the strange language in the notebook, and once Reggie had shown up unexpectedly carrying the demon-brutalized Marcus, no one in the Sanctuary had given any thought to the goal of finding a cure for Gus and however many demons remained topside. *I'm sorry. I'll find out for you.*

Sam was new to the whole telepathic conversation thing, and he did not even think to try to strip his thought stream down to just the words he was thinking. Instead, he sent everything his consciousness was experiencing in that moment: images and feelings of Reggie carrying Marcus into the Sanctuary, Sam going into Marcus's mind and seeing what had happened, seeing that it had been the white-haired demon doing to Marcus what he had done to Gus (*you love it you little whore this is all you're good for taking my dick*) after everything Azazel had done to him. He inadvertently sent that all over the telepathic phone line straight into Gus.

In the snow-dusted garden, Gus gasped.

Sam felt the spasm of pain it caused the shred of Gus's humanity that still somehow survived Hell, a glitch in the demon programming, to know that the white-haired demon had sought revenge against the Hunters for destroying Azazel in the only way he could, by violating and hurting someone one of the Hunters loved. Felt Gus's leaping response of allegiance to them, to Sam, and he knew beyond any doubt that Gus was his soldier and ally, now and forever, come what may.

Sam also felt the shame that flooded Gus at the transferred memories. Gus already knew that Sam had seen what Azazel had done to him. He learned that in the hospital when Juliane had explained what happened to Sam when he went into Nathaniel's memories of being possessed by Azazel. But this was different. Knowing was one thing. Seeing it was entirely different. This was Gus experiencing Azazel's memory of what he had done, and what he had witnessed the white-haired demon doing to him as well. Azazel's experience, lived in real time by Nathaniel, relived by Sam, and fed back into Gus's mind, so that for a brief, but all too long moment, he was simultaneously the torturer and the tortured. The feedback loop was wrenching.

*Sorry. I didn't mean to show you that.*

In the Sanctuary, Dean gripped Sam's wrists, not liking the expression of distress on Sam's face.

Sam felt Gus steeling himself, like he had done back in the hospital, when he told them all that it didn't matter if he had been hurt and degraded, because he was a demon, and he deserved it.

Sam cut him off before he could think any words. *You didn't deserve it.* Sam felt the human soul still there inside the demon. And he had to help.

*I did deserve it.*

*No.* Sam tried again.

*Don't make me show you the things I've done.* Gus only sent the words, but Sam sensed so much more, gleaming under the surface like lava about to break through the black crust where the air had cooled and solidified it.

Sam backed off, not wanting to know. *I'll find out there's been any progress on the notebook.*
Thank you. Two simple words on the surface, an ocean of fear and pain and hurry please hurry beneath.

Gus's consciousness started to retract, then came back again. Softly. Maybe I can help. Maybe I can track him down for your friend. Would you like me to try?

Sam made a short, guttural laugh. Would Reggie want to get his hands—his knife—on the demon that did those things to Marcus?

The real question was, would Sam help Reggie take revenge on a demon, even though maybe soon, Sam and Dean would find a way to cure them?

Sam answered Gus's question. Let me think about it.

Sam rolled his head forward, stretching his neck, and kissed Dean on the cheek with a whispered, "I'm fine." He told Danny, Juliane and Dean simply that Gus was checking in on the progress with deciphering the unknown language in Nathaniel's notebook. Then Sam used the phone in the Sanctuary to call Bobby. Dean wouldn't leave his side, hovering.

Juliana had been hovering around Sam too, but Bobby's linguistic progress was not what was on her mind. She'd been waiting for the right time to talk to Sam and Dean about going with them back to South Dakota with Bobby, about her idea of building another Sanctuary, and another, even bigger offer she had in mind. But the right time hadn't come. So she waited.

Sam twirled his finger in the long spiral cord connecting the receiver to the phone. "Hey, Bobby."

"Hey, kid. How's it going? How's Marcus?"

"Sleeping a lot, I guess. He and Reggie are holed up in the apartment."

"Don't blame 'em. But Marcus is…"

"He's going to be ok." Both of them heard the unspoken word, "eventually."

"So… tell me you have some good news with the notebook." Sam continued.

Bobby didn't answer at first. Sam's heart sank.

"I wish I had something to tell you."

Everyone searched Sam's face for clues. He shook his head no, conveying that the news was not, in fact, good.

"Katherine came up with nothing?"

"That's exactly what she came up with. Nothing. There's some stuff she was able to translate, and it does look like Nathaniel might have actually transcribed this incantation or whatever that Azazel did to lock a demon in his vessel, but then it goes into that whole weird, new thing. It's an entirely new language. Well, an old one no human has ever seen before, as far as we can tell."

Sam's heart sank even lower. "So where does that leave us?"

Bobby was silent for a painfully long time. "Nowhere, for the time being."

"What do you mean, nowhere?"
"This might take years, Sam. Maybe a lifetime. If it can be done at all. I mean, we're talking the discovery of an entirely unknown language."

Sam sank down in his chair, the loss of purpose, of hope, too much to bear.

"But with Azazel gone, and the demons gone to ground, we've got some time."

"Gus doesn't have time." Sam replied quietly, the memory of Gus's anguish sharp and fresh within him, demon blood flowing through his veins, desperate to be made clean. Sam's heart sank clear to the floor at the thought of having to tell Gus.

"Now, I ain't saying we give up. I'm just saying we're in the dark here. She's going to take a copy of the notebook back home with her, and start going through her library. Reaching out to a scholar she's worked with in Syria. And don't forget the good guys have a hell of a weapon now, with what you two can do with those knives of yours. I know you want to save them, Sam. But at least you boys can kill them."

Sam filled them in on what Bobby said. "Well, crap." Danny got up with a wince, and went to refill his coffee.

"We knew this wasn't gonna be a quick thing." Dean couldn't bear to see Sam so disheartened.

"Yeah, but…" Sam couldn't finish his sentence.

Juliane turned her chair to face Sam. "You just want to make everything better. Everyone." She unconsciously stroked her thumb over a scar on her left wrist. "Like you made me better."

Sam shrugged, happy but uncomfortable with the praise.

"And I want to help you." She glanced at Dean. "Both of you. Now may not be the right time but…" She paused.

Danny put his hand on her back and rubbed gently. "Go ahead."

"I know you're going to leave."

Sam's mouth opened to explain, but she rushed on.

"And of course you want to leave. This isn't your home. It's a glorified, fortified motel. But I… we… we've become friends—"

"Family." Dean interrupted. "Remember?"

Juliane's bottom lip trembled. "Family," she repeated, like it was still hard for her to accept that Sam and Dean really meant that.

"You don't want us to go?" Sam asked.

"Actually, we want to come with you."

Sam and Dean leaned back from the table in unison, clearly not expecting that.

"I've been thinking about how I should open a new Sanctuary for a long time. But before you got here, I couldn't even go outside." Juliane looked small and fragile in her oversize sweater, until she met Sam's gaze and straightened up. "But I'm not trapped here anymore. Because of you."
Sam's eyes gleamed with pride in her; Dean's eyes with pride in Sam.

"So we could come with you, and build a new one. And what I offered you before if you wanted to stay here—all your expenses, private tutors, the best scholars—I still want to do that for you. Even if you don't want us to come with you. It's not a conditional offer."

She shifted focus to Dean. "And I'm not leaving you out. Whatever you want to do, I want to support you and help you. Reggie and Bobby too. All your expenses. Whatever you need. I plan to cover it."

Dean's mouth fell open.


"What?" Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Look, most Hunters live hand to mouth, driving around in beat-up cars, staying in crappy motels, treating their own wounds, using expired medication, and doing credit card scams and pool sharking to get a few dollars to pay for the next tank of gas. That's the path you were on before you met me. That's what's waiting for you. I don't want that life for you. I can give you something better."

Danny spoke up. "Hunters should be subsidized by the damn government, but they can't find out about all this, because then it goes full military and the CIA jams its fingers in the pie. That kicks off global involvement, and all the projections show World War III and planetary destruction within a decade."

Juliane's face lit up as Danny offered his sociopolitical analysis. "Since the government can't do anything, Hunters need patrons. Like me. But more than just me. Because I can pay your way, and frankly, I can afford to cover a lot of other people, but other people need to contribute to the cause too."

Dean ran his hand through his hair and pressed his hand against the back of his neck, a subtle form of grounding himself he was not aware he did.

Juliane stood up and paced nervously as she expounded upon her idea. "See, Hunters keep everyone else safe, but no one really knows about it, because if people knew about Hunters and the things they hunt, like Danny said, society would be totally destabilized. So it's got to stay secret, for the most part, but the people with money and power—the elite—they're all benefiting from you risking your lives to keep everyone safe, and you're eating greasy burgers from a diner while they have lobster and Champagne in their mansions."

