Lust of Death
by OhSweetCas

Summary

Dean Winchester is a serial killer moved by rage and pleasure. Castiel Novak is a serial killer moved by his blind faith of being in a holy mission from God. As the two start getting famous on the news because of their inhuman acts, both of them get interested in finding the other. With the goal of killing one another, a rampage of dead bodies, teasing winks and dirty smiles on security tapes and anything else they can do to catch the other's attention begins, with no limits at all.

Notes

Just a small note to warn you about something:

I am not from any country that has English as its mother tongue. I'm simply a 17-year-old portuguese teenager who still is learning how to speak and write in English. With that said,
there will be some grammar/spelling mistakes. I hope only a few but still, you're reading at your own risk.
Adding to that, if you find some serious misspelled words just pm me about it (or do it on the comments), I'd appreciate those corrections so I can improve my writing skills (that is, if I have any at all).
Thank you for reading this, I hope you enjoy this story :)
Faith & Rage

It’s so easy to feel rage. And once you have a taste of its power, of its strength, you’ll crave for more. It makes you feel invincible, stronger… Makes you feel in control, finally seeing the truth of things even if you’re wrong. You feel electricity running up and down your muscles, them rigid and firm, your mind racing with thoughts and certainties you made up in your own mind:

You are better than everyone else. You are right and they are wrong. You are perfect and they are flaws. You are conscious of the real world and they are just stupid. And you hate them all. Because it’s so much easier to hate everything and everyone than show feelings, because feelings bring connections and hope. And hope brings weaknesses, vulnerability, and doubts.

For that, you shut everyone out by the use of hurtful words and merciless acts. You slowly become someone apathetic, cold… an emotionless monster without compassion. You show your weakness by hiding it, and hide it by showing it. It can take weeks, months, years until it completely happens, but it does and there’s no stopping it… It is in your essence! You made yourself your prey and you’ll only stop when everything you once used to be is dead. Same goes for everyone that can remind you of who you were when you had something human in you.

You’re hopeless, suicidal, uncaring about the consequences of your actions, uncaring about the people you hurt in your process of metamorphoses. It became easier inflicting pain and death in others than face yours.

There is nothing more dangerous than a wounded animal. That’s what you are; the final result of your transformation. And now, you attack first and don’t ask questions later. You break other people before they can break you.

And you’ll never realize you’re stuck in chains of flesh and bone, your body and mind your own prison, every breath you take like poison unhurriedly taking the life out of your life. You’re dead. You might be blinking, walking and breathing, but you’re just a condemned piece of meat with a lack of soul and dead eyes.

You are a dead man walking and Heaven will never be waiting for you.
"Give me a sign… Show me you’re there. I have been trying so hard, Father. I’m proving myself to you… These offerings, signs of my faith, of my love towards you! I know you must be proud of me: I am doing your work, your promise. I’ll give you everything and everyone you'll ever want. Like I always did… Mommy, daddy… I gave them peace, didn’t I? For you! They did bad things and I—I saved them. So, plea—"

The whimpers of a young female tied up to a chair breaks Castiel’s ritual of purification. Before he does his artwork he takes a few moments to confess. It’s his way of reaching out to God and tell him, explain him, the truth and real goal of his actions. He is cleaning the world, taking out one evil human after another, making the beautiful but poisoned Earth into a neat home. He is doing this for him. Everything!

He is in a holy mission.

“Like this girl… She… Lord, she is sinful, so sinful. I—I have to do this. I have to! To be what she is, to become what she became, it’s a stain on your divine work. She has to bleed. Only her own blood will wash her clean!”

Another whimper reaches his ears followed by a sniff. It irritates him, thus he gets up and bounces at the no more than 17-year-old blonde teen, slapping her in the face.

“No crying, you filthy!” He grits with a tight grip on her jaw. “I’m trying to speak to my Father.”

The paranoid in his eyes makes the girl close her eyes as a tear streaks down her face. He looses the grip and gets straight up looking down at the girl, judging her. She deserves to die. She dresses like a slut. She takes drugs and is not a virgin. Dirty person right there from Castiel’s standards: if you want to clean the world and kill all evil, you might start by killing all the parasites infesting Earth – just like that girl.

He arches his back and cracks his neck until he hears his spine do a ‘click’ sound and looks up at the windowed ceiling. They are in an abandoned building next to the river. It’s night and the moonlight is illuminating his surroundings only with a few candles promoting some more light in that space.

A cold waft dances through the air making the flame of the candles lose their balance and Castiel widely smiles at the sensation he gets from the wind.

It’s time.

He bends over the girl, who is half naked, only by her underwear, the rest of her clothes being forcefully taken off after he kidnapped her on her walk home. He spent days watching her, learning her routes, her daily routine… Learning about her past. All to get to this point, this moment.

As he bends on her she doesn’t hold her cry and sobs desperately, trying to fight the ropes that are keeping her hold. He chuckles, passing a hand through her smooth hair, rubbing then her cheek.

“Shh, don’t you see? I have to do this… I’m saving you.” He faithfully states widening his eyes at her, believing with his soul in what he is saying, “You’re sick, and this… This is going to cure you.”
She shakes her head uncontrollably and he grabs the knife he keeps in the back of his waistband: it only makes her cry even harder.

Stifled hums come out of her mouth being replaced with gags as the blood fills her esophagus right after Castiel slices her throat open.

He keeps observing her as the light leaves her eyes and her figure stops moving.

He strokes her face once again, “I gave you peace.” He lowly whispers to her dead body and laughs tilting his head back looking at the lonely moon hanging on the sky. “I will give you all peace.”

[Dean]

He adjusts his bag on his back as he walks into a small neighborhood known for its less orthodox business. He goes there often to succumb to some of his addictions, but that day, the reason he is there is not his thing for shots or amphetamines: one of those fuckers tried to mess with his little brother.

He is not going to do anything he has never done before. It is no secret, he likes to have power over other people’s lives: to hear as they plead for their survival; to giggle while a stupid human tries to run away and get safe; to be the thing people are scared to death and to feel their blood run out of their bodies, like a flower blooms during spring, as they fight to stay alive with the little energy they have left.

He passes by Rudy and waves at him with his usual smirk: there’s no need to start fire with the small fishes. He wants the boss, he’ll get the boss.

At the end of the street, there’s a big old house. He is in there, he knows that. He passes through a couple more of his personal gangsters, who don’t get too suspicious on him, considering how much of an expected client and also friend he was, and, instead of stopping at the front door, he ogles around waiting for the perfect break to walk to the back of the place, getting it almost instantly.

He stops at the back porch and kneels down, takes off his bag and opens it taking out his gun and a silencer. He has to do it smart. He puts the silencer on the gun, packs his bag again, adjusts his gloves and, with a steady hand, he slides the door open with no sound at all to warn anyone of his arrival.

He walks in, finding an empty living room, but he knows better. He knows he’ll have to take two guys down before getting to Mr. Cooper. He had been in his house before, back when Mr. Cooper had a job for him: a cop problem and Dean was his cleaner. Dean usually doesn’t take those kinds of jobs, but on other hand, he’d get a three months’ supply for free. It was good for him, so he only added the useful to the enjoyable.

Dean silently walks and waits on a corner, carefully listening to whatever sound could come to his ears... Steps. He takes a deep breath, a hint of adrenaline pumping through his veins and, as a short
black male appears from the corner, he pulls the trigger not even flinching at the sight of the man plunking to the floor.

He takes a deep breath: this time to smell the blood, its scent making him close his eyes. He loves it, the mixture the blood and gunpowder make as an unique aroma. And he needs more, so he takes no longer than five seconds to examine the man and find something to take as a reminder of his ninth kill - a bracelet with tiny skulls - and walks away looking for the other one.

It doesn’t take long. He is walking through a hallway when he hears some hums through a door and opens it, finding a man peeing. The man doesn’t seem to notice him. Dean was, like always, silent opening the door. He walks at the man and sees he is with earphones put. Dean smiles at that, puts his gun on his waistband and takes his belt out, feeling like trying something different.

He rolls the tips of his belt on his hands until he feels he has a strong grip on it and, with a skilled move, strangles his belt around the man’s neck, asphyxiating him to death. The other tries to fight for air, but Dean has the strength of a bull and every attempt of the man to get free is helpless. After one last kick, all the man’s weight sinks on Dean and he throws him to the floor, putting his belt back in place.

“Put some pants on, dude.” He jokes, nevertheless taking a moment to take a glance at the man’s length. “Hmmpf.”

After that, it was so easy to find Mr. Cooper! He only needed to go to his study room where he spends most of his time either smoking or talking on the phone.

“Mr. Cooper.” He opens the door, now with his gun as his companion again. The fat man rolls on his ugly old chair and halts at Dean’s vision. “What? You thought you could try and put a dick in my brother’s hole and I wouldn’t come here do some payback?” Dean tilts his head to the right with a wicked smile on his face.

“Put that thing down, Winchester.” Mr. Cooper commands, his right hand slightly reaching to his drawer.

Dean laughs, “This thing?” He shakes his gun.

“That thing.”

There’s a moment of silence until Dean pulls the trigger but not hitting him on the head, only his hand, “I’ll tell you how this is going to be.” He quietly states saving his gun as the smell of some blood penetrates his nostrils. “You gonna take your pants off, Mr. Cooper.”

“W-What?” The man stutters holding with his good hand the hand that had been just shot.

“Now.” He grits clenching his jaw while giving two steps forward.

The old man nods, “Okay… Okay, boy.”

While he starts doing what he was told to do, Dean looks around the room, always keeping an eye on the man in front of him. He needed to be quick: at some moment one of those morons could remember to come to the house and that wouldn’t be pretty. As he paces around the room, his eyes fetch a baseball bat. Interesting.

He goes and grab it, feeling its weight and looks again at the gray-haired man.

“Bend over that table.” Dean orders playing with the bat on his hands.
“What?”

“Are you deaf?” He grunts and quickly grabs his gun again. “Bend over that table or I’ll blow your fucking brains out!” He raises the tone of his voice as impatience is starting to get to him.

With two shaky naked legs, the old man does what Dean says already thinking of what that psycho could do to him. However, he doesn’t believe he is going to get killed. So, with a sudden hint of courage and rage he grits his threat out, “My guys will find you, bring you to me and I’ll tear you apart, kiddo. Mark my words.”

It makes the other laugh, “Is that so?” His words come out hoarse and daring. “I beg to differ, ‘cause you see… You won’t be walking out of this one alive, fat ass.” He blows out with a mocking smile and slaps the man’s rear, getting a mad grunt from Mr. Cooper.

That’s when the bat hits the man at the back of his head, “You touch my brother…” He roars already raising the bat once more. “With your nasty cock…” Another hit on the man’s head. “You die!” He laughs at the last part and gives one last hit, feeling blood splashing on his face.

He happily sighs at the corpse with deformed skull sliding down the table to the floor and cleans the blood from his face. He plays a little more with the bat until he throws it to the floor next to the body of the man who tried to rape his Sammy.

He clenches the jaw at that memory and spats on the dead man.

He looks one last time at the room and takes a menthol candy from a glassy bowl and walks out of the study room humming “What A Wonderful World” along the way, gun already saved, blood cleaned and a smiley face on him. He is, after all, only a satisfied young man who just popped out to buy some of the good stuff and spend some time with the Man of the place.
Origins

13 years before

[Castiel]

“C’mon, Novak, what are you afraid of?” Uriel, a senior from his high school, laughs as he tries to push the freshman to the pool. “Is little baby afraid of water?”

“Just let me go…” He grunts trying to get free of the other’s grip. He is surrounded by the football team in the pool building. Since he got to that school the bullies are using him as their punch bag. So he doesn’t like to go to parties? So he doesn’t exactly looks at girls and doesn’t have friends?

They should just leave him alone.

“Jump inside, tiny.” Uriel orders, but Castiel only fights back again.

“No.”

“Go—On!”

“No!”

They all laugh, “Baby doesn’t know how to swim? Poor baby…”

He is dragged to the edge of the pool, the warm water touching his feet, calling him inside. He writhes back, knowing he is being held at the deepest part of the pool. Uriel is laughing and Castiel can only think about his life ending right there. He can’t swim. He sniffs, humiliating himself in front of the jocks, but doesn’t beg for mercy. He only gets waving his arms in the air, trying to lose Uriel’s grip when, all the sudden, a pair of extra hands push him to the front.

He splashes on the water, his clothes dawdling on the water, the liquid swallowing all of him, pulling him down. He kicks the water, doing his best to get to the surface and breathe some air, the pressure of used air raising his will to breathe in. All the sounds are muffled, distant. His eyes are opened and looking at the bare surface of the water, seeing wavy shadows walking out of the room.

He stops struggling, his head aching and his members tired. He still is holding his breath, but he let his body sunk in the bottom of the pool. He has his eyes fixed on the light refracted on the water and solid ground welcomes his feet. His ear are aching, crushing his head with the pressure of the water and he opens his mouth, letting the water meet his insides. It burns his throat and he knows he’s crying without feeling his tears. Slowly it all stops hurting, it was just calm… Peaceful.

The last thing he sees is a storm in the water as someone jumped inside to save him.

Present day - exactly 13 years after that incident:
Castiel looks through the foggy window outside the building looking at the swimming team’s practice. He can hear a coach chanting orders at the six members of the team and water splashing as the swimmers start doing pools in total speed.

He despises those men. Or maybe he despises the fact of them being able to face something he can’t. He glances around, knowing exactly where the camera is so he can stay out of the frame. He doesn’t exactly want to be caught up on film: being subtle and discreet is a better way of doing his line of work. He has been a ghost for almost a decade, living underground, away from the daily society.

A coach shouts at the team and one by one they start leaving the pool to the locker-room. He watches as all the swimmers disappear and the coach heads to a small compartment Castiel assumes to be his office.

When he walks inside the building and roams the long hallway he listens the showers running and the men loudly chatting between them. He opens a door with his gloved hands and enters another hallway, this one shorter, the pool visible by the circled windows of the door a few more steps from him. He walks inside and the couch is still inside the small compartment. Castiel grabs his guns that was kept on the back of his jeans and strolls at the office, rapidly and unseen.

The black couch is reading some papers and taking notes to another. He is so distracted he doesn’t see Castiel appeared from behind.

“Coach Oakley?” He calls. The man turns around only to face a gun pointed at his face. “How ya doing?” A smile peers through Castiel’s lips as the man looks up at him in fear, recognizing him almost instantly.

“Novak…”

He nods, “So… A swimming coach? Never thought you’d get a decent job, Uriel.”

“I—I…” Uriel stutters glued to his chairs. “What are you doing? I—“

“I came here to chat.” Castiel says like it is the most obvious thing in the world. “Spend some time together. Make up for the lost time…”

“Castiel—“

“I’ll tell you what we’ll do.” He interrupts the man, pacing around. “We’ll have a little chat beside the pool and… let’s see where the night drives us.”

“If this is for the time I—“

The man with the trench coat points the gun at Uriel’s temple, “Your time of redemption is over, brother. So, if you even try to apologize, I swear I’ll put a bullet in your skull right now.” He grits, a darker tone of blue replacing the normal coloring of his eyes.

“Please…” He pleads.

Castiel doesn't react to that, grabbing a piece of paper, a pen and shoves it in front of Uriel, “You’ll write a note. Make it convincing.”

“Castiel…”

“I won’t ask it twice.”

The man cries and shakily spins on the chair facing the paper on the table. Castiel is patiently watching him. The pen touches the paper and words start appearing on the sheet, a shaky handwriting them down. One or another sob breaks the silence of the room and, while Uriel is writing his note, Castiel finally takes a moment to put his heavy bag on the table. He opens it and pulls some chains out, testing the resistance of them with strong pulls by its sides. Then,

“Do you have a gym or something where your guys can work out?”

Uriel doesn’t even move his eyes from the table, “W-why?” The cold sensation of the gun touching his skin makes him shut his eyes, “Yes! Yes, we… we do… Hm… First door on the right at the main hallway.”

Castiel nods and pulls the man up with him, “Great. You’ll come with me.”

They go there and Castiel chooses some weights, commanding for Uriel to carry them. Both of them
know what is about to happen, but Uriel doesn’t even dare to try and escape. He is terrified and about to pee in his pants.

They are both facing the water on the pool. Chains and weights on the floor and Castiel’s gun being his bribe when talking to Uriel. “This… This is a very special day, Uriel.” He starts kicking the chains. “Do you know why?” Uriel only nods. “Thirteen years ago, an ugly fat pretentious punk tried to kill an innocent kid… in this pool. This, today, is a celebration.” He grabs Uriel by his collar. “I have to thank you. You were, after all, the one who opened my eyes. After what you did to me I got to the awareness that there is something wrong with humanity. And someone has to correct it: me.” He smiles and the man gulps. “SO…” He frees Uriel, reaching the chains, “I’ll make this different from the others. Usually, my kills are offerings to God, but you… You’ll be my trophy, my sacrifice…” He puts the chains around the man’s waist locking it with a locker and locks the other end with one of the weights. “And I will even give you a chance. I have two keys with me: one can open both lockers, the other doesn’t open any. I’ll throw them to opposite sides of the pool. You gonna choose the side and throw yourself in it. You get the right key, you survive. You get the wrong key… Well, you’ll say ‘Hi’ to the other side.” He explains showing him two very similar keys. “That’s more than what you gave me.” He moves to one end of the pool and drops one key. Goes to the other end and drops the other. “Top or bottom?” He questions and Uriel only shakes his head. “Please! Don’t do this! I—I’m so sor—“ “What did I say?” Castiel shouts roaring at the man. “You have two choices here: or you jump and have 50% of chance to survive, or you don’t jump and I put a bullet in your head and you have a 100% chance to die, you obnoxious dick.” The man sniffs quietly, before making his own decision, “Bottom. I choose the bottom.” “Good.” Castiel points at the weight and Uriel benches down, grabbing it and both walk to the bottom of the pool. In a last moment of desperation, Uriel looks at Castiel in a pleading way and Castiel, in an act of boredom, pushes the man to the water, watching him quickly sink. He lied. None of the keys would work, it was his way to persuade him. Every man would choose a 50% chance of surviving against a 0% chance. He’d never let that man walk out of there alive. Nevertheless, he waits there. He wants to see the water boil and wave, a figure fighting for air until it becomes nothing.

3 months later

He takes off his trench coat and hotfoots to take a cold shower, lazily taking off the rest of his clothes as he walks to the bathroom. He likes to calm down after a busy night. He doesn’t waste much time in it and wonders to his room completely naked sitting on the end of the bed staring at his decorated
wall. He ruffles his wet dark hair and loudly sighs as he turns the TV on.
He gets up, not caring to get some boxers at least, and leans on the chest of drawers that is placed
against that same wall he was looking before. He has pictures all over his room: pictures of one man.
The man that has been catching his attention lately with impressive skills and boldness:

**Dean Winchester.**

He has been watching him on the News, he was getting famous for the last couple of months. And
Castiel has been following his steps by the News, seeing the scenes of his murderous performances.
The man doesn’t even hide from the cameras, he just lets everyone see him. And that’s why Castiel
is so interested: Dean Winchester is everything Castiel is fighting against in one person. He has no
values, no moral, and no principals. He just likes to be watched. He is an ambulant infamy and he
needs to be stopped.

He passes a hand through one of the pictures, taking it off of the wall and stares at it. The smile he
does while shooting a woman in the chest: animalistic. The careless of his moves: dangerously
stupid. He throws the picture to the ground and walks to the window, leaning his forehead on the
freezing glass. He needs to find him, but Dean isn’t quite like the rest of the people where in a couple
of days you know every single detail of their lives. And you can’t exactly find him in the yellow
pages either.

And there is something about him as well… Something in his eyes. A joy Castiel can’t see anywhere
else. Such madness it can’t even be that real. Like a predator hunting a prey.

“I need to be bold.”
Every day people kill people. Mad murderers lose their mind and go on a killing highway until someone stops them or they end up killing themselves. The idea of a safe world is a depressing lie that most people fall to believe in. But looking for the bright side of things is in the human nature and that’s why Dean is better than everyone else.

Ever since the day he killed the son of a bitch who attacked his younger brother he has having no peace. Well, considering things now, it was a pretty dumb move to go there and do the sloppy job he did, especially when he already had experience on what he was doing. At first he intended to do that quick and clean, but the rage and enthusiasm of the moment took the best of him and the scene ended up with a lot of evidence and, ever since that day, he is wanted by the police.

Oh, but he loves it! He is famous after all! He didn’t stop after that, no; he killed more people, only for the joy of it, becoming more sophisticated on what he does. Not that he leaves the place clean of ‘evidences’, now he wants for people to know what he is capable of, so he doesn’t hide from security cameras or hides his victims. Quite the contrary: he likes to be seen. The bigger the number of people seeing his work, the better!

He shuts the door of the place he’s spending the last few days, locking it and contently sighs as he walks to the ragged sofa he has been using as a bed. He has a bed 30 feet from the couch but he just has a complex on sleeping in a bed used by God know how many people in a month, so he takes the old couch as the best alternative.

He turns the TV on and puts on the News. Every day they have something new to say about him. He even got a name: it’s not much of his taste but well, he has a name people talk about so he accepts it with no shame. He kicks his boots away and takes his gun out, placing it on the coffee table. Then, he gets up and paces to the minibar grabbing a cold beer. He pops out its cap and throws it to the sink.

The news lady is telling the world the latest news.

“…The police found this morning…” He hears and quickly looks at the TV screen, interested. “…the body of the Mayer who went missing three days ago, at the train trails 5 miles from the station in Maine. The footage at the police’s possession shows him and other man entering the trails at that station at the night of his disappearance. The police believe this man is Castiel Novak, suspect of the murders of his parents and two other people close to him, who disappear from the rails right after their deaths. We have here today with us, Spencer Reid, a profiler who is here to clarify us the details of this case…”
“Castiel Novak, huh?” Dean asks to the loneliness of his motel room and ponders a little, “Poor boy…” He shrugs, thinking of him as a stupid amateur who would end up caught in no time. Little did he know that man had been in that activity longer than he is.

Remembering the real reason of being in there in the first place, he walks to the wooden wardrobe, shoves his clothes to the sides revealing a huge board with notes, maps, more notes and draws of his new project. He became a painter of bodies who uses blood as his ink and is at the moment leaving a human sculpture at every state he passes through. He has no victim yet, just a lot of ideas and not that much time until he has to move on to other location.

“…This ain’t the work of some lunatic.” He hears from the TV. “Well, he is a lunatic, but a trained one, professional. Give him time and he’ll become our biggest nightmare.” The man states and Dean looks over his shoulder at the screen. “He is bold, fearless and committed to his work.”

“Is there any change this man is working with the well-known Hell’s Torturer?” She questions and Dean scoffs at the TV offended. “We don’t believe so. I’d say they’re enemies.” Reid says and Dean frowns at it. He has nothing to do with that fella… Castiel… but he doesn’t even care about those little ants that think are people. “People need to know that when two big shows are out there, they’ll want to prove who is the real deal. They’re sick to that point. And, in my analyzes, Castiel only left himself get caught on camera because he wants to send a message to the Torturer”

“A message?”

“Yes. It was found at the crime scene a sort of note. ‘The game is on.’” He explains and the camera moves to the blonde journalist who is carefully listening to what the specialist has to say. Not only her: Dean already jumped back to the couch, eyes fixed on the TV screen. Castiel wants to play a game, huh? Let’s give him what he wants.

The journalist is talking alone again and the repetition of the security footage passes again, freezing at the best angle they could get of the man’s face. The quality isn’t the best, the image is slightly blurred and it was recorded at night, but Dean can catch as many details as he wanted.

“The game is on.” He repeats with a fascinated smile on his face.

[Castiel]

He walks into a small saloon, head down with a cap on and quietly goes and sits on a corner of the smelly place. It has been two days since he got his first appearance on the news and he’s waiting for some signal.

Dean Winchester: The Hell’s Torturer talked on the news for five months already. He is a sinner, killing only for the taste of blood, only for the joy of it. He is no better than the people he has been killing. They even talked about the possibility of them being working together and that idea couldn’t disgust him more: they have nothing in common. He has a reason, a fate he has to conclude while the other is just an animal, a disease that needs to disappear.

The bartender reaches him and he asks for a beer, being quickly left alone. Castiel looks up at the TV next to the counter of the bar; it’s showing some TV show about top models. He looks at his watch. The news must be starting anytime soon.
Right when he thinks that, the intro starts and a male starts talking at the screen. Some news about a couple of fires, a man who won the latest lottery, three car accidents and the current investigation of him, takes most scheduled time of the program. He is about to lose interest in it, believing Dean Winchester wasn’t interested in replying back when he reads “Hell’s Torturer strikes again.”

“Yesterday night, the Hell’s Torturer attacks a gas n’ sip, kills and mutilates the clerk and the two customers who were in the place at the moment of the attack. No cash or good were stolen. For matters of susceptibility, some parts of the following security tape were removed, but there still are some images that can be shocking.”

After that, a tape passes and Castiel sees a flash of a girl falling to the ground surrounded by blood – and Castiel can’t help but notice, even if the image only passed by a slice of a second, the girl’s arm is missing - and Dean walking at the body, picks something up and looks up at the video camera, smiling at it. It’s a wide bright smile, his perfectly lined teeth between his big lips. If it wasn’t for the scene behind him, no one would say that man enjoys killing people, but Castiel sees that he is smiling because of that and also because… the game is on. At that moment, he sees Dean winking, pulling out a gun and points it to the camera and the image is gone, returning to the male,

“Some parts of his victims are still missing and the responsible identities are working on the case at the moment. We’ll keep following the case and bring to you new updates.”

He smiles at the TV and takes a sip of his beer, examining the saloon. It isn’t fancy, but he catches a recording camera at the other end of the ceiling, pointing directly at the counter. He plays with his beer and keeps moving his eyes from one place to another. He counts the people: the bartender and four clients. Not a big deal to him.

He ducks his face and whispers, “Give me strength Father, as I do Your work…”

He gets up, walks to the door and as the bartender shouts for him to pay he shuts the main door of the bar and turns around at the shouting man. He takes the hat off, walks back at the group and sits on the counter between two clients who were frozen on their seats, recognizing his face from the news. He chuckles at them and pulls out his personal favorite blade.

“Tell me, what are your sins?”
No Limits

1 year later

[Dean]

He places a black rose on the girl’s chest, connecting her hands on top of it and paces back looking at the bedroom:

Wounds cleaned: check.

“Fully-dressed”: check.

No blood staining the sheets: check.

Black rose: check.

Mouth sewed: check.

He nods at it and walks out of the room, leaving the door half opened and glances around the living room looking for the right place to leave his gift. The fireplace looks good enough. He grabs a small box and checks out if his note is still in there. He has been leaving clues on video of where he is going next and leaving other clues on the scene of where he can be possibly found. He knows Castiel is following, getting all the clues he is leaving behind: their relationship has been growing during the last year. Grew to the point Castiel killed his surrogate father and high school (ex)-girlfriend. In return, he found where Castiel’s brother and sister were and did something to them.

It was a deadly competition and no way he’d let some fanatic punk-ass take his place of glory. So he’ll show him how the real artists do their work, give him something to think about. It’s very easy to slice someone’s throat open, but actually do art with it, it’s something entirely different.

He reads the note one last time and then puts the box on top of the fireplace.

“Come and get me, reaper.” He whispers to the empty cabin and leaves the place.

[Castiel]

It’s night. He is walking through the woods for a few couple of hours now. The red hair in the last box was all he needed to see to know what would be Dean’s next move. And the piece of wood with numbers engraved in it was an obvious clue to him.

He sees a cabin further almost mixed with the darkness and quickens the pace but never getting off-guard. He surrounds the house looking for something that could be a trap and after a few minutes of mapping the place he walks to the front door, opening it.

Complete darkness welcomes him inside. He gets his flashlight and quickly looks around the living
room finding it neat clean. There’s food on the table and black rose petals scattered around the floor. Lately, Hell’s Torturer was becoming a real creepy artist. His last scenario was a fallen angel: he cut a man’s back skin out in the form of wings and set him on fire. And when saying ‘man’, Castiel is talking about his brother Lucifer.

He passes his gloved hand through the surface of the table and smells the air, sensing a putrid smell reaching his senses.

He sniffs the air again, his eyes jumping to the half-opened door and slowly walks there, not being surprised at all when confronted with his dead sister on the bed. He wasn’t even *that* mad; he just wished he could have been the one killing her. She was a skank and apparently Dean got that from her too, considering the clothes he decided to dress her with. He can’t help a faint smile to peer through his mouth: Dean was being quite the challenge and Castiel knew that Dean knew Castiel’s intentions as much as Castiel knows Dean’s. They both want to hunt the other down and kill him. What is distinguishing them in that task is the fact Dean enjoys fooling him around for a while.

His flashlight illuminates her mouth and he sees the black sewing thread joining her lips, “Yeah, she was kind of the Chatty Cathy.” He comments to himself and sits beside her. He looks at the rose and grabs it playing with it in his hands. “Such a gentleman.” He gives one last peek at the rigid expression at his sister’s face and finally gets up, going back to the living room.

Before he leaves, he knows he needs to find his ‘gift’. Dean always leaves him one. He takes no time to spot it on top of the fireplace. He rapidly opens it and takes out the sheet of paper:

*Hope you’re as tasty as she was.*

He frowns at the note. Usually, there’s ‘random’ numbers, smiley faces, drawings, but never an actual phrase. He inspects the inside of the box and finds a memory card inside.

When he gets ‘home’ – an abandoned house he found with the basics attributes like water and electricity – he gets his laptop and inserts the memory card. When he tries to open it, it’s protected by password. He thinks about it for a while until he remembers one of the papers he got one of the other times: 221183.

He types the code and it opens. There’s only one paste there. It clicks on it and it asks for the password.

“Someone’s a freak.” He grits thinking for a while. He types the same number, but it doesn’t work. Writes his nickname: nothing. Writes Anna’s name: Anna Novak - he is in.

There’s a video file there. He boringly opens it and wet sounds, moans and grunts fill his ears at first, only then the image of a body moving on top of other being deciphered by Castiel’s brain. He stares at it nonchalantly. His sister sure is alive there by the sounds that come out of her mouth.

They move on the bed and he sees Dean turning her around and fucking her like dogs fuck each other while she moans and screams for more. It disgusts him, but he keeps watching.

After long minutes of sex, Dean holds her down with a hand on her back, still fucking her from behind, and with the other hand grapes for the drawer of the nightstand. Castiel sees Anna moving
her head and Dean gesturing to stay down, which she does almost instantly, and Dean takes out a knife. With a harsh down-movement, he digs the knife into her spine, killing her nice and slow.

That’s when the video clip ends, being replaced with a black screen.

He shuts the laptop, takes the memory card out and breaks it into two, tossing it to the ground. He is not sure of what Dean wanted by that, but one thing was sure:

He wants to kill him even more.

10 hours later, down at Victor Henriksen’s office:

“Hell’s Torturer and Reaper panic society on a killing rampage: Sixty casualties in 365 days.”

Dean Campbell Winchester, 27, known as “Hell’s Torturer” and Castiel James Novak, 30, known as “The Reaper” started a year ago a competition never seen in the United States of America and possibly in the entire world.

In 365 days, in more than 60 cases, they hit the outrageous amount of 60 deaths, the Torturer taking the leading position with 32 kills and the Reaper only a hand behind with 27 kills of his own.

Their competition logo “The Game Is On” is seen by the community as a life threat to everyone, and the authorities’ job is seen as reckless and insufficient to take down the biggest serial killers in the last decades.

Spencer Reid, a profiler, is studying their motives, their actions and says “people cannot compare these two males. Their minds and ways of thinking are two completely different mazes and we cannot think we’ll be able to take both down by only getting one. These men are perfectionist, leaving only the clues they want; smart, cold and are one step ahead from us. But, people need to understand we are doing everything at our reach to catch these murderers and bring them to justice.

We need to stay calm and not give them what they want: unnecessary attention.”

The special investigation ruled by Spencer Reid is assembled for over seven months already and the results are not as everyone expected them to be. So far, the authorities discovered their possible first victims and draw the first psychological analyzes based on the information they gathered so far.

For the information we were able to access, Dean’s first victim was around his 23 years old and Castiel’s at his 22, the exact number still to be confirmed, but Castiel Novak taking the first place with 53 victims and Dean Winchester following suit with 50.

These are scary numbers that cannot be taken down and ignored that easily, and for the last developments we can only assure it is nowhere near to an end.
“I want these guys arrested, now!” Agent Henriksen shouts on the phone at his office, throwing the newspaper to the trashcan. An agent comes in, leaves a file, and quickly gets out, knowing not to be around Victor when he is angry. “I don’t give a fuck about that. Just find those guys, or I’ll shoot you myself.”

He aggressively shoves his phone on the table and leans on it staring at his wall turned into a board. At that pace, he’d need a bigger wall. Pictures of the contemporary version of Bonnie & Clyde were all over the place with pictures of their victims and their M.O’s, possible patterns and maps filled with red pins, showing the spots where they already attacked.

“Is that possible that no one can find these fuckers?” He sighs exasperated and crosses his arms thoughtful. His eyes flash at the list of closest relatives, reading it for the hundredth time, hoping to suddenly appear someone new that he hadn’t interviewed yet.

**Sam Winchester – Clean**

**Bobby Singer – Clean (Deceased)**

**Jo Harvelle – Clean (Deceased)**

**Anna Novak – Clean (Missing)**

**Lucifer Novak – Clean (Missing) (Deceased)**

He huffs at the list: One missing and three dead since they went to talk to them. He’s not sure if it is related to them, but it sure as hell is strange.

He grabs the file Agent Mills had just left and sits on the chair, opening the file. Gives it a quick look, loudly sighing and gets up, grabbing his black marker:

“Sixty-One.”

**Anna Novak - Clean (Missing) (Deceased)**
“...This man is the incarnation of everything you condemn: lust, pride, wrath, envy ... He takes joy of doing things I only do because they are necessary. He is inconsequent, childish, cocky and pretentious. I never saw a worse man than him, so I thank You for putting him on my trace, so I could see I’m in the right path...”

Castiel was tired of going after Dean’s little clues so he decides he’d be the one telling the rules from now on. Two years of cat and mouse kind of play were enough. He had his goal defined: kill him, and he’d stick to that plan. No more fun, no more winks, nothing. It was time.

But, he’d needed to call his attention again. Tell him where to go, be the one in command, so he did the things the old way: public demonstrations. After several months of trying to turn the tables of the game, he did. He managed to make Dean go after his clues instead. And to be sure Dean wouldn’t just come once or twice he kept leaving one after another, never losing control of his upper hand. Well, at least until he saw he could prepare the final move, his one last clue before the end: a pedophile banker; all recorded on tape and a subtle message in it: a black rose and the same chip of wood Dean had left him when he went after Anna. Dean would get Castiel had left something back in the cabin for him.

And he, in fact, left something for him.

One day before that, he went there again and left bars of iron. He didn’t know how smart Dean could be so one of the bars had the actual name of the foundry where those were made. To increase his possible interest, he left a book of law next to it. He’d get that part for sure.

He exits the car, gun hidden underneath his clothes, gloves already put and an incessant curiosity eating him alive. He opens the trunk of his Impala and grabs his black canvas tool bag, packed with all sort of things, prepared to whatever could happen. He is no stupid. Castiel isn’t quite the funny player. They’re fighting to prove who’s better, and Dean wants to kill him for so many time now, however, not before teasing him, fooling him around a little. That’s the main reason he left all those clues and never a trap. That’s why he never kept there waiting for him in the darkness of a room, gun uncocked waiting for the sight of his head. That's why he kept playing the same game when Castiel started leaving him clues too. But he could see the end of that game coming, and that end was now.

Only one of them would come out alive off of that building.

He examines the abandoned building and narrows his eyes trying to see any movement out of the ordinary. Everything seems quiet so he invests in, his steps silent and smooth, trained already to be
like a ghost. The corridors are all dusty and with plastic doing as windows, some old archives along the way, offices turned upside down, lost chairs, old paintings of landscapes and logos of the company on the walls with broken doors in between.

A shiver runs up and down his spine and for a second pure adrenaline is pumping through his body, all his senses at his maximum, making him more focused and on alert. His existential need for that feeling, for the power it gives him, is possibly one of the reasons he loves what he does so much. It strengthens him every day and makes him feel so high only by its physical effects.

The only sound following him is the sound of the wind running through the plastics making a shivering low sound along the hallway. His flashlight pinpoints from one place to another, a gun following right under it. As he walks his shadow grows deeper and bigger, moving towards a big broken glassed door at the far end of that main hall.

He enters a big ample room completely empty except for an empty chair at the center of it and a table a few feet over. He raises a brow, giving a 360º slow turn and sighs irritated. He has been there for over twenty minutes, going from one room to another, looking for something, for anything: a message, a shadow of a presence behind him, only to find nothing.

He downs his shoulder in slight disappointment, downing his gun to his side and the flashlight to the other, “What a waste of time…”

As he said that, he hears a solid sound beside him and, as he looks back, a vigorous Castiel appears out of nowhere. He raises his gun, but in no time, because Castiel was already on top of him, throwing his gun away and tosses him back, punching him twice until Dean completely falls to the ground. The younger man grunts feeling dizzy and shakes his head to get up and fight back; however a feeling of pressure on top of him warns him of someone on top of him. Still getting his vision fully working he hears a surly “Hey.” and another punch was all it took to knock him out.

Dean blinks his eyes feeling ropes holding him tight to a chair: the chair he had seen right before Castiel jumped on him. He looks around and sees some candles spread around him. His gun, pocketknife he keeps in his jacket pocket and his bag are on the table, and the Reaper is leaning against a pillar murmuring to himself.

“I appreciate the candles, but this isn’t quite the date I was hoping to get.” He says trying to get Castiel’s attention, but the only answer he gets is a dead glare from Castiel who hastily ducks his face again. “Buzzkill.”

“Shhh… I’m trying to concentrate here.”

“For what?” Dean asks and Castiel gives him an ‘are-you-serious’ look. “So soon? We were having so much fun…” He arrogantly jokes never moving his eyes from Castiel’s body. He has to admit, that guy sure has a sweet body.

Castiel finally separates from the pillar and unhurriedly walks at his enemy, “I thought you’d be smarter… But again, you kind of dissatisfy me since the beginning.” He starts crouching in front of him. “But falling for this… It’s hilarious.”

Dean nods holding his laughter. So Castiel thinks he has fallen for his plan? That’s cute. He knew
from the start he wouldn’t find his brother there. He knew he’d find Castiel instead, it was obvious it was all a way to get Dean to some place he’d studied and with that, be in advantage to kill him. What Castiel doesn’t know is that he is always one step ahead.

“Oh, good for you, baby.” He winks at Castiel who rolls his eyes and gets up. “You’re taller than I thought.”

Castiel ignores that comment, “Do you know for how long I’ve been waiting for this moment? To destroy the biggest monster I have ever found?”

“Are you judging me?! Wow… You shook look yourself into a mirror, you’d be surprised, Cassie boy.”

He gets a slap as a punishment, “I may kill people, but we are nothing alike. I have a reason! I am doing what He asks me to.”

“He?”

Castiel nods looking up, “Yes. I’m cleaning the world from all the sick sinners contaminating it.”

Dean does a stupid face at him, “So, you are literally a fanatic, damn.” He shakes his head in a mocking way, “Are you taking your pills right?”

“You make fun of me, but at least I have a reason, while you just do it for the kicks, you filthy animal.” He grits turning his back at Dean to move on with his work. He is there to kill him, not to become besties.

“Oh, I love when you talk dirty to me.” Dean teases, secretly already working on getting free of those ropes. “I gotta ask you something. So, you’re a ‘God before anyone else’ kind of maniac. What do you think of Muslims or Jews? Better, what do you think of queers?”

He sees Castiel stopping still, tense shoulders. Castiel looks back at him, “Why, are you one?”

“I fucked your sister…” He points out, like discarding that option. “Pretty good, I might add.”

Castiel humorlessly laughs sighing, “Like that matters…”

Dean gives him a sided smirk, “It does matter. But you haven’t answered my question.” Castiel remains in silence and that only widens Dean’s smirk. “Really, no ‘gay people are possessed by demons’ kind of speech?” He narrows his eyes at Castiel.

“They’re sick, and I hate all of them.” He says, after a few more seconds of silence.

“Really?” He asks noticing Castiel’s hesitation. “Have you ever killed one?”

Castiel points at Dean, “I’m killing one now…”

Dean laughs, “Well, the correct term in my case would be bisexual… A little bit of both, you see… Pussy, ass, cock… I love all options!” He licks his lips seeing Castiel slightly - disgusted wouldn’t be the correct term - uncomfortable. Something lightens up in Dean’s mind, reminding him of something Castiel’s sister had told him. “In fact, you have a fine piece of ass yourself, I—”

"Shut up.” It comes out almost like a whisper.

Dean grins, “I can only imagine the feeling of my dick thrusting inside you, slamming you hard against a wall—“
“Shut up!”

“--Each time harder and faster, fuck you so hard you’d only remember one name for the rest of your life: mine.”

“I said shut up!” He roars and strolls at the tied up man, punching him twice.

The other laughs, “--Or having you riding me right here on this chair… What do you say?”

“You’re repulsive.” Castiel grits trying to control his voice. That fucker, trying to get to him. “And that’s why you deserve to be done by my hands.”

“Oh, I’ll tell you what you could do to me with those hands.” He teases. Castiel was not very good hiding his wounds. “But, well, I get it…” Dean sighs, peering up at Cas while licking the blood that was dripping from his lips and spitting it away. “I mean, if I was a religious fanatic freak and also a fag, I’d be pretty desperate for His approval as well… I hear ya, I do. I’d slice every skank and criminal open to show Him I was better than them.” He blabs trying to keep the conversation up. Oh, he was going to drive the other to his limit. “But guess what, big boy, to the Man upstairs you will always be the creation he hates the most. You’ll always be a street dog.” Castiel looks away, done with that conversation. “You will always be a cocksucker, and nothing will change that…”

“I keep my wills contained.”

“We’ll see about that…” The light-browned remarks chuckling.

“I’m still better than you.” Castiel states looking down at him. “And after this night, He’ll forgive my urges…” Dean also looks up at him with a mocking face. “I know everything about you, Dean-o. I always like to know the stains in my victims’ lives and you… Let’s count them, shall we?”

As he starts to pace around the chair Dean is on, he starts pointing out every dark spot in Dean’s existence:

“Mommy died on a fire when you were four.”

*One.*

“Daddy never loved you enough because you started the fire.”

*Two.*

“Also, Daddy was a paramilitary with alcohol and anger management’s issues, drowned in supremacy conspiracies who liked to take down in his oldest son.” He points his finger at Dean in an accusing way.

*Three.*

“At the age of fourteen you were raped.” At that moment, Dean looks over his shoulder staring directly at the blue-eyed man with such mad eyes it could scare anyone, but not Castiel. “You can thank your surrogate dad for that one. I really am very persuasive at getting the truth out of people.”

*Four.*

“And then there were the drugs, for most of your teenage years… Maybe even to this day.” He vaguely says examining the tied up man.

*Five.*
“And, of course, the day you put a round through Johnny’s skull when you were nineteen… Police’s report says suicide, but we both know better, don’t we?”

Six.

“That’s a hell of a list, don’t ya think?” He stops again in front of Dean with a winning smile.

Dean clenches his jaw for a moment until he sucks it all up and makes his usual smirk. “You forgot the part where I fuck men. Or the part I kill people for kicks… Or the part I jerk off thinking about the day I cut your head off.”

Castiel laughs sarcastically, “Well… Anyway, we talked, we played… Now it’s time.” He pats Dean’s shoulder and goes to his bag. Dean peeks up, seeing Castiel rummaging through his bag and quickly grabs his small box cutter blade he keeps very well hidden in his and resumes the work he had started since he got there and cuts the rope in a few tries.

Castiel turns at him and for an instant he is shocked, but, as fast as he looked shocked, a serious face took place and he runs at him ready to fight him down.

Dean only has time to block a first punch and tries to cut every flash of skin he can get of Castiel. No way he is going to let that asshat win him on a fight. As Castiel does a stabbing move, Dean blocks his arm and tosses the blade away. He still has his legs tied to the legs of the chair, so he needs to take the time it takes for Castiel to grab the blade again to free himself.

Both get straight up and look at each other. Dean doesn’t even think about anything else anymore or about the shot cut he just got on his forearm, the adrenaline too strong to make him even feel any kind of pain. For how long he hadn’t felt that strength in him. Castiel seems as excited as him, tightening the grip on his blade, eying Dean dead in the eyes.

The light-brown wickedly smiles making his hands into fists, “Let’s do this the old way.”

The blue-eyed man stops for a moment and then, instead of tossing his blade to the floor as well, he throws himself at Dean. It doesn’t scare the other, who is able to dodge every attack of Castiel this time. He is strong and fast, Dean can see that, but he doesn’t have the train Dean had from his father when he was a teenager.

When Dean sees a moment of Castiel less balanced on his fighting, he kicks him in the belly and blocks him to the ground, sitting on top of him, holding Castiel’s arms down with his hands.

“The things I could do to you, now.” Dean temptingly whispers, leaning his face over Castiel’s.

Castiel grunts trying to get unrestricted, “That’d be the last thing you’d do, pig.”

Some darker tone gets to Dean’s eyes and Dean clenches his jaw at the sight of the man beneath him. He has passed the last years thinking of the perfect way to kill that man, taunting him around, playing with him like if he was food, and now he wants to fuck him first and kill him later.

“So let it be.”
Castiel looks up at Dean who is holding him still and is fighting his own body, trying to ignore the fact Dean just came up with the one thing Castiel hates the most about himself. The one thing who will keep him from reaching out to God.

Dean leans completely over him but doesn’t kiss him, no; he rubs his bearded cheek on Castiel’s, sucking his earlobe, “I’m gonna fuck you so good.” Dean whispers, his breath hitching Castiel’s neck and he gulps at that feeling. “I mean, you saw the tape, you saw how good I am. I bet you dreamt about it too. You have, haven’t you?”

“Get the fuck off me.” Castiel angrily replies trying to move his restricted arms.

“You have. Who wouldn't?” Dean laughs, still holding his arms and Castiel gives him a cold glare, his mind racing in thoughts he forbade himself of having.

Dean leans his face over Castiel’s, their noses almost touching and Dean slowly smells him, pleasuring himself over the man’s scent. Castiel, feeling revolted about that man, shuts his eyes and turns his head to the side trying to stay the farthest away of him. He feels Dean’s hips moving forth and back and his wet tongue grasping through his cheek, tasting him.

“C’mon Reaper, make this easier for both of us.” He whispers in a chuckle biting Castiel’s ear.

“Your God doesn’t give a shit about what we do anyway.”

“Fuck off.” The other grunts, wagging his legs in one more useless attempt of getting free: Dean had got him well immobilized.

At Castiel’s lack of cooperating, the light-browned haired man takes a firm grip on his chin and forces him to look at him. Then, he shortly smiles and kisses him, forcing his tongue to enter his mouth and makes Castiel his toy. He has to strengthen his grip as Castiel is trying his hardest to dodge him.

Dean stops looking at him, “See, that wasn’t that bad, now, was it?” At that Castiel spits in his face and Dean’s eyes fill with irritation slapping him in the face. “Manners.”

Castiel grunts at it and, slowly, Dean passes his hands through Castiel’s, their chests almost touching and Dean slowly smells him, pleasuring himself over the man’s scent. Castiel, feeling revolted about that man, shuts his eyes and turns his head to the side trying to stay as far away from him as possible. He feels Dean’s hips moving forth and back and his wet tongue grasping through his cheek, tasting him.

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Castiel grunts at it and, slowly, Dean passes his hands through Castiel’s, their chests almost touching and Dean slowly smells him, gazing at the man with a furious expression on his face. It doesn’t intimidate him: he has him good, and if he tries anything at all, Dean will simply use his force to get what he wants.

Castiel, in other hand, is doing his best not to roar and yell at the man on top of him. His head is aching and he feels like God is somehow punishing him already. Maybe He hadn’t put Dean in his path for him to kill him and, with that, redeem himself about his sinful and sick desires; maybe he had put Dean for him to rape him, punish him for being that nasty thing he is. Either way it would destroy him.

The first button of his shirt is undone, then the second, third, fourth and finally fifth. His bare chest is feeling the cold air and he wants to puke already. A pair of hands touches him and its nails start trailing long scratches on his skin. He sighs at that feeling, a part of him liking the reaction it causes him. Dean notices it and smirks and adjusts his sitting so he can roam Castiel’s body with his mouth. He tries to take Castiel’s shirt off, it simply staying by his arms. While taking the rest of it Castiel gets one arm free, “You’re dead, Winchester.” He roars, freeing his other arm and pulling Dean back, who plunks to the ground with a loud thump, and tries to stand on his foot.

Dean laughs while getting back up grabbing Castiel’s legs and drags him around the floor, turning
him around and sitting back on him, making the man with blue eyes groan at the weight on him “I’ll change your mind, baby.”

Dean forces the shirt off of Castiel’s forearms and caresses Castiel’s bare arms; the tip of his tongue playing invisible trails on the blue-eyed man’s back, kissing him on the trajectory of his spine causing Castiel some goosebumps. A bite at his shoulder blade makes him blow an aroused sigh and Dean does it again, licking it at the end to smooth the biting mark. A hand grips him hair, pulling it back, “I know you want it.” Dean whispers, his lips brushing Castiel’s ear.

“No…” A low shaky answer comes out of Castiel’s lips already uneasy about his body reactions.

“No?” Dean repeats with the same tone of voice, this time with a daring edge attached to it. All Castiel does is slightly shake his head. “Alright then.” He stops still, simply listening to Castiel’s unsteady breathing, it echoing through the cold empty room. Then, he crushed his lips against his back again, slowly and seductively bucking his hips against Castiel’s rear, his considerable bulge grasping on him.

“S-stop.” Castiel pleads, his body contradicting his words, subtly moving deeper against Dean’s growing erection. “We… I can’t.” He shortly says, his voice thick, an uncomfortable tightness on his throat almost suffocating him.

Dean keeps his movements, one hand roaming his back and the other already moving underneath Castiel’s body looking to unbuckle his belt, “Why not? Because it’s wrong and we shouldn’t? Because God will punish you?” He murmurs, his fingers already gripping the belt’s buckle, kissing his neck, “Because you’re afraid you’ll like it? You’re afraid of loving it and keep doing it?” He keeps asking and Castiel shakily breaths out, Dean already feeling Castiel’s hard cock through his pants pattern and the hotness radiating from his body. “Because it goes against everything you believe in?”

“He is a ruthless son of a bitch and we are just toys to Him.”

“Don’t say that.”

“But it’s the truth.” He keeps palming him. “So, let’s just do whatever we want. I’ll make it good.” Dean continues. “One good fuck before we try to kill each other. You know you want it.”

Castiel tries to move under Dean and the light-browned man suspiciously gives him some freedom to turn around. They are now facing one another, Dean adjusting himself to sit on him again. He blinks and finds Dean lusting him with the eyes. That fucker: it was his fault. But his body wanted it so much. “Baby, I’m preying on you tonight, hunt you down eat you alive…” He hears Dean softly singing almost in a whisper, leaning over him like teasing him and definitely arousing him in such despair.

He crushes his lips on Dean’s, this time angrily, hungrily, messily. None of them cares about how the kiss comes out, they just want each other right there. Castiel tucks his hand under Dean’s black t-shirt running the man’s skin, feeling the warmth he thought he’d never find in him. He sinks his nails in his skin, scratching him down his sides, while Dean hurriedly takes his black leather jacket off. A sly content smile appears on Dean’s lips and Castiel rolls them over, being now on top. Dean hurriedly tries to pull his black t-shirt off with the help of the man with blue eyes and tosses it away, already moving to take his belt off as well. Castiel can’t help but move his eyes along Dean’s abs perfectly made and defined, and touches them, his touch making Dean moan at him. Dean puts a hand on Castiel’s neck and pushes him down, intensely kissing him. Then the Novak kisses his jaw, giving him rough bites, and Dean hums contently biting his bottom lip. Suddenly, Castiel stops, taking a good look at the man beneath him.

He can’t see much, considering the lack of illumination, but he is certain of one thing. He hadn’t realized the true beauty of Dean’s features: the way the shadows deepen his face lines – his cheeks, jaw, eyes, lips. That man was really something.
Dean groans at him, being waiting for some more action than that and Castiel shushes him off moving afterwards to his neck, collarbone, chest, nipple, belly, waistband, licking, sucking and biting all the way down. Dean’s strongest reaction was at the nipple nibble, so he focuses more on there; the tip of his tongue playing with it, a cold ticklish sensation sending vibrations up and down Dean’s spine. He slightly writhes and Castiel chuckles, giving a soft bite at it, feeling Dean’s hands running his hair, gripping it roughly. Both stop and look at each other. Then, Dean grabs the fold of Castiel’s pants and unbulks his belt, quickly pulling it way, a whipping sound echoing through the darkness making him giggle. He palms Castiel’s crotch and seductively manages to put his hand in Castiel’s boxers pulling it out. He hears a low moan from Castiel’s mouth and smiles, knowing he is taking the sinless man to the immoral path.

They don’t share many words or any words at all, it was not like they were lovers or something. Dean just wanted to have some fun and Castiel, sure as hell would be like fucking a wicked bitch. So, he starts slowly pumping him up and down. Castiel groans trying to spread his legs more open, his pants still being a barrier. The pace becomes faster and Castiel slightly downs his head to look at Dean who is peering up at Castiel through his lashes.

One word forms in Castiel’s lip, “Fuck.” and he takes no time to move his hips in despair, his movement making Dean go hard. It makes him stop, looking up at the man with eyes of an ocean with an intrigued look. Then, harsh and rough as Dean can be, “I want you to suck me.”

Castiel gives him a surprised look making his lips into a thin line. He shouldn’t be doing this. It’s wrong and ugly and… Shit, he needs it. After decades of hiding and fighting his own self, punishing himself for actions he never made but always thought of doing, he couldn’t fight it anymore. Especially, it making him feel so good and alive. But, that’s what sins make you feel like, right? Better than ever, stronger and invincible. He sighs, finding Dean playing with the fold of his black pants, and Castiel doesn’t fight it getting up and taking them off himself. Dean grins, knowing he won him completely and slides the rest of his own clothing down, crossing his arms under his neck watching as Castiel got himself naked. Dean spreads his legs open and Castiel kneels down grabbing Dean’s half hard cock and connect his lips with the tip, his tongue brushing against it. He licks the head, his eyes fixed on Dean’s, looking for some sign of approval, but Dean simply moves his hand to Castiel’s hair and encourages him to down on him.

Holding some complain back, he mouths all its length, sucking it with quite some skill, for a beginner. Dean rests his head back again, shutting his eyes and helping Castiel with the speed.

“Fuck…” Dean grunts, bucking his hips up, fucking him in the mouth. A pair of hands keeps his hips in place as he is being blown, a muffled complaint coming from Castiel’s throat when Dean’s cock got to the back of it, the vibrations making Dean almost lose control over his movements again, lost in moans and gibberish. When he feels like he already got enough, Dean stops Castiel, pulling himself out, and grins sitting up. He gestures for him to lie down, but Castiel bites his bottom lip standing still.

“What?” He grunts rolling his eyes impatiently. The naked man opens his mouth to talk, but quickly shuts it, his body both shaking of need and rising guilt. “What?” Dean repeats, this time glaring at him. A loud exhale comes from Castiel as he too is getting frustrated. As the seconds pass, the will to letting himself get fucked by that man suppresses the other feeling in his gut. A smile dances in Dean’s lips and he leans over the man, pushing him down and kissing his body all the way up to his mouth, “Am I your first?” He murmurs his tongue licking Castiel’s lips. Castiel gulps and feels Dean’s hand descending his body and then running up again. “Ain’t I a lucky one.” He chuckles biting Castiel’s chin. His index finger starts caressing Castiel’s lips, “Off with the talk. Turn around.”

A flash of surprise hits Dean in the face when Castiel quietly does what he was told to do and positions himself: ass turned at Dean’s body, holding himself on his knees and forearms. The feeling of two hands rubbing his ass cheeks send shivers through Cas’s muscles, and soon a sensation of breathing against his skin aware him of Dean’s closeness. A wet touch reaches his butt crack and he sighs ducking his face. Then, he feels that same touch around his hole and he whines at the pleasure it gives him. Dean chuckles, his breath ghosting Cas’s skin and he tongues him, the
tightness his first big obstacle.
“A little bit small, ain’t ya?” He comments, slapping his rear.
Castiel simply grunts at the light-browned and Dean hums at it and licks the entrance, seeing Castiel’s ass muscles rigid and does it again, realizing some good reactions from him. A moan gives him the proof he needed and slowly he shoves his tongue in his ass, trying to lubricate him as much as possible.

When feeling like he can have him, the light-browned naked man pulls his tongue out of him and grabs his cock, still erected after the blowjob, and passes it through Cas’s crack, teasing him around.
Finally, he thrusts in, a low but steady move, going fully in and gives Castiel time to adjust to his length. The Reaper grunts as the Hell’s Torturer pushes his way in, uncomfortable with the extra pressure inside him. Two hands are gripping him tight in his hips and he circles them when feeling more used to Dean.

Gradually, Dean starts pacing: his moves strong and rhythmmed, his hands learning every inch of Castiel’s back, Dean’s sensitive fingers finds some scars, and he heavily breathes, panting at his own pace. All he can hear from Cas are grunts mixed with small moans whenever he was able to reach his sweet spot, a pain-pleasure feeling building up inside of him.

Castiel is facing the floor, every breath making some dust fly off the floor, until the pace starts getting faster and the pleasure making him feel higher and he just slides on his arms, his chest holding him against the floor and his back arched up, moving his hip in the need of more of Dean.
He moans between pants and Dean, who is most of the time with his eyes closed, lost on his own high, looks down at the arched body beneath him finding a half-mess of a man. He rummages his hands along Cas’s side, the ticklish feeling making Castiel writhe a little moaning even louder. That image of that man, so different when dominated, drives the Winchester crazy.