"I like greasy burgers," Dean protested.

"Yeah, but you also like that nice Champagne she gave us." Sam countered.

Dean pursed his lips and cocked his head, conceding the point.

Juliane tried to continue."So more than just opening a new Sanctuary wherever it is you call home —"

"Sioux Falls," Dean interrupted.

"South Dakota?" Danny asked.
Dean nodded.

"Ah, ok. We didn't actually know."

"You were just going to move to wherever we were from?"

"Why not?"

Juliane waved her hands to get their attention back.

"Sorry," Danny said. He knew how hard this was for her, and how she'd been rehearsing this speech.

"Besides opening a new Sanctuary, I want to set up a foundation to help Hunters, without the public finding out about us. Get the people with power and influence who can be trusted to be discreet to start paying for the services Hunters have been giving away for free."


Juliana grinned, perfect white teeth gleaming. "I'm pretty good at a few things, but the one area where I'm exceptional is persuading wealthy people to give up their money." She smoothed a stray lock of hair out of her face, her delicate fingers drawing the eye to her elegant bone structure, looking every inch the socialite she had been raised to be.

"So... you pay for us." Sam toyed with the silver ring on his right hand. Dean reflexively touched his own identical ring.

"And Reggie and Bobby," Danny interjected.

"And then you go around raising money in secret to set up a Hunter fund?"

"Yes, but not to give them a monthly allowance. Ultimately, we want to establish a Hunter infrastructure across the whole country."

"Sanctuaries in every state." Danny took a sip of coffee, which had gone cold. "And supply depots."

Dean's eyes grew huge at this idea.

"With weapons and ammo, gear, fueling stations, even groceries," Danny continued.

"Restaurants that serve civilians, like the Sanctuary is also a regular motel as a cover, but Hunters eat free, and have safe places to network, more than just the handful of bars and houses that exist now informally," Juliane added.

"That's ambitious." Sam pondered the vast scope of the concept.

"Yes, it is." Juliane nodded. "And it's going to take a while to get it going."

Danny spoke up. "Well, the new construction on the supply depots and Sanctuaries will take a while, but we can take over existing gas stations, grocery stores, and restaurants and just slip our own people in to run things. Hunters' family members. People who don't want to hunt, but still want to help."

"That is fucking brilliant." Dean stared at Danny with newfound respect, on top of what he already
felt for Danny's strategic mind.

"Anyway, that's the whole crazy idea," Juliane blurted. "I know it's a lot to take in. Think over and let us know."

Sam and Dean looked at each other, communicating without words. Sam smiled. "We don't have to think it over."

"We're on board," Dean added. "With all of it."

Juliane leaned against the kitchen counter, and put her face in her hands for a moment. She straightened up and composed herself. "I'm really happy to hear that."

Before she realized what hit her, she was enveloped in a hug. Sam held her tight and she held him right back.

Dean watched Sam being held by a kind woman who promised to take care of him so he would never want for anything, and who loved him. He didn't try to hide the tears in his eyes that sprung up because Sam hadn't had that since he was six months old.

"So how does this all work? What's the plan?"

"Well, we're going to need to get our friends to take over here, and start making some arrangements, but it mostly depends on you and when you're ready to go back. You might need to head up first, and we'd come a little later. In the meantime, I can get started on covering your expenses." Juliane retrieved a wallet from her coat and pulled something out. She slid it across the table to Sam. It was a black American Express card.

"Is this a Black card?" Sam ran his fingers over the raised numbers. "Huh. It's not plastic."

"It's a Centurion card. And it's made from titanium."

"The Black card is real? I thought it was just a myth." Dean plucked the card from the table and held it in front of his face like he was examining a rare specimen. Which he was.

"It's real. And I'm going to get one for you. I figure you only need one card between the two of you, right?"

Dean nodded. They were a package deal, now and forever.

"I'll get a regular Amex Platinum for Reggie and Bobbie, without all the bells and whistles. But I want you two to have this one."

Sam took the card from Dean and stared at it, shaking his head. "This is a no-limit credit card." He gazed up at Juliane with a stupefied expression

"That's right. So don't go buying a Lamborghini. Although you actually do get a good discount on renting Lambos with this."

Dean gulped.

"It's not just a no-limit card. The Black card one has a lot of perks. Special services, for special people. And you two just saved the world. If anyone earned special treatment, it's you."

Sam kept staring at the card. "I don't know. That's... what you're offering. That's a lot."
Juliane put her hand on Sam's forearm. "It isn't a lot to me. Sam. It's obscene, how much I inherited. I didn't earn it. I was just born into it. Let me use it to help you."

Sam shook his head. "I don't know. I mean..." He looked over at Dean. "Isn't that part of being a Hunter?"

"Being broke? Makeshift, make do, get 'er done? Why does that have to be part of it?" Danny spoke up. "Hunters don't have anything, historically, because they spend their lives working for nothing. You can't hold down a job when you're saving a town from a Rugaru. That's not right, that it's been that way. But that can change. That ought to change. She's not saying she wants to make Hunters soft and pampered."

"Not at all. Just cover their basic needs. Nothing fancy."

"Well, except for you. She's got a soft spot for you two," Danny teased.

Juliane blushed, but she pressed the issue. "You gave me my life back. Let me make yours easier."

Sam breathed in deep and exhaled, evaluating, thinking. He looked at Dean. Dean's expression was easy to read, even without their newfound ability to share thoughts and feelings without speaking. Yeah, he wanted the money, wanted to not have to struggle to meet their basic needs, wanted a little taste of the good life, even, but he understood where Sam was coming from completely, and he would back whatever Sam decided he was comfortable with.

Sam remembered everything Dean had done for him. Dean going hungry so Sam would not. Dean, letting men do things to him so Sam would have food.

Dean.

"Ok." Sam accepted the offer, eyes never leaving Dean's face. *He deserves everything. He deserves it all.*

Dean grinned, the smile going all the way up to his eyes, making them crinkle in the corners. He snatched the card back from Sam. "Sam. Don't let the money change you."

"Speak for yourself, Dean," Sam shot back.

"Oh, I'm gonna stay working-class blue collar until the day I die."

"You sure? Lobster and Lambos, dude." Sam eyed the card and raised an eyebrow.

Dean shrugged. "Give me all the fine restaurants and fancy sheets you want. I'm not gonna forget who I am. All I need to be happy is you, a set of tools and a classic American muscle car, some good tunes and a six-pack. Or a salt-round shotgun and to know one thing: where they are." Dean mimed shooting a gun at a monster.

It was not lost on anyone in the room, Sam least of all, that the first thing in Dean's short list of things he needed to be happy was Sam.

After a cup of coffee and a trip to the bathroom to urinate and brush his teeth, all Marcus wanted to do was go back to bed. Reggie didn't protest, and settled Marcus back into the soft sheets and thick blankets.

He sat back in the chair, trying unsuccessfully to get back into his book. But he couldn't
concentrate. Marcus not eating, saying he wasn't hungry, struck a sour note in him. It wasn't right. And he knew it. He just couldn't figure out why.

A path to understanding presented itself to him, but he squirmed away from it.

The path circled around and presented itself again.

"Crap." Reggie shut the book and sucked air through his teeth, steeling himself from what he knew he had to do.

He closed his eyes and conjured up the memory of his own assault, which he had worked so fiercely to repress. He dug it out of the iron coffin bound with heavy chains buried in a thick ice sheet in the Antarctic, a mental construct he had created to lock that memory out of his conscious mind.

The memory came flooding back with surprising ease.

The two good ol' boys, enraged with repressed longing, taking their perfectly natural urges out on him in the form of a hypermasculine punishment of "that little queer." It's not gay if it's hatefucking, right?

Reggie shoved past that part blindly. It wasn't important. It wasn't why he was revisiting this memory he had buried almost completely for decades. What was important was the aftermath. He made himself open that particular door and let what hid inside come spilling out, for Marcus's sake. If he could remember what he had needed to heal and recover, he could help Marcus, who was not able to articulate it himself.

He remembered how he bled afterward. Hiding his ruined jeans and underwear at the bottom of the trash can. Taking care of himself, cleaning himself up, telling no one, not a soul. How he laid rags over the bed so he didn't get blood on the sheets. Curling up in bed on his side, repeating over and over, "Nothing happened. Nothing happened. Nothing happened," as he constructed his mental vault to lock the memory away, and imagined a totally different outcome of that evening, where he had turned left instead of right and never walked past the two older boys lounging on their front porch, drunk on corn liquor and brimming with repressed desires. Remembered trying to act normal, picking at the meatloaf, instant mashed potatoes and peas his mother had made them for family dinner, not showing the pain he felt at having to sit in a chair. The sense memory of that meal, the way the peas stuck to the mashed potatoes, the slightly charred smear of ketchup on the top crust of the meatloaf, triggered a hypervivid flashback. Something he had completely forgotten.

He remembered the shocking, excruciating pain when that meal had worked its way through his system and needed to be expelled from his body. The fear that lit him up, hot and cold at the same time, trapped in the terrible moment of knowing he couldn't stop it, but he also couldn't endure it. Blinding, frightening pain so intense he lost consciousness, and came to sprawled on the floor face down, a giant goose egg on his temple from hitting the hard tile.

His eyes flew open, and he placed his hand gently on Marcus's leg, face lined with understanding and sorrow.

Reggie stalked into the common room, face drawn, mouth tight. "Hey, you got a minute?" He gestured to Juliane.

"Yeah, we need to talk to you," Dean cut in. "Juliane made this offer to all of us—"

Reggie raised his index finger in a polite gesture."Gimme one sec?"
Dean read his expression and backed off. "Sure."

"Let's go in my room." Juliane took Reggie where it was more private.

"Marcus won't eat. It's been two days."

"That's not uncommon after a trauma."

"It's…" Reggie wrestled with the words. "Marcus. He…The thing is that…" He looked up at the sigils painted in silver on the ceiling. "This is impossible."

Juliane laid her hand gently on Reggie's shoulder, a brief touch of reassurance. "Just be blunt. Don't mince words."

Reggie kept his eyes turned up to the ceiling. "He's not eating because he's afraid to take a shit."

Juliane sat down heavily on the edge of her bed. "I was meaning to talk to you about that, actually. Sam thought he was hurt worse than he was letting on. Can I be blunt too?"

Reggie nodded.

"He needs a rectal exam. I'm almost positive he has some anal tearing. And if he refuses to go to a hospital, he's going to have to let me do it."

Reggie winced. But he knew she was right.

Marcus took some convincing. He resisted the suggestion vehemently, but when Reggie Beaumont knew for sure he was right, he was an immovable object that could stand up to any force.

"I'm fine!" Marcus gesticulated angrily. "Drop it!"

"You aren't. And we both know it. So stop trying to hide." Reggie sat at the kitchen table, calmly letting Marcus be angry. "And stop pretending you're not hungry. You know damn well why you aren't eating, and so do I."

"How the hell would you know?!"

Just be blunt. Reggie took a deep breath. Don't mince words. "Because after I was raped, the first time I had to take a crap, it hurt so bad, I passed out on the toilet seat."

Marcus stopped moving, his mouth half-open, a last protest dying on his lips.

"So yeah, I figured out why you're afraid to eat. You took some damage you're afraid to tell me about. So you're gonna let her examine you, and whatever she says you need to do, you're going to do, ok? And if she says you need to go the hospital, you're going to damn well go." Reggie's cheeks were flushed bright red.

"Ok." Marcus put his hands up in surrender, his voice soft.

"Don't fight me on this. You can't…you just gotta trust me on this. Ok?"

"You're right." Marcus reached out and took Reggie's hand. "I'm sorry. I know you're right."

"Oh, thank god," Reggie sighed.

"It's just…" Marcus fell silent.
"It's just a grown man doesn't like anyone wearing latex gloves poking around his butthole."

For the first time since the attack, Marcus laughed.

Reggie pushed his chair away from the table with a squeak and folded him in his arms. "Ah, you have no idea how good it sounds to hear you laugh, darlin'."

Marcus melted into the embrace, breathing in deeply, nuzzling his cheek against Reggie's thick moustache. "But you can't be in the room while she's doing it."

"Fine."

"I just can't have you there."

"I get that."

Reggie went to fetch Juliane, and accompanied her into the bedroom, where Marcus stood, nervously fidgeting. He had gotten fully dressed, complete with shoes. Reggie gave Marcus a kiss on the cheek, whispered, "You got this," and left the room.

She extended her hand. "We didn't really get a chance to hello properly last night. I'm Juliane."

"Yeah. Hi." He shook her hand. "Marcus."

"I know this is difficult for you."

Marcus glanced down at the carpet.

"It's totally normal to feel that way after what you've been through." Juliane set the bag of medical supplies on the corner of the bed, and pulled off her sweater in a seemingly innocuous gesture, just like she had done the night before when Marcus was brought into the sanctuary. Underneath it, she wore a black tank top. Again, Marcus could not help but stare at the intricate pattern of scars visible on her bare arms and upper back.

Juliane busied herself in the medical bag, taking her time, allowing him to look at her freely. She pulled on one latex glove. "My husband was a Hunter. He cleared out a nest of vampires, but he missed a couple. They followed him back to our place." She put on the second glove. "I was there too. So..." She gestured to her arm.

"They did that to you just because you were with him?"

She met his gaze, her blue eyes kind but direct. "Yes. So while I don't know what you actually went through, and I wouldn't presume to say I know your pain, I think I have some idea. More than most people."

Marcus nodded. The scars she had bared for him to see were testament to that.

"Is that other guy your husband?"

"Danny? No. Well, not yet. Donovan was my first husband. He died. The night this happened."

Marcus, to his credit, maintained eye contact, not shying away from the painful intimacy of the moment that passed between them. "I'm sorry."

"Me too." Juliane turned her attention to the bag of medical supplies, and switched her voice to a calm, soothingly clinical tone. "I'll need you to get undressed from the waist down and lay down on
the bed. You can leave on your socks." She turned away so Marcus could take his clothes off without showing any more of his body than she needed to examine.

Marcus removed his shoes and took off his pants and boxers, folding them more slowly than necessary and placing them neatly on the chair next to the bed. "Face down?" He tried to keep his voice steady, but it wavered slightly.

"Please."

Marcus arranged himself as she asked, but kept his legs closed tightly.

"I'll be as gentle as I can, but this probably won't be comfortable for you." She sat on the edge of the bed.

"I can handle it."

"Can you spread your legs a little for me?"

Marcus took a deep breath, and did what she asked. Juliane carefully examined Marcus, prodding as delicately as she could. Even so, he buried his face in the pillow, muffling the sounds of pain he could not hold back.

"That's what I was afraid of." Juliane stood up straight. "You have an anal fissure. A tear in the skin. It's not deep, and it's not infected, so I don't think you need to go to the hospital."

"Good," Marcus muttered into the pillow.

"You can go ahead and get dressed now." She turned away and allowed Marcus to put his clothes back on in privacy.

She peeled off her gloves with a faint snap, and sealed them into a small zip-top red plastic bag marked with a black biohazard symbol. From the bottom of the bag, she retrieved a small round pillow with a hole in the middle.

"I think you'll be ok with some sitz baths and antibiotic ointment. But you need to eat, alright? High-fiber food. Drink a lot of water, and do some light exercise. We have a small gym here. I'd recommend the treadmill. Walk a half hour every day. It's important. And use this whenever you sit down. It'll make you more comfortable." She set the donut pillow in the middle of the bed.

"What's a sitz bath?" Marcus looked confused.

"It's literally a little bath you sit in. It helps heal injuries like what you have. Since the apartments don't have bathtubs, we'll get you a kit that fits over the toilet. It's just a little plastic basin You fill it with warm water and sit in it. 15 minutes, three times a day."

"Ok. Got it."

"For the next couple of weeks, you have four jobs to do every day: Keep yourself clean. Move. Drink water. And eat."

A frown creased Marcus's brow.

"It's uncomfortable to talk about this, I know, but it's important. So I'm not going to waste your time with euphemisms and hints, alright?"

Marcus looked relieved at her honesty. "Please."
"Your first couple of bowel movements aren't going to be fun. And without the right care, it could have been excruciatingly painful. So your being worried about that is totally reasonable. But if you take these and drink a lot of water, it shouldn't be bad." Juliane reached into the bag and handed him a bottle of stool softener.

"That'll help?" He looked skeptical.

"Tremendously. I promise." She tossed him a second bottle."And this should help make the next couple of days pass a little easier. But go easy on them." It was a full bottle of Vicodin.

The frown line between Marcus's brow disappeared. He clutched the bottle of pain pills like it was a life preserver. "Really. Thank you." He looked slightly dazed.

Juliane reached into the bag once more and pulled out a tube of antibiotic ointment. "Just to be on the safe side, use this after every time you clean yourself."

Marcus took the tube from her hand. "Thank you. You're really nice. You made this a lot easier than I expected."