The thrusting becomes rougher and faster, the sound of skin on skin accompanying the sound of Castiel’s low grunts and Dean’s heavy panting. Both are sweaty and hot, and their bodies are rocking together. Already losing the strength of his legs, Castiel completely slips to the floor, his cock automatically hurting in the need of space and touch, but he is too relaxed and lost to care. Dean, quickly finds a way to continue his pace, spreading his legs outside Cas’s and leaning on top of him, his chin resting on Castiel’s shoulder, while deeply penetrating the man beneath him, not caring about the possible uncomfortableness he could be causing to him. He bites his shoulder; Castiel’s groans and moans, plus his tightness, making Dean almost losing his damn mind. He hears a loud pant and looks forth, seeing Castiel’s hands scratching the floor desperately. He rubs his cheek on Castiel’s looking for his ear,
“Fuck, Cas…” He moans nibbling his ear. The only response he gets is a loud whimper and eyes tightly shut. “You’re good. Oh shit, so fucking good.” He continues, already knowing he is getting to his climax.

Cas’s body starts moving beneath him, slight shivers and his back arching beneath him, small belly contractions vibrations getting to Dean. He looks at his face and finds two parted lips and the eyes still shut, drops of sweat gliding down his forehead. Some gibberish Dean’s doesn’t understand a word is said and Dean shuts his eyes, taking that time he has left to enjoy it a little while longer.

Castiel whimpers, now already coming down from his high and his muscles becoming sore and tired don’t stop Dean from thrusting a couple more of times until his own body releases a lung pump of semen, he losing the control of his own body reactions from a few seconds when everything just disappears and he feels so distant in his own mind, undisturbed and high.
Dean exhaustedly laughs, getting out of Castiel and letting himself lay on the cold floor, staring at the ceiling. The tiredness doesn’t take too long until both of them fall asleep in there completely naked, sweaty and dirty on the middle of that large room of the abandoned foundry.
The Winchester was the first to wake up, still finding the man with dark hair softly snoring beside him. He sits up combing his hair and sighs at the sleepy man. He has now two options. Quietly he gets up, cleaning what he can of the dust ingrained on him and looks for his boxers, quickly dressing them. Looks at Castiel again: he definitely was better than pretty much every woman or man he fucked in those last years. Definitely way better than that Anna slut.

He paces around the dusty room picking his clothes and dressing them, always more silent than a shadow, and goes to the table where his things were. He takes his gun, verifies the charge and uncocks it, walking back at the man on the floor. He stops. Then points the gun at the man’s head, still half thinking. Those were his two choices: kill him right there or leave before he wakes up.

“It would be so easy.” He whispers at himself. It really would. In fact, he has already done what he wanted: have sex with him. Now he can just take him down once and for all and be at the place he deserves: the true and only Master of his art.

He tightens the grip on the gun, showing his first sign of hesitation. Not that he likes the man any more after last night’s events. It was just some ass. He just feels like after so many times in that game that end, so quick and so unexcited, kind of feels like a downer. He gives a long quiet sigh and cocks the gun, saving it in his waistband. Then, he packs the rest of his things after getting a small piece and pencil. He writes a small note and places it next to Castiel’s tool bag.

After one last glance at the man behind him, he does a winning smile and leaves the place.

A few time after that, Castiel’s eyes find the clarity. He heavily opens them, his whole body sore and aching. It takes him a minute to accomplish where he is and memories of that night start evading his mind: the touches, the kisses, the chills, the moans and the pleasure of it. His eyes shoot open and he feels his stomaching flipping inside him, disgusted at himself.

“No, no, no, no…” He cries looking at his own naked body, like not believing in what he did some hours before. A pain in his ass aware him of the veracity of the last night’s act. “Fuck. No… What… What did I do?” He cries and a hit in his belly alerts him and he quickly (more to as fast as he can) gets up and runs at some broken window letting all he once had in his stomach go out. He cleans his mouth and walks back to where he was to retrieve his clothes and belongings.

Pure shame and remorse evade him as he dresses back again, the physical pain his constant reminder of the animal he had become. It sickens him: what he did. But the worst to him is knowing that he liked it. Loved it, actually. He is no better than the people he hunts. He is worse; he is a whore, an abortion, a hypocrite… A blasphemy. Everything he did was pointless, he jeopardized his own mission, destroyed the significance of it and now he’d have to pay for his sins. God will make him pain, he is sure of that.

He looks inside his bag, his eyes examining every type of gun, knife and any other weapon he carries with him, his mind already creating his own way of punishing himself for his appalling animalistic activities. His revolver calls his attention and he grabs it, checking for bullets and stares at it, his inner will begging for him to do it. He’d never be forgiven after that, so he might as well just do his last good action and take down one last sinner: himself. He breathes in, raising the gun at his temple, his eyes searching the ceiling, words trying to say his last prayer, but he doesn’t pray, not feeling worth it of that honor. So he simply looks up, mentally asking for forgiveness and ducks his head to face the floor when pulling the trigger when a piece of paper gets his attention.

He doesn’t grab the paper, the words big enough for him to read them as he is.

_Can’t wait for next time._
And somehow it makes him stop. And he realizes that he can’t leave, not until Dean Winchester is
dead. It was his fault! He manipulated him, made fun of his Creator, taunted him and made him into
an animal. It is all about Dean. He is the one true sinner, the nastiest and the most hideous Man ever
walking the Earth. And he knows the only way to redeem for what happen is by eliminating Hell’s
Torturer.
As usual, Dean gets up at 5 am. Not that he does that because he wants to, but because he has to. His dad taught him he needs to be ideal in everything he does, that’s the only way to survive this world: with schedules, training, skills, strength, and devotion. No pussies are going to become men and be respected; those are going to be society trash waiting to be erased from the map.

He is forced to live under those orders. At 5 am he wakes up, practices his shooting until 6 am, wakes Sam up, does the breakfast, goes to school, heads back home, goes to the woods with John to practice hunting skills, gets back home, does the dinner, helps Sammy, cleans the weapons with John, takes a beat down by John after he gets drunk, goes to bed at 11 pm and so it goes. He hates most of it, being dad’s little soldier, too afraid to stand up to him. He would never be the strong military John wanted him to one day become. He didn’t have that sparkle; that honor. He would rather be alone at some numb alley, kicking dead cats or throwing rocks at dogs or birds.

His brother Sam, who he envies a lot for the love he receives from their dad, is still asleep. Dean is the only one having the family morning treatment of managing pistols and rifles with John. With sharp word and direct orders, he grabs his bag and heads outside to the small forest near their place. He is getting better at it: shooting. He has been practicing a lot, even more than his father can even imagine. All of that to one day show him the real son he is raising, only to make him pay for all the pain and hate he is thrusting upon him every single second of his life. Most of the time he pretends the cans and sand bags are actually his father’s face.

Once in a while, John would reach him and explain to him what he needs to improve. A big part of his explaining began with a push or a slap in his kid’s face, as to make him suffer for wasting bullets.

Like always, he is the last one leaving the PE class. It is one of the few classes he likes to attend to. Frequently because he can send his stress away with sports like football or boxing, and also because everyone knows he is not much into friendships, or any kind of communication at all, to actually give a crap about what he does in those classes.

“Nice work today, Winchester. Your right hook is really good.” His teacher says as he watches Dean take off the boxing gloves. “You got any training?”

He shakes his head lying, “No.”

“Well, it’s in you, then.” He smiles and accompanies Dean silently through the alley until the locker room. “There’s a boxing team in our school, maybe you could join in.” He suggests leaning on the wall with his elbow.
“I don’t think so…” Dean answers boringly looking at the tiles at the wall. He wanted to, deep down, but his father wouldn’t be happy about it.

“Why not?” The teacher asks, his mischievous grin never leaving his face.

He sighs ruffling his hair, “I don’t wanna. I wouldn’t fit in in the team.” He harshly spits, looking already at the locker room’s door, his hand wanting to reach the doorknob for him to enter inside and slam the door shut. Those damn teachers always trying to, as they put, help Dean integrate the school’s community and have some friends.

“If that’s the case, just come by after classes and you can practice alone. Just to see if you’re into it. If you don’t like it, you can just drop it and do whatever you want.” He shrugs and Dean subtly looks up at him, now slightly more interested. “Sleep on it.” He pats Dean’s shoulder smoothly and gives him a wink before his feet started moving and he left Dean alone.

2001 – 2 months later

Dean almost dropped the practices. More and more, Mr. Jackson was becoming more… intruder. Maybe it was his imagination, John’s paranoias molding his brain into thinking the worst about everything, but there were times where Mr. Jackson seemed to break some personal space rules. He ignored most of them, taking it as sad distractions, like when you’re with too many people on an elevator and when trying to find a more comfortable standing a hand shortly touches your rear, or when you’re going to kiss someone but you end up turning the head to the same side and a cheek kiss almost turns into a lip kiss.

But he didn’t quit the practices. He decided to keep doing them, it was really helping him with releasing all the built up frustration at home, his anger slowly finding steady grounds and, well, not disappearing, but getting dormant.

“Nice! Good one.” Mr. Jackson praises, holding the punching bag tightly. Dean throws a couple more of blows when his teacher settles it down and calls it a day. “I think we’re good for today, kid.”

Dean stops, sweaty forehead and uncombed hair pointing at all directions, loudly sighs and short breaths not leaving him much strength and time to talk. Not that he talks much anyway. The punching bag is slid along the rope until it reaches the rest of them and Dean quietly roams to the wooden bench where his water is.

“So…?”

He takes a long sip of water, letting some even run by the sides of his chin, dropping then to the floor or his shirt, “What, coach?”

“You need to give me an answer… about the team?” He smiles looking at Dean, but Dean notices his teacher’s eyes aren’t quite looking into his eyes… more like looking at his lips, or at the few drops of water running down his jaw.

He shrugs, “I don’t know. I really enjoy these practices after school, not many people sneaking around. Just the coach and I.”
Without knowing, that was the worst thing he could have ever said.

“Just you and me, then.” A predator smile escaped Mr. Jackson’s lips that moment, but Dean was already too focused on grabbing his things to go to take a shower to realize he had just become someone’s prey.

2 weeks later

It all escalated so fast. One moment he was practicing, the other he was bending over to grab his bottle of water… The other a hand rubbed his ass cheek.

“Wow there.” He quickly snaps turning around, seeing his teacher lusting every inch of him. He frowns at him, half shocked, half paralyzed, still waiting for a sorry, I didn’t intend to touch you there.

But that apology never came. Only silence and staring. At that moment, Dean felt short and powerless, only by just being watched that way. He looks away and bites his cheek giving a step back, “Maybe—Maybe I should go. It’s getting late.” Dean says gesturing at the big clock hanging on one of the gym’s walls. “Yeah…” He nods to himself as he gets no response from his teacher and he is ready to walk away when a rough hand grabs him by his wrist.

“C’mon Winchester. It ain’t that late.” He smirks and Dean gulps at him. God damn these freaky teachers.

“Please, stop gripping my arm.” He tensely says not liking the tone of his teacher’s voice.

Instead of doing so, he is pulled further onto Mr. Jackson, “Dean, Deannie, Dean. We have been having so much fun lately… But not fun enough.” He whispers and Dean writhes trying to get free of the strong grip of his teacher. “It is not like you don’t want it, because you do.”

He is strong and trained, but that evening he found not to be strong enough.

He makes right hand into a fist and swings it onto Mr. Jackson’s face using the knowledge he gathered of fighting until that day. His teacher blocks his blow and Dean only manages to kick the man in the crotch, winning some seconds of advantage to run away from that place. One more reason for him to add on his list of why he hates people: they are pervy and creepy as fuck.

He runs at the front door of that building, but he finds it to be locked. “Figures…” He grunts, trying his hardest not to connect what was happening to him at that moment to any of those horror movies he had ever seen. He looks around, fast and quickly, scared and terrified, even surprised for feeling those feeling when he usually only feels hatred (and fear only at the presence of his last parent alive), and runs at the stairs to the first floor where are some classrooms for theoretical PE classes during the school year.

He knows he’s being chased. He can hear the steps. At that moment, John’s words invaded his mind: one day you’ll be in disadvantage. No weapon, no escape route. You’ll be trapped. That day, there is only one way for you to survive. Improvise a weapon and use your brain. Everyone can fight, but only the smartest one can win it. He knows more or less what he has to do. His dad made him practice every possible scenario for him to be ready. Well, every scenario except that one.
He enters a room and shuts the door behind him, drags a table against the door, making a barrier and examines the room around, learning it.

“Something…” He hisses at himself, throwing papers on a desk to the floor, opening drawers, until he finds a key to the storage at the far wall of the room. “Here goes nothing.”

The doorknob circles, but the door doesn’t open. “Found you.” He hears and quickens his rush to the storage.

He opens it and finds some PE equipment. Most importantly, and more to the use at the moment, a javelin. He grabs it, feels it in his hands and spins it around itself, feeling it quite easy to manipulate. Loud bumps against the door call Dean’s attention and adrenaline pumps through his veins, his hands shaky, sweaty and unsteady, a drop of sweat downing through his temple and he licks his lips feeling them dry and his throat thick.

The door cracks open, pushing the table away as it opens and Mr. Jackson walks inside.

“There you are.” He smiles and Dean tightens the grip on the javelin.

“Step back.” He orders with a shaky voice.

A laugh fills the room, “Or what, Winchester?”

“I kill you.”

Another laugh echoes through the room and his teacher shuts the door, eying his student. “Right…” As he walks further, Dean stays rigid in his place, his knuckles white at the force he is putting into the javelin. When Mr. Jackson tries to reach him, Dean swings it, keeping him away. “I have been keeping an eye at you for a very long time. Little Dean, so visually delicious.” He waves his head like tasting him already. “And you have been teasing me, boy. That perky ass is really something out of this world.” He tries to invest again and Dean swings his javelin again, way too drastically and unadvisedly, and his teacher manages to grab it at the other end. “C’mon, kiddo.”

He feels it getting snapped away from his hands, and Jackson’s steps buzzing in his mind. He, again, tries to dodge him and ran away again, but where could he possibly go? Either way, his legs had a mind of their own, and he is about to run out of the classroom when he is held back and tossed to the floor violently.

“You already getting on my nerves.” He hisses at the kid on the floor, sitting on top of him already searching for the fold of Dean’s shorts.

Dean’s arms are fighting the air, fighting all he could reach out to, in a desperate move to get away from that sick man. He is slapped in the face and a strong hand grips his throat choking him. “Be a good boy.” The rapist roars irritated, holding the immobilized teen beneath him.

“I’ll kill ya… I’ll kill ya… I’ll kill ya…” Dean repeated countless times between screams, grunts and warm hopeless tears.

He felt a hand rubbing his cock, “Maybe one day, but today… Today you’re my bitch.”

Present Day (five days after Dean and Cas’s first face-to-face meet)
Dean is leaning against a table playing with his blade when a girl opens her eyes returning to consciousness. She blinks, adjusting to the lightness, and looks around finding him examining her.

“Hiya, love.” He smiles moving from the table. “Sleep well?”

The girl, tied up to a bed, only manages to say stuffy words as her mouth is taped to stop her from screaming. Dean shrugs in an apologetic way and switches the blade to the other hand, the girl finding her wrists tied with a rope.

“I have been lonely, you know?” He says sitting next to the laid girl, his eyes looking at the visible skin beneath the top’s fold. “And then… I go out to take a walk, only to find girls like you. Teasing only by their clothing. I mean, don’t you have mirrors at home? You are basically shouting ‘fuck me’ at every male out there.” He blabs ignoring the girl’s sniffs and sobs or the movements of her body trying to get free of the ropes. “You should have been more careful. God knows the creeps that could have gotten their hands on you. Luckily, you got me.” He smiles passing a hand on her waistband making her grunt and lays the blade on the nightstand.

He shifts, being now sitting by his knees, facing the girl’s body, and she writhes more aggressively; brusque and abrupt motions almost making Dean’s touching impossible. It doesn’t stop him, he simply shifting again to sit on top of her, his hand gripping her sides firmly but, nevertheless, erotically.

“For a long time, I restricted my activities to killing only. With time, making art with it was something that gradually became a part of me… But now… Now, I learned that I can take all the pleasure I want out of it. In every possible way.” He says with his eyes fixed on hers. She sobs and he shushes her, telling her to calm down. “You’ll thank me.” He smiles, his hands starting to rummage her body.

She stops entirely, too afraid and disgusted to move a muscle. Dean’s hands find their breasts and she has to swallow a sob, wishing he just killed her already. He squeezes them, massaging them and she sniffs, pulling the ropes in a last troubled attempt. His right thumb caresses her nipple and he slides a little down on her ready to pull her top up. He makes her his toy. When having most part of her chest naked he ducks his face and licks her, his tongue playing with her, nibbling her, sucking her, her muffled cries being ignored by him.

When, he stops. Her cheeks are wet from her silent crying and he kindly smiles, cleaning them. She whines and he shuts his eyes sighing. She looks at him, her brown eyes observing his facial expression trying to discover what he was going to do next. Abruptly, he moves away from her and grabs her jacket from the table he was sitting at, taking her cellphone out. Then, he approaches her and pulls the tape out of her mouth.

“I want him to hear your voice.” He says, running her contacts list, pressing ‘call’ when finding the number he wanted. “Be a good girl.” He warns and she sobs nodding.

Dean rests her cell on her ear and then waits. A voice starts talking on the other side of the line, «Celine?»

She sobs louder, “Dad?”

«Are you crying? What’s wrong, dear?»

She sniffs looking up at Dean. He simply smiles at her.
“That’s a man here. Dad, he’s—” At that he takes the phone away and starts pacing around the bedroom.

“I think that’s enough, sweetheart.” He tells her and rests the phone on his ear, ready to make conversation with Celine’s father. “Goodnight, Mr. Jackson.” He unsympathetically greets him leaning against a wall.

«Who’s this? Where’s my daughter?”

Dean chuckles, “You’ll remember me very soon, and your daughter’s with me. I know, I know… Celine was supposed to be spending the night at a friend’s, but well, I’m such a better company."

«What have you done to my daughter?» The man aggressively asks and Dean rolls his eyes at the man’s voice.

“Nothing… yet. And well, I’m not gonna do something you never did yourself.” Dean replies, his eyes fixed on the girl, who is crying again. “Now, tell me, Mr. Jackson, have you ever done something wrong and horrible?”

The man takes a while to answer, «Please, don’t hurt her. I’ll give you whatever you want. Just give me an address and a number and I’ll provide you that money. I won’t even call the police, just give my daughter back. Please.»

Dean laughs, switching the phone to the other hand, “I never took you for a beseecher.” Pause. “I don’t want your money, I don’t give a shit if you call those suited monkeys or not.”

«Then, what do you want?»

Dean only says, “Have you ever heard the expression: an eye for an eye? It’s quite fitting to this situation, right now.” The girl sobs and Dean gives her a look to stop. “I made you a promise many, many years ago. And I usually keep my promises, but… Damn, your daughter is so… ‘Visually delicious’. ‘That perky ass is really something out of this world.’” He quotes him waiting for some kind of recognition. Speciously nothing. “So, I thought: why go after the man itself when I can do something so much worse? Give his daughter the same treatment he gave me.”

«Dean… Please—»

Dean sarcastically rejoices, “Oh, he remembers me! ‘Sup, coach, have you been fucking many boys lately?”

«You don’t have to do this! I’m sorry, okay? I… I changed… I’m so sorry.»

Dean walks back to the bed sitting next to the girl, “It’s a little bit too late for sorry, don’t you think?”

«I—» “Let me tell how this’ll be. I’m gonna fuck your daughter and you’ll listen to it. If you hang up, I’ll stab her to death. Understood?”

«Dean—»

“Understood?!” Dean asks again this time louder.

«Yes.»

Dean grins and rests the phone on the nightstand facing the girl, taking his belt out. She whimpers contorting her body to stay out of his reach. Hell’s Torturer jokingly pouts at it and forces her shorts down; amused at the pink panties with cats she is wearing. He slides his jeans down, kicking them
away and positions himself between her legs, she already yelling whilst crying.

“No, no, no… Don’t. Don’t!!!” She supplicates between weeps and screams.

Dean puts a hand on her mouth, leaning over her, his mouth touching her ear, “Now, I want you to call me your Daddy.”

Three days later

FBI San Francisco Field Office

“You cannot do this!” Victor grunts hitting his superior’s table. He is there for only a few minutes, but he already wants to shoot half of the people in there.

“I can and I’m doing it, agent. You had two years to solve this and guess what? People need answers that we, still, don’t have. So, yes, you’re no longer in this case.”

Victor humorlessly chuckles, gazing at the special agent present beside him, “You made up his head, didn’t ya? You want this case for so long that you had to be a son of a bitch. This is my case!”

Spencer stays neutral about Victor’s accusation, “I just commented that, maybe, a more qualified agent should be taking care of this. Until now, you were the brains of the operation and I was the FBI’s celebrity, blabbing everywhere I could that we were going somewhere. It was a lie and people started to see that. I’m sorry that this is too much for you to handle, but that’s life. I’m sure you’ll get another case that’ll suit you better.”

Those words took a few seconds to make sense in Henriksen’s head, and when it clicked, he scoffed shaking his head. Then, he turns back at his superior, “Sir, I can handle this! You cannot just take this from me! Not after so many time. You know how much I sacrificed because of this case!”

“I do know, but this isn’t about you. This is about Dean Winchester and Castiel Novak still being in the wind. Besides, special agent Spencer Reid has inside knowledge of this case. It’ll be in good hands.” Before Victor could say anything else, he gets up, “And we’re done. I made my call, now go to work.” Spencer nods, excusing himself, and what used to be Victor’s team in the case, followed Reid. Victor gives him one last glance and grabs the door’s knob ready to leave. “Oh, and Agent Henriksen?” Pause. “When I said you’re out of this case, you’re out of this case. No snuffling around, got it?”

“…Yes, sir,” He quietly says and goes back to his office.

He looks at his walls, now completely naked again. All the pictures, maps, notes, everything about his investigation had been removed. Over two years of his life wasted and thrown into nothing. Catching those two isn’t as simple as his colleagues seem to think, but try to convince them of that. There was no one else more invested in finding them than he. He lost his wife, his house, his family in between, all because he was too focused on the case to see his wedding falling apart. But does anyone care about that? No! He is just a chess piece the FBI can use and abuse and only to be discarded when they don’t like his work.
He sits on his chair, looking to his desk, thinking it is way too empty and clean now without all the folders he had to pass to agent Reid and opens his drawer, knowing there were some minor cases waiting to be read and solved.

Jody Mills, a new internee, quickly opens the door and gets inside with a new folder in her hands.

“Sir.”

He doesn’t look at her, too busy with his reading, “Yes?”

“I think you should have this.” She hands him the folder, examining him expectantly.

“What is it?” He asks, opening it. Reads the first couple of lines and sighs, shutting it, “You know I’m not taking care of this anymore. Please, take it to Spencer.”

She shifts on her feet not taking it, “I do know, sir, but… I don’t think it is correct to turn my back on you after all you did for me. And I think you should investigate this still.” She says cordially. He was the one getting her a place in the FBI and she was one of the team he gathered to chase Dean and Cas. “Please, sir, I still have faith that you can solve this. Not that snob.”

He laughs but then narrows his eyes at her, “You do know that we can lose our jobs if they find out that we kept this new case hidden…”

“It ain’t hidden. Just unknown to Spencer. Please, take a look, and if you think it’s better to give it to Reid, I’ll give it to Reid.”

He ponders for seconds: he was told to stay away from this, yet, he can’t do it. Not after everything he lost. And, just like Jody, he too believes he can resolve the case. He just needs some more time.

Still uncertain of his choice, he reopens the file and reads it, rummaging through some pictures taken at the crime scene. It was unquestionably Castiel’s work. Already knowing how they communicated with each other, he asks still looking at the pictures,

“Was there a note, box, message… Anything?”

She nods, “Yes, sir. A message on a wall.” As she says that, Victor finds a picture of it. He reads it and gulps, staring at it. He should warn Spencer. Definitely warn him as fast as possible. But then, he’d lose his best clue so far, and he’d get into more trouble with the bureau.

“What is it, sir?”

He looks up, “Oh dear…” He sighs looking at her. “I know who his next victim is.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I need help.
I have two endings in mind, so it depends on how long you guys want this story to be. If you want to keep this "simple" I can end this in one/two chapters. (Yeah, that fast. And yeah, Destiel won't get any more attention than it already got. It will be completely focused on the final details of this story). However, if you guys want this a little more complex, I am thinking about introducing one more character (not a serial killer like them, but someone close to one of them) who will have an important roll on how things
move forward. With that, this will (probably) get somewhat longer than it was supposed to be.
It's your choice: short version (with no more Destiel - canonically speaking) or long version (with more Destiel).
Please, I could really use your help on this one! So, please, comment what you want. It won't take long, and it'll help me making a decision.
So, hey!!!
New chapter. This is kind of a filler, setting things up to the next chapters. I tried to write more, give you more details, just to give it a try. If you don't like it, I start writing more simple chapters again :)
I also want to thank you for all the nice comments! I never thought I'd get so many feedback and it feels awesome. With a 100% 'longer version' comments I have to tell you: Longer version it will be!!! *throws some confetti* Honestly, you guys are SO amazing and I love you all.

I don't know what to think of this chapter. I don't even know if I like it, but it is necessary to move on.
At the end, give me your opinion.

I hope I won't disappoint you.

The Next Morning

FBI San Francisco Field Office

Keyboard keys are pressed, calls are picked up and printers print dozens of file per hour. Agents walk from one office to another busy with reports still to fill, almost hitting its deadline. An FBI bureau never rests. Everyone is always so closed on their minds, on their own cases to stop and look around their surroundings. An agent almost bumps onto another while looking for a file, a phone on his ear and a mug of coffee turning cold, and two of them are quickly taking notes over the phone while a fifth is nervously walking to their superior’s office. No one seems to care or notice the changes around them.

Spencer is leaning on his desk looking at one of his walls. Three other and minor agents are there too, but working on its new “decoration”. Boxes full of folders are piled up on a corner of the office and some small maps are waiting to be unrolled and hung on those walls. He takes a sip from his coffee as an agent attaches a frame from a security tape of Dean’s face on the left side of the wall. As he rests the mug on the desk, another office puts Castiel’s on the right side. He crosses his arms, staring at each’s pictures, trying to solve the mystery of Dean and Cas already. There is something unusual about them, but he can’t really put the finger on it. The third agent is taking care of positioning a huge map of the USA on the middle of the same wall while the other two are already taking care of picking each other’s victims pictures to orderly glue them onto the wall.

Meanwhile, he decides to start doing what he is there to do. Going to the pile of boxes, he quickly peruses through them and picks the one titled: Anna Novak. He opens it and passes his eyes through the first page, examining next the second with pictures of the crime scene.

“Why go after her…” He whispers to himself gazing at the pictures already on the wall. “Why go after any of them…” He continues his train of thought by going to the swivel board they got him
with schemes of their possible patterns, none of them logical or reasonable. “What is escaping us? What did Henriksen miss…”

One agent goes and grabs the first box, putting it on the tabletop, and another grabs a small can of pins: blue for Castiel and red for Dean. They started with Dean’s. One by one, an agent reads the location of each case and the other quickly pins it on the map. Spencer quietly stays looking at the map, hoping to see a pattern, or at least something more conclusive.

After an hour or so, he is still looking at the map, now a mess of blue and red points. He pinches the bridge of his nose as an agent is connecting a thread through the most important locations and clues, “It doesn’t make sense…” He grunts. “There is no pattern…”

One agent intercedes, “Sir, one thing I learned on the academy is that there’s always a pattern.”

Spencer holds a scoff, “Yeah? Come here, Sherlock.” He calls him. The said agent drops what he is doing and joins Reid. “What do you see?” He then points at the map in front of them.

“…Locations.”

“Very good.” He cheers, almost letting his mocking side escape. “And, there, what do you see?”

“…Their victims.”

“Excellent. So far you have the observation skills of a five-year-old person!” He taunts and the agent gives him an offended and ashamed glare. Reid ignores it, walking closer to the map.

“Tell me, agent, what defines a serial killer?”

It doesn’t take any seconds for the agent answer him, “An individual who murders two or more people on different occasions in a certain period of time, with pauses between his attacks.”

Spencer nods, “Exactly. However, there is another characteristic that defines a serial killer…” He states with his lecturing voice. “Patterns. Choices. They are almost programmed to go after a certain type of people. They have their own taste, like only going after beautiful blonde women. Or going after people of a certain color. But look, look at the victims! Both of them have killed white, black, brown, women, men, young, old… poor, wealthy… Blonde, bald… Nothing that can possibly connect the victims.” He says and the agent frowns, not getting where Reid is trying to go. Is he saying there is no way to profile them? “Except—“ He suddenly continues, quickly going back to the agent’s side. “Those two.” He points at two pictures on Castiel’s side. “And those two.” He then points at two on Dean’s. “Now… Tell me, agent, what connects them?”

Pictures of an oldish chubby guy, a redhead girl, a blonde with blue eyes man and of a blonde with brown eyes are all the agent sees. Nothing in common between them. That is, at first. Noticing the last name of two, the agent blows a whisper, “Family.” Reid doesn’t make a sound waiting for more. “Anna and Lucifer Novak are relatives…. To Castiel.”

“Yes, they indeed are. Siblings. Now, what about Joanna Harvelle and Robert Singer?”

A frustrated frown takes place to the pride face the agent was making, “I.. do not know, sir.”

“That’s because you haven’t been paying attention.” Reid says with a wolfish grin. He was always a show-off. “Bobby Singer: the closest thing Dean had to a father since John killed himself. Joanna Harvelle: Dean’s sweet high school girlfriend.” He presents them. “Now, why kill them? But, well, I suppose I could also ask why not kill them? Considering there is no visible pattern…” He rubbed his
spending examining the wall.

“Revenge, maybe?” The agent suggested. “Aren’t they enemies?”

“Yes! Yes… I thought the same for a long time. I rambled about it everywhere too…” He vaguely agrees. “But now, I’m not so sure… There’s something more…” He quietly paces around his office, looking through the window to the main room with dozens of desks where lower paid agents work. His observing eyes quickly find Victor Henriksen quickly walking through the room grabbing his suit jacket, and agent Mills following suit behind exchanging words with him. Then he turns around inside the elevator and tells her something before pressing a button and the elevator door sliding shut. Joy Mills shrugs with an impatient sigh already walking back to her desk. “Someone’s mad.” He comments.

“Can you blame him? I’d be the same way if I had gotten my case passed to someone else.” The agent comments back, not scared of giving his opinion.

Spencer shrugs coldly saying, “It happens to all of us.” Not even a bit of remorse gets to him. Still curious about it, he opens his office door and shouts for Jody, “Mills! Where is Victor going?”

She stops, for a moment lost and awkwardly clears her throat, “Ahm… He said he was heading home…” She says and keeps walking not giving him much time to further questions.

Spencer shuts the door, his lips pouted and biting his tongue between his front teeth. Everyone knows that face: he hasn’t bought it. He then goes to the other side of the room, looking through the windows showing the outside of the building, in time to see Henriksen leaving the building and walking to his car. “Davis.” He then calls and another agent looks at him quickly stopping performing his former task, now waiting for new orders. “Follow agent Henriksen. I wanna know where he is going.” The agent doesn’t seem very eager in following a colleague. “Do I need to say it twice?”

With no other words, the said agent leaves the room and Reid starts pacing again, now thinking about Victor. He seemed mad, sure, but not you-stole-my-case mad. And then, agent Mills wasn’t very convincing in her excuse… There is a reason why he is considered one of the best: he gets all the little details and Victor’s reaction to all of it was fairly believable but not completely accurate. He didn’t even call their true superior on DC or tried to give them their own inputs. If it was the other way around, Spencer would never let go of his case that easy like Henriksen did.

He looks at the agent he has been changing ideas with, who is once again confused. “This!” He grabs Anna’s folder changing the subject back to the case. “They never went back to a crime scene twice. So why go there twice? Months after she dying… What changed?” He asks to only get a blank look from the agent. “Jeez, it must be so funny to live with your tiny little brains…” He disapprovingly snarls shaking his head. “For over a year, Dean was the only one leading them. Then, all the sudden, Castiel started as well, and all stopped here: their last clue. They are dead silent since that day. For two years, they have been talking to each other through messages, winks, all that crap. So why stop now?”

The agent’s face lit with an answer when Reid grabs another folder handing it to him, “Because, they don’t need anymore.”

“Hmm-yep.” He agrees now more interested in another smaller box beside his desk table.

To him the conversation was over. He had nothing else to add in his train of thought. He knows more than he said, but that is not the important to share with the young agent. He just wanted to see how fast the agent could get to some answers. He wasn’t half bad, but far away from what Spencer
needed for a partner. The agent is reading the file Spencer gave him and the other agent is finishing a second wall with photos of the crime scenes. That’s when Spencer finds a small list, most of the names scratched over and he quickly snaps his head up trying to find the fifth name on the wall of victims not finding it.

“Ohhh…. Caught you!” He laughs and the agent reading the file looks at him.

“What?” All Spencer does is show him the list. “And…?” He asks then realizing the look on Reid’s face. It was the look of troubles coming. “What are you thinking of doing?”

Spencer grins looking once again at the name. Then he smiles at the agent playing with the sheet of paper in his hand, “When you find someone’s pressure point, you use it against the said person. And I just found Dean’s!”

[Castiel]

Reluctantly, Castiel opens the heavy wooden door of the centennial church. All the punishment he gave himself over the last days, all the flogging, all the Hail Mary’s didn’t seem enough. So he decided to do a prayer’s last call and went to a place of redemption.

Each step echoes through the chapel, it resonating in his head and pounding in his chest. He doesn’t feel worth of standing in a place of God anymore. Two lost souls are kneeling on a pew and praying in a low tone of voice, not minding the newcomer, simply continuing their whimpered plea. He sits on a pew, his hands entwined, and solemnly stares at the altar at the image of the son of Heavens hanging on the crucifix, waiting for the confessional box to get free for his turn.

“Dear Lord, the Scriptures promise me that you will not reject me with my broken and contrite heart. Please, do not despise me nor reject me. Please hear my prayer of confession.” He whispers before standing up as someone leaves a confessional box.

He bows his head, knowing there is no need for someone to recognize him and silently walks inside the small cubicle sitting down. He adjusts his sitting and lowly says accompanied with the sign of the cross, “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. It has been… well, a long time since my last confession.”

“That is alright, my son. Do you have sins that you would like to confess to God this afternoon?” The father asks with a calming and waiting voice.

Castiel sighs feeling small in the house of God, “Yes, Father.” He whispers and the man says nothing, it being Castiel’s cue to start. “Well… I was tempted with the carnal sin, padre.”

“Are you married, my son? Does your wife know?”

“Oh, no… I’m not married, father.” Castiel informs knowing the bible says one shall not have any kind of sexual interaction outside the marriage, and the act shall only be done to procreate.

“Well, my son, was the act continuous?”

“Only one time, padre.”

“And do you feel sorrow for breaking one of the Ten Commandments in favor of sinful desires of
the human body and are you willing to clean your soul and receive God’s forgiveness?”

Castiel nods, “Yes, I do, father. But… There’s more.”

“You’re in the house of Our Father, son, feel free to express what torments your soul.” The priest encourages calmly listening to the lost man.

Castiel almost feels a shiver and looks up like God is already judging his final punishment. Then he looks at the screen only seeing some abstract traces of the priest, “I-It was with a male, father.”

“…I see.” That’s all the priest says.

“I’m a devout man, father. I truly am. All I do is for God, I love him more than anything else. And I know the atrocity I made. How impure my act was. The truth is… I have urges, father. But I always kept them controlled because I am a good Christian and because they are evil and wrong. And it was all contained, father. I was a virgin, and I tried my hardest not to have sinful thoughts. And every time I did have sinful thoughts of flesh I did my penance. And I was so close, father, so close of being worthy of going to the resting Gardens. Then this evil man came, and I knew he was sin, and for a long time I thought I could win him. But he manipulated me, played my mind and—“ He sighs resting his head on the palm of his hands. “—He touched me, aroused me in such need, father, you have no idea how beautiful he seemed there, in front of me, showing me his naked body… He was like the Devil disguised as a recreation of the Heavens, and he tempted me. And I enjoyed it… so much, father. I had never felt that way before in my life. And now… I can’t stop thinking of it, craving for more…” He cries shaking his head. “I just want it to stop! I need God to love me, to forgive me! I… Please, father…”

“Well, my son—“ The man starts, still pondering the best way to interfere without being rude. It is, after all, a man looking for redemption. “Are you sorry and willing to do penance and not commit the sin again out of the love you have for God?”

Castiel nods, “Yes, father, I am sorry for this and all the sins of my past life.”

“Evil always tempts us into doing malicious acts, but the good men always find the right path. That way, my son, pray fifty Hail Mary’s and thirty Our Father’s, stay away from the alluring trail and God will forgive all your shames. You are now, absolved of your sins by this church. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Do you want to express any prayer of sorrow or Act of Contrition before leaving, my son?”

“O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended you and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell. But most of all because I have offended you, my God, who are all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve with the help of your grace, to confess my sins, to do penance and to amend my life. Amen.”

“You are now, free to go.”

He silently gets up and leaves the confessional box, this time finding the church deserted. He sighs and looks at the altar, pondering if he should start his penance there or at a more private place where no one might recognize him.

An elder lady walks inside with black clothing and crying eyes, her hand carrying a tissue and passes by him not even looking at him, too focused on her grieve to see the world around her. Feeling lighter after his confession, he walks out of the church, the cold wind of the winter evening weather cooling his body and he sighs adjusting his trench coat closer to his body. Maybe, he will still be able to reach out to God and he already feels forgiveness on the way. However, there’s still one thing that
he knows God will want for him to be fully forgiven: **Dean Winchester dead.** That way, he knows what he needs he has to do… No talking this time, though. He can’t take the risk of falling in that cliff again. So, he already took care of the first developments, he is going to take all Dean has left, the one person that Dean ever showed some kind of true love and only then is he going to drain the life out of Hell’s Torturer.

[Dean]

**Late Night**

**Chicago**

He reads once again the address on the small rectangle of paper before opening the door of his Impala and stepping out. He is parking in front of a block of apartments and he is slightly amazed to know the person he is looking for actually managed to afford a place like that. After shutting the car door, he crosses the street and adjusts his gun in his shoulder holster under his jacket. That gun and the bowie knife strapped to his ankle and tucked in his boot is all he will carry today.

As he walks across the street he puts a baseball cap on and stops at the entrance of the building, glancing inside by the large windows, a clear hall showing a couple waiting for the elevator. He waits for them to clear the floor and then, grabbing his lock pick kit he snaps the building’s front door open.

He looks again at the paper. **Sixth Floor.** Got it. He looks between the elevators and the stairs. The elevator would take him up faster, but no one uses stairs anymore so the risk of someone seeing him would be lower if he chooses them instead. He has no problem in taking someone out, but he is there to be discreet. Possibly the only time he does not want to be noticed in a long time.

With that, he came to a conclusion and quickly did the stairs, some minutes later standing in front of the door he wanted. Firstly he knocked, his right hand already reaching his holster ready to grab his gun. Nothing, not even a sound. So he did the second best thing he does: breaking in.

What he finds is a small geekish apartment welcoming him. There’s a small kitchen at the far end and a small living room before that. The hallway on his left takes him to a bedroom and a small bathroom. Beside the door to the balcony there’s a desk with a laptop and shelves with books, dvd’s, and other things Dean can’t really put a name on considering the lack of illumination. As he walks around the place, getting to know it, he sees pop figures here and there, two lava lamps on each side of a coffee table between a couch and a TV. A PlayStation is also there and some dirty clothes are lost on the ground.

“You haven’t changed a bit, have you?” He asks no one, his fingers drumming on an island separating the kitchen from the living room. He looks at his watch: almost midnight. “Well, this is going to be fun.”
Half an hour later, there is sound around the door. A key being inserted in its lock and it spinning, the door cracking as it opens. Dean is quietly sitting on an armchair at the darkest spot of the room, it being turned at the desk with the laptop on it. The sound of steps fill the silence of the apartment and a skinny girl rummages through the place without turning up the lights. Like Dean suspected, the first thing she does is initiate the laptop. As the first flash of light invades the laptop screen, Dean’s frame sitting behind her gets her attention and she snaps around, her red flaming hair flying at her movement. She halts, frozen at his sight, a hand over her chest and not even the slightest suggestion of breathing. Her eyes are wide and her mouth half parted, a word trying to be formed by her tongue. It actually makes him smile.

Then she completely snaps, “Dean…”

“‘Sup, Charlie. Missed me much?” He jokes, his gun on his lap, one of his hands over it. She seems to notice it because her eyes are slowly moving down his body to where his hand is.

She finally starts to breathe again, anxiety never leaving her, “How did you find me?” She asks and Dean shrugs while getting up.

“Your girlfriend told me…”

Charlie narrows her eyes at him, “You killed her. You fucking killed her, didn’t you?” He blankly stares at her, watching her lose her shit again. It happened, “You motherfucking–” She shouts at him and he steps forward, his move making her flinch and cringe back, all courage lost at once.

“I didn’t kill her… I just pushed some buttons to make her talk, but she is in one piece…”

His eyes are boringly examining her. She isn’t Celeste he met during high school anymore. She isn’t the girl who stood by his side all the times he needed her. He realizes now that the friend he hoped to find is gone. Her unexpected departure and hiding from him was possibly the biggest clue he could ever manage to get to know she is, after all, scared of him.

He finally makes a move, putting the gun back to his holster. She seems a little more relieved, but nevertheless still cautious about him being there. He doesn’t contain a small smile from appearing, “Do you know how hard it was to find you?”

Those words, said so casually, make her look like someone took a weight from her shoulders. That smile and his good ‘mood’ is all it takes for her realize that Dean isn’t there to kill her. It was more like an unrequited visit, “I flipped out! One day everything was normal… Well, not normal, but you get the idea… And then everyone started dying. Everyone close to you turned into dust… So I ran. I didn’t wanna die, so…”

“You changed your name and broke all your old connections. Yeah, got that part.” He finalizes, seeing her still on her standing, calmer but uneasy still. “I’m not here to cause you any trouble.”

After a sharp sigh she asks, “Then, what do you want? Where’s Dorothy?” He might not want to kill her, that’s certain… After all, they are still friends, right? She doesn’t know what they are. They are okay, except for the part they don’t talk for years now, ever since Dean broke loose, but they never became unfriends in the deepest of the word. They just stopped talking and then she disappeared. However, that doesn’t change what Dean is and the means he uses to get what he wants: like going after Dorothy to get to her. That’s cruel and she won’t forget that anytime soon.

He mindlessly wanders around the place, stopping in front of her fridge, opening it and finding a
couple of beers. He takes one out and pops it open, throwing its cap to the sink, “I need you to find a person…”

“You found me. I guess you can find it yourself.” She rudely states, regretting the tone of her voice the moment Dean sends her a cold glare. “I don’t do that anymore! I’m a normal Google employee. I don’t use my… abilities to locate people.”

Dean seems to ignore her, “This is a very very hard person to find. She’s discreet, unique in her own way, the best in her line of work. No one knows where she is, and I need her to get another person.” He starts blabbing taking a small sip from the beer. “She has a couple of aliases and pretty much every governmental institution is after her: FBI, CIA, Interpool… Call a name and I bet all I have she’s in their wanted list.”

“Wow, a celebrity.” She falsely amused cheers, still eying Dean. All the time it took her to stay away from him and start a new safe life was just flashed down the toilet. If he managed to find her, even after she changing her identity and all her connections, who else might do it, as well? She knows Dean’s situation all too well, and with that she knows the stupid game he is playing with that other fella, Castiel. No one she knows is safe anymore. Dorothy is already paying for something none of them is guilty of.

“One of her names is Bella Talbot. I can’t find her because I don’t have the means or the required capacity. That’s why I’m here. She has a vengeance against someone I know, and I could really use her to get to that person.”

“So… you want to find her, just to find another person after that?” She tries to follow his logic. That’s a stupid logic. “Why not just look for the second person instead?”

Dean glares at her, finding absolutely no need to share further information with her. He knows what he is doing. There is a reason he needs Bella and her vengeance. It’s all part of his plan.

“Just do what I told you to do.”

“No.” She shakes her head and Dean sighs sending her a look. “I don’t wanna be dragged into this, Dean. It’s your life, your crap and I can’t take the risk of being accused of working with you. I’ll lose everything!”

“I’m not asking.” As he grabs his gun again, a shaky sigh reached his ears and he looks up finding her staring at the wall behind him, her eyes becoming swollen but not even a tear streaking down. “Wow, you really are scared of me. In any other occasion I’d be flattered, but… C’mon Celeste—“

“It’s Charlie!” She corrects glaring at him.

“…Charlie… What I’m doing now, is so big! So much more important than all the shit I have been doing so far! I get it, you feel reticent about helping me because you’re scared, you think I’m mad because you fled, but I don’t give a fuck that you ran away. And I don’t give a fuck that you started a nice apple pie life with a good job and a hot girlfriend. I only care about my shit. And you know me, Charlie, when I want something I get it… No matter what I have to do. And I want your help, I need your help.” He gestures with his hands, some sudden moves on his gun making her flinch or hold her breath. He notices it and quickly smirks at it. “You’re my friend, Charlie. I didn’t forget our past, that’s why I came here without blazing gun and torching corps. Because I know I can trust you, even after all this time. But patience is not my strongest trait, so if you get refusing to help me I’ll might end up doing something really wrong… to your girlfriend.”

That makes her look at him again, “She has nothing to do with this.”
“Like I said, you’re my friend. She isn’t.”

“Where is she? I want to know.”

Dean stops a few seconds analyzing if he should tell her. People not knowing details of their beloved ones makes them more eager in helping the person that has them. However, Charlie isn’t quite like the other people, is she?

“She’s around. Not very far from here.”

“Where?” She repeats, this time angrily, like all the courage she had lost had returned to her. “If you want my damn help, please treat me with some respect. Like you said, we were friends once.”

After some seconds of pondering, he puts his gun back to its holster and shrugs at the young female in front of him, “She’s in my trunk. Comfy and all. She’s a little beaten up, but she’ll live. You can do your work now and you’ll have her safe and sound in no time. You two can go back to your life.”

“I want to see her.”

“No.”

“I. Want. To. See. Her.”

Dean actually huffs at it, “Really? Yeah, okay, I’ll bring her here and just shoot her in the head, then. Fucking do what I tell you to do, before I lose my fucking patience. I don’t have all the time in the world.”

Dean wins this round and she submissively sits on the chair ready to start her work. Dean retells all the information he has and she slowly nods at everything he tells her, calculating the amount of hours it might take her to find anything on Bela.

“Give the night.” She finally says focused on the screen.

Algorithms runs through the laptop faster than a normal human eye can read, but she can get most of it, keeping up with the search. Dean leans on the wall beside the desk until he gets too bored and decides to lay on her couch while she does all the hard work. Somewhere in the middle of the night she takes a second laptop from her case and starts it, it being placed next to the other. However, instead of being used to the same meaning, this one is overloaded with articles… about Dean and Castiel.

Dean gets a glance of it and quickly stands up, examining what she is doing. She appears to be jumping from one page to another, but nothing more than that. He gets up and quickly joins her, she sensing his presence behind her.

“Don’t worry, I’m not trying to warn anyone.” She explains and he shrugs.

“I see you are a bit obsessed over someone…” He jokes, but still reading through the articles about him.

She doesn’t deny it, “I have been on the run for some time now. Saying I want to know where you have been and if I need to pack my shit and run again is an understatement. So, every time there’s an article, my computer automatically notifies me and downloads it. The same thing about your friend, Castiel. I like to be vigilant, I love my life too much.” She says and Dean is, for the first time, kind of fondled of her again. “I also hacked the police servers, so every time there’s a new clue I know what
you two are up to.” And now he is amused.

“So what happened to the ‘I don’t use my abilities’ speech you gave me before?”

She looks up at him, “I was scared and I lied. Humans do that. Especially, when there is a serial killer in their house.”

He hums at her and she looks back at the first screen, ignoring Dean’s observing eyes above her. She wants to stay calm, but honestly she is pretty much freaking out, but not for the most obvious reasons. She should be afraid of him, however, she is feeling oddly safe around him, almost like her older self is trying to take over her body with him around. That is what has been spooking her for the last few hours.

“So, what have you been doing?” He asks when sitting back on the couch.

She seems surprised at his question, “Really, you wanna do small talk with me after threatening to kill my girlfriend? Wow, very smooth, Dean…”

He makes a bored face and lies down, adjusting the pillow under his head staring at the ceiling, “Yeah, well… Just trying to loosen up all the tension. You know I’m more of a funny person than a tense one.”

“Try perverted.” She scoffs shaking her head and he arches a brow at her. She’s not wrong though and he knows it.

With that, a wicked smile peers on his lips, “Oh, you have no idea.”

“I beg to differ…” She contradicts him and he frowns. She isn’t looking at him, but she can feel his confusion. “Honestly Dean, I met you when we were sixteen. You were a very horny teenager and you used to tell me everything that was going on in that head of yours. Now… Well, the news says it all.”

He pushes himself up, resting his elbows on his knees, “That’s not true. I didn’t tell you everything.”

She laughs, “Yeah, you did.”

“No, I did not.”

She laughs again, “You d—“

“Your first girlfriend, Gilda… She didn’t just disappear, I— someone’s gotta be our first experiment, right?”

She stops typing entirely, staring at her laptop. Then…

“What the fuck is your problem with the girls I date?!” She shouts turning on her chair to stare directly at him. “Great friend you are…”

He shrugs, “I needed someone who trusted me… She, at dating you, thought of me as no threat to her life. I just had to invite her over my place to discuss what we were doing for your birthday party and then just try it out. I have to tell you, it was a mess—“

“Just… shut up, please.” She mutters, all the disgust that was fading away in the last hours returning all at once. Of course Dean had been ruining her life since the beginning. Thinking of him as a friend was the most stupid thing to ever cross her mind. “I don’t wanna hear it.”
He nods and sighs clapping his hands dully while she is undecided on turning around to her work or just stay that way. Dean glances at her and he knows that something else is about to be said. And he is deeply convinced it will destroy all his will not to kill her at the end.

He is not wrong.

“You know what? I don’t get it.” She suddenly speaks turning back at him. “What’s wrong with you? Why do you have to do this, huh? Why do you have the need of ruining everyone else’s lives? You destroy everything you touch, I... We were friends, for fuck’s sake. No, you were my damn best friend. I trusted you. I’d give my life for you. And now I’m scared of my own shadow because at some point you or the other little shit might remember of killing me or the people I love. So, you know what? I hate you! And we are not friends anymore. You don’t have friends— they are all dead, even Celeste! You’re just a bloody killer that has kept someone I care about hostage. I’m only helping you because of that... You... appall me.” She spats madly turning her back at him.

He nonchalantly keeps looking at her and, slowly, she starts coming to the realization of the words she said. But she is not taking them back, he deserved every single one of them.

Dean, at some point, raises an eyebrow and slowly nods once.

“I’ve been told worse.”

She scoffs, incredulous about his lack of care or feelings. The mere thought of them being once friends starts becoming odd in her mind. But then, none of them is the same they were when teenagers, she had changed a lot too. The difference between them is that she changed into someone better, someone who survived through a lot of shit in life, but still had the strength to stay on tracks. All the compassion she could ever feel for Dean doesn’t pay for all the crap he does now. His past is not an excuse for his present.

Hours slowly pass and she has to force her eyes to stay open most of the time. Dean is not facing the same problem, extremely used to staying days in a row without batting an eye. He is entertaining himself with the bowie knife, playing with it in his hands, or dismounting his gun and then putting everything back together. As long he has something to do he won’t get bored to death and start shooting at things.

During a dead hour, with Dean humming some song Charlie vaguely knows but doesn’t exactly remembers its name and she boringly staring at the keyboard, another realization comes to her mind. She is screwing everything over. And somehow, it still hurts knowing she just grew a wall between her and Dean. No, she is not forgiving him, and she never will, but she just feels bad. Is it wrong to feel that way? Dean, Hell’s Torturer, isn’t exactly a good person, so she shouldn’t feel sorry for the words she told him. But, even with all the threatening words he spoke and the gun on hand, he said he went there because he still trusts her... after all the years apart. So, how should she feel right now?! Jeez, being good is hard!

They were friends for a long time. Charlie, in that time still called Celeste, was the one that helped Dean after Mr. Jackson’s incident. She always felt that Dean was not exactly like the other kids: too cold, rude, apathetic about everybody else’s feelings, always looking for close-to-death experiences with the goal of feeling something more. But after that occasion was when she saw him really change, like snapping into reality or into his true self, and, after that, the Dean she grew to love like a brother started becoming someone creepy. The only reason they stood together for so many time, Charlie believes, was because she was going through a tough time with her parents’ death, and being with Dean was her way to feel some adrenaline pumping through her veins. That is, until Dean killed John and she freaked out. Then he went MIA, giving her some peace of mind... and then people she knew to be close to Dean started being killed. Now that was something that opened her eyes and
made her run like hell.

“I’m sorry…” She starts, her voice coarse from the long period without speaking. “…about earlier. I just… I didn’t mean—“

“Yes, you did.” He cuts her off, his voice cool like always. “And I don’t really care. I don’t need your sympathy here, sweetheart. I tried to be nice with you, but you want this strictly business like, so…” As he gets up she fears for what he might do next. Calmly, he walks at her and leans behind her, his face a few inches away from her cheek. “You have two hours to give me all the information I want, or I go downstairs get little sweet Dorothy and drag her up here to make you watch me killing her. Is this hostagey enough for you?”

Somewhere before the sunrise, the second laptop beeps a notification and Charlie hurriedly looks at it, curiosity and nervousness vibrating through her cells. Dean is there, but her unconsciousness made her react just the way she always does when Dean isn’t there. This notification isn’t from any online newspapers. Neither it is from any police server. It’s from a semi-known blog she has been paying attention to, because it is mainly focused on the two famous serial-killers. She opens the downloaded URL page and pictures take over the publication. She frowns at it and goes into the police server, not finding those pictures anywhere, which means the police doesn’t know yet. She reads what the author wrote, and somehow it doesn’t seem like the guy she knows for a couple of months, ever since they have been chatting online. It seems like an outsider, someone you took over that post and… No. There is no way of that happening. Her eyes pass by a picture again, and her stomach does a twitchy thing that makes her throat go thick.

“Dean?” She calls and he hums from the couch, finishing cleaning his weapon. “I think someone left you a message.”

His head pops up, “What?”

“Seriously, he left you a message.” She says, her voice tight and he goes there, his eyes locked with the picture. A bloody message on a white wall makes very clear what is to happen next. And for the first time in long years, he qualms. He fears his little play is going to be the ruin of him, just because of one person still being out there untouched and with a full life yet to live.

Charlie glances over him and sees exactly that in his eyes. Pure humanity between the emptiness she learned to find in his eyes during those hours he spent there. Then it disappeared and turned into emptiness as quick as it appeared; hate and rage taking over the slightest sight of a good feeling in Dean for the first time in a long time.

He looked at the other screen and saw her: Bela Talbot.

“Tell me you got something on her.”

She also looks at the screen with a frame of her in an airport and opens some other windows, “Hmm… Yeah, I do. She came to the States to take care of a business transaction with a powerful objects collector.”

Dean nods, “They arranged the meeting by phone, right?”

“I… suppose.”

He knows it is.

“Can you find it, her cellphone number?”
She sighs. She is no witch. “I can try—“ She digs a little more into it, trying to access her buyer’s phone records. “Wait. I… found it. It was oddly easy. I just had to access Mr. Rom—“

“Nobody cares, Charlie.” He cuts her off grabbing his pre-paid phone. “Now, I need you to do me one more favor.”

“He is currently living in San Francisco, alone.” She starts reciting parts of the information she has got. “However, he has plane tickets to Palo Alto at the end of this week…”

Dean, who is now sitting beside her, leans a little closer to the laptop screen, “Palo Alto? What’s there?”

“Hmm… His girlfriend lives there.”

“For how long will he be there?”

“Four days.” She informs going through the information. “Meanwhile he’ll have a couple of cases on a court, and one small trip to Sacramento in two days. One night, nothing important.”

“So… if he” his index finger points at the message on the picture.” wants to attack, it will be in Palo Alto… Check where he’ll stay.”

She nods, “Got it.—Ahm, he has a house there in his name alongside his girlfriend’s. He has no reservation to any Hotel so my bet goes to him staying at his own place. But he has a reservation to an expensive restaurant though. A table for six.” She frowns at the last part. “Important much?”

Dean gets up, “He’ll not attack there. Too many people to have the place under control. So he’ll wait for him to get home.” Then he stops knowing already what he has to do. “Ok. give me his address… and print me all the info you got. Family places, phone numbers, all that crap.”

“I’m on it.”

Looking at the address he begins to type his message to Bela:

**Sunday. Palo Alto, first Motel at the Yellow Pages.**

*The man you want will be there.*

-D.W

He presses ‘send’ and puts his phone back in his pocket. Chances are she’ll not be there, but, then again, she’ll recognize those two letters of his name and he is sure that if she gets his name she will appear. After all, she owes him one… And a little more than that, but that’s not the important there. He thought it would be harder to put everyone together, but now, there’s one more variant he will need to take care off first. Truth be told, he is surprised it took Castiel so much time to attack him
there, but thinking more into it, Dean realized Castiel has a peculiar M.O and well, he never had what he needed to go that way. Maybe, it changed. Maybe, he is just desperate to hurt Dean, to cause some rush of rage that will cause the death of them two. Dean doesn’t care, Castiel is nowhere near to affect him.

He grabs his gun from the coffee table and Charlie is sitting on the chair, expectantly staring at Dean, the printer on its working on putting into paper what was on the laptop. He said after she did what he asked she’d get Dorothy back. But things didn’t go as expected and she now has information that, if passed to the cops, can cause their imprisonment. She knows places, dates and who’ll be there. Dean can’t take that risk. He looks at her and she knows. And somewhere, in the deep of her heart, she was already seeing it coming. Of course she wouldn’t see Dorothy again, Dean tricked her, used her.

He uncocks his gun and she shut her eyes, taking a deep breath, “Just let her live.” She lastly says and Dean almost feels guilty for doing this. Almost. All things considered, she was the one finding the clue he missed. And he, in his twisted way, thought he could use her help more often, even rebuilding a friendship with her. In his life, is hard to communicate and solitude is something that haunts him very easily. But then, he doesn’t need anyone. They are all so… replaceable. Even she.

However, a promise is a promise. Breaking it is just lack of attitude. And Dean doesn’t like to break promises that often. So, as he aims at her head, the words he never thought of speaking escape through his lips, “I will.” They only being replaced with the loud solid sound of a bulled leaving its chamber.
The Wanted Man

A few hours after Charlie’s incident

[Sam]

“Alright, I’ll see you next weekend, okay?” Sam sweetly says on the phone as he walks out of his office and starts walking back to his car at the parking lot. “Love you. Have a nice lunch with your friends.”