She smiled to hear that."I'm glad." She closed up the bag, then hesitated. Finally, she said what was on her mind."I didn't want to get involved in this whole thing. Hunters. Supernatural creatures. This whole life. My husband…he wanted to keep me safe from it, like Reggie did with you. But I got brought into it. Hard. Just like you were."

Marcus sighed. "I can barely wrap my head around it. Demons and vampires? That shit's real?" He looked at the serious expression on her face. "That shit's real."

"Yes, it is." She glanced towards the closed door. "But with him by your side, you don't have to be afraid of a damn thing. That man out there is the most respected Hunter in the country."

Marcus's eyes widened. "Really?"

"In our world, everyone knows the name of Reggie Beaumont. He's a legend."

Marcus looked stunned.

"Don't be mad at him for not telling you what he did. What's really out there. Usually, civilians aren't targets unless they're living with a Hunter. And most people can't handle finding out there really are things that go bump in the night."

"I'm not mad at him."

Juliane cocked her head, eyeing him curiously.

"Ok, I'm a little mad. But I don't blame him. Does that make sense?"

She laughed. "It does, actually."

"It sucks, though, finding out after the fact that a line of rock salt at my door would have kept all this from happening."

Juliane shook her head sadly. "Actually, that's not true. That demon targeted you, and a salt line wouldn't have stopped him. He would have just snatched you up when you left and taken you somewhere else."

Marcus's expression changed, the faint flicker of anger visible at the corner of his eyes.
disappearing as he realized once the demon set his sights on him, there wasn't anything an unsuspecting Reggie, or anyone, could have done to prevent it. All Reggie could do is help him after it happened, and protect him (and give him the tools to protect himself) so it never happened again.

"That said, Reggie blames himself, and he's going to blame himself the rest of his life. Just, if you love him—you do love him, right?"

Marcus rubbed the back of his head. "Yeah. I sure do."

"Then don't let him torture himself over this." She slipped her sweater back on. "I didn't have a chance last night, but I should tell you how it works here. You can stay as long as you need to. You can even live here. I don't put a limit on sanctuary. You don't have to do anything, but we do ask our guests to help with the cleaning if they stay a while, but only if they're up to it. You don't have to pay anything. We can bring you what you need as far as food goes, and we like to do communal meals. You can join us for dinner if you want, but you don't have to." She adjusted the hair band that held her hair back in a ponytail. "And since you're with him," she gestured toward the living room, "and I'm going to be taking care of his needs from now on, I guess I'm taking care of you too, even after you leave. So you don't have to worry about finding work just to pay the bills."

"Wait, you're what? Taking care of him?"

"I'll explain everything to Reggie and he can explain it to you. The only thing you need to worry about over the next few weeks is taking care of yourself, and doing everything Reggie tells you. Deal?" She held her hand out.

Marcus dropped the supplies on the bed and shook her hand. "Deal."

"When you're ready, come find us and we'll answer all your questions. But just know one thing. You've seen pure evil. Faced it. So you aren't blind to what's really going on out there anymore. But don't feel that you have to become a Hunter. If you want to help, there are other ways, but you have the right to not get involved at all. I mean, more than you already are, being with a Hunter." Her expression was soft and sad.

Marcus swayed on his feet. "This…it's a lot to take in."

"I'll get Reggie." She reached for the door knob.

"Wait." He reached for her hand and stopped her, gripping her wrist lightly to keep his balance. "I know you said I don't have to do anything or pay for anything. But I don't believe in taking without giving. So once I'm feeling a little better, is there anything I can do?"

She beamed at the offer. "I don't know. Is there anything you can do?"

Marcus thought about it for a moment. "You said communal meals?" She nodded. "Well, there you go. I'm one hell of a cook."

In the living room, Juliane filled Reggie in on her offer to become a patron for himself, Bobby, Sam and Dean, and take care of all their needs that money could provide. Reggie was struck dumb for a full minute. Then he asked simply, "Sam and Dean on board with this?"

"They both said yes," Juliane assured him.

"Hell. I'd be a fool to turn that down."
Juliane looked pleased. "When you have some free time, though, you should talk with Danny. We have some ideas for something much larger to help the Hunter community. I'd love to know your thoughts on it. And I think you could contribute a lot, if you're interested."

"Alright." Still reeling from the unexpected change of fortune, he hugged her. She flinched only briefly, but accepted the physical contact with relative comfort.

Marcus allowed Reggie to make him a sandwich of cold deli turkey and Swiss cheese on a chewy French roll, and a bag of potato chips the size that would be suitable for a child's lunch, with a glass of instant iced tea. After the first bite of food, he popped a Vicodin, then finished his lunch, then drank a large glass of water with the stool softener pill.

"I should have told you."

"Why you weren't eating?"

Marcus changed position in his chair. "I was embarrassed. To talk about that."

"No, I get it. But you always talk so freely and honestly. I hope you know you can do that with me about everything."

"I know." Marcus shifted again, clearly uncomfortable.

Reggie glanced at him, and then into the bedroom, where the donut pillow sat on top of the bed.

"She left that for you for a reason."

Marcus looked away, ashamed.

Reggie swore softly under his breath, and before Marcus could protest, he was scooped up in Reggie's arms and carried to the couch like a Southern gallant whisking his good lady wife upstairs to their private chamber.

Reggie settled Marcus on his left side, in a much more comfortable position. '"That better?"

Marcus nodded, feeling much less pain in that position.

Reggie sat on the edge of the couch and put his arm on Marcus's hip. "You're so open with me when it comes to sex, though. You aren't afraid to talk about anything at all when it comes to your body. Or mine."

"This isn't sexual though. This is... it's about... I mean, I never ever leave the bathroom door open when I've got to go number two...I even run the water when I pee."

Reggie listened, and thought. He didn't speak until he had processed everything and understood it. "I think I get it. Tell you what. You use that thing when you sit, and I'll pretend not to notice."

Marcus scratched the back of his neck, surprised. '"That would work, actually."

Reggie retreated to the bedroom and came back with the two full-sized sleeping pillows and the topmost blanket. He settled one of the pillows under Marcus's head, covered him with the blanket and sat cross-legged on the carpet on the second pillow. He took Marcus's hand gently and began massaging it.

Marcus exhaled. '"That feels good."

Reggie smiled like the sun had just come out. "Just wait 'till I do your feet."
"A foot rub too? I could get used to this."

"Well, you just lay there until your pain meds kick in, and we can watch stupid movies all afternoon."

Marcus just smiled softly as Reggie massaged his hand, working his thumbs into the meaty part of his palm, pulling gently on each finger and squeezing down the sides of each one. Finally, he asked, "What's a wendigo?"

Reggie coughed. "What?"

"Werewolves. Wendigos. Ghouls. All real. That's what it said."

Reggie's mouth tightened. He let go of Marcus's hand and ran his fingers through his long silvery hair. "I told you before, if you ask me about this, I'll tell you. But I'm not going to hold anything back, and a lot of what you're gonna hear is damn ugly. You sure you're ready for that?"

"Honesty is exactly what I need from you."

"Alright. You got it." Reggie leaned in and kissed him, lingering a curiously long time, then gave Marcus a strangely intense look. He got up and went to the kitchen for a bottle of bourbon and two glasses, each with two cubes of ice. Marcus only wanted a splash, since he'd taken a pain pill. Reggie sat cross-legged in front of Marcus, poured himself four fingers of bourbon and finished two of them in one long, smooth swallow.

"Wendigo is a Cree word. It means 'evil that devours.' Wendigos used to be human, but the lore says they ate human flesh and turned. They're tall, like 15 feet, and can live hundreds of years. They're smart. Super-powerful, scary fast."

Marcus watched Reggie's face calmly. "You ever see one?"

"Yes." Reggie answered without hesitation.

"How do you take one down?"

"Kill it with fire."

"Have you killed one?"

"Yes." He took another sip of bourbon, swirling the contents in the tumbler, the ice clinking against the side of the glass.

Marcus's gaze intensified, a new level of respect for Reggie building within him.

"Tracked and killed it with a partner. With Nathan. Before we got together."

Marcus blinked at the mention of Reggie's former love, remembering what Reggie had told him about the circumstances of his death. He shifted the subject back. "What's a ghoul?"

"Scavengers. Kinda like Wendigos, in that they eat human flesh, but a ghoul only eats the dead."

"How do you kill one?"

"Cut off its head." Reggie took another drink of bourbon.

"You ever kill a ghoul?" Marcus sipped his drink, watching Reggie over the rim of the glass.
"No."

"Werewolf?"