«I love you.»

He hangs up and puts his cell in his pocket. Some of his co-workers pass by him and wave their ‘see you in a bit’ while chatting about their last cases. Sam politely nods, rummaging his other pockets looking for his car keys.

He stops at the spot with a plate saying “Reserved to Dr. S. Campbell” and halts, a feeling of being watched filling every fiber of his body. He looks back, his keys dangling in his hand, the cold wind taking some leaves from the cemented ground, suddenly finding an empty street surrounding him. He narrows his eyes for some time, his body still edgy, and then a car passes by, honking and he shrugs his feeling off with a sigh getting in the car to head to his temporary apartment.

He throws the keys to the locksmith and starts taking off his suit jacket, a bark of a dog welcoming him home. He had moved to San Francisco almost a year back taking Bones, his dog, with him, right after he finished his degree in Law. His fiancée, Jessica, got a job back in Palo Alto. Sam didn’t have the same luck and had to move town, working now for a big firm of lawyers. Knowing it wouldn’t be easy to make a stand being he who he is, the brother of Dean Winchester, he changed his name, hid the Winchester and started using his mother’s surname.

Tiredly, he goes to the kitchen preparing himself some lunch and turns on the TV not really paying much attention to it. He barely watched it anyway since all he could ever hear was about murders and more murders, and, honestly, he just wanted to pretend he had a normal family instead of a dead one, except for his psycho brother.

Usually, he eats at some diner nearby his work. It’s faster and at the end of the month the money he wastes in food his less than the money he would spend if he went home every day to eat. However, today he has an extra hour free and he also left some file cases he’ll be needing at the afternoon, so he’d end up returning home either way. He is also in the need of some homemade food, which he is not having in a very long and unhealthy time. All the hot-dogs and the cheap burned-into-charcoal beef are ruining his salad and all-color-vegetable edible healthiness. Besides, he has a flight to catch even today! It’s a small thing, just a case in San Diego next to its closure. Unfortunately, it is getting place early in the morning tomorrow so he’ll just have to go by night today, meaning he won’t come back home until late afternoon tomorrow. Only to prepare his packs and fly back to Palo Alto. Some weeks can be very tiring sometimes, and this one is being one of those.

Bones is quietly staring at his owner, and Sam already knows that look is the look of a starved dog, automatically going to grab Bones some of its food. One of his neighbors is going to take care of
him, so he is not very worried about it. He already knows Mrs. Lloyd since he moved there and he trusts her a lot. She has been cleaning his house for the last three months, so she already has a key to the house, which means he won’t have to take Bones to her place, instead she’ll just go there feed him up, bath him and basically pet him.

The words he learned to hate came up once again: something related to his brother had happened again. He groans at the TV, a headache starting to bother him, mad about his own brother who raised him, ashamed of having that stain haunting him every day and sighs changing the channel. It did no good; this channel was talking about the exact same thing: the investigation of Dean Winchester and Castiel Novak being on a dead end… again.

Bones barks again and Sam looks down at it, “Yeah, I hate him too, buddy.”

[Victor]

He still remembers the moment he left the office. It was morning, noisy and all ten levels of stress and uneasiness. Jody, who usually is always by his side, even she tried to make him change his mind, but no, there was no possible way to stop and think of something else. He got in his hands the most solid and somehow obvious clue, but desperate times require desperate moves and Victor has in his hand his golden ticket. No way he is going to let it slip through his fingers and no way is he going to let someone else die.

There’s one day since he did that. It took him a little while longer than he first thought, but he needed to set things up. He couldn’t go unprepared for this one. So, with a few calls to some fellas he knows from the army, he managed to get enough equipment to adventure himself alone in the hunt of Hell’s Torturer and the Reaper.

He is rewinding his plan over and over and over in his head while drying to the address he believes to be Sam’s.

That’s when his phone buzzes,

“Agent Henriksen speaking.”

«Where are you?» This angry female voice almost shouts on the other line of the phone.

Victor groans rolling his eyes at the ceiling of the car, mentally stabbing himself to death.

“I… ah, sorry. I have this case going on right now, I can’t go pick her up today.”

“And you couldn’t have picked the damn phone and call me?” The woman madly asks and he actually cringes at it.

He nods, “I know, okay? This just got at me and I didn’t get the time to warn you. I’ll make it up next time!”

She huffs, «That’s the exactly the same thing you said the last time. And the time before that! Do you even remember that you have a daughter? Because at this point, I’m starting to think that you don’t!»

The mere suggestion of that makes him want to shout, “Don’t even start! You know how hard I’m pushing myself here!”
“You’re putting two criminals in front of your family. Your daughter!”

He grunts, “Yes! So I know that she can go out to the street safe. All I’m doing is to get sure Allison is alive at the end of the day…”

«Keep telling yourself that, Victor!»

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

The woman bitterly laughs, “You’re obsessed. You lost the people who loved you and you didn’t even see it coming. You lost your marriage, you lost your house… and now you’re losing your daughter. Don’t be surprised if in a couple of years she sees you as ‘the guy that randomly shows up once in a while’ instead of dad. That is, if you don’t get yourself killed first…”

“Ow, you’d love that, wouldn’t you? So your lover could be her new dad. Yeah, guess what, never happening.”

«At least he’s here!!! When she cries, and she’s being crying a lot lately because of her father not showing up to pick her up, guess who’s there to make her feel better? Not you!»

“I’m not having this discussion… I’ll come over there next week. Okay? Tell her I love her.” He sighs making a final left turn.

 “…No. Don’t bother coming next week. Actually, don’t bother ever coming again. You already made her suffer too much.” Before he could answer something back she hung up on him.

He throws the phone over to the back seat and exhales a deep grunt that was stuck in his throat since the beginning of the phone call. Then, his hands released all his frustration onto the wheel furiously.

“Bitch!”

When he parks the car, just a little up the road to where Sam lives, he finds the Winchester already leaving the block to his car. He tries to get out fast enough to intercept him, but Sam quickly takes off leaving Victor with his hand in a half-opened car door. He groans, hissing at the blue sky and still gets out of the car, walking to the middle of the road. He looks around; it is a small neighborhood with some fancy houses and a lot of hybrid cars. There’s some women at some lawn chatting and dogs playing with each other. The building Sam lives is small. Small in the meaning of floors: it has three stories, which makes him conclude it must be something suburban and expensive for the looks of it.

He hesitates. What is he even doing there? He got there without warning anyone and, legally, he is interfering with Spencer Reid’s investigation, which means he can be removed from any activities if he screws this up. He can even lose his badge and go into trial. But it will go right, it has too.

He takes a deep breath and walks to the sidewalk. He is going to wait for him… Yeah, he’ll do that. Maybe he should check his place, see if there’s anyone hiding inside… Just a little break in. He is trying to save his life, so he will understand when he gets home and finds a black cop quietly sitting on an armchair.

What am I even thinking?

He turns around halfway the patio to the block of apartments. That’s when he finds Davis leaning against ‘his’ SUV, sunglasses on hand.

“What are you doing here?” Victor uneasily asks, the answer of that question already in his head.
Spencer, you son of a bitch. How could I have not seen that one coming…

The agent smiles with a casual shrug and walks forth, tucking the sunglasses in his shirt, “Curious, I could ask you the same thing.”

Victor narrows his eyes examining the agent. This is the best Reid got to follow him? This one left the academy like what, eight months ago? He’s still on diapers… But the babies are always the most dangerous ones, aren’t they? Always trying to make a good impression, get themselves some reputation, always sneaking around for the case that could make their career go to the next level… They are all so cruel and petty and… unscrupulous.

“Don’t you have work to do back in the station?” Victor unfriendly enquires crossing his arms. Until things go other way, he still is in a higher position on their career.

Davis shrugs, “I’m working. What about you?”

“Day off.” He, as casually as he can, says and looks around just so he wouldn’t have to look at the agent in front of him. “Thought of visiting some friends of mine.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah…”

“That’s funny, ’cause I could have sworn I just saw Sam Winchester, Dean’s brother, taking off after walking out of this building!”

Victor actually almost freezes at this. Spencer got all the bitchy ones!

“Wow, small world!”

At the blink of an eye, all of Davis’s mocking face dropped, being replaced with one of the most serious and daring looks Victor has ever had the misfortune to see.

“Don’t play games with me, Henriksen! I may be new at this, but I ain’t dumb. So ain’t Spencer. So… You tell me what the fuck you’re doing here or I call Spencer and tell him you’re snooping around on his case.” The agent threatens walking closer at him. Victor doesn’t move, a blank expression filling his face and body. No way is he going to be threatened by someone who is two decades younger than him. “So, what’s gonna be?”

Victor, raising his left brow, chuckles, “You think you can—“ He chuckles again until he quickly snaps into a cold badass motherfucker, “Listen up, snowflake, this ain’t your brother or partner you’re talking to. This is a fucking 15-years-in-service agent with two fucking guns in his holsters who is not afraid to shoot some other cop if needed to. You don’t threat me! So, you call Spencer and I’ll make you a third hole.”

There’s a moment of silence between the two men until Davis tilts his head with an unconvinced smile and squints his eyes holding a laugh, “I’m gonna report this in.”

As he is about the turn on his heels and go back to the SUV the sun of a gun being pulled out of a holster and the safety being pulled off after, the click sound of it being cocked vibrates through the air directly at the younger agent,

“I really wouldn’t suggest that.” Victor warns firmly holding the gun. It was his case, his fight, his career in stake. He already lost everything. No way was he going to lose that, too! Uh-huh, not if he can stop it!
“Henriksen, what the hell are you thinking?” David whispers, looking above his shoulder, finding the black FBI agent aiming at him. “You’ll lose your badge!”

“I’ll lose it either way, isn’t that right?”

The agent clumsy gestures, “I—I… Let’s talk, okay? Let’s figure this out together—“

“Don’t pull that ‘good-and-chatty-cop’ crap on me!” Victor hisses. Great, now he was being treated like one of those nutjobs out there. “You know how important this case is for me. All of you! I put my soul into this, I resisted every damn thing. I went through hell because of this. And I can solve it! I have it. I have them! Now… I can’t let you go out and tell Spencer that I’m on this. I can’t. This is my case!” He shouts.

“Okay! Okay… Just put the gun down and… I’ll give you twenty-four hours. Huh, does that sound good? You’ll have twenty-four hours to solve this or run away. Then, I’ll have to tell Spencer. But you cannot kill me, Victor! Or you’ll be just like them. You’ll become the thing that you’re hunting. C’mon man, I was assigned to follow you. I’m just doing my damn job, okay? You wanna take revenge on someone take it on Reid, not me!”

Coward! That’s all Victor can see in that man: that he is a pretty damn coward. All he can do with a gun pointed at him is to throw everything to someone else. Wow, so brave of him. However, he is right in one thing, Henriksen cannot take him out. Not that is was going to do so! He is a policeman, he only kills when it is a life or death situation, and even there, he needs to deal with a lot of paperwork afterwards and a lot of reports, and sessions with some therapist and go through a lot of things to prove it was completely necessarily. He can’t even imagine how it’d be in the case of killing another cop.

“I’m not gonna kill you!” He affirms and the agent sighs in relief but quickly frowns when he feels his arms being snapped back and handcuffs around his wrists. “I’m just gonna make sure you can’t screw my plan up.” Then he takes all the guns he can find on Davis. “Move! Move!”

[Sam]

Next Morning

San Diego, California

“Once again, thank you for helping my family. We couldn’t have done this without you.” A skinny short man thanks him while shaking his hand at the entrance of the court. The man’s wife cleans her eye with a tissue she’s being using to dry her face since the beginning of today’s session and Sam has to contain the urge to come there and hug her. He is their lawyer, not their comforter friend, he has to remind himself.

Some journalists are making their way to the stairs, but not because of them. There is some huge case taking place at that exact moment. Something related with a politician and a full-night with alcohol,
drugs and… an underage hooker.

Sam kindly smiles adjusting his briefcase, “I just did my job, Mr. Wesley.” He humbly says looking down at his suit. He doesn’t really know what to say. Inside a courtroom, he is a beast overloaded with confidence, but outside those walls he really is a shy guy.

“No… You helped us to give Sarah’s death some closure. Now, she can rest in peace.” Mrs. Wesley whimpers and Caroline, their younger and now only daughter, connects one of her hands in her mother’s. “I will never forget what you did for us.”

Sam smiles again and glances down at Caroline, “You gotta help your mother now, okay?” She nods and Sam ruffles her hair kindly, “I hope so.” He looks back up at the couple and squeezes Mr. Wesley’s shoulder, “Remember you still have one amazing child and that she needs you more than ever. She’ll make you very happy.”

Mr. Wesley politely nods with a small smile on his lips, “You betcha, sir. She’s our little precious diamond, now, like she always was.”

Sam feels a hand resting on his shoulder and looks back finding a shorter man with blonde hair looking at him. He gives one last quick glance at the family Wesley. “Excuse me.” The man, wife and child nod their heads and turn around knowing their lawyer is now busy, not being there any reason to stay there, and go away, leaving Sam and the stranger face to face alone.

“Special Agent Spencer Reid.” The stranger informs showing his badge. “Would you mind if I ask you a couple of questions?”

“About?”

The man gives him an incisive glare, “About your brother Dean, Mr. Winchester.”

“Agent Henriksen already questioned me last year,” Sam tries to inform slightly uncomfortable about someone casually talking on the street about him being Hell’s Torturer’s brother.

“I’m leading this case now. So, I’d really appreciate if we could have a chat. Maybe if you could come by the station when you’re back to San Francisco.” He coolly suggests not wasting time with a lot of talking.

Sam simply nods, “Sure. My flight’s in two hours.”

“So…” Reid starts, sitting on the opposite chair to Sam’s. “Sam Winchester…”

“That would be me…” Sam replies boringly and somehow nervously as he examines the calming yet terrifying questioning room. He is a lawyer so it is not, by any means, the first time he is in one of those rooms, so he should be used to it by now, but the scenery of being him actually in there wasn’t very restful to him.

“How’s work?”

Sam frowns at that question, “Hmm… Good. Very good.”
“Yeah? Winning a lot of cases?” The man asks with a draft of a smile dancing on his lips.

Sam agrees, “Yes… I’m having a… 85% of wins.”

Spencer hums staring at Sam, which Sam retrieves with a casual stare, and shifts on his seat. Somehow, Sam already knows that ‘breaking the ice’ crap is over. Not that it ever really started.

“I’m curious. How do your clients react knowing their lawyer is, ironically, the brother of one of the most dangerous criminals out there? Don’t get me wrong, but if it was me, I wouldn’t want you to represent me at court.”

“They do not know. I am not obliged to inform them of my family connections. In fact, a lawyer’s personal life must not intercept his work; much less interfere with a client’s choice.”

“Must not or you wished it was that way?”

“I don’t think I understood that.”

“Well… You said “it must not” like there’s sort of a line that separates a lawyer’s life of his work, yet the only thing I saw was you hiding the one name that connects you with Dean Winchester. It seems more like you’re scared that anyone finds that out than it not being an obligation for people to know.”

Sam narrows his eyes at him, his jaw clenched and entwines his hands on top of the table, “What are you trying to imply?”

“That you’re hiding vital information to your clients.”

“I am not obliged to inform them of my family connections.” He repeats, this time tougher and with less patience than before.

“Yet, the end is the same. It is not impartial or reasonable for them not knowing who you are. One thing is to hide small details like… having an accent kink, a mortgage, liking to paint your foot nails and cosplay as a servant-maid, you know… something average. Other thing is being the only brother of you know who. It’s impossible that you don’t see the wrong in what you’re doing!”

“The wrong I’m doing?!“ Sam actually laughs at it. Wow, this agent is really a walking piece of shit. “So now, just because someone I know isn’t a normal civilian, a standard citizen, I should be discriminated? All Muslims should be considered evil just because some have done merciless acts? In what country do we live?” He scoffs glaring at him.

“I’m just asking how can someone trus—“

“I’m an American citizen with the same rights as you. I studied and fought for my way here. What Dean does has nothing to do with me. We may be blood, but we are not a family. Now, or you have some real questions to make or I suggest you to let me go. You wouldn’t want a lawyer to press charges on you for harassment, now, would you?”

Full silence and tension fall upon the two men. Sam didn’t mean to be rude or aggressive, he usually isn’t like that, he is just sick and tired of all of it. And it was, after all, a hard topic for him. His brother destroyed all the family he had left, killed his father in front of him, became a monster, then killed Bobby and God-knows who else? No one has the slightest idea of how much of a nightmare his life has been for the last years. He got almost homeless, everyone was looking for his brother, he had no one to ask for help, he… he almost jumped off a bridge, for God’s sake! He was a wreck for a lot of time, and then he found his way up, managed a scholarship, met Jessica, made his degree, got
a fluffy dog, found a damn job, and now he has a pretty damn comfortable life with a new comfortable noiseless car and a big warm apartment with a damn hot shower... and a beautiful woman waiting for him every two weekends a month. He couldn’t ask for more, just for Dean to vanish off this planet once and for all!

“Very well... As you may know, my department is conducting an investigation to catch your brother for a couple of years already...”

“I’m aware of that.” Sam nodded.

“Good. Your brother has started a peculiar relationship with Castiel Novak, aka—“

“The Reaper. Yes, I do know all those details...” Sam interrupts. “The news love to talk about it.”

“Right. What you might not know is that we are following all the little messages they are leaving to one another. Until now, we weren’t as fast as they are to get all the clues, but we are getting there.” He continues and opens a file that was resting on the table since the beginning of their conversation. “Except, they stopped. Just like that. This...” He takes out a picture showing it to Sam. “Was their last clue.” He informs, not aware neither of the clue present at the file Henriksen kept hidden nor the publication on that blog off the police’s radars. “Looks familiar?” Sam looks at it, seeing a Law book and some iron bars. “Now, correct me if I’m wrong, you studied Law, correct? So tell me, why would one of them leave a clue related to you?”

“How am I supposed to know?” He enquires back shaking his head.

“When was the last time you talked to your brother?” The agent finally asked, a serious cold expression taking the place of the mocking one.

Sam shook his head, “Can’t really point out... years ago.”

“Anything more specific?”

“Hm... Three, four years ago, maybe ... Probably more...” Then he gets worried, “Wait, can these clues mean I’m in one of their lists?”

“We don’t know, but we don’t think so. This was already some weeks ago and there was this place, as well.” Another picture is taken from the folder, being rested in front of the Winchester. “It’s the iron foundry where those iron bars from the picture were made. We checked the place and he found some... things.”

“...Like...”

The agent stops reading the list of evidence deciding to jump some items of the list. “There was some blood and a box cutter blade, which makes us conclude there was a fight. There were also ropes...”

“You think they faced each other?”

“We know they did.” Before Sam can ask how, the man proceeds, “The blood we found belonged to your brother, however, we also found... semen on the scene that belonged to Castiel.”

“Semen?” The agent only nods. “Okay... So, what does that mean, exactly?”

The agent chuckles eying the lawyer, “You take your own conclusions, Mr. Winchester.”

Sam stops for a moment, looking at both pictures. He doesn’t know what to say or what he is even
doing there yet. All he can do is asking questions.

“So, they… got together under the same roof, something went down… How is any of that related to me?”

During Sam’s question, Reid gets up to stretch his legs and starts pacing around the room. “Oh, it is related to you, Sam… This department has been investing a lot of time and means into this operation and well, I realized something… What about you, Sam, do you realize it? Do you realize you’re the only one who’s still alive? I mean every other person close to Dean is dead.” He crosses his arms behind his back, all military style.

Sam holds back a grunt facing the agent, “I do know that. I was the one who took care of their funerals.” He grits. An agent knocks on the door handing Reid some file he asked at the beginning of their interview.

“So you do know how far from human your brother is.” He enquires opening the file, seeming highly interested in it.

“Yes.”

“And that we have to catch him.”

“And…? What’s the end to this?”

Rapidly, he claps the file shut, “I want you to work with us. We need someone who knows how his messed up brain works. Someone like you.”

“I don’t know how Dean works!”

Reid leans on the table.

“Yes, you do. You lived with him for years. You know him better than we do. We need you. Work with us, so we can bring justice to the families who lost someone to the hands of that monster. You are a worker of justice, so make justice to what you are.”

“No.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m not working with you.” Reid gives him a disappointed look. “I don’t want to have anything to do with Dean. All I’m trying is to forget who he is. I wanna have a normal life, I can’t be dragged into more of this crap. I worked harder than a horse to be who I am today. I’m out! Out of that family, out of that past, I just wanna move on. And besides, I didn’t know what Dean was until I started seeing it on the news, so clearly I don’t know him that well.”

“He killed Bobby Singer, Sam.”

“He didn’t.”

“How can you be sure?”

“Because he didn’t. Not Bobby.”

“See, you know him.”

“My answer is the same. I hate him, but that’s as far as I’ll go.”
“That’s sad… I mean, this could be the case that would make your career jump to the top. It could even be a best-seller, an Oscar-winning film: two brothers, a serial killer and a lawyer, the good one catches the bad one. A family business… Can you feel the emotion of it? It’s sad it will be the ruin of you, instead.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“It means I don’t like a no for an answer.” He gets up moving toward the door. “I’ll ask you, how do you think your career will survive after the world knows about who your brother is?”

“What?! You cannot do that, it is aga—”

“I didn’t do anything. I just took Dean’s brother to questioning. It won’t be my fault if you appear on the TV or on the papers.” He lets that sink in Sam’s brain for a second. Then, as if his last threat had never happened, he snaps into his ‘happy-jumpy-cop’ thing. “Oh and by the way. We got these a few hours ago, from the FBI department in Chicago… I think you’re gonna love this!”

He throws the file at the table and Sam anxiously opens it up. A dead girl. But wait, he knows that face, it’s—

“We made a little digging, and her real name is Celeste Middleton. Ring a bell? ‘Cause, funny enough, we found out she was pretty close to Dean back to his teenage years… But no, it must have been a coincidence!” The sarcasm is too strong to handle. “I’m just wondering: who will need to die to make you say yes?”

The door shuts after the man disappears to the hallway. Sam looks again at the pictures on the table waiting to be released. Dean. Always Dean. Perpetually Dean. He would never be free of that thing he got for a brother. And yet, Sam can’t say yes to the police. He refuses to be a part of anything related to his brother. He just wants to be normal. He sighs, cleaning his hair out of his face and shuts the files one after another to find, in his surprise, a ‘lost’ card with Reid’s number in it. He ponders if he takes it or leaves it. It is obvious it was left in there on purpose, but it’s always good to have some FBI agent’s number on speed dial, just in case something happens, right?

A few minutes later he is out of the police station, wandering along a sidewalk waiting for some taxi to show so he can head back home. He boringly glances at his watch and adjusts his tie, loosening its knot. He is tired… tired of life, of being who he is. Thankfully, the weekend is near and he’ll be seeing his fiancée for a couple of days. He has been thinking of asking her to marry him. They are together for quite some years, he loves her and she loves him. She even talked to him about the possibility of starting a family and Sam couldn’t be more excited about it, he can’t wait for the day he has children.

Suddenly, he stops walking. The feeling of being watched reappears and he looks around finding busy people passing by him, but nothing odd or apparently strange. As he starts walking again, the feeling keeps following him in the gut.

Two days later

Palo Alto, California
Sam isn’t much of a fan of family dinners. Mostly because he never really had a family to do that kind of thing, but also because they are, in a big part of it, awkward. Dating Jessica brought all that to his life and, as much as he adores her family, those dinners will never be of his taste. However, today is not like the other days.

The table where they, Sam, Jessica and her family, are all sitting was carefully decorated and placed almost at the middle of a middle-class restaurant overloaded that night with dozens of other families. Despite that, the noise is, surprisingly, acceptable. Jessica is sweetly talking to her youngest sister, Camile, and Jessica’s mother, Amanda, is admonishing the only boy she gave birth, Carlton, to stop playing with the peas on the plate. Between gulps of wine, Jacob is telling Sam about his next big company. Sam politely smiles and nods at every phrase Mr. Moore says and gives him ideas and advises when he thinks he needs to. It’s a quiet dinner generally, that is, until Jessica asks to give them a word. They all stop to listen to her.

“Thank you.” She sweetly smiles, resting the fork and the glass back on the table. “I… We have an announcement to say… Sam?” She gives him a look and he nods holding her hand.

“Right, ahm… I do really love your daughter with my whole soul and I’d do everything for her, just like I know she’d do for me, as well. We’ve met at my first year of college, but it feels like I know her for my entire life. With that, it’s more than obvious I wanna spend the rest of my life with her, so —“ They share a look and Jessica pulls her hand up showing her ring.

“We’re getting married.” She finishes Sam’s sentence with the widest smile Sam has ever seen in his entire life. And how it pleases him to see his love happy as she is! Jessica’s family cheers them with claps and laughter, one after another congratulating them and telling how happy they are to see them taking the next step. Noisy chatting takes place, thinking the big announcement was done, but Jessica calls their attention once more. “There’s more…” They look at her again, Sam making a frown this time. She glances at him, “I’m pregnant.”

Sam widens, “What?” His lips part and Jessica simply nods smiling.

“I already knew for a couple of weeks, but I wanted to tell you all at the same time, so I waited. I know that maybe you—“ She looks at her parents. “—think it’s early and that we still have time, but it just happened. And it’s the best thing that could ever happen to us.”

Sam only gets up, pulling her up with him and hugs her, kissing her after that, “I love you. I love you.”

“Shut up.” She laughs kissing him back. “I love you too.” She whispers between their lips and both sit down.

“You think you can handle a child, right now?” Mr. Moore interferes grabbing his glass of wine to take another sip of his drink. “I had to raise three and let me warn you: it ain’t easy.”

“Please, Jacob, all you ever did was sit on the couch watching football while I had to grow a third arm to be able to take care of all of them.” Amanda replies back.

“Just for you to know, I was there… giving you moral support. It just happened to be watching TV at the same time.”

She laughs, “You know what needs moral support now? Your beer-tummy.”

“Shut it. You love me.”
“That’s your luck, sweetie.”

Sam smiles amused at Mr. and Mrs. Moore. He can only imagine how it would be if John and Mary were still alive. They could be together like that, and they could be a normal family. Maybe John wouldn’t be the fanatic he was when raising him… maybe Dean wouldn’t have gone insane. Who knows… Maybe it was all meant to be and nothing would be different if they were alive. Still, Sam likes to dream of that.

Again, noisy chatting takes place and Jessica excuses herself, saying she needs to go to the ladies’ restrooms. Sam stays following her with his gaze, his eyes suddenly mindlessly examining the crowd in the restaurant: the strange feeling is back. He feels his body shivering and he slightly shakes to shake that tingly sensation off. He isn’t paying any attention to what Jessica’s family is saying anymore, looking around. When… he looks at the door of the restaurant and sees a man walking inside. Sam wouldn’t waste much time looking at him, but the man doesn’t quite fit in there, using a hoodie, having his face partially hidden, and some old jeans. He frowns at it and wonders why and how did that man managed to get a table there. He keeps following the stranger with his look watching him sit at a corner and taking something out of his pocket, reading it. Then, Jessica passes by the man, her purse falling to the ground and the man stops her, grabbing it back to give it to her. She must have said something because the man smiles and that’s when Sam loses the color of his face. Almost jumping off of his seat, he halts, his legs not working and his eyes meet the man’s green ones, the polite sweet smile he is giving Jessica turning into a challenging one to Sam. He gulps and the man winks. Then, the sound of something shattering on the floor makes him look back and when looking forth again, he has Jessica’s family staring at him and Jessica already in front of him, a hand waving in front of his eyes.

“Sam?” She asks looking back at where her fiancé is looking finding the table empty. The sound of the door closing was muted by the multiple people chatting, but Sam knows exactly where Dean is, looking outside the windows, his eyes fixed on his brother’s as he walks along the sidewalk.

“Are you okay?” Sam grabs her. “What did he do to you? What did he say? What—“

“Sam, stop.” She laughs half worried half scared about Sam’s reaction. “I’m fine. He just—“ She suddenly stops his lips half parted. “I knew that man… He’s one of the men on the news—Sam…” She presses a hand on his shoulder and Sam looks at her purse,

“Take everything out.”

“What?”

He grabs it, she flinching back at his aggressiveness, and places the bag on the table taking out her phone, her car keys, some make-up, a small mirror, 10 dollars and two tissues, while her family is quietly watching the scene not knowing how to react.

“Sam, are you listening to me?” She starts panicking finally recognizing Dean.

“I am!” He says not looking at her. Fortunately, she knows he has a brother, but she doesn’t know who he is. “Where are your house keys?”

“They’re there…” She looks at the table not seeing them. She starts becoming pale. “Oh my god, some psychopath stole my house keys. What does that mean… What does that mean?” She cries hopelessly looking at her fiancé. “Is he after me? Oh god, he is going to kill me… Sam, he gotta go to the police!” She rambles, her hands shaky.

Amanda quickly gets up comforting her daughter, “Jacob, pay this. I’ll go with her. You’ll just have
to stay at our place, sweetie. The police will help us.” She kindly says, mentally panicking as well. Sam nods and helps Jessica with her things.

[Victor]

One does not know how hard it is to maintain someone captive while you’re a cop, and so is your victim. Traveling across cities is even worse! The sounds, the bangs… He is in deep trouble, but that is not the problem, not right now!

He waited and kept waiting, but Sam didn’t show up at home after lunch. So, after some hours, some nice neighbor of Sam’s warned him he had gone to San Diego. What did Victor do? He got his ass there only to find Sam and Reid talking. He laid low for some hours and boom Sam was back on a plane to San Francisco. Then it got all complicated, what was supposed to be one-day thing, became two, then finding Sam’s tracks was a bitch, until he found out he had flown to Palo Alto. He is starting to wonder what is with this guy and traveling, because seriously!

What matters is that he finally is at Palo Alto, and so far he has no reasons to think Sam is not there anymore. Well, there are a few reasons, but he still has his hopes high. He just needs to keep going and watch him until one of the others makes a move. Oh, he is getting one of them alright!

Bang!

He cringes at it and some gibberish is shouted from the trunk. He inhales, trying to focus on the road and puts the volume of the radio a little higher. Oh god, this is so off the racks!

He pulls over next to what he managed to find out as Sam’s place. It is dark, so no one’s home. Figures! Either way, this time he is going in. He is going to wait inside and when Sam gets home he’ll explain he is in a life or death situation. And Sam will freak out a little, but totally understand him. Yes! No! He will probably think he is just a creep…

“Ok, enough with the thinking, Victor, you gotta do this. There are lives at stake here.” He whispers to himself doing the stairs to the porch.

He looks through the windows, trying to find any alarm system on a wall, but finds nothing. Wow, it actually impresses him. He goes around the back of the house, finding a door at the kitchen and sneaks inside finding the house dead silent.

Not always he breaks in, but when he does, he has a pretty good reason. And this time the reason is: he ‘heard’ a noise inside. What if someone was getting assaulted, or killed? He is a cop and he needs to react to these things!

With all seriousness, he is getting a little obsessed over this, and he is crossing a lot of lines lately, and somehow he knows it but doesn’t want to admit it. Maybe, taking the case from him was the last drop of water and he completely snapped, lost it. It happens sometimes: cops can’t accept they wasted years and years over something just be switched by someone younger and better at the work. It’s just too much pressure on them!
When he is almost falling asleep while sitting on a table at the kitchen, something calls his attention: it’s almost four in the morning and none of them is back. Maybe they slept on a Hotel room… maybe something happened. He quickly gets up, groping all around since he can’t see anything, when he hears it. A gun behind him.

“C’mon, Winchester, I’ve come a long way to find you.” This gravely angelical voice tells and Victor swallows with a mixture of excitement, thrill and fear running up and down his body. He is face-to-face with one of them.

“I’m not him.” He quietly informs, his arms trying to reach his holster.

The man behind him hums and then asks, “Then, who are you?”

“Right now? I’m your worst nightmare.” Victor confidently says and he can swear he heard some sort of chuckle from the man behind him.

“I really hope not… And so do you, because you have no idea of the things I want to do to my actual nightmare.”

“Oh, humor me, then. Tell me.” He tries only getting silence as a response. He is so close of grabbing his gun, just one more—

“What’s your name?” The voice asks and Victor breaths,

“What’s yours?”

“Castiel.”

It’s real. He is under the same roof with the Reaper. Crap, he is going to die! It would be worse if it was Hell’s Torturer… At least this one doesn’t like to cut off parts of your body or to profane it afterwards.

“I’m still waiting an answer.”

He gulps, “…Victor.”

“Well, Victor, why are you here?”

He chuckles, “Couldn’t I be asking you the same thing?”

“I’m looking for someone.” Castiel coolly explains through the darkness, not very interested in the stranger.

“Same here.”

Castiel stops there a minute and hears just a tiny movement. He knows that sound very well, the man is moving his arm and he just happened to friction the fabric of his jacket to put it aside, “Sit down.” He demands and Victor doesn't seem very eager on doing that. “Go on, don’t keep me waiting.”

As Victor sits down, Castiel turns the kitchen’s lights up. The first thing he sees is a bald head. A black bald head. Then a jacket and, as he walks around the man, a badge, attached to his belt.

“Great.” He whispers gritting his teeth. He is a worker of God and he takes down evil, not caring about the costs of it, but he has never killed a police officer. Never! “Take out your gun.” He says and Victor sighs in defeat, pulling it out of his holster. “Slowly, put it on the table.” Victor does it as he is told.
“Can I ask you a question?” He dares to ask and Castiel shrugs tilting his head. He sees that as a yes. “Why?”

Cas grabs Victor’s gun and aims it at Victor, feeling the weight of it in his hand, “Someone’s got to do the dirty work. When Justice fails, I don’t.”

Victor frowns, “So… You’re what… A… Vigilante?” He questions shaking his head, “Isn’t that a little old-fashioned already?”

Castiel doesn’t answer that question deciding to do his instead, “Have you ever sinned, Victor?”

“W-What kind of question is that?”

“My question.”

Victor narrows his eyes at Castiel. Was that a riddle? An enigma? Some sort of code way of saying something? What… what?

“You haven’t answered me…”

Victor actually does not know what to answer to that. Say the truth or lie, it doesn’t matter, he doesn’t like the tone of that question. So, instead he just answers with another question, “Haven’t we all?”

“You’re a policeman. Did you come here alone or should I be expecting for someone else?”

“…”

“The truth, Agent-” He digs into Victor’s pockets finding an ID. “Henriksen.”

“My partner’s outside.”

“Really, I haven’t seen anyone when I was scouting the surroundings.”

Victor does a wincey and half-ashamed face at it, “I kind of… tied him up inside my trunk…? It’s a funny story, actually.”

“I bet it is…” Castiel vaguely answers while standing up. “I can only assume you know why I’m here, is that correct?”

Victor shakes, “No… Why did you come here?”

“Lying is a sin, Victor. I don’t like sins.” Castiel clarifies and examines the kitchen. “I kill sins… well, its sinners, but the sins themselves go away, too.” He explains opening drawers and cabinets. At one drawer he finds black duct tape. “But I think I’ll have something special for you.”

“F-for me?”

“Yes.” That’s all he says before he starts wrapping Victor on the chair. Before he tapes his mouth he asks, “Do you know where Sam Winchester is? He was supposed to eat at some Italian restaurant, but he never went there…. And now he isn’t here. I really need to find him.”

“Funny, I’ve been looking for him, as well. Can’t seem to find him… in time.”

When Castiel finishes tying him up, he goes outside, and when he enters again at the kitchen, he is dragging agent Davis with him.
He tosses him to the ground and removes the duct tape from Henriksen.

“What are you doing?” Victor asks, all the thrill being washed out of his face, now returning to his senses and realizing at the shit he has gotten himself into.

“My work, agent.” Castiel casually replies, swinging the hand with the gun on the air. “You lied to me and… looking at the state of your partner here, you mistreated this person. I even see a little of blood there, which can mean a fight. You’re not a good man, Victor. You’re a sinner. I can kill you if I want to, I already have the reason. But, and this is a big but, I wanna be fair with you. So—little guy. Tell me, have you ever sinned?”

Agent Davis is still coughing on the ground since it is the first fresh air he is getting in days. Castiel rolls his eyes and shakes his body with his foot.

“I’m not talking to you, you criminal.”

Castiel raises a brow at him, “You brave little pig!” He forces a smile while pulling a chair, stomping with one of its legs on top of Davis’s handcuffed hand, and sits on it, disregarding Davis’s whimpering of pain. “Go on, what are your sins? I really wanna know… I already got some out of Victor and he didn’t have to tell me any… Go on.”

“Fuck you.” The agent grits and Castiel hums.

“Hmmm, you’re a hotheaded… and you swear a lot… God does not like inappropriate language….”

“Please, just spare me with your holy crap.”

“Not a believer, I see.” Castiel aggressively gets up and looks directly at Victor, “Do you believe in God?”

Victor already knows better than that to say no. And he also knows better than that to lie. Luckily, he doesn’t need to lie on this one.

“Yes, I do.” Castiel smiles and cocks Victor’s gun. “Wait, what are you doing?” He shouts when seeing Castiel aiming it at Davis’s head and pulling the trigger. Some blood splashes all over and Victor has to shut his eyes and bit his tongue not to wail at it. “God…” He manages to say at the corpse on the floor.

On his line of work, one would think a cop would be used to this. But no, no way in Hell someone is prepared for this. No matter how may time you were trained for it, how many dead bodies you found and investigated, seeing someone getting their brain’s blown out will never be okay. It will always be traumatizing.

Castiel approaches him and he honestly thinks he is going next. Instead, Castiel grabs a rag, cleans his fingerprints from the gun and grabs one of Henriksen’s hand, opens it and tucks the gun there, pressing it so Victor’s prints would be on it.

“No, no… What are you doing?”

Castiel tilts his head, “I do not kill cops. And something tells me, you shouldn’t be here, so why kill you and your partner when I can just kill your partner and use you like I please?” Victor tries to fight the tape that is keeping him on place. “I’m sorry, Victor. I wish this could have gone on a different way, but… I guess this is just part of God’s plan.” He sighs shutting his eyes. “Now, I’m sorry for this, but it will get better when you wake up.”
In a strong punch, Castiel knocks him out. He cuts the tape, puts Victor’s body on the ground, puts his gloves one – that he should have put before if he knew that night would turn up like that – and cleans what he know he needs to clean: drawers and doors’ knobs, the rest of the duct tape will be burnt along with the one used to restrain Victor, he cleans the table, examines the floor and eliminates anything that can be his or held some of his DNA. It was somehow quick and he picks the house phone, calls 911 and just leaves it there. Someone would get there.

He just needs to find Sam’s track once again.
Two days passed since the disastrous dinner. Sam phoned the office warning them he wouldn’t be able to go to the work for some days due to personal issues. His boss wasn’t exactly happy, but like Sam was an exemplary employee he gave him a few days off. Jessica had basically locked herself inside her mother’s house.

“The police didn’t say anything else?” Jessica asks after Sam arrives from the station.

He simply shakes his head, sighing.

“You know this takes time. And he only got the keys, he knows nothing about you.” Sam lies. Dean probably knew everything about her already if he wanted to. That’s why he made a second stop before heading back to Mr. Moore’s: John had taught him how to fight and how to shoot, so if there was someone who was going to protect Jessica, that person would be him. If Dean even thinks about touching her, Sam will be there ready to stop him.

She sits on the couch, resting her face on the palm of her hand, “I’m scared, Sammy.” She sobs, looking up at him. Lately, that is all she is able to do: cry. “I don’t wanna die.”

“You’re not gonna die. I won’t let it happen.”

“How?”

He stops looking outside the window, “Just trust me. And as long as you stay here, you’re safe.”

She nods and that’s how that conversation ends. Sam doesn’t know what to do or how to react. So he is oddly calm with that situation. How can he react to that? It’s his brother… Going after his fiancée. There isn’t a guide of “How to React when your Brother decides to Murder your Family” on sale. Probably he should write if he manages to get out alive of this craziness.

“Look…” He blows on a sigh facing her again. She tiredly looks up at him, her eyes already becoming swollen. “I… I love you, okay? Remember that.” For a moment, he thought of telling her who Dean is to him but chose not to.

“I know.” She whispers and quietly goes to her bedroom leaving Sam alone.

It gives him the time to think about his latest decisions. Everything that ever happened to him over the last few years and it makes him laugh. Bitterly laugh. Special Agent Spencer Reid could have helped him; he could have all the protection he can ask for if he had said yes to working with them. But he didn’t, and now the person he loves the most is in danger.

“Fuck.” He hisses letting his head hit the glass window. Outside there are a couple more of cars than usual and there’s still people walking around lazily. People who are in fact cops protecting the house. He feels like a fucking restrained dog and doesn’t feels even a bit safer. He feels trapped, waiting for the bad guy to show up and shoot him dead.

But today he’ll be the bad guy. He’ll be the one sending someone to a grave. He will save Jessica or die trying.

Amanda says she’s going to sleep and half an hour later Jacob sneaks on the room and says the
same. Sam is now completely alone. Not having much will to sleep he simply lays on the couch waiting for the sleepiness to get him, one eye always open.

Around three am, a noise makes him wake up. It was the sound of a door opening he is sure. It was very silent, but he is a light sleeper so everything can put him awake: even mere whispers. For a second he stops, wondering if it is someone upstairs who got up to go to the bathroom, but everything is incredibly quiet. He gets on his feet not moving. Well, apparently quiet because he notices a shadow moving in the kitchen through the door’s crack.

He is frozen on where he’s standing. Not because he is afraid… He is, but mostly because he is paying attention to his surroundings. He can’t use vision, but he can use his hearing. The wood of the floor creaks, just for a slice of a second, if you’re distracted you’ll miss it. But not Sam.

*Don’t you dare.* He thinks whilst he silently grabs a small sharp pocketknife of his ankle. *Don’t be you.*

The shadow disappears from his camp of vision and he adjusts the blade in his hand, twisting it and hardening his grip. Remembering there is an arch connecting the kitchen to the hallway, which is also connected to the living room by another arch, he does a 360º turn and the wood cries once more, this time closer, nearer him. Someone’s there, mixed with the shadows. Somewhere. Anywhere. But *where?*

He could talk, shout for the person, ask *Is someone there?* But he is better than that and this isn’t a horror movie with the stupid blonde chick who is the first one to die. He is a trained man to face complicated situations, he is, or was, after all, son of John Winchester. His eyes are learning the darkness, looking for some movement, even the slightest. Without any warning a shivering waft races through his body and, almost knowingly, two hands go directly at his hand gripping the blade from him.

*How can he—*

“Still predictable…” The voice whispers and Sam knows there’s a smile in those words. “Still using Daddy’s teachings. When you go to a fight, you take something like this…” At that, Sam hears the sound of a gun being cocked. “Not a girly knife, tiny brother.”

“I know.” Sam coldly replies and, using the darkness to his side, he pulls his own gun out of his waistband, cocking it, the sound settling the confrontation to a new stage. “See? Now, I’m using my brother’s teachings.”

Dean laughs, “I’m surprised you can handle a gun after all this time.”

“I could shoot you right now.” Sam says.

“You could.” Dean agrees, and yet Sam can still feel the smile. “But you won’t or you’d already have pulled the trigger.” Sam shifts on his feet, still trying to see Dean’s body through the darkness. He knows he is in front of him, but the lack of light is keeping him uneasy, like not sure of where Dean truly is. For all he knows, Dean can be ten feet from him, or he can be two feet instead. At Sam stiffness, Dean continues, “You thought it’d be easier: shooting me.” He starts talking, pacing around. “I know I make it look *extremely* easy, but that’s me… You’re too good and saint to appreciate its true beauty. You’re too righteous to do it.”

“Don’t underestimate me. Even good men can do merciless acts.” Sam warns listening to the steps,
trying to locate his sibling.

“So do it!” Dean dares and Sam feels something touching him, a tip of a finger? He firstly thinks, but then a cold sharp object is stroked against his throat: his pocketknife. “Do you know how long it takes for someone to bleed out with a cut right in the jugular? Sixty seconds… A whole minute. Can you imagine? Feeling the life escaping your body for that long? Dropped on the floor, desperate, trying to contain the blood from leaving its veins, your hands around your own neck, desperately trying to contain it, your heartbeat racing up only making more blood to bloom out… You actually live your death, you don’t just die, you feel it to the very last second. The question is: will I do it?”

Sam shuts his eyes, making peace with his fate. “Just promise me something: don’t touch Jessica. You are a man of your word, Dean. Promise me that.”

“Touch Jessica?” Dean repeats holding his laughter. “I don’t care about your little girlfriend. I’m here for you.”

“But—“

“But why steal her keys?” Dean completes him. “So you’d stay here instead of your place.” The sharp blade stops making contact with Sam’s throat and he sighs at it, however still waiting for his death. “I needed to put you in a place where he wouldn’t come.”

Sam frowns completely lost, “What?”

“You’re being followed, Sammy.” Dean informs and Sam hears steps and the couch screeching, “He’s cute and hot, but, oh my, you don’t wanna be in a room with him armed.”

“Whom?”

“Who else, the Reaper.” Dean nonchalantly says. “I figured he’d come after you, to get to me, so I zapped my ass here, did a few changes here and there, switched a few things. Called some friends, and well, I was right: the hottest reaper is after your ass.”

Sam stops, still lost, “What did you do?”

“He followed you from San Francisco, right? I know that because I’ve been following you from there, as well. We like to share clues, it’s—“

“I don’t fucking care about that!”

“—Okie dokie, grumpy. Like I was saying, I got the information from one of his clues that he was after you. At first I thought it was a stupid prank like the first time, but nevertheless I decided to take a look. And well, I really wanted a second time, I mean, his ass—“

“Please, shut up.” Sam says. “I don’t wanna know about the sex…”

“How do—“ He stops. “Wait, you got that from the police, didn’t ya? Hmm, so they’re following us, getting closer… good to know.” Sam opens the mouth to answer back but decides not to. “It turned out he was really following you. You know shit is real when Castiel follows someone. It’s his kink or whatever. His way to get to know you, learn your routines, before he kills you. And well, he already killed Bobby and Jo… and I killed his brothers, looong story… So, I followed you here and, luckily, it was before him. So, I just changed all your plans! You were to dinner downtown I managed to cancel your dinner there.” Sam nods. It was actually really strange, all the sudden their reservation had to go to some important business man, so they had to reserve in another restaurant. “Change your phone by the way. Only for precaution. Anyway, I just needed to pop out and I’d
scare you all. But shit, he knows where your girlfriend lives, because he likes to stalk people, whatever. Let’s just conclude he knows all the information he needs to kill you. With that, it was very simple, steal the keys, stopping you from going back to her place and create chaos amongst Sam’s new favorite family. Where will they be going? Not a hotel, too expensive, not safe enough, too easy to track down if you use credit cards, which you use… Didn’t dad teach you better than that?” He grumbles.

Then he returns to his questions.

“A friend’s house? No, Sammy wouldn’t want to bother an outsider, especially when it involves me, his awesome yet dangerous brother. So, it needs to be a family place, but not too suspicious. Or so I though. I was hoping you’d choose a cousin, or a more distant relative, not Mommy Dearest. It’s still so easy to track down, however, you really did a good job going to the police, good one. The street is popping cops everywhere. Sadly, they don’t know how to cover the entire terrain… The sewers! Now, how am I sure Castiel won’t find you? I’m not. But it’s super hard to find your track when you don’t know where the person is since it got into town. As far as he knows, you could be flying back to San Francisco right now.”

“I d—don’t get it… You’re helping me?”

“Huhum. Of course, little brother. All I ever did was protecting you: Mr. Cooper, Dad—“

Sam huffs, “No. Don’t you even dare! Don’t put what you did on me.”

“Whatever.” Dean boringly sighs. “It doesn’t change the truth, though.”

“The truth?”

“Yeah, the fact that you’re only alive and in one piece because I killed everyone that ever tried to harm you. And you can deny it, you can run from it, but you know, deep down, you’re grateful for that.”

“You really believe that?” Sam incredulously laughs. Does Dean really think that way?

“I don’t need to believe in anything, Sammy. It’s the purest of truths. Mr. Cooper would make you his personal whore, so I destroyed his fucking head with a bat. John tried to beat you up, I shot him in the head. Ruby tried to drug you, I showed her how her inside wasn’t more beautiful than the outside. Brady—“

“Did I ever ask you to do anything? Did I?” The younger Winchester points out shortening his distance with his brother. “I never asked you to ‘help’ me. It was you. You just used me as an excuse to do all those horrible things! And do you think that covers anything? That they tried to get to me? What about those who had nothing to do with me? What about our friends: Bobby, Jo…? What’s your excuse for that?”

“Look—“ Dean interrupts getting up. He too is getting frustrated. “I didn’t kill Bobby, alright?”

“You might as well have.”

“So that’s my fault, too?” Dean grits through his teeth and Sam knows just by that what Dean is thinking: their mom. “Everything is my fault now… You’re just like Dad.”

“At least I ain’t like you.” Sam whispers loud enough for Dean to hear him.

“Fine.” Dean says. “They’re all dead, it doesn’t even matter anymore. Charlie’s dead, too. You must
already know that, but still… I found her before I got here, she’s the one who helped me finding out about Cas coming after you.

“And you, as payment, killed her. How kind!”

“I had to! Precaution, you know the gig.” Sam can feel Dean casually shrugging at his words. It still amazes him how fast Dean can switch emotions. Like a flick of a switch. “It kinda felt good, to be honest. Not good good, but… Last months have been kind of stressful. It’s hard to be me, you know?”

“That’s enough. I don’t wanna hear how hard your life is, okay? You destroyed mine! You made me feel miserable and cursed for years. Ashamed of my own name to the point I have to hide it. Hide my entire life from my fiancée because I know that at the moment she knows about you, she’ll think I am a monster just for sharing the same blood with you. So stop. Just fucking stop!” He shouts and hears an hmpff coming from Dean, being followed by silence.

“Someone woke up.” Dean simply states and paces around, walking somewhere. One minute later, the lights of the room are turned on and Camile, Jessica’s 15-year-old cute sister, appears from the arch to the hallway.

“Hey, I heard shouting…” She rubs her eyes, adjusting her pajama. “Is everything okay?”

Sam only had time to hide the gun he still has in hand behind his back before she appears, “Oh, yeah. I was watching some horror movie on TV.” He explains and the girl looks at the TV with a funny expression. “I already turned it off.” He smiles. “You can go back to sleep.”

Camile nods, “Okay. ‘Night.” And is about to turn around when Dean grabs her from behind, Sam’s pocketknife touching her skin just above her collarbones.

“Scream and you’re dead.” He whispers in her ear and she terrifyingly nods her head swallowing the upcoming sobs. Sam halts, about to point his gun at Dean, but Dean is quicker already having his pointed at Sam. “So, I destroyed your life, huh?” Dean asks feeling Camile’s accelerated breathing against his hand. “You know, I was wrong. You shouldn’t be afraid of Castiel armed. You should be afraid of me, brother. And I do not like when people do not treat me well. Throw the gun over here.”

Camile sobs and Sam doesn’t know what to do, “Dean, let her go. You don’t wanna do this. You said it yourself, there are cops outside, if you try anything you won’t have time to get out of here and you’ll be arrested and you’ll be killed. That’s what is awaiting you in court: death penalty. Just go away.” He pleads watching the girl crying. “You don’t have to do this.” Slowly he does what Dean had asked and throws his gun to the floor, kicking it afterward to Dean.

Dean smirks, a dark look attached to him and he smells the girl’s hair, his gun still aiming at Sam, prohibiting him from making a move. Sam can only hold to the faith of finding some humanity in Dean.

“You’re right.” Dean finally nods. “I can’t risk making any noise.” He agrees.

Sam sighs.

At a quick move, Sam only sees the girl’s neck being cut open and a rushed red river slipping from her. The attacker lets her fall to the ground, she plunking loudly on the wooden floor.

“No!” Sam shouts as the girl’s body falls to the floor and Dean grins still aiming at Sam’s head.
“Tell me now how I ruined your life, brother.” Dean smiles starting to pace back and grabbing his brother’s gun on his way. Dean’s trained ears listen someone else getting up. “Good luck explaining this.” He says disappearing after from the kitchen’s door to the backyard.

Shortly after that, Mrs. Moore quickly runs the stairs down, scared with Sam’s sudden noise, only to find her youngest daughter gagging in her own blood. Sam is on top of her, his hands around her neck, trying to contain the blood from running out. She screams at the image and the front door is kicked open, two officers rushing inside, preoccupied with all the rumpus. They get as much shocked as Mrs. Moore and both quickly join Sam. Mrs. Moore loses the strength on her knees and falls beside her girl.

“Call a fucking ambulance!” Sam orders in a mad voice and one of the officers leaves the room already giving orders by his radio.

Soon, everyone is leaving their beds to find the bloody scene downstairs.

Forty, forty-one, forty-two … For some reason, Sam can’t stop counting. Dean had said sixty seconds, right? He basically is watching her slowly dying and it panics him. He only hopes his pressure can make that longer than a minute, maybe enough for the ambulance to get there. Then he remembers he is in the United States, there was no way an ambulance could get there in three minutes or less. Either way, he keeps pressing both his hands around Camile’s neck, he won’t simply give. He can’t. Not this one, please, not this one! He begs in his head and feels the officer who stayed with them, resting his hands on his inviting him to let go.

Sixty.

“It’s too late.” The agent simply says calmly but coldly and Mrs. Moore’s exasperated sobs echoes in Sam’s head like hammers.

Now, that’s the only thing he can hear: her crying. He looks at his hands and sees the blood still warm on them. He feels sick, he feels like he is about to throw up. With watery eyes, he looks up and sees the rest of the family, Jessica with her mouth wide open, tears rolling down her face like rain. She doesn’t scream or sob, though; just silently cries with her hands crossed over her chest, like holding her heart or it’d fall otherwise.

He breathes out, the first time since… It seemed forever. As the air leaves his lungs, he starts crying too and the officer next to him helps him moving away from the corpse. He knows what comes next: he’ll have to tell what happened. He’ll need to tell about Dean.

Before anyone has the chance to interact with him, he says, “I wanna make a call.”

An officer accompanies him outside.

He is answered at the third tone.

«Reid speaking.» His voice is hoarse and Sam only now remembers he was probably sleeping. It doesn’t matter, this call is more important than a night of sleep.

“This is Sam Ca…Winchester.” Sam coldly informs side-looking at the police officer, wanting some privacy. He clearly wouldn’t have it, not until the questioning session.

«Mr. Winchester!» Reid laughs. «Never thought you’d call so soon. May I ask why are you calling me?»

After a short breath, “I’m in.” And then, as fast as the call started, Sam hangs up. He doesn’t want
any further conversation with Reid. Not by phone. He glances at the uniformed man and there’s a body inside, which Sam was on top of with bloody hands. There’s clearly a lot of explanation to do, even though everyone must be figuring out what happened by now. It wasn’t that hard considering the latest days. “Let’s go. I’m ready to talk.”

*The Night After*

*Palo Alto*

[Dean]

After the confrontation with Sam, Dean needed some time alone. Well, not alone, fun time would be the correct term.

He is still on edge. Lately, he has been breaking some lines he never ever thought of crossing. Not that he has many limits of what he isn’t willing of doing, but even he has his own principles, one of them being not harming teenagers. It is funny and, somehow, ironic saying that: that Dean Winchester hated hurting young generations, killing or raping like he did not so long ago. But that’s his life, his work, and sometimes he needs to deal with collateral damage.

Camile was collateral damage.

He is still mad. Mad at Sam. He put himself in danger by going after his brother, exposed himself more than he should, went to crowded places, all to help his helpless sibling. And for what? To be treated like a stranger, a cruel heartless animal by the person he raised. By the person who should respect him and be grateful for being alive… So far.

He isn’t going to help him anymore. He wants nothing from Dean, so he’ll be on his own from now on. Better, he will have to deal with The Reaper and if, for some miraculous reason, Castiel isn’t able to finish him, Dean will show him what happens to the people who disrespect him.

**Sam is marked!**

The room he is now sitting is small and warm. Not comfy warm but sweaty warm. The illumination, the small quantity of it, paints the glittering walls in tones of red. He is sitting on an old leather armchair, his arms lazily resting on its arms and his legs comfortably outstretched, right on the middle of the room. At a wooden coffee table is his glass of scotch and his eyes are focused on the half-naked stripper doing her dance in that private room.

Some erotic instrumental song is playing in background loud enough to make environment and low enough so it isn’t heard outside the door.

She is almost on top of him, however, they are not touching. Her butt is surprisingly big and round, teasing him to grab a strong grip on it. She turns around, her long curly dark hair swaying freely alongside her moves, her big breast exposed except for the nipples, increasing his libido.

He isn’t sure if she knows who he is. It doesn’t matter, even if she does, she isn’t going to tell anyone, that’s how it works in those places: no one cares who you are; as long as you pay what you gotta pay, no one asks questions or takes too long looking at your face.
Dean likes that: the indifference present in the people who frequent such establishments. Just do your thing, we are all there for the same thing.

She glances at him, her clear blue eyes just passing by him, and she rests her foot on the armchair closing in with him. At the short distance between them, Dean sighs and passes a hand up her thigh, she not liking it and moving back.

“Sweetie, no touching.” She warns, her voice calm but deep.

He rolls his eyes. No touching. Funny, a lot had said the same before, until he unfolded a fifty or two. No touching, no kissing, no licking, no fucking. And then they fuck. A lot, but not all. There still are some that strictly do the strip-tease work, thinking they are not whores enough to have multiples cocks inside them every single day. Hypocrites, Dean believes. To him, a whore is a whore, either only undressing to a man or fully opening her legs to him.

The door at the end of the room slightly opens. Dean can tell that by the sudden rise of external noise and waft of air that reaches him. The woman doesn’t stop her dance, but Dean is already focused on something else. He regrets agreeing with disposing his weapons before entering the club. For security reasons, they said. Well, fuck them and their reasons. On the bright side, he—

There’s the sound of something moving and he tries to look over the woman’s shoulder, but he doesn’t need to make much of an effort to see what’s behind her. A dry and quick sound warns him of trouble and, as smooth as the stripper was dancing, some blood starts contaminating the skin of her chest and she falls to the floor lifelessly.

He glances at a dark spot of the room.

Death has come.

[Castiel]

“Shit, I was enjoying that!” The man with green eyes sighs in a disapproving tone while boringly glancing at the body on the floor.

Castiel takes three determined steps forth, his gun ready to fire the next bullet,

“Meet your fate.” His voice comes out strong, deep and furious like a storm battling in the sky.

“Oh, Cassie, I already did, a long time ago.” Castiel’s gun finds Dean’s temple. “What, no time for a pray this time?”

“Not this time.” The Reaper dryly replies.

There’s silence for a couple of seconds and then Dean smiles. A gorgeous compelling smile with his white teeth shown, his dimples formed and subtle wrinkles appearing on the corners of his eyes. It confuses Castiel, that smile.

“C’mon, Cas.” Dean shuts his eyes. “Nothing you’ll do will clean you.” Castiel clenches his jaw. “I still win. I already won. I had you… Fucked you. You can’t kill me, not really, because I already am a part of you and, as long as you’re alive, I’ll be always in the back of that head of ours.”
“Enough!” He promised he wouldn’t do talking with Dean when he’d find him. He’d just kill him, but somehow Dean managed to do so.

Dean looks up and sees a wrathful man. Yet, he is still alive and it makes him wander about Castiel a bit more.

“You’re more dead than I am if you think of it. Because I lived like there was no tomorrow while you were always a toy of your… God. You’re pathetic!”

“I’m the one holding a gun here.”

“And I’m still breathing. Isn’t this always the same? You’re mad, you’re about to kill me, I manage a way to get away and, if luck is by my side, I try to kill you.” Dean keeps attentively examining Castiel.

Castiel knows Dean. And he knows that Dean knows him. It’s impossible to deny that. They know every bit of each other better than anyone else by now. And Castiel knows he should have killed Dean by now. He can’t give Dean time for him to come up with a plan. But damn it, there’s something not fulfilling him right now… Killing Dean won’t be enough, no, not anymore. Luckily, Dean being there proves what Castiel needed to know and, now, he’ll use it to his benefit.

Unexpectedly, Castiel paces back, however, he never loses aim of Dean’s chest.

“I was surprised to find you here. Not here, but in Palo Alto. At least not so fast. I knew you’d get the clue, but I never thought you’d actually protect Sam. I gotta be honest, I didn’t understand what happened right away: the empty table at the restaurant he was supposed to be dining at, me not finding him back at his place here in Palo Alto… But then, I discovered Mr. and Mrs. Moore’s address, went there and saw the police cars and I realized that something was up. So, I stayed vigilant. I watched the house from a safe place until I saw Dean Winchester crawling out of the sewers. I just connected the dots: you managed to get him out of my way just long enough for him to get himself some protection. Smart mental process, dumb move.”

Dean tilts his head in a daring way and with an ‘is-that-so’ frown.

“You care about him. Dean Winchester has a weak spot. So, just for a matter of principles, I kill him in front of you and, after that, I kill you. Then, I’ll be satisfied.”

Dean rolls his eyes, “That’s so unoriginal. And also a cliché! It can scare some but not me. Stick to the ‘killing-hot-Dean’ plan. It’s better.”

“You’re extremely calm…”

Dean chuckles, “I am, ain’t I? And I’ll tell you why…” He gets up and Castiel squints his eyes at him. Just shoot him already, he thinks but doesn’t pull the trigger. “You have a gun pointed at your head this whole time.” He whispers with a wink.
Trouble's On The Way

Chapter Notes

Just a small note here, because I think I should have explained this before:
This Spencer Reid has NOTHING to do with Criminal_Minds!Spencer_Reid. It was based on other character, but a friend asked me if I could put a character of her favorite show on my story, but like this isn't a crossover, the character only has the same name because, as you can see, his characterization is completely different from the "real" Spencer Reid.
I have to thank the one who commented something about this, because other way I wouldn't have remembered to warn you. So, thank you lydiAconners!

Either way, nice readings! Don't forget to comment what you're feeling about this story, what you like and what you dislike about it. :)

[Dean]

*Flashback— 8 months before*

- Target’s name: Richard “Dick” Roman, head of the multinational company Richard Roman Enterprises. One of the most powerful men of the USA, top 50 of the wealthiest men on Earth since last year.
- Family: No known affiliations.
- Target place: Main building’s parking lot, at Chicago.
- Possible complications: armed security, crowded place, outnumbered by the enemy.
- Time of attack: 7:12 pm on point. Police department with a false bomb alarm (Note: make call). Wait three minutes before Roman arrives at the parking lot (routine checked).
- Escape route: Lateral exit to Osterman Avenue, one minute walk to the car already parked at an alley, 425 feet from the attack place.
- Duration: eight minutes - ten if troubled.

He checks all the points on his list one last time before starting gearing up and glances at his watch: 5:02 pm. Good, he still has time. He goes to the map he managed to get from the plans of the building and passes his fingers through all the circles he made on the map of the parking lot: places of security cameras. Dick’s car usually is at the very end of that lot, in a blind spot… figures. Dean doesn’t like that, he likes to be seen, to be feared, so maybe he’d had an extra minute to drag the man around to a watched place. No worries, he’ll make it up as he goes, sometimes the adrenaline of not having a plan makes him feel even more high than usual and the killing gets more satisfying.

On top of the bed are his gun holsters, two exactly: one for his shoulders and one for his waist with an extra compartment for a sharped object. He puts them on, tucks a blade on his ankle and checks his gun’s magazines, in case he’d need more ammo. He needs to be ready; today, his target is
someone with quite a reputation: CEO of one of the biggest enterprises nationally and internationally speaking, but also a strong player underground. That’s why he knows he’ll deal with some serious defense; no way someone like him is anywhere alone.

He grabs a couple of pistols and put them on the shoulder holster after checking their aiming, then a blade and his favorite magnum revolver at the waist holster. He walks to the mirror, combs his hair with his hand and smiles, dressing his dark suit jacket. He is dressed like a business man, - not his favorite style of fashion, but he needs to fit in – with a black button up shirt with a blue tie, and black jacket and pants with classic cheap shoes. He could still break some hearts dressed like that, and he knows it, smiling to himself with a wolfish smile:

“You gorgeous bastard!”

At 7:12 pm Dean is already entering the parking lot. He passes through busy employees who are either leaving or arriving and pretends to be walking to ‘his’ car, fishing his car keys from his pocket and casually walking along the cars. Three minutes, he repeats in his mind while checking the time and, when he arrives the zone where Dick’s limo’s parked, he leans on a wall grabbing a cigarette lightening it up.

The blade on his ankle is scratching him, causing some friction on his skin and he grunts ignoring it; putting it back in place takes too much effort and he sure as hell can handle the discomfort. A female worker leaves her car a few feet from him and sends him a curious look before smiling and hurriedly walking away. Dean squints his eyes at it and looks again at his watch: 7:14 pm.

How long does he have until she calls security, if she recognized him? Not long enough to get the job done.

So, as she starts disappearing around the corner, he sneaks on her, grabs her from behind, takes his blade from the holster and swings it at her chest while covering her mouth to silence any final screams. Then, he carries her behind a parked car and listens an extra pair of heels approaching him.

7:15pm. God damn it! He clenches his jaw, crouched behind the car, trying to see who it was. He sees a woman, richly dressed, full hotness really, calmly walking along the aisle of vehicles. He silently walks along. If he needs to take another person down, he’ll do it, he has a schedule to run by. However, she goes straight at the limousine Dean was watching and a man leaves the driving seat, opening the door for her to go inside.

Dean stops, frowning. Two more men join the driver outside and Dean can only assume they are bodyguards. It catches his attention, the all-top-secret vibe, so he stays hidden observing the scene for minutes, until the door opens again, the red pair of high heels showing up first and then the woman at last. She is now carrying a suitcase and turns back around to the limousine to share some final words with the man inside.

“Always a pleasure to make business with you, Mr. Roman.”

“Likewise, Ms. Talbot.” Dean vaguely hears and widens his eyes.

Talbot! He knows about Talbot. Everyone does! Well, no one knows much: only that she is a mysterious person in the work of stealing and, more recently, killing. She does whatever you want her to do for a price. One can almost say she’s a mercenary.

But that’s not what catches his full attention on her. There’re rumors, about her origins, that she is the
daughter of someone powerful who died by the hands of Castiel and that now she is seeking revenge on the Reaper. Small world, Dean thinks with a silent chuckle.

Is she already getting to her car, when one of the bodyguards pulls a gun out and aims it at her back.

Tricky sonofabitch!

And somewhere in his mind, his brain comes up with the decision she couldn’t die right away. Thinking about it, one day she could come in handy. She having her connections, her abilities and skills... her rage about a common enemy, he couldn’t miss the chance of having her on his contacts list! So, like a blink of an eye, he grabs one of his guns and shoots the guy in the head before he has time to make a move on her.

Talbot, not knowing she was about to be crossed out of the living list, must have thought Dean was attacking all of them and seeks cover to shoot back at him. The other bodyguard doesn’t waste time, as well, and grabs his revolver shooting at where Dean is.

“He was about to shoot you, you fucking dumb bitch!” He shouts between bullets.

Of course she doesn’t believe in him. And why would he save her either way, if it was true? He has a reason behind it, but it’s better for him not to tell it right away. Women are complicated and Dean doesn’t want to piss her off even more.

He manages to shoot the other man and runs to another car so he can see her better. The limo with Dick takes off in the middle of the shooting and Dean mentally curses at it.

“God damn it, stop shooting, for fuck’s sake. I just save you!”

She fires again, “Of course you’d save someone like me! Who sent you?” She shouts back.

“No one! I don’t even know who you are!” Dean lies dodging a bullet. He twitches his lips and switches guns, that one already with its magazine empty. If she keeps that up, he’ll shoot her on a place she’ll survive long enough to see him pulling her intestines out.

“...Right!” She says and there is a pause, and if only Dean knew his shoulder was showing! When she shoots, a pain hits him and he looks at his shoulder with a hiss,

“Bitch!” He grits almost dropping his gun to make pressure on his wound. It wasn’t the first time he had been shot, but it still hurt like a bitch. “Fuck, the next I’ll let you die! Do you really think that if I was here after you... whoever you are, I’d open fire on the guy thirty feet from you?”

That’s when she stops. Dean glances over the car, carefully, and sees her leaving her cover still carrying her gun just in case something else goes down.

“Let me see your hands!”

He takes a deep breath and raises one arm, the one with the gun, and gets up looking at her. She notices the blood on his shoulder and smirks, proud of her aiming skills.

“Oh, you’re laughing?” He asks and she shrugs examining him, instantly recognizing him.

“I know you. You’re Dean Winchester.”

“Good for you.” He snarls putting his gun in its holster so he can put some pressure on his shoulder wound.
She keeps gazing at him for a moment, finally saving her own gun, “You can call me Bela. Bela Talbot.”

*Like I didn’t know that already, bitch!* He mentally answers, but smiles with a surprised expression on his face, “Oh, Talbot! So that’s why you’re not freaking out about me! We are pretty much in the same business.”

She simply shakes her head with a laugh,

“Sweetie, we are nothing alike. Our jobs couldn’t be more different, you steal lives, I procure unique items for a select clientele.”

“Yeah, I heard about you. You’re a thief..” Dean smirks this time, looking at the blood on his hand. He needs to take care of that wound before it gets to the point of needing a doctor.

She grins, shaking her head again, “No… A **great** thief.”

“A mercenary.” Dean adds and she shrugs at it.

He keeps looking at her annoyed with cockiness and she notices the unpleasantness in his eyes. He doesn’t like her, but she doesn’t like him either. And he saved her life, great! One thing Bela can’t stand is to owe anyone anything. So, she walks back to her suitcase, opens it and takes out 20.000 dollars calling Dean to take them.

“You rather give away 20k over saying a simple ‘Thank you’?” He asks her, raised eyebrows, eyeing the cash.

She coldly huffs, “Just take it.”

He stops for a minute. It surprises him she didn’t come up with questions about the man who both of them are after but, all things considered, she must already know that Dean doesn’t know where Castiel is. Nevertheless, he should keep her around.

“20k doesn’t make us square.” He tries to clean his hand and starts picking up his cash. She groans and is about to take more 10.000 out when Dean laughs stopping her, “Stop! That way, you’ll just keep taking out more money and not even 1 million dollars would be enough to pay me.”

She frowns, “What do you want, then?”

“You.” He simply says and she gives him a disgusted look. “One day, you’ll know what I mean.”

*End –Flashback*

*Striptease Club House*

*Half an hour before*

Dean gulps the rest of his beer while watching a stripper on the stage. Three more individuals are there, attentively watching the redheaded. By their looks, Dean assumes they are business men. Rich
people are always the nastier, sexually speaking.

He grabs his pack of notes, counting them down, frowning at how fast his money is running out.

Damn, I’ll need some new credit cards, he thinks, but takes out a twenty raising it above his head. The stripper catches it and winks at him, spinning on her heels and starting to undress her extremely small black shirt. The other men whistle.

Then, a female approaches. She is carrying drinks so, when she stops next to Dean, he looks up with a questioning frown because he hadn’t ask anything else but his beer. She pulls something out of her bra and calmly passes it to him, whispering into his ear,

“Your lap dance is ready, sir.” Then, she leaves.

Dean looks at his hand and sees a card and a key. He turns the card around and finds a small note.

Room 13

-B.T

He gets up and looks around. Is she there? She can’t be. She never appeared at the Motel! Two days since he got there, since the day they were supposed to meet, and only now she shows up? She’s disappointing him already and they haven’t talked yet.

Either way, he starts walking to the private zone. There’s a security guy there, protecting the door that gives entrance to the hallway, and Dean shows him the key of the room making the man giving him authorization to pass through. The hallway is long, thick and dark and almost every door is closed. There are some indistinct noises coming from them that Dean assumes to be music and he doesn’t stop walking until he finds the door 13.

When he opens the door, the room is empty. No one’s there. There’s some music already playing but besides that he is pretty much alone. As he walks inside, the door is shut and Bela Talbot appears from behind, gun aiming at Dean.

“How did you get my number?” She asks circling Dean.

“How did you get my number?” She stops in front of him, her gun an inch apart from his forehead.

He sighs, almost rolling his eyes, “A friend gave it to me.”

“You don’t have friends.”

“I had one.” He says and she squints her eyes. “She hacked one of your clients’ phones. Happy?”

She remains still for a few seconds, still deciding either to believe him or not, and when making her decision, she downs her gun and starts walking apart from him. He looks at her up and down and starts getting himself more comfortable by taking his jacket off.

“So…” He starts but she raises her hand at him as a way to keep him from talking.
“Sit down.”

He gives her a look, but she seems too cold and professional to be frightened by that look. Actually, she’s the one able to frighten him a little at the moment. Her eyes are like facing the eyes of a tiger… or a snake.

As he sits, the door opens and the stripper enters. So there is always a lap dance!

Bela shares some words with her and the stripper nods now and then, giving quick glances at Dean. After, she returns to her task, choosing a song, positioning herself and starting to dance. Dean could stay there enjoying the moment if Bela hadn’t taken the seat beside him, pushing his chair to an angle so they were facing each other.

“Sorry it took me so long to get here, but I had to make sure the message was real.”

“I wouldn’t have called you if it wasn’t!” He complains and she rolls her eyes. He doesn’t like her, he knows that since the first time they met eight months before, at the day they almost killed each other.

“I’m here now!” She grunts and crosses her legs, resting her hands on top of them.

Dean nods, agreeing with his mental note of not-wasting-much-time with this… meeting?, and gets up to pour himself some scotch. He can feel Bela measuring him from behind, but he doesn’t care, continuing his task like he was at home.

After gesturing if she wanted one, her response being negative, he sits down again, her eyes already on him once more.

“Where is he, Dean?” She asks and Dean thanks her straightforwardness.

“He’ll appear…”

“Just that? He’ll appear? You have this one time, Dean Winchester. This is my payment!” She grits and Dean chuckles.

“No… This is the time you get to owe me some more. You’re not helping me… I’m helping you.” He says looking her by the corner of his eye hiding a sneaky smile as he drinks some scotch. She opens her mouth to complain but Dean carries one, “Today, today, there’s a death to happen here.”

She slowly smiles at him, “Are you that sure he’ll come here?”

He nods, “I have a strong feeling. Trust me. And if not, just stick around a couple of days and I’ll draw him to you.”

“How do you wanna do this?”

Present time

[Castiel]
You have a gun pointed at your head this whole time, plays in a loop inside Castiel’s head. Before he can even think of what he heard, an accented female voice dances through his ears from the darkness,

“Put the gun down, honey.”

“I’d do as she says.” Dean shrugs stretching his arms above his head, his neck doing a clicking sound. “She won’t ask twice… Don’t keep us waiting.”

Slowly and unhappily, Castiel lowers his gun and turns around to see a gorgeous blonde woman aiming at him. Dean pats his shoulder, a sly smirk attached to his lips, and invites him to sit down on the armchair he was before, also taking the time to remove the gun Castiel has in hand.

“Oh and also, put your hands behind your back so I can put these on.” Dean grabs some fluffy handcuffs that were lost on a shelf and plays with them with a cynical smirk in his lip but, nevertheless, commanding voice.

“Who are you?” He simply asks the stranger while she approaches him.

“I go by many names.”

“What are you doing here?”

“I was called here.”

Dean chimes in and stands in front of her, his back turned at Castiel, sharing some words with her. Castiel looks around, grunting at his handcuffed hands, and finds that moment abstruse and repellent simply by being inside a place of prostitution and shameless life with Dean only a few feet from him.

He peers up at the two and almost dares to get up and jump on Dean, but the daggers the woman is sending him over Dean’s shoulder, aware him he wouldn’t have the time to get loose, attack Dean and dodge her bullets. Then, Dean says something that makes her twitch her lips and passes her a small paper card, and Castiel could see the tension in Dean’s shoulders as he waits, until she reluctantly grabs it and leaves them alone inside the room.

Finally, Dean looks again at Cas.

“Sorry about that, she has been on my shadow since Sunday, so she isn’t very eager at letting you breathe any extra seconds.” He casually shares, his eyes absorbing Castiel’s body. “Long time no see, mate.”

“Who is she?”

“Who cares?”

“I do.” Castiel coldly spits eyeing Dean. If one wants to kill him, he can at least know the name of said person.

“Aww, you’re dumping me for her?” Dean jokes approaching him. He kneels in front of the man with blue eyes and casually smiles. “She’s a woman who wants to kill you…”

“Why?”

“Why?” Dean laughs. “Have you been paying attention to what any of us do? To what you do? We all have enemies. Some bigger other smaller…” At Castiel’s lack of understanding, Dean sighs. “I
don’t know exactly who she is. But what I do know is that you killed someone important to her, and she isn’t very happy about it.”

“How did you find her?”

Dean sighs, “You’re missing the point here. Why do you care about the way I found her? It has no importance here, sweet ass.” He pats Castiel’s knee before straightening himself up. “Apparently, she has been looking for you for some time already; I just helped her get to you.” He smiles.

“Why?”

“Because it’s fun! Because I want to!” He shrugs going to get himself a second glass of scotch, walking over the dead body of the stripper on his way, and leans on a wall.

Castiel snarls, “Go on, what keeps you waiting?” Dean raises a brow at him and Castiel pulls his wrists on opposite directions aggressively, the sound of the handcuffs emphasizing his lack of freedom. “Kill me while you can, because when I get myself off these things I—“

“You’ll do nothing.” Dean calmly says, almost boredly. “Well, you’ll do something, but definitely not what you were going to say.”

“Is that so?”

“Mm-hmm.” Dean nods and gulps down the rest of his whiskey before pacing back at Cas. “I have an offer to make you.” He looks down at the sitting man, who tilts his head at that.

“An offer…? No, thank you.”

“Oi? But I didn’t even tell you about it.”

“Nor you need to. Anything that you say, my answer will be the same.”

Dean leans on him, his mouth touching Castiel’s ear, “I figured. That’s why I’m gonna take my sweet time changing your mind.” He shifts his head to look directly at the handcuffed man and winks. Then, he stands back up. “And I even got all night!”

Castiel shifts on his sitting clenching his jaw, “Spare me. I’d rather die.”

“I won’t kill you.” The other matter-of-factly says. “But, the girl next door might. The only one who can stop that it’s you and you only.” Dean grins. “But that’s not of grave importance, right now, is it?”

Without any further words, Dean opens a black metallic storage and cheerfully rubs his hands together. Oh, Bela chose the perfect room! That club was known for having some happy surprises in some private rooms, but Dean didn’t know each ones, or didn’t know any until that exact moment. Thinking of it, the lost handcuffs should have been clue enough.

“Now.” Dean starts, grabbing a riding crop. “I could spank you to bits, but this is going to be so much more fun.”

The smirk, the seducing joy in Dean’s eyes, his entire posture makes Castiel lock eyes with him. It sickens him in a disturbing way. He feels his stomach flip, his throat tighten at that sight and his nails dig into the skin of his own hands, fighting to stay calm, because this time it’d be kill or get killed. As Dean gets closer, Castiel attaches his eyes to Dean’s, a cold stare hiding his nervousness.
Dean can see right through it.

“So, where do we start, angel boy?” His mischievous deep voice looms in the air, every syllable carving, digging and sinking into Castiel’s muscles and bones, the leather tongue of the whip ghosting the skin under his chin, forcing him to look straight up, seeing Dean tongue peering through his white lined teeth as a sly absorbing smile started to form in his features.

And that is when Castiel knows there is no way of walking out of that room without breaking, once again, the penance God had given him.

[Sam]

As soon as he enters the kitchen, he faces a wreck of a family with wide eyes at him, expecting answers they already knew what would be considering the latest events of that week. All of them, deep down, already had the name of Dean in the back of their heads. What they don’t know is how Camile suffered the attack and Sam got out alive without a scratch.

He leans on the counter, his now dried-of-blood hands resting on the border of it. He looks at the family and the two police agents that are standing under the arch to the hallway, who are blocking the way to the living room as forensics are still processing the crime scene. The police agents are examining him, already knowing the details of that night as they had convicted a field interview after Sam’s phone call to Reid.

Mrs. Moore is the most shocked of them all, still crying over the premature death of her beloved daughter. Jessica is quietly sitting on a stool at the island, her eyes pleading at Sam some comfort and poor Carlton, yet so young to understand what dying truly means, is playing with some toothpicks that were lost on the island, apathetically living the tension in that big clean kitchen.

Jacob, seemingly the calmest of the Moores, raises up his voice from the silence,

“So what happened, son?

“What do you think happened?” Jessica asks back looking at her father. “That man came here after me and, now, my sister’s dead.” She cries and Mrs. Moore rests a hand on her shoulder.

“Sweetie—“

“No, mom, this is all my fault!

“No, Jess, it isn’t… It’s mine.” Sam interrupts with a shaky sigh looking at his hands, a knot forming in his throat. Seeing the sadness, guilt and despair present in her eyes is killing him. He can’t let her believe she is the cause of someone’s decease. Especially, it not being true, “I haven’t been honest with you.”

“What do you mean by that?” Jacob enquires uneasy.

“What I mean is: you have been my family for so long, you all make me feel so accepted and happy, that I didn’t want to ruin it. So I lied. I never thought it would come back and bite me in the ass…” He sighs trying to keep his breathing steady.

He looks one last time at the love of his life before saying the words he hated,
“My name is Sam—Winchester and Dean Winchester, Hell’s Torturer, is my brother.”

And just like that, everything fell apart. It wasn’t like in the movies where you get a long shocked gasp from the crowd; it was deadly silence suffocating every bit of him. And then there was Jessica, staring at her fiancé with a blank expression on her face, and he wants to go there and hug her and tell her he loves her more than anything, but he doesn’t. He is too scared to move. Scared that, if he moves a muscle, the entire family finally snaps at him. So, he stays there, eyes on the marble island in front of him, the dry blood on his sticky hand almost gluing him to the counter.

All the sudden, Jessica gets up and rushes out of the kitchen, past the police agents, and heavy loud footsteps on the staircases echoes through the room.

“I’m sorry. I just—I’m sorry.” He whispers. “I never thought he would come after any of us, it has been so long since I had last seen him. I started over, never heard of him again, so I believed it was safe, that you were safe. And now… Camile… I should have known sooner or later— I’m so sorry.”

“Shut up!” Mrs. Moore snarls finding the strength to stand up. Jacob gives her a sided look, seeing if she needed any help but, besides that, didn’t take part of anything. “You killed my baby daughter. You!” She cries and Sam cringes at it, the pain in those sobs punishing him already. “You… my girl… you brought him here… you… you!”

She jumps on him, her arms desperately trying to hit him, Sam only protecting what he could of his face and chest. She manages to punch or slap him once in a while, but most of the hits were sloppy moves. Both agents come to Sam’s rescue and hold her back until she calms down and they help her sitting back down.

“Get out.” She breathes out in a whisper.

Sam doesn’t move. He is still under shock. He was waiting some kind of explosion but no that one, not that way. But he can’t blame any of them, he can only blame himself. It is starting to become obvious that, as long as Dean’s free, he’ll never have the opportunity to have a life. Losing them, losing Jess is the proof he needed to finally understand he is the only one who can bring an end to this.

“Haven’t you heard her?” Mr. Moore roars leaving his stool. “Get out, before I do to you what your brother did to my daughter!”

--

Sam silently walks upstairs to pack his things. They weren’t much, only some clothing and some files he brought with him of some cases. He stops in front of the door to his bedroom. He knows Jessica is inside and he doesn’t know what he is going to say when with her.

So, he knocks before entering. When he walks inside, he finds her sitting on the bed, her back turned at the door, facing the gray walls.

They don’t share words, Sam deciding it would be better to give her some time. He, instead, opens the old wardrobe and starts grabbing his jackets, jeans and shirts, putting them on the other side of the bed, and kneels down pulling his bag to start packing everything. He, once in a while, looks up finding the same thin delicate back at him, golden waves of hair resting on her slackened and fragile shoulders. He zips his black luggage shut, puts it on the floor and goes to his nightstand grabbing his
wallet, watch and his engagement ring, the small frame of them together in an embrace making him shortly and sadly smile.

He puts his shining and cold ring on his finger and silently sits beside Jessica.

She doesn’t say a word, continuing to stare at the wall in front of her with a vague look.

“I love you, okay?” He whispers resting his hand on hers, seeing she too is hearing her ring. “Always remember that.” He places a sweet kiss on her cheek and gets up, grabbing his luggage, and paces to the door.

Before he leaves, he contemplates one more time the woman who was going to be his and, as the door shuts behind him, a tear is allowed to stroll down Jessica’s face.
The Taste of Bullets

[Castiel]

“So… How do we start?” Dean’s low deep voice breaks the looming silence between the two men.

Castiel nothing says, deciding to use that silence as his defensive shield. He still remembers how their last face-to-face ended and he already fears for what the night has left for them. Dean, however, he admires the man sitting in front of him. He can’t deny the enthusiasm of having Castiel, the Reaper, all to himself, once more. These last months had culminated in an abdominal obsession and, for weeks, Dean had thought of a whole plan to bring them two together, to that point. The fact of Castiel going after Sam only sped things up and Dean was forced to anticipate the date of their reencounter.

His eyes measure Castiel for the hundredth time that night. He can’t control it; his essence needs to see him, to absorb the divine image of God’s wrathful creation. The human angel of Death with dark hair and fascinating blue eyes, who is now shifting on the armchair, his bicep muscles aching and sore with the time they are forced backward.

Thinking now about it, maybe it was a mistake to handcuff him, at least in that way, as Dean has the intention of divesting Castiel of any clothing he still bears. Still, Dean is a master of his art and there are infinite ways of obtaining what he seeks.

Finally, Dean distances from the cuffed man and walks to the stereo, passes his eyes on the soundtrack of the CD that is playing, a mix of the greatest 80’s hits, and decides Def Leppard would be a wise choice to the moment. All songs were all about the same, as they are in a strip club, but that band was of Dean’s taste.

“Sorry, we all have our rituals… You like to pray… I, on the other hand… I like to set the mood.” He maliciously smiles.

He takes his jacket off, throws it to a couch on the other side of the room, and fixes his eyes on Castiel, memorizing all details about the man who was, for some years already, his enemy but, if the night turned out like he wanted, could become so much more than that. Ultimately, more dangerous and scarier.

Castiel remains still, rigid and tense shoulders, clenched jaw, his crooked tie suffocating him more than usual and pending to the right side and his typical trench coat becoming a burden, each minute causing more sweat to bloom right underneath his hairline.

Dean sits on his lap with spread legs, one to each side, and grinds on him, every rule about personal space being thrown out the window.

“Do you know why they call me ‘Hell’s Torturer’?” He asks in a whisper, his hands resting on Castiel’s shoulders. The blue eyes that are fixed on him remain cold and blank as ice. “Because I don’t simply kill, I make art out of my killing… Mainly, in an extremely painful way to my victims.” He makes a pause trying to read Castiel’s expression. “You could say I’m like Picasso, but with a blade instead of a paint-brush.” He smiles, the white teeth once again hypnotizing the man he’s sitting on. “Besides, I use my… skills as a way to persuade people into doing what I want…
And *boy*, the things they do out of desperation.” He laughs, already picturing the rest of that night.

Suddenly, he gets up.

“But first, some rules. Well, only one, actually: *no touching.*”

Castiel manages to contain a frown and rolls his eyes instead, half incredulous at Dean, yet grateful with the lack of extreme harassment from his rival. With luck, he can still turn the game to his favor.

“Great torturer you are, Dean.” He snarls, his words harsh and cold. “I’ve seen five-year-old children perform better torture sessions. Hell, I’ve made better tortures… on myself.”

A long dry laugh leaves Dean’s mouth, followed by a slow shake of a head, until his lips twitch into a taunting smirk.

“You mean the scars on your back?” At those words, Castiel sends Dean a cold glare. “Yes, I’ve noticed. But, Cassie boy—“ He approaches him. “—You’re forgetting something. This ain’t a normal thing going on between us. You’re not the regular customer. You see, we all have our weak spot, so I got to adapt this situation to the thing you fear the most. And this—this isn’t about pain, this is about *lush.*” He leans on the chair, the space between them suddenly disappearing. “I could cut you, bleed you, and none of that would compare to the torture of you feeling my hands roaming your body, my lips almost on yours to the point of you feeling the air leaving my lungs and ghosting your skin, my lips tasting every inch of you… Your clothes leaving your body, me possessing you, playing with you, while you can’t do a damned thing about it. Without being able to grip my hair as I suck you, or feeling my warm skin on the tip of your fingers, my heat… nothing. Just watching, feeling, tied up and kept from doing whatever you desired, wishing to hold me.” Dean murmurs nibbling Castiel’s ear at the end. “And then—“ He grips Castiel’s chin so he is forced to look at him in the eyes. “And then you’ll do things that will blow your mind… And you’ll even ask for more.”

As fast as Castiel rolled his eyes, he now dryly swallows. Dean steps back and Castiel’s eyes follow his every move, anxious, nervous, his mind thinking of innumerable possibilities he is trying to lock away in a darker place of his brain. He makes his hands fists, they already sweaty with all the expectation. He definitely needs to focus on something else like… getting rid of those handcuffs would come in handy.

When he notices it, Dean is no longer in his camp of vision and the riding crop is abandoned on the coffee table. Without prior notice, a blindfold is put on his eyes.

At that moment, all his other senses rise to its fullest. When vision is out of the table, audition works the double, mere whispers as loud as it wouldn’t be in any other occasion, putting him on alert. And then, a kind of sixth sense, whose name doesn’t exist, but can be translated as the ability of being able to tell where a person is without seeing it or feeling it. A feeling that will make the pores of your skin shut, goosebumps running up and down your body, where a simple waft is able to put you on your edges.

All he can hear are steps. Slow, suave, almost teasing steps getting closer as the seconds pass, and fingers gently stroking all the way from his elbow to his to shoulder. Then, a hand grips his hair and pulls his head back, Castiel feeling a heavy breathing against his ear.

Two wet, succulent lips taste his skin on the neck, sucking it, Dean’s hand now descending to Castiel’s chin, the cold touch making him shiver. His thumb is lingering under Castiel’s chin while he manages to loose the blue tie around the man’s neck, the pink lips still devouring and marking the pale skin of the Reaper.
Castiel gulps, his heart jumping inside his thoracic cage, his nails digging in his own skin trying to stay calm. He knows how Dean is, how seductive he can be and how devious his acts are, all of that to make him break. He knows how he feels about the man gripping him, taunting him like a toy. He knows every emotion burning his insides while fighting to surface, but he fights them down. All except one: hate.

He allows himself to feel that one.

The sucking sensation disappears and he can feel that Dean is standing in front of him, he can feel the buttons of his white shirt being unbuttoned, the warm, yet cooler than him, air warning him of the nudity of his chest. He takes a deep breath, his ear always catching those heavy steps.

“Get up.” Dean orders in proximity. At Castiel’s stillness, he grabs him by the back of his trench coat forcing him up. “Here we go, buddy. Here.”

He pushes him to the middle of the room and forces him to stay on his knees. Then, he feels one hand losing the handcuff.

“Take off your trench coat.”

Castiel remains on his knees, his head tilted to the side Dean’s voice came from. He could try and fight, but only the time it would take him to remove the blindfold would only provoke Dean into doing something else. So, he takes his jacket off, feeling it resting on his calves.

“Now the shirt… and the tie.” Dean commands and Castiel so it does. “Good.” His free hand soon becomes restrained again. “That’s better.” Dean purrs circling him like a prey. “Now… Let’s play a game… I make you questions and, each time I don’t like the answer, you get flogged.”

Castiel shifts, his arms aching behind his back.

“So… Were you really trying to kill me, tonight?” Castiel doesn’t answer right away. “Not answering is in the ‘answers-I-don’t-like’ pot.”

“Yes.”

“Good. Honesty. See, no lash.” Dean laughs and Castiel can still hear the steps around him.

“Why the name ‘Reaper’?”

There are a few more seconds of silence until Castiel raises his voice to speak.

“I don’t know. It wasn’t me choosing the name… Maybe the media knows my intentions…”

“And what are those?”

“You already know them. I’m in a mission from G—“ Before he can end, a burning hit flashes on his back making him grunt. It wasn’t strong, just with the right amount of force to make him stop and gulp, a mix of pain/pleasure clutching in his insides.

“Na-ah. I don’t like it when our conversations enter the fields of religion, Castiel.” Dean warns and Castiel simply stays still awaiting his next question. “Okay… I’m curious: for how long do you know you are queer, huh? Since you started seeing naked boys on your school’s locker rooms and you couldn’t look away? Did you have a celebrity crush or you just started having wet dreams with your P.E teacher?”
“Screw you!”

Another lashing, this one harder, “Maybe later, big boy, but now you are such a better entertainment… No, really, tell me.”

Castiel sighs, “I was seventeen… On a Church summer camp.”

“On a Church summer camp? Oh my, that’s—“ He laughs. “That’s embarrassing, even for you!” He breathes out one last laugh. “And did the other boy know?”

“…No.”

Dean flogs him again, “You’re lying, I can tell.”

He is lying all right. The boy knew, and it didn’t end well. It was because of what happened in that camp, during that summer; because of the things he was told, that he accomplished the true answer of what he was: the filthy creature that his mother had given birth. The priest who came to know about Castiel’s feelings for another boy reprehended him with shouts and chanting of all sorts, trying to convince him he was sick and that there was no salvation to him.

For a long time Castiel was certain that priest was wrong, but now, watching as he is internally succumbing to the pleasures inflicted through pain and lust, it makes him realize maybe he can’t be saved at all.

“I don’t wanna talk about that.” He finally clarifies, jerking his blinded face up, in some way trying to put where Dean is standing.

“Very well…” Dean consents and a few seconds later he can feel some air passing through his skin. Someone had just sit in front of him. “Let’s talk about our last time together… Did you enjoy it?”

Castiel halts at that. Dean had passed from one hard question to a forbidden one. He couldn’t talk about that! He was doomed, yes, but it didn’t mean he would condemn himself on his own will.

“I didn’t.” He feels his throat tight as his speaks, a lump letting him know of his real emotional state of that night.

“Cassie—“ Dean purrs, a finger wandering Castiel’s jawline. “I liked it… a lot. And I know, for a fact, that you liked it, too. C’mon, Cas, give into the feeling.” Dean murmurs, before Castiel feels nails trailing his exposed chest instead of a whip.

Another swallow goes down Castiel’s throat, Dean seeing it from the small curve his Adam’s apple did, and he knows that Castiel wants it bad. Resistance was futile. And that goes for both of them. Not only is Castiel hiding what he feels, Dean is too enclosing some real intentions. One does not want to admit he needs to feel the other, and the other does not want to admit his sweet enthrallment toward the angelic man.

“I wonder if I can make you come.” Dean drones. Castiel grunts, and Dean smirks, leaning over the kneeled cuffed man. He finally allows his pink lips to touch Castiel’s dry one. A slow motion to let the man join in at his own pace; Dean would tolerate that: give Cas some freedom on that kiss.

Dean digs his fingers roughly into Castiel bare sides, pulling him closer, claiming him as his tongue tasted Castiel’s. Cas did not fight the kiss, but instead he gradually let himself fall into it. Suddenly, a shivering sensation runs up and down his spine as Castiel feels Dean’s hand trailing inside his pants. Soon after, his buckle is removed and his pants are shucked down his thighs. At that sensation, he arches his back in arousal and also in a gasping exasperation.
Castiel could feel himself unwillingly start to get hard, and he whimpers, shutting his eyes under the fold. Dean’s free hand his cupping Cas’s cheek while his tongue his dancing with Castiel’s.

The man with freckles leans closer to him, his hand beckoning Castiel to lie back, and their bodies completely touch. No one needs torture but the sweet touch of craving. They separate from the kiss for a moment and Dean gazes at Castiel’s face, lips parted and swollen almost pleading for another touch. Instead, he moves further down on him, his lips creating tracks on his skin. Castiel’s chest is rapidly moving up and down and, if Dean rested his head over his chest, he could hear his accelerated heartbeat. But all he can hear is Cas’s heavy breathing and that’s enough proof for Dean of what Castiel wants.

“Cas…” He calls peering up at him. “I’m gonna suck you.” He tells, knowing it would make Castiel slowly die in need inside. Castiel breathes through his nose right after he hears those words. Dean pushes himself closer to Castiel’s face. “Do you—want to see?” He whispers focused on Castiel’s possible answer. “If you don’t wanna say, you can always shake your head…” He suggests getting no response.

Either way, he pulls the blindfold off, finding Castiel blinking his eyes to adjust to the illumination, even though there wasn’t that much. Their eyes meet and Dean smiles at him, a wicked smile, almost devilish, and Castiel has no other option but to grunt and advert his gaze to another part of the room.

After Dean ducks his face down, soon his mouth finds Castiel’s member and, slowly, all Castiel’s grunts turn into silence. Dean knows Castiel is trying his hardest to focus on something else, trying to remain unaffected by Dean, so the green-eyed man lets his tongue do some of the playing for a while, teasing him to the limit.

A low almost contained whimper is sensed by Dean’s ears and he looks up to see Castiel’s eyes shut and his head tilted back. He is starting to become keen from the sensations and Dean grins around Cas’s cock, tasting a spurt of pre-come.

“Please…” Castiel pleads on a moan, twitching his legs.

Dean continues a few more seconds, his provocative gaze locked on Castiel, waiting for those blue eyes to look at him, until they do, and Dean playfully and fully arouses what was left to arouse out of Castiel, working faster and more insistently until he tastes the first spout of Cas’ s come.

He sucks and swallows down, milking him for all he has.

He separates his mouth from Castiel’s hard cock, his tongue licking his lips while he watches the man rest his head back with a frustrated groan. Dean takes a moment to admire the mirage in front of his eyes: it was a wreck of a man defeat by lust. His black hair was messy, pointing at all directions, his chest naked and sweaty, his legs dawdling on the floor tired and heavy. All of that was pretty hot to Dean: an ashamed man unable to restrain his longing for contact.

“I guess I was right.” He chuckles, rubbing Cas’s thighs tenderly. “And I still have more surprises for you for the rest of the night.”

Another whimper leaves Cas’s lips, “Dean— Please…”

Dean sits on top of him seeing drops of sweat running down his temples to his neck, his cheeks flushed red and his eyes open, his black dilated pupils almost completely hiding the blue color of his eyes.

“Please what, Castiel?”
“I—no more.” He whines, licking his lips, his heavy breathing making Dean sigh.

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” He gravely asks.

Castiel takes too long to answer to that. And both already know why, it was impossible not to know by now: how hooked Castiel was into all Dean could give to him. He was always told once you have a bit of taste of sin, you won’t want anything else, and it was true. Castiel is living that at the moment. He hates it but is also mesmerized by it. Dean mesmerizes him, he cannot help it. And, damn, the feelings and reactions Dean can cause him into having are the closest thing to Heaven he ever experienced. So is that so wrong? Feeling good and hyped is wrong?

“No.”

This answer is not only to Dean’s questions, but also to his owns. He is tired of being a toy tricked, mocked, taunted, used and abused by God or any other person who ever tried to tell him what was right and what was wrong.

As to Dean, he can’t help a smile peering in his lips as the words come out of Castiel’s mouth. They both share a look for a moment until Dean quickly pecks him on the lips.

“I told you I’d change your mind. You’re finally ready.” He says while getting up and offers Castiel help to sit.

“Ready for what?”

“For our business meeting.” He remarks and realizes Castiel has been on handcuffs still. He quickly kneels behind him and grabs the key from a pocket in his jeans. “Is it safe to get rid of these?”

Castiel lastly gives in and nods.

When feeling his hands freed, he stretches his arms, feeling his muscles dormant and pushes his undergarments back up, slight shyness striking his body. Dean chuckles and does what he always does after a good night: pours himself some scotch.

Castiel gets on his feet either deciding on getting his shirt or not and Dean snorts, calling Castiel with his index finger.

“What?” Cas asks approaching him.

Dean rests the glass on the counter, holding Castiel by his sides, ”Be mine.” Castiel gives him a confused look and Dean runs his hands up and down. “There’s no hiding it anymore. You and I… We need each other. So, my proposal is: let’s be together. You and me against everyone else…”

Castiel tilts his head, “You mean as being partners? Working together?”

“Exactly.” Dean smiles. “I came to the realization our grudge had no benefits for neither of us. I want you… You want me… What do you say?”

“I—“

“You can kill Bela. She was my gift to you anyway. She wants your head on a stick so I thought: what would be the best way to seal a deal?” He examines Castiel’s face looking for some giving away expression. “Well, I have more ways of sealing this between us, and I’m pretty sure you’ll be much more eager to do them now, but still—“
“I’ll do it.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

Castiel leaves the room after getting himself properly dressed and after hearing Dean’s advises.

_She’s at the last room next to the fire escape on the first floor. Go in, do the job, and leave. Don’t give her time to think, just pull the trigger when you see her. She’s a smart bitch and she’ll end you if she gets the shot. Luckily, she’s awaiting me to meet her there, so she won’t be much alarmed when the door opens._

And so he is going to the Motel Dean told him she’d be. He still doesn’t know how he is trusting so much in Dean all of the sudden, but he supposes that if Dean wanted him dead he wouldn’t give up on the chance of doing the job himself.

He exits the club and passes to the other side of the street, the four am weather sending shivers up and down his body. No one is on the street except for some homeless people and some junkies sleeping on the floor next to some benches. He snarls at them, twisting his nose at them and fastens his pace to the Motel.

The door in front of him is an old piece of red-painted wood. He glances at the two windows and sees no lights turned on inside. He adjusts the gloves on his hands and cocks the gun Dean had retrieved him after he got dressed. To complete, he deeply breaths in, holds the air for a moment, mentally asking for forgiveness, and then the air leaves his lungs as he silently puts the key in the lock, turns it and swings the door open.

Darkness surrounds him as he enters the room. Pure and deadly silence mortifies the room while he tries to distinguish any human silhouette in the dark. His steps are silent, almost like a ghost and he swings around focused on any minor disturbances.

He looks at the bed and sees no shape of a person. The door to the bathroom is open and there’s no light within. There are no bags on the floor, at least any he noticed. And then…

A noise. A tiny curt noise. A step? He raises his gun again, circling his own body. Damn, he feels like he is being hunted by the shadows. The adrenaline rises and he looks around, narrowing his eyes.

That sound again.

If that’s someone then that person is disarmed or they wouldn’t play hide and seek with him.

“Show yourself.” He hisses squinting his eyes.
Silence.

And at that moment, the subtlest sound penetrates his ears. So close to him! He turns to where he heard the sound and feels an elbow hitting him on the wrists nudging his gun to the floor. He barely has time to respond, a fist acquainting his face in a harsh manner. He stumbles back, wide eyes, a flash of surprise controlling his body. That person is too strong to be a female.

“Who are you?!” He snarls dodging a kick.

There’s a chuckle. A deep chuckle, “Bela couldn’t stay any longer, Winchester. Other things to attend to.”

“I’m not—“ He stops halfway, blocking a punch, returning that gesture on the stranger’s ribs. “Where is she?”

“No place you need to know off.”

Castiel clenches his jaw and the man tackles him dragging him around the room. Castiel tucks his leg behind the man’s ankle and throws in on the floor, strongly kicking him with his heel on his face to keep him down. He turns around, quickly trying to see his gun, finding it a few feet from him. He sighs and does one step forward when a leg swipes on his own legs and he falls on the ground, grunting when feeling the man sitting on him and a pair of hands tightens around his neck. He desperately hits the man’s hands, the pressure keeping him from breathing. He puts his arms between the other man’s and pushes them apart, then gives him a header. The stranger plucks to the floor and he gasps as he gets up. Before the man can fully stand up Castiel manages to gather the rest of his strength and fully strikes the man on his chest making him stumble back to the other side of the room.

Both share a look and then their eyes fix on the same target: the gun. The one who gets it first gets to live.

[Dean]

Dean is finishing cleaning the room when the waft of the door being opened gets to him and he turns around to find Bela slowly entering by the door.

“What are —“ He notices the gun with a silencer on her hand. “—you doing here?”

She walks inside closing the door behind her, “Where’s Castiel?” She asks glancing around. “I was done waiting. A deal is a deal, Winchester.”

Dean nods with a forced crooked smirk and subtly gazes at his own gun resting on top of his jacket that is lying on the couch.

“Is that really necessary?” He asks motioning to Bela’s hand with his head and she shrugs with a sly look on her face not standing back.

At that moment Dean knows. Their deal was a dangerous deal from the beginning and both were
playing games with each other all along. He tries to remain as apathetic as possible, pacing around, imperceptibly getting closer and closer to his weapon of choice: his beloved colt.

“Why don’t you sit down?” Bela suggests, even though Dean knows it is an order. He holds back a grunt, looking at her and she tilts her head. “I insist.”

Dean gives her a suspicious glare. With luck, Castiel will be back in time and shoot her dead from behind. With luck, he manages a way to off her first.

“I thought we had agreed on waiting for me in that motel room.” He comments boringly staring at the barrel of her gun.

She nods, softly laughing, “Oh, there is someone awaiting you… Just not me.” She shrugs and looks around.

“You double-crossed me.” Dean snarls slightly offended when realizing what she’s doing.

“Oh, please!” She scoffs giving him a look. “You’d do the same if you could.” She says and Dean barely contains a smirk. “Correction: you already did. Castiel is not here, so I can only assume two things. One: he escaped, but, in that case, you wouldn’t be here all calm, you would have hit the gas by now. Two: he freed him. That means you two came to an understanding… Which also means you needed to take me out. So… You didn’t go to the motel room because you told Castiel to go there instead of you.”

Dean doesn’t break his stare, clenching his jaw. He doesn’t care she knows, he is only thinking who is supposedly waiting for him. Another mercenary like her? Some other enemy of Dean’s, because on his line of work he had to step on some people and break some bones. That means he has more enemies than friends. More likely, a lot of enemies and no friends. So, he is intrigued with who’d be his challenge in that room. He can think of some people, from Azazel, a professional assassin from Kansas; to Zachariah, a creepy criminal from Detroit, all of them with some kind of grudge against the Winchester from the time he still worked for Mr. Cooper. So, it wouldn’t surprise him if any of them had made a deal with Bela on his back to take him down. She’d get Castiel, and the other would get him. That’s what he did to her on her back anyway.

“Tell me.” He starts. “Who’s the bad boy you double-crossed me with, huh?”

“Don’t play offended. You know the life, you know the job.” She scolds. “Especially my job. Yes, I love a good vengeance, but do you know what I love more? Money.”

Dean frowns, “Someone paid you to kill me?!”

“Is that such a big of a surprise?” She laughs shaking her head. “You are a mine of gold, Dean Winchester. There are very rich men who want you out of their way. Particularly one rich man.”

Dean seems lost for a minute until one name came to his mind.

“Wait… wait… wait… Dick Roman?!” He asks and she gives him a quick glance. “The fucking shithead who tried to kill you?! Even for you, that’s a new low.”

She scoffs, “Like you are one to talk!” Dean rolls his eyes and she approaches him. “Yes, he did try to kill me, but I have to thank you for being there that day. You scared the shit out of him, so he contacted me and we came to good terms… Negotiation terms. You told me one day you’d call me, I just needed to wait. He paid half in advance and the other half will be transferred to an off-shore account when I inform him of your death. Then you contacted me and oh, my you had Castiel. Two birds in a row. That was just too good to be true. So I took precautions… Those two days I spent
figuring out if this was real? I was actually calling some friends of mine, calling in some favors. And now we are here. I guess I won’t get to kill the man who killed my father, but you are just as good as him for a job.”

“So… how much am I worth?”

“Enough to make a very good life for the rest of my life.” She smiles and Dean retorts back a cynical smirk.

“I’m happy I’m that much valuable to you. I really am, you fucking bitch.”

“This isn’t personal, Dean. Keep it cool.”

“It is to me!” He roars at her and she takes a step back raising her gun that was almost resting by her side. “Uh, I scared you now, didn’t I?” He squints his eyes examining her. “Why haven’t you killed me yet, then?”

“I just like to stop and smell the roses. Seeing you there, mentally thinking of a way to escape. I have all the time of the world, Dean. And I’ll only pull this trigger when I get tired of you.”

Dean nods.

“And after this what, huh? Do you think you’ll get away with this? Do you think some guy will win Castiel? Please! He already saw your face and let me tell you something: he’s onto you and he won’t stop, sister. So you better run, fast!” He grits and she laughs.

“Well that is not what I was thinking.”

“Some guy? Try Gordon Walker.”

Dean halts at those words. No, not Gordon Walker. Even he wouldn’t survive a fight against him, armed or fist to fist. Gordon was a beast, a killing machine with the strength of a bull. Dean actually knocked him out once, when they were both small threats to the world, hidden and making connections. It was pretty ugly. By the end, Dean felt like he had fought twelve rounds against a brick wall. Ever since that day that Gordon is looking for payback.

“You shouldn’t trust him.” Dean warns.

“Trust him? I don’t trust anyone. That’s the first rule of our lifestyles. Trust nobody or you’ll get yourself killed. You should know that by now.”

“Who says I don’t?”

“This moment right here. You trusted yourself. You were convinced you had everything and everyone under your control. That you were the Master of this little game of yours. You doomed yourself.” She sighs. “If it wasn’t me, it would be someone else… Like Castiel. He’d turn on you the second you’d leave this place.”

Dean laughs, “I not so sure of that. We… We are close, Talbot.” He leans forth on the chair lowering his voice. “Religious bastards are always the kinkiest.” He winks and leans back. “But I gotta say… I’m disappointed. People say there is no honor among thieves, but that was never completely true, now, was it? There is plenty of honor between our kind, I guess you just never had that on you. You owe me your life!”

“Money is better than honor.”

“Being alive is better than being dead.” He counter-opinions and she gives him an unamused glance.
“Really, Talbot, do you think anyone will do business with you after this?”

“I’ll be considered a hero, dumbshit.” She exclaims. “After this night, people will worship the mystery person who murdered the Great Dean Winchester. I’ll be a legend.”

“You’ll also be the bitch who betrayed the man who saved her from an asshole, only for her to work with said man to kill her savior.” He vaguely adds still thinking it through. “You should know better by now, nothing passes unnoticed on your kind. Probably everyone knows by now that I saved you and that you still owe me that one.”

She rolls her eyes with a sigh. Sadly, it was true. Living the lives they live they need underground connections, and everyone knows everyone there, even though no one truly saw anyone. She can’t risk losing her credibility. However—

“I think I will risk this one. You caused us all more problems than you should. I don’t think anyone will mind.”

“I know someone who will.”

She smiles, “Right, your new buddy: Castiel.” She nods stepping forward. “Is this why you’re trying so hard to stall me? So he can get back here and kill me?”

Dean doesn’t try to deny it.

“You don’t seem too afraid of that happening though.”

She nods, “I do not, indeed. That’s because I paid my buddy a fair share on this one so I trust he’ll get it done.”

“And what if he doesn’t? What if he dies?” He drawls the last word harsher and huskier, almost singing it.

He doesn’t feel afraid at all. Amused at best. Also a bit mad, but utterly hyped with what is happening. He is one step from dying and the sensations, the adrenaline that pumps through his body makes him higher than usual. He feels awake, and it is just awesome. And he feels all his survival instincts growling inside, clawing to be let out and he smirks. He is screwed, but he smirks, his muscles ready to jump on her and fight for his life. He just needs to wait a little longer, talk some more… Make her think she won. Which, technically, she did, but he is no quitter.

“I guess we will have to wait and see.”

Both look at each other and Dean can see the taunting disgust in her eyes. He sees the ambitious victory in her sneer, the features of someone who knows she got him good. He clenches his jaw at that, out of habit during a more stressful situation, and adjusts on his chair glaring at her. She is trying to break him, make him feel something weak, but he won’t let her win that game. He’ll come around.

Then, he hears a buzz and she grabs her phone, reads something on the screen and a wide smile crosses her face, while she contently, decisively walks up at him.

“I told you he’d get him.” She whispers and shows him the phone screen.

Dean’s heart almost stops at it.
Dean blinks. He’s dead. He looks up at her, seeing her nauseating smile. He’s dead. He narrows his brows, his face contorted into an animalistic growl. He’s dead. No one could kill Castiel but him! No. Not even him. Castiel was his. Or would be his! Someday… Someday it would happen. And now… Some black-ass asshole shot his new favorite toy dead.

“You’ll pay for this.” He roars. His eyes flashing all his hate and wrath in one look. “You—“

“I didn’t know he was that important to you!” She laughs and Dean gathers impulse to jump his chair but she stops him with her gun raised once again at him. “Really important.” She stops absorbing the image of that man, so cold and teasing minutes before and now the closest thing to a wild infuriated animal. “You know what… I don’t care about the money. Now that I really think of that, you double-crossed me too, real bad, and I don’t like that. I’ll let you mourn Castiel’s death, so, I won’t kill now. Instead, I’ll give a slow death.”

Dean scoffs, “Really?”

“Really.” She agrees and aims her gun at his right knee, pulling the trigger. Dean wails and she aims to the other. “One’s enough, right?”

Dean puts both his hands on his bleeding knee and grits his teeth as Bela quickly walks around grabbing some rope.

“Bitch!” He roars and sees the rope around his chest. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“This state has death penalty, right?” She asks and Dean widens his eyes at her.

“You’re not—“ He shakes his head but she cuts him off.

“Oh, sweetie, I am!” She states and hits him with the handle of her gun, knocking him out.

She then dials the police station number, anonymously reports the localization of Hell’s Torturer and leaves the phone on the middle of the room floor. Before she shuts the door, she contemplates Dean’s unconscious body with a bleeding knee, ducked face on the chair; the dead stripper no longer contaminating the floor with fresh blood; the red walls and night lights making most of Dean’s features into deep darks hollowed shadows.

She shuts the door.

On the floor is the phone still, just like minutes before, his screen still flashing the message that made Dean lost his temper.

He’s dead.
Of Grave Importance

So, not a chapter, sorry, but still important. As you may have noticed, I haven't updated in a long looooooong time and I'm so sorry for that!

The thing is (and I'm embarrassed to say it): I lost all my chapters... I had almost two chapters ready, but my computer was having some problems and some files got lost (the one of this story included and a lot of school projects as well) and other than that, my Microsoft Word stopped running five minutes after I initiated it. I started using Microsoft OneNote and the same thing happened. Then, I used Notebook and things were going great. The only problem is that there's no automatic saving and shit happens. Hours of writing a very important scene went to Hell after my laptop suddenly shut down without a warning.

After that, it took three weeks until my computer came back from the store.

All this to say, it really annoys a person and I gotta be honest: after all this crap, my will to keep writing disappeared. But don't worry, I'm starting all over again, it just doesn't seem good as it was the first time (It's always like that, isn't it? You write something good, lose it, and then it doesn't matter how hard you try, you'll never get what you had before.).

So, yeah, I'm pretty down, right now.

I was actually starting another chapter before writing this, but after one hour of nonsense and shitty dialogues and awful writing, I decided to call it a day and give you guys a warning as to how things are. They are pretty bad... It's dark... Hell, it's pitch black. It's like Amara went to my house, specifically my laptop, and swept everything away...

I can't say how much I love all of your support and how grateful I feel. Your comments mean the world to me and, recently, since the last time I posted a new chapter, every time I receive a new comment, I honestly feel ashamed because you really deserve lots of chapters all at once after so many months waiting. And you'll have them, I promise! Just give me a couple of weeks, I hope, and I'll give you all I have.

Thank you so much.

See you soon!

P.S.1: I'll deleted this author's note when a new chapter's posted. :)

P.S.2: In the meantime listen to some music. Twenty One Pilots is my obsession, so... Go listen to that! |-/
Hi!
First of all, thank you all for your support, it gave me a lot of strength to keep writing this story, and I love you guys for being so patient with me, really, you are the best readers I could ever ask for!
Secondly, I did it! I finally managed to write it as close as possible to my first idea! I already have another chapter done, but it still need some editing (just some reading and finding some minor grammar mistakes and such).

Anyway, go for it!

[Sam]

Morning

San Francisco Airport

Sam leaves the gigantic building carrying his luggage while absently looking at the floor. People are busily walking by, talking on the phone or welcoming some relative or friend who is visiting the city. He simply keeps walking, head down, dodging shoulders and bags, the loud chatting noise coming from all directions.

He didn’t sleep last night. Nor he did the night before that. It’s been two days since he left Palo Alto and flashbacks of Camile’s death still haunt him late at night when he puts himself to bed.

It has been two days since his future was completely ruined.

His head hurts. A lot. And his eyes feel heavy. He just hopes he can get some hours of rest, before heading to the FBI headquarters, so he can talk to Reid. For what he understands, he’ll be their new consultant about Dean’s case, or something alike. He, honestly, doesn’t care what he needs to do, he just wants to catch the son of a bitch who destroyed all his chances of having a happy life with the woman he loves.