"Yeah. Killed a lot of those."

"Vampires?"

"Yup."

"Stake through the heart?"

"That's pop culture bullshit. A vampire, you kill by cutting its head off." Reggie brushed his fingertips over the handle of his knife.

"You kill a lot of them?"

Reggie's face darkened. "Shit, yeah. I lost count."

Marcus's eyes gleamed, his mouth softening, the horror of hearing that all his childhood fears about monsters were true fading with the surge of pride in his man's prowess and bravery. "What's the worst monster you ever killed?"

Reggie raised his head slowly, like it hurt to move, and forced himself to look Marcus directly in the eye. "The humans that beat Nathan to death."

Marcus inhaled sharply.

Reggie looked away, unable to meet his gaze, see what emotions would flicker over his face once the first flash of shock wore off. "This is why I was afraid to tell you. I didn't want you to know what I really was."

Reggie jumped to his feet, but Marcus took his hand and pulled him back down. His knees hit the carpet with a soft thud. "Sounds like you're a hero to me."

Reggie shook his head, hair flying into his face, obscuring his features, hiding his eyes. "Heroes don't have as much blood on my hands as I do."

"Bad blood," Marcus brushed the hair out of Reggie's face, revealing his vivid blue eyes, not afraid to look directly into them. "Blood that needed to be shed."

Reggie looked into Marcus's eyes, and saw no fear or disgust there. "I don't deserve you."

"Well, you're stuck with me now. For life. Remember? You promised me."

"I surely did," Reggie answered.

"I'm going to hold you to that promise, you know." Marcus pulled Reggie close and kissed him. Reggie kissed him back, hands clenching at his sides, trying not to grab him and touch him too aggressively, even if love and need prompted it, not evil.

"Mmm," Marcus murmured. His hand slipped down Reggie's chest.

"Marcus." Reggie's voice was low and rough, a soft but clear warning to be careful.

"I know what I'm doing."
"Hey, hey, hey. There's no rush."

"I want to," Marcus's hand fell to Reggie's belt and tugged at it.

"That's the Vicodin talking."

"It hasn't kicked in yet. This is me." Marcus's green eyes were wide and clear. "I want this. I need this. Just… let me. Ok? Just let me do this one thing."

He undid Reggie's belt, undid his jeans, and freed his cock.

"Oh, god." Reggie trembled.

Marcus kept kissing him. "You're shaking."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"You're not going to hurt me. I just need you. I really need you."

Reggie shook even harder, but the fear of hurting Marcus faded and desire gained the upper hand.

"Hold still, ok? Let me do everything."

Marcus took Reggie's cock into his mouth, looking into his eyes, avidly seeking contact. He was delicate, playful, curious and exploring, as thought it was the first time he had ever done this. His gentle mouth, and the almost shocking intimacy of his unbroken eye contact, eased Reggie's fear that Marcus was just doing this in a desperate need to get back on the horse before he was ready.

Finally, he relaxed his jaw and slowly and carefully took Reggie as deep as he could go, then pulling back just as slowly to suckle gently on the head of his cock. He did it over, and over. Reggie kept his hands on Marcus's arms and held still, so careful not to move, fighting the urge to thrust into his mouth, letting Marcus do what he wanted to him.

"You taste good," Marcus whispered. "Jesus, you taste good." He controlled every movement, reclaiming this first part of his sexuality, loving Reggie and giving him pleasure, until Reggie couldn't hold back any longer.

"You're gonna make me come."

"I want you to."

"Jesus." Reggie fought to hold off his orgasm. "Gonna come in your mouth, I don't want to—"

"Reg." Marcus put his hands on Reggie's hips and brushed his mouth over his cock. His lips were wet, and his face bore no sign of trauma or distress. "I want you to."

Reggie nearly caved, but went with his gut instinct. "Trust me." He pulled out of Marcus's mouth, and brought Marcus's hand to his cock instead. A few tugs was all it took, and he was coming, not in Marcus's mouth, but spilling over his hand. Reggie touched his thumb to Marcus's wet fingers, and brought it to Marcus's mouth. "Just a taste. To start."

Marcus suckled on Reggie's thumb. At the first taste, salty and bitter, burst over his tongue, Reggie whispered, "I love you. I love you so much," intentionally timed so that the electronic signals carrying the taste in his mouth reached Marcus's brain at the same time as the message of Reggie loving him.
Just as Reggie had feared, the taste of semen did trigger a dark memory, but it was much less strong than it would have been if Sam hadn't helped Marcus earlier, and cleared out so much of the psychological damage the demon had done. A trace remained, but Reggie's words deflected it, drowned it out.

Reggie kissed him, sharing the faint taste of himself on Marcus's lips. He poured as much love into that kiss as he could muster, again creating a link in Marcus's mind between that taste, and love. He repeated, "I love you."

Marcus shivered, mouth opening with a gasp, then he pulled away and curled in on himself, fists clenched, body suddenly tense.

"Baby. What's wrong?" Reggie pulled him close. Marcus's breath hitched, as he struggled to keep control. "It's ok." Reggie stroked his hair. "It's ok to cry."

"Men don't cry," Marcus blurted out.

"What are you talking about," Reggie drawled. "Men cry all the time. Hell, I cry like a baby."

Marcus hiccuped, then a sob burst out of him.

"You let it out, darlin'. It's ok."

For the first time in his life, Marcus cried in the arms of a grown person other than his mother. Cried until he had cried it all out of him. Cried not just for what had been taken from him, but for what he had been given.

When Reggie had returned to bring Juliane to examine Marcus, the boys took the opportunity to sneak back to their room for some private time.

"Come here, Ritchie Rich." Dean twisted a fist in Sam's shirt and tugged him gently down the hallway to the bedroom.

"Is sex all you ever think about?" Sam allowed himself to be pulled along.

Dean turned around and stuck out his hand. "Hi, I'm Dean. Have you met me?"

"You think you're so funny." Sam smacked Dean's hand away playfully.

"I know I'm so funny."

"Funny looking, you mean," Sam retorted.

"Are you gonna just stand there busting my balls or..."

"Or..."

Dean grinned, clearly thinking of something else Sam could do to his balls. "Come here, you." He yanked Sam into the bedroom and tossed him on the bed, pinning him down.

Sam arched his back, rubbing up against him. Dean tugged Sam's shirt off, leaving it tangled around his wrists above his head, holding them down with both hands.

Panic flashed across Sam's face. That place. The warehouse. The restraints biting into his bleeding wrists. "Dean?" His voice was thick.
Dean immediately released him, and flopped over onto his side next to Sam. "Shit. Sorry."

Sam rubbed his wrists like he expected them to be abraded and bleeding, even though Dean had barely gripped them. "I'm ok."

"You want to stop?"

Sam took a deep breath, letting the bad memory dissolve into nothingness, picturing it disappearing like frost on a windshield melting away at the touch of the defrost button. He reached for Dean and pulled him down. "Hell no. Don't stop."

Dean loved Sam's nipples. Delicate and resilient at the same time, hardening under Dean's touch or his breath ghosting over them, and so very sensitive. Dean straddled Sam's hips and lazily toyed with Sam's nipples. "Pretty little rich boy." He dragged his mouth over them, nipping and licking at one, then the other. "Gonna buy you the biggest bed and softest sheets in the world, Sammy." He traced little circles around them with his fingertips. "Get you drunk on Champagne. The good stuff. Feed you caviar and whatever else pretty little rich boys eat." He pinched lightly, making Sam gasp. "Then I'm gonna lay you out on those soft sheets..." Dean watched Sam's face, reveling in the expressions he made as Dean talked dirty to him, knowing how much Sam loved it. "...and I'm gonna fuck you so sweet..." Sam moaned, spreading his thighs wide, thrusting his hips up, asking for it.

"That's what you want, pretty little rich boy?" Dean's voice dropped a few notes lower. "Gonna beg me for it?"

Sam moaned, arching his back, then his eyes lit up with an idea. He raised his arms overhead and crossed them at the wrists, as though he were tied up. "I can't move," he whispered.

Dean's pupils widened, and he bit his lower lip. "That's right, sweetheart," he said. "You can't move. Can't get away. You just have to lay there and take it."

Sam arched his back, keeping his wrists in place, even though he had complete freedom to move his arms, to get away. "Please," he whispered. One of the most beautiful words in the world, in Dean's opinion, coming from Sam's lips.

Dean went to town on Sam, tormenting him with pleasure, playing with the way Sam was wired where a little bit of pain could be a hell of a lot of pleasure. He closed his teeth over Sam's hard nipple and bit down slowly, carefully, increasing the pleasure slightly until Sam begged him for more, arms over his head like he was Dean's captive; biting harder again until Sam gasped and arched up into it, trembling but showing Dean he wanted it, could take it; rutting his cock against Sam's, so hard and so ready, until he gasped and cried out.

"Careful, Sammy. They can hear you. Remember?"

Sam blushed to remember how they had only recently learned that all their previous sessions had been heard by everyone in the Sanctuary.

"Gotta stay quiet, baby."

"I know," Sam whispered.

"Can you do that?"

"Yeah," Sam said unconvincingly.
"You sure about that?" Dean grinned wickedly.

"Oh, fuck." Sam whispered at the look of determination in Dean's eye. He knew what he was in for.

Dean stripped off the rest of Sam's clothes, and his own as well, setting their knives together on his bedside table. "Remember. You're tied down." Sam squirmed in his imaginary restraints. "And don't scream."

Dean pulled out every trick he had to get Sam to make noise, and Sam struggled with every ounce of strength he had to stay quiet, to make only the soft little whimpers and cries that only Dean could hear. Dean pinched and bit Sam's nipples, while his right hand stroked Sam's cock, slicked with lube, until Sam was shaking, on the edge of orgasm, then Dean backed off....and did it all over again until Sam gleamed with sweat, his hair sticking to his forehead.

He hiked Sam's hips into the air so his weight was on his upper back, and ate him out, tongue slowly lapping at his ass like he had all the time in the world, penetrating him with the tip of his tongue, stabbing it in as deep as he could possibly get it, fucking Sam with his tongue, then back to slow swipes and twirls of his tongue, all the while stroking his wet fingertips up and down the underside of Sam's cock where he was the most sensitive. Sam kept his arms crossed at the wrists and his hands pinned against the pillow, while the rest of his body thrashed and writhed until his hair tangled into a sex knot at the back of his head.

"Shh, sweetheart. Gotta stay quiet. Don't want anyone to hear you, right?" Dean circled his thumb over the head of Sam's cock, making him spasm and bite his lip. "Don't want them to know what I'm doing to you. Hear how fucking good it feels." Dean leaned down and took Sam's balls in his mouth, slipping his index finger in Sam's ass.

Sam couldn't stop himself. He cried out, loud enough for someone to hear if they were walking down the hall.

Dean grinned wickedly. "Hush, Sammy." He crooked his finger, rubbing the exact right place in the exact right way.

Sam bit his lip and groaned, stifling the loud cry he wanted to desperately to make.

"Gotta...stay...quiet..." Dean punctuated each word with a thrust of his finger and a little flick of the first joint towards him as he pulled back out. Sam grunted with each movement, fists clenched, the need to stay quiet heightening the sensations Dean was causing in him.

Dean lowered Sam's hips to the bed and crawled between his legs. He took Sam's cock in his mouth and added a second finger.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Dean." Sam shivered.

"Shh." Dean positioned himself just right, so he could work the fingers of his right hand inside Sam, raise and lower his mouth on Sam's cock, and flick and pinch Sam's nipple with his left hand.

Sam threw his head back, tendons in his neck standing out, his chest flushed pink. A muffled cry sounded from his clenched teeth. "Fuck... oh fuck...I can't...Dean..."

Dean raised his mouth up, wicked green eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "Don't scream, Sammy." Then he lowered his mouth and resumed his slow sweet torture. Sam moaned and gasped and babbled, gritting his teeth and trying so hard not to make any noise, writhing and begging Dean to stop, to go easy, even complaining that Dean was being inhumane, but Dean loved bringing Sam to
this point, incoherent with pleasure, finding his limits and letting him soar past them.

Finally, Sam broke. He sat up, breaking the illusion of his imaginary shackles, and flipped around, sinking his mouth down on Dean's cock to muffle the sounds he had to make or die. Dean shifted into a sixty-nine position, putting himself on the bottom, and took Sam's cock back into his mouth.

His hands stroked the soft skin of Sam's ass, his strong thighs, the curve of his calves. He reached up quickly and pulled a pillow down so he didn't have to hold his head up so high, and settled back down, encouraging Sam with his hands to fuck his mouth.

Sam moaned on his cock, thrusting himself into Dean's mouth. The vibration intensified the sensations Dean felt. He gripped Sam's ass, pulling his cheeks apart, and took Sam as deep into his throat as he could, urging him to thrust faster, deeper, wanting to make him fall apart for Dean, wanting to make him scream. Again, he slipped a finger into Sam's ass.

Sam cried out, again and again, Dean's cock acting like a gag muffling the sound, making Dean in turn cry out, moaning on Sam's cock, which set Sam off even more. Their thrusts quickened, matched each other pace, making guttural cries of pleasure at the exact same time. Sam came first Sam always comes first, hands gripping Dean's thighs hard enough to leave faint bruises, came in Dean's mouth, came screaming on Dean's cock, the sound muffled by Dean's flesh, Dean swallowing, swallowing, not letting so much a droplet be lost.

Only when Sam finished coming and started sucking Dean's cock again did he allow himself to come. He dropped his head to the pillow, neck muscles aching from holding his head up so long, coming hard with his mouth wide open, yelling Sam's name.

Sam swallowed it all, stroking Dean's thighs, then pulled himself off and swung around to collapse at Dean's side, head on Dean's chest. He reached his hand up and laid his finger over Dean's mouth. "Shh."

As was their habit, after they made each other come like a force of a nature, they curled up in each other's arms and slept.

The phone in the living room rang. And rang.

Sam awoke with a start. "What." He rubbed his eyes with his fists.

"Phone."

"Right."

"Don't answer it." Dean pulled him closer. His hair stuck up all over.

"Got to." He pulled on his jeans, putting the knife on the belt immediately as had become their hard and fast rule, and shuffled into the living room.

"Hello?"

"Sam." It was Bobby. "I'm gonna head back to the Sanctuary, since there's not much for me to do here. Katherine made a copy of the notebook, and she's going to keep working. But I had to let you know. We got a lead. It ain't much, but it's something."

Sam seized on the note of hope in Bobby's voice. "What?"
"It was in one of the books she brought with her. A reference to a compendium of tablets buried in places around the world. Norway. Brittany. Iraq. Tablets about angels, demons, all kinds of things. Including the, what was it again, languages of the damned. She thinks it might be some sort of Rosetta Stone."

Sam frowned. "Remind me?" Sam knew about the Rosetta Stone in general terms, but he sensed the specifics here were going to be critically important.

Dean staggered into the living room wearing his jeans, with his knife in its sheath at his hip, and Sam's shirt. He flopped down on the couch across from where Sam sat at the table. Sam mouthed, "Bobby." Dean nodded blearily.

"A big rock, with the same exact decree carved into it in Egyptian hieroglyphics, Egyptian Demotic, and Ancient Greek. Before they dug up that thing, nobody could make heads or tails of hieroglyphics."

"Because we'd never seen them before." Sam remembered reading about the Egyptians in one of Bobby's old books. "They were ancient. And really hard to learn. Only used by priests and priestesses. And royalty."

"Exactly." Bobby's voice rang with pride in Sam's memory. "Katherine thinks this language may have been used for demonic religious rituals, only used among the highest of the high. Well, they're demons. So I guess that would be lowest of the low."

"Like Azazel." The most powerful demon to have walked the earth in modern times. Now destroyed. His human vessel and its shared memory, dead. "Wait—demonic religious rituals?" Sam circled back on that.

"Yeah. Humans have our religions, and apparently, so do demons. Not just inverting the Catholic religion, either, like your run of the mill Satanist. Katherine says it's its own thing that evolved at the same time."

"Weird."

"You ain't kidding. Anyway, so unless we can find us a living breathing high-ranking demon we can force to translate the damn thing or just give us the secret trick you boys need, we're going to need to find some kind of archaeologist slash hunter to find this tablet."

Sam inhaled sharply, remembering when he had asked Juliane what she had wanted to be when she grew up. That's what you were expected to do. What did you want to do? And her reply: I wanted to be Indiana Jones. Dean caught Sam's gaze, green eyes locked on his face, trying to interpret the sudden flash of realization on Sam's face.

Of course, Dean had that Harrison Ford charisma in spades, and suddenly all Sam could think about was Dean in Indy's fedora and brown leather jacket.

Bobby continued. "I mean, since there's no such thing as a scholar of demonic language."

Sam had heard about a light going off inside someone when an epiphany struck them. But he didn't know the experience could feel so literal. At Bobby's words, Sam felt it lit up from within. He could almost see the light spilling out of him. His hand moved to his knife, always strapped to his hip while he was clothed, always within arm's reach when he was not.