He looks up along the sidewalk looking for a cab. There are lots of them, but it looks like a jungle there with people running to catch one like their lives depend on it. He sighs, and his gaze catches a black SUV with a blonde man in black suit and sunglasses leaning against it. The man recognizes Sam and approaches him, hand half raised to a handshake.

“Mr. Winchester, I hope you had a nice flight back home.” Reid says and motions to the car. “Thought I could give you a lift back to the station.”
Sam refuses the handshake, grabbing his luggage on each hand instead, “There was no need for that.” He coldly says and looks at the Special Agent for a few seconds not seeing him backing off. “I… Ahem… I actually thought I could go home first and take care of some things.”

“No problem, I’ll take you there and then we go to the office.”

Sam controls his grunt as Reid leads their way to the car. The taller man puts his bags in the trunk and then goes and sits on the front with Reid driving.

They don’t share many words, only directions to Sam’s apartment. All that suffocating thing that is going on with Spencer makes him feel like he is a prisoner and not Reid’s future help. Maybe it is that way. Maybe Sam is, in some sort, Reid’s prisoner. After all, he doesn’t know for sure how he can help. It doesn’t matter. He’ll even grab a gun if he needs to.

Half an hour later, Reid is parking outside Sam’s apartment building. Sam gets out, grabs his stuff and heads inside, Spencer always following him closely. When he opens the door, Bones, his dog, runs at him and Sam lands his bags on the floor right next to the main door and crouches, ruffling the dog’s torso.

“Hey, big boy! Look at you, still fat.” He chuckles.

Bones licks his face.

He, hereafter, walks to the kitchen, where a small pile of letters is resting on the counter. He assumes it was Mrs. Cunningham, the lady he asked to feed Bones and check on his apartment, who put them there. He passes his eyes through them, most of them being bills and he can feel Reid behind him.

“Nice place you got yourself here. Looks like being a lawyer is the thing now…”

“Well, not everyone has the skills to be a good lawyer.” He says still looking through the letters’ envelopes.

Reid laughs, “So, this is the consequence of being a good lawyer: a good house?” He asks and Sam nods followed by a shrug.

“That, wise choices and a bit of luck.”

“Hell, I’m a damn good cop and I never managed this!”

Sam barely contains his ‘really’ look and, instead, grabs his bags and drags them to his room. He needs a shower and some hours of sleep; even though he knows he’ll only be able to get the first out of those two things. So, he loses no time and locks himself in the bathroom.

When he returns to the living room, Reid is still on foot, nosing around, touching stuff here and there, looking at pictures, taking a peek at some of Sam’s cases that were on the table.

“Hey!” Sam grunts. “Do you mind? You’re not allowed to read my cases!”

“They were just here for anyone to look at them.”

Sam growls and puts them away, “Just… Do you mind waiting outside? I’m almost ready, anyway.”

“Sure.” Reid coldly accepts wasting no time and moving to the door. Before opening it, he turns around to look at Sam. “And drop that case of Roselin Mayers. You don’t wanna ruin your 85% of wins…”
“That’s exactly why I picked up this case! No one else can win this but me.”

Reid shrugs, “You won’t have time for that.” He whispers, it passing unnoticed to Sam.

FBI’s field office is as busy as Sam remembered it the last time. People were rushing from desk to desk and the background noise of phones and keyboards’ keys being pressed over and over again made him remember his own office at the attorney company he works at.

He looks around. Five agents are gathered around next to the elevators chatting about something related to a case of a murder. There’s one agent using the copying machine and two agents on the indoor balcony above him quietly discussing something.

Spencer Reid keeps walking in front of him, leading their way to his office and, as they pass through what once was Henriksen’s own office, Sam frowns at the emptiness of that division, so nude to the transparent glass walls that connected the office to the balcony.

“Where’s Victor?”

“In jail waiting for trial.” Reid nonchalantly tells stopping some feet ahead, opening the door to his office.

“What, why?”

“First things first, Samuel. I’ll let you in on all the details. Considering you are involved in the reason of his arrest.”

Sam frowns, lips parted, but remains his questions to himself. He’d get the answers, but first, he needed to make the contract with the Feds. Or was it a deal? A partnership, maybe? Sam is still confused after all the hours of thinking.

The room is neat. It has its walls full of pictures and maps, yes, but nicely clean. He takes a seat and the Agent sits in front of him, a thick file already resting on the desk.

“We’ll need you to sign some things. It’s all about confidentiality mostly, but also agreements as to what you’ll be doing for us. You’ll get a card, so you can access the building whenever you want without the need of an escort. You won’t have a gun, though. We don’t even know if you have a license to carry or if you even know how to shoot. Although, I’m pretty sure you know. Bottom line: you cannot have a gun, even if you wanted to. You are not allowed to discuss the events of this case, it including clues, information, images, or files, outside this building. All the information you’ll be permitted to speak freely will firstly pass by me.” He starts taking some papers out of the folder. “But most importantly: while you are working for us, you cannot continue your advocacy activity.”

Sam looks up from the papers, “Excuse me? Why not?”

“You won’t have time, for starters.” He sighs. “Then, legally speaking, even though I’d love if you could do that, you cannot be a consultant or a police officer and also a lawyer. Why, you might ask? Because, as an officer of the FBI, you are obliged of reporting in any crime committed by a person. As a lawyer, you might get some clients who might confess you their crimes to help you build up their defense case. See the contradiction here?”

“I cannot quit my job!” He shakes his head.

“You won’t be quitting your job. We’ll be sending them an official letter demanding them to release
you for us whilst we solve this case.”

“And how long will that be?” Sam asks cautiously.

“Indefinitely.” Reid shrugs.

Sam doesn’t like that. Not at all. He loves his job, he loves to help people. Besides, he isn’t a lawyer of defense; he doesn’t accept clients who actually did something. He only helps innocent people. To top that, no company would accept to lose one of its employees and remain with that vacant job unfilled for months, possibly years considering the pace the investigation is going at.

But he lost everything he cared about, and he made a promise he’d revenge what happened to Camille and working with the FBI is the best way of doing so.

“And what would I be doing, exactly?”

“You’d tag along with me every time anything related to your brother or to Castiel pops out: every crime scene, any message, clue… You’d also tell us every single detail of Dean’s life, since your first memory of him until the last time you were together, you’d help us doing his psychological analysis, you’d get access to the entirety of the investigation. You’d also need to come out to the media as his brother; that is a pivotal point of this. People need to know we are going somewhere! And you are a very respectful man with a tough past, our society loves melodramatic people, they’ll connect to you, they will support you and, therefore, they’ll support us, too.”

“So… You want to throw me into the fire. People may like melodrama, but they also panic at the smallest things, most likely I won’t have any more clients if they know I’m Dean’s brother.”

Reid laughs, “You’ll be a celebrity. People will come at you even more regularly… If you do this right.”

Sam shifts on his chair, uncomfortable. He wasn’t doing this for the fame; all he wanted was not to be famous or publicly connected to Dean, much less both at the same time. That way, Reid’s plan wasn’t compelling enough. Unless…

“…You don’t wanna connect me to the people.” Sam says and Reid gives him a curious glance. “You wanna spook Dean. Let him know you have something against him.” He pauses, glaring at Spencer, until he can’t hold it anymore and scoffs, “You wanna use me as your bait.”

“Well… I cannot say that isn’t true, but we could actually use your knowledge, as well.” He rests both his hands on the table. “Look, we need to have some advantage on him. What happened in Palo Alto proves that you have some sort of effect on him. That’s good! We can use it against him, we can use you against his perturbed mind. And the best way of doing that is on national TV. We’ll play games with his head, push him to an edge, and drag him to you.”

“When you push someone like him to the edge, usually a lot of people die.”

“People will die anyway.” Reid growls. “All we can do is decide if they die in vain or not.”

Sam remains in silence staring at the papers.

“I can’t force you into anything. But you called me saying that you wanted this. Well, this is it! You can either sign the papers, become officially an employee of the FBI and help us getting Dean… or… you can get up, leave the office and go back to your life. I just don’t think you have much more of your happy life. And it happened because of him. Everything is happening because of him! And you can stop him. You!”
Sam bites his bottom lip, narrowed eyebrows, and taps his fingers on the desk, the papers with dozens of lines calling for him. His eyes read most of it during his time there while Reid was talking and so far so good, nothing that Spencer hadn’t told him himself. Even his salary would be good. Not good as it was, but it wouldn’t bother him much.

He breathes out, “Where do I sign?”

Sam spent hours reading folders with newspaper articles, case files and agent reports about Dean and Castiel and, hour by hour, he’d get more horrified with the things he’d learn about the investigation. There is a lot known to the common public, but a lot more hidden from the ordinary citizen.

He is finishing reading one of their most recent cases: Celeste Middleton, one of Dean’s closest friends on high school. He is reading the last details, sadness drenched in his spirit as he thinks if she had someone in her life when she died. Her parents died when she was twelve, and ever since that day she had no other family besides the lady who became her guardian, but even she had passed two years after Celeste disappeared.

That’s when another file gets his attention. It’s brand new by appearance and it’s almost completely hidden under a pile of papers on Reid’s desk. He almost looks away uncurious, but his gut tells him to get up and take a look at it.

So he does.

The file goes by the name “Davis Lowe” and has three exclamation points. He looks around, trying to see if Reid is anywhere near and opens it up, seeing a first short summary of the crime scene and the state of the victim, followed by some pictures of the place he was found at.

He frowns after looking at two of those photos. He knows that place, it’s his damn kitchen at his place in Palo Alto! He goes through all the pictures quickly and then flips through the file until he finds the detailed report of that event.

“…Sometime between four and five in the morning… Breaking and entering… shot by Victor Henriksen?” He reads aloud, narrowing his brows. What the hell was happening? Why was Victor at his place in that time of the night and why did he shot another policeman there?

Most importantly: why wasn’t he informed of that? That happened at his fucking house!

“You weren’t supposed to be reading that. Not yet.” Reid’s voice caught Sam off-guard.

“Oh, yeah?” Sam hisses and looks at him. “Why wasn’t I informed of this?” He throws the file to the desk and puts both of his hands on his waist. “My house is a crime scene. A person died there! What was Henriksen doing there? Is that why he is arrested?”

Reid sighs and walks closer, grabbing the file that Sam threw to the desk, “You weren’t informed of this sad and traumatic happening because you had more important things to do. You already had a lot to worry about: Camile’s death.” He forces all he has to sound genuinely touched by what happened. “I lost an agent that day. Two actually, since Victor is currently arrested.”

“I don’t understand… Why would Victor do something like that?”
“He…” He stops, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I guess he just lost it. Ever since I got to command his investigation he became…strange. I put one of my agents after him, just for precaution and… That sickening obsession consumed him completely. I suppose that when he realized he was being tagged, he just killed him. I can assume he was fanatical about your brother and that he went after you to find a way of using you to get to him. It could’ve been you in that kitchen’s floor for all we know.”

Sam squints his eyes; it is impossible to Reid think he believes in that. He is a good liar, but Sam’s a lawyer, he can spot a lie when he sees one. And that… That wasn’t the whole story. But, for now, maybe he should just play it cool.

“And did he confess?” He asks crossing his arms over his chest.

“What do you think, of course not!” He grits, visibly irritated. “He just came up with a bunch of lies. I can get you his statement, if you’d like, but don’t think it will help you with anything. You need to focus on Dean, not on some shit Victor did. Justice will play its role with him, now play yours!”

“Okay.” Sam sighs. “Okay!” He gives up for the moment and lets his arms rest by his sides.

Reid seems content with Sam’s decision and grips the file tighter in his hands before walking back to the glassy door,

“Good. I need to take care of some things, but if you need anything, just call Sarah and she’ll help you.” He says and Sam looks out the office trying to figure who that might be. Reid notices it. “Oh, that’s the one with brown hair, right… there.” He points at a tall and elegant agent with curly hair, but sharp, yet graceful facial features who is standing next to the coffee machine beside the elevators.

Sam nods and is left alone faster than he expected. Not that he complains, he doesn’t like Spencer that much. In fact, he dislikes him… A lot! And working with him is like constantly feeling sick and about to vomit. That man is a snake: devious but poisoning. And Sam knows that being there is worse than being working to the Devil, but not much can be done to change that.

He ends up needing help sooner than he thought he would. Most files were incomplete, with lacking information, and the ring binders organized on the shelving units seemed to have no end. He needed more info on eleven cases connect to Dean and on eight connect to Castiel. He also needed a map untouched so he could start looking for the patterns on his own, every footage they had on them and their list of clues, so he could see if there was anything in common between them. Unfortunately, the woman he was told to ask for help wasn’t there when he looked for her, ending up looking for all that stuff all by himself.

After six hours of extensive studying of the case, he couldn’t handle it anymore and headed for the delayed lunch he definitely deserved.

He enters the first diner he finds. There aren’t many people in there, mostly elders and one or another grunt. He recognizes some faces from the FBI’s field office, but other than that, it is a completely new place for him. He is used to other side of the city, where the firm of lawyers is at, and he feels completely disconnected to this part of the city. Everything seems so cruel, dark and cold in there. All streets are long, covered in the shadows of the buildings. He supposes his part of the city is exactly the same; he just never noticed it because he felt good there, at home, but not there. Not now.

He orders a chicken salad and a beer. He could at least drink something that would liberate his mind a little; reading about macabre ways of dying for hours in a row is not what he estimated to be doing
for life. There were cases that were still haunting his mind: the case of one of Cas’s siblings, Lucifer, who was set on fire; the case of Pamela Barnes, who got her eyes ripped off her face; Natalie Knope, who was found dead with deep signs of torture and, one of the cases that clearly touched him, Celine Jackson, a young girl, who was violated by his brother. It revolted him when he read it. Then he read the name of Celine’s father and his stomach turned at the memories that name brought to him… Of what that man had done to Dean. Sadly, he then came to acknowledge the girl wasn’t able to cope with what happened to her and ended up ending her own life. And Dean was guilty of that, no matter of what had happened when he was fourteen!

Only the thought of what he read is making him feel sick again.

And then he remembers Camile and all the blood. He remembers the warmness of her blood in his hands, the blank stare of her eyes while he desperately tried to keep her alive. He remembers the easiness on Dean’s move, not a hint of doubt or remorse in his action… And then, the look on Mrs. Moore when finding her daughter attacks his mind blocking him of any other thought.

He lastly remembers Jess and his heart churns in sorrow.

When things couldn’t get worse in his already troubled mind, one client at the counter asks the waitress to increase the volume of the TV. At the footnote was possible to read: When will Justice stop Hell’s Torturer?

“And back to the shocking new developments of the latest appalling case involving Hells’s Torturer.” A male says and most of the noise inside the establishment vanishes. Apparently, everyone wanted to know anything related to Dean. “As it was known yesterday, the death of a child in Palo Alto, by the hands of Dean Winchester, has put a dark cloud above the population of that town. Today, we had revelations of this case that makes us rethink of who we can trust in our lives.” By this time, it is his colleague, a woman, who proceeds. Then the camera returns to the man. Somehow Sam already has a feeling about what they are going to say. “As it seems, it wasn’t random! The girl was the sister of Jessica Moore, who is the fiancée of who we now know to be Dean’s brother!” The camera goes to the female. “Yes, Dean Winchester has a brother! And he is a lawyer who goes by the name Sam Campbell. The question here is: why haven’t we heard of him before? And why does he hide his real last name? Is he, somehow, connect to his brother? We’ll go further into the details after this short break.”

Sam grunts looking at the stamp of the booth. Of course! There were already speculations of him taking part of Dean’s activities. Next thing, he’d be considered a psycho just for being his brother, people will judge him and be scared of him. He’ll lose all his credibility amongst the other lawyers. He’ll probably get fired.

At least they didn’t show a picture of him.

And then, just when Sam thinks things can’t get any worse, his boss calls him. He picks up after letting it buzz for ten seconds or so, so he could take time to breathe in and out.

“This is Sam.” He calmly says gripping the phone tightly in his hand.

“Samuel! Are you watching that talk-show on channel eight?” The man asks without losing any essential time.

There was no point in lying, “Yes, sir.”

“Isn’t your girlfriend called Jessica?” His boss asks and Sam actually rolls his eyes at it, already massaging his right temple.
“Look, sir… Before you say anything, let me explain. Yes, I am the subject they are talking about, but—”

«I need you at my office. Today!»

“Sir, I can’t. I… have too much work to do at the moment. I’m currently at FBI’s headquarters, they’re needing my help. Can I pass by there tomorrow?»

There are a few seconds of silence, «What are you doing there? Is this related to what they are talking about on TV right now? I cannot have my firm connected with—»

“I’m not a criminal if that’s what you are about to imply. And I have nothing to do with my brother. What happened in Palo Alto had nothing to do with me. I’m actually the victim.”

«I thought the victim was a teenage girl.» His boss points out and Sam can hear his incredulousness in his voice. «You have a lot of explaining to do, boy. And, just a piece of advice, I’d recommend you get yourself a lawyer. You’ll be needing one.»

Sam is about to reply that he is a damn lawyer, that he can defend himself, but he is hung up on the face by his boss. He throws his phone to the booth and bites a knuckle of his hand to stop him from punching the table. He is nervously tapping his right foot on the floor and he clenches his jaw, frustrated.

The show goes back on.

“Back with our breaking news! Samuel Winchester. Who is this mysterious man? How come we never heard of him? He is a lawyer, for God’s sake!” The woman says. “And a damn good one, for what we found out. But everyone has that something that makes other people run away… A secret. And his secret can make even the strongest ones fly outside his door and never come back.”

The man appears on screen.

“Let’s not jump to conclusions. Here’s what we know: Their mom died when he was a baby, then their dad when he was fifteen, shortly before Dean disappeared only to appear years after as this… cruel man. He then was raised by Robert Singer, who died over a year ago. Straight A student in high school. He went to Stanford where he studied Law and is now working at Sheppard and Collins. Actually, he is one of their best employees. Leslie, do you know how many cases an average lawyer wins in this state? Not that many, half of them. This guy? In fifty-nine case, he won fifty. Not every man can pull something like that off.”

The woman starts speaking again.

“Well, if I was sure I could trust him I’d hire him as my lawyer, that’s for sure!” She chuckles. “But that’s the problem, Matt. We cannot know if we can trust this man. He lied to the family who opened their arms and took him as their own son. That’s right, ladies and gentlemen, he lied to the family of his fiancée, her included, too! That sure says something about him! If he lies to them he can lie to anyone else! And let’s not forget the circumstances he was found at the night of the girl’s death!” She looks directly at the camera.

“There’s that too, cannot disagree with you on that!” Matt agrees.

Sam is actually perplexed. How do they know what Dean is to him? Did they talk with someone in the family? Or was it with someone in the police? Either way, Sam doesn’t like where it is heading. He never liked to be exposed in any way, much less in the media in such a big channel.
Leslie is still talking, “… They found him on top of the girl, his hands around her neck, blood everywhere. He said it was Dean, but there was no sign of him… they didn’t find the crime weapon… Or any evidence that actually proved that Dean was there. The police just went with what Samuel said.”

“So, he is free.” Matt says in a questioning tone. “And he wasn’t taken into questioning?”

“No!” Leslie replies in an exasperated tone. “I also got to know that he is back in San Francisco. His fiancée just lost her sister and he left her behind and went back home not even two days later!”

“Wait… Is she still engaged to him? After what happened?”

“I don’t know. My source didn’t know that. I really hope not! We don’t know what truly happened that night and that poor family needs peace!”

So, he can scratch ‘family member’. They were the first to know of their break-up. They even helped it, gave the first step. So, it’s gotta be someone from the police department. But who? Some deputy from Palo Alto or some FBI agent? Sam isn’t sure, but there is a name dancing in his mind, someone that wanted to put Sam’s name in the media as fast as possible.

“I mean…” Leslie continues. “He is a cutie pie. Seriously, look!” At that moment, a picture of him appears on the screen. “Isn’t he adorable? No one would think of him being the brother of a monster. But let’s be honest, Dean himself is not what comes to mind when we think of how a psychopath looks like. He is a very good looking man! And he is a killer! So what makes us be sure this sweet innocent-looking face isn’t covering the identity of a beast? Because he lied about his identity, as well!” She states. “So far, there are a lot of lies he needs to explain!”

A lot of lies? Sam scoffs at what he hears. Like always, people talk without knowing what they are talking about. Leslie is known for planting seeds of doubt, gossip and speculation every time she has the chance of doing so. She is a dangerous person, and a powerful woman for the position she holds on TV: she can connect with millions of TV viewers and feed them with her own obnoxious ideas. Mostly lies, but the typical human doesn’t see it.

“How do you know what I think?” Matt chimes in. “I think it would be terrific if we could talk to him. Let him tell us his side of the story. That would be something amazing. We could get an inside of Dean’s life like we never did before!”

Sam wasn’t going to listen to anything else; it would only disturb him more than he already is. So, he gets up and notices some not so discreet glances from people who recognized him from the picture. He ignores them, leaves a bill to pay the meal he didn’t actually eat and heads out of the diner, the soft cold breeze not bothering him at all.

The FBI building is right at the end of that street so he doesn’t have a long walk to take. He wishes he had, though, as he is still with the nerves right under the surface of his skin and he is afraid he will explode at the next person who talks to him. Especially when he has a strong feeling of who that might be!

And like he thought, so it happened. He was back in Reid’s office, going through more reports about the same, when he enters his office and sits on the other side of the desk, an investigative gaze on him for minutes. Sam remained silent for some time, simply ignoring it or doing small questions about some minor details of what he was reading. Spencer would answer, but other than that, he’d simply stay there giving bored peaks at the file he already read thousands of times, but mostly staring
at Sam.

Sam finally snaps.

“I know it was you.” His voice definitely sounds upset, but he doesn’t make much of an effort to look at the Special Agent.

Reid doesn’t seem surprised, “Sooner or later, we’d need to do that. This seemed the right opportunity to do so…”

Sam stops reading and looks at the man, “The right opportunity? They are already painting me as if I’m a madman! And my boss already called me. I wouldn’t be shocked if tomorrow morning I lose my job. But, yeah, totally the right time to do something stupid like that!”

“It wasn’t stupid. It was smart. Your fiancée’s sister was killed very recently. The news were talking about the dead chick already, if you didn’t come up to the public now, it would be much worse in the future. People would be like: Why did he keep hidden for so long? How didn’t the police found out about him before? Look, this is the perfect chance to give people hope!”

“And how would that happen?”

“People lost faith in this department. We’ve been for so long after those two with no developments! You survived his attack. You are the symbol that we can survive Dean Winchester! That he is not invincible. He went after you and you got out alive…”

Sam scoffs, “You know that’s not what happened. I’m pretty sure you already read the report, Dean said he was there protecting me from Castiel.”

“Yes, but people don’t know that!” Reid exclaims. “And they won’t know. What they’ll know is that he came after you and you fought for your life and survived. You’ll be a hero.”

“I’ll be a liar.”

Reid shrugs, “This ain’t a fairytale. Public image is essential. People need to believe in us. And they will believe in you—Yes, they are speculating awful things right now, but you are good looking, smart, and a lawyer… You are a respectful man and at the moment you go out there and tell them our story, everyone will be by your side. And, as you are on our side, the faith they’ll put on you, they’ll be also putting on us.” He calmly says and Sam rolls his eyes. He isn’t there to be the FBI’s toy. “Samuel, we need some progress on this investigation. And so far, you are the best thing we dug up. Just give it a chance.”

Sam shakes his head, “We’ll be poking at the bear if we do this.”

“Exactly!” Reid laughs. “We both know how Dean is! We know how proud of himself he is... How arrogant and narcissistic! You going on national TV and telling your brave journey against your own brother? It will bring him down, it will humiliate him!”

“If we push Dean, a lot of people will die!” Sam exclaims, controlling his voice not to scream.

“People die every day. And they’ll keep dying by his hands anyway until we stop him! All we can do is make him edgy, unstable. He’ll break; we just need to push the right buttons: you and his necessity of being untouchable.”

*I could punch you, right now.* Sam thinks, subconsciously making his hands into fists. He is getting to the conclusion that Reid himself doesn’t care about collateral damage. He didn’t care about
Camille’s death or anything else related to what happened in that night. He just saw an opportunity of fishing Sam out of the water and turning him into his puppet.

“Besides, you’ll need to do this. Eventually, the speculation will surge to such a level of craziness that you’ll need to defend your good name.” Reid actually lets a small smile escape his lips.

Of course, Reid was a tricky son of a bitch. He knew Sam wouldn’t go to the media eagerly, so he needed to put some pressure on him. And the best way of doing it is by telling private and confidential information about the case and personal life of Sam Winchester to one of the most snooper talk-shows on air in the country.

*Nice move, Spencer!*

“We’ll see.” He simply states with a tone of finality and closes the folder before getting to his feet. “We’ll see.” He repeats and leaves the office.

He clearly needed to go home and take some time to think. Reid had started with his little manipulations to control Sam like he wanted, but Sam will not let him have the upper hand. No one messes with him, not anymore, and if Reid wants to do the things the dirty way, Sam won’t be the one playing fair, too.

And fortunately, he already knows the perfect way of doing so!

As he looks for his apartment keys, his phone buzzes and Reid’s name invades his phone’s screen, the ringtone perpetually ringing to the annoying point.

He picks up, “Sam speaking.”

«Where are you?»

Sam sighs, “At home, Reid.”

«Get back here. No… Go straight to the airport! I’ll meet you there.»

Sam frowns at Reid’s agitation, “Hmm—Why?”

There’s noise in the background and Sam can hear Reid giving orders to some agents. There is a lot of movement there and he can feel that Reid is walking hurriedly and, two seconds later, the sound of the elevator’s door warns him their conversation is about to end.

«It’s about Dean.»
Hello, dear readers (who somehow still read this ~thank you so much for keeping around~)!
The first phase of exams is done!!! I'm really looking forward Physics and Chemistry, my gut tells me I improved my score from last year, so yay!!!

Anyway, in two weeks I'm gonna go to the second phase of Biology and Geology. Just in case I don't get such a great score as I'm hoping to get, but If I get a 16, I can get into FCUP or SCUP (School of Science from University of (O)porto) - which is considered the best college of my country - to study Biochemistry. I'm really feeling stressed out: going to college always was one of my biggest dreams and this pressure is just killing me. I hope all my hard work pays off. *Fingers crossed*

Still, I got some time to update: I couldn't keep you guys waiting that long, could I? This story is a part of me already, and I love all your support. I just really hope you like what I have in mind for the next chapters, so /please/ let me know of your opinion. kay? Kay, have a nice reading!
Hugs :D

*EDIT*
It appears all corrections I did before posting went poof and I'm so sorry for that. I read it all over again so now you shouldn't have any huge mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[Dean]

Black.

*He’s dead-

The door bursts open and a small raid of cops invade inside, guns raised, aiming at him.

"Don't move." He hears a voice say, really low and faintly, like if the person's deep inside his conscious. His eyes are closed and he feels heavy, a pounding pain in his knee being the only reminder that he still has that leg.

But, he feels so tired he just lets himself drift to sleep. *Just for a bit*, he firstly thought to himself. So, the voices must be just the dream coming to him, gripping him by his memories and fears and pulling him down to a state of nothing.

Then, he hears those ghost-y steps around him. Rushed, professional, fierce. And something, some sort of force pulling his chin up.

*Death has gotten me*, he thinks for a while, his head heavily slumping to the pressure holding him.
"Bring the paramedics in, NOW!" The same voice orders, his head falling back to his side. He wants to open his eyes, but he feels them glued shut. That, or he simply doesn't have the strength to do so.

More of that sensation of something groping him comes, and he can only assume those are hands, until one of his eyes is forced open and he sees a man crouched in front of him, the room dim, dark, making it only possible for Dean to see that stranger holding his eye open and then...

He sees Bela’s face, her smug smile. Then a raise of her gun. Then, he hears the sound of the trigger being pulled and he was shot...

Light. Just a hit of light going right into his eye. Then, the same to the other one.

"His pupils are responding." The man says and his hands leave Dean's face. He checks his pulse, nevertheless, making his lips into a thin line - weak, fading - and doesn't take long until his hands touch Dean's leg just above his knee. "We've got ourselves a problem here!" He shouts. Then his hands gently grope around the wound, his boots stepping on the never-ending growing pool of blood, trying to figure out what to do in the less painful possible way for the man on the chair. That's when the paramedic's hands hold his knee, that Dean feels his heart skip a beat and his leg being torn apart. His eyes just snap open and he puts his hands around the man's neck, tightening his grip constantly, punishing him for hurting him more. Just like a rabid hurt dog attacking whoever touches the aching wound.

The man gasps, Dean has, somehow, a lot of strength left, and an police agent raises his gun nervously, about to shoot, but, as fast as Dean came back to consciousness, he whimpers, one last cry for help, and all his body goes numb.

CAS IS DEAD!

Light.

Ceiling lamps run out of his camp of vision like continuous blinding blurs. He yelps and contorts and he can hear a lot of nervous voices shouting orders around him. He is laid down, on a stretcher, and the sterilized scent lets him know where he is. He feels hands groping him, holding him down, keeping him from moving and worsening his condition. He feels fire in his knee, excruciating pain to the point he bites his lips until they bleed. He feels weak, exhausted. The voices around him are agonizing and his head is killing him.

He looks around, wide eyes swelling as tears start to spring on his eyelids, and he feels hammers in his head, crushing his skull, an acute headache making him roar as the stretcher keeps rolling on a unsteady but balanced rhythm. Somehow, he manages to focus his vision enough to see people. A lot of people. He is being strolled down a hallway, patients against the walls, creating path so the crowd can pass, perplexed eyes fixated on that fuss and on the man held down. He tries to hold up his head, but a hand pushes it down again.

He roars and tries to fight the people around him, however he doesn't mind the hands restraining him anymore, as he is starting to feel his members numb, and harder and harder to focus his vision, his eyes heavier, but his heart pounding hard against his chest. Until he sees or feels nothing at all.
The first time he blinks, he sees light. Not blinding light, just whiteness. The second time, his vision returns to paint the image clearer and he sees the ceiling. The more focused the image gets, the more pain he feels in his eyes. He grunts, squinting and a sterilized scent penetrates his nostrils. He finally gains the ability to look around and sees machines, some connected with tubes to him and two other empty beds, some armchairs and white walls with a large window at the other side of the room. There is a bottle with painkillers or supplements on the end table beside his bed, there are cabinets next to the door, and curtains and machinery around each bed.

That isn’t the room he was in hours before!

He shifts, ignoring the massive headache he’s having and bites his tongue as he tries to move his right leg, only to feel a long flash of pain exploding in his knee. He loudly breathes out, holding back grunts. He feels like crap. Entirely, from his leg to his damn face. That is a hospital bed. Why the fuck is he in a hospital and why the fuck is he handcuffed to that damned bed? He shakes his head, slightly freaking out as he tries to get rid of those cuffs and looks through the small squared window at the door who connects that room to the hallway, finding a police cap on the head of a man. Those are fucking cops outside that door!

“Shit!” He hisses hitting his head against the hospital bed’s headboard. “Shit, shit, shit. Talbot!”

He tries to breathe calmly. The machine started beeping faster as his heartbeat raised up like hell and he doesn’t want to get anyone inside that room. Not until he comes up with a way of getting out of there. He needs to get rid of those handcuffs, firstly, and only then he can think of the rest. He probably can’t properly walk, one of his knees was shot, the door is guarded, and he can’t tell for sure, but there’s a high probability he was put in one of the highest floor so he doesn’t try to jump out of the windows.

That mere thought actually makes him giggle. There were crazier ways of getting out of there, he just hadn’t remembered any, yet.

He glances again at the door and there’s still someone there. He sits on the middle of the bed, one hand still cuffed to a joist of the hospital bed and he knows he has to think fast. The longer he stays there, the harder it will be to escape. If it isn’t impossible already.

He knows how that kind of arrest goes and how it culminates. First comes the local police, way out of their heads thinking they can handle something like this, then they’ll stuff the hospital full of agents on each exit, so there’s no way the prisoner can escape. Then comes the media, blocking the main entrance of the hospital starving for an exclusive about the defeated recluse and then real shit hits when the Feds arrive and claim everything as theirs.

And the Feds are the only thing Dean is fearful of, right now. Not because they are scary, but because unlike these morons who think they can aim a gun, the Federals will quickly empty their gun magazines on you if you actually move a muscle. So, yeah, at the moment one single federal agent enters the building, Dean knows he is totally fucked. Either way, he’ll try.

He’d rather die as he tries to run away over pathetically waiting for trial.
Trial is for weak dumb criminals.

“Alright—“ He looks at his restrained hand. He ponders for a second and, after making his decision, focuses on controlling his heartbeat and his breathing. He just needs to dislocate his thumb and pull his hand free. He had done it before, many years ago, he can pull that twice. He just needs to contain any wails of pain it will give him. “Okay…One… Two…” He breathes in deeply and instead of saying three, the sound of the door being opened brings him to a halt.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

Dean looks forth at the door, seeing a woman entering and two guards behind her. She looks at them and gestures for them to stay outside, which they do after a few seconds of doubt. She shuts the door, walks at the end of the bed, and grabs the clipboard at the end of it, comparing some notes with the new values shown at the multiple machinery.

"And who are you?" He asks, his voice husky, scratchy. He had screamed a lot throughout his drive back to the hospital.

"I'm the lucky one that saved your life." She ironically says darting her eyes from the clipboard for a couple of seconds before looking back at it. "I thought the clothes were a give away."

Dean laughs for a moment before squinting his eyes.

"You don't seem afraid of me... I'm not really used to that."

"Why should I be afraid of you? You're cuffed to a bed, you can't walk. Pretty defenseless to me." Dean doesn't say anything to that. She puts his medical file back to its place and takes a moment to look at him. "But the reason why I'm here: we stopped the bleeding, removed the bullet and while we're waiting for an implant to replace your knee-cap - I think a KneeArthroplasty will be your best chance-, we used spins to keep your bone structure in place. In several months and whit physiotherapy you'll be able to fully walk..." if you last that long, she could have added, but Dean couldn't help but notice she didn't look like a bitter grudge-y person to say that kind of thing, even to a criminal like him.

"Wait, what?" Dean shakes his head. It was just a shot to the knee. "You're telling me I--"

"I'm telling you you blasted your knee completely. The bullet shattered the bone and hit a vein. You lost a lot of blood. Five more minutes and we wouldn't be having this conversation.. Or any conversation at all. God always does weird choices, saving you... Well..."

Maybe he was wrong to assume what he assumed earlier, she clearly sounded bitter now.

"God." Dean repeats bursting out of laugh. "What is it with you people and God?! God..." He then stops, resting his head against the bed headboard.

She nods, sinking her hands in her pockets. Dean notices she seems troubled. Who wouldn't in her situation? After all, she saved the man who killed dozens of people. He is certain a part of her wanted him to die. Now she'll also be carrying that burden for the rest of her life.

"FBI's outside." She finally informs. "They seem rushed to talk to you..." Dean only shrugs. "Your brother's outside, as well."

At that Dean gives her a look.

*Beep... Beep...*
"How do you-"

"Know who your brother is?" She finishes his line. "Everyone does!" At Dean's confused look she sighs, "Right, you were unconscious for a whole day. Here." She goes and grabs the remote, turns the TV on, zaps through some channels until finding the one. "He's on national TV. Actually, he's everywhere! Ever since Leslie made that huge break everyone's talking about him."

Dean locks his eye on the TV, where is repeating that said news for the hundredth time that week. He clenches his jaw, eyes filling with rage and the doctor notices it and rests the remote on the night stand, thoroughly looking at Dean.

"Take your time. I'll let them see you in a while."

At the lack of a response, she leaves, passing through the two guards with Reid already waiting for her at the far end of the hall, accompanied by a taller man, Sam. When he sees her, he stops talking and crosses his arms, angry.

"Can we talk to him, now? We've been waiting for hours!"

"I'm not sure that would be wise... Yet. He just woke up and he's still getting over the news about his knee and about his brother."

"Like I care about that!" Reid arrogantly answers back. "I should arrest you for keeping a wanted man and not notifying the authorities!"

"It was the police that brought him in." She points at the guards. "If I had called the FBI sooner, you'd burst in my hospital and would've taken my patient while he was in danger of life. I don't care who he is, my job is to save lives, so that's what I did. When he was out of danger, I called you."

Reid looks taken back. It only lasts a few seconds. He clearly wants a way to screw her over, just like he does with anyone else. Just for the few exchange of words they're having, he can see she won't take any of his bullshit, and he doesn't like that.

They all ought to show him respect.

"What if he managed a way to escape?" He nods at the door, his eyes never leaving the doctor's face.

"Please!" She scoffs, "You don't know the shape he is in! He's not going anywhere. At least, not on his own."

"He's not staying here!" Reid stumps his foot.

Sam only listens to their argument, looking back and forth between the two adults. He could step in, of course, he too had things he'd like to say, like how long will he be staying here or can't we all just shut the fuck up and try and work on this together?

"Oh, you can bet he is." She takes a step closer, already losing patience. Damn feds, always thinking everything's theirs to take. "Put all your men protecting this hospital if you want, but that man won't be walking out of this place until I say so."

"That man is a criminal and he needs to be taken into court and sent to death row. Don't waste this hospital's time and efforts in that lost cause. He already is a dead man. He doesn't need his legs much longer."

"I don't care... I'm still doing my job. When I'm finished, you can do yours. But for now, I'm calling the shots, got it?"
Reid twitches his nose, unhappiness glued to his expression and the doctor walks away, done with her speech.

Sam finally speaks, "Let me speak to him first."

"Why?" Reid gives him a curious look. He never thought Sam would want to look at his brother's face ever again. Not after all Sam read and saw in the last days.

Sam actually takes a moment to answer. His tongue is almost demanding to speak, but his mouth doesn't open. He is trying to think of reason as to why he'd want to see Dean, and he could create a lot of elaborated reasons, but truth is, he just wanted to see Dean. Just that.

He hates his brother more than anyone else, that is sure, but he can't help but be worried about him. He can't help but think that, even now, even after all the shit Dean had made, he was inside that room, that he almost died hours before alone. And thinking about that makes him feel dizzy, like something was being ripped away from him. For better or worse, Dean was the only family - even if just blood-connected, but still family - that he has left. Outside that, he's completely and entirely cut from the rest of the world's population. He too would be an outcast.

But he'd never admit something like that to Reid. So, instead, he said,

"He took everything from me. I want to see the look on his face, now that he is the one who lost everything. I just gotta look into his eyes as he suffers."

Reid nods, "Okay. But don't let him play you."

"I won't. Not anymore."

After that, Sam stars pacing at the door. He is nervous, hell, he never actually believed that day would come so soon. His hands are steady, but his mind his racing with thoughts and he feels like he is about to pass out. His brother is inside the room in front of him. His brother, the one who killed more people than he can count... The one who killed Camile... The one who destroyed his life. And what will he say? He has so many things stuck in his throat, so many words that want to come out in screams and shouts and wages of rage. He doesn't know if he will be able to contain himself.

But he has to. He is not his brother, except that he is! He can try and pretend all he wants, but Dean is his brother. Dean raised him. Dean helped creating the man he is today. Dean wiped tears off his face when he got back home from school day after day of being bullied. Dean stitched him up, cleaned all the cuts from punches or kicks or pushes he'd get at school. Dean protected him every time John would drink too much and started throwing things at the boys. Dean and Dean and Dean.

If it wasn't for Dean, he wouldn't be alive today.

But Dean also left him. Also hurt him. He never put a hand on him, but he'd push him away or not give him attention regularly. Dean never played with him. Dean killed everyone and then left Sam to rot alone. Dean made him feel scared, dirty, undeserving of living in this world. Dean made him feel contaminated. Dean made him run and hide. Dean made him a liar. Dean made him ashamed of his name. And then... He destroyed everything he had built on his own.

Honestly, he wants to cry and fat tears are tempted to stroll down his face at each step he takes forward. But he fights them back. He needs to stay calm, and not give Dean the pleasure of seeing his own pain. And consequently, his own fury.

And finally, after what seemed the longest hallway he ever walked through, his hand is reaching the doorknob, twisting it open.
Dean is in the bed, cuffed, swollen eye and pale skin, almost like a ghost. His eyes darting the TV, his blonde hair messy, his lip cut and one leg in spin-tails.

He looks like shit.

Sam does a little cough, as he closes the door, calling Dean's attention to him.

"Look who it is!" Dean grunts. "'Sup, Sammy? Comfortable with the celebrity life?"

"I guess it runs in the family." Sam answers, standing by the door. His feet don't want to walk no longer. He's there, it is truly him.

"Though, people don't seem to like you." Dean comments. "Bad Sammy." He does a twitchy thing with his lips, almost like a sad pout, his eyes grim and dangerous. Just like Dean always is.

"Don't worry about me. I can handle myself. You should be more worried about your situation." Sam says. His voice comes serious and gruff, but Sam, deep inside, means it worriedly. Dean doesn't notice it. At least not in the way Sam truly meant it.

They stay in silence for what seems an eternity. Then, Dean goes straight to the point.

"What do you want? Go on, enjoy this moment while you can."

Sam sighs, a shaky sigh. It hurts him to see that familiar face acting so strangely, so off with him. And it burns him inside. Even he simply is another walking meat bag to Dean, another thing to poke at. Another... He sighs again, closing his eyes, tiredly.

"You should have known this day would come. I warned you about this. You dug your own grave."

"This is not the end."

Sam snorts. It is a tired snort, hurt even, but nevertheless a snort, "Wake up, Dean! This isn't a fucking game! This is real, you are going to pay for all the wrong you have done."

"This is very real!" Dean agrees. "I'm sure you delighted with this situation, aren't you? You traitor..."

That triggers Sam.

His tiredness becomes wrath.

"Excuse me?" Sam storms at him. "Traitor? You're the one who killed our family and all our friends. You! Not me! And you call me traitor? I did everything I could to..." He cuts himself, suddenly not knowing what to say. His brain brings to his conscience what he first wanted to cry out, I did everything I could to still believe you were there. The Dean who saved me. My brother.

"And you know what? I would have done it all over again, but this time, I would have killed your personal whore, that Jessica chick, as well."

Sam makes his hands fists, "Watch your mouth."

"Or what, huh? What will you do? Punch me?! Go on, release all that anger! You have it in you, too, don't you? All this time, you hated me, because deep down, we are exactly the same!"

Sam frowns, shaking his head, "I'm nothing like you!"
"You're worse! You're pretending you are a normal lawyer, but you're not. You're a hurricane contained in a glass of water. C'mon, Sammy, you think I can't see it in your eyes? All that hatred, all that anger just building up day after day? Sure, you have all that lame self-blaming, self-punishing crap going on, all that angst and pain, like a damn lost puppy, but don't you forget I'm the one who raised you..."

"You're right, I'm far from perfect, and yeah, I have more anger in me than half of this hospital combined, but I'll never be like you... Because I only hate one person." Sam gives Dean a pointed look. "And I'll watch you die, and I'll be the one burying you."

"I'm not dying."

Sam huffs, wiping his hair out of his face, "Yes, you are, Dean. It's over."

"It's not over until I say so!" He roars, the cuff's chains tingling as he jerks his arm. Sam internally cringes and Dean barks a snort. "Like a fucking lost puppy." He repeats with a sigh, "Doc told me you weren't here alone. Where is he? Where's, uh, the FBI guy?"

Sam doesn't comment the sudden change of subject, "Reid?"

"Exactly." Dean nods, darting the TV. "He's the one who put you there, wasn't he?" He questions, taking a long look at his brother. Sam would have never submit himself to such massive public image. "I wanna talk to him. I'm done with you." Dean's eyes leave Sam's and he looks at the ceiling again, pretending it is more interesting than Sam.

Truth is, Dean's mad. Mad that people know about Sam. Mad that, after all this time, the little guy he always thought he had controlled was the one that could, in fact, bury him. He doesn't like to be had that way. Much less does he like having Sam knowing that fact. Hearing it is like a fucking punch to his face. He doesn't like to feel weak and, right now, he feel pretty damn miserable. It makes him unsteady.

"Reid's busy." Sam lies. He isn't ready to leave just yet. A part of him knows that after leaving the room, he'll only see Dean in a court and then at the day he dies. Something doesn't seem right about that and he is trying to buy as many minutes as he can to see him there, even all broken and pale. Even his swollen eye he wants to look at.

Then, another part of him, a grimmer one, just wants to taste it a little longer. Dean is having what he deserves at last and he can't say he doesn't feel somehow delightful to see that he is human and that he can suffer.

"Call Reid, right now, or so help me I'll tare my hand through this cuff and rip your throat out... with my teeth." Dean threatens, his stare locked on Sam again and Sam swallows. There's something at Dean's words that makes him feel small and unprotected.

Samuel pinches the bridge of his nose, takes a short glance at Dean, hoping that burning glare would not be there anymore, not having that luck, and starts pacing at the door. His hand rest on the knob for a few moments, his throat tight, unspoken words crawling their way up, stopping at his tongue. He sighs and finally leaves the room.

Two minutes later, another man comes inside.

Dean slightly narrows his eyes, taking a read on the man in front of him. That's Spencer Reid, the man who was after him with all of FBI's wrath and all his cockiness. He can't say he's not impressed,
because he is. He never thought someone like Reid would eventually have his moment of glory. But, thinking of it, there was something else about Reid... A mask. There was something dark about him, an energy Dean couldn't really put the finger on. But then again, everyone has a dark side. Some just hide it better than others and a fewer fully embrace it.

"Why did you call me, Dean? Sam said you wanted to chat."

Dean smiles, "You seem funnier. Not like Sam. He's too much of a self-righteous hypocrite."

Reid dryly chuckles, "Really? I couldn't tell." Dean nods and Reid tilts his head, a small smile peering through his face.

Dean's there. And now he is Reid's bitch. He just needs to take a minute and smell the roses.

Dean notices, "You look cheerful. Don't tell me I'm the reason..."

"I have a lot of reasons. Can't say you're not one of them."

Dean barks a laugh, his eyes fixed on Reid. There's something about him, a darkness that Dean can sense even from the distance between them. But what it is exactly, he can't tell, yet. But he'll find it... And then, he's gonna use it against him.

"Tell me, I'm curious. How did you got yourself in this mad mess?"

There are a few seconds of silence, Dean looks up at the ceiling in fake boredom. "I was just looking for some fun... Guess it didn't happened as I expected."

"You're right about that, it didn't happen as expected all right!" He takes one step to his left, and grabbed Dean's file. He reads it, shakes his head and glances at him. "But how does that explain what happened to your knee?"

"Shit happens." He shrugs.

"And by shit you mean... Castiel?" He hints. "We know for a fact he was there, we found... fluids of him." He drops the file at the bottom of Dean's bed. "So, what? Did you finally get what you wanted, did you win? Did you kill him or..."

"Or what?" Dean bickers back, his eyes fixed on Reid.

"Or did he make you his bitch? Did he fuck you? Do you like to be fucked, Dean?" At his words Dean narrows his eyes with such strength that Reid straightens himself up. "Did I just touch a nerve there?" He scoffs in a mocking tone, trying to pull some reaction out of Dean. "You really are pathetic..."

"Don't talk about me like you know me..." Dean replies.

"Well, I do know you! Better than you might think! Perks of having the other Winchester on a short leash." He winks, a mischievous crooked grin growing on his face. "And, boy, the things I know... Still, I gotta be honest... I always thought you were... weird. Crazy! But after what we found at the crime scene and at the motel... Was it your doing?"

"You tell me... Was it my doing?" Dean drawls.

"It does fit your taste... It wouldn't be the first time you'd burn a person alive... If he or she was alive when you did it."
Dean sighs, "It wasn't my brightest moment..."

"So, it was you!" Reid exclaims squinting his eyes. Something was off. "Who is he... or she?"

Dean's eyes trail from the ceiling to the man's face. If he is asking that question then the body is too damaged to be identified.

He doesn't answer.

"Or maybe you're bullshitting me all along..." Reid continues.

Dean laughs, "I guess I could be... But you know I'm not."

"Where's Castiel, Dean?" He asks firmly. "We got evidence that he was at the room we found you at." Dean only blinks his eyes, his blank gaze staring at Reid. "Son of a bitch, you don't know. All this blabbering but, if you had actually done anything, you'd be yapping about it nonstop."

"Castiel's dead, you fucking idiot!" He growls at last, somehow hiding the lump formed in his throat.

Reid's eyes lit up, "Come again?"

"You heard me. The bastard's dead."

"Did you do it?"

Dean crooks a smile, dodging the question, "You know I'm gonna find a way to get out of here, right?"

"That's not what I asked..." Reid says, pacing around.

"This is all about that, isn't it? Questions, possibilities. Ways of getting the upper hand... Being the smartest one. Even you loved all this: the game. You still do! This conversation is nothing but a bunch of manipulating words coming from both of us and you just can't get enough of it! I can see it in your eyes, how you always wanted something like this... Someone like me!"

"I think you always thought too much of yourself. That was always your problem: thinking you're invincible. I gotta admit, it was hard getting a hand on you. But by the end..." He scoffs. "I'm disappointed. Look how the great has fallen to... nothing. Look at you, Dean. You're just a piece of shit in the line of dying. Yet, you're still talking like you still have a chance. Guess what? You don't. You're destroyed! I win!"

"Do you, though?" Dean smiles. "I'm still breathing--"

"Not for long."

Dean dryly laughs, "We'll see."

"I guess we will."

The time seems slower in that room, the sound of the clock setting a pace hard to maintain.

"Do you have kids, Agent? Maybe a wife, a brother, a sister... Parents?" Reid doesn't answer. "I hope you don't."

"And why's that?"
"Because if you do, they're dead. All of them. I'll make sure of that! I'll fuck your wife like you never did and I'll hang her body on your front-yard. I'll pay a visit to your parents and slice their whole bodies open and make them know the taste of their own intestines... And then... I'll get your kids, and I'll take my time with them. Nice and slow. I'll even record it for you. And only then, I'll go after you."

Reid laughs before making his face stone cold, "You think you can scare me? Me?! You may have a cold heart, son, but I... I already sold my soul to the Devil. So go on, try and upset me if you can! See what happens."

"You won't touch me. I'm in an hospital, cuffed to a bed. You may have a gun, but it also comes with a badge..."

"No, no..." Reid leans over him, their faces only a few inches apart. "Not you. Him." He tilts his head toward the door. "I'll destroy you, by destroying Sam. He's mine, now. Like you said: upper hands and all that."

"With what?" He laughs. "You think you can affect me by putting Sam on TV? Sam, of all people!" He sneers staring at the man, noticing a slight frown of confusion. "You don't use a fox as bait..."

Reid steps back, "And what does that mean, exactly?"

"It means he's a fucking Winchester!" He roars. "It means no one can play him like a toy, because he'll play with you back. It means... it doesn't matter what you do to me. If you think you have him on your hand, you're signing your suicide note!"

"You're so full of shit..."

"Maybe, maybe not. But I'll tell you this: this is a war you can't win. From the get-go! But you'll keep going and going, and that's exactly what I want you to do, otherwise this would be boring. But one's thing for sure, this is going to be your last case."

"Words are words, they mean nothing. And they scare me not." Reid pitifully frowns. "Do you know what matters? Actions, consequences, moments. Like this one, Dean." Dean tilts his head to the side. "You're here, on a bed, and I'm here, standing on my foot. You're a mouse, and I'm the cat. You ran and ran, after the cheese, and you kept eating each piece of cheese you'd find, even after you were full. Then, another mouse came along, prying on your territory. Now that can't be, can it? You won't share your cheese with another mouse! You chase him down, and he chases you, because you both want the cheese, but only one can have it. You kill the other mouse, but fuck he was strong too, and you get fatally wounded. And only then comes the cat. He'd been chasing you both, because while mice eat cheese, cats feed on mice. And now, he will feast on you both. Do you understand me, Dean? It means, I'll kill you. It means, I'll find a way of you not getting out of here alive. Because I want to, because I can, because no one will give a damn if the great Dean Winchester is thrown out of this window, or shot in the head while he washes his private parts. And, as my own sort of trophy, I'll keep little mouse Sam on a noose for as long as I want. Did you understand me?"

"Honestly, all I got from that is either that I must really like cheese or that you're a fucking cannibal. Either way, that's fucking disgusting, dude! I'm lactose intolerant I'd never eat that much cheese."

"Funny." Reid chuckles. "Do you know what jokes show? Weakness. I can almost taste your fear, now."

"You talk too much, Reid, do you know what that shows?" Pause. "That you're a fucking delusional
loser, and you're trying real hard not to shit your pants so you're overcompensating with shitty analogies."

"Still, you're my bitch now." He approaches the bed, examines that bolted leg, fascinatingly looking around the knee. Then he takes a hold of it and tightens it. Dean cries in pain and Reid only laughs, "See?"

The monitor's monitoring his heart beat goes boom and Dean roars in pain swearing through his gritted teeth. Reid steps back just in time Dean's doctor runs inside,

"The hell's happening here?" She asks, wide eyed, looking as Dean takes long gulps of air, still whimpering.

Reid simply shrugs, his arms already down to his sides, "Dunno. Maybe morphine's wearing off." He starts walking out. "Oh, and he is a junkie, so maybe you shouldn't giving him anesthetics or you know, morphine. Just so you know." He looks back at Dean, winks and exits the room.

In the hallway, waiting by a vending machine, is Sam eating a cereal bar. He seems drifting in his thoughts and he looks like he could have some hours of sleep. It is obvious he heard the screams, everyone did, as two guards are currently commenting on it, but he doesn't appear to have moved a muscle because of it. It is almost midday, Sam knows, as coming from the elevators are the guards for the next shift of watching Dean's room and they're bringing huge cups of coffee with them.

Most people around seem to know about who is in that room, as most floor is cleared. Apparently, no one wants to be near that room, as if it was cursed or haunted.

Reid approaches him, and nudges him on the shoulder,

"Winchester, you here?"

Sam is taken by surprise, "What? Ahm, yes, yes-What did he... What did he want?"

Reid shrugs, "Oh, you know..." As one of the guards passes by him he steals one of their coffees and takes a sip, "Just tried to piss me off, nothing I wasn't expecting."

"What did he say?" Sam gradually becomes more grounded and focused.

"Just a full-load of crap, nothing important, really, except-" He stops examining Sam. You don't use a fox as bait. It means, he's a fucking Winchester. "He said Castiel's dead."

"What?" Sam's eyes widen. "You think he's telling the truth?"

Reid twitches his lips, "I don't know. Your brother's rather fascinating, really. I can't really put my finger when he's lying. That is also very frustrating. But something seemed wrong. Out of place."

Sam swallows the rest of the bar and throws the plastic paper to a trash can.

"What do you mean?"

"Even if he killed Castiel, how did he end up tied up to that chair?" He rubs his cheek. "There's something he's not telling us."
Sam thinks and thinks and thinks until the answer comes easily to his mind.

"A third person?"

"Well, that's obvious, isn't it? That's the first thing I thought." He sneers. "But Dean kept it away from us, and the question is: why? Why would Dean protect someone like that..." Sam couldn't really think of anything like that. "And that brings me to my options: or Castiel isn't dead and Dean is just messing with us... or..."

"Castiel's dead and there's a third person involved either on Castiel's death or Dean's actual state." Sam completes.

"Or..." Continues Reid thoughtfully. "On both."

*Nightfall*

The day is setting to a calm night when Sam steps out of that hospital the first time since he got there. The sun is already slowly diving down to the unknown and the sky is painted in flaming orange tones, the windows of the urban buildings reflecting the nostalgic show of warm colors being absorbed as darkness slowly takes place.

The parking lot is half empty and the emergency entrance for ambulances is momentarily free. Sam takes a moment to take deep breaths in, simply letting the wind slap him in the face. He feels like he could take a few slaps... merely for purposes of staying awake the next round of hours.

Reid has warned the news and the papers of Dean's entrance in the hospital, so these are probably the last few moments of piece around that hospital. That is why he came outside, so he could see the sunset before the storm hits.

He looks down at his phone, usually he calls Jessica at this time. He knows she gets home around this time, twenty minutes after she leaves work. He wonders if she's staying at her mom's or if she went back to her place. He wonders if she even knows about what happened at their house. He sighs. It's a long deep sigh, like one that comes from the soul and he holds tighter to the phone. He really wants to call her. He wants to tell her we've got him. But he won't. He never will. He can't push himself into her life... into anyone's life anymore. That's the price he had to pay and he is starting to make his peace with his fate.

At long distance, he can hear the city hustle. An American city never stops, either it's day or night, warm or stormy. Everything must keep going, no matter what. And so does he.

"These are the moments when I know the reason why I do my job everyday." A female voice breaks the background noise.

Sam turns around. It's Dean's doctor.

"These moments?"

She nods, "Yes. These moments. Sunset... Sunrise. These are the moments that give me strength to do this every single day."

Sam doesn't speak, but gives her a intrigued look. She sighs, sitting on a bench near the entrance.
"Life is crappy, you know? It really is. I'm not a pessimistic, but in my job, you gotta face it, life is... hell, life is a sinking boat and you gotta swim pretty well and have a lot of luck to survive. You know?" She kicks the butt of a lost cigarette on the floor. "I did a lot of crap in my career as a doctor. I had to save people that... Well, people that maybe didn't deserve saving to you... or to other people. And the other way around too. A lot of people died on my hands. Good people. Kids, mothers, firefighters... soldiers. People that deserved so much in life, so much more. But they didn't have it because someone thought it would be a good idea to drive drunk, or rob that store, or... kill someone. But that's life, I suppose. Shit happens, right? That's free-will, I guess." She goes to her pocket and grabs her pack of cigs. Takes one out and lights it up. "Like this. Thousands of people die of lung cancer every year, a lot of them not even from smoking, and here I am, sucking the life out of this cigarette so it can suck the life out of my lungs. And I don't mind it, because, heck, one day we're all gonna die, right? But, is it fair? Me smoking and having perfectly functioning lungs while people are coughing blood just because their body decided like hey, let's have lung cancer? So yeah, these little marvelous moments remind me of why I'm a doctor."

"Why?" Sam simply asks.

"Because... I can live it. I'm still here, and as long as I'm around, I want to make sure other people can watch this too. Because, it's... beautiful, it truly is beautiful. I always loved sunsets. Me and my mom used to watched them together all the time, until..." She abruptly stops and sighs, taking another long drag out of her cigarette. "Well, nevermind."

Sam sits beside her, "What happened to her?"

She looks down at her hand holding her cig, "She was a good person who found a bad person along the way." She keeps looking down, her body rigid. Sam looks at her sadly. Then she looks up, "Wow, I'm really having a shitty day, to be here talking to a stranger."

"Not really a stranger..."

"Right, you're his brother."

"...Right." Sam coldly says.

"It must be tough, though. Having the constant reminder that he's your family." She gives him a short smile and Sam sees something in that look. Hurt, maybe?

"I guess I just... Learned how to deal with it."

"How do you deal with it?"

"I run away from it and pretend it doesn't exist..."

"That's an awful way to deal with it!"

Sam laughs, "Well, maybe I'm still learning. It's a work on progress."

She gives a soft chuckle in a form of a huff and smokes what's left of her cigarette. She tosses it to the ground and steps on it. Sam is now looking again at the sky, now much darker than before, the orange tone now blurring into a purple one and the sky in general in a much darker blue. The sun was nowhere to be seen.

"The nurses told me, Dean was pretty much meeting the other side when he got here." Sam says entwining his fingers. "They also said you didn't stop until he was stabilized. Why did you? You know who he is, you could have just... let him go."
She dryly laughs, "Everyone sounded to prefer that option... And yeah, he was pretty down, he had lost a lot of blood, his body temperature dropped and his knee... it was a mess, some fragments of bone ripped through his muscles and made a huge mess, the bullet opened a vein. His standing, the paramedics told me he was sitting when they found him, so with the blood loss, his brain didn't get the blood it needed... It's quite the miracle he is alive and with no brain damage really."

"That doesn't answer it: why?"

That seemed to be a question she didn't want to answer, "Because, I had to. It's my job, I swore it when I became a doctor that I'd do everything at my reach to save someone's life, independently of whoever it was. And... I just... I had to be better..."

"Better than what?" Sam asks. He doesn't want to push too far, to pry, but he really wants to understand how a regular doctor would actually save someone like Dean!

"Better than him." She simply answers. "My mom, huh... She was this sweet lady, you know? She always told me there isn't someone so mad that can't be saved. She had this hope in life and in humanity that would make me so mad sometimes! One time a burglar got us on a poor, smelly street and asked for our wallets. He had a knife and she just looked at him in the eye and kindly asked him to 'put that sharp thing away'. He didn't do it, obviously, but she had this thing... This way of speaking, she could captivate people and she got a grip on the man and started talking to him about second chances, asking him why he had to do this. Apparently, he had two kids starving at home and needed to feed him. We couldn't know if that was true or not, but she just kept staring at him and suddenly she just looked at me and said: give this man some money and gave him her wallet and looked at me until I handed him all fifty bucks I had with me. That's the kind of person she was, she just... She'd help you and give you all she had even if you were a walking piece of shit."

"And after that?"

"The man left. Three months later he appeared on our doorstep, and gave us our money back. He thanked her for everything and apologized for what he had done. He said he had gotten a job, and that he could feed his children again, but he needed to give us the money he stole from us before."

"Wow."

"There is no man so mad that can't be saved." She repeated. "That's what she'd tell me time after time. Maybe what's she tried to do when she found him." She forces the words out, her eyes looking up at the sky.

Once again, Sam couldn't help but ask, "Who?"

She takes a long bitter sigh before breathing out, "Your brother."

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Chapter End Notes

Also, I had this idea a while ago about an original/AU plot and I was thinking maybe you'd like to take a look at it? (I already have a chapter done, but I don't intend of starting publishing the fanfic until I have it completed. Maybe I could only post the first chapter here or something and have some feedback? I already have so many stories to finish I didn't want to "lose" any time with an idea that won't work...)

Please, leave a comment, all feedback is appreciated (negative included, if you keep it
reasonable and polite). Constructive criticism is what makes people grow and improve themselves and their skills! :)
As the main doors slide open and Sam Winchester steps inside, the world outside that hospital ceases to be noticed. His eyes drift from the waiting room half full with patients to the vending machines and, finally, at the nurses standing behind the counter in the middle of the main hall. The continuous sound of coughs, speakers calling out Doctors and low conversations block the voices inside Sam's head that are haunting him with not only memories of his most recent reality but also shocking revelations.

Each step he takes is made in auto-pilot mode since he isn't paying any attention to what he is doing or where he is going. He has a massive migraine and he feels like he is about to throw up.

Finally, everything is sinking in his mind and he is one step away from freaking out. Finding of Dean's Doctor's mother was the final hit that smashed the break-only-in-emergencies glass that was, somehow, keeping him sane through this everyday nightmare.

Or maybe he just needed an excuse to, at last, have a nervous breakdown and this is his breach.

Fortunately, a huge crowd of policemen running outside removes him from his consuming daze, forcing him to keep his shit together through one more day. Reid is walking down Ground Zero's hall, already waving his hand up in the air, calling Sam's attention.

"Samuel! I gotta talk to you."

"About...?"

"We are in the same hospital as Dean Winchester. You tell me, genius!"

Sam huffs, "I'm not really in the mood Reid."

By the windows, some nurses peek outside, watching the police guard the building.

Reid is more interested in Sam, giving him an examining gaze, "You don't look so well..." He firstly comments. Then, "But, for as much as I'd like to talk about your well-being, we have more urgent topics to discuss. Basically, we are stuck here."

"Come again?" Sam's eyebrows arch so far up, they seem to only stop at the middle of his forehead.

Reid rests his palm on Sam's back inviting him to walk along with him, "The news vans are starting to gather around the hospital, haven't you seen them coming?"

No, I actually haven't because I was still getting over the fact Dean's Doctor's mother was killed by Dean! Sam thinks, letting a groan leave his lungs and meet the air. Spencer reacts to that groan by stopping and, thinking of it as Sam being the pain-in-the-ass he always is when it comes to social
media, he only rolls his eyes condescendingly at the Winchester.

"Anyway, they'll need a statement from us."

"Okay..." Sam shrugs. "And what are you thinking of telling them?"

Reid thinks for a while, "I have been thinking a lot... About my conversation with your brother. I don't believe Dean killed Castiel. But I do believe something went down wrong. And I still believe there was a third person, but I also don't believe it was working with Dean, right? But Dean would never just brag about killing Castiel if Castiel was, in fact, alive, right? Or if he did brag about it, he'd only say it because he wanted us to keep the information going, leak it to the press, and, with that."

"Piss Castiel off."

"Exactly. But that scenario seems unlikely. I don't take Dean for being one to brag about false things. He has a code." Sam nodded, it was true. Dean would never lie about something like that. "So, my theory is-"

"Dean killed Castiel or the third person did it. And that same person shot Dean to the knee."

"My thoughts, precisely. Aren't you a clever boy!"

Sam then points out, "But if Dean didn't, in fact, shoot Castiel, why'd he say he did?"

"He was shot too, right, by the same person." He shrugs, "If I were Dean, and if I was shot and fucked up pretty bad, I'd want to have my payback."

"So, basically, Dean's baiting himself as taking credit for something he didn't do."

"Serial killers hate having someone else claiming their killings." Reid shakes his head laughing. "But I gotta say, it's pretty clever from Dean's part... if it works. I mean he is locked up in a hospital full of cops, guarded 24/7. If he gets killed, he escapes public humiliation and death row. If not, we get ourselves another murderer. What a day!"

Sam sighs, exasperated, "Or maybe he really killed Castiel and the third person didn't like it and paid back. Or... Or maybe we are wrong about everything and Dean's really telling the truth. Maybe there isn't a third person, maybe-..."

"There needs to be a third person. How else do you explain Dean being shot to the knee, half a mile from the room where we found The Reaper's body?" He asks, crossing his arms, getting a blank stare from Sam. "What, Dean decided to tie himself up to that chair, shoot himself in the knee and make the anonymous call to the police station?"

"It all just seems weird, you know?" Reid nods at that. "I feel we are missing something huge and that, sooner or later, it's gonna bite us in the ass."

"This whole case is weird." Reid agrees. By the minute more and more possibilities would rise and only difficult his train of thinking.

"Anyway, what information are we passing to the press?" Sam questions, not because he is thrilled, but because he wants to be prepared for what's coming next. It's obvious he can't simply walk Reid out of his crazy idea and, even if he could, it was too late now to back down. The channels knew already of the situation, their vans were arriving and they would not leave the hospital's surroundings in the next days.

That also meant Sam won't be leaving that hospital in the next days.
"We'll bite it. Dean wants us to think his way, we'll do it. We'll tell them Dean's out of danger and will be soon transferred to a high-security prison while waiting for trial and that we got confirmation that the body found at the motel room belonged to Castiel Novak."

"Can't we keep it a little more vague? Maybe not mention Castiel or Dean's condition?"

"Hell, no! Details show we are somewhere important. People will buy them and will celebrate this day." He cheers while a smirk. "I know what I'm doing, Samuel. I'm handling this. Trust me, it will work out the way we want.

Sam huffs and turns his back to him. The way we want... There is no "we" in the partnership between Sam and Reid, only Reid's way, and Sam already knows to play quiet with him. He has nothing else to say, so there's no reason to keep talking to Reid. Another reason to walk away is to keep Reid from having the amazing idea of putting Sam outside, right in front of the cameras, expose him more to the whole country. He doesn't need that right now, what he needs is food, a hot shower, and a bed.

But he is in a fucking hospital.

He sits on a seat at the large waiting room. It is an ample room with white wall. The big windows bring light inside that, reflected on the walls, hurts the eyes of those inside on a very sunny day. Luckily, it is already night, so all the light available comes from the metallic yellowish lamps hanging from the ceiling. There are some people scattered around the room, some sitting, some on foot, a few on stretchers or on wheeling-chairs, waiting for being consulted, but no noise is now practically heard. Most people are just in silence, ill, and suddenly sleepy. Hospitals make people that way: perpetually sleepy.

Also, the brusque appearance of police agents brought everyone to a suspicious halt. Everyone is now pondering of what might be happening, so a big part of the sudden silence comes from the sheer possibility of danger.

Sam, not at all surprised with what is going on, grabs his phone from his pocket and looks down at it. At the screen, there's his picture with Jessica. He is hugging her from behind, head resting on her shoulder while a big smile spreads across her face. Her cheeks are slightly flushed and her eyes shine with happiness. They took that picture on their last day on the Fiji Islands, the destination they had chosen to spend their summer break, the year before. With all the fuss, he hasn't had the time to change it, or maybe he has been telling himself that so he doesn't have to. And looking at that picture, for the first time in that day, he takes a moment to remember that he is in Palo Alto... Again. He is just a couple of blocks from his house, and a few more block from Jessica's parents' home.

He sighs, rubbing the screen with his thumb and stares at the picture.

"Fuck it." He mumbles and searches through the contacts list.

Jessica's name appears.

He looks at it for four whole minutes.

His thumb is almost swiping his phone to the left, to call her.

He remembers her crying.

His thumb is shaking by now and he simply locks the phone, putting it back into his pocket.

He simply couldn't make her suffer anymore.
At 10:14pm, all state channels and some national were broadcasting the hospital's building. It was dark night by now, and there was a barrier keeping the journalists from reaching any closer in the perimeter. Police cars were also in the way, its sirens flashing red and blue lights in all directions and in front of each camera was a different reporter, the message being the same within all.

"We are now in front of Stanford Hospital, where Dean Campbell Winchester, known as Hell's Torturer, gave entrance yesterday's dawn, after an anonymous call to the police reporting his location.

He was severely injured, but he is now out of danger, and stabilized. The authorities have been interrogating him regularly and, as it seems, the body found in a burned motel room nearby Dean's location belongs to his long-time enemy, Castiel James Novak, the Reaper.

I repeat: Castiel Novak is dead and Dean Winchester is now into custody.

This deadly game seems to have ended after over a hundred deaths.

The surroundings of the hospital are heavily protected and at the moment only authorized personnel can enter or exit the building. All non-grave patients were transferred to a nearby hospital, the others having been moved to a different floor. While Dean Winchester isn't released from the Hospital it seems it will be shut down.

We will keep you posted on new details as they come to us."

Most of last's part was bullshit. Not everyone could enter the facilities now, and all new patients were asked to go to a different hospital. But those triaged, even the non-grave ones, were allowed to be inside. All the grave ones weren't moved floors to be away from Dean. That was what Reid calls propaganda. People need to think this is a big deal, for it to be a big deal. If they know Dean is being treated like any other patient and that there are several people near him, they'd riot or not give a crap. It's all about perspective.

Sam is still in the waiting room and he is watching that breaking news - not so breaking nor new to him - in the small TV on a shelf on the wall. Reid appears on the image, all suited up, combed hair, and dark glasses - even it being completely dark - and he is just repeat the crap the reporter had said before, so he doesn't pay much attention to it.

Instead, he gets up and goes to the coffee machine, taking a black coffee. After all, he hadn't had any sleep since he got off that plane and over a day as past since that. He sits back on the same chair he was at before and keeps looking up at the TV. Nothing Reid hadn't told him before. Nothing that he wasn't prepared for. Nothing--

"Yes, Sam Winchester's here. He is inside. And yes, he was a pivotal piece for this investigation."

"Could we have a couple of words with him?" One journalist asked.

"I'm afraid he is indisposed at the moment. These have been a couple of rough days on him. But I'm sure I can make it happen some other day."

Sam crumples the plastic cup of coffee so hard in his hand, that he splashes the liquid all over his
clothes. "Shit." He grits shaking his clothes, hissing at the heat and at the fact he just ruined his only change of clothing. "Shit!" He curses again, this time louder, and some nurses give him a dirty look.

He gets up, quickly heads to the men's restroom and tries his best to clean his outfit. Nothing seemed to work. When he gets back to the waiting room, he sees Reid walking inside, sharing some words with one of his colleagues. Sam storms right at him.

"Of course, you had to bring my name up!" He grits, forcing himself not to grab Reid by his collar. "And indisposed?"

Reid waves the other agent away, so he can speak in private with Sam.

"Did you want to go outside and talk to them?"

"No!" Sam scoffs.

"See, problem solved!" Reid shrugs. "And they asked if you were here. I couldn't lie."

"Oh, right, because you're such an honest guy!" He spits out.

Reid takes one step forward, cutting the distance between the two. If there was any left, "Is there anything you wanna say to me?" Sam keeps looking down at him. "You watch your tone with me, Winchester!" Reid warns. Then, he slightly leans forward and up, so that only Sam can hear me, in case of curious ears around them trying to overhear their conversation, "I can destroy what is left of your life in a heartbeat, so be careful with what you imply about me."

Sam swallows his response, knowing he wouldn't get anywhere good if he decides to fight Reid, and wiggles his shoulders making peace with his silence.

One day Sam will make all of them pay, but not today, not now.

After seconds of moderation, Reid steps back and resumes their former theme of conversation, like no threat had made its way out of his mouth, "Besides, it's important that they know you're here. It means you care. It means you have nothing to hide. Relax, jeez!" Reid yawns before looking down. "Is that coffee?"

Sam just gives an exasperate sigh.

[Dean]

Three days later, Dean had his knee surgery. Before, they did X-rays and took tomographs prior to the surgery. CT's were also required. Dean was informed that surgery carried the risk that it could fail and necessitate a fusion or even an amputation. But, on another hand, if succeeded, he'd have practically no pain, and would be able to, at least, walk with barely any limp.

Two experienced orthopedic surgeons formed the operating team. One came from Washington, and another from San Diego. At first, no one would accept to operate Dean, but once it was known it
would be a TKR (Total knee replacement), those two stepped up and said yes.

After three hours of surgery, Dean was back to his room. He was awake the whole time.

He was taken to take some more X-rays, just to be sure the implant was well placed and well adjusted.

There was also a huge fuss on TV, debating if either it was understandable operating Dean or not. A huge mass of people surrounded the hospital protesting and demanding Dean's death.

And now, four more days have passed. It's night, dawn almost, and the hospital is mostly silent. All patients are sleeping, as it isn't even 6 am, and there's only a couple of nurses watching Dean's aisle. Two cops are standing by each side of the door.

Dean is awake, though.

He sighs, staring down at his leg. He's been thinking, plotting a plan to escape but it all stops before it even starts. His stupid leg ruins all his chances of walking and he needs to get around if he wants to get out of there. Even if he could walk it would almost be an impossible mission, much less in his state. So, what firstly began as a plan to get out of there alive is slowly becoming a plan to get out of there dead.

He knows his stay in that Hospital is ending. The surgery was done, and he stayed in a few more days just so the medical staff could see how his body would react to the implant, in case he'd get an infection. But now, there are no reasons for him to stay there. So, in a day or two, he'll be transferred to a prison and in two weeks he'll go to court and in another two weeks he'll be dead.

Knowing that doesn't terrify him... much. From the beginning that he knew one day he'd die. No one's immortal. But knowing his deadline and the way he's going is making him desperate. Especially, after everything he has been through to be immortalize. It's a pity that he's going down in such a pathetic away: arrested and killed by the Government.

Dean grunts blinking at the darkness. There is nothing else he can do, only wait for the time to pass. His Doctor visited him once or twice every day, only to check on him, but wouldn't give him much talk even if he'd tease her around. Nor did the nurses. All the cops that went inside that bedroom either wanted to look at his face while laughing or ask him meticulous questions about his older killings. Apparently, a lot of things needed to be tied up before his trial.

Sam hadn't visited him once after their last conversation. Dean didn't care or pretended he didn't. Deep down, he hates all that disdain Sam is transmitting to him. Not that it hurts him, it just pisses him off. He likes to put people on their limits. To see the rage, fear, hate growing in their eyes. He feeds on other people's emotions and not seeing that happening to Sam, not other than the couple of times he was with him recently, makes him feel like he could have tried harder, push other buttons, oversteps some other boundaries.

Outside the door, one guard moves. Dean tilts his head at the door and hears chatting. It isn't hard to catch the words spoken since the rest of the floor is dead silent.

"I'm gonna go grab some coffee downstairs. You want one?"

The other shakes his head, "No, I'm good. Our shifts ending in twenty, I don't want caffeine keeping me awake when I get home."
There are no other words exchanged and the guards walk away. The sound of the door of the elevator is heard and some more vague words are spoken. Then, dead silence again.

That is, for a minute.

Another head appears through the small window. The cop seems to change his standing as he is talking to someone else.

"...At this time of the night?"

"Yes. This is a hospital, if we saw an anomaly on his last exams, we can take care of it whenever we want. That's why there's a night shift, so we can work at all hours. Now... Do you mind?"

The door is opened and a silhouette walks inside. But, instead of shutting the door and turning the lights on, the figure turns on his heels, circles the cop's neck with his arm and drags him inside before snapping the man's neck and throwing the man to the ground. Then, quickly and quietly shuts the door.

Dean holds his breath, watching the scene, powerless to what might happen next. *Fuck*, he never in life feared what could happen to him, but now he feels like what all people probably felt when trapped with him.

For a moment all he can think is *I'm fucking dying in a matter of minutes. This man is going to kill. Gordon is here to kill me.*

The silhouette steps closer and, as closer it gets, the stronger it gets. Well, it is a man, Dean is sure of that. The silhouette paces around for a bit, probably getting used to the lack of illumination, until he is reaching to the edge of the bed. Then, he sees the man leaning over him, hand starting to reach out, moving up, and that's when he feels the air leaving his lungs and his stomach twist.

"You."
Phoenix

[Castiel]

Palo alto, Santa Clara County, California

Last room next to the fire escape, first floor, Motel Too Tired

4:14 am

One week ago

...Both share a look and then their eyes fix on the same target: the gun. The one who gets it first gets to live...

As Castiel starts running toward the gun, Gordon jumps and does the same. However, for the Reaper's despair, Gordon is quicker and manages to pick it up first. In one move he cocks the revolver and raises it to aim at his opponent. By instinct, and in a pump of adrenaline, with his surviving side kicking in, Castiel kicks Gordon's hand away and the revolver gets lost in the middle of the room's dusk once again.

Gordon ripostes by punching Castiel twice in the jowl, the impact betraying Castiel and making him stumble back, his feet almost skidding on the floor, forgetting for a moment how to stand up. Using that to his side, Gordon tries to reach the gun, groping around looking for it. Castiel, however, slowly becoming steady on his standing, the dizziness ceasing to attack him, fumbles around until his hand reaches something and he grabs a lamp that is on a nightstand, sharply pulling it, breaking the electric wire, and invests on the stranger, hitting him on his nape.

The only sound he hears is the lamp's head shattering into pieces and the loud thump of a body heavily plunking to the ground.

Finally, he takes a few seconds to breathe. He feels like he just fought an army made of rocks. His body is feeling sore. He sighs and leisurely walks at the door groping for the light switch. He doesn't care someone might have listened to all the fuss and called the police or that it could possibly be some other douche outside just waiting to help this party.

He takes a long look at the man lying on the floor. He is tall, muscular build, shaved head, black. Castiel can't help but tilt his head. Who is that man and what's his grudge against Dean? Well, thinking about it, who's Bela and what's her grudge against him?

We'll just need to figure that out by himself, he supposes.

He walks at a chair, putting it in the middle of the room and then goes pick the man up to sit him on the chair. Then, he looks around and notices a duffel bag by the table near the window. He zips it open, peaks inside, and whistles. That man is an expert, he can tell. From revolvers to sniper rifles, that man had pretty much all kinds of weaponry. And, in the middle of all that, he finds ropes and a
couple of blades.

He grabs both the ropes and, also, a couple of blades. He rests the blades on the table and proceeds to restrain Gordon to the chair.

For precaution, and also to see if he can draw Bela to the room, he searches through Gordon's pockets, picks his phone and sends a text message to the only number shown in that cellphone.

A simple *He's dead* does the job. He doesn't say anything else not to trigger something that could make her edgy. After all, he doesn't know if they use code words or something alike. So, *he's dead* can work both ways. She can either think it's Gordon saying it or, if they were supposed to say some sort of code word, she can take that as Castiel warning her that he killed Gordon. Which isn't true, yet, but will be very soon.

Gordon grunts, squinting his eyes and then fully opening them. He wrestles with the ropes while Castiel picks one of the blades up from the table and goes to the front of the man.

"Stop tiring yourself." Castiel calmly says, playing with the blade clockwise on his hand.

Gordon squints his eyes for a moment, tilting his head up, and, hereafter, takes a good look at him, "Who're not--"

"Dean Winchester, Hell's Torturer? No, I'm not him. Even though, I think I honored his fighting skills. After all, I beat you unconscious."

"Where is he?" Gordon groans, sullen, and Castiel stops playing with the blade, indifferently blinking his eyes.

Then, "I'll be the one making the questions here." Castiel jabs the blade against the table's top, it staying stabbed there vertically, and Gordon twitches on the chair, adjusting his sitting. "What's your business with... what's her name... Bela?"

"Why don't you go bite my ass?" Gordon spits, clenching his jaw.

"Manners." Castiel hisses sending him a cold glare. "I asked you a question, all you have to do is answer it."

"Sorry, I don't usually talk to strangers." He says sarcastically, obviously knowing who his new recent enemy is, and Castiel taps him on the head, patting him like a dog.

"In that case, my name's Castiel." Gordon swings his head, dodging Castiel's hand, rage emerging under the surface. Who the fuck Castiel thinks he is to be petting him in the head? "Now, tell me about Bela."

"She's dangerous." That's all he says. Seeing Castiel not content with his response, he laughs, "Trust me pal, you're nothing compared to her. Bo-oh, I appear on the news every day. I hate Dean Winchester! Let's kill everybody! You look like a fucking brat who decided to be more childish than usual and break all his toys." Castiel squints his eyes, but nothing says.

Instead, he crouches, his eyes locked on Gordon, "You do not know me. So, don't pretend you do. I came here looking for someone who clearly isn't you, buddy, and you were clearly waiting for someone who wasn't me, so tell where she is and we'll go our parted ways."

"Nor do you know me, so, let me tell you this: I don't like you. You look like one of those racist out-of-their-mind white-os. The worst kind of bastard to someone like me. So you can ask me all the
questions you want, but my answer will always be the same: *fuck you*.

Castiel nods, "Very well. I was trying to be civilized." At that, Gordon glances down at the ropes restraining him. "I don't think you're seeing this situation clearly. Maybe I should help you open those eyes, what do you say?"

He leans all so lightly forward, one hand holding Gordon's head in place while the other holds the blade, slowly reaching out to the cornea. Gordon struggles, fighting back the force used on him to keep him still.

Just one more inch...

"Fuck!" Gordon roars. "Hold on, hold on!"

Not perfect, but effective.

This is one of the reasons Castiel doesn't understand why people always play hard to catch when tortured. Maybe because they think that at the beginning will be just a couple of cuts on their delicate skin, a couple of punches, the usual crap that Hollywood thinks to be just the right amount of violence to turn a torture scene believable. And that's also what condemns everyone. Being tortured is not having a cut on their cheek, or being soaked in water or punched. Being tortured is being torn apart, deprived of the most basic needs. Being tortured is losing parts of their bodies, losing senses and, ultimately, slowly, yet inevitably, losing their lives.

What do people think will happen after that? Shake hands and follow their lives like nothing happened?

Also, that is one of the reasons why Castiel considers himself an honest man. He doesn't play around with his food. He won't poke them, he'll grab them and go straight to what he wants. He doesn't have any time to lose.

"Tell me where Bela is..."

Gordon licks his lips, "No can do." Castiel impatiently huffs and is about to restart his prior action when Gordon interjects, "I came here with her, man... I just can't sell her out."

"Loyalty is a quality on the brink of extinction. I admire that."

Gordon shakes his head, "No, not loyalty. I don't own my loyalty to anyone. This is a matter of honor." Castiel tilts his head. "You free me and I'll take you to Bela *after* I finish my business with that piece of shit."

"What makes you believe you get to bargain with me?"

Gordon shrugs all so slightly, since the ropes are very tight to actually give him freedom enough to move a muscle whatsoever, "Like I said, it's a matter of honor. I made a promise, I intend to keep it. Loyalties change, but honor... That you either have it in you or not. I want Dean. If you help me, I'll help you. No hard feelings."

Castiel's face changes to a falsely pondering one. He crosses his arms and rests the edge of the blade he is holding on his own cheek, squinting his eyes.

Gordon blinks and Castiel finally speaks,
"You know, I had an epiphany very recently. For a long time, I thought I understood why I was in this world, what my job was... I thought I had it all figured, yet, I was in complete oblivion." He paces a bit. "But now, I know! There is no higher power, no redemption, nothing. Just pure and ethereal pleasure. And do you know who showed me that?" He stops looking at Gordon. "Dean. Now, tell me, why would I take you to the very man who opened my eyes?"

Gordon shakes his head, "You're wrong. There is a higher power. God is watching us all. And we all will pay for what we do, that includes you... and me. But at least I'll pay my debts holding onto my faith."

"We're just toys to the Man!" Castiel roars. "I'm done with it. And I'm done with you!"

Gordon laughs, eying Castiel. There's something in there. A delusion, a blind passion - no, not passion, dependency - that Castiel can't hide. Maybe it isn't for God, but it definitely is for someone, "So, who do you follow, then? The Winchester? What, is he your god, now?"

"Where's Bela? I want an answer." Castiel bickers back, not wanting to prolong that conversation more than the necessary. Also, he doesn't want to answer questions he doesn't quite know the answer to. Because, what is Dean to him, exactly? One moment, they were enemies, the next one Castiel took orders from him. Although, he doesn't consider himself a follower of anyone or anything anymore. But is it what will be awaiting him, following Dean?

"You're a fucking delusional freak. There's your answer."

When Castiel suddenly handles the knife on his hand, Gordon shuts up.

"I'll be right back." Castiel says instead. "But don't worry, I shall come back here and strip you of your skin. Along with some company..."

He picks Gordon's bag and shuts the door, racing to the stairs and hurriedly heading back to the strip club. He knows he'll need to hide the bag somewhere, as they won't leave him walk inside that much armed - we'll handle the guards a couple of twenties to be allowed to keep a pistol with him - and he likes to be always prepared, in case something happens. You'll never know.

However, when he reaches the street where the club Dean is at, he is confronted with police cars and an ambulance. He moves to a darker place, seeing the scene from afar until he notices a stretcher strolling outside the main door with a man lying down completely still. He widens his eyes when recognizing the man to be Dean.

"Fuck!" He grunts and turns on his heels, pacing back to the motel room.

*It had to be Bela. It had to* resonates in his head. Dean surely wasn't counting on seeing her because he had sent Castiel after her. Castiel had put him in trouble by leaving Dean alone. Maybe that text message he sent wasn't such a bright idea, as well. What if she thought Castiel was dead and killed Dean to end things once and for all? Even the other way around: What if she thought Gordon was dead and killed Dean to equal things?

No, Dean's still alive, he believes in that. He has to be.

"Crap!" He mumbles, adjusting the duffel bag on his shoulder and fastening his pace.

He is mad. Really mad. So, when he opens the door to the room, he storms at Gordon and punches him until his knuckles hurt too much. Then, he cocks his gun and points it at Gordon's head, heavily breathing.
By that time, Gordon is unconscious. Castiel lowers the gun. He needs to think straight. Dean is fucked, possibly dead, Bela is probably in the wind, and sooner or later the police will get to that room.

Looking better at Gordon, they aren't much different. That is, in weight and height. Castiel can clearly find there a way out, a way of returning to the shadows just for a while. He needs time to think, but being a wanted man takes all the time and quietness required for a man come up with a plan.

So, he rests the gun on the table and takes two long breaths. Okay, he knows what he needs to do. Going back to the duffel bag, he searches through trying to find pliers. Sadly, he doesn't find any. He looks around and heads to the sink on the small portion of the room that looks the closest thing to a kitchen and opens the cabinets. There's a small box of tools there and he quickly throws everything out, grabbing then what he is looking for. Now, he only needs to do two more things.

Pulling teeth out is something very hurtful, even for an unconscious man, and Castiel still is a merciful man in his own way. But then again, Gordon wanted to kill Dean. Gordon was helping Bela, so it isn't like he needs to show mercy.

He also doesn't want to.

So, he does the job, pulling all the teeth out. Gordon, by the first third of it, woke up in wails of pain, but the ache grew to a point his body entered into shock and he just passed out to the rest of the free, very painful, dentist appointment.

It was a necessary evil if he wanted to make it impossible to identify the body. The authorities can't know that man isn't him and having no teeth is better than having all of them. If lucky enough, they'll think he was tortured - which isn't completely untrue.

He leaves the room only to return with a gallon of kerosene. He pours the liquid around the room and soaks the unconscious man. Lastly, he looks for a lighter and walks at the door, turns around, and throws the lighter to the ground.

I repeat: Castiel Novak is dead and Dean Winchester is now into custody.

Castiel turns the TV off, lying supine on an old couch. He is staying in a crappy old and smelly motel, watching what is happening from a small TV screen. Dean is alive but, apparently, he is dead. At least, that went the way he wanted to.

But for how long? Dean is alive, for now! Although, he knows that will change as soon as Dean walks into a court. He could do nothing about it, and keep on doing what he does on his own but, for some reason, he doesn't like the idea of Dean dying. Not right now, not that way. If Dean ever dies it should be... Hell, not by Castiel's hands. Not anymore. And much less by the police ones. Imagining that is... disturbing, to say the least.

The fact the police believes Castiel is dead is good, though. It means they are not looking for him anymore. And Castiel knows people forget faces very quickly once people stop talking about them.
That's a funny, yet dangerous, consequence of having a rational brain. It is impossible to keep all the information gathered through our lives in there, so it ends up cleaning old information that is either not usable or not necessary. And knowing the face of a ghost isn't something necessary.

That way, in a year or so, no one will recognize him anymore.

That also means they won't be expecting him if he decides to march through the hospital. So he has the element of surprise on his side.

But will he?

What is Dean to him?

For a long time, an enemy. Maybe even to this very day. One thing's certain, though, Dean had shown him and made him feel things Castiel never thought existed and he can't deny he feels connected to him. Especially, after their last time together. Dean makes him feel alive, powerful. Isn't that what everyone wants?

Still, the main reason he went through all the shit he has been going through in these last couple of years, stepping out of the shadows, becoming one of the most wanted men in the country, all of it was so that he could kill Dean. And Dean is about to die, so mission accomplished. However, it isn't Castiel doing it...

But, he can stop it! He can try and help Dean and experience something completely new with that strange green-eyed man. They can be together, do things together... Be unstoppable. Be gods.

Deep inside, that's all Castiel ever wanted: not simply serve God, but be a god himself.

He takes one last deep breath and sits upright, swings everything off the coffee table and grabs himself a pen and a paper. Then... Then he starts plotting.

___

_Hospital's parking lot_

_05:28 am_

Castiel wanders from bush to bush, keeping himself away from the police cars and one or another news van. He has been circling the hospital for the last three days. He has even been inside a couple of times, head down, just watching, counting, and memorizing.

He knows there is a policeman outside each entrance of the building. There's a service door, where a cleaning company's van comes once a day pick dirty laundry - normally sometime near 05:30 or 05:40 am. - There are emergency doors at the southern and northwest walls. Outside he counts five cops - protecting the doors - and a couple more doing night watch around the perimeter. It takes them 27 minutes to do a whole lap around the hospital. Inside, there are only cops at Dean's level.
And he managed to get their shifts.

The guards circling the hospital must be getting to that place any minute now, so he prepares his courage and his gun. He doesn't bring much with him. Sometimes less is better and that is - believe it or not - one of those cases. He needs to approach the guard normally, like a normal citizen. If he comes showing his guns and blades, his plan will go south before it starts.

At the beginning of the street connected to the hospital's parking lot appears the white cleaning van. Castiel sighs, looks up at the sky, it cloudy and dark, and connects a silencer to the barrel of his gun patting his pockets to check for magazines.

By the corner of the wall, two guards step up and are boringly chatting not wasting much time looking around for intruders. When passing by the guard at the service door, they nod their heads, exchanging "Hey's" and continuing their walk.

The van reaches the parking lot and rear parks in front of the service door. A man steps out, approaches the guard, showing him his ID, and Castiel starts leaving the bushes, using the van as his shield. The guard, after taking a quick look at the man's identification, knocks on the door, shouting an "Open up. It's clear", and a nurse opens it, holding it open so the working cleaner man can go inside pick the carts with laundry. The door shuts and the guard's alone again.

Castiel shows up from behind the truck. The guard is looking down at his feet yarning due to tiredness and boredom.

"Excuse me--" Castiel says and, when the man looks up, Castiel pulls the trigger, shooting him in the head. He steps forward, holding the police officer and gently rests the body against the wall. Then, he leans against it, too. Picking up the carts only takes two minutes.

When the door opens again - now with the man strolling a cart outside - Castiel doesn't waste time and raises his gun.

"Not a sound." He warns both the man and nurse. "Hands in the air. Open the van's back." He orders. The worker does so. "Get inside. Both of you." He points at the nurse. "Leave the door open, please." When both men are inside the van, he picks up the dead guard and throws it inside. "Now, I'm sorry for doing this. But these are desperate times."

After he strolls the cart to the back of the van and after hiding the three bodies inside it, he locks the vehicle and walks inside the hospital.

He is confronted with a long hallway with white walls and floor covered in ceramic white tiles. There is a handrail parallel to the wall and, somewhere in the middle, he sees a elevator. He glances at his watch: 05:35 am. That explains the lack of civilians inside the hospital. He keeps pacing, carefully, looking around to see if someone's seeing him or recognizing him and he approaches the corner that connects that hallway to the main hall. He peaks slightly, only allowing his forehead and eyes to be unhidden and notices three guards by the doors drinking coffee. Then, the elevator's door behind him opens. He turns around, his back to the elevator, and subtly gazes over his shoulder seeing a doctor, with glasses, long white coat and comfortable shoes. He watches the man turning to his left, entering the hallway Castiel came through and then entering a room. Ten seconds later he steps out and starts walking to the restrooms.

Castiel approaches him, "Doctor?"

"Yes?" He tilts his head up, adjusting his glasses. He doesn't see Castiel's face right way, but when he does, Castiel's already pressing his guns against his belly.
"I need your help."

Hospital's seventh floor

05:39 am

When Castiel reaches the floor Dean's at, he is confronted with a cop entering the elevator.

"'Morning, Doctor." He hears.

"Good morning, good sir." Castiel answers back, the mask hiding his sneering smile. The policeman looks at his face, frowning at the coverage. "Flu. You don't wanna contaminate your patients." Castiel laughs at his excuse while the stranger nods.

"It's always good to be safe."

They don't share any other words as Castiel has stepped outside, the guard inside and the doors have already closed.

This is crazy, he thinks starting to walk at the room the doctor had sworn to be Dean's. This is way out of what I do. I don't go around poking on a nest of cops... I'm a ghost, I should stay away.

Still, he doesn't stop taking steps. One after another and suddenly he is stopping in front of another guard.

"I need to check on the patient."

The guard looks at the clock hanging on the wall, "...At this time of the night?"

Good question-- "Yes. This is a hospital, if we saw an anomaly on his last exams, we can take care of it whenever we want. That's why there's a night shift, so we can work at all hours. Now... Do you mind?"

[Dean]

It can't be... You're... you're... 

"You're dead." He exasperates, wide eyes, only seeing the strongest features of the man standing in front of him.
"Not so much." Castiel answers before circling the bed and looking at the machinery, examining it. "Now, let's get you out of here."

Dean can't really process any kind of information at the moment. A part of him always thought that maybe Castiel could have escaped but after almost a week of nothing - nothing that could prove his existence - he gave up hoping.

It still is a strange feeling to him: hope. He never felt something like that before. But he also hadn't felt fear in a long time. These were being strange days for him.

"Dean!" Castiel hisses after Dean not getting into action. "Move, will you?"

"If you borrow me your freaking legs, I might!" He sasses, imagining Castiel's unfriendly glance under that mask.

Castiel pulls some wires off, all the machinery going down. Then, he looks around looking for a pair of crutches or a wheelchair. Not seeing anything alike, he simply unlocks the bed's casters and says, "Act like you're in pain."

"What?"

Castiel rolls his eyes, "I'm a doctor, right? We're going down like we're making you some more exams. Because you're not feeling very well."

"What about the cop?" Dean motions to the dead body on the floor.

"We'll need to be quick... We don't have much time."

Nevertheless, he picks up the body and drags it inside the bathroom, locking then the door.

He strolls the bed, then stops it, opens the door to the hallway, and pushes the bed out. He shuts the door and starts leading them to another elevator on the opposite direction he came through. There are no nurses in sight and Castiel has to thank God for that. They do a corner and at the end of that new hall they entered there's an elevator. He strolls faster and passes through a nurse who gives him a strange look. He ignores it, but Dean manages to look behind, seeing her quickly pacing to her desk.

"Red alert." He whispers.

Castiel says nothing. He simply reaches under his vestments, grabs his gun with a silencer attached and leaves the bed, going after her. Before she can even grab the phone, he shoots her and quickly hides her body under the desk, looking around to see if there's any blood visible. He knows there will be a lot of blood on the floor soon, but that's not of importance right now. He just needs to keep things immaculate for a few more minutes.

When he reaches Dean, he is trying to sit up.

Castiel pushes him down, "Do as I told you to, Winchester." He hisses, starting to move again, after putting his gun back to its holster.

They reach the elevator. Castiel pushes a button, it almost instantly opens, revealing another nurse. This one speaks, "What are you doing?"

She doesn't seem to recognize Castiel, as his face his fairly covered. Castiel presses the button to Ground 0 and the doors slide shut.
"I'm taking this patient to..." He stops, thinking. "...take a tomography."

"Dr. Clinton's already at home." She squints her eyes.

"I already paged him. He's on his way here." He answers and looks down at Dean.

She nods and looks forth before something getting to her mind,

"But tomography's on level 3--"

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" Dean grits and reaches for the gun Castiel has. The nurse gives a short loud scream before Dean pulls the trigger. Castiel stares at him. "What? She was going to get us. Next time: shoot first, talk later."

Castiel presses another button.

After a minute, they reach level one. Castiel strolls Dean's bed until he sees a door with a sign reading **Stairs**.

"Get up."

"What?"

"Get up!" He grits, helping Dean up. "You fucking shot a nurse in that damn elevator. They must have found her by now, at the moment the doors opened downstairs. We'll use the stairs and head to the janitor's closet."

Dean wants to ask why, but doesn't. To Castiel burst through a hospital full of cops to help him getting out is because he has a meticulous plan. Or so he hopes.

He staggers, holding himself on Castiel's shoulder and both walk at the stairs. Dean goes all jumpy, unable to use a leg, and Castiel grunts with the extra weight. Still, they manage to do the stairs quickly, Dean jumping through the steps, one at a time, one arm around Castiel's shoulders and his other hand tightly gripping the handrail as an extra support.

When they walk outside, to a hall adjacent to the main waiting room, they hear a lot of shouting and steps everywhere.

"Okay. We need to be faster." Castiel grunts, pulling Dean closer and trying to walk faster. "You fucking had to make that mess in the elevator..."

By the corner two cops come on running. They halt and point at the two man.

"Hey!" One shouts. Both go for their guns, but Dean still has Cas's gun on his hand and is quicker on the trigger.

"I'm only making things worse, ain't I?" Deans asks with a smirk.

"Shut up." Castiel hisses and drags both a little while longer. They reach the janitor's door and he throws Dean inside shutting the door. Then, he walks at the two cops, to grab their weapons and ammo, when two more appear.

"They went that way!" He yells, seemingly desperate and horrified. He tries to look like he just got there and is looking for vital signs on the two dead cops.

"How do they look?" One quickly asks.
Castiel, still with his face hidden, stutters, "Ahm... One looked like a patient and the other one was... just guy on a black coat!"

The two men exchange looks and start pursuing through the direction Castiel had indicated.

"Morons." He whispers and, when alone, does the task he was doing before.

He grabs both pistols and looks around, before putting his hands under one of the guards arms and starts dragging him through the floor. He punches the door twice, Dean opening it, and gets inside with the corpse.

"What are we doing?" Dean finally asks and Castiel gestures for him to shut up.

On the floor is also another man, naked and unconscious. Dean assumes it is the doctor Castiel stole that uniform from. Dean is still trying to catch up on everything. Castiel is already undressing the dead cop.

He throws the trousers at Dean.

"Get dressed, quickly."

"But my leg--"

"Stop whining about your leg. Do you wanna get out of here, or not?" Dean nods and forces the pants up, the friction against his wounded knee making him cry in pain. He bites his lip to contain his audible suffering and by the time he has the pants on Castiel is already holding the shirt for Dean. When he is fully dressed, Castiel passes him the hat and a gun. "Only shoot if necessary. It seems you like to shoot at everything that moves, but I'd really like to get out of here fast and alive."

"Sounds good to me. How are we leaving this place?"

Castiel pinches the bridge of his nose, sighing, "I'm still working on it."

"What?!"

"This wasn't supposed to go this way. We weren't supposed to shoot anybody! By this time all doors are locked." He sighs.

That's when it hits Dean. It really is a impossible mission. A suicidal one.

"Then you go." He says. "I'll surrender. You stay put and when it's clear, you get out of this place. They think you're dead anyway. You're off the radar. No one's looking for you."

"Hell with that!" Cas grits. "Don't you think you'll get away that easily. Not after what you've done to me." Dean frowns at that. "You've set me free... Now, I'm saving you. Got it?"

It takes a moment for Dean to assimilate that but he ends up nodding, "Okay, so what's the plan?"
"Dean..."

Nausea and dizziness are the first sensations the older Winchester feels when consciousness invades his body. The night before is a big hole of nothing and he can feel the taste of puke in his mouth.

He lubberly opens his eyes, light and bluriness making him squint his eyes in pain. Then, his vision focuses and he finds a familiar bearded man standing in front of him with a concerned and, somewhat, pissed expression in his features.

"...Where am I?" Dean slurs while covering his face with his arm, hiding from the clarity of that room.

God, he feels like crap.

"In your own room..." Bobby tells, standing in the same exact place from before, calmly waiting for the right moment to have his explosion of fury.

From the state Dean was found before, he is damn lucky to be breathing.

Slowly, Dean takes a deep breath, the putrid smell of vomit filling his nostrils, - and Dean doesn't need to think much to know where it is coming from - and forces himself to sit.

He blows a tired grunt.

"And why are you here, exactly?" He cleans the drool from his face and looks around at the mess of his room. It has been too long since he last cleaned it. "Where's John?"

Calling his father by his name was nothing new to both Dean or Bobby. He was never taught to call him father, or dad, anyway. Only 'sir'. But Dean despises the man too much to show him that much respect on his back. Even when talking to him face to face, if listened closely, it is evident the sarcastic tone in Dean's voice every time he says the word "sir".

"Don't worry about your dad, right now. And I'm here because we need to have a serious conversation." There is a peremptory tone in his voice, and something like anger and frustration edged to it.

Dean finally looks at Bobby. He is tensed up, with his old cap on his hand, crossed arms and eyes of a man who didn't sleep last night.

And just like that, Dean knows.

"For f**k's sake, I'm not in the mood!"

"Dean-"

"Don't Dean me, okay? I know why you're here, Lemme guess, Sam got all whiny on you about me... Figures... He can't mind his own fucking business..."
Bobby sighs, uncrossing his arms, and kicks some papers on the floor, considering either stepping forward and sit next to Dean or remain in his standing.

"You have to stop this, Dean." He starts. "It's time. They need to know."

At that, Dean impatiently rolls his eyes and tries to get up, instantly regretting his decision when his gag reflex hits him hard. He, instead, covers his mouth with his hand, forcing everything to stay inside his stomach.

Bobby watches the scene apprehensively. Then, he continues, "I tried to help you. I took you to rehab. I didn't tell John about your drug addiction because I know your dad and it would only worsen your situation. But is has been three years, Dean. I can't keep watching as you destroy yourself. This ends now. You need help. Real help!"

"Please!" Dean bitterly laughs at Bobby's words. "Real help?! No one can help me..."

"Only if you don't want to-"

"Like you said, it has been three years. We moved town. Nothing will change what happened. What do you want me to do? Go around crying about that fucking tiny-dick-teacher?"

"They need to know. You gotta take that weight off your shoulders."

Dean bites his cheek, glancing out at the window. "I can still hear his voice, you know? His sickening voice... Just whispering into my ear. I still wake up in the middle of the night thinking He's here, my skin crawling with ghost-y touches. Sometimes I feel-" He stops himself, looking up at Bobby. "I'm perpetually living that day. Always. Everyday. A constant reminder of what he did to me."

"I'm really sorry, kiddo." Bobby says honestly. "But you gotta talk this out. Holding what happened to yourself is killing you. This, whatever you think you're doing to help you cope with that memory, is killing you."

"You think I use drugs because of what happened to me?" He sincerely asks, his eyes locked on Bobby's, incredulous. A loud bark, almost a laugh, escapes his lips. Bobby frowns and Dean finally gathers strength and will to sit upright. "Sometimes, your mind is a prison, too tight to contain what you really are."

If there is anyone Dean can be honest, it's Bobby.

So, if Bobby wants Dean to talk, he'll talk. He'll say everything.

"Do you have any idea how much my brain works?" His voice changes to a dreary one. "Every fucking hour, minute, second of every single day? There are so many thoughts just floating around that, most times, I feel like I could drown in them. Always thinking, plotting... What to say, when to say it. The right words to say at each sentence. I can become someone's best friend in less than four days, if I want to. Or make someone fall in love with me in less than an hour." Bobby's expression is now a mix of confused emotions. Knowing Dean wouldn't stop there, he pulls a chair and sits down. "When I was younger, I didn't really understand people. All the drama, all the tears. People were so... fragile and fake and weird. I was an outcast. But now... Now I know exactly how the human brain works, the right buttons to push. Like with you. I managed to make you shut up and listen to me. I managed to make you stop nagging me and actually feel sorry for me. And intrigued, as well. And now, it doesn't matter how many bad things I tell you, you'll keep sitting on that chair. Because you're curious. You want to know, you want to understand. Wanting to know things you shouldn't
"I'm not sure if I'm following you. Are you saying you're a manipulator?"

"Only when I want to." Dean shrugs. "But the point is: I don't care about people. I barely care about you, or Sam... I don't care about John. I only care about what you can do for me. Now, can you imagine how it feels to become the thing you always thought to be toys to you? I became someone's toy..." His words come out full of disgust and rage. "And he is free. Living his life like nothing happened. Waking up, having breakfast with his family, going to work, fucking some other kid, going back home, fucking his wife and so it goes on."

"Dean, I don't have enough words to explain how sorry I am about that. I should have made you go to the police. Do justice, but I just... You begged me not to and-"

Dean cuts him off, "There is no such thing as justice, Bobby. You should know that by now. C'mon, take a look around you. Let's not be hypocrites, okay? The world is moved by fear, not justice."

"I know this place ain't exactly a paradise and you went through a lot, but you've made it this far, kid, and things will get better. You're too young to think like that, son. Maybe you're having depression, but we can fix that."

Dean gives him a sided rebuking look, "First you call me a manipulator, and now I have depression. Tsk, tsk, make up your mind, Singer."

"Alright, I've heard enough." Bobby gets up. "And I can't keep pretending I don't know what is going on. You gotta tell John everything: the rape, the drugs, all of it!"

"Or what?" Dean follows Bobby and gets up as well. "Are you really that blind? Haven't you heard a thing I've said so far?"

"You can bet I heard. You're a kid crying for help. And help you'll get. You can't run from your problems forever. You need to take care of yourself, so this stops right now!" He turns on his heels, ready to leave Dean's bedroom, when a strong grip holds his wrist back. He looks back at Dean, who is wide-eyed, fixed glance on Bobby. "No offense, but you're starting to freak me out. More than you usually do."

"You wanted to know. Now you do." Dean releases his wrist. "Drugs are my way of gaining courage."

Bobby frowns. It is the only reaction he is capable of having when hearing those words, "Gaining courage to what, Dean?"

Dean notices the worried tone in Bobby's voice and he can't help but feel flattered at having someone who cares so much about him to the point of translating what Dean said to *Gaining courage to kill myself*. And Dean knows that was what Bobby thought, because that is what anyone would think if they were present through everything Dean went through like Bobby was.

"To become what everybody fears."

*Present Day*

*Hospital*
Sam is lazily sitting on a chair at the main waiting room almost falling asleep when a shout comes to his ears. He jumps up and runs to the source of the sound. By the elevator are two nurses paralyzed, one holding the door, while the other has a hand over her mouth. When he gets closer, he sees a woman, on her thirties, lying on the ground.

A crowd of people joins him.

"Shit." He whispers before turning around and looking for Reid. "Shit, shit, shit!" He repeats, his eyes darting around. By the desk is another nurse and he yells at her, "Call upstairs and shut this damn hospital down, right now!"

The nurse nods, a little lost and terrified, and gets to work. Sam, however, heads back to the waiting room and asks everyone to get out, that a situation is occurring at the moment. Then, he runs at the entrance and calls some cops inside.

That's when he sees policemen starting to run. Some going to the elevators, some going to the entrances and some going to... Hell, Sam doesn't know. He doesn't even know what's happening or what to do. One part of him wants to run outside and never look back, but another one wants to stay there and do something.

Finally, Reid's holding him by his shoulders.

"Your brother's missing." He simply says.

"What?" Sam shouts and more cops rush inside.

"That nurse is not the only victim."

Sam can't believe what he's hearing. They are in a hospital loaded with human protection and still they got themselves in that situation. Unbelievable!

"Alright!" Reid shouts, every cop in that room stopping and looking at him. "I want every floor searched! Every door opened and room checked. Did I make myself clear? I want all exits locked and all staff reunited in a room! No doctors or nurses or interns or whatever on our way, understood?"

"What about the patients?" Someone asks.

"Lock them in their rooms!" Reid angrily answers the question. Like he cared about the patients at the moment!

Everyone starts moving after that. Except for Sam. Sam stays there.

"What about me?" He asks.

"Try not getting shot." Reid says, already walking away. "Get outside this hospital. This is a matter for the police."
After that, the main waiting room becomes empty of people.

But Sam doesn't go outside. Instead, he starts looking for Dean. He opens all doors, to all rooms he could find, sometimes bumping into a cop or another. In one of the hallways he finds another dead body, this one of a cop, and a faint trail of blood to the janitor's closet.

*Oh, hell.* He thinks, staring at it. *Or the cop's alive and hid himself in there or... Someone else is inside.* He crouches over the cadaver, looking for a gun, but it was removed from the body. He bites his cheek and looks around, finding a fire extinguisher. He races at it and picks it up, going back to the door.

He sighs, counting to ten, all his body shaking. And then-

Then he kicks the door open.

As Sam kicks the door open, he raises the heavy full fire extinguisher with both his hands, ready to hit someone with it if necessary.

And necessary it is, as he is confronted with both Dean and Castiel standing on their feet, but doesn’t make a move, since his body seemed to be paralyzed at a situation of danger. Like Sam raised the extinguisher, Dean and Cas raised their guns.

“You’re—” Sam breathes out.

“Alive.” Castiel nods. “Now, if you don’t mind, step aside.”

Sam looks at Dean, seeing the usual blank stare right into his soul and can’t help but gulp. Dean won’t shoot at him, right? They’re brothers... But, he shot John, and... Everyone!

“I— I can’t let you go.” He says, slowly breathing while watching the two pistols aiming at him.

They hadn’t shot yet. That means something. That means they don’t want to waste bullets and call any more attention. If they fire, they’ll give away their localization. And Sam uses that to his advantage. If they were to shoot they would have done that by now, so the only way to take him out of their way is by fighting him, knocking him out, or something noiseless. But Sam knows he can’t simply yell and call for help. If he does that, he is sure that Dean or Castiel will pull the trigger and Sam isn’t suicidal.

“Time to pick a side, little brother.” Dean says, gun still raised, leaning against a metal storage shelf. “Go on, you have two guns pointed at you. Get out of the way. Don’t make me kill you.”

“You wanna leave? You gotta pass through me.”

Castiel quickly glances at Dean and Sam understands that look. That is the look of a man who only didn't pull the trigger yet because he knows Sam belongs to Dean somehow. And not in a brotherly way, something else entirely. More like a prey thing. But he also sees impatience and solicitude in that glance. So, instead, Castiel takes a step forward, ready to fight Sam, and Sam swings the fire extinguisher forcing him to back off. He only needs to hold them for a few minutes, some agent or cop will pass through that corridor, right?

“Sam, I’m warning you.” Dean roars, tightening the grip on his gun. He’ll have to do it, it is becoming evident.

“Then pull the trigger, that’s the only way I’ll let you walk away.”
“You’re a smart man, Samuel.” Castiel says. “If he pulls the trigger, we’ll be surrounded in less than sixty seconds.”

Sam gives him a crooked smile, “And Dean there can’t really use one leg... How long do you think you can carry him out of here? C’mon, pull the trigger!”

“Dean—” Castiel calls.

“Shut up.” Dean grits. If he tries to approach Sam, he’ll only swing that thing against his face.

His brother isn’t afraid of defending himself, Dean knows that very well. Not when it is a life or death situation.

“Dean!” Castiel calls again and Dean quickly looks at him. Castiel tilts his head at the door, past Sam, and Dean thinks Castiel is trying to encourage him to pull the freaking trigger. Even more when—

“You’re the one who asked for it.” Castiel calmly informs before aiming at Sam and firing.

Sam doesn’t cry in help or does any sound at all. Saying that getting shot hurts isn’t necessarily true. It isn’t like in the movies where there’s an explosion of blood, a huge poodle of blood coming out of nowhere, and wails of pain. It actually depends on the place you’re shot at. There are extremely painful places, like in the knee, and there are painless places, like in the stomach. Like in Sam’s case.

He looks down at his belly, startled, and drops the fire extinguisher, seeing the slightest appearance of blood in his shirt. If it wasn’t for that, he wouldn’t have believed he was shot. There was this blow - a strong feeling of pressure, like a kick against his belly - but not what he’d imagine the impact of a bullet against his muscles would feel like. Unlike the movies, he didn’t fall on his knees, nor passed out. He felt dizzy and nauseous.

[Dean]

“Hurry up.” Castiel says, grabbing Dean’s wrist.

Dean’s eyes go from Sam to Castiel, “What the fuck did you just do?”

“He’ll be fine!” He hisses forcing Dean to start walking. Sam finally stumbles back and Castiel gives him a soft nudge, just enough to make him fall to the ground. “...If the medics get here fast enough.” He adds and feels Dean jerking his wrist from Castiel’s hold.

*It's not the time... It's too soon... He's not read--*

“No one messes with my brother but me!” Dean roars and Castiel can hear Dean cocking his gun. Well, he now knows Dean did not have the intention to of shooting Sam as he was pointing his gun at his brother without harmlessly.

“Oh, go on, kill me if you want to!” Castiel rolls his eyes, not stopping his walking. “If not, I’m getting out of here.”

Dean looks down at Sam, coming to a decision, “I told you this wasn’t the end.”
“D-Dean, please—”

“This isn’t over, brother.” He winks and staggers, trying to catch up with Castiel who is already sneaking through a corner, watching if someone is coming through that way.

He nods and both keep walking. Dean’s leg is killing him, but the adrenaline of facing death every second that passes gives him the strength he needs to keep going faster and faster.

And being there, knowing it is impossible to survive that, but still fighting and walking and just living the moment, is what makes him feel like he never did before. His brother is bleeding out, everyone is looking for them, he is so fucked up it is a miracle he is even able to walk and Castiel is alive. That’s all so weird, so unexpected. He’s loving it. Everything! This is so much better than killing himself or having a stupid miserable death.

If he survives this, he can survive anything.

Castiel is walking fiercely. Gun raised and looking around.

“We need a plan.”

“I thought we were improvising!” Dean comments containing a smirk.

“This isn’t funny, Dean.”

Dean snorts, “We’re locked in a hospital full of cops who want to kill us, love. It sounds pretty funny to me...”

“I’m not your love.”

Dean nods, “You’re right, you’re my fuck buddy.” He purrs and Castiel sends him a glare. They hear quick steps. Dean motions to the ground, “Follow my lead.”

Both lay on the ground and pretend they’re dead. Two different paces rush past them, but a voice orders to a third one “Check on them.” before dissipating.

“Got it.” A man answers.

Two hands grip Dean by a shoulder and turn him around. Dean’s eyes snap open. “Hiya.” He smiles.

Before the man can react, Castiel swings his legs to the man and he falls to the ground. Dean having a leg unusable makes Castiel hastily get up, get on top of the stranger and strangle him to death.

Dean fixes his eyes on him.

“We can’t waste bullets. Besides, bullets are loud.” Castiel explains.

“Not that... I always thought you’d be a good rider.” He smirks. Castiel simply rolls his eyes and gives Dean a help. “How long do you think we’ll last?”

“Five minutes...” Castiel says honestly. By this time, there must be a SWAT team arriving outside just waiting to raid inside and shoot at sight. “But we can still make some damage!”