Dean's hand independently moved towards his own knife at the same moment. His eyes went wide as he realized Sam had reached for his knife at the same time, feeling the same thing.
The knives were softly resonating in response to whatever was happening within Sam.

"A scholar of demonic language," Sam repeated. The knives practically purred in response to the light leaping within him, glowing, filling Sam with a powerful surge of purpose.
Choose Your Own Adventure

Chapter Summary

Bobby's news about the notebook reveals new opportunities with long-ranging ramifications for all; Marcus begins to reconnect with the world, and with Reggie.

Dean rubbed his eyes with the backs of his hands and stretched, arching his back like a toddler waking up. “Feels like I’ve been sleeping for months.”

Sam had hung up the phone, but his face still bore a rapt expression from the epiphany set off by Bobby’s comment. Since there's no such thing as a scholar of demonic language.

“Sam?” Dean ran his hands through his hair, but it did nothing to tame the tousled locks, jutting up from the athletic sex they’d just had, and long nap afterward. “What’d Bobby say?”

Sam shook his head to clear his thoughts. “It’s complicated. I should tell everyone at the same time.”

Dean scrutinized Sam’s face to read his mood. Tightness around the mouth meant some bad news about Bobby and Katherine’s progress on the notebook, but the expression in his eyes was hopeful, even excited. Nothing that Dean couldn’t wait a few minutes to hear. “Ok. I’ll call a meeting.”

While Sam brushed his teeth, Dean called Juliane and Reggie. They finished dressing, and 15 minutes later, everyone was assembled in the common room.

Juliane brought over a tray bearing a mismatched set of mugs steaming with hot tea, peppermint for her, plain black tea for everyone else. Danny followed with a wooden bowl of shelled mixed nuts, and took a seat, brushing his salt-and-pepper hair off his forehead and popping a peanut in his mouth.

“How’s Marcus?” Juliane blew on the hot tea, and took a sip.

Reggie accepted some tea, wrapping his large hands around the mug and holding it, as though all he wanted from the tea was its soothing warmth. “He’s better.” He didn’t elaborate, but the lack of tension around his eyes that had been there ever since he’d carried Marcus into the Sanctuary was a welcome relief to everyone. “Eating again.”

Juliane stirred sugar into her tea. “That’s good.”

Never one to turn down food, Dean grabbed a handful of nuts.

The log in the fireplace popped, sending up a spout of sparks. Sam filled them in on Bobby’s phone call, the bad news about the notebook being a dead end, at least for the foreseeable future, and the faint hope of the lead Katherine had found in one of her reference books about tablets hidden in various places around the world. Including one tablet on the languages of the damned.

A tablet Katherine had referred to as a type of Rosetta Stone, that could be key to translating the demonic language Azazel used, key to figuring out Azazel’s trick of locking demons in their vessels, so Sam and Dean could save them.
A tablet Bobby said they’d need some kind of archaeologist slash Hunter to track down.

At those words, Juliane sat bolt upright.

Sam laughed and slapped the table lightly with the palm of his hand. “I knew that would get you. I knew it.”

She turned her chair to face Danny, chair legs making a harsh scraping sound on the floor. “You have a passport, right?”

His dumbfounded expression answered the question.

“Don’t worry. We’ll get you one.” She turned her attention back to Sam. “Did he say where the tablets might be located? Any clues”

Sam thought back. “Norway. And Western France. And somewhere in the Middle East. Anyway, he’s on his way back here, so he can tell you all about it.”

“But what about the Sanctuary expansion?” Danny was confused.

“That’s still happening. That would still happen.” Juliane and Danny talked animatedly about how to balance their plans to expand the Sanctuary system nationwide, with patronage from wealthy donors, with this new path that had just been unveiled of going relic hunting.

Dean could sense that Sam hadn’t revealed the most important part yet. The most important part to Sam, anyway.

“What else?” He gently guided Sam away from Juliane’s distracting enthusiasm.

Sam squeezed Dean’s knee under the table, acknowledging Dean’s attentiveness to the other thing bursting within Sam, the thing he was dying to say.

“He said something else. Something important.”

All eyes turned to Sam.

“He said that these tablets were our only real lead right now, since there was no such thing as a demonic language scholar.” Sam paused, waiting for everyone to have the same realization that had struck him immediately.

No one reacted.

Reggie frowned. “Where are you going with that, kid?”

Sam leaned forward, palms slapping the table. “There’s no such thing as a demonic language scholar—yet.”

Dean tipped his head back, a huge smile creasing his face. “That’s my boy.”

“What?” Reggie still didn’t get it.

“That’s what I’m going to be.”

Danny pursed his lips, thinking about the ramifications of Sam’s decision. The long-term strategy of it. Like he were playing chess and calculating out twenty moves ahead.
Reggie looked at Sam quizzically. “A scholar of demonic languages.”

“Yes!” Sam leaned back in his chair. “He can tell you how good I am with languages.” He nudged Dean with his elbow.

“Picks them up like it was nothing. He speaks Latin backwards and forwards—literally.” Dean’s eyes gleamed with pride in Sam’s abilities.

“Look, I’m not bad as a Hunter. But compared to you or Dean, or Bobby or Dad—“

At the mention of that word, everyone had a sudden, urgent need to look at the fine wood grain of the table, or the steam rising from their mugs, or the flames sinuously lapping at the fireplace log.

Dean took Sam’s hand, saying nothing. Not having to.

Sam took a deep breath, then pretended he hadn’t said that name. He resumed talking as though nothing had happened, but Dean felt the wave of sadness that welled out of him like blood from a wound that had barely scabbed over. Felt it as vividly as if they shared the same nervous system. The same heart, broken in the exact same shape of an absent father.

“I’m not as good as you all at a lot of things. Probably never will be. But what I’m really, really good at is studying. Finding new connections. Making sense of things. Particularly linguistics. I can’t ever be as good a Hunter as you.” He eyed Reggie with a look of respect bordering on reverence. “And yes, I still have these powers, whatever they are. Whatever they’re for. And that makes me unique, I guess. But I don’t know what to do with them now. Maybe I was just meant to help kill Azazel. Stop his whole plan. And now, maybe all the psychic stuff, that’ll fade. Go away completely.”

Somehow, no one at that table thought that was going to happen.

Sam continued. “I can’t hunt like you.” His eyes fixed on Reggie. “Or strategize like you.” He turned his gaze to Danny. “Or take care of people like you, or get millionaires to write checks, or run around like Indiana Jones all over the world tracking down tablets.” His hazel eyes lingered on Juliane for a moment, then shifted focus to Dean. For a long moment, he said nothing, his gaze lingering on Dean like it would rob him of air to have to look away. “And I can’t lead people like you.” His gaze softened, mouth parting, seeing all the strength and charisma and light that drew everyone to Dean, made it so easy for them to give over to him as the only choice as general. “But what I can do, maybe better than anyone, is this. Since there isn’t a scholar of demonic languages anywhere in the world, I’ll become one.”

Dean leaned back in his chair and watched Sam lie, to himself most of all. With enough time in the saddle, Sam could be every bit the hunter Reggie was. His mind was capable of understanding strategy and tactics to rival Danny. Nobody could take care of others like Sam, with his oceanic depth of compassion. His puppy dog eyes could get the most tightfisted miser to write a check with many zeros, and if he wanted to go full Indy, no relic would have a chance of staying hidden. And even if Dean hadn’t witnessed Sam in full Boy King mode (remembering Sam with the demons, with Azazel. The power crackling off him.) the way he was holding everyone’s attention at that table just with his quiet, honest words proved that Sam Winchester was a born leader.

This line of thought evoked a memory in Dean. A flash from the night Bobby came back to the Sanctuary, and a demon deliberately drove nearly head-on into him. Sam stretching his hand out, pushing a demon back with an invisible force before he could throw his knife at Dean’s throat. The demon blood was gone from Sam now, but he still had at least some of his powers. Dean wondered idly how much he could still do.
He hadn’t realized that Sam was watching him intently, a trace of worry in his expression because Dean hadn’t said anything yet about his epiphany.

“I always said you were the brains of this operation.” The pride and love on Dean’s face couldn’t have been clearer if he tattooed, “I love Sam Winchester and am so proud of him” in calligraphy on his forehead.

Sam’s shoulders relaxed, releasing the tension he hadn’t realized he’d been holding until Dean gave his approval. He gently twisted his silver ring on right ring finger, an unconscious gesture.

Instinctively and without thinking, Dean did the same with his ring.

“If that’s what you want to do, Sam, we’ll help you do it.” Juliane leaned across the table and lightly touched Sam’s wrist.

Sam beamed.

“Thinking of the long game. Good plan.” Danny added.

“Sure is,” Reggie uttered in his deep voice with the inimitable Western drawl. “But before you become a demonic scholar, kid, you better finish high school.”

Sam laughed hard, dimples popping in his cheeks in a way that made him look his real age. Seventeen in just a matter of weeks. “Yeah. But that won’t take long.”

Sam looked so blissfully happy at having a plan that was just his, not what his dad expected of him or fate had laid out, that Dean could barely hold it together. Sam had found a way to weld the life he’d been forced into with what he loved to do. It was so perfect, Dean could cry. Instead, he ate a Brazil nut and played it cool.

Sam brought the topic back to the recap of the conversation with Bobby. “Anyway, so Bobby’s gonna head back. He let Katherine make a copy of the notebook, and she’ll keep digging.”

“Any idea when he’ll be here?” Reggie pulled a flask out of his pocket, tipped some whiskey into his tea, and finally took a drink.

“Two, three days. Why?”

“Because Marcus wants to make us dinner.”

“That’s nice of him.” Danny took another handful of nuts.

“You have no idea.” Reggie gave Danny a knowing smile. “That man can cook his ass off. This is gonna be good.”
Reggie pored over the shopping list Marcus had drawn up for him. “Fennel seed, pork shoulder, balsamic vinegar, Mozzarella di… di boofalla…” His eyebrows shot up. “I don’t even know what half of this stuff is.” He waved the paper in the air helplessly. “You have to come with me.”

So Marcus took a Vicodin and got dressed in outside clothes, Reggie retrieved Sam and Dean, who were eager to get out of the Sanctuary for a while. And off they went, with Danny’s hand-drawn map to the new upscale shopping center (complete with a specialty Italian market run by a local family), armed with Sam and Dean’s new Centurion card. “Get whatever you want, guys.” Dean grinned, fingering the jet-black titanium card.

And they did. Marcus walked slowly through the shopping center making his selections, Reggie hovering at his side, never more than a few inches away from him.

At the regular, but upscale, grocery store, Marcus had the butcher grind up pork shoulder, beef chuck roast, and boneless beef ribs. He ordered a pound each of pancetta and bacon.

The dairy section yielded regular mozzarella (since fresh buffalo milk mozzarella was near impossible to find in Amarillo), provolone, and a generous wedge of Parmigiano Reggiano. “If it weren’t the dead of winter and I could get my hands on fresh basil,” Marcus sighed.) Still, he found plenty to buy in the produce section, heaps of onions and mushrooms, fat, shiny eggplant, actual flat-leaf parsley (“Thank god, not the curly kind,” Marcus muttered), leathery sage, and sprigs of rosemary.

But the real destination was the specialty Italian market, filled with all sorts of jars and tins, with cured meat hanging from the ceiling. Sam and Dean ran around the store like little kids on a sugar rush, loading up their own cart with things that looked good, or weird, or that they’d never heard of before. “Hey, Marcus, is this any good?” Dean held up a jar of Ventresca Di Tonno.

“Tuna belly. It’s delicious.”

“Sold!” Dean ran back to Sam and set it into the cart with the rest of their consumable loot.

Marcus was visibly surprised at the extensive wine selection in the specialty Italian market, and became almost giddy when the proprietor, an older man with dyed black hair and pure-white eyebrows, began speaking to him in Italian. After an animated conversation complete with gesticulations and hearty laughter, Marcus selected a mixed case of various red wines, Prosecco and a bottle of Campari.


Next, they went to the Macy’s housewares section, where Marcus stocked up on kitchen implements. A sheet pan, a proper chef’s knife. And a massive, round ceramic baking dish.

Dean stared at it, and back up at Marcus. “What the hell are you even making?”

Marcus winked. “Something special.”
Back in the apartment in the Sanctuary, Marcus got to work immediately. “Bobby won’t be here till Friday, you know.” Reggie put away the ingredients Marcus hadn’t shoved to the side for his immediate use.

Marcus poured olive oil into a sauté pan. “Real Italian food takes days, babe.” Other than a bit of stiffness in his movements, Marcus looked like nothing had happened to him, happy and comfortable in his skin. Reggie sat at the kitchen counter nursing some exquisite Bourbon, enjoying the show of Marcus cooking.

“See, a ragù needs to cook slowly, and sit overnight at least, to let the flavors marry. Same thing with meatballs. You have to make them in advance, let them soak in the sauce.” Marcus chopped onions with the rapid-fire knife skills of a chef, sautéed them until they popped and jumped in the pan and turned a gentle golden-brown, and added them to a saucepot where the San Marzano tomatoes were already simmering. He cut half the loaf of Italian bread into slices and put it on a plate with a shallow bowl of the more expensive of the olive oils, and set it on the kitchen counter. “This is for us. Eat. Oh, and wine.” He gestured towards the cardboard box in the living room. “Get the one that says Chianti Riserva.”

They drank wine and dipped the bread in the clear green oil, grassy and peppery and delicious, eating it and licking the drops of oil that ran down their fingers.

Marcus thrust his hand into what remained of the loaf, pulled out the soft white center and dropped it into a bowl with a generous pour of buttermilk. With Marcus’s hands covered in wet bread, Reggie took the opportunity to slip behind him and nuzzle the back of his neck with his soft moustache. “What’s that for?”

Marcus leaned into Reggie, and squished the bread into the buttermilk, rubbing the softening crumb with his fingertips to break it apart. “It’s, um… it’s called a panade.”

“Yeah? What’s it for?” Reggie asked softly, his mouth at the nape of Marcus’s neck.

“Um, it’s to, uh, keep the meatballs tender.”

“Ah. I see.” Reggie brushed his mouth over the outer edge of Marcus’s ear. “Well, you just keep doing what you’re doing. And I’ll help.”

“Help?”

Reggie tore off a chunk of bread and dipped it in the olive oil. “Since your hands are busy…” He brought the bread to Marcus’s mouth.

Marcus opened his mouth and let Reggie feed him. He made a soft sound of pleasure that made Reggie shiver. He hadn’t heard Marcus make that sound since before the night he went away and left Marcus unprotected.

“Wine?”

“Yes, please,” Marcus said, hands still working the bread and buttermilk into a smooth paste. Reggie, still standing behind Marcus, brought the wine glass to Marcus’s lips, and he drank from it. Then he tipped his head back onto Reggie’s shoulder, baring his throat.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” Reggie’s voice resonated deep and low in his ear. He
brought his hands up, the left lightly touching Marcus’s stomach, the right pressed over his heart.

“Um…” Marcus swallowed hard.

“Maybe…” Reggie paused, a hint of shyness creeping into his voice. “Maybe what you did for me before.”

Marcus’s breath caught in his throat.

“Your choice.” Reggie kissed the side of Marcus’s neck. “I just want to make you feel good. Whatever that means for you right now.”

“Yes.” Marcus didn’t have to think about it long. The demon could have killed Marcus, but he left him alive on purpose, returning Marcus to Reggie broken and brutalized, tormenting Reggie every time Marcus had to push him away or endure sex that either triggered vivid flashbacks to his rape or made him feel numb and dead inside. But Sam had saved him. Gone into his mind (soul) and washed away the darkness the demon forced into him. Because of Sam and Dean, Marcus had very little left of the deep psychological trauma from his assault. And the comforting scents he knew so well from childhood in his mother’s kitchen hung thick in the air, the sweet, fruity scent of simmering tomatoes underpinned by the earthy, caramelized scent of garlic and onions, bypassed his conscious mind. Sang to him about being loved. Warm. Safe.

“Yes,” he repeated. “I want you to.”

Reggie gently turned Marcus around to face him. Marcus wiped his hands clean on a towel, and started to move toward the bedroom.

Reggie knelt in front of Marcus. “Here.” Not in a bed, with Marcus on his back. Marcus standing tall, in control, with Reggie on his knees taking what Marcus chose to give him.

“Oh,” Marcus whispered. And there in the warmth and light of the kitchen, filled with his favorite scents, Reggie took Marcus into his mouth, and showed him how well a man could love another man.

End Notes

Positive feedback and comments are very much appreciated, even if you've left a lot of them on other chapters!

Thank you for understanding how much time, energy, research and emotion it takes to write this, and I appreciate my readers not demanding new updates or criticizing the pace at which SGaDM is currently going. I promise I will put up new chapters as quickly as I am able to, given the demand of my life and my health. My physical health is improving, but I (like so many in the Supernatural fandom) am also dealing with a lifelong struggle with severe depression. Always keep fighting.

Also, if you like my writing, please follow me at deanplease on Tumblr. I am extremely active there.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!