Dean smiles at that, “Fuck yeah. Let’s raise a little hell.”

“Unless you have some brilliant idea of how to get out of here.”
“Sewers. Always go for the sewers.” Dean shrugs.

“That’s your idea? Sewers?”

As Dean is about to answer, Castiel raises his gun and pulls the trigger twice. Dean looks over his shoulder and two agents fall down.

“Ahm—Yeah.” Both starts walking away, Dean painfully limping. “They never cover those. They always attack from the windows, roofs and doors. They circle the perimeter on the top side of the earth...”

“And how exactly would you be able to climb down a sewer with that leg of yours?”

Dean twitches his lips, “Or— Well, I’m already dressed as a cop, if you wanna play some more roleplay, get yourself a uniform and—”

“That won’t work.” Dean frowns. “They know our faces. The moment they see us, they shoot at us. Unless you have a way of covering your face...” He fades out staring outside a window a few steps away from them. By the way his voice changed he was thinking of something.

“Please tell me you’re thinking the same I am.”

They share a look.

Reid takes a long look at the group in front of him.

“This is it? All you have?” He whispers at the commander of the SWAT Squad. When the man sends him a cold threatening glare, Reid coughs, “Alright!” Reid exclaims outside the building, eighteen armed SWAT agents awaiting orders. “We have two suspects inside! One is the well-known Dean Winchester, and the other is still to be identified. They already killed people, they are armed, and we can only assume the body count will only increase. Now, this is a hospital, there are a lot of people inside! You need to be focused. If you find the killers, shoot them. Fire at sight. But make sure you’re firing at them and not at civilians. We tried to evacuate the hospital but we have people bedridden, people in surgery and when the attack began it was a mess and we only had time to lock people inside their rooms.”

The commander steps forward, “Team one.” Four men react to that. “You’ll march through the main door and control ground zero. “Team two and three: level one and two. Team four, Moishe and Smith, you’ll enter through the roof, the helicopter’s operational. Team five, you’ll go through level’s eight windows. Helicopter number two awaits you. Two minutes, so get ready.”

All eighteen men start loading their semi automatic rifles while Commander addresses Reid, “You also cleared all cops, right? We can’t have anyone on our way. All police officers must be outside while we do this operation.”

“Yes, commander. They are out. There are only three left inside who still are evacuating some patients from the third floor. All the above from that level are still with civilians.”

“Should we consider them hostages?”
“There are no reports of them being used as such, but yeah, sure. Whatever suits you best, whatever we can charge Dean with, only to be added to his long list of accusations.”

“Listen, Reid, I don’t care about their charges. I care about those people inside. This ain’t a game, an exercise practiced in a controlled environment. Are those people held hostage?”

Reid sighs, “Yes. Consider them hostages.” The helicopters start rising up in the air, and the ground teams start quietly pacing to the entrances. “This should be fun.” He whispers to himself stepping back. “Survive this, Winchester.”

[Sam]

_get up. Just... Get up!

Get up. Just... Get up!

Sam huffs, his hands grogging his stomach area, trying to keep the blood from surfacing to his skin. He feels nauseous, and sick, and damn near vomiting or crying. He has been there, gathering strength to get back on his feet for long minutes, in the meantime: taking some brief moments of reevaluation if that's the right choice.

There isn’t an exit wound, he can feel the bullet pressing against his tissue as he breathes. That means, one wrong move and the bullet can move and cause further and, most likely, even more serious problems. Not that being shot in the belly isn't bad enough, so why make it worse?

For a couple of minutes, he decided to wait. A gun was fired, so someone would go his way. No one did. Apparently, the sound wasn't loud enough - it had a silencer, which doesn't remove all sound, but clearly takes it down a lot. Still, he waited... Dizzy, gradually feeling sleepier and sicker, the adrenaline wearing off. Until all lights went out. And he knew what that meant.
It means things got serious. Scary serious. Deadly serious.

It also means most - if not all - staff was out and the hospital was ready to be marched through by big guns ready to shoot at sight.

But what scared him the most was that he was still there. Lying on the ground, not finding strength to get up and walk out. Or maybe he was just scared. He has all right to be terrified.

More minutes have passed and he is surrounded by darkness and silence.

And sometimes silence can be violent.
_I'm gonna die in here. I--I'm never seeing Jess again, I'm never setting things right, I'm never marrying her, I'm never meeting my son, I-- I'm dying._

He bites his tongue, using all he can to remain calm. Reid told him to go outside. Reid was right.

_No! I'm here because of Reid. I'm gonna die because of that arrogant narcissistic piece of shit! It's his fault!_

He heavily rests his head against the floor, it sounding through the hallway and he grunts a sob, his
hands still holding tight against his wound. He is in a freaking hospital with two freaking serial killers on the loose - one of them the supposedly dead Castiel, the other one his own freaking brother - dying with a fucking belly shot. It's pathetic even for him: dying so miserably and alone.

Then, he grunts again. He can't. He can't just stay there and let himself bleed out. He is strong, he knows he is and he can't go out without a fight. He just needs to get the fuck up and drag himself out so that he can find a paramedic. He will get through this!

Like he always has.

Finally, he reflects his legs and starts pushing himself up. He stumbles when he is upright and the entire floor seems to be escaping his feet. He feels dizzy and needs to blink frenetically even though he can't see anything around him, only to find his balance. And then, he forces a foot to the front, then drags the other, and so it goes. Along the way, he stumbles again and he holds himself against the wall by one of his hands - soaked in blood - leaving a hand printed in red not yet visible and keeps walking tracing a line with his hand as he stumbles forward.

He halts when he sees, by the end of the hallway that is connect with the main room, red dots dancing against the wall.

They're in.

He keeps pushing himself forward and raises his hand, pleading,

"Please, don't shoot. Don't shoot!"

[Agent Urie]

"Hands up!" Weekes says in tone of order, still maintaining his voice low.

Well, this is interesting. Brendon thinks automatically pointing his rifle at the tall man partially covered in blood. And he can't help but recognize him to be Sam Winchester, also known as the well-acclaimed lawyer from San Francisco, former fiancé of Jessica Moore, sister of the deceased Camile Moore, killed by Dean Winchester: Sam's brother.

In a sharp move, Brendon raises his hand formed into a fist, as a sign to stand still and steps forward.

Sam looks really pale and having trouble at staying focused.

He mumbles some more words, "Please, I was shot."

Brendon takes a second look and can't help but see the still growing red stain on Sam's abdomen.

And so it begins.

He is doing that job for over ten years, so he already can analyze a situation by the speed they find wounded hostages. And that is shown to become a very complicated operation ahead of them. The sooner they shoot people, the sooner people die and the crazier they are. And for Dean to shoot his own blood, it shows he has no mercy for anyone.

That also says it is useless the men outside in charge of coming to negotiation terms with them. Not that he believes they'll try, anyway. From the prep-talk outside, their aim is to kill Dean and whoever
is helping him.

"It's alright, sir. We'll escort you out to an ambulance."

Sam nods, faintly smiling, and Brendon gives him support. He passes Sam to two of his other colleagues and they go outside, leaving him alone with Dallon, his partner for seven years already.

"I hope I'm the one who fucking shoots him." Dallon comments and Brendon snorts a laugh, gesturing to the hallway from where Sam came from.

They'd take that one and Kenneth and Dan would take the other one. He didn't even need to warm them, their team was known from being one very well organized and they already had their ways of covering floors. If they found someone that need help and the team got separated, the ones inside would take the way the person appeared from and then the other two would take the other way around. Like there were two hallways - one to the right and another to the left - Brendon and Dallon would take the right, Kenneth and Dan would take the left.

They use the blood trail on the wall as guidance, entering a very intimidating somber hallway.

The blood trail stops as one of their helmet lights find Sam's blood handprint on the wall. They circle the area, seeing a second trail of blood taking them to an opened door of a janitor's closet.

Brendon motions to Dallon and his colleague walks inside.

"Found another one." Dallon whispers while checking on the man's vitals. Brendon steps inside, finding an almost completely naked man lying on the ground. "He's alive." Dallon continues and, not seeing any wounds, looks up at Brendon, who is, after all, the leader of that team.

"Alright, I'll take him outside." Brendon quickly says, crouching and gently picking the man up. "I'll be back in two."

Carrying a man isn't easy itself. Carrying one unconscious, which is basically dead weight makes it even harder. But Brendon doesn't complain.

Nor is he complaining about the fact the man he is holding is cleaned of any clothing except for his boxers and socks.

What kind of freak is Dean Winchester? He and his colleague, whoever it is!

In his line of work, one is taught not to let emotions gain strength and cloud his judgment. So, no matter what, he needs to remain abstained of any opinions regarding Hell's Torturer.

But this is a fucking hospital, they are shooting, killing people... And, apparently, undressing them as they do their horror show. And that is pissing him off. He became SWAT to help people, but he feels he is doing too little, too late. People are dying already. At the moment they marched inside the hospital, they found a man bleeding out and now this. Nothing can change the nightmare that already rose in that building, nothing will ease the trauma.

The only thing he can do is stop this from getting any worse.

And meanwhile all the thinking, the naked man is secured outside and Brendon is back at his mission. He passes the corner past the elevators, the trail of blood waiting for him. Then he finds the same opened door, except there is no Dallon around to be seen.

His hand firstly reaches up to his radio, but then he stops. The basic rule of a SWAT operation is to remain in radio silence and only use it when strictly necessary. But another basic rule was to never proceed alone.
So where the fuck is Dallon?

Brendon huffs, adjusting his helmet and looks at the hallway ahead of him. All lights are still out, as they should be, so his flashlight is the only thing giving him guidance through those big ample echoing hallways, and he won't lie and say he is cool about being alone in a creepy dangerous place.

Fuck, he is SWAT, be he also is only human.

Nevertheless, he starts walking. Dallon hadn't go back, otherwise, they'd have found each other, so the only alternative is going ahead. If he picks up the pace, he'll find him in no time.

The first problem surfaces when a new hallway connects with the one he's at and he has two choices to pick from: right or left. Also, no Dallon!

Brendon wants to grunt a *fuck me*, but doesn't. Being silent is, once again, a requirement to be part of the elite.

He pinpoints from one side to another, quickly deciding which way to take.

Right it is!

One foot takes a step, then the other, and so it goes, quietly examining the hallway. It is darker than the other one, that still had one or another window that allowed some faint red-then-blueish shades of light fill the hospital from the cars parked outside. Other than that, so far this one is dead. No blood, no stains, no bodies--

Glass cracks under his boot.

His heart skips a beat and he almost stops completely before his brain deciphers that the sound was made by him. He exhales a frustrated shaky breath, calming himself down. The hairs on the back of his neck are frizzy as he steps on the broken glasses on the ground.

And, over the repeating sound of glass cracking under his shoes, he hears it: a low whistle coming right from ahead stopping some seconds later. He resumes his walk, this time fiercely, the glass not letting him do the job silently, but almost instantly jerks his body the other way around.

Something loudly shattered right behind him and he knows for a fact he didn't go against anything, otherwise, he would have felt it.

The screak of a door being slowly closed reaches his ears from the way he was going before.

And then a laugh from behind.

They know he is there and they're playing with him. And fuck if he isn't about to shit his pants.

He can already feel the drops of sweat down his face and he fears he will shoot at the first thing that appears in his camp of vision. Screwing the rules, not wanting to die, he raises his hand over his radio. He is about to speak, when a voice stops him,

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

He doesn't recognize the voice, nor does he want to. The only thing that crosses his mind is *Where is Dallon?*

"I'm here." Another voice, coming from the opposite direction speaks.
He looks over his shoulder, at the source of the sound. That sure as hell isn't Dallon's voice, either.

Nothing.

Something else shatters on the ground.

The same creak of a door, Brendon can't tell if it's being opened or closed, makes him swear under his breath.

He is trapped and he doesn't know what to do. So, he just keeps looking back and forth, trying to catch the faintest glimpse of something, someone.

A figure slowly pops out from behind a door, and Brendon now knows that sound was that door opening, and doesn't think twice at pulling the trigger.

After that, everything goes quiet. Too quiet.

And that, alongside his gut feeling, tells him something isn't right.

He walks at the shape he just shot at, and horror strikes through his face and stomach as he sees only half of the face intact - consequence of using 223 Remington in 75 grain bullets - of no one else than his colleague and best friend.

"Oh God, Dallon!" He cries, falling to his knees. He, too, is disposed of his uniform. "Oh, fuck, I--"

Something cold touches his nape.

"Just so you know--" This really deep raspy voice says. "He wasn't dead until you shot him."

[Dean]

"Just so you know, he wasn't dead until you shot him." Castiel informs the stranger while holding a gun against his head.

It was true.

Afraid they'd call attention with the use of firepower, the jumped the lonely SWAT agent, surprising him. One went for the gun, and the other restrained him against a wall. They punched him until he was knocked out and then dragged him through a whole hallway until finding a good place to leave him. Before closing the door, Castiel took the honor of doing to him the same he did to a doctor and stole his uniform.

Then, they broke some jars, and scattered the glasses around the floor - as sonorous warning - and waited for playtime.

The initial plan was to scare the shit out of the other guy, and after some time Castiel would appear, already dressed as SWAT, giving the guy three seconds of peace before shooting him cold blood.

They weren't expecting the man - Dallon, as it seems - to come to his senses so soon and walk out of
that room like that.

Although, in a way, it turned out better than they originally had thought.

Dean, still limping from the other side of the hallway, joins Castiel and the man kneeling on the ground.

"That was sick! You're fast on the trigger... Too damn fast, man. You actually shocked me." Dean says with a laugh, patting Brendon in the head. Then, he looks at Castiel, "What are we doing to this one?"

"This thing is kinda heavy." Dean puffs, complaining about his vestments, as they head down back to the first escaping route they thought off - ignoring Dean's first genial idea of going to the sewers: Ground zero's restroom's windows.

They know they can't leave through the service door Castiel used to enter the hospital. By that time, the van was most likely already found and all exits are thoroughly guarded. Sure, they are both dressed as SWAT, but that doesn't explain why they'd be leaving the hospital before the clear shout was heard. That is, unless they were really crazy to come up with a way of getting out by the main door.

Castiel, always the most focused on their insane mission, nods firmly, motioning ahead, Dean seeing the conversion of all adjacent halls to the main room, it being slightly visible through the dim lights coming from outside.

They reach the door to the men's restrooms.

Castiel slowly twists the door knob, opening it, and both sneak inside.

It isn't, by any means, the wisest plan ever, but both Castiel ad Dean are starting to become a little desperate to get out of there.

Quickly, they start checking the windows, until Dean slowly slides one open, peaks outside, all so slightly, grunts, and slides it back shut.

"Dead end." He says, frustrated. "We can't go through here. I count three by the corner. We... I don't have time." He whispers, forcing the helmet off. He leans against the sink's counter, resting his hands on the edges, taking all the seconds he can to rest his knee.

The only response Castiel gives him is a shot hum, to which Dean almost grunts back slightly offended with Castiel's lack of any reaction whatsoever. Although, by Castiel's blank stare, Dean can see that Castiel is, in fact, already thinking of another way out.

Through their small, suffocating silence, Castiel hears a short whimper. His eyes meet Dean's and the green eyed-man halts, straightening himself up, and tries to listen. It happens again.

It sounds like a child crying.

Dean clears his voice, "Is anybody here?"

"It's okay. We're here... Ahm, we're here to help." Castiel awkwardly adds in a lie.
Both share a look before Dean speaks again, controlling himself not to laugh at his own words, "Yeah, we are the good guys." When they receive no answer back, Castiel starts opening stalls, one after another, finding all compartments empty. Dean remains still, accurate ears, getting another whimper. He positions it behind him, finding the same counter he was leaning on before. He crouches, reaching down to the cabinets and opens them wide open.

A kid, no older than seven, is hidden inside, arms crossed around his legs up to his chest, buried face to control the loud sniff. He is crying. When his eyes find the two men, his mouth shoots open, a loud gasp with loud crying filling the room.

And they just found their way out.

Dean, clearly the sharpest from the two at manipulating people, reaches a hand out, it resting on the boy's knee. And even without having his face covered, he smiles, knowing it is too dark to recognize any of his features, does his most comforting voice, "It's okay. We're gonna take you out of here."

Dean pushes the main doors open as Castiel carries the boy outside. Both are totally covered, so no one gets jumpy when they march outside.

The first thing Dean notices is the amount of police force and the tremendous crowd of civilians around the perimeter established by the policemen. His eyes finally find the searchlights, and red and blue spinning lights, and only then he does see the news vans. He smiles under his mask, his body shaking in ecstasy, believing - knowing - for the first time since they started their escape that they were going to survive.

Just thirty more seconds and we're out.

He is still limping, the knee exploding in pain at each step he takes, but he simply can't jeopardize everything, not now, not when he is so close to being free and utterly unstoppable. That way, he forces himself to take long, steady, strong steps, doing his best to hide his current state.

They go straight to an ambulance, and it isn't a coincidence they choose the closest one to the parking lot. The boy is handed over to a couple of nurses, them not sharing any words, and both take five seconds to look around them.

Among the mess of people and journalists shouting over their microphones, Dean sees ropes going through the roof to one of the middle levels of the building, a line of windows broken into pieces. He also sees the helices of a helicopter on the roof, and searchlights still circling the various levels trying to find a silhouette.

Only then does he find Reid, radio on one hand, patiently glancing at the building.

"I'm gonna be the one who kills you." Dean whispers to himself, clenching his jaw.

Castiel nudges him, "Not the moment."

The slide around the ambulance and enter a partially empty parking lot. The service door still has the van rear-parked, but forensics are now processing the scene and four other cops are camped around the door.
The sun hasn't risen yet and they can use that to their advantage. The black clothing only helps the camouflage.

They crouch, stealthily walking to the bushes and take a moment to breathe.

Dean wants to shout from the top of his lungs, he wants to laugh like there is no tomorrow. He is out. He is free. He is fucking alive. That was a fucking insane journey, and it all feels so surreal he is afraid he is about to wake up and find himself surrounded by the white walls of the hospital's room. But this feels too real to be just a dream.

He feels a nudge on his forearm and they start going from one bush to another, quietly, quickly, nonstop.

By the entrance of the parking lot, Dean sees his beloved 67' chevy Impala parked nearby the dumpster. Usually, he'd get mad someone drove his car without former permission, but not this time. Castiel just saved his life.

They leave the last bush, and hotfoot to the car.

As Castiel is unlocking the doors, the radio shows signs of life with a stressed voice spreading out, "We have a situation on Ground zero. Red alert."

And, just as the voice says that, one of the men by the van manages to catch two bodies by a car, and shouts a worried yell at their direction.

Dean laughs clapping his hands and quickly gets in the passenger seat with Castiel already putting the key in the ignition and the car makes a long last purr before they take off.
The Man Behind The Dead Eyes

Chapter Notes

*Read this if you wanna know the warnings for this chapter. If you don't want spoilers (if you consider warnings spoilers) or any of my apologizing rant, just ignore this note.*

Sooo... I'm back! And with a new chapter. I know it has been a while, but I'm in college now, so I have no time whatsoever to do anything. I don't have time to sleep, to study... I don't even have time to breathe, it's really stressful and I really have grown a huge hatred toward programming (Yes, I'm studying software engineering and I'm starting to regret it. Just kidding. But seriously, who thought programming would be a good idea?). That said, I'm not having much time to focus on this story, but I'm still doing it! I'll finish this one! It will be the first story I'll ever finish, and I'm proud with what I've created, so I'm continuing this, even if it takes me forever to complete it! (and you are welcomed to join me in this journey).

This chapter is a little bit "different", okay? Some of you might not like it, but bare with me, I do everything for a reason, okay?
Also, this is kinda funny: me making warnings about this chapter like this story isn't fucked up and dark, but, still, I had some issues writing on a few occasions throughout the chapter, because a couple of topics described in here had/have a huge impact on my life. So... Yeah... If you have any problems with the following warnings maybe you shouldn't read this one? IDK. Read at your own risk:
*Illness
*Depression (like severe depression)
*Suicide
*Drugs (it's just a reference, really, but still)
*Tragic and abrupt love story ending (I just needed to brighten this list a little!)

And I'm scaring you, ain't I?
Don't forget to leave a comment, so I can know what you're thinking about the story! :D

1991

It’s a warm spring afternoon in San Francisco and satin red curtains cover long oval windows of the dining room the Reid’s usually use at days of important family gatherings: Diana’s birthday, Forth of July, then William’s birthday, Thanksgiving, Spencer’s birthday, Christmas and finally New Year’s Eve. Chattering echoes through the room as Spencer’s parents, Diana and William, are comfortably drinking tea with his visiting aunt, Ethel.

Spencer loves that room. It is full of good memories, so it is no surprise he prefers to stay inside, lazily sitting on an armchair by one of the windows with his kitten, Amos, sleeping on his lap, eyes
covered under one of its paws, gently purring love and restfulness, instead of going outside to the
garden play with his cousins.

Other than that, Spencer never was a very playful kid. He’s more of a watcher. He wishes he had the
charisma and confidence all the other kids have around each other, but he found himself to be rather
shy. He never knows what to say, most of the time simply shyly smiling while clinging to his
mother’s sleeve, whenever she tries to introduce him to some other boy or girl of his age.

Animals. That’s where he finds friendship. Amos is, certainly, his only friend. Both are very reserved
around new people, preferring a sofa over any other place in the world. They are together from the
moment Spencer wakes up, to the moment he goes to sleep. And that’s because Diana doesn’t let the
cat sleep in Spencer’s bed.

Still, Spencer is a lovely child, everyone says. His messy whimsy curly blonde hair and hazel eyes
sure get a good first impression. He is polite, kind and it is obvious he’ll be up to do amazing things.

At his age, he doesn’t know what amazing things truly are. Being a superhero is an amazing thing to
him. Having powers and fighting. Or going to the moon, Spencer always wanted to be an astronaut.
The future is so far away, that his innocent little brain still doesn’t have what it takes to bring up to
him that, one day, he will be as old as his parents. He is a free young wanderer, still knowing the
world surrounding him, unaware of criminals and pain or death.

Today wasn’t any of the days mentioned before. It wasn’t a birthday, nor a holiday. However,
Spencer doesn’t ask why they’re using the room. He’s just happy at the warm sunlight touching his
dangling feet, a small family reunion bringing some new life to the house.

As it turns out, Aunt Ethel decided to move and bought a house down the neighborhood. It was a
calmer place to educate Edward and Eleanor and closer to the family. Diana is delighted with the
news and is already offering help with the moving and thinking of things they can do together as
soon as they become neighbors. There’s true happiness in her soothing voice, always warm and
welcoming, and Spencer decides he wants to sit by her side. She almost instantly hugs him, telling
him the good news and encouraging him to go outside and play with his cousins.

She was always a caring mother.

Spencer hugs her back, smiles and shakes his head. She isn’t surprised and caresses his hair just like
a mother can do. He remains in the middle of the adults, listening to their talk about work, food,
money and he isn’t bored. He’s just… there.

One week later, his relatives start moving. Diana seems more excited than ever. It turns out, Spencer
will have a brother.

Nothing could be better than this. Life was going on perfectly.

Three weeks later she miscarriages.

Nothing is the same after that.
As Spencer grows older his relationship with his father grows colder. No family is perfect, that’s not new information to anyone, but at least it could be supporting. The problem began when Spencer decided he didn’t want to be what his father had planned for him. Alternately, he wanted to follow his dream and study Science in Criminology and then try his luck on the Federal Bureau of Investigation. William wasn’t pleased to know his son wanted to be a cop: an agent, but nevertheless a cop. It didn’t seem to suit the high standards of the banking family.

So, when Spencer turned 18, he was invited to make a decision: to study Economics or to leave and run after his aspiration on his own.

Five hours later, he was all packed and ready to go. He didn’t want to run numbers for the rest of his life, he wanted to be a hero. To save people from the horrors of humanity.

He wanted to make a change in the world, leave his mark. Even if it was a small one.

He went to Pennsylvania. He had some saved money, and by some, it means a lot, so he could manage himself while he couldn’t find a part-time job. For months he didn’t grab a phone and called home, but he cried.

The worst was not talking or seeing his mother. They were always the closest. More than a mother, she was a friend. She was there whenever he needed her.

But then that happened and he found himself alone. For a long time, to him, she wasn’t there. He thought that. Little did he know she was constantly arguing with William about what he had done. They almost got a divorce, two months after Spencer left, yet something must have changed since money started appearing on his bank account monthly. Just the right amount to pay the school fees and all the other bills related to college. The day he saw the extra money in the account he thought it was a mistake, a miscalculation, an error, something. It never crossed his mind that one of his parents had remembered him.

So it was even a bigger of a surprise when his phone woke him up one morning with his mother’s contact flashing on it’s screen.

William, she said, was still mad. He still didn’t want to talk, but also didn’t want his son to die out there alone. She was sobbing all along, missing her son, craving for a sight of him. Reid eased her pain, he said he was fine. Happy even. That leaving home wasn’t that bad of a thing, that eventually it would’ve happened anyway. She didn’t have any of it, a mother can always tell when one of her children is lying to her, even on the other side of a phone call. Reid reassured her not to worry, that he had managed well and wasn’t giving up on his bachelor.

For almost a year that’s all he had: his mother’s phone calls. She was a teacher herself, teaching thousands of miles away, so had little time to plan to visit him. And Reid wasn’t going back home, where he wasn’t welcomed by his father. So, the calls did just fine. It was little, but it was comforting, something he could count on. His mother was still there after all and he knew he would see her again.

Maybe during summer.

He didn’t have to wait that long. During Christmas break, while he was tiredly laying on the bed on his small flat, his mother called him. He had been expecting that call, as she calls him at the same time every single day, so he isn’t surprised.
What surprises him is what she has to say to him.

“So, honey…” She pauses, sighing. Reid gets a glimpse of ecstasy in her voice. “William and I have been talking and, well, I hope you don’t have plans for Christmas.”

“Why?” He asks, already knowing what was coming next. One thing he was becoming very good at was catching small details and turning them into deduction. It was a very entertaining gift he had, capable of keeping him from boredom during some painfully slow-paced classes.

It’s amazing how body language can tell you all you need to know about a person.

“I want you to come home.” She says. “William’s…. Well, he’s still reticent. But he agreed! Finally, he understood you’re his son no matter what and that family must be together! Isn’t it great?”

“Sure, so great. Look, mom, I love you, but I don’t think I wann---”

“Spencer, don’t you dare! I’ve been all over his head, trying to persuade him that this isn’t healthy, or good to any of us. I need to see you. And so does he, even though he doesn’t admit it, I know he misses you very much.”

Spencer rubs his eyelids, rolling on the bed indecisively. “I’m not so sure of that.”

“You know your father. He’s trained to be cold. That’s part of his job.” She sighs. “Just come home, honey. Amos misses you.”

Spencer laughs. A sense of nostalgia settles in. His damn cat. Gosh, how long has it been since he last picked his cat up and rubbed his face against its fat old belly?

“I’ll think about it.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, mom. I promise.”

“Fantastic.” She exclaims. “Call you tomorrow?”

“As usual, mom, as usual.”

“Okay, bye.”

Reid smiles, “Bye.”

And bigger of a surprise it was when, five days later, he knocks on the door to find a very perplexed mother staring at him.

“Are you really here?” She asks looking up and down at him, then at his luggage.

He instantly frowns, “What do you mean? You invited me… last Sunday!”

“Yes, yes. But you never gave me the confirmation. Oh lord, I’m so happy to see you, let me help you with the bags!”

Spencer passes one to her hand, which she carefully straddles inside while gesturing at him to follow her.
The place looks exactly the same. The hall still has the red carpet with a coffee table on the center with a jar of flowers and frames. The Lincoln statue still guards the room at the corner and the smell of lavender is still strong in the nostrils. Everything is deeply clean and well-illuminated.

“I told you two days ago I’d come.” He resumes the conversation right after he closes the door to keep the cold outside.

“No, you didn’t.” She shakes her head confused.

“Yes… I did.” He says firmly. “Didn’t you get my text?” At her frown, he continues. “Here, let me show you.”

And indeed, there was a text.

She looks startled for a moment, then recomposes herself. “It must have skipped me. Christmas and all, a lot of stress. I tend to forget things.”

Spencer nods, for the way she spoke it wasn’t the first time she forgot something like that. And he isn’t thinking of small things like “where did I put my keys?” or “did I turn off the oven?”, he was referring to important stuff. That is, if he considers going back home after a year of almost no contact as an important occurrence to his mother.

William is in the kitchen with uncle Jeffrey and cousins Eleanor and Edward are leaning against one of the counters while texting either their partners or friends. By the way Eleanor’s smiling it must be a boyfriend.

More and more, Reid can read people. By the way William is fixated on the glass of whiskey, Reid can see he knows his son is there but doesn’t want to talk to him. By the circle under his eyes, he can see he is having stress on his life and by the creases on the shirt, he has been keeping his clothes on bags, either because he is traveling on work or because the marriage isn’t going so well. By the way his mother referred to an eventual divorce not so long ago he is going with the second option: eminent divorce. The thought of it clenches his heart and he clears his throat. He hasn’t been around, but he can’t think of his parents separated. They were made for each other.

Over his shoulder, he can see his mother still holding one of his suitcases, waiting for him to follow upstairs. It’s like she’s around a visitor who doesn’t know the place around so she keeps standing as a way to keep the visitor on track. She looks quite frightened under the hiding warm smile. Something isn’t right and Spencer can see it in every corner of the house.

It looks the same and at the same time completely different. It looks like it’s falling apart into pieces.

Spencer stayed there for a couple of days before heading back to Pennsylvania. Truth be told, he couldn’t fit in that environment anymore. His cousins, the same age of his, are well in life and have a lot of accomplishments done and stories to tell. They were never close but now they look like they come from two different families. Eleanor has been traveling around the world with her boyfriend Gustav and Edward quit college to start his own business. It is going well; he opened a tech company and Edward was always a computer genius so degree or no degree he can do pretty much anything behind a keyboard.

So, the Christmas was all about them: their stories, their lives. Spencer doesn’t envy them, but he wishes his parents had shown more enthusiasm about having him around. When he said he was leaving, his father only nodded, as if: thank God you’re leaving. And his mother only vaguely looked at him a little lost.
Therefore, he packed his things and off he went. Two months went by. His mother stopped calling him two days ago.

He glances at his phone after closing one of the books he needs studying for the exam. It’s eleven in the night and his roommate is snoring on the couch, a soap opera stamped on the TV screen. He yawns, rubs his eyes and gets up. He shakes Morgan, a black 20-year-old guy doing a major on the same area as Reid, and tells him to go to bed. Morgan snaps him away, briskly but nevertheless carelessly, and turns to the other side, his back facing Reid, and proceeds to continue his snoring.

“All right, suit yourself, mate.” Spencer grunts tiredly and goes to the small kitchen to do some coffee. He still needs to study and no way sleepiness his winning him over.

Around two in the morning his phone buzzes, scaring him. He was lazily reading his notes, not capable of memorizing anything anymore, so the buzz pushes him alert. He glances at it and it’s his mother calling. He frowns. She never called so late in night.

“Mom?”

Her voice is low and conflicted, “Spencer, oh my God, Spencer. I—I don’t know where I am.”

He frowns, “What? Calm down, what’s happening?”

There’s a pause, only the sound of her breathing reaching Spencer’s side of the call. “I… I… There’s a man. I… Oh lord, I don’t remember. I just woke up next to him. What did I do?”

Those words carved into Spencer’s heart. His mom with another man? Not possible.

“Just… Get out of there, go home, okay?” He says. “I’ll go see you after the exam, alright? Turn on the GPS on your phone and call a cab.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m at home, mom.” He sighs. Where else would he be on that time of the night? He never was a party-guy, much less during exams season.

She cries, “Can’t you come and pick me up?”


“What are you doing there?” She sounds truly surprised.

“What do you mean what am I doing here? Are you drunk?”

“Spencer! Don’t play games with me. You said you…” She stops. Spencer frowns.

“Mom?” Nothing. “Mom?”

He hears crying from the other side, “Why can’t I remember things? Why do I keep forgetting?” She roars during her cry, but Spencer can hear from the muffled noise she isn’t talking to him anymore. Her voice is distant, like she rested the phone somewhere and is talking to herself.

“Honey?” Another voice says. “What are you doing up so late?” It’s his father, Spencer knows that voice very well. The phone is grabbed by someone. “Who are you talking to? Why are you crying?”

“Dad?” He calls.
It takes a few moments for William to answer. “Spencer?”

“What’s going on?”

“I don’t know. Why’s your mother crying?”

“She said she didn’t know where she was.” Spencer decides to confide. Something was very wrong, and Spencer is doing his best to keep his gut feeling in check. “Is everything okay?”

“She said that?” William asks shocked. On the background, there still are noises of whimpers and snuffs. “I don’t know what’s up with her lately. It must be stress.” He tells, but his voice is unsure, preoccupied. “She just keeps forgetting stuff. But this never happened before. Tomorrow, I’ll take her to a shrink who’s a friend of mine and see what he has to say about this matter. You know, she really could use your presence more often. Now that you’re in Pennsylvania, it looks like you don’t care about your family.” He spits during his frustration.

“Make her do some medical exams instead.” Spencer ignores his father’s outrage and moves on with the conversation. It’s wasn’t the appropriate time to confront his father about his own choices, right now, all that matters it’s his mom. “Go to a neurologist or something. You hear me? How can you be so blind? She’s clearly in stress but she’s not forgetting things because of that. Forgetting is the reason she’s stressed.” Spencer says, matter-of-factly, a word crossing his mind with big flashing lights. “I’ll go visit you as soon as possible. Keep me posted on her.”

He hangs up.

That night he doesn’t study nor sleep.

Spencer is at his parent’s house when Diana comes back from the hospital with the result of her exams. It’s one week after the call and Spencer took the first plane he could book after the exam and flew back home. This time William’s talking to him. There still are visible barriers, but chatting is on the table again.

In fact, he is talking to his father on the long dining room Spencer used to love so much, when the front door opens.

Diana looks pale, beaten down, something inside of her destroyed. Her eyes are somewhat red and swollen and she barely holds her purse when she enters the dining room. Her eyes meet William’s and then Spencer’s and she starts to cry almost instantly.

Both get up hastily, scared and worried. Diana always was such a happy person, always shining a glorious smile and seeing her like that - which was a regular thing more recently – killed them in ways indescribable.

“So…” She starts letting go of the purse. “Just got back from… You know.” Both nod. “The doctor said I have IRA. As it seems, patients normally have extreme difficulty recalling past information, and each case is different. I was told I could take some pills, but the outcome is pretty obvious. There’s no way of stopping this.” She tells them, calmly, just like a lady’s supposed to be.

William and Spencer look appalled. They share looks and Diana deeply breathes in before continuing.

“I have to quit my academic job.” She says. “I’m in no conditions to teach people things I’ll soon forget. I have to take three different pills every day. There’s nothing else they can do.”
Silence settles in. Spencer’s suspicions turned out to be true. Amnesia. Worse: Isolated retrograde amnesia. Of course, it was amnesia. He hugs his mother and lets her feel his warmth. She deserves some comfort. Especially now. Spencer’s not leaving her. He’ll be around. Whenever he can, he’ll visit her. He’ll make sure she’s okay.

It’s time to the family pull itself back together.

She rests her hands over his cheeks and takes a long agape look at his face. It’s like she’s looking at the most marvelous thing in the world and she wants to take as many details as she can. “My darling.” She cries. “My beautiful boy.” Spencer contains his tears. This is not the time, he needs to be strong. “I’m so sorry.”

“No, no, no. It’s not your fault, mom. It’s not your fault. Everything will be okay.”

“No,” she drags the word out, choking on her crying. “I... One day, I won’t remember you.” She sniffs, still gazing at him, her eyes wide, scared. Yet, still trying to memorize every single detail of his features. “My sweet little boy.”

“You won’t. I won’t let that happen. I promise.”

“Spencer—“

“I promise.”

Turns out, it wasn’t Spencer’s promises that were going to change Diana’s fate. William did everything at his reach to give her the best treatment. Thousands of dollars were spent so that investigators could try and find something that could help her stay sane and functional. But then the global crisis came, his bank went bankrupt, he lost his job and, even thought they had a fairly amount of money, it couldn’t last forever. Much less at the speed it was disappearing to treat Diana.

Fourteen months later the diagnosis, the debts were so big, the medication so many, that William had to sell their house and Spencer had to start to work to pay college.

Four months after that, William couldn’t handle Diana’s state and had to send her to a nursing house. By then, she couldn’t remember who William was and Spencer didn’t pass of a name she vaguely connected to someone special to her.

2004

“He still doesn’t pick up?” Margaret asks, resting her hands on the sheets, her slim shoulders naked, only by her underwear. A round voluminous belly was advising of what was to happen anytime soon.

Spencer rubs his face throwing his phone to the night stand. “No.”

Ever since Diana was replaced to a nursing house, William’s life went to wrecks. Being a broke
banker, with a sick wife and no house set things to a course William never thought of facing in his life. For a long time, aunt Ethel helped in everything she could. She gave William shelter, food, and helped paying the medication Diana needed and her stay at the nursing house. William looked for a job for a while, but things considered, Spencer thinks William never looked hard enough. He just pretended he was still okay, that he could pull through.

But depression is a predator animal that slowly takes everything from you. It takes your energy, your life, your will. You just want to shut down and never be seen or talked to again. You crave for help, but you refuse to ask it. Because you feel you’re not worthy enough to intrude into other people’s lives with your suffering and asphyxiation.

But one thing many people forget is that depression is a two-way road. You’re not the only one who suffers from the animal who’s destroying you piece by piece. It destroys those who are seeing you slipping through their hands. It destroys those who see you falling apart and can’t stop it.

It sure as hell not only destroyed William, but Spencer as well.

It started very smoothly. Reid didn’t even notice it. To him, his father was just having a bad phase. It happens to everyone. His father was going through a lot, so it was perfectly normal it was hard for him to find some balance in all that crappy shit that was happening to him.

It took him almost one and a half years to grasp what was happening. It was a shock. He was good reading people, so he still doesn’t understand how he couldn’t see it. It was all so clear!

The day he understood was when he saw his father locked in his room for almost a week. He had barely eaten and was all day in bed. But he didn’t sleep as well. He was just there, crying into the pillows, trying to restrain his suffering to himself. Spencer urged him to get up and eat something, but all his father could do was stare at the white walls. He didn’t speak. His facade was over, he couldn’t pretend anymore. He couldn’t get up, wash his face and put a big false smile on, only to face Ethel on the kitchen asking him if he was okay and if he already had gotten himself a job.

That’s why, after one and a half years, that he left and got himself a small stinky house on a small street at the exit of the city, almost in the middle of nowhere.

Ethel must have told Spencer, because that’s why Spencer was there in the first place. William had moved there a week before and he hadn’t said a word to his son. He just laid in bed and never got up again.

Spencer shook him a little, asking how he was. Asking if he could do anything to help.

But, as much of a human as Reid was, he couldn’t understand the emptiness William was feeling inside him. The love of his life didn’t remember him. His son was absent. All his dreams were shattered. He lost everything and, now, living was a burden he was forced to carry.

It was all just so cold and dark and shallow. He couldn’t face it any longer. He didn’t want to. He didn’t want to see anyone. It was all just so hard. He needed to be alone and let the shadows embrace him.

He wished he could fall asleep and never wake up again.

Spencer would never understand that. He was happy. He was engaged, his wife was pregnant, he was at the Academy, working his way up to the Bureau. He was having the life William once had, so he knew Spencer couldn’t understand him: his pain. He couldn’t because William himself wouldn’t have understood when he was his son’s age. When he was innocent and alive.
So no, Spencer couldn’t do anything to help him.

But he tried.

Spencer bought him a phone and forced him to promise he’d, at least, keep it charged and that he would pick it up when he called. He asked him to go with him and visit a shrink. He even begged him to go to his house. Margaret would love his company, he even added when he talked to his father about that.

However, William always said no.

One day, during one of Reid’s outbursts of anger and despair, he shouted. He shouted until his lungs couldn’t breathe anymore, he broke things and he shook his father, desperate for a reaction. He too had a breakdown, even though a rather small one. Seeing his father like that was too much to him. And he hated William for that. Reid was losing his mother as much as William was losing his wife. It wasn’t fair, William didn’t have the right to do that. It was selfish and Reid couldn’t lose his father too.

So, he screamed. He grabbed his father by his shoulders, tears sprinkling in his eyes and begged for something. Just something that could show him that his father was trying. That Reid’s presence and continuous attempts weren’t just failed hopes thrust upon a man who didn’t care about the world anymore.

William looked at him. His eyes were empty, but he still looked at his son. Reid was miserable. Even William, in all his misery, could see his son hanging by a thread. He didn’t shave for some weeks and his skin was pale, his body thinner.

His suffering was killing his son. He really was a piece of shit. He really was a monster, he believed. He wouldn’t do that again. He wouldn’t cause pain to his son. Not anymore.

“The phone.” He whispers, too weak to speak louder. “I’ll charge it.”

Reid is taken by surprise.

“Promise me. I’m so tired, dad. Just promise me, that one thing.”

William faintly nodded, “I promise. I’ll charge it so that you can call me.” He forces a weak smile. “I just… I’m so sorry, kiddo. Don’t hate me. Please, don’t hate me.”

“Never.” Spencer cries, slightly relieved. It was the first time in weeks that his father was saying a word. “I just want to help you, dad. I’m still here, for you, always. I’d never hate you, okay? That’s nonsense.”

“I’m sorry.” William repeats, closing his eyes.

It wasn’t much, but at the same time it was the biggest thing in the world to Reid. That small conversation was so important and meant so much, Reid almost cried from happiness. After all, he could still save his father.

He couldn’t.

William found ways of sinking his pain masqueraded as medication for his depression. His son was beginning his life as an agent, but he didn’t care. His addiction was too strong and he couldn’t survive without it.
It was all in there. All his suffering, hidden behind some flasks of pills. For a while it was enough. Until it wasn’t. Until it was worse.

“Maybe, he forgot his phone somewhere.” Margaret says, trying to keep Spencer from thinking horrible things. “Maybe he’s sleeping.”

“My dad doesn’t leave the house. Not since he got beat up by… his drug dealer.” Yes, Reid knew. Reid is smart small agent with a bright future ahead of him. So, of course, he knows what’s happening in his dad’s life. Only a fool wouldn’t see it. “Damn, it has been three days. Why doesn’t he pick up the fucking phone?”

Margaret, sighs, she too worried, “Try again, honey. I’m sure he picks up this time.”

He doesn’t.

“I’ll just pass by his house on my way to work.” He comments, starting to knot his tie. “That way I can see how he’s doing.”

Margaret smiles, “That sounds lovely. Why don’t you take the leftovers from yesterday? Make him eat something that isn’t pre-heated. All the junk food, you know he needs to be more careful with what he eats.”

“I sure will.” He smiles back, combs his hair. “I gotta go, honey.” He kisses her forehead. “Daddy’s going to work. “He lamely talks to Margaret’s belly, rubbing his hand against it, smoothly.

When he knocks on the door, the house is eerily silent. The door is locked, all windows closed, everything still. Reid looks around, not seeing anything out of the ordinary and knocks again.

“Dad? It’s me, Reid. Open up.” He calls banging on the door.

It feels weird.

He waits a couple of minutes. Nothing. He kicks the entrance small rug to a side and grabs the copy key. He puts it in the lock, turns it around and pushes the door open, it squeaking loudly into his ears. Once again everything is quiet. The kitchen is quite dirty. There’s a lot of dirty dishes on the sink and lots of empty beer cans around. The fridge, when Reid goes check it, is pretty much empty, only having some cheese left and some vegetables.

Maybe he had gone out to grab some groceries, but Spencer knows better. William does not leave the house. Plus, he just has a feeling something’s deeply wrong.

“Dad? Got you some food.” He chants. “Margaret says you need to eat something real for a change!” He forces a laugh. No answer. He puts the bags on the only free space on the counter.

“Doc says she’s due to next week. In no time we’ll have our little girl around.”

It’s not like he’s expecting an answer, but still it hurt him to know how little his father was recovering. However, he used to talk more recently. This… This silence is scaring him.

As he leans on one of the most cleaned counters, his eyes drift to the bedroom’s door. It’s not fully closed, it being ajar. From inside, Spencer can’t see much, only shadows on a darkened wall. He lets a long, exasperated sigh find its way to his lips and ducks his face, rubbing his temples.
If he wasn’t talking, he was worse. Probably tucked in bed staring at the wall like he used to before.

And this was enough. Reid couldn’t see his father sink more in his own mind. He needed to take him to clinic, so he could find his way back.

He heads to the room, slowly, thinking of the right words to persuade his father to accept some help.

He opens the door.

He doesn’t find his father under the covers. Nor he finds the bed occupied by a person.

At first, his reaction was to cover his wide opened mouth with his hand, his throat tightening so much he wasn’t able to breathe for a second. Then he screams, desperately, a long cry of pain until his lungs hurt.

Hanging, from the ceiling, was his father, William. Cold, pale, slightly swinging in the middle of the painful and darkened room. The room spins around Reid’s eyes and he finds himself losing the strength of his legs, falling on his knees, sobbing.

“No. no. no. no.” He cries, gasping for air. He can see the shadow of the corpse above him, stiffened, no longer alive. And it pains him so much he doesn’t know how to breathe, how to think… how to live. He just has a huge pressuring lump inside him growing and growing and he cries, this time louder, as he pushes himself up.

First, he gropes William’s legs, trying to remain the body still as to not do any harm to such a fragile body. His face is wet with tears and it is hard to see or understand what’s happening or what he is doing, but he needs to do that. He needs to help his father. So, gently, he unknobs the rope cracking the neckbone and holds tight to the heavy weight suddenly falling on him.

He’s cold.

Really cold.

He lays William on the floor, his lips purple-ish, the thick marks of the rope imprinted on the almost colorless skin. He looks so… asleep. That’s all Reid can think.

He’s just asleep. He’s okay. He’s okay. I got you. Dad. Dad.

He sobs. The body lays on the ground and all the sudden Reid is alone. He finally sees it. And it just made his heart sink and shatter. His father is dead.

He’s gone.

He sits on the floor, hugging the cadaver, and pressing him against his chest like a mother rocking her baby. For hours, he stays like that, in that room, holding onto a body who no longer is a part of this world.

The sun is setting when he is pulled back to reality. A hand reached out for him, resting on his shoulder and he tilted his head over his shoulder to find a couple of uniformed men quietly, yet sincerely asking him to let go. They are policemen, low rank, but for a long time in the enforcement Reid can see, by the calmness they portrait in that heartbreaking moment. He shakes his head, rocking back and forth, a lost child completely petrified in the face of an adult, as the chubby policeman keeps persuading him to let the paramedics take charge of the body. Slowly, Reid consents.
As he loosens the hug, he can feel something being ripped off from him. Someone helps him up, escorting him out to make some questions. Margaret had called him over ten times and after checking if he was at the office (which he wasn’t), she became worried and decided to call the authorities.

Then someone comes out of the house, envelope on hand, stopping next to Reid, who is sitting on the ambulance, head down.

“Sir, he left this for you.”

Of course, the note.

They always leave a note.

2012

William’s death really took a tool on Reid. He felt angry, revolted. Desperate. For a time he just felt hatred toward William. He was a coward, taking his own life. How could he? How could he do something like that to his son? He wasn’t taking his own life. He was taking his life from the others! He wasn’t going to feel the pain, the agony after what he did. No. That hole… That missing piece of soul, it would be up to Reid to live with. William didn’t destroy his own life, he had destroyed Spencer’s. Because Spencer was the one who was going to suffer, the one who was going to cry himself to sleep every night. Spencer would be the one in pain! Not William! William couldn’t bare with his suffering that he had to thrust it all up on the people who loved him. He left Spencer. And what did he leave him?

A note.

A fucking note saying he just couldn’t find himself in this world anymore. That living was hell and the only way out was eternal sleep. He said he was sorry for all the trouble, for all the arguments, for not being the father he was supposed to be and for always being an imbecile. He also asked, by the end, for Spencer to forgive him.

And Spencer couldn’t.

Because why would he think he was worthless? He was not a perfect father, but he was his father, the best one Reid could ever have, and he loved him! William was loved! William was cared about. William was worth of so many things!

Reid then realized that’s what he was angry about, after all. With time, it wasn’t about what William had done, but about what he had missed. Things get better! It takes time, but they get. It surely sounds like a cliche, but people need to hold onto little things. Things that are worth living, because everyone means something to someone and the thought that William thought so little about himself still repels Spencer. He can respect William’s past suffering, but he was just so deep in his suffocating mind that he couldn’t see that he was important.

And now he won’t be there to play with Zoey, he won’t be there to see the sunset, or hug his son. He won’t be. He’s just a memory and… Death just terrifies Spencer. And knowing that there are
people that think that death is better than life just saddens him. Now more than ever. Because he knows what it does to the ones around those who decided to be a part of the northern lights.

And he just can’t explain, there are no words enough to describe how that feels. And there are not enough words to explain how beautiful and worth every single one of us is!

That’s where Zoey helped him. His beautiful little girl. She was the one who saved him. She was the one who showed him that life mattered. That’s her existence that made him so scared of death, because, now, he has her. A daughter. Someone he wants to be a part of for the rest of his life. And he wants to see everything.

That also motivated him to progress on the force, somehow. The death risk increased but, unlike the beginning, where he just wanted to study the brains of those who commit awful disgusting crimes while kicking some asses, he now wants to make the world, or the city he lives in, a better place to raise his daughter. He is doing this for her, for his wife, and for everyone.

That’s why he is an Agent, so that he can save those who can’t save themselves.

But being that man wasn’t easy. He had lost a lot. And William’s death would always be a hard mark on Reid’s life. And Diana’s worsening health state was crushing Spencer’s soul piece by piece. What’s worse? Losing your father in a blink of an eye or your mother slowly, yet irreparably over the years?

So, he snapped once him a while. No man is perfect, and Reid had all the right in the world to be furious sometimes. He never did anything wrong, he’d just be cranky or arrogant for a couple of days, letting off some steam, and then return to the hopeful man he had learned to be ever since Zoey’s birth.

This specific day, was one of the days where Reid’s family would go eat some pizza and go to the cinema see the most recent animated movie. Zoey’s eighth birthday had been the weekend before, but Spencer had to go all over the state investigate some case, so they decided to keep the treats for another day.

And that day was today.

If Spencer was fast enough filling the bureaucratic paperwork.

The day had started soon. He woke up before the rest of the house, took a shower and managed a kiss on Zoey’s cheek when she dragged herself to the kitchen, barefoot and still on her pink pajamas, and he was already on his way out. Margaret would take her to school, and Spencer would then pick her up at the end of the afternoon.

When he got to the bureau, two files were already on his desk. Recently a somewhat respected Special Agent, known by his unusual intelligence and tactical vision, all the tough ones were sent out to him. He read the first, then the second and passed both to some other agent, not being into big cases, today. He didn’t want to take the risk of being caught up on work and having to change plans again. This was going to be Zoey’s present, no way he was going to work on long cases, possibly needing to stay in the office for long hours… in the night.

Not today. Tomorrow, maybe he’ll talk to the guy to see if he can have the files back, but until then, he’ll only take small robberies attempts. Sweet, quick and usually calm.

There was, indeed, a robbery attempt that day.

It wasn’t calm.
There were shots fired, customers were injured and one of the burglars tried to escape, so there was a pursuit, and it was a mess really. They are now in for questioning, but they don’t talk, even though the outcome of their action is pretty obvious, as they were caught in the middle of the action. Still they requested a lawyer and while they wait, they wait in silence.

It ends up, Spencer had to call Margaret and ask her to pick up Zoey from school. He didn’t cancel plans, he just readjusted them, so he’d encounter them at the mall by dinner time.

That was half an hour ago.

And, of course, there was a little unimportant fight that already destroyed his mood for the next couple of hours. It was so banal that Spencer doesn’t even know how it began. Margaret said something about Spencer always putting work in front of his own daughter and things escalated from there. It’s normal. Couples have arguments all the time, it’s in the human nature.

So, now, Spencer his finishing his report of the occurrence when his phone buzzes. As he doesn’t recognize the number, at first he thought about not picking up. Not because he doesn’t pick up numbers he doesn’t know, but because he is really trying to finish his workday as soon as possible, so that he can meet his family.

But it is his private number. Not many people have it. Maybe, it could be important.

It was from the hospital.

Margaret and Zoey had been in a car crash. Some truck driver had his breaks failing, missed a red light and smashed the car they were in.

Margaret died instantly.

Zoey was moved to the hospital, but the doctors soon figured out she was brain dead. There was no way to save her.

Ever since that day, Spencer lost all the sparkle in his soul.

Present time

“Mr. Spencer, we haven’t seen you in a while. We were starting to get worried.” Jackie, a tall brown-haired woman approaches him in a white long medical coat, her expressions filled with a comforting smile.

He shifts on his standing, beginning his all-too-well-known-walk, “I was… busy.”

“Yes, yes. You’re quite the celebrity… Always on TV.” She kindly laughs and he nods, not taking a second to show any emotions other than those necessary. “We’ve been watching her, reading to her, like you usually do when you’re around.” She continues, going on to another topic. “I thought you’d like to know that.”

“Thank you. I appreciate that.”
She smiles. They stop. She opens a door and Reid enters.

The room is nicely decorated. Over the years, Reid had brought little gifts: stuffed animals, books, flowers, and pictures he could no longer bare having at his home. The walls are those hospital cream kind of color, and the room is filled with light and heat-controlled. At a bed, there’s a girl. Her long blonde hair, gently rests around her head, and she seems to be peaceful sleeping. The machines connected to her make a long serene and agonizing harmony. Reid sighs.

“Call him. I think I’m ready.”

Jackie rests a hand on his shoulder, “I’m sorry.” She, too, let’s go of a sigh. “I’ll give you a moment in private with her…”

The door closes. Reid paces around leaning on the window and looks outside. The garden around the hospital is green, yellow and orange, calm and clean, but empty with people. Spencer had never walked on the garden, it just didn’t seem to fit the occasion of why he was going to the hospital. Beautiful, colorful garden doesn’t mix well with visiting his brain-dead daughter. It doesn’t mix well with his whole life, truth be told. Or with real life whatsoever.

Real life isn’t bright.

It’s messy… And dirty.

“The world outside… Zoey, it’s…” He stops, downing his head, his forehead touching the cold surface of the glass. It feels good against the huge headache he’s having at the moment. “It may sound selfish, but a part of me is happy you’re not… awake to witness the scum we all have become. We prey on everything and everyone. We just want more. It’s scary outside. No one’s safe anymore, now more than ever. And… I don’t even know what I’m doing anymore!” He turns around and faces the girl on the eternal sleep. “To this day, every day, I blame myself for what happened to you. You were my baby girl, you were my number one priority. You should be! So, you should be! So, it should be me in that car to pick you up instead of deciding to stay in the office and continue my work. This wasn’t supposed to happen. Not to you. I had promised to protect you…”

He runs a hand over his face and walks to sit on a chair that is positioned by the bed. He grabs her cold hand and squeezes it, her bony fingers crackly and rigid.

“I’m sorry. I… You were too young, you probably don’t remember, but I was a good man, you know? I started my career with the promise of doing a honorable job. I was doing it so you could be safe, so you could be proud of me. And God, how I tried to be good!” He does a long pause. “Life had been so harsh on me, but it had given you to me. Life had made me feel happy again and I thought, for a moment, that I could do it. I thought I could have my family and be happy. But look how life paid me back! I lost everything and everyone, I even lost you… The world is a cruel place! Good men do their best to turn this place into a better one and they suffer and suffer, and then those… Sick animals, they do whatever they want… They kill, rob, lie… And nothing happens to them! Nothing! Not even justice. How is that fair? How could it be? What have I done to deserve so much pain?

To see your mother… on that casket and thinking that you’d be next… It…” He coughs, trying to loosen to lump on his throat. “It crippled me! And I just kept thinking and thinking: what am I supposed to do now? How can I live now? Knowing that you’re not around anymore… And it got me so mad. So mad! It wasn’t supposed to be this way. You were supposed to grow up, have small high-school heart-breaks, go to college – or not, whatever suited you better – know the love of your life, get married. You were supposed to have a life! And I was supposed to be a part of it. And you were supposed to be a part of mine. No parent should see their children die before them. That’s just
not natural. That’s not the natural course. You should be the one taking care of my funeral. Not the other way around. Losing you… and your mother… It killed me. I was as dead as you.

So I looked at all those evil people being happy with nothing bad happening to them and I thought: why not? Let’s be a scum, see how it rolls!

And nothing happened to me. It even felt good. I became fearless, everyone respected me. It wasn’t fair, I didn’t deserve it, but being a douchebag is the key of success nowadays. Ironic, huh?” He takes a long look at her perfect face, keeping the tears in. “You’d hate me. I know that! You’d despise me. If you were here to see the man I’ve become you’d be ashamed to be my daughter, but… I need to be this way, it’s unavoidable. It’s the only way to stop him.” He squeezes her hand again, this time harder, in despair. “He promised me he’d hurt you. My own blood. That piece of shit. He threatened me! I can’t… I can’t let him touch you, my perfect little girl. I swore I’d protect you ’til the very last day of my life. I just never thought, my life would be longer than yours… But, still, you have no idea how inhuman he is… Even in this state he’d… tear you apart… And I… I…” He sobs. “You’re my girl. You’re my girl. And I love you so much. And it pains my heart to see you go this way and so soon, but it’s the only way. It’s the only way to protect you from him. I’ll make him pay, I swear, baby, I swear. I won’t stop until I destroy every inch of him. He’s taking you from me, I’ll make him pay. Even if it’s the last thing I do! I love you…. I love you.”


The only thing louder than the machinery working are his sobs. He keeps looking at her, needing to memorize her face, crying, sniffing, head down against the palm of her hand. He stays like that for a while, just suffering until the door opens again, this time a doctor walking inside.

He kisses her forehead, cleans his tears and he stands up as he slowly goes back to his apathetic posture.

“Mr. Spencer, I was told you finally agreed to sign the papers.” He goes straight to the point, remaining with a soothing voice, like he always had all the other times he tried to persuade Spencer into signing them. "She is long gone. This isn’t life support. It is death support. I know it’s a hard decision, but you are aware there is nothing we can do.”

“Yes, yes… There never was. I just… I wasn’t ready to face the truth, to be honest. I’m not even sure I am now…”

“It’s your decision, although it’s past time she is put to rest.”

“Do you have children, doc?” The man shakes his head negatively. Spencer nods, “Then, all due respect, doctor, but shut your damn mouth! You don’t know what’s like to see your kids dying before you, how it rips you inside out!” He roars, the doctor only sighing and taking a step back.

“I didn’t mean---”

“Of course, you didn’t. You’re just doing your job, right? Still, you don’t get to tell me when it’s the time I decide my daughter dies.”

“She’s not alive anymore, her brain…”

“I already know that speech. But her heart is still beating…”

“Only because of the machines.”

Spencer groans, “I’m educated, alright? I’m not dumb, I know how all this around her works. But,
it’s something, okay? It’s still beating. The moment it stops, I’m alone.”

“I’m sorry.”

Spencer stops a moment to take a deep breath, then looks at his daughter on the bed, then at the doctor. Then he remembers Dean’s words.

“Give me the papers.” He coldly says.

_I will make him pay._
Breaking Point

Chapter Notes

Hello!!!!
Yes, I'm back! I hope you missed me.
This is, honestly, a small chapter, but I promise you it will not happen again (maybe just a more couple of times). But, I needed this to focus on one thing only, so, that's why it's this short.
It's an important chapter, too. All of them are, but this one can, surely, sort the way the story will continue.
We're getting to the final stretch of this crazy dark drama, so stay tuned, my people!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Two days later

San Francisco FBI headquarters

[Reid]

Since Dean escaped the hospital with the yet-to-discover partner, Reid has been feeding on anger and fear. Dean had said he'd go after his family. He sure didn’t have much of it anyway, but he still had some.

And he had tried to protect them… Protect her.

He left right after he was told the suspect was gone and the hospital was clear. He left everything behind, caught a plane and just went. He was desperate, on edge of doing something absolutely crazy. And he did. Dean took the best on him. He managed to make Reid do something that, otherwise, would never cross his mind. And he'd never forgive him for that, he'll make him pay. Even if it's the last thing he does in this Earth.

But the press and his superior have been biting him in the ass 24/7 ever since Dean's impossible escape and he had to come back to the nightmare his life has become. One SWAT agent was killed, another was found in tears and Sam Winchester was shot.

That fucking Winchester. He strictly told him to leave the scene, but he had to go and ruin things.

Like he always does.

And that means another problem on his shoulders.

The elevator opens in time for Reid to see the entire office rustling in awkward half-speed. Faces of concern and eeriness replace the usually dead glares and cold features of those Spencer sees every
day. Some are quietly talking on the phones, other are filling in reports they could care less. But most of them are just pretending they're working, being, in fact, gazing at the once-upon-a-time great Spencer Reid.

Those last months had been rough on each soul of the office and today is the day it all comes to an end.

Today is the day they pay for Reid’s mistakes.

He walks slow and hunched over. He feels tired. Tired of it all. For months, he worked in a case he thought to be so simple. Only to see the rest of all he had disappearing in front of his eyes. And now… Now, all eyes are on him. Judging him, silently cursing at him.

He had screwed up. And everyone’s mad at him.

Nevertheless, he clears his throat and adjusts his tie. He can still turn this around. He knows he will. It isn’t the first time an agent screws up. He was just another name on a long list of fuck-ups.

He sees through the window to his office that everything has been cleaned off. Every chart, board, all swept clean. There still are a couple of minor agent packing folders and some pictures but, other than that, the office is immaculate. His eyes wander along the balcony, examining his surroundings, trying to understand what is happening and why in the actual hell are there people in his office without his permission.

As he opens his door, the two rookies look over their shoulder at him. For a second he saw fright, but it quickly disappeared into daggers. He thinks of asking what’s going on, but one of them thinks ahead and gives him the smallest explanation ever.

“Director’s orders.”

Director’s… The fuck? The only person who is in charge here is me and the only man above me is in DC—

“Fuck.” He grunts, rubbing his temples. Of fucking course. After the spree of disasters, Reid can only conclude he won’t be the big shot, anymore, around there.

That also explains the insecure ambiance in the bureau.

They’re scared.

They should be.

He sits at his desk, glancing over the transparent wall at the rest of the bureau. Everything seems oddly quiet, and he knows why.

He is the reason for all that silence.

He is the one to blame for the fiasco that operation with Dean turned out to be and, now, he has a leash on his neck ready to hang him.

And his superior is the one going to do it.

He is coming from Washington today. At any moment now. Reid is going to be fired, of that he is certain. He needs to find a way out. He needs to come on top of that situation.

But how?
His eyes meet the elevator, anticipation starting to sink in. He’ll be there at any moment now.

The doors slide open.

Everyone stops to look at it. Spencer gets up.

He swallows.

The man who walks out is not the man Reid expected to see. Truth be told, he didn’t expect to see him that soon after the hospital. He looks pale, tired, holding himself onto one crutch. He’s still recovering.

And it just fucks up his case even more.

His eyes find Sam’s and, for a while, both just stay looking at each other.

It sends a shiver up and down Reid’s spine. For a moment, he sees Dean’s glance and not Sam’s: cold and dangerous. Angry even.

He blinks shaking his paranoia away.

“Reid.” Sam says as he forcefully opens the door to Spencer’s office.

“Mr. Winchester. Didn’t expect to see you here.”

Sam snorts some sort of a laugh, too low to be sure. It could also have been a cough. “I assure you, this is the last place I want to be, at the moment. Dr. Madison told me I needed some weeks of rest. That I shouldn’t be walking much.”

Reid squints his eyes. “You’ll get through.” Winchester’s: tough motherfuckers.

“Not thanks to you, Reid.” Sam sneers.

Reid laughs, “I’m sorry you’re too pigheaded to actually do what I tell you to do. I had everything under control back there. If you just—“

“Under control? You call that—Oh my God, you’re crazy. I can see that now.”

“Gentlemen, I see you’re acquainted.” Another voice chimes in and both turn around in time to see a broad-shouldered man, about Sam’s size, walk in.

As just as he walks inside, both Sam and Reid shut their mouths. It took them that one look at the man to know it wasn’t the time to discuss their grudges against one another.

It wouldn’t help their situation.

Especially, Reid’s.

“Please, take a seat. Both of you.” The man says as he sits down on the other side of the desk, making Reid’s office his own. “We have a lot to discuss, as it seems.”

There’s a moment of silence.

“Sir—” Reid starts by saying, but is cut off.

“I hope you’re doing well.” He firstly says when looking at Sam. Then, his fierce eyes land on Reid.
“Now, you, please, explain me how this madness happened.”

Reid clears his throat, “I believe we did everything at our reach. The main’s fault, if I may, goes to the doctor in charge of…”

“Oh, come on!”

Reid gives Sam a quick glare, “Like I was saying, the one to blame is Madison Vaugier. Dean’s doctor. She kept the fugitive from us, clearly giving him time to—”

“She wasn’t the one who was in charge of protecting the hospital, nor was she the one who helped Dean escape.” The director begins, crossing his hands over the table.

“Nor am I saying that, sir. I’m just saying that if we had put him where he belongs right when we found him, this wouldn’t have happened… At all.”

“So, you’re blaming the doc?” Sam asks, scoffing. “With all due respect, director, the hospital staff only did their jobs. They didn’t ask for any of this. A patient needed care, so care was provided to him!”

“Sam Winchester. The lawyer, right?” Sam nods. “How do you exactly fit into this story?”

“I was hired by the F.B.I to give an inside perspective of Dean’s life.”

“Is that so?” The director slowly turns his head to Reid. “I wasn’t informed of that.”

Reid grunts. Yes, technically, he hadn’t asked for permission, but he was told he had all the means he’d need. So, he did nothing wrong.

“Sam was a—“

“Enough!” The director stands up. “I have over a dozen journalists outside, waiting for a statement. Patients want to sue us. Brendon doesn’t talk. Two nurses and agent Weekes were killed. A hospital was completely shut down. People were killed under our watch. And what do we have? Nothing! Reid, I gave you a lot of free passes over the years. I never asked any questions. Not even when you arrested Henriksen. But I can’t do that anymore. It’s not just your job at risk. It’s everyone’s. The Secretary of Defense wants to run an inquiry. A lot of people in this division might lose their jobs. And today, this was sent directly to me, before my flight. This was when I found out about Mr. Winchester.” From his pocket, he takes out an envelope. “I’m afraid Mr. Winchester is no longer a lawyer at Collins and Sheppard.” Sam’s eyes shot open and his mouth drops, about to complain. The director continues, “And, as you’re a person of interest, you cannot be our consultant anymore.”

“A person of interest!” Mad, Sam shouts. This can’t be happening.

“First of all, you’re Dean’s brother. The only relative still alive. Then, you were already in two crime scenes. The first at Moore’s place and more recently at the hospital. And, surprisingly, got out alive, both times.”

“And because of that, you make me a suspect?” Sam sneers. “I was freaking shot at!”

Reid’s mind sees there’s a way to install chaos and doubt and, if lucky enough, to turn the tables to his advantage.

“Sir, I feel like I’m obliged to share something with you. I thought I should keep it to myself for a while, but I think it’s past time to come clean. May I speak to you privately?”
“And now you want to take me out of this conversation? Wow!” Sam says, already getting up, before he is asked to step out.

His hand grabs the doorknob, his eyes looking at the curious people downstairs. He pushes it open.

“If I were you—” The director interjects. “I’d find myself a good lawyer, Mr. Winchester. Your future doesn’t seem too bright, if you ask me.”

The door closes with no more words exchanged between the two.

Reid hides a smile. It’s time to do this.

To do this right.

He gently gets up, pacing around the office, in fake insecurity and fidgets with his hands in an attempt to show doubt.

“David. May I call you David?” The Director nothing says, so Reid takes that as a yes. “I know I’ve been doing things that some may call… less orthodox. But you know me! I devote my life to my job. I always have. And Dean’s case… It’s different. There’s nothing I can do or say to explain my failures. But you know I never failed you or this bureau. I’m one of the best, if one the best. But this case…” He sighs, looking down at the tips of his shoes. “You gave me this case personally because you knew I could crack it. And I believed it back then, as I do now. I can solve this, I can bring peace to the American people. I just need time!”

“This isn’t a matter of time, Reid.” David replies, remaining cold as ice. “People pay taxes and we’re spending it on a never-ending investigation. We need results, Reid.”

“Exactly!” Reid agrees. “Why do you think I put Sam here? Because I wanted to be besties with him?!” David frowns confused. “Look. Hear me out, okay?” He sits down. “For a long time I thought he could help, that’s true. But I’ve been getting things, that I can’t really put my mind around them. It started when he called me. At the day of the incident at Moore’s house. It was all very sketchy. The way he simply changed his mind, all of sudden. And the way he justified it? His brother went there for him but changed his mind? How many times does that really happen? There’s nothing there to prove Dean was, in fact, there. No fingertips, no witnesses! We simply have Sam’s word. Sam, who was actually the one found over the body.” He takes a break to take a deep breath. “It all makes sense now, especially ever since—""

David bites the bait after a few seconds of dramatic silence. “Ever since what?”

“I talked to Dean at the hospital.” He simply states. “He needed to be questioned and the conversation heated a bit. I’m still filling the report, so later you may read it for further details. But, in the middle of all his babbling, he let something out. We were talking about Sam. He didn’t notice it until it was too late. He said… You don’t use a fox as bait. That left me thinking. Maybe… Maybe, Sam, the lone survivor of a massive family murder could be helping him. Because, like you said, he was at two crime scenes. Coincidence? Yes, he was shot, but they’re messed up, that could perfectly have been a way to distract us. If I were to shoot someone, I’d shoot to kill, like they did with everyone… Except for Sam.”

“This doesn’t help your case, Reid. This just means you’ve given classified information to a criminal of an ongoing investigation.”

Reid shakes his head. “This is where things get interesting. I gave him information, yes, but nothing that could show him anything important. Just crime scenes photos and all that nonsense that, soon or
later, are released to the common public. I just wanted him to know what I wanted him to know. I was simply playing him, trying to catch him on his own game. And it worked. I now know Dean Winchester like no other agent here.”

“How can you be so sure of it?”

“Because I tested it… At the hospital. No one can fake that much. Not even a psychopath. I’d know. That’s my job. You can’t cross me.”

“Reid. I’m your friend. But I don’t know if I can do much for you. If anyone knows about this you could not only lose your badge, but go to jail.” David seems sincerely preoccupied.

“Sometimes you gotta play fire with fire.” Reid shrugs. He no longer needed his façade. “It will work, you know it will. If Sam works with Dean, we’ll get him. That’s another reason why I wanted him here, so I could watch him. Give me some credit, David.”

David gets up, pensive.

Reid glances at him, analyzing him.

He’s got him. Good.

“Look. I’m still mad. If you were any other person I’d personally ruin your career. But it’s not on my hands. I can’t stop what’s happening next. I have my ass on the fire too. You played a dangerous game and it didn’t pay off. All we gained was a bunch of dead bodies and a possible accomplice who knows exactly how we work.”

“I need one month. One more month and this is over. I’ll get the man.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t.”

“For your daughter. You owe me that one.”

And boy, how Reid feeds on that glare! He never played that card before, because he knew this day would come. He saved David’s daughter, and he knows David pays his debts.

“How dare you…” David starts, eyes red in rage.

Reid raises his hands up, in a defensive way, “Don’t. I didn’t mean it in a bad way. I just… please. It’s my life we’re talking about here. And you’re the only one who can save me. Please! This job is all I have left. Dean took all I had left!”

David nods, “I’ve heard. I’m sorry about Zoey.”

Reid nods, real tears finding his eyes. “Please.”

After a long silence, a beaten sigh escapes David’s lips.

“One month.”

[Sam]
He still couldn’t believe it. After everything he suffered, Reid found another way to bite him in the ass. Except, it wasn’t Reid’s fault. It was Dean’s. Sure, Reid had an important saying in the way his recent life turned to crap, but ultimately it was all about Dean.

Always his fucking brother.

He lost his parents because of him.

He lost the love of his life because of him.

And now his job.

His credibility.

He feels like he is by a thread and it is about to snap. And after that… God help him.

He doesn’t know what to do. He’s just mad. Furious even. His head hurts, his heart feels like it is about to explode, his muscles are rigid and he just wants to beat up stuff.

He can’t even think straight.

His brother, wherever he is right now, must be yelling in joy.

He looks around him, to the rattling city, the sun warming his face, contemplating the people passing by, uncaring of the mess that is happening around them. They now it’s there, they just ignore it. Because they’re people, and they need to pretend everything it okay, that nothing bad is happening. So, they smile, talking on their phones, sunglasses hiding the tiredness in their eyes. Because they need to live like robots. Programmed and fearless.

Sam was like them once. Back when he thought he could pretend to have a normal life. He’d pass by other people and not notice them. And he’d pretend to have a perfect life, with no chaos behind it.

But, thinking in perspective, how could he?

How could he think he could avoid all this?

Sooner or later, the past would catch up and destroy everything he had built to this day.

He takes a deep breath, the air rushing out in pressure and hot. He feels like he is burning.

**How can they pretend everything’s fucking okay?**

He grits his teeth until his flexed jaw carves inside his cheeks. Fucking morons.

His right foot takes a pace, him limping on the fresh wound, but it doesn’t hurt him anymore. At least, he tells himself that. So, he keeps walking, fist clenched around the hold of the crutch, his knuckles turning white and he knows.

He goes home. He doesn’t stop at the takeaway next to his building to buy the usual noodles he became so fond of. He doesn’t say “hi” to the florist where he used to buy flowers to Jessica. He doesn’t even greet the doorman, Mrs. Harrison, when he enters his block.

He just walks, head down, his brain thudding in a migraine and thoughts.
He opens his door, Bones, lazily resting on the sofa, and the entire place half illuminated by the sunshine. It smells like lavender and cleaned floors. He breathes it in. His migraine seems to fade just enough for him to shut his eyes for a second in peace. He hangs his coat, takes his shoes off and feels the flooring. It’s cold and sends a shiver up and down his body.

Bones doesn’t seem to notice his arrival, since he is softly snoring, tongue resting on one of its paws.

Sam walks at one window gazing at the small ants that are people. It all seems so fake. He crosses his hands behind his back, becoming a shadow in all the light coming inside around him.

Castiel he's still alive and Sam is the only one to know of this information.

He's the only one who knows the truth.

He’ll find Castiel and then...

*He’s the one who will kill Dean.*

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Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to kudos and leave a comment!
I want to know what you're thinking.
See you soon!
Bravety and Guilt

One week later

Somewhere in the middle of Ohio

[Dean]

“No.” A curly haired woman cries aloud. “You promised me your love. You promised it when we married.”

“Carolina, ya no puedo hacer esto. I can’t. I love Maria. Lo siento.”

With a harsh squeeze on the remote’s button, the TV goes silent. Dean huffs, grumpy, as he throws the remote to a very far armchair on the other side of the coffee table.

All those Mexican soap operas, with the love stories and cliche endings: the two lovebirds live happily ever after and the bad guy dies in a gentle and easy way. All the drama. All the commitment.

Commitment….

That is something Dean never really understood: the amount of focus and time spent on something that, gradually, becomes meaningless. He cannot understand the importance of a cause, job… Relationships. How someone freely submits himself to sharing and feeling and caring is just beyond Dean’s comprehension. It’s all so… small and unimportant.

But, then again, Dean only understands one thing: momentane pleasure and ecstasy. That pure sensation of fulfillment, power and freedom that only uncalculated decisions based on his own definition of existence can bring.

He knows he is a sadistic man. And he loves it!

He loves doing whatever pleases the beast inside him. He loves the terror, sweat and tears of those he decides of no longer deserving to live. He loves how deeply and completely one person can be played by him, if he pleases; how he can pull their strings and play with them like children play with toys.

That’s the only commitment he ever had: to find new ways of enjoying himself. Of having power running up and down his body and mind.

Until Castiel.

Castiel is different. Dean can’t really say how or why, but that man defies Dean in every way imaginable. He doesn’t make Dean question his person, he just… brings something else. A new kind of adrenaline. Something big and strong and very physical. It’s not like anything he ever tasted. This is a constant flame, burning inside of him, permanently reminding him that there’s someone else like him. Someone that challenges him like no other before.
Dean made the mistake of thinking too little of Castiel, once. He despised him, even, at the beginning. To him, he was just another idiot playing God. A crazed freak going rogue. Nothing big and, much less, flattering.

Then, he finally saw him. Face-to-face, eye to eye, in what was supposed to be the epilog of his adventurous life. He sensed it. The smell of death, the moment he entered that building, his heart racing, the blood pumping through his veins, his body hot in anticipation. It was perfect. The climax of their little game. The ending of an amazing journey. And then, those eyes, even in the small lighting, he could see deep into them, the fire within. And in them, he recognized how similar they were. And how different, nevertheless. The paradox their both existences created and how perfectly they collided.

But more than that, within his eyes, Dean could read how desperate Castiel was for something bigger to tame him.

And Dean was that something.

However, you tame a tiger with caution. It needs time and patience and meat. And, oh boy, if Dean isn’t a delicious piece of meat.

He completely gained him. Made him his, right when he fucked him senseless.

He just never thought Castiel would win him back.

And how well he did.

So, here he is, laying on a couch, scratching his healing knee, as his eyes wander Castiel’s back, watching him as he puts a shirt on, muscles dancing under his tanned skin.

Dean’s stomach tingles. It’s a weird sensation, so he looks away, resting on the dead TV. It’s old, ugly, big and Dean wants to shoot it. He stays like that for minutes, lost on the dark screen, blank mind, just blinking, and blinking and breathing.

“Do you want me to turn it on?”

Dean’s caught off guard, doing a small twitch flinch, “What?! No… No. I’m good.”

“Oh.”

Both go silent. The pulled-down curtains almost entirely block the sunlight, the room being in a somber nuance, making harder for Dean to understand Castiel’s reactions.

Simply put, it’s obdurate. For both of them. They were used to be lone wolves, trying to kill each other and now they’re sharing the same roof. Dean is cool with that: a lot of people have tried to kill him, millions would still do if they find him, but it’s just… eerie to find himself so close to him. To Castiel.

Likeness apart: they have completely different ways of working. And after the dust settles, how will it be? He is not changing the way he is and he is sure Cas won’t change more than he already did. They’re okay-ish, for now, but how long until they start shooting at one another?

Dean isn’t stupid. They’re both dangerous. To each other. Each second they’re together, is a second closer to the bomb explosion. And Dean won’t wait for it sleeping.

“Your brother’s not with the Feds, anymore.” Cas says, buttoning his shirt. “It’s in the papers. A big
scandal.” He snorts a laugh, a victorious sigh following after.

Sam. The one subject Dean tried to avoid bringing up. There’s still a pending conversation between the two on that matter. More exactly on why the fuck did Cas think that he could mess with his brother and shoot him.

That invisible bomb starts ticking in Dean’s head. He clenches his jaw.

Tick.

Tick.

However, he asks, “Anything about you?”

“No. Sam must have kept his mouth shut. That or Reid decided not to spread that information around.”

Reid.

One word and the bomb ticks faster. Dean feels anger boiling inside, ready to burst out at any moment. He made a promise, at the hospital, that he’d kill Reid’s family. That he’d make him suffer like he could not even begin to imagine, on his hands. Maybe even more than he made Sam go through to this day.

Yet, there he is, stuck in a smelly motel room, wounded, hiding like a rat.

Commitment. He thinks. He needs to continue. He needs to make justice – his justice -to his words. He is no liar. He is no petty little human to be laughed at like Reid did.

Who the fuck he thinks he is?

His head starts pounding. He rubs it. Pressing his fingers against his temples, clenching his jaw at the growing feeling inside him. He needs it. Misses it! The feeling of killing. But, unlike other times, he now only desires the blood of one man dirtying his hands. It stresses him, being restrained to such low movement. He doesn’t feel strong. And he needs to feel strong or that motherfucking Reid wins.

“Speaking of Re—“

“Don’t.”

Castiel’s grunt is deep and authoritarian. It doesn’t grow well on Dean’s ears. It’s a bossy tone, a tone of someone who’s in charge.

How dare he talk to him like that?

“Excuse me?” Dean sneers.

“I know where you’re going with this conversation, Dean. It’s a dangerous road. We— You are being looked for in all states. We need to stay low. Forget Reid.”

“Forget Reid?!” Dean scoffs in indignation, “Are you fucking kidding me?! He mocked me, teased me like a fucking dog. Nobody gets to do that and walk away!” He roars.

“Oh, please! Stop with the whining.”

Those words carved deep inside Dean.
He forces himself up, not even grunting at the weight on his leg. His face is contracted, his traces offended.

“And who the fuck do you think you are?”

“Right now, I’m the one who’s keeping you alive.”

Silence falls between the two. Their gaze is still, eyes locked: Dean’s in anger and Castiel’s in a state of neutrality.

“Fuck off.” Dean spits out. “This is none of your business, you don’t have a saying in what I get to do.”

“You know I’m right, Dean. We need to wait.”

“I want Reid now!”

“Till this all calms down, we need to stay put. Going after a cop, Reid of all people, right now, is stupid!”

“You were always a coward, Castiel. Do you think I care about anything of that? Do you think I got here on thinking?”

“You see the irony of that, right? You say that like that’s a big thing, but all I see is a defeated asshole in disgrace.”

Dean makes a pause, to pierce Castiel in the eyes. He is about to grab his gun and freaking shoot him in the head if he keeps up with that attitude.

“No one messes with me, Cas. And no one—” He gives him a pointed look. “—gets to be the boss of me.”

Castiel rolls his eyes, tired.

“Fine. You know what? Go ahead. Let’s go. You drive! Oh, that’s right! The great Dean Winchester can’t even walk five feet straight. And you want to go after Reid. Genius plan.”

“I should have just killed you in that fucking room.” The hatred in his voice ices the entire room.

“Likewise.”

The night falls slow and tired. Castiel left shortly after their argument, saying he had some business to take care of. Dean said nothing. He didn’t, and still doesn’t, give two fucks about what Castiel has to do.

Dean has his own things to think about.

He mindlessly scratches his leg staring at one of the walls of the motel room. It’s superficially cleaned, with no stains showing the things that happened in that room over the years. Yet, Dean can’t help but wonder how many were fucked or fucked against that wall. How many spits of saliva during an orgasm painted the wall with bacteria. How many hands pressed against it while moaning in pleasure. Or, on another hand, how many people were beaten down, murdered or robbed within those walls. How many husbands yelled at their wives, hit them, cursed, or vice-versa. How many hookers were treated like shit. And how many of them left the room in a bag only to be thrown to the
back of some ambulance.

Probably not that many, one might have said, if he had some company.

But he thinks otherwise. He believes those walls have a lot of stories, bloody ones, hidden underneath the wallpapers. He feels it. Old, unnoticed motels, are always the creepiest ones. The chosen ones for punks, fugitives, killers… Like Dean. And people like him always leave a mark wherever they go.

They are invited to.

Dean smiles, his eyes still on the wall, and forces himself up. He staggers to the door, bending over to the window next to the white door. His fingers find the fabric of the curtain and pushes it a bit aside, just enough to contemplate the couple of old cars parked outside. The moon is high in the sky and the place seems basically dead.

There are no plants, music, nothing. Just cement and woods at the horizon.

Dean smiles again.

He can’t go after Reid. He gives Castiel that one.

But nothing can keep him from throwing a little personal party…

[Castiel]

It’s about 4 am when Castiel parks the Impala at the back of the hotel, using the tall trees as a shield to the rest of the world. If it was his call, the car would be long gone. It’s big, not that unsuspicious, quite the contrary, and noisy. And he doesn’t like noisy things.

He likes silence, control, being out of reach. The car just puts a target on their back.

Nevertheless, he respects Dean’s orders of keeping the car. It was not his to decide what to do with it, but, if the day comes, Castiel will dive it into a river or something.

Still, he closes the door and plays with the keys on his hands. Handling Dean’s tantrums are not easy, so he always has to blow off some steam elsewhere. He keeps it quiet and clean, so no one notices the disappearances before they move onto the next city. He cleaned everything as well, so nothing can be traced back to him or Dean.

Better play safe than sorry.

He enters the parking lot of the motel, finding Dean sitting outside smoking. At first, he narrows his eyes in incredulity, but it quickly fades off his face when his eyes meet the blood on Dean’s clothes.

“What the—“

Dean smiles, “Howdy partner. Hope you enjoyed your… whatever it was.”

Castiel throws his arms midair. His brain already knows what happened, but he still can’t believe
how awfully dumb and impulsive Dean sometimes can be.

So, he says nothing. He just stops a few feet from him, looking down at his posture as Dean enjoys that horrible thing full of nicotine. Dean seems… lighter, calmer, and it just sends a shiver up and down Castiel’s spine. He is acting like an addicted man. Only instead of cocaine, Dean’s drug is death. And if that doesn’t put someone on alert, even another one like Dean, then there’s something wrong with them.

“What have you done, Winchester?”

“The same you did.” Dean shrugs. “I can smell the hooker you killed on your clothes. That’s why you left, right?” He puffs on the cigarette. “Did you at least fuck her or—“

“Don’t be crude.” Castiel rolls his eyes, crossing his arms. “What if someone saw you?”

Dean laughs, gets up, his knee cracking a bit, but he doesn’t budge, “What if someone sees us, right now?” Both stare for a while. “No one else’s here. I made sure of that. One tried to run, but, you know… We still have a thing called handguns.” He pats Cas’s shoulders.

“How many?” Are the only words Cas pronounces.

At this question, Dean sighs. It wasn’t a bothered sigh, more of an excited one, saying “see how strong I am”. That was all it took Castiel to understand what was going on inside Dean’s head. And he almost feels pity.

Dean likes to feel stronger than anyone else, in charge. And the knee only forced him to realize he is nothing more than the others. Just a man of flesh and blood. And it must have scared him. So he acted out.

Just like a child.

Dean opens the door, holding it, so Castiel can go inside first.

By the bed is a couple. Castiel recognizes them from the room next door. The man is on top of a woman, both dead by the amount of blood splashed on the sheets and the headboard. Castiel could see the man died while having intercourse with the woman, who had a gag on her mouth. The clothes were piled by the end of the bed. Other than that, the entire room is clean. Cas and Dean’s bags are already packed and the garbage was already collected and burned down to ashes.

Castiel looks over at Dean in disgust, as he throws the cigarette to the floor and steps on it, rubbing in on the ground with his boot until it rips apart in a long piece of burned paper, filter and unsmoked tobacco.

Dean shrugs, “I was bored. Besides, it’s amazing the things you can persuade someone to do when you have a gun on your hand.” He giggles pointing at the couple. “The one you ran is in the bathtub.” He gets inside, looking at the couple he killed while Cas was away. “Art. That’s what this is.” He laughs. Castiel twitches his mouth, slightly mad, ready to complain. “I cleaned the entire room. There is nothing here to prove you’re alive.”

“Still… you are fucking reckless. We need… Just because I got you out of that hospital, it doesn’t mean, I’ll back you up on each fucked up shit you do for attention.”

“Attention?! Don’t flatter yourself, Cas. I owe you nothing. I never asked for any favors. So stop throwing at you did on my face, understood, Reaper? If I can’t leave the fucking motel, I’ll do whatever I want while I’m in it. If you get to have some personal fun, why shouldn’t I? Besides, I
did this for a fucking reason, not for attention, your fuckhead. You’re not even in it, so don’t be a pain in the ass, alright?"

Castiel nods. He lost all his arguments there. If Dean wants to put a target on him. Fine. So be it. As long as he doesn’t put him in the middle.

Dean proceeds, “The manager’s at the check-in. But I wouldn’t go there if I were you. It got messed up… And there are cameras. Also, I don’t think we have much time.”

Castiel frowns, “What do you mean we don’t have much time.”

Dean looks over at his wristwatch, “I called 911 when I heard the Impala.” He gives Cas a crooked smile.

Castiel stares at him for a few seconds. He wanted to scream at him, but the only thing that came out was a long laugh,

“You son-of-a-bitch.”

“You were right. I can’t go after Reid… So let him come after me.”

"How are you feeling today, Sam?” Madison asks while checking his abdomen.

Sam shrugs, holding the fold of his shirt, eyes looking at the diploma she has on her office, as she examines his abdomen.

“Fine, I guess.”

“Any dizziness. Headaches?”

He shakes his head, “No, ma’am. Just when I stand up for a long time and do more unsubtle movements. Other than that, everything’s okay.”

She puts a new bandage on the wound, taps his arm as a sign everything is checked, that he doesn’t need to hold his shirt, and rests against her table.

“That’s great, Sam. You’re recovering amazingly well. Although, I suppose you’re not resting like I told you to.” Sam frowns at her. “Just when I stand up for a long time, huh?” She repeats smiling. “I know it must be hard to give up on your daily routine, Mister, but you need to buckle up a little and take some time to stay in bed and watch some TV.”

Sam sweetly smiles at her, “From now on, I’ll remind myself of that.”
“Yeah, maybe I should remember you of that more often, as well.” She gives him a glance and sighs. “Don’t make me stalk you, okay?”

“That wouldn’t be creepy at all.”

She laughs, her white teeth showing, a small portion of black hair resting on her cheek, “Yeah, we all have our demons.”

Sam nods, getting up. He no longer needed the crutch.

“I suppose we do. Although I wouldn’t mind yours.”

She tilts her head, giving him a knowing smile, “Was that an attempt of flirting, Mr. Winchester?”

He gives an embarrassed smile, “Almost as awful as yours, Doctor.”

Both look at each other for a while. Sam still loves Jessica, and he’ll never forget her, but she’ll never want him back. Besides, he needs to do this. Madison passed more time with Dean than anyone else in this hospital at his time passed here. He needs to know what she might know. He needs to connect the dots. All the dots.

She clears her throat, pacing to the other side of the table, “I’ll give you another prescription for the painkillers and… Well, I guess I’ll have to see you again next week, just to be sure the wound is completely closed.”

Sam knows the conversation’s already over. She sat on the chair, pink cheeks, embarrassed. In the face of that, he does the next best thing.

“Why not tonight?” He asks. She glances up at him. “Why wait a whole week? We could have dinner together.”

“Oh…” she says, slightly amused, but very lost. “I—I don’t go out with patients.”

“I’m not a usual patient.”

“Just the brother of the guy who killed my mom.”

Bitterness meets Sam’s features.

“I’m sorry.” She says, even more embarrassed. “Bad joke. I didn’t mean to offend you, Sam. I would never judge you for your relatives. My bad.”

Sam nods, shaking that feeling off, “Heh, he shot me too.”

Both nervously laugh.

Then she speaks, “I suppose we have more in common than the regular folks.”

“I suppose we do.” He agrees.

Seconds pass until she speaks again, “I’m off at 8 o’clock.”
Sam waits for her at the entrance of the hospital. At 8:07 pm, she gets outside, still on her uniform and with a ponytail. She looks exhausted if looking at her shoulders. If looking at her face, she emanated life.

Sam honked. She did a little jump and approached his car.

“I’m sorry.” She says. “I still need to pass by my house and change. I forgot that having dinner out implies actually getting ready… and makeup.”

Sam laughs, “It's okay. You look great like that. No need for makeup or a dress.”

She looks down at her clothes, “Are you 100% sure?”

“I’m sure. I intend to take you someplace quiet.”

“Thank you.” She says relieved. The last thing she needed after a long day of work was… well… more work getting ready.

He drove them both back to his place. The doorman welcomed them and Sam nodded once at him, wishing him a good night. Madison walked next to him, smiling kindly at the elder man. Sam opened the door and gave her space to walk in first.

Bones is by the couch, but quickly runs at the new face licking her hand. She laughs, crouching, and petting the dog.

“I didn’t know you had a dog.”

“His name is bones.” He says, shutting the door. “Make yourself comfortable. I’ll be in the kitchen, you can’t miss it, it’s right in front of the living room.”

“I can help.”

“Only in conversation topics.” He smiles. “You’re my guest, so, no work for you.”

“Well, you’re injured. So… No work for you.”

“Cutting a carrot won’t kill me.”

Both laugh.

“Alright. I’ll let this one slide. But you’ll have to keep up with my boring conversation topics.”

Sam nods, “Sounds good to me.”

They eat at the table. There are no candles, or flowers. Madison doesn’t seem the type of person who needs those romantic clichés to get by. She’s fierce, independent, and relaxed. Sam could see himself falling in love with her if his heart wasn’t owned already. Nevertheless, he can’t help but feel slightly captivated by her. Maybe is the fact that she’s so balanced and he is a big mess underneath a 6ft 4 body. Or maybe that fact she has such a stable life and mentality that he can’t help but envy her a bit.

Truth is, he doesn’t know what he feels. It’s a mix of sensations all fighting for dominance.

In a way, he doesn’t care for her. He is so focused on doing something in regards of his brother that his brain doesn’t find space to care for anyone else. So, in a way, she’s just someone he wants to manipulate. However, he also feels tenderness and worriedness for her. He feels like, she is a survivor, just like Sam, after everything she went through. And he can relate to her. He can
sympathize with her loss. And then, somewhere deeper, he feels something else. A twist, that little punch on the stomach that wants to know her better. Be with her. Have her.

And somehow, it numbs the anger a bit. For once, in a long time, all that hatred boiling inside is tamed a bit. It’s still there, but he doesn’t feel so stressed anymore.

How could he? She’s so… Different from the rest of the people he has been around lately that, of course, his body just give in into that calmness.

The alcohol replaced the food. It started slow and innocently, just a glass of wine during a conversation about their adventures during college. Then another followed and so it went.

Soon enough, they laid in the middle of the living room staring at the roof.

“Would you change anything?” Sam asks. Madison tilts her head, frowning. “If you knew things would get so out of hand… at the hospital… Would you do anything different?”

“Would you? I mean, you grew up with him. If you knew how he’d turn out to be… Would have you stopped him when you had the chance?”

Sam thinks for a second. At the current time, he’d kill him without blinking an eye, but in the past… When he was younger, he doesn’t know if he’d have the courage.

“I guess I—“

“Because—“ She interrupts turning her whole body to him, resting her head on the palm of the hand of the arm she angled for that purpose. “I think everyone fantasizes about ending your brother, or any other person that, somehow, made the world a tough place to live in: Lee H. Oswald, Hitler… Everyone dreams of being a hero and all that. But, actually pulling the trigger, that’s something else entirely! I mean, we all claim and act like we are better than those who kill and cause pain to others. Because, if we recurred to the same means as they to stop them, we’d lose our dignity, what makes us human. We’d be just like them.”

“Even if it meant you could save a lot of people?”

“Both situations are impossible. Because it’s like you're putting a balance in front of me, and I’d have to choose to dirt my hands in both situations. And it shouldn’t be up to us to decide who gets to live and who gets to die. It’s unfair.”

“Even if it’s just one against… dozens?”

“Like I said, it’s unfair. One life against dozens sounds like an easy choice. Especially, it being your brother. But would you be able to sleep at night, knowing of what you did? Of how far you went? I think… It’s something that is out of our reach. At the hospital I had two choices, and a lot of people didn’t agree with the one I made. It was either saving your brother or let him die. I chose the first. I didn’t choose the deaths of all those people. That wasn’t on me.” She sighs, her eyes wandering a bit. “My best friend died there. She was the one found at the elevator. Even now, weeks after that happening, it all still seems so… unreal, you know? One day, everything was fine and the next I… I was blamed for what happened. So, yes, a part of me wishes I could go back in time and change the past. But that wouldn’t be me, the person my mom raised me to be. So… I don’t know… I don’t know what I’d do.”

“I’m sorry.” He apologizes looking at her. “This is just the wine talking. I guess I feel…“

“Lost.” She completes, half-smiling. It wasn’t a happy smile. Just a sympathizing one. “Confused…
“Yeah.” He nods. “Sometimes it’s hard to breathe, you know? To live through all these… nightmares. I just wished I could do more.”

She sits up, “You already did, Sam. You survived. You’re a good man. That’s all that you can do: to not be like him.”

In those words, Sam sensed some sort of comfort. Lately, he felt like he was anything but good. He felt betrayed, used and tired. He felt like a hurt dog looking for some shelter… Or something to bite back. A part of him still is. And even though Madison’s advice were ones he’d follow any other time, he knew he had to do more than just be a good man.

He doesn’t care about being a hero, or someone loved. He cares about the people, about those who died unfairly. He thinks of those who could still be alive today and of those who might die tomorrow because of his cowardliness.

So, no, he didn’t do enough. He wasn’t a good man. He was, and in his mind still is, a coward. But it won’t be for much longer. He’ll make sure of that. Even if it kills him, he will try his best to put an end to the atrocity America has been living through. This isn’t about law, force or humanity anymore, this is purely about survival. About telling the world that madness is weak and, eventually, is put down.

And it isn’t pretty. It shouldn’t be. This isn’t a movie, this is real life. And real life is made of hard choices, messy actions, and awful outcomes. This should be anything but pretty.

This needs to be raw.

And it will be.
Wanting and needing

[Sam]

The next morning

Coffee seems the only thing to calm down the dryness of his throat and heaviness of his eyes. His sore back aches while he sits on a stool at the island that separates the kitchen from the large living room. Bones is laying next to one of the tall windows, puffing as the warm sunlight pets it’s fur.

He remembers very little from the previous night. He knows he had a lovely dinner with Madison and that they had a lot of wine during the night. He also remembers the honest conversation while resting on the floor. Other than that… nothing.

He supposes he fell asleep.

What he can’t forget is the peaceful face he saw when he opened his eyes earlier this morning. She was asleep, next to him, both on the same floor they were hours before. She was just… there, breathing and moaning from time to time. It took him a few moments to grab his way to his senses and get up. In those moments, before he made his decision, he just wanted to stare. Stare at her and see her… The real her. The person she was when she isn’t controlling what she says or does.

And what he saw was just pure peace.

She woke up shortly after. She combed her hair and for a second she seems to have forgotten where she was. Then her eyes met Sam’s and she smiled.

“I’m sorry,” She said, trying to – Sam assumes – to fill all the blanks about their night. “I guess I…” she looked around, rubbing her eyes. “…Fell asleep?”

“It’s okay,” Sam answered, starting to pace to the kitchen. “Coffee?”

“Thanks.”

After that, she didn’t stay long. They did some small talking, trying to see if the other knew something the other didn’t. Specifically, if anything physical had occurred.

It didn’t seem the case.

Then, she looked at her watch and rushed to the few things she brought with her – a phone, her house keys, and her pager – and gave a quick apology saying she needed to go, that she was late for work. Sam only nodded.

The door closed. And Sam was left alone.
Just like he is now.

He sighs, staring down at his mug. It’s almost entirely empty and he is spinning it around seeing the liquid balancing around. At any other day, he’d be getting ready for work or to go to the bureau. Now, he doesn’t know what to do the rest of the day.

It makes him impatient.

He thinks of traveling. It was only one of his biggest dreams, although he never had the time to go ahead. Maybe now, he can do it. Just pack a bag and leave. See the country, from the big cities to the smallest town no one’s ever heard of. Or, the entire world. He has some money saved, he could make it last for a few months.

But he won’t do it. Not that way, for that matter. He has bigger things to take care of.

However, where will he begin looking? Who will he talk to? How?

He is completely alone on this one. He doesn’t have FBI dragging him around anymore. He doesn’t have everything handed to him. And, even though, it was a pain in the ass to be Reid’s bitch, he can’t say it wasn’t easier to follow Dean than it is now.

Maybe a white board would help… Maybe if he started connecting everything from the beginning he could see something the others didn’t. He’ll just need to lock himself at home for a few weeks until he has everything on that board.

Or maybe, he’s just becoming crazy. He must be. To be thinking about pursuing a killer with nothing but himself is pretty desperate. He doesn’t have the means, or the people, to get somewhere.

Other people have done it. He remarks, still gazing at the mug. Journalists, with only the power of their laptops, have done bigger damage than entire organizations.

That makes him sigh. If he decides to really go through with this, there will be no way back. He’ll be in it to win it… Or die in it. It doesn’t really matter anymore, if it means putting a stop to Dean’s madness.

Bones ears rise. Sam looks at the dog, bored. Then, Bones settles again and returns to his sleep.

“I need to get out of here.”

He walks with no destination. The streets are painted in gray and full of stressed people. He doesn’t even wander about them. He’s tired of looking at them and just thinking about what must be going on inside their heads. It became obvious to him. They’re thinking what everyone thinks. They’re thinking about their underpaid job, their dying relative, their bills still unpaid, the credit cards they have to pay, the dreams they left behind, the mess their life turned out to be. Everyone’s the same. Everyone dreads the same things. Everyone’s story is sad and conflicted and terrifying.

He ends up stopping at a kiosk and buying the day’s journal. At the machete, he can read: Hell’s Torturer is back. Below it there’s a picture of Dean. Just as that. Sam thought he would find some gore image, but he supposes the journal decided to have some respect, this time, for the more sensitive readers. Regardless, he sees the page the news’s at and quickly pages through it.

He reads it. One time and then another. He’s trying to see anything that says the people know about Castiel.
Nothing.

Just that Dean, once again, killed some people at some place and the only thing that revealed that it was him was some footage of some camera at the check-in. Apparently, there was a message, but the matéria didn’t specify what it said or to whom it was directed.

Reid must know. If he’s still in charge, that is.

He needs a way in. A way to know what the feds do. It’s the only way to be in reach with the clues and try to find a trace to Dean’s whereabouts.

And, somehow, he knows where he needs to go.

[Dean]

The new Motel they’re in now, a few states over from the other, looks as old and unwelcoming as the previous one. Like last time, Castiel is the one doing the check-in. In a way, he was right: people tend to forget a face when thinking said person is dead.

Somehow, people tended not to recognize Castiel.

The baseball cap helped. Not wearing that big trench coat, too. Still, Dean thinks the thing that throws people off is the facial hair Castiel began to allow to grow. It isn’t a beard, it’s not thick enough to be named like that, it just brings an older tone to his face, hiding the shape of his skull, and bringing out the bags under his eyes. He also creates a new persona, when leaving the car. Dean never walks with him, rather staying in the car. But he watches him, walking through the glass door, tipping his cap and smiling. His shoulders rise a bit and he puffs his chest, faking a more built silhouette. Dean imagines him pulling some accent. Maybe something Canadian… or Jersey for some reason. It doesn’t know why, he just thinks he does.

What matters is, people seem not to see him. Dean knows people are extremely arrogant. No one has the time anymore to look at some stranger’s face. Some part of him almost dares him to barge in, just to prove his point. Everyone’s too busy to look up.

And who cares?

To the man behind the counter that’s just another random guy crashing in. They exchange some words, Castiel pays in cash, the man gives him a key and they’ll only see each other again when Castiel leaves the key and checks out.

Then, Castiel returns to the car, and the smile fades. That’s another thing Dean caught on him. Castiel rarely smiles, most of the time remaining on what Dean likes to call “resting bitch face”, if Castiel was a woman. But Castiel is a man and, still, the nomenclature fits him like a glove.

Resting bitch face.

“You need to lighten up a bit.” Dean says, eating a snack.
“I’m sure you’re feisty for the both of us.” Castiel replies, putting the car in gear and parking closer to their door, just while they grab their things. Later, he’ll put the car elsewhere.

Dean shrugs, “I might be… Be it needs two to throw a party.”

“I don’t like parties.”

Dean rolls his eyes. All this time and Castiel still is the same old dumb rock.

“Alright, champ. Whatever.”

They leave the car. Dean can’t wait to go inside. Before stopping there, they stopped at a drugstore and bought an electric saw. After short consideration, Dean decided he doesn’t want to look like a freaking crippled man. He’ll cut the cast, since he doesn’t feel like he needs it anymore. He limps, a lot, but his legs already can hold his weight for a considerable amount of time. Keeping that thing is just a waste of time.

He helps carry the bags. Two are their gear, the other two their clothes and personal stuff, like shampoo, deodorant, and relatives.

The room is made of tones of green and brown. And it smells like vomit. The sheets on both beds are dark gray and the mantel is a torrid green. Two pillows are on each bed, reinforcing the theme of the room: everything must be green. The wallpaper shows some big brown dots dancing in a forest of sweet light green and the nightstands have lamps in shape of cubes.

Castiel is the first to pick a bed and drop his bags. The face who once held a smile now rests in neutrality. He gently removes the cap from his head and rests it on the bed, proceeding to open one of the bags and start picking some things up.

Dean takes the time to move to his. He doesn’t sit on it, always preferring to stay on the couch. He can’t really explain it, he just doesn’t feel comfortable laying on those beds constantly used by people he doesn’t know. And… germs. Yikes. He can’t bring himself into letting his body relax on the mattress. So, he always sleeps on the couch. It’s probably no better than the beds. But then again… Everything is better than those beds! Instead, he drops his bags onto it and opens them wide open.

Both have different things in mind, so none of them talks.

Castiel can only think of taking a shower and Dean only thinks about removing the gauss.

And so it goes. Dean pulls his pants down, staying in boxers, gauss covering a big part of his leg. At first, Castiel gives him a doubtful look, considering if it is safe to take it off so soon, and stays near him in a mix of curiosity and uncertainty. He even offers to help, but Dean quickly tells him to leave him be, that he can take care of it on his own.

After being sure Dean won’t injure himself more than he already is, Cas turns his back at the fussing man and decides to do the one thing he needs at the moment.

When Dean is over, Castiel is still in the shower, the water falling in loud pedaços, echoing through the room. Dean walks around a bit, the sudden loss of weight feels weird, but he feels freer than ever. The knee cracks a bit from time to time and it doesn’t flex like it as much, hurting when he tries harder, and he also limps, but it’s better than looking like a fucking robot walking around.

The water runs still.

Dean tilts his head toward the bathroom door. Behind that door, there’s Castiel naked completely wet
cleansing himself. Dean licks his lips. It has been a while.

He starts pacing at it, he doesn’t hear humming or anything that normal people do in the showers, because Castiel is not like any other.

Castiel is special.

He pulls his shirt off, letting it freely fall to the ground. Then, he grips the fold of his boxers, tight his hand before taking them off. His dick twitches at the thought of physical contact and he holds it, gently stroking it. He breathes out, air hot, and he licks his bottom lip.

It was been too damn long.

He opens the door, finding fog all over the small compartment. He calmly walks to the bathtub and pulls the curtain away, finding a large back facing him. He smiles, and gives Cas a quick, but nevertheless, teasing slap on his rear.

He turns around, puffed cheeks, wet hair, water running down his face, tracing his lips and then falling to the chin or chest.

“Dean.” He groans. “What—“ His eyes find Dean’s erected dick and he goes quiet. It is nothing new to him, but Dean can see that same conflict in Cas’s mind all over again. He can see his brain fighting the body and the way he just stopped in time. Then, his eyes go up and he focuses on Dean’s face. “I’m already finishing.”

Dean laughs, “That’s not why I’m here.” Castiel’s lips form a small “o” and Dean enters the shower. “It takes two to dance.” He whispers, his mouth barely touching Cas’s ear.

“I’m…” Castiel begins, but doesn’t evolve from that. Dean’s hands grab his waist and Castiel just breathes. “Hmm—“

“What?” Dean purrs.

Castiel tilts his head up, the water now going right at his face, making him relax. He stays like that for some seconds, just feeling it against his cheeks, nose, lips, and feeling Dean’s member ghosting his bosom. His stomach twitches in excitement and eagerness. He bites his lip. This is all still so odd and different and new to him, that he still doesn’t know how to behave in situations like these.

He feels lips kissing his neck, then shoulders. He sighs, leaning against the new warmth, this one from something very palpable, and Dean moans in amusement. These seem like the only moment Dean and he are in accordance. And he doesn’t know what to think of it.

He turns around, his own half-erected dick touching Dean’s, and their eyes meet. Dean is smiling, eyes flaming in want and Castiel feels his heart fasten at the sight of that.

Dean wants him. Wants to feel him, to touch him, to have him.

And Castiel can’t help but need to have Dean have him.

Their faces are now closer, so close that they can feel each other’s hot breath. The water is still running.

Then, finally, Castiel growls,

“What are you waiting for?”
Morning after that

Thankfully, Sam still had some favors to ask. Where he wanted to go, it would be better to go in surprise, not calling any attention towards him. If Reid were to ever find out, Sam is sure he would try and stop. He can’t have that. He needs to move fast, decisive, and forward. If he can’t have any backup, he’ll do it on his own.

It’s time to clean all lies.

The visiting room is large and ample. There are some tables in rows, each with four plastic brown chairs. Nothing is on the tables and the windows are reinforced with iron grills. There are some people scattered around. Some on tables, some still by the gate being checked for anything prohibited.

Other than that, the place is eerily silent. Everyone speaks lowly, the uniformed guards controlling the room like a librarian control the reading zone of a library.

A line of inmates, all accompanied by guard, appears on the other side of a gate. Their orange suits are enough to put them apart from the rest of the people. One by one, in breaks of 1 minute, between each, enter the visiting room, going directly to the tables where their visitors are waiting.

Sam gazes around, his eyes finally concentrating on the inmates. He tries to find him, but truth be told, he can’t find him. He only saw him once, when he was still happy with Jessica and working at the firm of lawyers. The human brain can only remember so much, after all. Maybe, his memory didn’t find necessary to memorize his face.

However, that wasn’t the case. The last inmate only appeared some minutes later, eye patched and slightly limping. He seemed lost. Sam can’t say he doesn’t understand the man. He wasn’t on his visitor’s list, nor he had reached him prior to this meeting.

The man looks confused at one of the guards, possibly asking what he was doing there, most certainly saying he had no visitors that day. And then, the guards boringly points at Sam, pushing him forward with little respect and the man halts. Eyes wide open at the younger Winchester. He staggers a little, still in awe, and finally nods at the guard.

“Samuel—” The man says, like if he was looking at a ghost. “—You’re… Well.”

“Hello, Victor.” Sam smiles, inviting him to sit down. Victor does so.

“I don’t understand. What are you doing here?”

“According to what I said to the director? Legal reasons.”
Victor nods, “Right. And the real reason is…”

“You.” Sam simply says. “I need your help cleaning up some details.” Victor looks up at him, suspiciously, but nothing says. “About Dean… and Castiel. I don’t know if they let you up to the news, but…”

“Stop.” Victor says. “As far as I know, you’re working for Reid, now. So why would I even talk to you?”

“Because I’m not him.” Sam shrugs. “And I’m not working with him. He crossed me… Like he did to you, am I right?” Silence. “I know you were at my place, the night before your arrest. Reid told me his part of the story: that you went crazy, went after me, and ended up killing your partner.”

“And?”

“And I need to know what really happened. We talked once, and you didn’t seem a delusional man. You looked concerned. You wanted to help. So help me now! What happened that night?”

“I’m sure you read the file. No matter what I say, nothing will change in the eyes of law.”

“Maybe not, but it might change enough for me to stop Dean.”

Victor shakes his head, “Stay out of it. If Reid blames you for something, it's because you were either a pain in the ass, or he wanted you out of his way. And then there’s Dean. No one survives Dean, you should know that better than anyone else. If one doesn’t get you killed, the other will. If I were you, I’d pick a nice country, and leave this all behind.”

“You know I can’t do that.”

“Yes, you can. I wish I had. This case ruined my life. So take from someone who knows… Let it go. Get your girlfriend and go. Don’t look back.”

“That’s too late for that. The night you went to my place, someone died, by the hands of my brother. He said Castiel was after me, but you already knew that, right? How?”

“I… can’t.”

“What else do you have to lose?”

“Who died?”

“Jessica’s little sister. We are no longer together. Like I said, it’s too late. Like you I lost everything. I have nothing else to fight for. Except this. Dean’s my brother, Reid’s a lunatic! I’m the only one up to end this.”

“Kill him, you mean?” Victor laughs. “Sam, you’re in a prison, maybe you should be more careful about what you say while within these walls.”

“I never said killing. You did.” Sam gives him a pointed look. “I just want to know how you knew something that no one else did. I want to know the truth, Victor you owe me that much. You were in my house, someone died there. And you were there!”

Victor ponders for a few seconds. His shoulders are tense and Sam can see how troubled he is.

“Look. I shouldn’t be talking about this. Reid… He has ears everywhere. If…” He sighs, rubbing his head. “Ahh, fuck it. I’m going to die either way.” Sam squints his eyes. “The day prior to my visit to
Palo Alto, I received a file. It was something that The Reaper had left for Dean. It was a message of you. He was going after you. So I left everything behind and tried to find you. But Reid, that son of a bitch, decided to be a good idea to put someone surveilling me. He must have figured it out that I was onto something. Anyway, the fella that died and I got into a fight and I may have locked him in my trunk. *But* I didn't kill him. He was pretty much alive. So, I went to your house and I found him. He was there, Castiel. Knowing you weren't there he decided to get revenge on me, and killed the other guy and forced me to grab the gun. He knocked me out. When I woke up, I was in cuffs. I tried telling Reid, but he was furious about me not telling him about what happened, and hell, I guess he really needed some way to keep me from getting the investigation back, so he framed me. He convinced everyone I had a breakdown and killed another agent. The court bought it and here I am.”

Sam nods, pointing it down on a notebook he grabbed from his briefcase.

“You received a file from whom?”

Victor shook his head, “I can’t tell you that.”

“I have to know, Reid. Was someone in the bureau?”

“You don’t understand.”

“Victor!”

Some people look at them, the guards especially cautious.

“It doesn’t matter. I’m not putting anyone else at risk.”

Sam leans closer, “Look. I’m not with the FBI again, but I still need inside knowledge. I need someone from inside to pass me whatever the feds have on them. Any new clues, anything. Working solo, and ultimately as a civilian, doesn’t give me privileges, whatsoever. The public only knows very little about the developments of the investigation. And I need to know everything to track them down.”

“Them? Castiel is dead!”

Sam lightly shakes his head, looking deep into his eyes. Victor opens his mouth.

“Does any—“

“No.”

“Fuck.”

“I need to find them, Henriksen. The sooner, the better. Can you help me?”

Victor stops, wondering. His eyes gaze up to the ceiling in ponderation. Sam awaits, patiently. He knows what is at stake. Victor was right, Reid is definitely watching every move both make. And he came to the realization that Reid is vicious and will stop at nothing. Even more, if he knows what Sam is up to. Sam can’t help but gulp at the thought of what Reid would be able to do just to put him back in place.

Probably, nothing good.

So, yes, Sam understands. He understands why Victor is so unsure of helping, even talking. But he also knows how much Victor was to avenge what happened to him. He had good intentions and
Reid came along and ruin everything.

And look at him now. Reid is, once again, untouched, and everyone around him is buried to their necks.

Victor sighs and Sam looks at him, apprehensive.

“Only if you promise me one thing.”

“Anything.”

“I need you to go see my daughter. My ex-wife, she doesn’t allow her to visit me. She thinks I’m dangerous and, honestly, I think she’s happy I’m locked away. I need you to tell her I’m sorry and that I love her very much. I won’t be able to see her again, so I need her to know her dad loves her very much.”

Sam gives him a sympathetic smile, “I will. But don’t give up hope. I’m sure when you leave this place, you’ll have plenty of time to spend with her. I’ll make sure of that. Once I end this, I’ll give a look at your accusation.”

Victor laughs. It’s a long, loud laugh. But, nevertheless, bitter one. Sam frowns in confusion.

“Mr. Winchester, look around. Look at me. How long do you think I have? One month? Maybe two?! I’m a cop, I’m beaten down. I was sent to the infirmary five times since I got here. I’m never going to step outside alive. I’m not even sure we’ll be able to talk again. I’m a dead man walking here. You and I, both know that. So let’s not play pretend. There is no such thing as happy endings. Especially not mine.”

“I’ll figure something out.”

Victor laughs again, “You better change your thinking, mister. Particularly, if you really want to go after your brother. The time to be naïve has passed.”

Sam shakes his head, “Trust me, I’m anything but naïve.”

“You’re here aren’t you?” Victor gives him a look. “That says it all. By this time, Reid must know you’re here. And I assure you, he’s already thinking of a way to fuck you up.”

“I’m not scared of him.”

“You should be.” Victor grunts. “Maybe even more than your brother.”

From the other side of the room, one guard yells, “Five minutes left. Wrap it up!”

Victor looks over his shoulder. Then back at Sam.

“Give me one of those papers.” He points at the notebook. Sam does so. Reid looks at it, grabs Sam’s pencil and writes something down. “Read it and eat it.”

Sam looks astonished, “What?”

“You can’t take anything with you wrote by me outside. Besides, there will be no proofs of what I just handed to you. Eat it. Casually, don’t let them notice.”

Sam reads it silently. Then swallows it. He gulps it down, forcefully.
“Tell her I sent you. She’ll help you with anything you need.” Sam nods. “Don’t forget, Mr. Winchester. I hope you keep your end of the bargain.”

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